

PENTHOUSE

02242

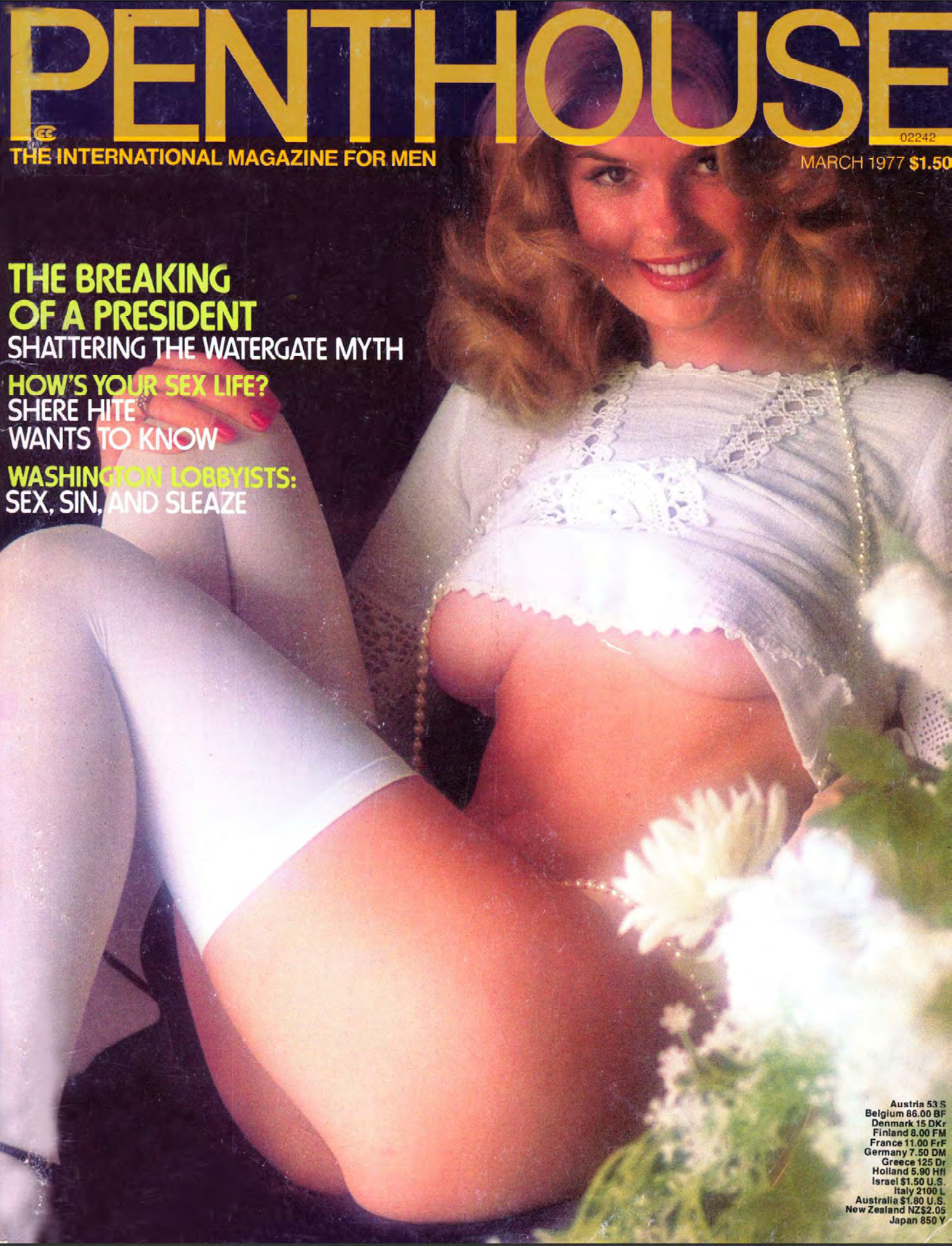
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1977 \$1.50

**THE BREAKING
OF A PRESIDENT**
SHATTERING THE WATERGATE MYTH

HOW'S YOUR SEX LIFE?
SHERE HITE
WANTS TO KNOW

WASHINGTON LOBBYISTS:
SEX, SIN, AND SLEAZE



Austria 53 S
Belgium 86.00 BF
Denmark 15 DKr
Finland 8.00 FM
France 11.00 FrF
Germany 7.50 DM
Greece 125 Dr
Holland 5.90 Hfl
Israel \$1.50 U.S.
Italy 2100 L
Australia \$1.80 U.S.
New Zealand NZ\$2.05
Japan 850 Y



Suddenly from Datsun: A sporty car with everything but

Exit dull, sluggish economy cars.

Enter Datsun's spicy 200-SX. Sweet-handling. Tasty appointments. And no bitter price to swallow. Enjoy.

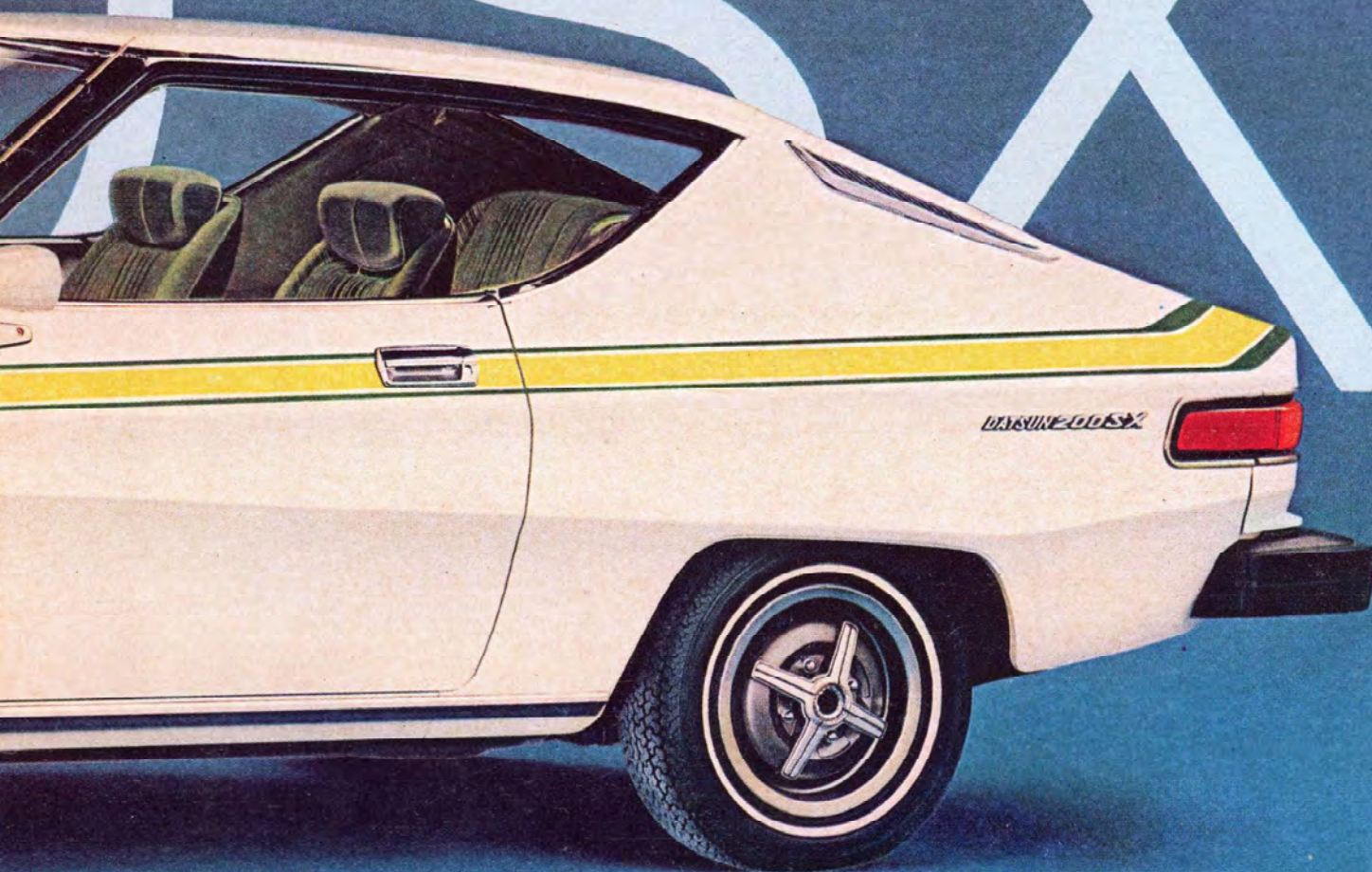
**Fun and frugal
5-speed.**

Datsun's 200-SX sports

a 5-speed transmission which works like overdrive. So it not only zips easily around traffic, it saves wear and tear on the engine.

About the engine: it's the 2-liter single overhead cam kind. The kind sports cars are made of. All of which makes a perfect match for the steel belted radials, front disc brakes and road-hugging SX suspension.





a sports car price.

Extras, yes. Extra cost, no.

- AM/FM multiplex stereo radio
- Steel belted radial tires
- Tachometer
- Fully reclining bucket seats
- Cut-pile carpeting
- Electric rear window defogger
- Tinted glass
- Electric clock
- Sporty 5-speed gearbox
- Power-assist front disc brakes

These and other high standards are all included in the low sticker price: under \$4500. (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price not including destination charges, taxes, license or title fees and optional tape stripe and mag-type wheel cover package.)

Tough sport.

Solid, all-steel unibody is but one example of how the Datsun 200-SX

is put together to stay together.

Fact is, it's tough all over. Because when we made this fun little car, we made sure of one thing.

The fun would last.

Suddenly it's going to dawn on you.

DATSUN SAVES

NOW NO IRON (NYLON) SATIN SHEETS

*By
Regal.*



18 GREAT COLORS
OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
WITH NO SEAMS

YOUR CHOICE
IN THESE EXCITING COLORS:
Dark Brown, Bronze, Honey Gold,
Midnight Black, Navy Blue, Royal
Blue, Powder Blue, Silver, White,
Pedal Pink, Hot Pink, Scarlet Red,
Florida Orange, Canary Yellow,
Emerald Green, Mint Green, Deep
Purple, and Lavender.

EACH SET INCLUDES:

- 1 straight top sheet
- 1 fitted bottom sheet
- 2 matching pillowcases
- or
- 2 straight top sheets
- 2 matching pillowcases

All tax, postage, and handling
charges are included in the
following prices:

TWIN—\$23.00

DOUBLE—\$25.00 (Full Size Bed)

QUEEN—\$28.00

Std. KING—\$34.00 (78"x80")

Calif. KING—\$34.00 (72"x84")

ROUND 84" fitted—\$48.00

ROUND 96" fitted—\$50.00

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

Retail sales direct Monday thru
Saturday 8am—4:30pm

REGAL SATINS, INC.

1309 Allaire Ave. Dept. PH-10
Ocean, N.J. 07712

DELIVERY TIME

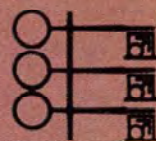
Money Orders--Shipped same day
if color in stock

Checks--2-3 Weeks

FOR RUSH RUSH ORDERS
TELEPHONE..
201-531-9511

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / MARCH 1977
Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: ARTHUR COOPER

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT: JACK H. SILVERMAN
SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

		PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction	6
FORUM	Correspondence	10
THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER	Service	28
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	33
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	37
SCENES		38
FILMS		40
WORDS		41
SOUNDS		43
THE BREAKING OF A PRESIDENT	Article	46
SNAPSHOT	Pictorial	54
CHILDREN OF THE CORN	Fiction	64
POWER BROKERS	Article	70
FOREIGN AFFAIR	Pet of the Month	77
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	90
THE HITE REPORT ON		
MALE SEXUALITY	Questionnaire	92
YAN KHUR	Pictorial	94
SPORT COAT REDUX	Fashion	102
THE ULTIMATE ALFA	Service	110
WILD CHILD	Pictorial	114
DENNIS SMITH	Interview	128
COUPLES: BALL IN THE FAMILY	Survey	133
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	156
PARTING SHOT	Humor	174

PENTHOUSE, 1977, U.S. Volume 8 Number 7, published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp., and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by the Conde Nast Publications Ltd., Circulation Division, Belmont Road, London W4 5UJ. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1977. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., AFO—\$15.00 one year, \$27.00 two years, \$35.00 three years, Canada and elsewhere—\$20.00 one year, \$30.00 two years. Single copies \$1.50 in U.S., Canada, and AFO (\$2.00 December issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: New York, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301. Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. West Coast: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067. U.K. Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331—Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)



**Enjoy the pleasure of discovery.
Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.**



White rum and soda

Some of the people you know are still at the gin or vodka stage. But you've just discovered white rum, and your taste is home at last.

White rum combines with club soda to produce a sparkling drink without the slightest trace of a rough edge. It has the taste and smoothness you've been missing up to now. Not surprising when you consider that white rum is aged, while gin and vodka are not.

Not all white rums are created equal. The rums of Puerto Rico are in a class by themselves.

Only Puerto Rico requires its rums to be aged. And there's no substitute for aging in making a quality rum. As a result, 86% of all the rum sold in the U.S. comes from Puerto Rico.

So enjoy white rum with your favorite mixers. It's a pleasure you can keep rediscovering.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



For free, "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-20, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.
©1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Pierre Andersen



SHERE HITE

Garey Grayson



DON IVAN PUNCHATZ



EDWARD SOREL

Barbara Gluck



JOE TREASTER



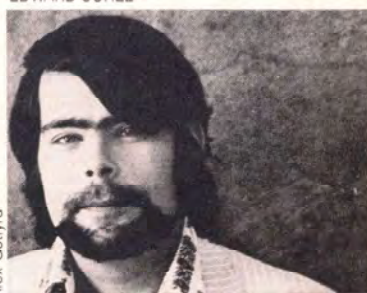
NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Wally McNamee



STEVE LESHER AND CHUCK LIPSON

Alex Gotlyrd



STEPHEN KING

HOUSECALL

Pundits, philosophers, and people on the street have all had their say on Watergate, and it boils down to this: Richard Nixon was a thieving ratfink who was trapped by the investigative genius of Dustin Hoff—sorry, Bernstein and Woodward—and was exterminated by the “good guys” of the Democratic U.S. Congress. And it all means The System Works, Justice is as American as apple pie, and Good will ultimately triumph over Evil. Right? Wrong! says **Nicholas von Hoffman**. *All the President's Men* is lots of fun, but the real reasons for “The Breaking of a President” (page 46) have yet to be discussed.

This is the first revisionist look at Watergate, and it's a blockbuster. Von Hoffman looks at the underlying forces behind the ousting of Tricky Dick and exposes the scenario for the most orchestrated bum's rush in history. As he sees it, Deep Throat and the *Washington Post's* performing dogs were only the tip of the iceberg.

Controversial columnist von Hoffman, most noted for his incisive, provocative writing in the *Washington Post* (he is also proud to be the American correspondent for the *London Spectator*), says that he began to smell a rat “when I looked at the mass-media chorus—I mean, when everybody, from Jack Anderson to Nelson Rockefeller, is singing the same hymn, watch out!”

“But don't get me wrong. Nixon was a nerd,” von Hoffman states categorically. “I didn't like him. I was perfectly happy to have him thrown out—he was a menace on wheels—but the reasons were all wrong. It's much easier to see Nixon as this total, implausible villain—the American version of Adolf Hitler. Then there's no need to examine the underlying political structures.”

These underlying structures are the bread and butter of people like **Chuck Lipson**, professional lobbyist. Lipson, man about Washington for more than twenty years, shares the sometimes comical, sometimes shocking incidents he experienced while catering to the government's elite in “The Power Brokers” (page 70).

My mother has never introduced me to her friends as “my son, the lobbyist,” says Lipson. “I can't say that I blame her. Being a lobbyist has long been synonymous in the minds of many Americans with being a glorified pimp.” In an excerpt from *Vested Interests* (Doubleday), written with *Newsweek* national correspondent **Stephan Leshner**, Lipson answers the questions you couldn't ask in civics class and recounts the hilarious incident of the drunken senators, the dilemma of the nonorgasmic congress-

woman, and the ordeal of the high-level hideaway.

Since sex obviously enters into every area of human experience, let *Penthouse* be the first to ask you about your sex life: “Is having orgasms important to you? Would you enjoy sex just as much without having them? How do you feel about making thrusting movements into the vagina? Do you feel that sex is in any way political? What do you think of the ‘sexual revolution’?” These questions, and many more (seventy, to be exact—see page 92), come from **Shere Hite**, author of the bestselling *Hite Report on Female Sexuality*. Now Hite is taking on men, and she wants you to answer these questions in order to “break down stereotypes of sexuality . . . so men can define for themselves what they feel about sex, instead of trying to measure up.” The answers will be published in a forthcoming book and in *Penthouse*. Everything's confidential; so get out your ballpoints and start scribbling. Now you can let women know how, why, and when you like it.

Turning from the fires within to more external blazes, this month's exclusive interview is with New York's only millionaire fireman, Dennis Smith. In an incandescently candid talk with *New York Times* reporter **Joseph B. Treaster**, Smith chats about his early days as a heroin dabbler, his career in the firehouse, and his meteoric rise to fame and fortune via his two bestselling books, *Report from Engine Co. 82* and *The Final Fire*.

Another meteoric success story is that of **Stephen King**, author of this month's chilling fiction feature, “Children of the Corn” (page 64), a tale of terror set in the cornfields of Nebraska, where the children of a desolate and deserted town have their own terrible version of the fear of God. Twenty-nine-year-old, mild-mannered, Maine resident King is the father of two children and three blood-curdling novels: *Carrie*, *Salem's Lot*, and *The Shining* (all from Doubleday). “I guess I'm a macabre sort of person,” King admits shyly. The story is brilliantly illustrated by the celebrated artist **Don Punchatz**.

Another artist-in-residence this month is **Yan Khur**, a visionary sculptor with a delightful, eroto-humorous sensibility. Khur's captivating sculptures appear on page 94.

As a parting shot, we'd like to introduce our readers to “Parting Shot,” a new feature designed to enhance *Penthouse's* ever-expanding reader appeal. We will regularly be presenting the work of one of the nation's top cartoonists, who will tickle your funny bone (wherever it may be) and impart a dose of political insight so necessary to the personality of the compleat modern man. This month's shot features **Edward Sorel**, whose biting perceptions shock readers of New York's *Village Voice* every week.

And naturally, to put that March wind into your sails, you won't want to miss this month's gorgeously arrayed, abundantly endowed bevy of beauties. ☞

Fact: If you're concerned about smoking, you should know something about gas.

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

No ordinary cigarette does both. But Fact does.

Fact is the first cigarette with the revolutionary Purite™ filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, rich taste.

Taste as good as the leading king-size brand.

And that's not fiction.
That's a Fact.



Available in regular and menthol.

Fact: The low gas, low 'tar'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol,
13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

© B&W T Co.

**MOST
\$600 RECEIVERS
SOUND AS GOOD
AS THIS ONE.**



UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THIS ONE SELLS FOR UNDER \$300.*



The average \$600 receiver sounds as good as the new Pioneer SX-650 until you start listening to prices.

If \$600 is your kind of price, an SX-650 should qualify as your kind of receiver. Not only will it give you the kind of features and sound quality you'd expect for that kind of money; it'll also leave you with roughly half your receiver budget unexpectedly unspent.

But suppose your idea of a receiver price is somewhere under \$300.* The SX-650 will sound better to you than anything you thought you could afford. Because it has more power, a wider frequency range, less distortion, and far greater versatility than most other receivers in that category.

It's a fact that the SX-650 provides a continuous power output of 35 watts per

channel, min. RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. It also delivers each instrument and voice at its intended level, balanced within $\pm 0.3\%$ of the RIAA curve.

The facts of its stereo separation, selectivity and sensitivity must really be experienced: sometimes only hearing is believing.

You'll also be impressed by what you don't hear from the SX-650. You won't hear the thousand miscellaneous acoustic devils that live in the limbo between FM stations on lesser receivers.

On your next visit to a high fidelity dealer, listen to a Pioneer SX-650 with any reasonably accurate speakers.

You'll find either its price or its performance amazing. Depending on which you hear first.

PIONEER

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.
*For informational purposes only, the SX-650 is priced under \$300.
The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione (chairman and president)

Irwin E. Billman (executive vice-president)

Kathy Keeton (senior vice-president)

Jack H. Silverman (senior vice-president)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Executive Editor: Arthur Cooper; Managing Editor: Heidi Handman; Senior Editors: Peter Bloch, Robert Hoffer, Gerard Van der Leun; National Affairs Editor: William R. Corson; Fashion Editor: Ed Emmerling; Humor Editor: Bill Lee; Service Editor: Gwenn Lewis Norman; Assoc. Editor: Jack Parks; Assistant Editor: Lyn Osburn; Senior Copy Editor: Michael Schrader; Associate Copy Editor: David Grambs; Research Editor: Susan Bidel; Editorial Assistants: Aileen Gorschman, Laurie Lister, Kay Shaw; Contributing Editors: Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Henry Morgan, Frederic Mullally; Travel Editor: Allan H. Markoff; Dir. Book Society: J. Winston; West Coast Editor: Herbert Margolis; Assoc. Editor: Toni Biggs

ART

Executive Art Director: Joe Brooks; Assoc. Art Director: Frank DeVino; Assistant Art Director: Lynda Moss; Designer: Robert Luzzi; Staff Photographers: Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher: Kathy Keeton; VP/Advertising Administration: Woody Katsoff; VP/Advertising Director: Marianne Howatson; VP/Promotion Director: Alma Moore; VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; VP/Marketing Director: Aaron Cohen; Midwest Advertising Manager: Norman Kamikow; Circulation Managers: Richard Fogel, Robert Castardi; Controller: John Holland; Production Director: John Evans; Advertising Production Director: Toni Wagner; Editorial Production Manager: Laura Feire; Pet Promotions Director: Eleanora Sigona; Research Director: Carole Rossant

ADVERTISING OFFICES

New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. Midwest: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. West Coast: Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, Tel. (213) 277-7125. U.K. & Europe (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.

(U.K. & European editions)

Dirs.: Bob Guccione (Chairman), Gordon Grimley (Managing), Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton. Editorial: Editorial Director, Alan Radnor; Art Director: David Jones; Assoc. Editor: Neville Player; Production Executive: Harriet Blaney; Contributing Editors: Kingsley Amis, Frederic Mullally, Stirling Moss. Administrative: Advertising Director, Peter Goldsmith; Director of Public Relations, Molly McKellar; Circulation Director, Jim Burns; Assistant Circulation Director, Julie Phillips; Accounts Manager, John Herbing.

BUREAUS:

Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. Berlin: Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. Herzlia Pitua: Leonard Stone, 46 David Hamelech St., Herzlia Pitua, Israel. Rio de Janeiro: Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. Budapest: Paul Kirlyhedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. Zagreb: Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

MARCH

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Chicken lickin'

I have been working at a local franchise of a fast-food chain for over a year now. Last month an event happened to me that changed my whole outlook on this job. My friends have always kidded me about what the girls and I do in the back room when it's not busy—which is often the case during winter. Well, one night the temperature and business were absolutely zero. Because of this the manager left early, leaving just the night girl and me. Before this I more or less didn't even think of getting any action with the girls here, let alone Kelly. Kelly was the night girl on this particular night, and she had a reputation as a cockteaser. But on this night she proved how wrong such rumors can be.

I was sitting in the back room, reading a *Penthouse*, and unconsciously had been rubbing my hardening crotch through my jeans. I hadn't noticed, but apparently Kelly had been watching me for a while. Suddenly, she said, "Enjoying yourself?" and I almost fell over backward in the chair. She came right over and started looking over my shoulder, pushing a firm, braless tit against my back. But almost immediately she reached down and began rubbing my crotch with her hand. Then quickly unzipping and unbuttoning me, she brought out my now-glistening cock. And dropping to her knees, she proceeded to wash my cock with her tongue. She ran it up and down the shaft, then she licked my balls, and then she went back to the head. I'd never had a better blowjob. She then abruptly quit, got up, and said she'd be right back.

She came back in less than a minute—completely nude—with a chicken leg and a bottle of barbecue sauce. She slapped the sauce all over my cock and started blowing me once again. While she was licking and sucking me, she was using the drumstick on herself. I'd never seen a girl masturbate; so it was very exciting to watch how she did it.

She started out slowly, just rubbing the outside of the cunt with the leg, then she inserted it and sped up to a fast, thrusting pace. Watching her masturbate and having her blow me was all too much for me, and I shot my wad. She took every drop I had to offer and then licked up the rest of the barbecue sauce. When she was done, she looked up and said, "That was finger-lickin' good."

But she still had not been completely satisfied; so I laid her back and took over with the chicken leg. I rammed it up and down her cunt. She was groaning and moaning while I kept it up. With each thrust I

could see her squirm with pleasure. It didn't take her long before she came, and her orgasm seemed to last well into two minutes. As her love juices trickled out, I licked them up from around her pussy and ass hole; then I gobbled down the chicken leg.

Since then we've done it two more times. The second time she used the barbecue sauce on my cock while I used gravy on her snatch, and the last time we both used some mashed potatoes. We figure we'll be able to do it at least one more time before business picks up; so we're thinking about trying the coleslaw. —Name and address withheld

Happy birthday, baby

My girl friend, Mary, and I share an apartment in Anchorage, Alaska, and the night before I left to work on the pipeline at Valdez, we went out to dinner and later went to P.J.'s, a bottomless go-go bar (at her request, because she was curious).

As we sat watching the show, the subject of my birthday came up, and she asked me what I wanted for a present. I pointed to the stage and said, "See the young one on the right...?" She said, "That's pretty sexy; I'll see what I can do." Well, we both laughed about it, and I said, "Well, you asked me!" and I soon forgot about it.

Well, last Saturday I flew into Anchorage to celebrate my birthday, and after picking me up at the airport and driving back to our apartment, my girl friend said, "Your present will be here tonight." I still didn't give it much thought—just another birthday present.

About a half hour later, we were just talking and having another birthday drink when there was a knock on the door, and Mary said, "That must be her." I said, "Who?" and she said, "Your birthday present."

Mary went to the door and returned with a girl who was tall, slim (but not too slim), beautiful—and with eyes that showed her approval when Mary introduced me as "the birthday boy." She was young and delicious.

Mary apologized for not getting the dancer I had pointed out, but she said that she was only nineteen and that it was her first professional job. I could hardly believe it, but my cock must have, because it was as hard as the permafrost we have up here.

Mary gave me a phone number and asked me to call her when we were done. Smiling devilishly at me, she went out the door.

I felt a little awkward, and the girl was obviously nervous, too (which made me think she wasn't a professional—or at least was a very new professional). We had a few drinks and some small talk, and soon we were both very relaxed. Finally, I said, "Well,



The Smokey Mary

We never dreamed when we first launched the Smirnoff Bloody Mary it would become a global classic.

That doesn't mean, however, that most folks know how to make a really good one, or even care to bother.

One fellow we know "cops out," as he says, with the Smokey Mary. "To put the bite in, I just add red barbecue sauce!" A capital idea, for those who hate to fuss.

If you should become a Smokey Mary

enthusiast, do pace your drinks. Try to remember that where there's smoke, there's fire.

To make a Smokey Mary pour 1½ ounces of Smirnoff into a glass with ice and fill with tomato juice. Add about a tablespoon of barbecue sauce to taste, a squeeze of lemon, and stir.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®





*"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."*

**Robert Service*

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



Yukon Jack®

Soft-spoken and smooth, its
hundred-proof potency simmers
just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks,
or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike
any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

why don't we go into the bedroom?" She smiled, and I took her soft hand and led her into the bedroom.

I can't describe the feeling as she slowly stripped the clothes off her long, slender body and, getting in bed, molded her young body against me. She held me tightly, as if afraid, but her body grew warm and pliable as my hands explored her. Her kisses—tender at first—became wild as she opened her mouth and sucked my tongue as my hand found her pussy. As I moved my mouth down across her flattened but hard-nippled breasts and into her belly button, her body began to shake in anticipation. By the time I got to her clit, I was surprised to find out how small her pussy was. I was able to cover the whole thing with my mouth as I sucked and licked her. In the meantime she had twisted around and was working with tender nips and licks on my eight-inch cock. Soon she pushed hard against me with her sweet little pussy, and she came once in a long, low moan.

But seeing that I was still hard, she repositioned herself below me, between my legs. I looked down into her eyes, which were smiling up at me with a pouting, hungry look as she moved her mouth forward and sucked me slowly back into her mouth. It wasn't long before I shot a load into that tender mouth that had her gulping to swallow it all. And all the time she was looking into my eyes, loving every drop that filled her throat.

We had both been asleep for a few minutes when we heard the door open, and there was Mary. "Jesus Christ," she muttered, "they've been at it for two hours," and she turned and went into the living room.

I suggested to the girl that we ask Mary to join us, and with her approval I went in to get Mary—who kept saying no until the girl came out and said, "Come on, Mary, it's really good."

I took Mary by one hand, and the girl took her by the other, and we all went back into the bedroom. Mary sat at the end of the bed as I laid the girl down and spread her legs so Mary could see. "Have you ever seen such a small pussy?" I said and, spreading the lips and smoothing back the sparse hair, held it open for a couple of seconds. Then after I could tell from Mary's expression that she had gotten a good look, I began to eat the girl while Mary continued to watch. I soon heard a moan and looked back at Mary, who was rubbing herself (her dress was hiked above her waist) and was having a hell of an orgasm.

Mary left us alone then, hinting that it was time for her to go, although I had the feeling she wanted to stay all night. So the girl and I fucked until morning.

When Mary came back in with breakfast for three on a tray, she whispered, "Happy Birthday!" and held me close. I said I'd never forget this birthday, and the girl smiled and said she wouldn't either.

Later I thanked Mary for the present, and she said, "Every man should have a nineteen-year-old on his forty-fifth birthday. Next year I'll get you an eighteen-year-old."

I never thought I'd say it, but I'm actually looking forward to my next birthday—and even to my fiftieth." — T.B., Valdez, Alaska

With a fourteen-year-old? Shame on you.

Amorous Astrologer

Your "Amorous Astrologer" by Martine is incredible. I have never been one to see any sense in the Zodiac signs, but Martine has been calling the shots with amazing accuracy. — B.W.H., Titusville, Fla.

Sorry state of feminism

I found Anne Roiphe's essay (December 1976) to be more an *example* of the "Sorry State of Feminism" than a cure. As an early and enthusiastic supporter of feminism, as a father of two children with three years' househusbanding under my belt, I know of what she speaks. Yet, having been through the wars, I no longer give much credence to feminist attempts to define masculinity in all its varied manifestations. Roiphe speaks of the "women's movement need[ing] to do a lot of work on redefining the meaning of fatherhood." A number of years ago that was what the feminists, rightly so, were screaming about—male attempts, in many of the "women's" magazines, to define motherhood.

Most liberals look upon this present period of conservatism as one might look upon death before a firing squad. It is possible, however, to view this time in American

history in positive terms. Quite unromantically, we are painfully discovering the validity of many old truths—truths about ourselves, our spirits, and our bodies—which had to be challenged so that the killing dust of complacency and conventionality could be cleared away.

There are things deep inside a person that are hard to know and seem to become preposterous when spoken about in the rational form of the essay. My wife is now 900 miles away, working on a Ph.D. degree, so that in two years we might hold a dual appointment and indeed "share responsibility or ... lead lives that give to others without total sacrifice of one's own lifestyle." Our hopes are rather ideal, but will they be the solution? Will such expectations bring, at last, the millennium of peace and love between the sexes? I doubt it.

There are those things deep inside, hard to know. My wife, not long ago, expressed great anger and anguish because I had "stolen" the children from her. She claimed that they loved me more than her. I nested for three years as the househusband, but the activities did not sit quite right with my body. They remained alien. Although I functioned well enough, men range; women nest. I know the principle sounds ridiculous in print; but it's there in the blood, and we need to start listening. Men, it's time that we took the term "chauvinist" and wore it with honor—like the American revolutionaries' acceptance and reversal of the term



"Mama! Janet is performing tellatío!"

MERIT

'Enriched Flavor'™ process 100mm cigarette with st

Only MERIT has the 'Enriched Flavor' process. A way of packing tobacco with extra flavor without the usual boost in tar.

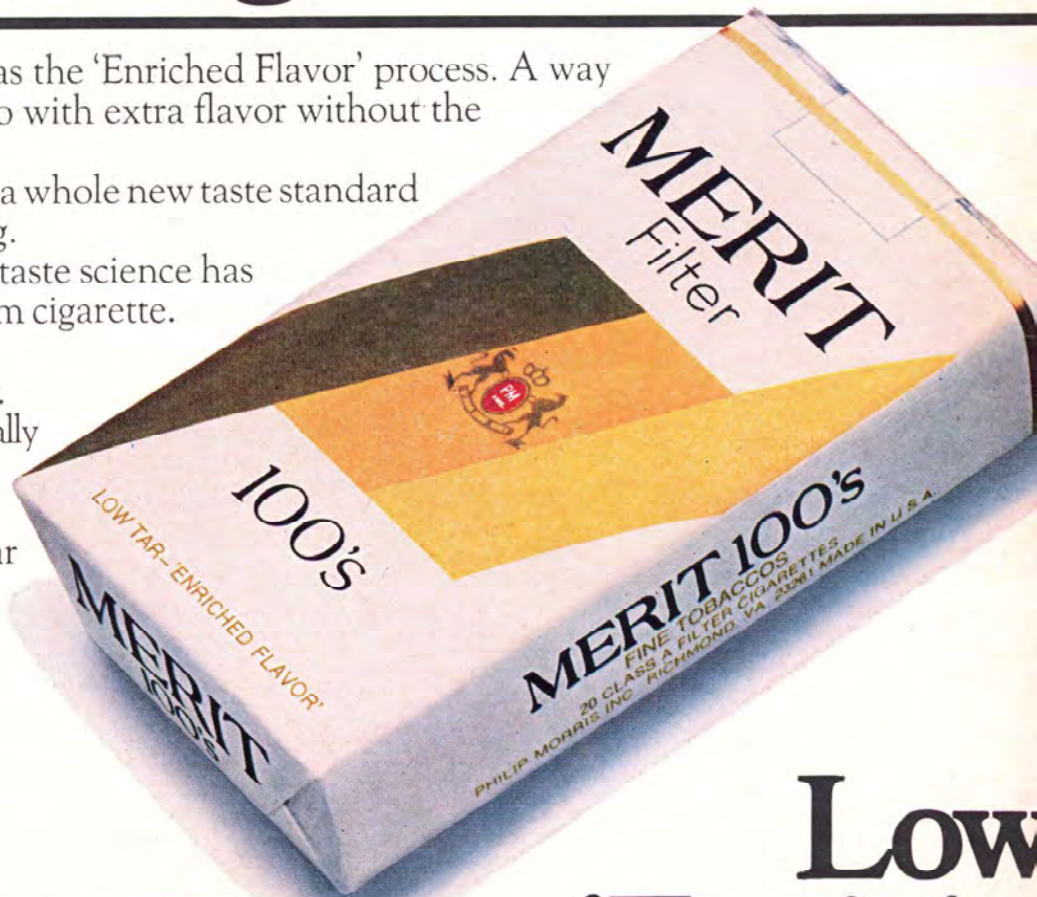
MERIT created a whole new taste standard in low tar smoking.

Now that same taste science has produced a 100mm cigarette.

MERIT 100's.

Only 12 mg. tar.

Yet smokers actually like the taste of MERIT 100's as much as higher tar 100mm brands.



Kings: 9 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine—
100's: 12 mg. 'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Low 'Enriched

T100's

s applied to new low tar
riking success.

Test Data Conclusive

New 12 mg. tar MERIT 100's were taste-tested against a number of major 100mm brands ranging from 17 mg. to 19 mg. tar.

Thousands of smokers were tested.

The results: overall, they liked the taste of MERIT 100's as much as the higher tar 100mm brands tested.

The taste barrier for low tar smoking has been broken again. MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL. King Size and new 100's.



Tar-
d Flavor.'

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

"Yankee Doodle." It's time that we let our rage out and fought back, no longer accepting every statement of the woman's movement as the gospel truth. I seem to remember Stokely Carmichael speaking of "armed love." More dialectic, more tension, is needed to work this all out. —*Name withheld, El Paso Tex.*

U. S. secret police

It is to be hoped that the article, "America's Secret Police Network" (December 1976) will be read and taken seriously by young people. If not, they and their children very likely will be goose-stepping.

Hitler did it. And Nixon's crowd was well on its way.

Our freedoms guaranteed in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were bought with blood and sacrifice. And unless young America gets off its duff and controls the police above all other public servants, the time is here when law enforcement will blossom into a deadly Frankenstein.

Educated connivers and opportunists—along with the wives of politicians, old maids, and limp-wristed "community planners"—are outthinking most of the nation. But young Americans should know that they can control any element of government, e.g., recalling mayors who are afraid to cross swords with the chief of police.

Police today can retire with "permanent disability" caused by straining their back bowling. Police demanding more from the

cities in pay and fringe benefits are to be seen on the picket line—carrying their guns. Police are found guilty of frauds, of accepting protection money, and of theft.

Police need as much watching as does any other element of society. Nay, even more. Or you relinquish your society to their ilk. —*R.M.R., address withheld*

A pig an' a poke

My wife and I enjoy the better things in life—like *Penthouse*—but, like others, find we have to watch our money to do so. It is easy to spend but hard to save. But we think we've found the perfect way to save money.

We bought a large piggy bank, and we set a price. Now every time we fuck, we pay the piggy bank. At first it was a quarter each time. Now we've upped it to a dollar. And we are even thinking of raising it again, this time to a dollar and a quarter.

An added benefit is that this scheme enables us to talk about our sex life in public whenever we want without others knowing it. Anytime, anyplace, we can say to each other, "Hey, do you have a dollar for the piggy bank?" Or, "You already owe the piggy bank five bucks; do you have an extra dollar?" And who said paying for a good fuck isn't fun?

The more we fuck, the more money we save. What an incentive! And we've agreed to spend our fucking money only on ourselves, only on special things. —*Name and address withheld*

Oil pump

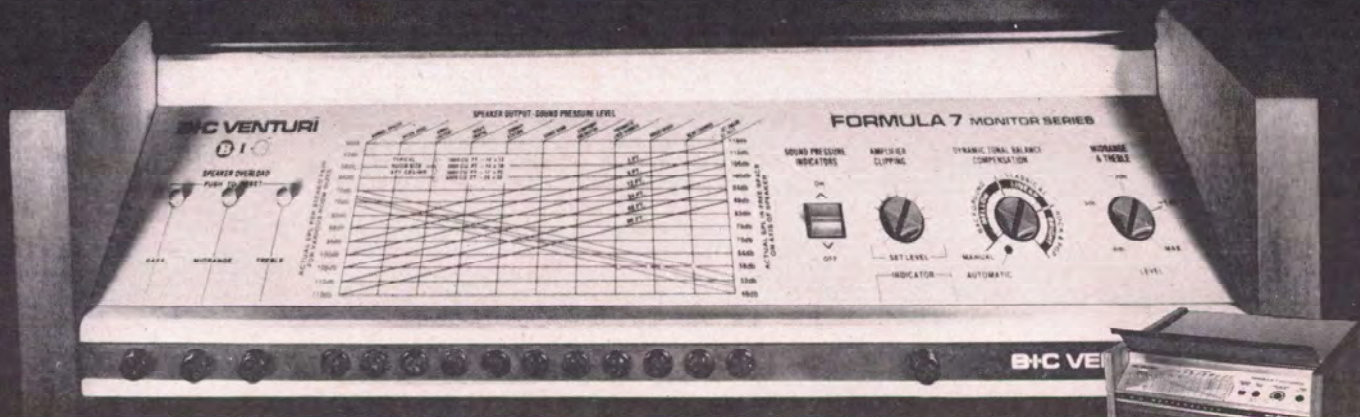
My story took place last spring, when I was laid off. I began lifting weights about five days a week, and now I am very muscular.

By summer a new neighbor (female) had begun dropping by, first in the afternoons and then in the evenings, for coffee or a cocktail. She is nineteen and has one of the most beautifully healthy bodies I've ever seen—firm, thrusting tits; a tight, flat stomach; and a nice, muscular, hard ass.

One hot day after working out, I was feeling extra strong and very horny; so I decided to make myself up to look like a professional body builder. I put on a tight pair of men's bikini swim trunks and rubbed oil all over my body. Standing in front of a large, full-length mirror, I watched my muscles and veins bulge out all over when I flexed the right muscles. While I was in the middle of one of these routines, my neighbor walked in the door. (By now she usually walked right in unannounced.) Just out of curiosity, I asked her how she liked my muscles.

She said she thought they were gorgeous and, without another word, proceeded to take off her blouse and slip out of her shorts. She was wearing a bikini underneath, but it was one of those string bikinis that really only covered her pointy nipples and the dark patch of hair between her legs. She then asked me how I liked *her* muscles. When I said they looked great, she asked if I'd cover her with some oil, too, so we could

The first speakers with the brains to run your system.



As the photograph above eloquently expresses, these are not plain-vanilla loudspeakers. They're the new B-I-C VENTURI Formula 5 and 7 Monitor Series speakers.

And beyond delivering exceptional clarity, bass response and dynamic range, they perform a whole series of monitor functions that can help improve the rest of your system.

They can put an end to amplifier distortion due to 'clipping'. Protect against speaker overload. Automatically adjust frequency response so your ear can hear low volume bass and treble tones.

And the Formula 7 even displays Sound Pressure Levels.

For complete details on what our brains can do for

your system, write us for our new 20-page *Consumer's Guide to Loudspeaker Performance*: Department VM, B-I-C VENTURI, Westbury, New York 11590.



B-I-C VENTURI SPEAKER SYSTEMS

TOMORROW'S TECHNOLOGY TODAY

B-I-C, B-I-C VENTURI and BICONEX are trademarks of British Industries Co. Division of Avnet, Inc. In Canada, C.W. Pointon, Toronto.

PORSCHE CREATES A NEW PORSCHE



The beauty of the new Porsche 924 is the result of careful engineering, not mere stylistic whim.

For example, there is no upright "grille" on the 924. Instead, the air intake is placed low in the front to keep the profile low and cut wind resistance. Even the headlamps retract for daylight driving, both to maintain the pleasing curve of the front hood and to

avoid excessive wind turbulence. Thus, the 924's lines are classically clean, as much for aerodynamic as for aesthetic reasons.

The result is a car that looks beautiful because it performs beautifully. In wind tunnel tests, the new Porsche 924 registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

The interior of the new 924 is *equally* appealing because it is also carefully engineered. The instrumentation is precisely and efficiently handled. The four-speed gearshift, with its short, precise

throw is located right at your fingertips. And a simple flip of the finger lets you lift off the optional sunroof...to let the sun shine in. The roof stores neatly beneath the hatchback.

But the true beauty of the new Porsche 924 is in its handling, provided by its unique transaxle system. To experience that, you must drive one yourself.

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche.

THE 924

look alike. I was very willing to oblige.

I smeared oil all over her suntanned body—up under her tits, in between her hot thighs, and right down to the soles of her bare feet. We then compared bodies in front of the mirror by going through different poses for about twenty minutes. By that time we were both very hot.

I then pulled out a French tickler that happened to be lying around, but I had to playfully wrestle with her before she would let me use it. She was quite strong, and it was difficult for me to pin her—especially with all that sweat and oil on both our bodies. After she was pinned, I tore off my bikini trunks and her bottom "string" (her breasts were already wobbling free from her top), and I slipped on the tickler.

She went wild, kicking and screaming, but once I got it deep into her, she squirmed and grunted and groaned all over the floor. We ended up sucking and fucking and eating the whole afternoon away.—G.M., address withheld

Seat of pleasure

Since I was a teenager, I have had the tremendous desire to have a female remove her panties and sit on my face. This dream came true last month.

I was dating an eighteen-year-old lass, and because she was underage in this state, we were into the drive-in movie scene instead of the groovy dance bars.

At the drive-ins we engaged in heavy petting, and she always allowed me to put one hand up her dress and feel her ass on the outside of her pantyhose.

She had a nice face and very small tits and flared out from the waist, which made her rather hippy. In fact, by some standards, her butt was too large. But I loved it. I've always loved female butts of almost any size as long as they are shaped well and, most important, have a deep crack.

I discovered that this girl had another delightful characteristic, however. While necking, I would kiss and tongue her ear, and her pussy would immediately join the party. My left hand, which would be caressing her pantied buttocks, would suddenly become soaking wet. With this discovery in mind, I invited her to my apartment for dinner and drinks. To my delight, she ac-

cepted without showing any hesitation.

After dinner we had about four or five wine flips a piece, and I was amazed at how quickly she became so extremely amorous and cooperative. I soon suggested we go into the bedroom, where we could be more comfortable.

Lying down on the bed, we locked our lips and tongues together, and I began probing around under her short skirt, searching for the top band of her pantyhose and panties. Suddenly, she rolled off the bed and stood up, and I thought the party was over. Instead she reached up under her skirt and peeled off her pantyhose and panties in one quick swoop. So fast in fact that I didn't get to see a damn thing except her bare, tanned legs—

under her short skirt. But as she hiked it up slowly and moved back, the deep crack of her ass came looming into view. She took one more step backward so that she had one leg on each side of the corner of the bed.

She was now standing directly over my face with her thighs parted slightly. Wow! What a view—big, circular buttocks coming in from both sides, forming a deep, inviting crevice. And at the bottom of the crack, there was her puckering asshole winking at me and, right ahead of it, her red-fuzz-covered, wet slit. My nostrils began to drink in the zesty aroma of fresh, dripping hot pussy. Then she clumsily sat down.

Suddenly, I couldn't breathe, and it was

pitch-dark. My heart pounded with excitement, and my dick twitched in the air. After all these years, a naked female posterior was resting on my face! I couldn't talk; so I tapped her on her back. She raised up a little, and I told her to move back a bit. She did and plopped down again. Bull's-eye!

Her snatch made a direct hit on my mouth. Her clitoris rested on my nose, and I was becoming drunk with the tangy scent and taste of her running cunt juices. I licked, and she twitched her hips, and our movement became a little easier.

She raised up a little bit again, and I started with my tongue resting on her butt hole, and I licked a stroke that went up across the length of her opened cunt, along her juicy lips, and ended by my circling and biting the

erect bud of her clitoris. Instantly, she came violently, and her whole body twitched and shuddered. Her female nectar dripped and ran down onto my tongue. Stroke after stroke of my tongue caused her to ride her ass and cunt all over my face like a saddle on a bucking horse. She came and came and came until she passed out. Still hard, I flipped her over on the bed onto her stomach, propped pillows under her pelvis, and fucked the shit out of her from behind, doggy-style. Just before I came, I pulled out of her cunt and jizzed the crack of her ass full of my come. Then I gave her whole crack and ass hole a leisurely rim job.

I had only a few more dates with her after that one love session. Could you believe, she

Thank you, Rev. Norman Kuck, for our heavenly new name.



What would you call a schizophrenic little portable package that's partly a sensitive FM/AM/PSB radio, partly a mini TV set?

You name it, you win it, we said, and we were hit with an avalanche of names for our Model 3050. But one caught our eye. GeminiEye.

So, thanks, Reverend Norman Kuck. We hope you enjoy your GeminiEye as much as we like the name.

Could it have been divine inspiration?

JVC



GEMINEYE

The personal portable
with the dual personality.

JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378 (212) 476-8300. For nearest dealer, call toll-free outside N.Y. 800-221-7502. Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough, Ont.

and the soaking crotch of her panties as they lay around her ankles.

As she started to get back in bed, I decided what-the-hell, and I asked her right out if she would please sit on my face. To my surprise, she only blinked a couple of times and said, "How do you mean?"

I positioned myself diagonally on the bed with my head on the corner of the mattress and my face looking back up at her. In this way she could easily sit on my face. She looked at me and my now-swollen dick for a long, curious moment. Then she turned around and backed up to the bed.

I was now looking upside down at her from the rear—the tender arcs of her plump, still-covered buttocks peeking out from

THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell tapes are not cheap.

In fact, a single reel of our most expensive tape costs more than many inexpensive tape recorders.

Our tape is expensive because it's designed specifically to get the most out of good high fidelity components. And unfortunately, there's not much to get out of most inexpensive tape recorders.

So it makes no sense to invest in Maxell unless you have equipment that can put it to good use.

And since even a little speck of dust can put a dropout in tape, no one gets into our manufacturing area until he's been washed, dressed in a special dust-free uniform and vacuumed.

(Yes, vacuumed.)

Unlike most tape-makers, we don't test our tape every now and then. We test every inch of every Maxell tape.

Which is why every Maxell tape you buy sounds exactly the same. From end to end. Tape to tape. Year to year. Wherever you buy it.

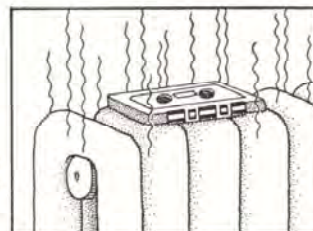
And Delrin rollers. Because nothing sticks to them.

A lot of companies weld their cassettes together. We use screws. Screws are more expensive. But they also make for a stronger cassette.

Our tape comes with a better guarantee than your tape recorder.

Nothing is guaranteed to last forever. Nothing we know of, except our tape.

So our guarantee is simplicity itself: anytime you ever have a prob-

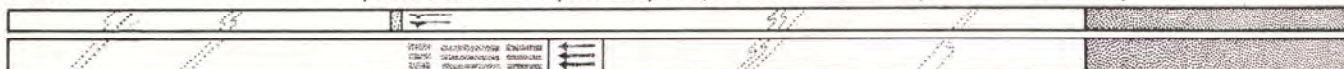


Our guarantee even covers acts of negligence.

Give our tape a fair hearing.

You can hear just how good Maxell tape sounds at your nearby audio dealer.

(Chances are, it's what he uses to demonstrate his best tape decks.)



No other tape sounds as good as ours because no other tape is made as carefully as ours.

For example, every batch of magnetic oxide we use gets run through an electron microscope before we use it. This reveals the exact size and proportions of individual particles of oxide. Because if they're not perfect, the tape won't sound perfect.



Every employee, vacuumed.

No other tape starts off by cleaning off your tape recorder.

We clean off the crud other tapes leave behind.

After all the work we put into our tape, we're not about to let it go to waste on a dirty tape recorder head. So we put non-abrasive head cleaning leader on all our cassettes and reel-to-reel tapes. Which is something no other tape company bothers to do.

Our cassettes are put together as carefully as our tape.

Other companies are willing to use wax paper and plastic rollers in their cassettes. We're not. We use carbon-impregnated material.

lem with any Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape, you can send it back and get a new one.

You may be surprised to hear how much more music good equipment can produce when it's equipped with good tape.



Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

claimed to have been drunk and not able to remember a thing, and she went back to her hands-off policy? — G.S., *Seattle, Wash.*

Pedicure benefits

I am fifty-two, and right now I am letting the polish dry on my toenails. If I do say so, I have beautiful feet for a man. They are very well proportioned, long, and slender, with toenails that look lovely with Cutex or Revlon on them. When I see teenage girls and women with feet like those I've just described, I nearly come in my pants (sometimes I do). It really excites me when I give myself a pedicure, and sometimes I will have an orgasm before I finish my paint job. For a relaxing hour or so, I fill the tub with scented bubble bath, and while the water fills the tub I give myself a perfect pedicure. After lowering myself into those beautiful bubbles, I just lie back and relax, thinking of all the beautiful bare feet of girls and women I have seen. Then I slowly raise my leg until my lovely pink toenails are exposed in all their beauty. I also put on my ankle bracelet, which adds to and enhances my visual and erotic pleasure. When we have a breather or coffee break at the plant, I have a warm, glowing feeling deep down inside me, knowing that in my socks and shoes are ten beautiful toenails.

My Polaroid comes in handy, too, for making some very nice pictures of my "beautification project." I now have a goodly number of shots of my feet and legs, and I

have even manipulated the camera so that I can get shots of me painting my "piggies."

I have assembled twelve scrapbooks of girl's and women's bare feet photographed from all sides, and most of them are in glorious color. You know there are many sources for these exquisite pictures: Sears catalogs, *Seventeen*, *Glamour*, and the local newspaper. After a very taxing and nerve-racking day in the "salt mines," I come home, sit in my easy chair with a glass of wine, and take down one of my books to view those beautiful heels, toes, arches, ankles, insteps, and I'm in heaven. Sometimes the foot doesn't even have to be bare to be exciting.

For a guessing game, I sometimes clip out the picture of a woman's foot in a pump, with just the cleavage of her toes showing. Then I imagine what all of her foot looks like and whether or not she has painted toenails. With the winter months upon us, I content myself with the scrapbooks, but when spring comes, and the leaves come out on the trees, and the girls' feet start appearing in sandals, I seem to have to go to the shopping center every day for the pleasure of looking at the shape, size, and poses of the ladies' bare feet. — J.B., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*

All that glitters

My wife, Linda, and I have decided to share our views on bisexuality with your readers.

I am twenty-four, and Linda is twenty-two.

We have been married very happily for four years now — very happily, we think, because I have adjusted to my wife's bisexual tendencies. I would guess that many readers imagine us (or people like us) in all sorts of wonderful orgies — me sandwiched between two beautiful women. However, this is just not the case.

My wife is a fashion designer and coordinator. Therefore, she is associated with many models as well as with the various other women who fit and dress the models into the clothing. She has had several lesbian affairs in the past — from high school to the present.

The first time I found out about her activities was about three years ago. She was fitting a stunningly attractive woman who was about eleven years her senior. She was doing this in our home; and since the evening had just started, I excused myself to go to a movie. But there was a mix-up in scheduling, and the film I wanted to see wasn't showing. I had already seen the replacement; so, resigning myself to an evening at home, I returned. I found just what you might expect.

As I entered, my wife greeted me, wearing only a robe. She smiled and said, "Now you know." With that, she threw her arms around me and kissed me. I detected a most familiar taste on her slightly puffy lips. Still smiling, she took me by the hand and led me into our bedroom — where the stunning older model was lying naked on the bed.

RIPLEY'S Believe It or Not!



JIM BEAM
orange juice and grenadine unleash a
"KING KONG COCKTAIL!"

KING KONG IS THE LARGEST MONSTER EVER MADE FOR A MOVIE! FORTY FEET TALL AND WEIGHING 6½ TONS, HE STARS IN THE NEW DINO DE LAURENTIIS PRODUCTION OF "KING KONG." DISTRIBUTED BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

© 1977 BY DINO DE LAURENTIIS CORPORATION
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

© RIPLEY INTERNATIONAL LIMITED, 1977

START WITH 1 OZ. JIM BEAM OVER ICE IN A TALL GLASS, ADD ¾ OZ. GRENADINE, FILL WITH ORANGE JUICE, ADD WEDGE OF LIME AND YOUR FRIENDS WILL GO APE OVER YOUR "KING KONG COCKTAIL!"

Beam. Serving the United Tastes of America.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY. 80 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

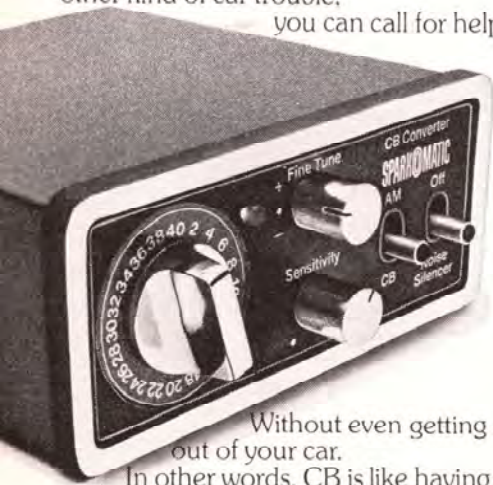
THE ABC's OF CB.

Now that everyone knows a little about citizens band radio, Sparkomatic thinks you should know a lot more. So, here are some answers to the most common questions people have about CB radio.

Why CB? There are some very practical reasons for having a CB set in your car.

With a CB, you can get an up-to-the minute traffic report. Just by asking for it.

Or if you ever have a flat tire or any other kind of car trouble, you can call for help.



Without even getting out of your car.

In other words, CB is like having a telephone in your car. Only better.

What do CB sets range from in price? A basic rig for transmitting and receiving in your car consists of a transceiver and CB antenna. It costs about \$125.

If all you want to do is listen to CB broadcasts, Sparkomatic has something called a CB converter.

A converter costs about \$25. It plugs into your car radio. And it even uses your car radio antenna.

A set-up for your home is called a base station. That will run you a little more money. About \$300.

There are also a lot of accessories you can buy. But that's up to you.

How far can I broadcast?

Most CB units today have a reach of about fifteen to twenty miles.

Can I install my own CB?

Almost all CB'ers install their own rigs. But if you don't want to install your unit yourself, you'll be happy to know that most stores that sell citizens band units usually install them.

What if I don't want one of those big CB antennas on my car? In that case, you don't have to have one.

You see, Sparkomatic makes both motorized and manually operated CB antennas that disappear. These antennas can also be used for your car radio.

Don't I need a license?

Yes. But all you have to do is send \$4.00 with a form that you'll get when you purchase your CB to Washington, D.C.

Until your approved form comes back, you can use your initials and zip code as your call letters.



How many channels are there on a CB? Up until now, there were 23 channels. But thanks to new federal regulations, there are 40.

You should know that channel 9 is the official emergency channel. And channel 19 is usually considered the truckers channel. You'll find some pretty interesting people there.

Do I have to take a foreign language course to learn to talk CB? CB talk is part of the fun of owning a citizens band unit.

Here are a few basic CB terms: '10-4' means yes, or over and out. '10-33' is emergency. The name for a highway patrolman is 'smokey the bear.'

Now that you have a better idea of what CB is all about, we'd like to tell you that any piece of CB equipment we just talked about, or just about any you could possibly imagine, Sparkomatic has.



From a complete line of transceivers and CB antennas to external speakers.

And what's more, as any CB buff will tell you, "From twin mamas to lunch boxes, Sparkomatic has some mighty fine hardware."

That's CB talk for, Sparkomatic makes a quality product.

If you have any other questions about CB, you'll probably find the answers in our booklet, 'The ABC's of CB.' To get a copy, just send 50¢ for postage and handling to: Sparkomatic, Dept. P-3, Milford, Pa., 18337 "10-4."

SPARKOMATIC

Milford, Pa. 18337 (717) 296-6444
and 1555 W. Rosecrans, Gardena, Calif.
90249 (213) 532-8400.

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS.



Nothing makes a man look more debonair than taking a cigar out of a tube. And there's no better tubed cigar for the money than Royale by Gold Label. A stylish cigar with a rich cameroon wrapper. And all the mildness and freshness sealed in by the tube. So take out a Royale and take on a whole different look.



ROYALE in a tube
by Gold Label

Linda sat me down on the bed and very patiently explained everything. I could hardly believe it, but I actually understood. Our sex life had always been good, and it still is. And she is not ashamed of her lovers; but she also still refuses to let me join in and make it a threesome. She said she loves to have me watch—which I started to do from the beginning—and I enjoy that, too. To see her going down on a woman or to see a woman going down on her is a great turn-on to me. Usually, after she has made love to a woman, she is all that more eager to please me. And sometimes the other woman watches us.

So all I can say to all those people who might imagine fantastic threesomes in a bisexual marriage is this: it doesn't always happen. But our mutual understanding has given us a great marriage. And I am sure it will continue.

Keep up the excellent magazine and please don't stop running those beautiful pictorials of two women in love. For both of us. — S. and L.B., Philadelphia, Pa.

The third freedom

In the past decade, women have achieved two freedoms which, in turn, have produced a third one. The Pill has freed women from the fear of pregnancy and allows them to enjoy their sensuality: federal law lets them enter, and advance in, fields of their choice. These physical and economic freedoms also permit women to have personal rela-

tionships of their choice; no longer must they follow some outdated model.

Yet, as studies and personal observation indicate, women often seem to desire male domination in their private lives. A few women, I suppose, have inner longings for such dominance, just as some men seek female rule; but today's liberated woman seems to make a conscious choice. It's a form of "reverse freedom." That is, since society says women don't have to be subservient, the women themselves underscore this right by choosing to take orders.

I'm employed in the home office of a national company, with 3,100 people working under one roof. Some 60 percent are women, generally under age thirty-five, and range from secretaries to middle-level executives. Whether they are older and married, or younger with boyfriends, they seem to have a similar attitude toward their private lives.

A lot of girls under age thirty work in my area, and we get along fine. It's not unusual to hear remarks such as, "I will, if my husband says it's okay" or, "I'll have to see if Bill will let me buy it" or, "My boyfriend says I can't go." Also heard are such remarks as, "If I do that, I'll get a spanking" or, "My boyfriend got mad last night and really paddled me" or, "Let me do the file work today so I can stand up—I bet I can't sit for a week." And once in a while, one overhears such advice as, "Try not to move around; then the rope won't leave many marks." After a while, one isn't sur-

prised to learn that bondage and discipline clubs are growing in popularity, too.

My personal experience correlates with what I see and hear. I'm big, and still fairly trim, at age thirty-six. Two years ago I began dating a female junior executive. Within six months we were living together, and last year we got married. She is tallish, very pretty, quite intelligent, holds a responsible job, and earns a high income. On the job she runs a tight ship, is very efficient, and is always in command. At home, she belongs to me.

I like having her run around the house naked, and I enjoy bringing a strap down across her firm buttocks. Our lovemaking afterward always has fire in it. I'm certain other women share the same, or at least a similar, reaction.

I do not, for an instant, believe women have some deep, inner force that compels them to seek masters. That's a male myth. But I do wonder what causes them to seek this subservient status. I travel around the country to regional offices and find this is a widespread condition today. I wonder if others know what might have produced this enjoyable situation. — B. J., Indianapolis, Ind.

Female forum...

I still don't believe this happened.

My husband and I were at a party last week, and later in the evening, I had to use the bathroom. The nearest one was in the master bedroom, off to the side. Just as I was pulling down my panties, I heard someone come into the bedroom. I don't know why, but while still sitting, I leaned over and opened the door just a crack to peek out. It was my husband, and he was with one of the most sexily dressed women at the party. She had on a tight, white, T-shirt-type knot dress—and no bra. She also had very high, firm boobs.

My husband started pulling up her dress and telling her how much he loves tits. (Which he does, even though mine aren't very big.) They both fell back onto the bed, and by this time he had begun kneading and sucking the pointy nipples right through the material of the dress. She unzipped him and pulled out his large dick, asking him if he'd like to stick it in her. He said yes; and while she pulled and squeezed his cock, he pulled her dress all the way up. She had *nothing* on underneath except a garter belt and black stockings.

She pushed him onto his back; and after licking and biting his dick and big, hairy balls, she climbed on top. While he grabbed at her boobs, she rode him until they both had terrific orgasms.

I had knelt down on the floor, and with my knees apart all the while I was watching them, I was worked my finger furiously in and out of my dripping cunt. Just as they both came, I worked my clit around with the heel of my hand and came to a delicious orgasm myself.

I've never told my husband about it, and although I'm not sure, I think I'd like it to happen again. — P.B., address withheld

Introducing unsurpassed performance for under \$150.

For years you've known Technics direct-drive turntables. Unsurpassed performance at any price. Now you can get Technics turntables for under \$150. With the Technics servo-belt drives. Unsurpassed performance at that price.

We did it by applying Technics direct-drive technology to our belt-drive system. By using a frequency generator servo-controlled DC motor with highly reliable IC circuits that many manufacturers save for their expensive turntables.

We did it by adding electronic speed switching instead of mechanical switching. So you won't get stretched belts. But you will get greater reliability. There's also a servo amplifier that electronically locks the motor into the correct speed. So fluctuations in AC line voltage or frequency won't affect turntable speed.

The results. The kind of outstanding specs you expect from Technics. Like rumble, wow and flutter figures so low they're virtually inaudible. Like extremely low power

consumption. So there's less heat and less deterioration of internal lubrication, which means longer motor life.

For precision tracking, both the SL-20 and SL-23 come with a statically balanced S-shaped tone arm. One anti-skating adjustment for all types of styli. And viscous-damped cueing.

And there's more. Like 6% variable pitch controls. CD-4 phono cables. An integral base with simulated metal finish. A hinged detachable dust cover. And, in the SL-23, there's a built-in stroboscope and automatic return.

SPECIFICATIONS	SL-20 Manual	SL-23 Semi- Automatic
Wow and flutter (WRMS)	.05%	.05%
Rumble (DIN B)	-65dB	-65dB
Power Consumption	2 watts	3 watts
Suggested Retail Price*	\$99.95	\$139.95

*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

The Technics frequency generator servo turntables. Unsurpassed performance for under \$150.

Technics

by Panasonic



... marriage bound

Ordinarily, I wouldn't think of writing to a magazine, but recently I had an experience I just had to share with you and the readers. To begin with, about a week ago, I broke up with my boyfriend of three years. It was just no use seeing him anymore because we fought all the time and our sex life was completely nil. Up until recently everything had been fine. At least five times a week, we would get together and fuck our brains out. A couple of weeks ago, however, everything he wanted to do was "with the guys." I mean really with the guys! Nothing queer, but when he would invite me over to his dorm, he would end up playing cards, leaving me bored and alone. So finally I told him to shove it and gave him back the engagement ring.

Three nights ago he came over and asked me what he could do to get us back together. I really wanted him to kiss my ass hole and told him so. He thought I was kidding, but when I stripped off my jeans, he realized I was serious. I told him he would have to strip completely and lie on the floor. I then bound his feet with his belt and tied his hands to the legs of the bed on either side of him. I then told him he was going to have to show me he was really sorry for his behavior. I slowly knelt down in front of him and spread my cheeks in his face, my pink, fleshy ass hole nearly touching his nose. I don't know if he was excited then or not, but his eyes were as big as my tits. I forced his mouth open

and shoved my ass right into his nose and mouth. "Lick it!" I said.

He readily complied as his talented tongue darted in and out of my anal sphincter, and I started pinching his butt and scrotum with my free hand. About this time I noticed he was hard. I was getting pretty wet in the crotch, too, and saliva was running down my crack. I then stood up and grabbed some knitting yarn and tied it around his stiff, red cock. I stretched it back and looped the yarn around his butt, up his back, and tied it to his right arm. I got out my seven-inch vibrator and greased it up with K-Y jelly. Then—you guessed it—I shoved it up his ass and left it there so that I could also rub the tip of his now-rock-hard prick. Pretty soon he started shuddering and came all over the vibrator, the come running down the crack of his ass. That was the biggest load he had ever shot.

I scooped up as much come in my hands as possible and said, "Eat it!" He hesitated; so I smeared it all over his face. I untied him, and a few minutes later we fucked in the usual way, and it had never been so good.

Since then, we have repeated this bondage scene a couple of times, and tonight we are going to reverse roles. Our relationship is now better than ever, and we plan on getting married as soon as we both graduate. — S.C. Muncie, Ind.

... dorm discovery

I am a new devotee of *Penthouse*. and I

want to tell you how very much I enjoy your magazine, especially the Forum section. In fact, I think the way my girl friend and I came to discover *Penthouse* may interest some of your other readers.

I am a twenty-one-year-old woman student at a southern university. I am five foot seven inches, 115 lbs., with short blonde hair, gray eyes, and a slender figure. Most of the men I know consider me fairly pretty. I was raised in a strict home, and consequently I'm a virgin—though only technically since last weekend, I guess. Because my boyfriend lives about fifty miles away, I was planning to do nothing but study last Saturday. I had just gotten out of the shower and was sitting in my bathrobe, drying my hair, when there was a knock at the door. It was my next-door neighbor, Carla (not her real name), who has also been my closest friend for almost three years. She was crying uncontrollably because she had just learned that her fiancé was fooling with another girl on the side. To try to comfort her, I put my arms around her, attempting to dry her tears and calm her down. As we sat on the bed and held each other, the same thought struck both of us at the same time. The tear drying turned into hugging, then caressing, and eventually a long, deep, soul-stirring French kiss. My heart was beating so hard that I thought it would burst open!

Things developed rapidly from that point. I felt Carla's soft, white hand slip inside my robe, which had fallen open, and caress my small but, at this point, aroused nipples. There was a brief pause as we both wondered if we really wanted to turn our friendship into a lesbian affair. Neither of us had ever dreamed before that we had any sexual desires for other women, but a single, silent look told us we were in complete agreement, and the unbelievably exciting adventure continued.

I took my hands from around Carla's waist and started to unbutton her blouse, all the while kissing her face and neck. She was sucking my swollen nipples, flicking her tongue over one while pinching the other with her fingers. By the time I had her bra unfastened and off, revealing two gently swelling, soft, round boobs, her right hand had moved down between my thighs to rub my drenched pussy. It was the first time anyone had done to me the things that seemed natural to Carla. She tickled my clitoris with her thumb and pressed on it with her palm while poking her other fingers deep inside my aching cunt. I, meanwhile, was trying to keep from shaking long enough to pull off her slacks, pantyhose (now I see why men consider them so inconvenient), and lacy bikini panties. She was as soaked as I was, her fluids practically running from her lovely, light-blonde bush. For the first time I realized just how beautiful the female body can be and what a turn-on a girl's natural odors are!

I descended on Carla, wanting to devour her juices. Knowing instinctively what would feel good to her, and getting added direction from her in soft moans, I massaged her clit with my tongue and lips, teasing it with light,



"Here comes that pimp person I was telling you about. He's going to bring us customers that will pay us ten times more than we're getting now and we don't even have to kiss them on the lips."



**Exciting opportunity to
see the world.
Inquire at your MG Dealer.**

MGB is about as close as you're likely to get, without wings, to the exhilaration of flying.

The wide-open sports car is more than a feeling. It's a living legend of quick, strong, dauntless performance. Our first MG won its first competition in 1929, and today MGB holds the Class E Championship in SCCA racing, as it has for five of the last six years.

For 1977, the legend is advanced with even better handling: we've improved the gearing of our rack and pinion steering to reduce steering effort, decreased steering wheel diameter for quicker response and added anti-roll bars front and rear for increased handling stability.

We have also endowed the 1977 MGB with a new, zip-down rear window and new cockpit including a redesigned dashboard for easier read-out of vital engine functions.

See more of your world than any boxed-in car can show you. For your nearest MG dealer, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

MGB: the wide open sports car.
British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, N.J. 07605.



The Potion of Love.



It began in Saronno 450 years ago. Did the beautiful, young widow create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank-you for her portrait? Or as a gift to express affection for the artist, Bernardino Luini?

Something to ponder tonight, as you discover its intriguing flavor and provocative bouquet.



Amaretto di Saronno.

The Original Amaretto.
From the Village of Love.



56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. © 1975.

circular motions. Then I would shove my tongue inside her beautiful pussy as far as it would go, chew her lips very delicately and then start over, until I thought she was about to collapse. She held back long enough to switch us around into a sixty-nine position, and as soon as her mouth touched my steaming box, the waves of a violent orgasm began, draining the strength from both of us and giving new meaning to the phrase "coming together."—C. B., address withheld

Glass blower

I'd like to share with you and your readers the unsung joys of a good, old-fashioned hobby. I am currently a student majoring in art. My special interest and hobby is the delicate art of glassblowing. I have become very adept at fashioning almost any kind of figure. Lately, I've concentrated my efforts on jewelry making since it seems the most popular handicraft at present.

Since I am at school and my girl friend lives in our hometown, my thoughts often wander to our past sexual encounters. One evening, while experimenting on a birthday present for her and feeling particularly horny, I became very conscious of my aroused penis. These thoughts led me to the idea of giving her a replica of my cock. I immediately began to "blow" a miniature but accurately detailed penis from glass. The finished product more than pleased me. However, there was definitely something missing. I had often filled glass figurines with colored water, but I decided to do something a little more personal for my very special girl friend. Knowing she would be pleased, I began to masturbate. As I came, I filled the glass penis with my semen and then sealed it inside.

My girl friend was overjoyed at the ingenuity of my gift. She wears it around her neck on a gold chain and has received numerous compliments on its uniqueness. Since then, I've made several others for male friends, filled with their own semen.

My idea seems to be a success. If this fad catches on, I will be content to make my millions by literally "blowing dicks"!—D. P., address withheld

Bunny hug

I am a twenty-year-old male attending college in northern New York State, and the other day I went skiing. Just before closing time, I decided to get one last run in.

I got on the chair lift with a fairly good-looking redheaded woman, who was about thirty-five. Just before we reached the halfway point on the mountain, the lift broke down and stayed motionless for nearly forty-five minutes. The woman (I'll call her Sue) and I had had a friendly conversation on the way up, but I detected an odd recklessness in her voice. After the lift stopped, the reckless tone in her voice increased; so I asked her if anything was wrong. I guess I broke some barrier, because all at once her troubles just spilled out to me.

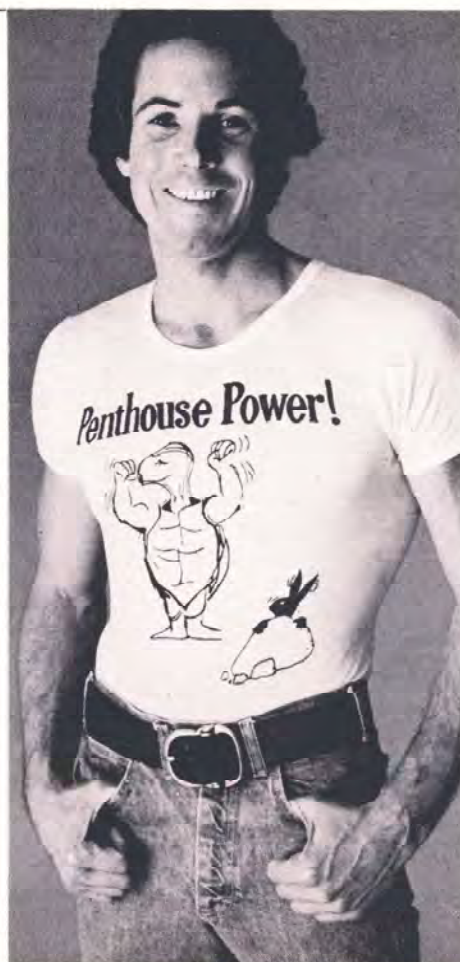
It seems that Sue and her husband had just had a big fight, and she had refused to

Q. Why is this man smiling?

A. He's got PENTHOUSE POWER!

You can have Penthouse Power too . . . in Small, Medium or Large! (Also available in Ladies scoop neck, cap sleeves, French cut-T. Dept. T-36)

To order, specify size and style, send check or money order for \$10 to: **Penthouse Products, Dept. T-39, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** NYC residents add 8% sales tax.



go on the lift with him. I guess Sue wanted to play games and get her husband pissed off because soon I felt a hand on my upper thigh and then, suddenly, on my ever-growing bulge. She soon had me unzipped and with her soft, warm hand proceeded to bring me to one of the sweetest climaxes ever.

Just as I came, we started to move; and I figured the guy in the chair behind us had just noticed what had happened because he started yelling at both of us and told me he was going to break me in half when he got off the lift.

I quickly zipped up and looked at Sue questioningly. She just gave me a sly smile and said, "Thank you." I was a little worried; and when she told me it was her husband, I hopped right off, schussed down the hill to my car, and took off.

I'll never know if it was a setup or the real thing; but from now on, I think I'll leave the snow bunnies to the hunters.—D. K., Buffalo, N.Y.

Correction:

On rereading my article on the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit as it appeared in the December *Penthouse*, I was startled to encounter the following sentence:

"Conspiracy to commit first-degree murder is the worst, but by no means the only, case of lawbreaking by police intelligence squads perpetrated by the LEIU."

The original version of this sentence in my manuscript was:

"Conspiracy to commit first-degree murder is the worst, but by no means the only, case of lawbreaking by police intelligence squads *belonging to* the LEIU." (Emphasis added.)

The murder conspiracy in question consisted of the efforts of a Chicago undercover policeman to incite members of an organization he infiltrated to murder his fellow officers. I have no evidence that the LEIU "perpetrated," or even knew about, this incident; in fact, I very much doubt the LEIU was involved in it at all.

The point I was trying to make is this: many members of this private, quasi-secret organization of police intelligence officers have been guilty of unprofessional, reckless, and often illegal conduct. But that's quite a bit different from accusing the LEIU itself of having "perpetrated" its members' crimes.

Apparently someone at *Penthouse* completely misunderstood this sentence, then tried to improve the wording.

I hope this misstatement didn't cause readers undue alarm; an unofficial intelligence network run by a private club of police officers, many of whom consider themselves above the same laws they are sworn to enforce, is frightening enough.—George O'Toole

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send \$1.25 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

"Permanently wired & still pumping B-I-C"

—Brillo Bob, WSC

I admit I'm sort of permanently wired into the audio scene, so it's a definite kick to run another B-I-C ad in *Penthouse*. A couple of years ago B-I-C came out with their Venturi concept that blew away traditional approaches to loudspeaker design. Not long after, the same people introduced the first belt-drive-programmable turntable which I immediately glommed onto; and it has set the direction for record playing devices. About that same time, we ran our first ad telling people that we carried the stuff — cause **that's** what was happening.

Now? Just let me say one thing: Go check out the new twin-motor 1000, or the tasty new B-I-C Venturi monitors. What are they? Call or drop me a line . . .

Why? Crack our hot new stereo catalog and discover the straight scoop and low prices on **every** major brand. We offer music systems and single components by mail at huge discounts!

P.S. Send along \$1 for postage, and we'll zip you the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" — a good source book explaining what you should know about the basic components. Go for it!



WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Free catalog!

Railroad Square, Box S
San Luis Obispo, CA 93405
805/544-9700



Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via PRIORITY FIRST CLASS MAIL.

name _____

address _____



Just zip me your free catalog sent via THIRD CLASS MAIL.

city _____

state _____

zip _____

2F

THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE



FEBRUARY 19

PISCES

MARCH 20

THE PISCES MALE

No virgins, please! Pisces wants only the most experienced of sexual partners. He devoutly believes that practice makes perfect.

But here's Catch-22: Pisces is also an incurable romantic. Yet, while women may be his natural prey, he doesn't hunt with a shotgun or a rifle. He brings them down with tranquilizing darts. They don't even know what hit them until it's too late.

The Pisces male is a charmer, the kind of man who enjoys taking a girl for a moonlight walk in the woods—provided she's willing to wander off the straight and narrow path. He believes in romance with a capital R, but Romance Without Reward simply isn't in his scenario.

I know one Pisces man who hasn't aged attractively—at almost fifty years old, he looks like a cross between an English bulldog and Richard Nixon—and he isn't particularly rich, either. But

he's dating four international beauties (his tastes run to the exotic), and last year he had to celebrate four different holidays with these ladies—Christmas, Chanukah, Ramadan, and Tet!

The Pisces male is a good host and a sought-after guest at other people's parties. His indolent ease makes other people comfortable, and any affair at which he presides seems to glide along on its own momentum. Even as a guest, he takes on part of the responsibility for making the party a success.

There's a smooth way
to get away from harsh taste.

Only KOOL has the
smooth taste of extra coolness.

Come up to KOOL.



SUPER LONGS

KINGS

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pisces is fascinated by women, really responsive to them, and is always influenced by the next pretty face or figure that comes along. In his youth he samples *all* the available wares, like a small boy let loose in a candy factory. As he gets older, he becomes a bit more cautious, balancing gain against risk, like a shoplifter in a department store. Pisces likes to please, but occasionally his moods get the upper hand. Classify him as Unpredictable.

He's usually great fun to be with on a date, for he is a real profligate in the pursuit of pleasure. He's also endlessly curious and almost impossible to shock. Tell him *anything* about your past. I guarantee you'll have a sympathetic listener, or at least someone who *acts* sympathetic most convincingly. For he's very good at pretending to be what he is not. All Pisceans know how to project an image, and many become actors. A Piscean can earn a reputation for honesty, sincerity, and directness that is really nothing but the end result of cleverness.

The Pisces male is not particularly adept in business and doesn't often get up to the topmost levels. He is lazy. Watch him at a job: he seems to be busy, but is he getting the job done? Most men born under this sign are overpaid underachievers—and they wouldn't have it any other way.

Pisces is bright and articulate but hates to get to the point. As one exasperated listener once remarked to a Piscean who was giving a long, detailed report of an amatory experience the night before: "I wish you'd stop splitting the hairs of that bush you're beating around!"

Pisces would if he could. He just can't. He leaves nothing out but the end.

PISCES AS A LOVER

He's intensely emotional about making love, because he considers it not merely a physical act but the culmination of a romantic yearning. And while he thinks chastity is no more of a virtue than malnutrition is, he isn't willing to pay for play. He demands a genuine response from his sexual partner—and will detumescence at the slightest sign of rejection or indifference. He's almost too sensitive. But with the right encouragement, he'll rise to the occasion.

Pisces men don't flunk out at sex—though many of them might well get Section Eight discharges. This gentle, kind type of man is often a pretty perverse type in the boudoir. He has a real affinity for what a psychologist might call "aberrant behavior." Typically, after the initial sexual excitement and pleasure fade, he looks for more and more far-out ways to revive it. There's certainly nothing wrong with exploring the furthest-out sexual horizons, but a woman who thinks sex should stop with the missionary position is hereby forewarned.

Perhaps I'd better spell out what I'm talking about. In my own experience, I've had, and enjoyed, one Piscean lover who wanted me to press a towel containing crushed ice against his balls just as orgasm began, and another who got a thrill from sucking and caressing my nylon-stockinged toes and ejaculating between my feet. I don't knock it. But I draw the line at the kind of Piscean lover who likes to bite hard on a nipple—but *really*—or rake a clitoris with ragged fingernails as if it were his own fresh mosquito bite. Enthusiasm is grand, but what girl wants to take a first-aid kit to bed with Kink Kong?

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR PISCANS

If you keep piling up grudges, you'll need a lawyer to help you get even with the world. Steer a middle course and avoid extreme reactions. *Remember that people will usually like you just as much as you like them.*

THE PISCES FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

Pisces is the last sign of the Zodiac, the twelfth, and women born under this sign truly "sum up" all the other signs.

The Pisces female is earthy and mysterious, plainspoken and enigmatic. Somehow you can't pin her down. She's the fey girl from Brigadoon.

If the Piscean female is hard to figure out, she has no trouble figuring *you* out. Her perceptions are so keen she can look through you as if you were a pane of glass. But she usually likes what she sees, for she has a deep understanding of other people's motives and desires and a wide tolerance for their weaknesses. She identifies with people and seems to "take on" their problems and attitudes. She is a woman with much to offer.

She is also a woman who demands much. From her friends, she expects an almost canine loyalty. They not only must swear fealty to her but also must have confidence in her, whether or not she deserves their confidence.

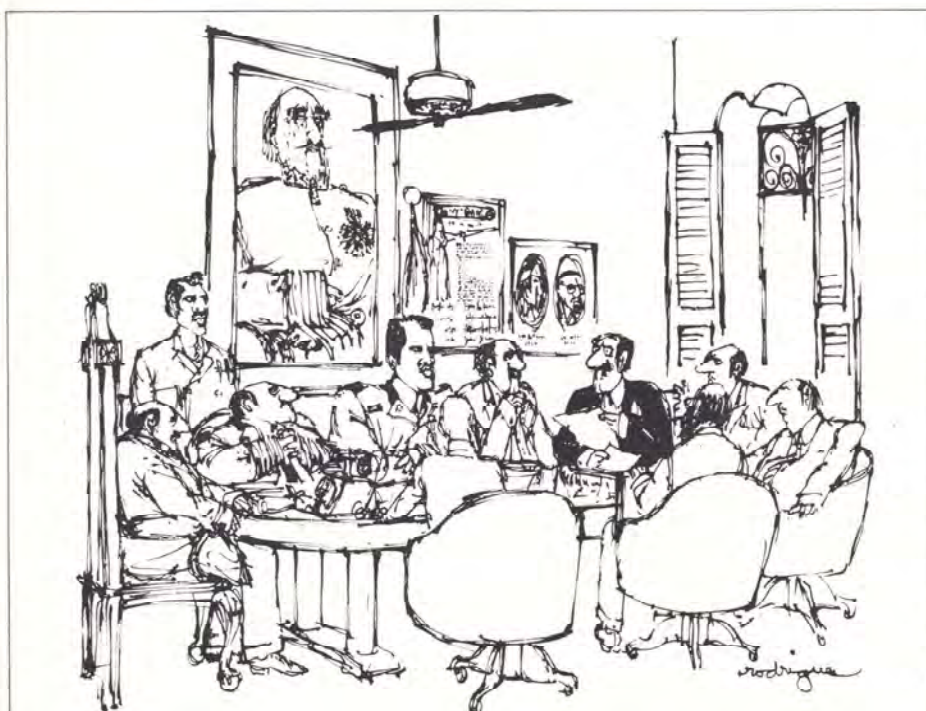
Looking for a good opening conversational gambit for a Pisces lady? You can't go wrong with something touching on mysticism, spiritualism, the occult, the supernatural. For a first date, take her to the latest sequel to *The Exorcist* at your local movie house. (There's *always* a new version of *The Exorcist* playing somewhere.)

Tip: Never come up short on Romance, for that's the breath of life to her. She has no use for the rough-and-ready, take-me-or-leave-me type who thinks a woman should be bedded down without any sentimental build-up. She'll never fall into his arms. She'd sooner fall into the arms of the Boston Strangler.

Her need is for a protector, someone who's strong and sure, powerful and kind. If Sir Lancelot came riding out of the West on his horse, he'd have no trouble sweeping her up and away. One reason is that she'd know he was taking her to his castle and not to a deflower bower at a motel.

She is an old-fashioned female who won't try to take the spotlight away from her man. She is content to remain in his shadow, to share his glory from a discreet, unobtrusive distance. She may tell you in all seriousness that a woman should not try to change a man "because it just wouldn't work." Let the male keep his role of protector and provider. She will remain his helpmate and adviser, the queen of his hearth, of his kitchen, of his bedroom.

It would be a foolish man who would ever try to end her reign in any of the above.



"... And bananas by the bunch will bring us only pennies, compared with my proposal. We'll sell them one at a time, as nature's own dildoes. Why, in the American market alone..."

She's a marvelous companion, has a real talent for cooking, and in the boudoir becomes the most dramatic monarch since Catherine the Great. Think of Elizabeth Taylor, a Piscean, appearing before one of her husbands, Mike Todd, on their wedding night, attired only in the brilliant diamond necklace he had given her, and you get the picture; the lady knew *exactly* what she was doing. So did one woman born under this sign who told me that to please her lover and show how much her heart belonged to him, she had his initials printed on her diaphragm!

Pisces is a passionate creature, and her erotic performance should be wonderful in every way. She may never have read a word of Masters and Johnson; but when the lights are out and you're both under the sheets, believe me, she could write a book!

PISCES'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

PISCES AND ARIES Headstrong Aries will try to dominate, but that doesn't necessarily displease you. What may trouble you more is Aries's tendency to criticize. Tact is needed to cement this otherwise sexy partnership.

PISCES AND TAURUS You're both highly sensual, but Taurus is too practical and down-to-earth to satisfy your romantic inclinations. If you can work out this problem, all goes well. If not, what's wrong with a passionate three weeks?

PISCES AND GEMINI This combination is as unstable as nitroglycerin—and likely to blow up in somebody's face. You can't stand Gemini's fickleness and thoughtlessness. Gemini can't stand your emotionalism and dreaminess. The trash pits. **PISCES AND CANCER** You enjoy Cancer's sexual demands and don't mind it that Cancer makes most of the decisions. You're both sentimental types who like to stick close to home. A compatible pair for either the short or the long term.

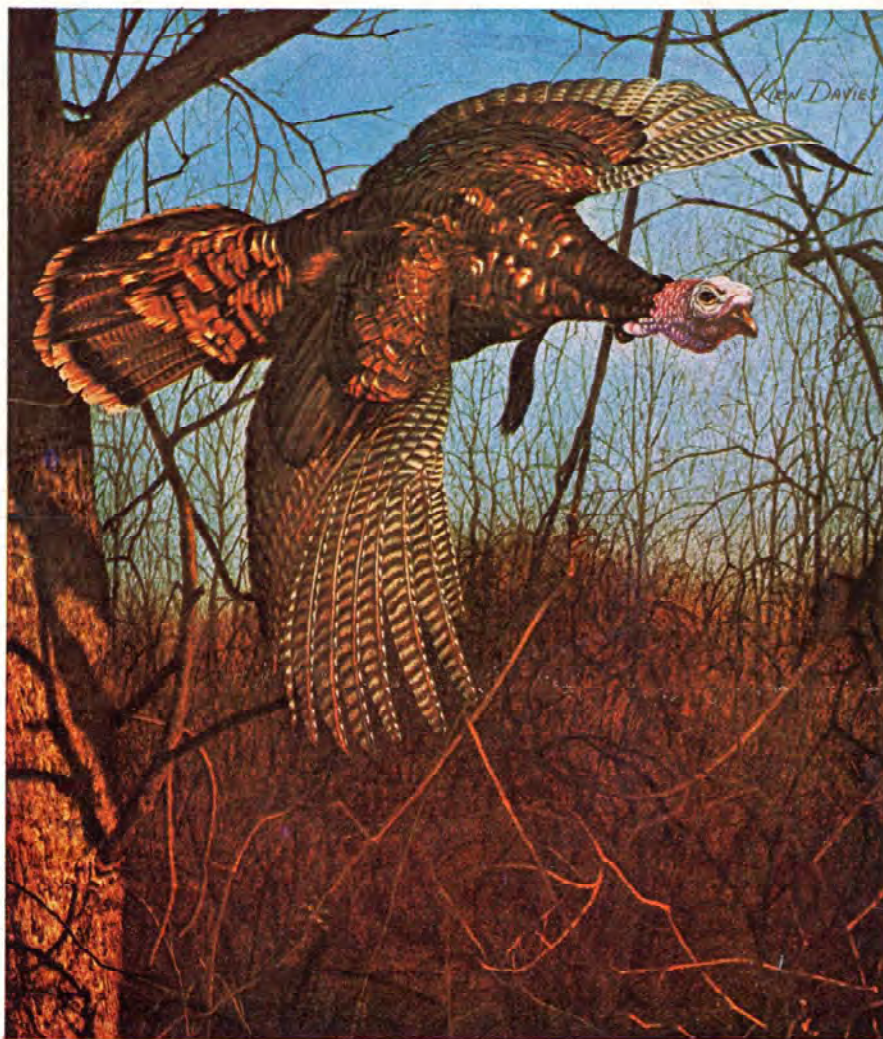
PISCES AND LEO You'll annoy Leo with your tendency to think rather than to act. Leo won't tolerate your sensitivity and dreaminess. Leo likes to roam; you don't. This combination is fire and ice—won't mix. **PISCES AND VIRGO** Your affectionate nature intrigues Virgo at first, but Virgo is too reserved and critical and will resent your dependency. When the sexual rebuffs start, you're on a toboggan to nowhere.

PISCES AND LIBRA You won't get the support from Libra that you're looking for. You both like luxury and a lovely home, but you're too indolent to earn the wherewithal. Physical rapport isn't enough. A short affair might be fun, though.

PISCES AND SCORPIO You've found your match here—and then some. Scorpio gives you emotional support, strength, and leadership, and Scorpio's jealousy and possessiveness won't bother you. You're both highly sensual. What more can two signs ask?

PISCES AND SAGITTARIUS You'll strike some sparks in the bedroom, but Sagittarius

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170



For color reproduction of Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19" by 21", send \$2 to Box 929-1-5, Van St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is an incredible bird, capable of out-running a galloping horse in a short sprint.

It is also the symbol of Wild Turkey Bourbon, an incredible whiskey widely recognized as the finest Bourbon produced in America.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1977 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

FIAT ANNOUNCES A \$400 FACTORY REBATE ON THE '76 FIAT 131.

To get your rebate, just see your local Fiat dealer, pick the '76 Fiat 131 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan or wagon you want from his stock, and make your best deal with him. (Your dealer will be in a bargaining mood because it's end-of-year clearance time.) Then simply take delivery of

your Fiat by March 31.

You can apply the \$400 rebate towards the down payment, or Fiat will send you a check for \$400 if you like.

Either way, you'll be getting a Fiat that's bigger and more luxurious than any Fiat you've ever seen. A car that offers a wealth of standard

features comparable to cars costing thousands of dollars more.

So besides getting the most rebate we've ever offered, you'll be getting it on the most Fiat we've ever offered.

FIAT

\$400 BACK



• Differentiate between
sex for the sake of sex and sex
for the sake of love.
Your husband should appreciate
you more because of
these other men you've had. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

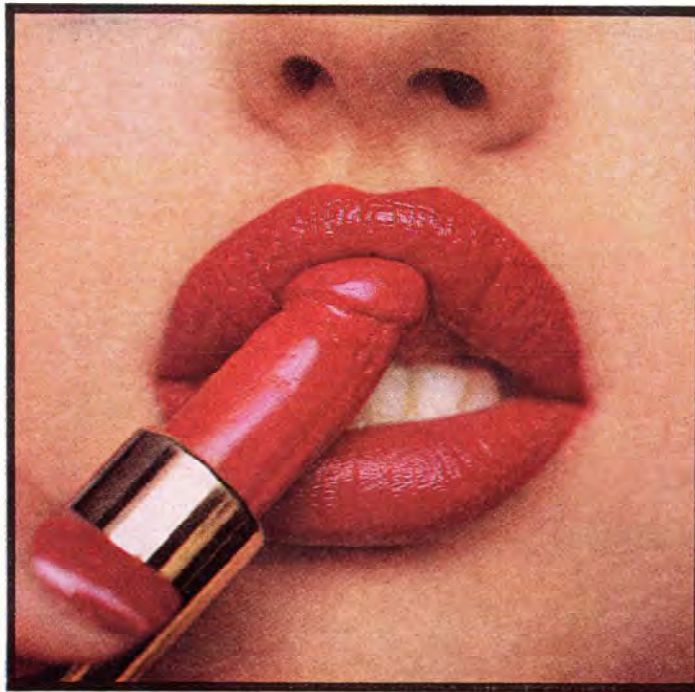
XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've been a swinging housewife for the last three years of my ten-year marriage. My only regret is for those wasted seven years. Until that fateful evening, almost three years ago, no man besides my husband had had me.

I was a virgin when I met my husband, and we had intercourse only twice before we were married. I learned to enjoy sex. We would have intercourse almost every night, and I would usually reach a mild and very pleasant orgasm. My husband was a very gentle and tender lover. But our sex life was completely straight. We didn't experiment with any of the so-called perverted acts. I always remained passive throughout intercourse.

My swinging life began at a party, which I went to while my husband was away on a business trip for two weeks. The couple who had invited me were friends, but not really close friends, and I considered it as an evening away from my three children and household duties. I went in complete innocence. I wore a black cocktail dress, about mid-thigh in length and having a rather low neckline. I also wore, as always, a garter belt and stockings—my husband objects to pantyhose. The party consisted of five couples and an extra man. It soon became apparent that I had been invited as a date for this Chet, whom I'd never met before. I knew I should leave, but I didn't know how to get out of it gracefully.

So I had a couple of drinks with Chet, and we spent some time dancing. At one point lights were turned out until only one small lamp remained on. While Chet and I were dancing, I felt him getting a hard-on. I tried to pull away, but he only held me closer and went on rubbing his cock against me. His hands began playing over my tits and ass. When I moved one of his hands, the



other would attack. He started whispering to me that he was going to "fuck your ass off." No man had ever talked to me like that before.

Chet soon maneuvered me back into a corner and started kissing me. And my nipples were already erect when he got his hand inside the top of my dress and started playing with my tits. I couldn't slap him—I didn't want anyone to know what was going on. He had me pinned against the wall, and his other hand was working my dress up in front until he was able to get his hand inside my panties. I thought that if I let him feel me up a little, he might be satisfied. But as soon as I felt his fingers slide up the lips of my pussy, I found myself getting so hot I couldn't stand it. Chet pulled my hand to his cock and asked how I would like to have

it rammed all the way up my cunt. He didn't wait for an answer but worked my panties down my thighs and knees until they fell to the floor—and he pocketed them. I made one last effort to resist and told him I had to leave. Unfazed, he told me if I didn't put out to him, he would leave at the same time and then tell everyone that he had screwed me.

We were soon dancing again, but now my dress was hiked up in front. His cock was rubbing between my legs and over my cunt, separated only by his trousers. Then Chet danced me into a bedroom and pushed me onto a bed. He shoved my dress up and spread my legs, but instead of mounting me, he went down on me. I was horrified until I felt that hot tongue of his flicking over my clitoris. In what seemed like only seconds, he had me on the verge of coming.

I wanted Chet to go on eating me, but his lips left my cunt, and he moved up between my legs. He pulled my hand to his cock and told me to put it in for him. Not until I had it in my hand did I have any

idea how thick it was. I didn't think I could take it. I couldn't even close my hand around it—it seemed twice as big as my husband's. I guided the head to my pussy, but he wouldn't put it in me. When my hips raised up, Chet backed off and told me to ask him to fuck me. When I said the words, he slipped the head into me and made me ask him again and again. Each time I asked him to fuck me, he gave me a little more of his cock until he was about halfway into me. (Even then, he was farther into me than my husband had ever been.) I guess I was screaming at him to fuck me. He asked if I'd suck his cock. I told him I'd do anything he wanted if he would just give it all to me.

At that, Chet rammed his cock all the way up my pussy, and I started coming like I had never made it before. I guess I sort of went wild. He pulled my legs around him and started fucking me. There was nothing gentle about it. He was ramming his cock in and out of me as hard and as fast as he could, using his hands on my hips to guide the movements. I made it three times in that first fucking, and the second and third orgasms were as strong as the first one. It wasn't just the coming. It was also lying there with my dress up, with the feeling of that huge prick stroking through my cunt. It was the most beautiful feeling in the world! I didn't want it ever to end. He taught me more about fucking in those few minutes than I'd learned with my husband in seven years.

Chet pulled his cock out of me and went

down on me again. This time he went on eating me until I made it. He went right on, giving me more of his tongue until I was close again. Then he moved up and straddled my face. Chet began by stroking the head of his cock over my lips. I was sure that if he actually got it into my mouth, I'd get sick. He reached back with his other hand and started fingering me, and he soon had me moaning. And then his cock slipped into my mouth. I was amazed at how exciting I found the act to be. He told me how to suck and lick his cock. When he started coming, I didn't know what to do with his jazz. I held it in my mouth for a moment and then gulped down every last drop of it.

Chet got off me, and another man moved between my legs. I'd not even been aware of the others coming into the room. But at this point I didn't care—I just wanted to be fucked and fucked. After Bob screwed me, they took my dress off. They explained that it was a swinging group and that this was my initiation. I took on all six men in my mouth and pussy—usually in both at the same time. When the party broke up, I went to a motel with Chet.

For the rest of the time that my husband was away, I got laid by at least one of these men every night. Bob was the first man to fuck me in the ass. (It hurt when he first put it in me, but after a few strokes, it felt great.)

When my husband got home from his trip, I tried to settle down. But it was useless. I found myself wanting and needing

these new sex thrills. I began noticing other men. After a couple of weeks, I began accepting daytime dates with one of these six men. I waited anxiously for my husband's next business trip.

One afternoon I went to a bar with the sole intention of letting a man pick me up. Within a few minutes, I was sitting in a booth with a rather handsome man, and he had his hand under my skirt, stroking my thighs. No one could see, but it was exciting to be played with in public. He asked how much it was going to cost him. I'd never thought of charging to let him get into my panties, but the idea of serving as a whore really turned me on. I suggested fifty dollars. Of course, I never expected him to agree. But he did. He wanted to "feel the merchandise" before buying; so I let him feel me up and finger me before we left the bar. I also agreed to let him do anything to me he wanted.

At first he just wanted to get a blowjob and to come all over my face. But he also screwed me, and then he wanted to stroke his cock all over my tits. He wanted to watch me fingering myself, too. Later that same afternoon, he became the first man to piss on me. I loved it! (I guess I associate it with a man coming all over me.)

The upshot of all this was that I began to be less passive with my husband. It began one night as we lay in bed, naked, with my head on his stomach. I began to play with his cock. When he didn't object, I became more daring. I kissed his cock and told him I had been wanting to do that for a long time. He seemed to enjoy it; so I went on kissing and licking his cock. Eventually, I had his entire rod in my mouth. From that time on, a blowjob was a regular part of our sex life, but it was almost two weeks before I let him come in my mouth.

One evening I asked him if he'd ever slept with another woman. The question rather shocked him, and he said no. When I asked if he'd ever wanted another woman, he hedged a bit and then told me about a waitress who turned him on. Subsequently, I often brought the subject up. When we saw a pretty girl on the street, I'd ask if he'd like to go bed with her. I told him one night that I didn't think I'd really mind if he had intercourse with another woman. At that, he asked if I'd ever wanted another man and if I'd ever put out. I told him that I'd never thought about it much but that the idea was exciting. (As we talked, I had my husband put it into me. The conversation really turned us both on.)

It was months later before I let my husband talk me into putting out for another guy. I finally agreed—on the condition that he be present. We decided that I would let a man pick me up in a bar. I'd see to it that the man had his hand under my skirt before my husband joined us. And my husband would then suggest that the three of us go to a motel. Everything went as planned, and the evening was a tremendous three-way success.

From that time on I've been getting laid several times a week. My husband and I



find each other far more exciting after another man has had me. He is often along on my dates to share me with other men. He loves to fuck me while I'm sucking another man's cock. He insists that when a man comes in my mouth, I let a little jazz run over my lips. He has watched me in gang-bangs, and he has seen me in bed with black lovers. My husband even arranged a lesbian date for me, something I've come to enjoy very much. My girl friends are bisexual, and I enjoy sharing them with my husband.

I believe that I have the right to spread my legs for any man I meet, to be fucked as often as I please, and to participate in any sex act, so long as sex can be good for both my partner and me, and so long as no harm comes to my marital status. These are the only rules that count.

Society may frown on my sexual actions, but that is somebody else's problem. If my husband can enjoy watching other men fuck me, I want him to be there to watch me go wild while some big stud packs that meat into me.—H.A., Ohio

Long live uninhibited women like you! As long as your husband agrees with your ideas, there's absolutely nothing wrong with your actions. Few people will fully agree with your views on sexuality, of course—some people still have the idea that you have to love the person before you can have sex. I myself live a life somewhat like yours: I definitely know how to differentiate between sex for the sake of sex and sex for the sake of love. If you love a person, you should be happy to see your partner having fun and pleasure. In your case, your husband realizes that you need the outside action. Perhaps you even appreciate him more because of all these other men you've had. Live and let live. Love and let love.

A NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS

I've wrestled several women in the past, but just recently I've been put through my most humiliating paces. My own wife makes a habit of humiliating me in anyway she possibly can. Everytime I lose, I get a bare-assed spanking, and I have yet to beat her. On top of that, I have to suck her toes and lick her ass and cunt. Also, everytime I lose, I don't get fucked: no matter how my cock swells, my wife won't fuck me. She now says that unless I can beat her in a wrestling match, she won't fuck me again. She has had two of my so-called friends sleep with her each night so they can perform my marital duties. They alternate on a daily—or nocturnal—basis. She's forced me to sleep on the hard floor, and it's not unusual to have my wife and her lover attack me in the night.

I'm telling you, Xaviera, I don't know what to do. I've been punished and humiliated by her and my so-called friends. They go out, and I have to clean the house, make the supper, and give her breakfast in bed. If I say just one word out of place, I'm punished. Xaviera, how can I get my wife back?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

How to earn your stripe on the tennis court.



Get your first serve in.

Don't be ashamed
to wear whites.

Get your first serve in.

In mixed doubles, aim for
the woman. But if the
woman is better, by all
means aim for the man.

Get your first serve in.

Off the court
you can earn your
stripe by serving
our Stripe.
Usher's Green Stripe
Scotch.

A fine Scotch
Whisky, at a
very decent price.



80 or 86 Proof • Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. © 1976.

The Usher's Tennis Catalog, featuring Dunlop racquets and equipment, is available, free.
Just write to: Usher's Pro Shop, P.O. Box 1080, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

PRESIDENTIAL PILLOW TALK

How much should we be told about the private lives of public people? This nettlesome question has long troubled lofty minds, like Suetonius, and puny ones, like Bob Woodward. Should Caesar's and Nixon's dirty linen be hung out for all to see?

I began to scratch at the nettles lodged in my own mind recently while I was reading Kay Summersby Morgan's book about her love affair with Dwight D. Eisenhower. The then-Miss Summersby was a British fashion model who served as General Eisenhower's driver during World War II. She admits she wanted to provide more service, but, sadly, Ike turned out to be impotent. Sublimation may have been the creative force behind the Pietà, and, apparently, it was no less responsible for the D-Day invasion.

I was wondering about the propriety of Miss Summersby's revelations when the daily mail delivered a package containing several reels of tape. *Penthouse* can always be counted on to come up with exclusive information, but these tapes, even though they hummed with history, brought the issue of private sex lives to a head. However, after deep reflection and several consultations with our lawyers, we decided it would be wrong not to share some excerpts with you.

March 2, 1962 — "Angie, you've got a terrific body."

"Thanks, Mr. President, but I'm not Angie; I'm Judy."

"Then where's Angie?"

"There's nobody named Angie here, Mr. President. You're smoking too many of those funny cigarettes . . ."

"Well, who's that under the blankets?"

(Muffled) "Marilyn."

"Come on out, Marilyn; I've got something for you."

"No. Anyway, Bobby's bigger."

"Ah, let me say this about that: bullshit."

"Mr. President, what are you doing with that powder box with Fidel Castro's picture on it?"

"Watch. I just sprinkle a little on your lovely toes, and . . ."

"Omgod! Mr. President, all my pubic hair fell out!"

"Yeah. That's really nifty stuff. Allen Dulles gave it to me. Here, have a cigar. . ."

September 18, 1966 — "Okay, honey, the president of all the people is here, and I'm gonna hang your coonskin on the wall."

"Ouch, Mr. President. Quit picking me up by the ears. We've got to quit meeting this way. I think your wife is getting sus-

picious, and I'm goddamn sick and tired of dressing up in this silly beagle outfit."

"Hush, now, honey. You jes drop your drawers and I'll show you my scar."

"Screw your scar. How many women in Washington have you slept with anyway?"

"More 'n Kennedy. And that guy would screw anything that walked, half that crawled, and most that creped."

"Yes, but Kennedy went to Harvard."

(Sobbing) "Damn you. Here, take your Ken-L-Ration and your electric toothbrush and scram."

June 8, 1970 — "It's a rovery bedroom, Mr. Plesident, but what will your wife say?"

"America can't stand Pat."

"I hope no one knows I'm here."

"Only John Dean, and if I can't trust Dean, I can't trust anybody."

"Mr. Plesident, your Amelican frag pin is on my critoris, and someone rubbed hamburger into your trousers. Prease, take off your brue suit and your tie . . . yes, and your shorts . . . For heaven's sake, Mr. Plesident, there must be some other reason they call you the Big Enchirada."

(Expletive deleted)

"Hey, in the navy they told me that Chinese pussy ran athwartships . . ."

"That's sirry. We have a vertical smile like everybody else . . . Ah, that's it, Mr. Plesident . . ."

(At this point there is an eighteen-second gap in the tape.)

"Oops, Mr. Plesident . . ."

"Solly, I mean sorry about that, but I haven't slept with a woman since 1962."

"What are you doing on your knees?"

"At a time like this, we should pray."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Plesident. Pray with me, pray with me, prease."



For space reasons, we cannot print any more of the transcripts. We have learned, however, that the complete tapes will soon be made available for sale to the general public. The Carter administration has been meeting with H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and Rosemary Woods in order to set up a task force to edit and market the tapes. So watch for the commercials on late-night television announcing how you can acquire your very own set of Presidential Sex Tapes. — Arthur Cooper



SCENES



DISCOVERING NEW DRAMA

In the last ten years, the New York Drama Critics Circle gave only two of its Best Play awards to American plays. The other eight winners were British imports. During the same period, Broadway's Tony Award for Best Play went to only four American works. The British stalked off with the lion's share again. Consistent with this, the number of Broadway productions of original American plays dropped from twenty-five, during the 1965-66 season, to yearly figures that hovered in the low teens to mid-teens. One bleak season a few years back saw a measly ten new American plays make it to Broadway.

No, the original American play is not dead. It's just . . . out there. Broadway may indeed have forsaken homegrown drama for musicals, revivals, and imports. But elsewhere in the country—from New York's vast noncommercial theater network to the sixty-some regional theaters thriving in every state in the union—new plays are alive and flourishing.

Regional theaters are nothing new on the theatrical map. An independent-theater movement tried to decentralize theater in America as early as 1910; and in the late 1940s and early 1950s resident repertory companies popped up all around the country. Zelda Fichandler, artistic director of Washington's renowned Arena Stage and one of the pioneers of the regional theater movement,

reminds us that many of these theaters are still functioning. She also points out that "women—unique, forceful individuals like Margo Jones, Nina Vance, and Edith Markson—stood in the vanguard of the resident theater movement."

Still, it took the decline of original drama on Broadway, the entrance of the big funding foundations, the reawakening of television-besotted audiences to the theater, and a sudden spurt of new playwrights in search of a stage to yank the regional theater out of its fixation on the classics and to transform it into what it is today—our most fertile source of original American plays. And you'd never guess, from that capsule chronicle, how tough the reawakening was to achieve.

The regional activity this season alone is prodigious. New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre has the distinction of premiering Arthur Miller's new play, *The Archbishop's Ceiling*. The Yale Repertory Theatre, another New Haven theatrical landmark, introduced *Suicide in B-flat*, a new work by our most important experimental dramatist, Sam Shepard. In a boldly innovative move, the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, the

Washington Arena Stage, and the Hartford Stage Company will jointly mount a "split-premiere" of Christopher Durang's new work, *History of the American Film*. The Dallas Theatre Center will premiere a new play by Preston Jones, author of *A Texas Trilogy*, last season's most well-traveled production on the regional theater circuit that stretches from Seattle, Wash., to Washington, D.C. And, come summer, the Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center will showcase, in a single month, another dozen brand-new works by American writers. So what's all this talk about "tough"?

According to the artistic directors of some of the most active regional theaters in the country, producing new plays is the riskiest aspect of their work. If you do off-the-wall innovative pieces, you lose your subscription audience. If you don't do them, you lose your foundation grants. If you produce a flawed work, the critics will kill you. If you turn down the half-cooked script, the playwright will clean it up and take it to another regional house, which will then get all the glory and the profit percentage when the show moves to Broadway. If you transfer your shows to New York, you'll



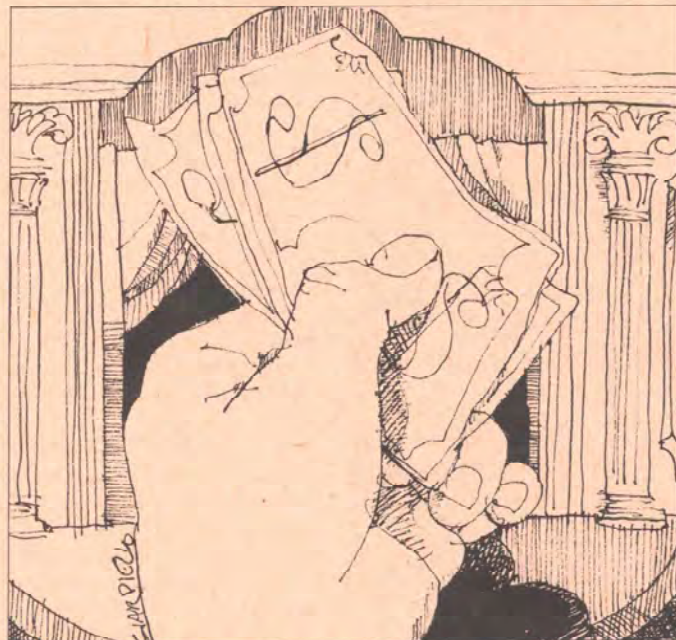
Miller: New Haven premiere.

get the reputation of being a "try-out house," and the commercial producers will swarm all over your bones. And if you keep yourself to yourself, the other kids will call you a loser.

Thus the specters that haunt a regional theater's dreams. Of the troublesome variables, artistic directors seem to fret most over their subscription audiences, the foundations, Broadway, and the critics. In more or less that order.

"Regional theaters are always whining that they want to do new plays but that their subscription audiences won't buy the idea," says Adrian Hall, who started the Trinity Square Repertory Company in Providence, R.I., thirteen years ago, and who plays his own 10,000-strong subscribers like Jascha Heifetz plays his fiddle. "That's a dreary excuse and a real cop-out," he insists.

Hall's record of producing an almost equal number of new works and classic plays each season is especially impressive when you consider his audience and the kind of work he does. Providence is a politically conservative city, with a 90 percent Catholic population that probably thinks *A Man for All Seasons* is the greatest piece of theater since *King Lear*. Hall zings them with goodies like James Purdy's *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, a sexually frank drama that features nudity, homosexuality, and an on-stage abortion.



"All hell came down on us for that one," Hall admits, "but I must say that we did wonderful business." Furthermore, Trinity's subscribers, in responding to a questionnaire mailed in the wake of the uproar, voted overwhelmingly for more new plays. "So don't let me hear that audiences won't support original work," Hall crows. "They will, if you stay at it long enough. And I've got the votes to prove it."

It's harder to fiddle the foundations. Gordon Davidson, artistic director of Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum since its inception ten years ago, states candidly that "premieres are important to a regional theater's survival. Doing new plays is how you get your grants."

Another untouchable, New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre, has increased its ratio of original plays to revivals to an impressive four to three. But its artistic director, Arvin Brown, has some harsh words for the "project funding" adopted by the foundations during the late sixties and early seventies. Although that policy, now on the wane, strong-armed many malingerers into developing original material, Brown feels that its overall effect was harmful. "I watched a lot of theaters being

forced to overextend themselves," he contends. "They couldn't get funds just for their own survival; so they had to start special projects that foundations would support, but that they later had to abandon."

Many of the lesser-light regional theaters, either ill-equipped or simply resistant to springing unknown works on their classics-glutted subscribers, tried to finesse the foundations by opening small, secondary facilities for "works-in-progress." Artistic directors of the major theaters, who take their chances with full-staged productions of new plays, shriek like banshees when they see somebody getting away with this maneuver. A more objective observer, director Tony Giordano, calls these basement projects a "clever" way of getting funded for developing new plays without actually doing them.

"They generally start with a reading," says Giordano, who, as a "visiting fireman" director for several regional theaters, has observed the process many times. "If the reading goes over well, they may do a small, workshop production. A lot of theaters hold audience seminars at this point to get some feedback, so they can

decide whether to take the chance and do it on the main stage." Under this cautious procedure, some new plays do get on. Most don't. And, according to Giordano, "the major productions are still things like *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Three Sisters*."

The prospect of transferring productions of their new plays to Broadway both thrills and chills the regional theaters. In addition to the profit share that a theater gets with a commercial move, the Broadway visibility solidifies its reputation, making those ever-elusive foundation grants easier to grab. A heavy rep also attracts the best new scripts, the best professional creative talent. But a cheek-by-jowl relationship with the commercial theaters carries darker implications.

"There are dangers," warns Arvin Brown, who admits to feeling "defensive" about the many Long Wharf productions that have gone on to Broadway. "All those producers scouting the regions can threaten a theater's independence, alter its identity," he says, adding that the Long Wharf "doesn't do its work for any New York sanction" and won't allow any production to be motivated by promises of a future Broadway move.

Across the country, at the Mark Taper, Gordon Davidson feels just as edgy. "The tight economic scene on Broadway has brought the producers out prowling the regions," he says, "and that's okay, as long as the relationship is a true partnership. But a lot of these people would take an option on a new play and then look around for a regional house in which to try it out in safety. They act like they're doing us a big favor. But if we're only their tryout house, we wind up financing some of their work for them."

Some theaters, like the Actors' Theatre of Louisville and (until producer Robert Whitehead discovered Preston Jones's *A Texas Trilogy*) the Dallas Theatre Center, achieve independence through insularity. More indigenous to their regions than the



Jones: opening in Dallas.

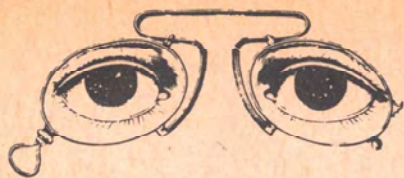
companies along the "eastern theater corridor," these midwestern and southern theaters actively encourage writers to discover their regional voices.

Neither Broadway nor the critics seem to influence such theaters outside the Los Angeles-East Coast axis. Not until somebody like W. Duncan Ross, artistic director of the Seattle Repertory Theatre, reminds us that no theater anywhere enjoys complete autonomy. "The development of new dramatists is the single most influential factor in obtaining grants from national sources," says Ross, addressing his Puget Sound subscription audience. "We started our Second Stage for the development of experimental and new work. The continued existence of that theater largely depends on what national funding the operation can attract. The critical climate in this town is the single most important factor that inhibits the development of our theater as a force on the national scene."

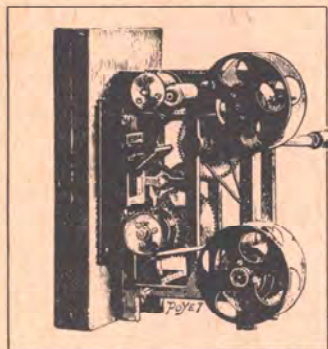
In his attack on the Seattle critics, Ross rather nakedly sums up the political and economic sides to what Arvin Brown calls "the new-play race" being played in America's noncommercial theaters. The flow of original plays coming out of the regional companies may be the healthiest thing to happen to the theater in years. But you've got to admit—it ain't all aesthetics. —Marilyn Stasio



A scene from Preston Jones's *A Texas Trilogy*.



FILMS



DREAM DATE

Right in the middle of the dreamiest dance of her very first high-school prom, Carrie asks her partner, Tommy, for the umpteenth time why in the world he invited, of all people, her. And Tommy, who actually has no reason except that his girl friend, Sue, more or less ordered him to, answers that maybe it was because Carrie liked his poem, the one he submitted in English class, supporting ecology and the right of young people to be young. It was an awful poem, but sensitive, considering that it came from the school's star athlete. And Carrie thought it was beautiful.

So they dance on, wallflower Carrie now truly lovely in her self-made gown and with her freshly brushed hair, Tommy as handsome as the young Robert Redford he so uncannily resembles. Then, he smiles his slightly loony smile and mutters, not exactly into thin air, "Only I didn't write it."

I don't know what Carrie thinks of this revelation, among the last words she is to hear on the last night of her life. She doesn't register any special response. But I find it pretty weird, assuming that Tommy has only the kindest intentions. And it becomes a troubling and rather typical grace note to the general weirdness of Brian De Palma's *Carrie*, a horror film that ranks among the best movies to have opened in months.

In one sense, *Carrie* is a high-

school horror film, a genre not so much in evidence lately but popular years ago with *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein*, *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *I Married a Monster from Outer Space*—wonderful titles to remember from the late 1950s, unless you had the misfortune to see the movies that went along with them. *Carrie* really belongs a good distance out of that league. It is a contemporary story, with more immediate debts to *American Graffiti*, *The Exorcist*, and *Jaws*, not to mention the selected works of Alfred Hitchcock. But it looks back with pain and pleasure at a whole world of naive adventure, with boys in rented tuxes and girls in tulle, the dream date for the senior prom; even the corny, livid underlighting that throws the facial bone structure of the bad guys into evil relief. It also looks forward to scaring you out of your theater seat. In her *New Yorker* magazine review, Pauline Kael knew exactly what she was doing when she labeled the movie—admirably—"trash."

But there is "trash" and trash. *Carrie* has some fairly classy relations among other films, as well as some very common ones. De Palma has never been much for hiding his sources. And if *Carrie*

never matches the allusive range of his fascinating previous movie, *Obsession*—which goes all the way from playing tricks on Hitchcock's *Vertigo* to re-creating insights from Dante's *Purgatorio*—still, it goes far enough. When Carrie, with a flick of her thought processes, turns her sex-obsessed, salvation-crazy mother into a present-day St. Sebastian (thereby allowing mom to die a martyr in an ecstasy of painful penetration), she is not only giving us the vicarious shudder of a lifetime. She is also confirming her own place in a universe that makes grim sense, from the vengeful God at the top to the fire and brimstone at the bottom. De Palma may be our last medieval moviemaker. Next to the pseudomystical mumbo jumbo of *The Exorcist* (which I greatly enjoy), the scare tactics of *Carrie* come across with the authority of a cosmological order. In this movie you have to take seriously even the directions in the obscenely scrawled graffiti.

Despite all that, perhaps also because of it, *Carrie* is much of the time a comedy. And it is very definitely a romance as well. The villains—I mean the minor villains, the ones who have the poor



Sissy Spacek.

judgment to plot the humiliation of helpless Carrie—are treated almost as straight-comedy characters. Nancy Allen as Chris, the wicked high-school glamour girl, and John Travolta as Billy, the dumb jerk she goes out with because she can use him; their plot, to kill a pig and have its blood slop down on Carrie after they arrange things so that she gets chosen queen of the senior prom; the continuing banter of their delicate dialogue (she to him: "You stupid shit!" and he to her, "Don't call me that, you fuck!")—all this comes as honest-to-goodness comic relief from the unfolding of the fate they have in store for Carrie, and the fate she will offer in return.

The film's romance is another, but related, matter. Essentially, *Carrie* tells the story of how a poor, friendless high-school kid, who suffers her first menstrual period at the age of sixteen and doesn't even know what it is, is cruelly ridiculed by her classmates and cursed by her mother but also befriended, first by a sympathetic gym teacher (Betty Buckley) and then by one repentant girl, Sue, and her obedient Tommy (Amy Irving and William Katt—a couple of actors to watch), until she goes to the prom and blossoms like the gracious, lovely flower she wants to be and, in large part, actually is.

The marvelous portrayal of Carrie before and after, and especially during, the process of glowing transformation owes a lot to



Brian De Palma's *Carrie*: turning dream into nightmare.

Sissy Spacek's performance (the most impressive young actress since Isabel Adjani in *The Story of Adèle H.*) and possibly even more to her presence, to the patient, potent sexiness that freckled, red-headed girls often have to such a mysterious degree. An ordinary kid at heart (her favorable response to virtually anything: "It's beautiful!"), but tremendously appealing, she inspires us to want her happiness, her wonderful time at the prom, even while we anxiously wait for what lies in store for her and for what she has in store for the others.

To miss the romantic aspect of

into bloody horror.

There are two Carries, the one who loves and the one who destroys. And like the sinister female doubles in some other recent De Palma movies—Siamese twins in *Sisters*, mother and daughter in *Obsession*—these two exist because their world forces them into separate beings. *Carrie* is a movie with a heaven and a hell, or at least with something up there that menaces Carrie (which the camera keeps rising overhead to look at) and something down there with which she reaches up to respond. I don't think the film makes major statements about



Piper Laurie: life in small-town America.

Carrie—not that there's much danger anyone might—would be to miss half the sense of the movie: its very real attachment to a young girl's awakening, as well as its virtuoso control in making us care about her even as we know that the story is building toward the unleashing of the monster that, with her unasked-for power, she is ready to become.

Turning dream into nightmare—that's what Brian De Palma's *Carrie* is all about. From its very first, erotic images of Carrie fondling her own body in the girls' shower room—voluptuous images that give way to her bleeding and to a barrage of sanitary napkins thrown by her supernaturally vicious classmates when she begs for help—to its very last terrifying images (which are, in fact, another bloody bid for contact), the film repeatedly moves from reverie

this system; instead, it plays with it a good deal—and rationalizes the two sides of its heroine with it, too. How much more can you ask of a movie that is scarier than *Jaws* and cleverer than *The Exorcist*, and also funny and sexy, and remarkably sympathetic as an illustration of teen-age life in a small American town?

Carrie succeeds as horror precisely because it succeeds in several other ways at the same time. That has always been one of Alfred Hitchcock's important lessons. And Brian De Palma, a most astute and innovative student of the master, has understood it perfectly. He has also understood something hidden in the lesson, as is the case with Hitchcock. He has begun to show us that the stuff with which he teases us can make great movies as well.

—Roger Greenspun

WORDS



BEYOND TOMORROW

Science fiction is a short, snappy term for a large, lumpy category. Among the great variety of stories published under a science-fiction label, some try to explore the impact of modern technology on social customs; others try to recreate, in futuristic dress, the grand old myths of yesteryear (from Homer and Aesop to *Beowulf* and the Norse Eddas); still others feature Utopian (or anti-Utopian) sermons or satires of contemporary foibles, seen through the distorting mirror of the day-after-tomorrow.

And then there is the science-fiction adventure story, which is unlike all other adventure stories because it has no predetermined rules. The science-fiction hero may carry any weapon the author chooses to invent for him: he may go anywhere in the known and unknown universe; he may encounter any kind of foe or friend; and his exploits may be crowned with any imaginable reward, from getting the girl to becoming a god (literally). For readers who don't mind riding a mental roller coaster without a seat belt, the science-fiction adventure story is perennially the most popular subcategory of all.

Recent examples of the genre include *Maske: Thaery*, by Jack Vance (Putnam, \$7.95). *Maske* is a planet whose history and customs Vance sketches in a three-

page introduction and a seven-page "glossary." The important fact is that the planet was settled centuries ago by fanatically religious earthmen, who suppressed the local inhabitants and then split up into warring factions. Thaery, the planet's dominant region, is officially at peace, but the old wounds still fester beneath the surface, and there are persistent rumors of unrest in the hinterlands. The hero, Jubal Droad, is a young man of noble breeding, from an outlying province, who comes to the "big city" to seek his fortune. More or less by accident, he gets involved in murderous goings-on, becomes a secret agent, follows a suspicious character to a planet that serves as a galactic Disneyland, returns to *Maske* to defend his family's honor, and ends up saving his home-world from a fate worse than death.

Vance is a smooth, not to say slick, writer who can laugh at his characters and himself without letting his story line falter. His descriptions of the tourist attractions of the far future are beguiling and—it turns out—to the point. One could scarcely resist, for example, the Gardens of Paradise, raised on glass stilts above the



Bettmann Archives



desert, where "the amazed tourist, while sauntering along safely elevated lanes, will behold no less than two hundred thousand botanical and quasi-botanical curiosities, imported from many distant worlds. When pleasantly languid, the tourist will be anxious to take refreshment at the Pavilion of Delight, where superb meals are served by our charming Flowers of Grace, who also perform amusing pantomimes."

Mindbridge, by Joe Haldeman (St. Martin's, \$7.95), is a more ambitious S.F. adventure. It tells of the accidental invention of a

faster-than-light transportation device, the discovery of a strange extraterrestrial creature that makes telepathy possible (if it doesn't kill you first), and an encounter with truly intelligent, and apparently malign, beings from outer space. Grafted onto this already overweight plot is the story of a love that literally transcends the grave. To squeeze everything into a slim 186-page novel, Haldeman resorts to a telegraphic style—fifty-three brief chapters, some of them in the form of straight narratives, others cast in the form of interoffice memos, newspaper clippings, scientific papers, or tape recordings.

Newcomers to science fiction may find this book hard going because of the recurrent technical jargon (Haldeman is editor in chief of *Astronomy* magazine). But stripped to its essentials, Haldeman's vision of space exploration is actually not too different from a James Bond mission: you take your best and your brightest, you dress them to kill (in weapon-laden survival suits), and you send them out, in the hope that they will be a match for anything they meet. When these emissaries from earth get exactly what they are asking for, Haldeman seems about to make a serious point, but he doesn't dwell on it, which is probably just as well. For all its stylistic gimmickry, Haldeman's prose works best when it sticks closest to the hoary

conventions of space opera: "As they ran, the aliens changed shape. . . . Their torsos sprouted extra limbs—claws, tentacles, hairy spider arms. Beautiful faces grew monstrous with huge luminous eyes, terrible fangs. Seductive curves hidden by hair, scales, plates, feathers All different, all horrible, all bent on bloody murder."

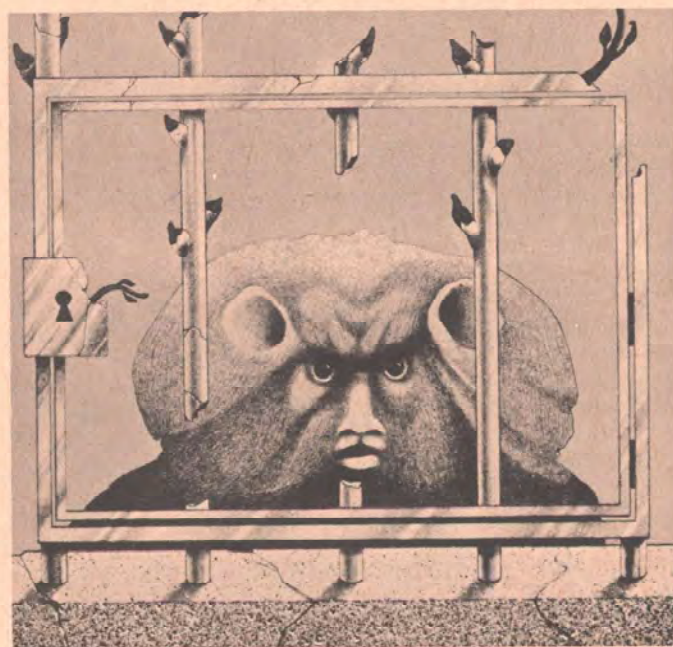
John Crowley's **Beasts** (Doubleday, \$5.95) demonstrates just how serious a science-fiction novel can be and still remain within the compass of science-fiction adventure. Set in a near future, when the United States has been torn apart by a long civil war (causes not explained), the book describes the efforts of various surviving parties to pick up the pieces. There are the remnants of the shattered central government, joined together in an organization called the Union for Social Engineering (USE)—habitual power wielders scheming to regain power for its own sake. There are individuals and groups who are anxious to bring a semblance of order to small portions of the anarchic continent. There are nature-lovers who welcomed the breakdown of government (because the resulting anarchy

halted the rape of the environment) and who now devote themselves to stewardship of the convalescing land. And then there are the "leos"—half man, half lion, spawned by some ghastly experiment in genetic engineering. The leos are as intelligent as human beings; yet they are as different from men as any creature from outer space could be. The minions of USE recognize the leos as the main obstacle to the reassertion of man's dominion on earth, whereas other men see in the leos that truly natural sovereignty which self-alienated human beings could never achieve.

Crowley writes beautifully about a broad spectrum of "beasts"—from falcons and dogs to hunters and lovers. His book is permeated with religious and mythological overtones and a sense of history-in-the-making. But what really holds it together is a strong narrative line that makes the reader care about the fate of Painter, the chief of the leos. Pursued by a variety of characters for a variety of reasons, Painter fights for survival—but on his own terms. An enigmatic, unforgettable character in an enigmatic, unforgettable book.—Gerald Jonas



Joe Haldeman: space opera.



SOUNDS



THE PUNK UNDERGROUND

He's tough tonight, with a nonfilter cigarette dangling from his soft, adolescent lips as beads of warm sweat run down his hairless chest. Standing in front of the New York rock club, C.B.G.B., he's imagining himself as Brando, flexing his self-image, imagining knife fights in alleys or plugging chicks like there's no tomorrow. Tough, real tough, like the rock band inside, The Ramones, who are the essence of the emerging rock trend, Punk Rock.

To him, Punk is new. But he's too young to know that the Ramones are direct recastings of the bands that marked the Golden Age of Rock in the sixties, when the Stones were shit-kicking mean, the Kinks were tough, the Yardbirds hard, and the Velvet Underground all that and more. All he knows is that Punk is In. Forget the glitter and the eye makeup, the platforms and the Hustle. Now it's hard rock, loud and aggressive, played by horny guys no father would let his daughter near.

The bands—The Ramones, Television, Talking Heads, the Runaways, Tuff Darts, and the Heartbreakers—got together in places like Rhode Island, California, Queens, and Florida, wherever kids, guitars, and dreams mix. Somehow they have all converged on one club, the pagoda of Punk, C.B.G.B., a scuzzy little dive on the Bowery in New York.

There they flirt with stardom, remembering that Patti Smith played there before it all happened for her. Indeed, the Ramones have an album out on Sire Records, Television is signed with Electra and is about to release its first LP, and Atlantic has released a double Punk album, *Live at C.B.G.B.* These bands sense the excitement around them as the rock press flocks to their cause, fresh from creating stardom for Bruce Springsteen and Patti Smith.

Not that anyone knows what Punk really is. In the fifties, "punks" were the skinny kids who even smelled creepy, the kids whom hoods used to slap around just for the hell of it. In the prison world, punks are the submissive partners in homosexual relationships. But in pop music, the term connotes music's young ruffians, those having cult followings and futures that loom much bigger than an interim underground status.

"Punk Rock?" asks *Punk* magazine editor, John Holstrom. "It's a kid picking up a guitar and becoming a rock-'n'-roll star despite or because of his lack of ability, talent, intelligence, limitations, and/or potential; and usu-



Tom Verlaine of Television.



The Ramones: sometimes the songs get stuck in your head.

ally doing so out of frustration, hostility, a lot of nerve, and a need for ego fulfillment. It takes a lot of sophistication or, better yet, none at all to appreciate Punk Rock."

The **Ramones** are Punk. In the interest of the group image, each member "changed" his own last name. Now they are simply Joey Ramone, Dee Dee Ramone, Tommy Ramone, and Johnny Ramone. They dig hanging out with old groupies left over from the kinky New York Dolls, like this one chick who scares off other girls because of the cigarette burns on her thighs. "Sometimes the songs stick in your head even when you don't want them to," says the Ramones' manager, Danny Fields. When the Ramones perform, one hard-rock song follows another, all nearly identical and separated by only a four-beat pause. Their progression is made more interesting, however, by changes of key (B,B,A,E,D,B,E, D, E, Eb, A, and C). In "53rd and 3rd," the Ramones' ode to a psychotic homosexual hustler, we hear: "Then I took out my razor blade / Then I did what God forbade / Now the cops are after me / But I proved that I'm no sissy."

Similarly adolescent is the music of **Television**, a group that owes a lot to the mid-sixties group, Thirteenth Floor Elevator. A mixture of pinball and poetry, their music draws on sexual frus-

tration heightened by frantic needs and heroic self-images. These guys are anguished and cynical, demanding that they be accepted as everything they aren't. Their lyrics are suggestive of a horny, T-shirted kid at a drive-in with his date, as even the song titles indicate: "Hard on Love," "One on Top of Another," "Love Comes in spurts." Television's lead singer, Tom Verlaine, assumes the beat pose, wearing torn T-shirt, black jeans, and worn sneakers. He is the Punk Sex Object: skinny, languid, and, as Patti Smith has put it, "blessed with long-veined hands reminiscent of the poet strangler, Jack the Ripper... a guy worth losing your virginity to."

These Punk bands carry on the tradition of underground stars such as Lou Reed. The Ramones toy with toughness, thinking their leather jackets make them men. Television lounges in a romantic self-image that borders on self-indulgence. And these two groups and the other Punk bands are now riding out the growing Punk Wave. It's a pop phenomenon that's been seen and heard before, a return to the sound and look of hard rock that is supported by the traditional adolescent concerns of sex and self-image. But trend or no trend, the Punk Wave has offered little in the way of musical substance. As pop phenomena go, Punk Rock should. And quickly. —Henry Post

*Copyright © 1976 Taco Tune/Blue Disque ASCAP



THE HOLY GHOST OF C&W

When Bob Dylan finally yielded to the pressure of extensive annoyance maneuvers and permitted *Rolling Stone* Editor Jann Wenner to interview him in 1969, the result was an assault on the sensibilities Dylan had midwived earlier in the decade. Plainly, truculently, he insisted that his songs were empty of hermetic message, that to think of them otherwise was stupid. To the glaring chagrin of his interviewer, Dylan spoke in prose bare of pretension and intellectual conceit. When asked which songs of the past year he had especially liked, Dylan named a record and a singer unknown to most of *Rolling Stone's* readers: "Small-Time Laboring Man," a 1968 country hit by **George Jones**.

Bob Dylan's praise of George Jones—admirably shocking in the context of late-sixties media spray—was far less remarkable to followers of real southern music, for whom the reliable fire of George Jones's greatness had been a truism for fifteen years.

Nor today, as George Jones begins his third decade of records and fame, has the truism dimmed. Ask Waylon Jennings, ringleader of country music's outlaw fops, who his favorite singer is. Ask Delbert McClinton, avatar of Texas rock'n'roll, who his favorite singer is. Their answer is George Jones.

Jones was born September 12, 1931, in Saratoga, a small town in east Texas, about twenty miles from Beaumont. East Texas has been called, by Texans, the red-neck capital of the world. Vidor, a town just east of Beaumont, has a newspaper that has been known to cover Ku Klux Klan activities in its society column.

George cut his first records in Beaumont in 1953 for Pappy Daily and Jack Starnes's new record company, Starday. Late in 1955 he had his first hit, "Why, Baby, Why?" a strong, up-tempo "cheating" song in the Hank Williams style. The following year George had another hit on Starday, "What Am I Worth?" a heart-in-m'-hand

honky-tonker that was blander, lyrically, than "Why, Baby, Why?" but that offered a richer, more potent vocal.

From 1957 to 1961 George recorded for Mercury. His best-selling and best-known records from these years are "White Lightning," a hard-pulsed rocker that crossed over to the pop charts; "The Window up Above," a song of adultery and despair, full of fast, concise cruelties; and "Tender Years," written by Jones's friend, Darrell Edwards.

In the fall of 1961, George signed with United Artists. and it was for United Artists that he recorded his first fully mature work. No longer did George's voice bring Hank Williams to mind (nor Lefty Frizzell, as in "The Window up Above"). His powers of mouth, his preternatural sense of rhythmic nuance, his mastery of sound itself, were brilliant. To call him the red-neck Caruso is too coy; he is the spirit of country music, plain and simple, its true Holy Ghost.

Listen, for example, to "Open Pit Mine," recorded in 1962. The song possesses all the stuff of a classic country song plus some dark twists: sex, jealousy, murder, suicide, and the great, grim neon

mandala. In it George's voice glimmers between sadness and icy detachment. He sings the words *loved and shot* without emotion, as if he were mouthing commonplace verbs; at times he seems to implode with insanity, as when he utters the words *open pit mine*. It's one of the most macabre, powerful performances in country music. Likewise, his version of "Warm Red Wine," which Cindy Walker wrote for Bob Wills in 1949, is an unrelenting tale of compulsion and ruin, almost mystical in the strengths of its simplicities.

In 1965 George joined Musicor; it was a move that he now regrets. His work during this period was weak, dull, and mushy. There were hits, nonetheless, and George stayed with Musicor for five years. In 1971 he went to RCA, and later in that year he moved over to Epic, his present label.

Since 1955 Jones has had more than a hundred records on the charts, and literally no one—not even George himself—knows exactly how many albums he has released in the last twenty years. The only criticism George has sustained has been a recurrent one: musically, the production of

most of his records, especially in recent years, has been ill-fitting. Cloying, overladen arrangements, replete with string sections and spun-sugar background voices, have often brought him down to the level of an ordinary Nashville singer. In 1976 George himself began to feel the adverse effects of this and set out to cure the sickness. *Alone Again*, his most recent album, is a confident step toward frill-less, hard-edged music, of which George is master. Billy Sherrill, George's present producer, is one of Nashville's superlative craftsmen. and I'm convinced that George and Billy together will wreak the Jones voice as never before, in a mix of old-line honky-tonk and new-line production technics. When that happens, the truism shall spread, and more people will become aware of what George Jones is: the best country singer alive.

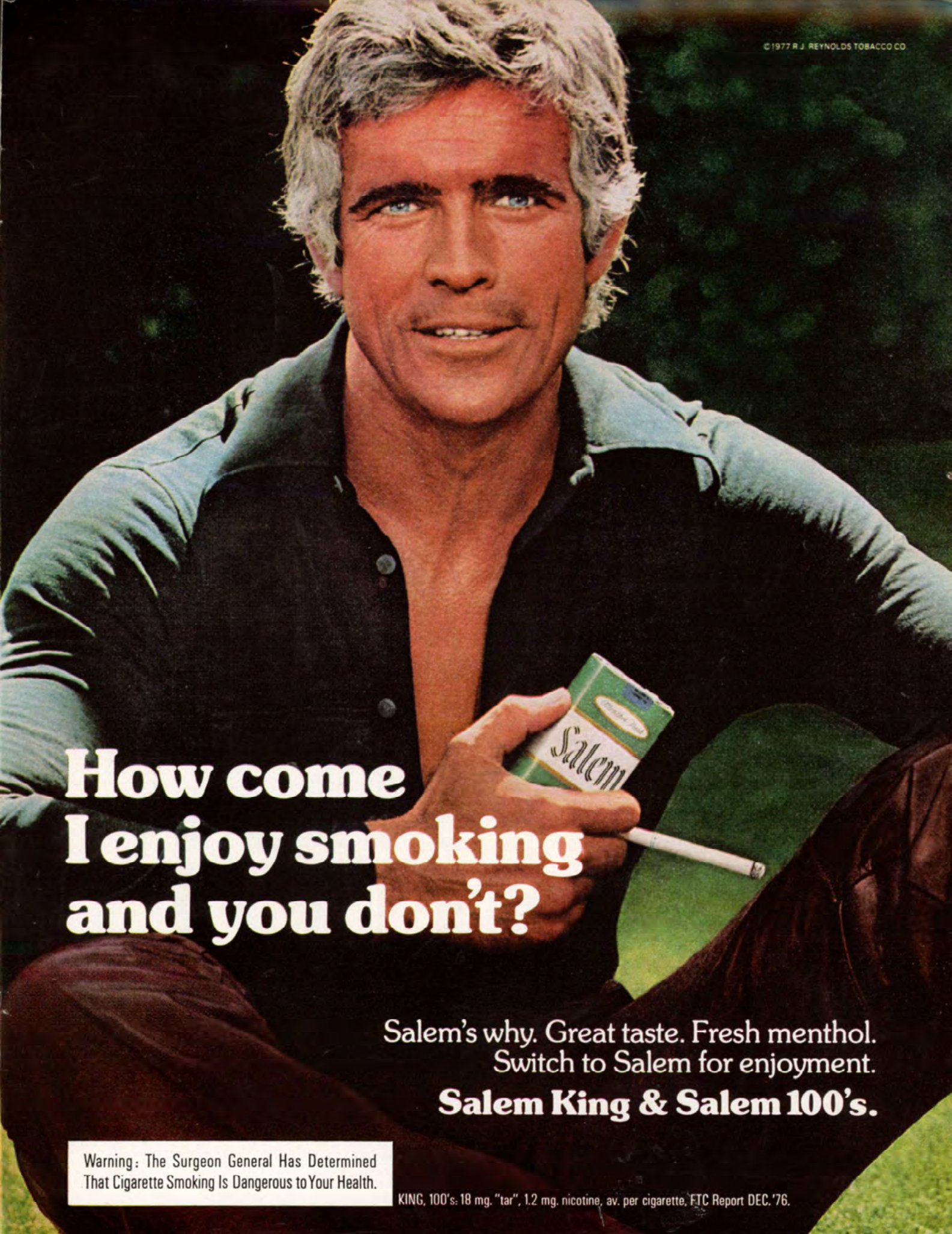
Much of George's greatness is physical, the blessing of synapse and tissue and muscle; but much of it is also rooted in his vision of country music. George Jones is a powerfully wise and modest person who knows that middle-of-the-road country music and cosmic-cowboy country music are equally deplorable, and that Roy Clark and Jerry Jeff Walker are the same, tedious glob of plasm.

"I get a thrill out of the old records—Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, Ernest Tubb," he confesses. "I've got too much respect for country music to abuse it. I don't want 11,000 violins and twenty trumpets on my records. If the song's there, that's all I need. That's all anybody needs. Willie Nelson proved that with 'Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain.' But on the other hand, progressive country music to me means very little. I like a good, solid honky-tonk song."

Vogue rides the wind; fad thrashes and ebbs. The smooth crooners of wimpy tropes, the fake outlaws with their spirit-gum saddle sores and outdated pretensions—they come and go, but George Jones is always there, singing.—Nick Tosches



Georges Jones: "I like a good, solid honky-tonk song."



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.



FORGET WATERGATE!
THE DESTRUCTION OF RICHARD NIXON
TOOK PLACE BECAUSE HE
PISSSED OFF TOO MANY POWERFUL PEOPLE.

THE BREAKING OF A PRESIDENT

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

Ninety-nine years after Tammany Hall's infamous Boss Tweed died in jail disgraced, historian Leo Hershkowitz has questioned the judgment of history. Far from being the symbol of big-city corruption and machine politics his name has come to stand for. William M. Tweed may have been a victim of the *New York Times* and the reform crowd, a man unjustly driven from office and jailed for his championship of the rights of the Irish and Jewish immigrants flooding into New York.

Must we wait another century before someone pulls out the old records and asks what really happened to Richard M. Nixon and why? A hundred years from now, a historian may see Nixon as less a criminal than a setup. He easily lent himself to being turned into the ugly frog in the national fairy tale that has been spun around him—physically ugly, cornmeal mouthed, without charm or humor; a petty and ungraciously vindictive man to his

ILLUSTRATION BY SEAN EARLEY/SKETCHPAD STUDIO

enemies. All he could do in his last months in office while he was being whacked to pieces was to perspire and to lick his upper lip in nervous fright. His considerable political skill availed him nothing because he didn't understand the nature of the enemy coalition gathered against him.

As the day of Nixon's beheading came nearer, the anger and the shouting grew louder and the political questions grew more obscure. A visitor from abroad might have thought that he was being run out of town for bad language and breach of etiquette. The bill of impeachment being drawn up in the House of Representatives had dropped minor matters like making secret war in Cambodia, but those awful expletive-deleteds were being cited everywhere as proof of his presidential unworthiness. Nary a mention of the fact that politics is a foul-mouthed trade and that we've had four-letter word experts in the White House for at least as far back as Andrew Jackson's presidency. Articles were even written attacking Nixon for the way the tape-recorded conversations with Ehrlichman and Haldeman drifted through floating islands of unfinished sentences.

Nixon himself, by most reports, was flabbergasted. How could he get the bum's rush for a third-rate cover-up of a third-rate burglary attempt?

Since the dawn of the mass-media age, no other American president has gotten the treatment Nixon did. By the time he took the final whirlybird ride, there couldn't have been fifty daily papers in the country with a good or even mitigating word for him. The media roar was necessary for his removal. Because the American political system didn't have any precedent for removing a president, it could only be done in an hour of terrible anger and unanimity. For that you need a media rage. Nor can it subside immediately after the deed is done. No regrets must be allowed; everybody must be spiritually joined in this act of regicide, and none can be permitted a moment of guilt. Truman, Ike, and even Lyndon spent their last years in the pantheon of the living that Americans erect for their former presidents. But not Nixon. Obloquy has followed him to this hour. In Woodward and Bernstein's *Book-of-the-Month Club* selection things have been written about him that you couldn't have safely whispered about Ike in a bar in the years of his retirement. The media has reviled and degraded Nixon with everything from accusations of cheating on his income tax, to sexual impotence, to broad hints that he's gay.

In this tornado of diddlybob and vilification, Nixon, the politician, absolutely vanishes. We're left with the implied proposition that the only president ever to be run out of office paid this price for being a monster in his private life. We're left with a guy who was a tax cheat, who chiseled public money for fixing up his houses, who broke the law and covered it up to win an election that he'd already won, and who spied, tapped, peeped, and generally used the power of the federal government

in especially nasty ways against people he didn't like. He is presented to us as a politician without politics, a man whose personal ambition was unconnected to any policies, any values, any programs.

It won't take 100 years for the historians to see through this one. There are no politicians without politics. And presidents who do nasty, dishonest, and illegal things get their sins covered up or forgiven or overlooked, *unless* there are political reasons for nailing them. (For example, RMN wasn't the first president to be caught lying or cheating on his taxes. Theodore Roosevelt was, but his political base was strong, and the incident was dropped. But the media has sold us the idea that Nixon was the first and the worst.)

To begin to accept the possibility that Nixon's premature departure from the White House may have had something to do with practical politics, and not just the triumph of pure good over pure evil, you have to understand that Nixon's most advertised crimes weren't unique to him.

The media has reviled
and degraded
Nixon with everything from
accusations of cheating
on his income tax,
to sexual impotence, to broad
hints that he's gay.

The Nixon people kept asking, "Why are you picking on us? We're not the first." They might also have said, "We're not the worst." As wartime presidents go, Nixon had a record for depriving people of their civil liberties that was no worse than Truman's or Johnson's and was incomparably superior to Franklin Roosevelt's or Woodrow Wilson's. It's a wretched, despicable business, the government tapping phones, burglarizing its own citizens at the direction—explicit or implicit—of the president; but by the time Nixon had been sworn in to office, these outrages had come to be considered part of the ordinary functioning of the office. Mind you, that doesn't make it *right*. But it is suspicious that congressmen and media executives and other highly placed people who had known about this kind of stuff for years suddenly began hollering that our liberties were in jeopardy. Why didn't they try to impeach Johnson or Kennedy for the same things? Papers like the *Washington Post* knew fourteen years ago that the FBI was doing a sinister and unconstitutional number on Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. They had to know because the FBI went around to scores of newspa-

per offices, identified themselves officially as agents, and offered tapes of King's sex life.

For nearly fifty years, since the IRS was used to nail Al Capone, it has been employed to nail political unpopulars. That's how the feds got Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa's predecessor as the president of the Teamster's Union; that's how they tried to get objectionables like the late radical organizer Saul Alinsky. Then Nixon tried to use the IRS in the same way, often with limited and strained cooperation, and the same elements who were quiet before screamed for his impeachment. It simply makes no sense to say that the members of the House Judiciary Committee were surprised, shocked, and outraged when they found out that the IRS was being used for something besides collecting taxes. The suggestion that Pete Rodino of Newark, N.J. (that garden spot of naiveté), didn't know what the IRS does for a living is ridiculous.

The execution squad needed a bill of particulars to go after Nixon; so they drew up a list that included a vast number of things that had been going on for years. The question is, *Why?*

Part of the answer is that it's one thing to bug black preachers and frame silly little radicals and another thing to mess with white men. (Tap King's phone but not Joe Kraft's.)

And Nixon took on the higher circles in a variety of threatening ways. By so doing, he raised up a huge and strategic coalition against himself. This coalition was made invisible by the noise of Nixon's opponents on the antiwar Left. The giant demonstrations and the ham-handed retaliations by the administration gave Nixon such a reactionary shape that it obliterated the hostility to him on the Right.

For instance, the antiwar groups were enraged by the mining of Haiphong harbor, but conservatives viewed as a humiliating document Nixon's cease-fire agreement leaving the North Vietnamese army in the South and ensuring its eventual victory.

The CIA may have been quite willing to take Nixon's word that he was a peacemaker and to hate him for it. Ex-CIA Director William Colby's line on Vietnam is a version of the stab-in-the-back line that the German general staff used to explain the defeat after World War I. Colby contends that we didn't win the war because we didn't follow the CIA's advice, meaning that Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon didn't follow its advice. And the CIA or, to be more cautious, elements in it had other grounds for resentment toward Nixon, such as his Russian policy or his playing footsie with Egypt and Saudi Arabia in the Middle East.

It's all highly speculative. The CIA and Howard Hughes have been blamed for every unsolved major crime here and abroad for the past fifteen years. It's not surprising that the only explanation for Nixon's fall, other than his own villainy, is that the CIA contrived to destroy him. Many of the key Watergate figures were or had been

THIS NEW SOLID ANTI-PERSPIRANT DOESN'T MESS AROUND.

The way sprays or roll-ons do.
It goes on the way it keeps you...
dry. No mess. No waste. Just the fresh,
clean scent of Old Spice.

Plus it fights the "wets" for as
long as 24 hours.

Try new Old Spice® Solid Dry™.



CIA agents, and Robert Bennett, the Washington public-relations man whose firm, the Mullen Company, was considered a CIA front, is thought by many conspiracy buffs to be Deep Throat.

The speculation that the CIA did Nixon in recirculates over and over in various forms. Alexander Butterfield, the Nixon aide who told the Senate Watergate Committee about the White House tapes, has been accused of being a CIA agent although he always denies it. (The theory is that Butterfield was ordered by the High Spooks of Darkness to let the secret out and ruin Nixon.) Another theory goes even further and suggests that Nixon was somehow set up even on the burglary. John Dean records a jailhouse conversation he had with born-again-Christian Chuck Colson in which the repentant White House hatchet man asks, "Do you have any idea why it was Spencer Oliver's phone in the [Democratic National Committee] that wound up getting bugged? . . . Did you know Spencer Oliver was once planning to go into business with Bennett at the Mullen Company? Or that his father worked for Bennett . . . on the Howard Hughes account? Or that [E. Howard] Hunt says Spencer Oliver worked for the CIA?"

The CIA may have the means to assassinate a president—although judging from its record with Castro, it may not have the aim—but it doesn't have the power to ruin him politically. Unmitigated intrigue can cause mischief and embarrassment for a president, but if his political base—his overall popularity—holds up, CIA-planted revelations can't sink him. That's the primary reason why Nixon didn't begin to hit the skids until nearly a year after the Watergate break-in, after he had been reelected by the biggest landslide since G. Washington ran for a second term. The coalition of Nixon's enemies had jelled sometime after the elections.

It must be stressed, again, that Nixon had cut off his right-wing support. The defeat in Vietnam wasn't all. There was a succession of actions, such as the establishment of relations with the hated Red Chinese and the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT) with Russia. Nixon, who always liked to boast of his firsts, was the first president since Harding to attempt a serious disarmament program and the first president since FDR to make significant changes in American foreign policy by recognizing that all Reds aren't brothers under the skin and by acting accordingly.

At home these policies cost him. He had to deplete his political savings to get the hard-liners to go along with him. Disasters like the Russian wheat deal weakened him even more, and although the moderate-liberals in both parties supported the new departures, they couldn't stand to give him credit for it. So Henry Kissinger was lionized and pictured as the brilliant professor who was somehow able to sweet-talk the fanatical, hard-hat president into refraining from blowing up the world. The Nixon haters and the Nixon snubbers

couldn't believe that Milhous, old droopy-jowled, disagreeable, commie-baiting Milhous, had the idea of the opening to Peking before he'd even met Kissinger, as this quote from a 1967 Nixon article in *Foreign Affairs* shows: "Taking the long view, we simply cannot afford to leave China forever outside the family of nations, there to nurture its fantasies, cherish its hates, and threaten its neighbors. There is no place on this small planet for a billion of its potentially most able people to live in angry isolation."

SALT must have put a special strain on the White House's relations with the State and Defense departments. Not only did many of the generals and the diplomats fear that Nixon had conceded too much, but also he pissed them off by cutting them out of the negotiations. (At one point Semenov, the top Russian negotiator, gave our top negotiator, Gerard Smith, classified information about American weaponry that Smith himself wasn't in possession of. The Russians hadn't stolen it; they'd been given

People who knew
about government burglaries
and wiretaps for years began
hollering that Nixon
threatened our liberties. Why
didn't they impeach Kennedy or
Johnson for the same things?

it by Nixon and Kissinger.)

Nixon didn't trust the bureaucracy over which he was the nominal and the constitutional head. For the nearly six years during which he was in office, he sought to circumvent it, clip it, bypass it, and work without it. Kissinger was of the same mind as far as the State Department was concerned. Bad relations were made worse by Nixon's failure to get the money for new weapons systems, as Johnson had done and as Ford was able to do, a fact which has persuaded the Kremlin that Nixon's downfall came about because the military-industrial complex dumped him.

The Pentagon's failure to lift an eyebrow to help him when he got into trouble is proof enough that the Russians are at least partly right. But relations between Nixon and the inhabitants of the five-sided war palace were rotten in every way. There was the matter of Alexander Haig's appointment to the rank of four-star general and army vice-chief of staff. Nixon jumped Haig over 240 more senior generals, every last one of whom must have seen this as a move toward stocking the upper ranks with political generals who would owe their careers and

give their allegiance to Nixon. Tactics like this could reduce the admirals and the generals to a state of subservience to their commander-in-chief unknown since the 1930s, when the boys in khaki were kept on such short budget that they had to use cardboard tanks when they played their war games.

The brass had to be circumspect when they made war on their president. Nevertheless, the evidence of their disloyalty abounds. They cooperated with Sen. Henry Jackson in resisting the arms-limitations agreements and even had their people spying on Nixon. One of them, Yeoman First Class Charles E. Radford, assigned to clerical duties in Doktor Henry's National Security Council office, got caught passing America's military and diplomatic secrets to the American high command.

(The spying wasn't all one way, of course. Air Force Col. Robert E. Pursley, a senior assistant to then Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, had insects put on his telephone, most probably by orders of Nixon's national security adviser, the deep-toned dumpling of diplomacy, our sweet Henry. A swell bunch of fellas.)

By election day 1972 the national defense community, as the gun sellers and the gun buyers are sometimes called, was alienated. If someone had the power to knock Nixon off, it wasn't going to try to save him. Somebody had to take the lead, and it would follow. But in November of that year, there was only George (Perish the Thought) McGovern and Ohio Congressman John Ashbrook, the right-winger who tried to deprive Nixon of renomination. Republicans have, as we have since learned, too great a regard even for appointed presidents to dare to refuse to renominate one. Ashbrook was a sign of the anger and disappointment all over the Right with a Republican president who had not once, but twice, imposed wage-and-price controls, and also had seriously proposed to Congress that it pass a form of the negative income tax, the beastly and unclear thing that George McGovern was stumping for.

The Left, the Right, the military, and spooks all disaffected—that's enough to give a president a hard time but not to bring him down. For that more factions were needed. The next major group to join the anti-Nixon coalition came from the business world, which not only was tired of controls but also had endured two stock-market crashes, a liquidity crisis so severe that some of the biggest corporations in America were meeting their payrolls by deferring their taxes. Nixon tried to help them, but he got a lot of bum economic advice, which is understandable when you make a cardsharp like John Connally of Texas your secretary of the treasury. On top of that; Nixon supported clean air, clean water, safe jobs, and consumer protection legislation of all sorts. It didn't satisfy Ralph Nader, but it made a lot of businessmen miserable.

So the Nixon administration came to be

TR7. THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
AT A PRICE YOU CAN AFFORD TODAY

\$4995*



TRIUMPH

Besides an attractive price, there are other compelling reasons for owning a TR7. For example:

Consider its performance. TR7 won the Sports Car Club of America's Northeast Divisional Championship. An almost-unheard-of feat after only a few months of competition. And racing against such veterans as Lotus, Datsun and Porsche.

Consider its comfort. TR7 offers something most sports cars don't: Room. The cockpit is wider than the Corvette's or the Z-car's. And, since fabric doesn't retain heat or cold like vinyl, its seats are covered with fabric where you sit and vinyl where you don't. Motor Trend singled it out as: "One of the most comfortable two-seaters we've experienced."

Consider what you get. Two-liter overhead cam engine. Rack and pinion

steering. Vacuum-assisted front disc brakes. Rear window defogger. MacPherson strut front suspension. Steel belted radial tires and full instrumentation.

TR7. At \$4,995*, how can you afford not to own it. For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

*Base P.O.E. sticker price, 1976 models. Transportation, local taxes and preparation extra.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

regarded by many businessmen as erratic and incompetent. But when that happens, businessmen usually wait until the next election and hope that the new guy is better. The government's handling of the economy was merely negative background noise for what made Nixon some serious and unforgiving enemies among businessmen—the CREEP extortion operation, with its 10,000-ton, government-powered, hydraulic press mashing the campaign contributions out of the corporate givers.

In one form or another, national politicians have been socking it to big business for dough for a long time. As government has grown and changed, its socker muscle has grown apace. Today the government contracts out many jobs to private industry. That is why an administration can put the bite on as never before. Mark Hanna, William McKinley's campaign manager, was a master at making the guys come across with the big bucks, but he didn't have much to work with beyond class solidarity and the tycoon's general feeling that a man works best if his foreman's foot is on his neck; Lyndon Johnson had his President's Club, which you got to join by kicking in plentifully and joyfully, in return for which there was the unspoken, unwritten promise that your firm would get first crack at the government goodies. If the Johnson people could be very friendly, they could also be very unfriendly, but their shakedowns weren't so gross, so relentless, and so frighteningly systematized as Nixon's were.

In 1972, as now, the law makes it a felony to use corporate money for political contributions. But the pressure by Nixon's people on scores of businessmen made them break the law. Because they didn't have the kind of scratch for which they were being squeezed, they had to get it out of the company's treasury, often by devious and illegal means. Exactly how much money was forced out of the business community may never be known, but the whole campaign raised tens of millions and a sizable chunk of that must have arrived in CREEP's vaults via the extortion route. Tip O'Neill, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, tells his story about George Steinbrenner, a big-shot businessman with many government contracts, the major stockholder in the New York Yankees, and a contributor to the Democratic party. Steinbrenner eventually pled guilty to violating the campaign law by giving corporate donations to Nixon and Democratic congressional candidates. In addition, he had to fess up to inducing his employees to give false testimony on these matters to the grand jury and the FBI. Here's Tip O'Neill's version of these events (as quoted by Jimmy Breslin in *How the Good Guys Finally Won*):

"... George Steinbrenner. He's a helluva guy. I called him up and I said, 'George, old pal, what's the matter? Why don't we hear from you anymore? Is something the matter?' ... So what does Steinbrenner say to me? He said, 'Geez, Tip, I want to come to

see you and tell you what's going on.' And he came into my office. He said, 'Gee, they are holding the lumber over my head.' They got him between the IRS, the Justice Department, the Commerce Department. He was afraid he'd lose his business. ... He said Stans's [Maurice Stans, ex-secretary of commerce and top money-raiser for CREEP] people wanted a hundred thousand dollars for Nixon's campaign, ... I guess he had no choice. This Maurice Stans. He has to be the lousiest bastard ever to live. Now, I was getting this from all over. Guys began to come in and see me and say, 'Tip, I'm having trouble with a contract. I never had trouble before. It's legitimate business. They tell me to see Stans. What can I do?' ... I said to myself somewhere in the 1972 campaign ... 'This fellow is going to get himself impeached.' The strange thing about it is that I never gave much thought to the Watergate break-in. ... I never thought it was important. I was concentrating on the shakedown of these fellas like Steinbrenner."

When the time
came to shoot Nixon down,
the business
community, like the Pentagon
death community,
stood aside and let
it happen.

The Noble Tipster is a very smart man, and in the years that it took him to work his way up to Speaker of the House he learned that you don't get impeached if a couple of dumb schleppers on your payroll get caught bugging the other side in an election. But you do indeed get impeached if you try to muscle excessive amounts of money out of scores of the nation's most influential business types. Moreover, that extortion scared executives who weren't being leaned on. They'd know how easily it could happen to them. But in 1972, although the Steinbrenners around the country were bitter and angry, most businessmen felt that they had no place to go.

But by the winter of 1973, four or five months after the election, when McCord sent his famous letter to Sirica saying that the Nixon crowd was paying hush money and that a cover-up was underway, the businessmen understood and were quite capable of telling their buddies, executives in the media industries, that Nixon was a louse. Why not? The only compensation for putting up with that kind of fear of bad treatment is high profits, and Nixon had shown that he didn't know how to control

the economy. When the time came to shoot him down, the business community, like the Pentagon death community, stood aside and let it happen.

Another group that did nothing to save Nixon was composed of the people who had elected him. The Nixon landslide was really an anti-McGovern landslide, and there was no enduring loyalty toward the president. Out of all the grass roots, Baruch Korff, a retired New England rabbi, almost alone was able to put together the skeleton of a supporting organization. Korff, who tried to rescue Nixon, not because he thought that he was a nice man, but because he could still see the president as a political figure, was unable to generate the parades, the petitions, the letter writing, the hoopla and howling that could have saved him from decapitation.

Had Nixon been a proper Republican, and had the party structures been in a less advanced stage of decomposition, he couldn't have been knocked off even if the mass of voters were indifferent. But Nixon's Republicanism, for all his treacherously vicious political scorekeeping on those who opposed him, was nominal. His New Majority wasn't Republican; it was "ideological," as the Nixon people said by way of explaining their support for certain Democrats in the 1970 congressional elections. "Any time you talk Democrats versus Republicans, we lose," Nixon remarked; "any time you talk radicals versus responsables, we win," which was fine and true but left him without allies when he got into trouble.

A president without a party to defend him, elected by a shapeless mass who chose him over an opponent whom they dismissed as a fool, Nixon was already highly vulnerable before he began alienating all the power groups. After having taken care to make enemies of business, the military, agriculture, and half a dozen other groups, he next proceeded to do a job on himself with his own federal bureaucracy.

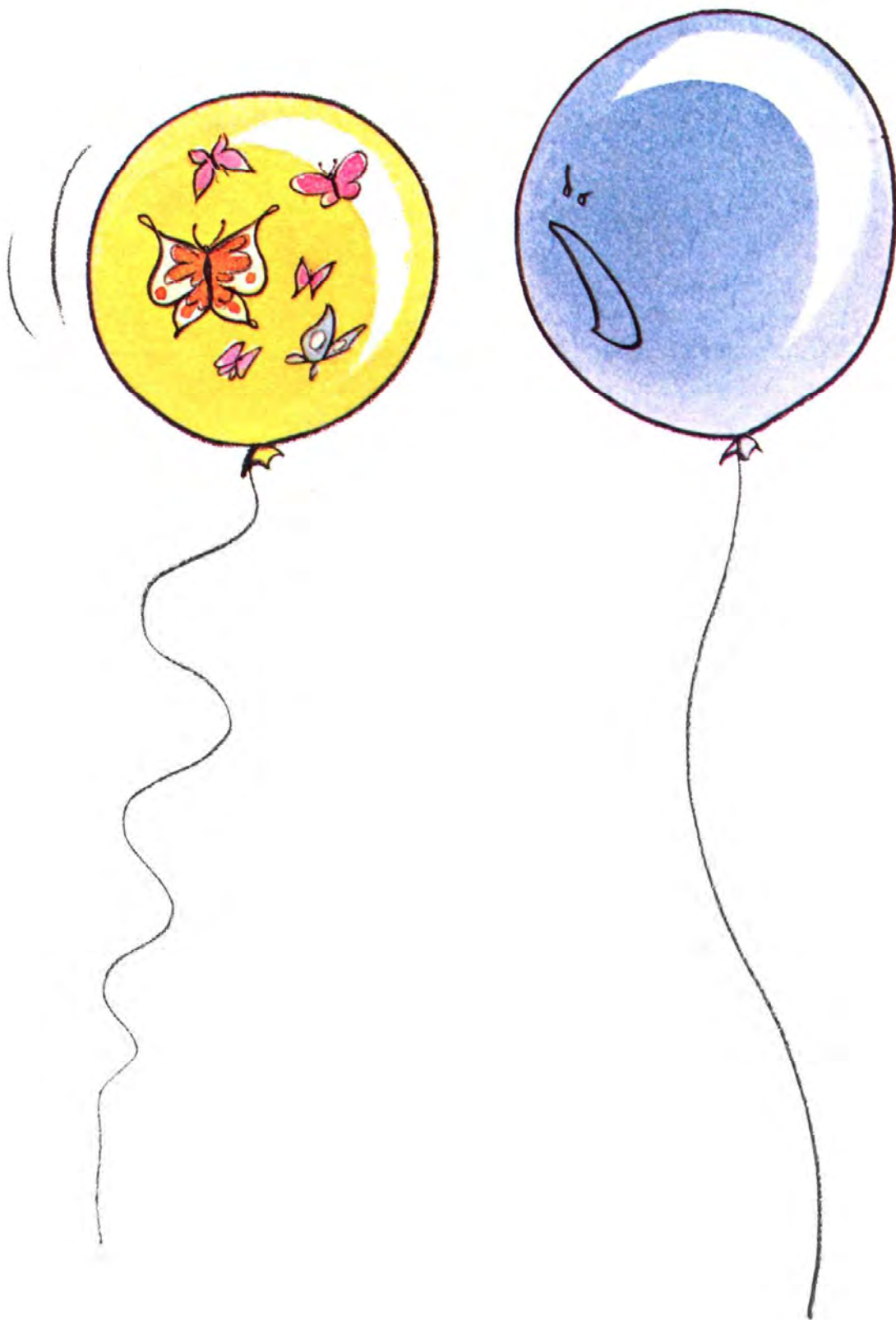
One of the problems of being president of the United States is that—while everyone thinks the president is the most powerful person in the world—he knows that he can't get anything done. It took thirteen months of Nixon's almost daily attention to raze the temporary Navy Department office buildings, located just to the west of the White House, which had been built during the Woodrow Wilson administration. Every president from Harding's time had wanted them knocked down, but only Nixon was willing to hang in and hang tough until the eyesores were eliminated. Obviously, the number of projects a president can give that kind of time and attention to are few. Much of his living at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue consists of going through empty, ceremonial order-giving, which no one underneath him pays much attention to. This Charles Colson anecdote probably sums up the modern presidential experience:

"On Friday afternoon early in 1970, Nixon flew into one of his angry tirades against the federal bureaucracy. For a year he had been asking for a simple executive order to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"All right, Gregory, get out there and wow them!"

SNAP SHOT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL



"Wanted: Woman to share my impossible dreams. She must be blonde, menacing, gorgeous, with a passionate desire for control over another woman. Serious replies only, please send snapshot." Monica circled the ad in the swinger's monthly thoughtfully. She thought about it for a while and then dialed the number of her most trusted friend, Andrea. When Andrea arrived with camera, as requested, Monica posed for her on the zebra skin. Her lips gleamed invitingly as the flash cube exploded. Andrea's fingers shook as she read the circled words in the magazine that Monica handed to her. "I'll be back tomorrow with a print," she said tremulously, gazing deep into Monica's eyes, "I think you'll like the results."







The next day Andrea arrived as promised. She was dressed more dramatically than Monica had ever seen her, with her glossy black locks cascading down her back and a low-cut, skin-tight dress revealing her voluptuous body. "I will show you the snapshot, Monica, but first let me show you something else," Andrea said, and slowly she began stepping out of her clothes. As she undressed, Andrea stroked Monica's astonished face with her free hand and then pulled Monica to her for a fierce embrace. "Here's the snapshot, darling," she purred. "Come and get it"

Monica was shocked for a moment. Was this the very same friend with whom she had laughed, gossiped about men, traded secrets? But as Andrea's caresses became more insistent, Monica gladly realized that the advertisement in the paper need never be answered. Here, in her arms, was the answer to her deepest desires. Her body responded mightily as Andrea's mouth encircled her upright, rosy-hued nipple. "Fuck that silly picture," Monica whispered into her friend's ear. "I've got everything I need right here." She yanked Andrea's head down fiercely.









Shoes by Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills; robes by Aardvark's Ark and Palaeze, Hollywood; lingerie by Frederick's of Hollywood



"Somehow, Monica, I knew you'd see it my way," said Andrea, a gurgling laugh percolating from deep within her throat. She put a hand over Monica's mouth and threw her down on the zebra skin. Then Andrea tossed the picture casually onto her friend's belly and proceeded to grind her stiletto heel into it. Monica's sharp shriek of fear and pain soon modulated into a long squeal of delight, which trailed off into a series of contented whimpers. "Come here, Monica darling, it's my turn now," Andrea whispered, transfixed with desire. "I want your tongue inside me."

Andrea's pulse throbbed as Monica's tongue darted in and out, and wave upon wave of ecstasy swept her into a world she had never known. She lay still, spent and gasping. As the final quiver died away, she took Monica's sharp heel in her mouth, licking it in supplication. Monica's icy smile turned to shock as Andrea took the stiletto heel and used it on her as an instrument of strange and terrible passion. Monica cried Andrea's name again and again, till the sweet pain subsided. They lay in each other's arms the rest of the day, gentle tongues soothing the hurt away. ○✚







punchatz

And the Lord said, "Let there be death."

CHILDREN OF THE CORN

Burt turned the radio on too loud and didn't turn it down because they were on the verge of another argument, and he didn't want it to happen. He was desperate for it not to happen.

Vicky said something.

"What?" He shouted.

"Turn it down! Do you want to break my eardrums?"

He bit down hard on what might have come through his mouth and turned it down.

Vicky was fanning herself with her scarf even though the T-Bird was air-conditioned. "Where are we, anyway?"

"Nebraska."

She gave him a cold, neutral look. "Yes, Burt. I know we're in Nebraska, Burt. But where the hell are we?"

"You've got the road atlas. Look it up. Or can't you read?"

"Such wit. This is why we got off the turnpike. So we could look at three hundred miles of corn. And enjoy the wit and wisdom of Burt Robeson."

He was gripping the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles were white. He decided he was holding it that tightly because if he loosened up, why, one of those hands might just fly off and hit the ex-prom queen beside him right in the chops. We're saving our marriage, he told himself. Yes. We're doing it the same way our GIs went about

saving villages in the war.

"Vicky," he said carefully. "I have driven fifteen hundred miles on turnpikes since we left Boston. I did all that driving myself because you refused to drive. Then——"

"I did not refuse!" Vicky said hotly. "Just because I get migraines when I drive for a long time——"

"Then when I asked you if you'd navigate for me on some of the secondary roads, you said, 'Sure, Burt.' Those were your exact words, 'Sure, Burt.' Then——"

"Sometimes I wonder how I ever wound up married to you."

"By saying two little words. And I think you've been saying the opposite two ever since then."

She stared at him for a moment, white-lipped, and then picked up the road atlas. She turned the pages savagely.

It *had* been a mistake leaving the turnpike, Burt thought morosely. It was a shame, too, because up until then they had been doing pretty well, treating each other almost like human beings. It had sometimes seemed that this trip to the coast, ostensibly to see Vicky's brother and his wife but actually a last-ditch attempt to patch up their own marriage, was going to work.

But since they left the pike, it had been bad again. How bad? Well, terrible, actually.

"We left the turnpike at Hamburg, right?"

FICTION BY STEPHEN KING

"Right."

"There's nothing more until Gatlin," she said. "Twenty miles. Wide place in the road. Do you suppose we could stop there and get something to eat? Or does your almighty schedule say we have to go until two o'clock like we did yesterday?"

He took his eyes off the road to look at her. "I've about had it, Vicky. As far as I'm concerned, we can turn around right here and go home and see that lawyer you wanted to talk to. Because this isn't working at—"

She had faced forward again, her expression stonily set. It suddenly turned to surprise and fear. "Burt, look out; you're going to—"

He turned his attention back to the road just in time to see something vanish under the T-Bird's bumper. A moment later, while he was only beginning to switch from gas to brake, he felt something thump sickeningly under the front and then the back wheels. They were thrown forward as the car braked along the center line, decelerating from fifty to zero along black skid marks.

"A dog," he said. "Tell me it was a dog, Vicky."

Her face was a pallid, cottage-cheese color. "A boy. A little boy. He just ran out of the corn and ... congratulations, tiger."

She fumbled the car door open, leaned out, threw up.

Burt sat straight behind the T-Bird's wheel, hands still gripping it loosely. He was aware of nothing for a long time but the rich, dark smell of fertilizer.

Then he saw that Vicky was gone; and when he looked in the outside mirror, he saw her stumbling clumsily back toward a heaped bundle that looked like a pile of rags. She was ordinarily a graceful woman, but now her grace was gone, robbed.

It's manslaughter. That's what they call it. I took my eyes off the road.

He turned the ignition off and got out. The wind rustled softly through the growing man-high corn, making a weird sound like respiration. Vicky was standing over the bundle of rags now, and he could hear her sobbing.

He was halfway between the car and where she stood, and something caught his eye on the left, a gaudy splash of red amid all the green, as bright as barn paint.

He stopped, looking directly into the corn. He found himself thinking (anything to untrack from those rags that were not rags) that it must have been a fantastically good growing season for corn. It grew close together, almost ready to bear. You could plunge into those neat, shaded rows and spend a day trying to find your way out again. But the neatness was broken here. Several tall cornstalks had been broken and leaned askew. And what was that farther back in the shadows?

"Burt!" Vicky screamed. "Don't you want to come see? So you can tell all your poker buddies what you bagged in Nebraska? Don't you—" But the rest was lost in fresh sobs. Her shadow was puddled starkly around her feet. It was almost noon.

Shade closed over him as he entered the corn. The red barn paint was blood. There was a low, somnolent buzz as flies lit, tasted, and buzzed off again ... maybe to tell others. There was more blood on the leaves farther in. Surely it couldn't have splattered this far? And then he was standing over the object he had seen from the road. He picked it up.

The neatness of the rows was disturbed here. Several stalks were canted drunkenly; two of them had been broken clean off. The earth had been gouged. There was blood. The corn rustled. With a little shiver, he walked back to the road.

Vicky was having hysterics, screaming unintelligible words at him, crying, laughing. Who would have thought it could end in such a melodramatic way? He looked at her and saw he wasn't having an identity crisis or a difficult life transition or any of those trendy things. He hated her. He gave her a hard slap across the face.

She stopped short and put a hand against the reddening impression of his

●
The boy's face
was dirty, his expression
a grimace
of terror. His throat
had been
cut.
●

—
fingers. "You'll go to jail, Burt," she said solemnly.

"I don't think so," he said and put at her feet the suitcase he had found in the corn. "What—?"

"I don't know. I guess it belonged to him." He pointed to the sprawled, face-down body that lay in the road. No more than thirteen, from the look of him.

The suitcase was old. The brown leather was battered and scuffed. Two hanks of clothesline had been wrapped around it and tied in large, clownish grannies. Vicky bent to undo one of them, saw the blood greased into the knot, and withdrew.

Burt knelt and turned the body over gently.

"I don't want to look," Vicky said, staring down helplessly anyway. And when the staring, sightless face flopped up to regard them, she screamed again. The boy's face was dirty, his expression a grimace of terror. His throat had been cut.

Burt got up and put his arms around Vicky as she began to sway. "Don't faint," he said very quietly. "Do you hear me, Vicky? Don't faint."

He repeated it over and over, and at last she began to recover and held him tightly.

They might have been dancing, there on the noon-struck road with the boy's corpse at their feet. Burt's stomach churned.

"Vicky?"

"What?" Muffled against his shirt.

"Go back to the car and put the keys in your pocket. Get the blanket out of the backseat and my rifle. Bring them here."

"The rifle?"

"Someone cut his throat. Maybe he's watching us."

Her head jerked up, and her wide eyes considered the corn. It marched away as far as the eye could see, undulating up and down small dips and rises of land.

"I imagine whoever did it is gone. But why take chances? Go on. Do it."

She walked stiltedly back to the car, her shadow following, a dark mascot that stuck close at this hour of the day. When she leaned into the backseat, Burt squatted beside the boy. White male, no distinguishing marks. Run over, yes, but the T-Bird hadn't cut the kid's throat. It had been cut raggedly and inefficiently—no army sergeant had shown the killer the finer points of hand-to-hand assassination—but the final effect had been deadly. He had either run or been pushed through the last thirty feet of corn, dead or mortally wounded. And Burt Robeson had run him down. If the boy had still been alive when the car hit him, his life had been cut short by thirty seconds at most.

Vicky tapped him on the shoulder, and he jumped.

She was standing with the brown army blanket over her left arm, the cased pump shotgun in her right hand, her face averted. He took the blanket and spread it on the road. He rolled the body onto it. Vicky uttered a desperate little moan.

"You okay?" He looked up at her. "Vicky?"

"Okay," she said in a strangled voice.

He flipped the sides of the blanket over the body and scooped it up, hating the thick, dead weight of it. It tried to make a U in his arms and slither through his grasp. He clutched it tighter, and they walked back to the T-Bird.

"Open the trunk," he grunted.

The trunk was full of travel stuff, suitcases, and souvenirs. Vicky shifted most of it into the backseat, and Burt slipped the body into the made space and slammed the trunk lid down. A sigh of relief escaped him.

Vicky was standing by the driver's side door, still holding the cased rifle.

"Just put it in the back and get in."

He looked at his watch and saw that only fifteen minutes had passed. It seemed like hours.

"What about the suitcase?" She asked.

He trotted back down the road to where it stood on the white line, like the focal point in an Impressionist painting. He picked it up by its tattered handle and paused for a moment. He had a strong sensation of being watched. It was a feeling he had read about in books, mostly cheap fiction, and he had always doubted its reality. Now he didn't. It was as if there were people in

A cowboy wearing a straw hat and a red shirt with a yellow vest is riding a dark horse. The background is a dramatic, fiery red and orange sky. The horse's head is turned towards the right.

The spirit of Marlboro in a low tar cigarette.

Marlboro Lights



Lighter in taste. Lower in tar.
And still offers up the same quality
that has made Marlboro famous.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 76

the corn, maybe a lot of them, coldly estimating whether the woman could get the gun out of the case and use it before they could grab him, drag him into the shady rows, cut his throat—

Heart beating thickly, he ran back to the car, pulled the keys out of the trunk lock, and got in.

Vicky was crying again. Burt got them moving, and before a minute had passed, he could no longer pick out in the rear-view mirror the spot where it had happened.

"What did you say the next town was?" He asked.

"Oh." She bent over the road atlas again. "Gatlin. We should be there in ten minutes."

"Does it look big enough to have a police station?"

"No. It's just a dot."

"Maybe there's a constable."

They drove in silence for a while. They passed a silo on the left. Nothing else but corn. Nothing passed them going the other way, not even a farm truck.

"Have we passed anything since we got off the turnpike, Vicky?"

She thought about it. "A car and a tractor. At that intersection."

"No, since we got on this road. Route 17."

"No. I don't think we have." Earlier this might have been the preface to some cutting remark. Now she only stared out of her half of the windshield at the unrolling road and the endless dotted line.

"Vicky? Could you open the suitcase?"

"Do you think it might matter?"

"Don't know. It might."

While she picked at the knots (her face was set in the peculiar way—expressionless but tight-mouthed—that Burt remembered his mother wearing when she pulled the innards out of the Sunday chicken), Burt turned on the radio again.

The pop station they had been listening to was almost obliterated in static, and Burt switched, running the red marker slowly down the dial. Farm reports. Buck Owens. Tammy Wynette. All distant, nearly distorted into babble. Then, near the end of the dial, one single word blared out of the speaker, so loud and clear that the lips which uttered it might have been directly beneath the grill of the dashboard speaker.

"Atonement!" This voice bellowed.

Burt made a surprised, grunting sound. Vicky jumped.

"Only by the blood of the lamb are we saved!" The voice roared, and Burt hurriedly turned the sound down. This station was close, all right. So close that . . . yes, there it was. Poking out of the corn at the horizon, a spidery red tripod against the blue. The radio tower.

"Atonement is the word, brothers 'n' sisters," the voice told them, dropping to a more conversational pitch. In the background, off-mike, voices murmured amen. "There's some that thinks it's okay to get out in the world, as if you could work and walk in the world without being smirched by the world. Now is that what the word of God teaches us?"

Off-mike but still loud: "No!"

"Holy Jesus!" The evangelist shouted, and now the words came in a powerful, pumping cadence, almost as compelling as a driving rock-and-roll beat: "When they gonna know that way is death? When they gonna know that the wages of the world are paid on the other side? Huh? Huh? The Lord has said there's many mansions in His house. But there's no room for the fornicator. No room for the coveter. No room for the defiler of the corn. No room for the hommasexshul. No room—"

Vicky snapped it off. "That drivels makes me sick."

"What did he say?" Burt asked her. "What did he say about corn?"

"I didn't hear it." She was picking at the second clothesline knot.

"He said something about corn. I know he did."

"I got it!" Vicky said, and the suitcase fell open in her lap. They were passing a sign that said: "GATLIN 5 MI. DRIVE CAREFULLY PROTECT OUR CHILDREN." The

6

"He Who Walks
behind the Rows," Burt said,
turning off the ignition.
"One of the
nine thousand names
of God only
used in Nebraska, I guess."

,

sign had been put up by the Elks. There were .22 bullet holes in it.

"Socks," Vicky said. "Two pairs of pants a shirt a belt a string tie with a —" She held it up, showing him the peeling gilt neckclasp. "Who's that?"

Burt glanced at it. "Hopalong Cassidy, I think."

"Oh." She put it back. She was crying again.

After a moment Burt said: "Did anything strike you funny about that radio sermon?"

"No. I heard enough of that stuff as a kid to last me forever. I told you about it."

"Didn't you think he sounded kind of young? That preacher?"

She uttered a mirthless laugh. "A teenager, maybe—so what? That's what's so monstrous about that whole trip. They like to get hold of them when their minds are still rubber. They know how to put all the emotional checks and balances in. You should have been at some of the tent meetings my mother and father dragged me to . . . some of the ones I was 'saved' at."

"Let's see. There was Baby Hortense, The Singing Marvel. She was eight. She'd come on and sing 'Leaning on the Everlasting Arms' while her daddy passed the

plate, telling everybody to 'dig deep, now; let's not let this little child of God down.' Then there was Norman Staunton. He used to preach hellfire and brimstone in this Little Lord Fauntleroy suit with short pants. He was only seven."

She nodded at his look of unbelief.

"They weren't the only two, either. There were plenty of them on the circuit. They were good *draws*." She spat the last word. "Ruby Stampnell. She was a ten-year-old faith healer. The Grace Sisters. They used to come out with little tinfoil halos over their heads and—oh!"

"What is it?" He jerked around to look at her and what she was holding in her hands. Vicky was staring at it raptly. Her slowly seining hands had snagged it on the bottom of the suitcase and had brought it up as she talked. Burt pulled over to take a better look. She gave it to him wordlessly.

It was a crucifix that had been made from twists of corn husk, once green, now dry. Attached to this by woven corn silk was a dwarf corncob. Most of the kernels had been carefully removed, probably dug out one at a time with a pocket knife. Those kernels remaining formed a crude cruciform figure in yellowish bas-relief. Corn-kernel eyes, each slit longways to suggest pupils. Outstretched kernel arms, the legs together, terminating in a rough indication of bare feet. Above, four letters also raised from the bone-white cob: I N R I.

"That's a fantastic piece of workmanship," he said.

"It's hideous," she said in a flat, strained voice. "Throw it out."

"Vicky, the police might want to see it."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't know why. Maybe—"

"Throw it out. Will you please do that for me? I don't want it in the car."

"I'll put it in back. And as soon as we see the cops, we'll get rid of it one way or the other. I promise. Okay?"

"Oh, do whatever you want with it!" She shouted at him. "You will anyway!"

Troubled, he threw the thing in back, where it landed on a pile of clothes. Its corn-kernel eyes stared raptly at the T-Bird's dome light. He pulled out again, gravel splurting from beneath the tires.

"We'll give the body and everything that was in the suitcase to the cops," he promised. "Then we'll be shut of it."

Vicky didn't answer. She was looking at her hands.

A mile farther on, the endless cornfields drew away from the road, showing farmhouses and outbuildings. In one yard they saw dirty chickens pecking listlessly at the soil. There were faded cola and chewing-tobacco ads on the roofs of barns. They passed a tall billboard that said: "ONLY JESUS SAVES." They passed a café with a Conoco gas island, but Burt decided to go on into the center of town, if there was one. If not, they could come back to the café. It occurred to him only after they had passed it that the parking lot had been empty except for a dirty old pickup that looked as if it were sitting on two flat tires.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

A woman with dark hair and purple eye makeup is sitting on a patterned sofa. She is wearing a blue, long-sleeved robe that is open, revealing a patterned garment underneath. She is looking down and to the left. The background is dark and out of focus.

This should have been raised a long time ago!

But it's never too late to treat yourself to PENTHOUSE. For the low uninhibited price of just \$15.00, you'll receive 12 issues of the best entertainment a man ever had.

Save \$4.00 off newsstand rates by sending your check or money order for \$15.00 to:

PENTHOUSE Subscription
Department P.O. Box 900
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737



POWER BROKERS

Behind the scenes with
Washington's lobbyists—a world of
sex, sin, and sleaze.

In late 1975 President Ford walked into the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel in Washington as the main attraction of a \$100-a-ticket fundraising party to help finance the reelection of Rep. John Rhodes of Arizona, the Republican leader in the House of Representatives.

I made sure that I was among the first to grab the president's hand while the flashbulbs were still popping and the television cameras were rolling.

"Hi, Mister President," I said. "I'm Chuck Lipsen. I'm a Democrat . . . (he smiled), but I'm also a lobbyist." His smile broadened. He knew that while I was from The Other Political Faith, I was also among that legion of Washingtonians—about 2,500 of us at any given time—who put their money where their professional, rather than political, interests lie.

The party teemed with political luminaries of the day. But Donald Dawson, a one-time aide to Harry Truman, surveyed the room and said: "Everyone likes John Rhodes, but most everyone here is a lobbyist."

If we weren't there, Rhodes would have been sorely disappointed—and a lot poorer. The president, the vice-president, and numbers of senators and congressmen were there, too. But they didn't pay to get in. They were there to attract the press and to impress the contingent of homefolks who would return to Arizona more dedicated than ever before to the reelection of John Rhodes. We were there to fatten his political treasure chest.

The next day a colleague at the National Cable Television Association, for which I was then chief lobbyist, was horrified at an account in the *Washington Star* of my en-

counter with the president.

"How could you say that to the president of the United States?" he demanded.

"Say what?"

"That you were a . . . a lobbyist?" He spat the word as if he were saying I was a Communist or a homosexual.

"Because I am a lobbyist," I said. He shrugged, opened his hands to the heavens, and walked out of my office.

Well, I said to myself, I *am* a lobbyist. I had been—officially, at least—for the previous twenty years. Before that, working in a law office or as an aide in Congress, I had been a lobbyist, too, though in a subtler way. Lobbying, by legal definition, is the effort (for pay) to influence legislation on behalf of a special interest group. But hundreds of Washington lawyers, who frequently earn five times as much money as professional lobbyists do, never register as lobbyists. They maintain, in their dealings with Congress and with executive branch agencies, that they are merely legally representing their clients. And congressional aides lobby all the time on behalf of their boss's proposed legislation (as do White House aides); and often their primary goal is not to improve the Republic but to enhance the reelection potential of the senators or the representatives who employ them.

But, I conceded, *being* a lobbyist and *saying* that you're one are different things. The term *lobbyist* does, after all, have a pejorative connotation. My mother has never introduced me to her friends as, "My son, the lobbyist."

I can't say that I blame her. Being a lobbyist has long been synonymous in the minds of many Americans with being a

glorified pimp. You provide members of Congress, they think, with the Three B's of politics—Booze, Broads, and Bribes.

A more conventional wisdom arose about a decade ago, largely through academic studies by the likes of Alexander Heard and the Brookings Institution, maintaining that lobbyists' money rarely influenced legislation: lobbyists were prized, instead, because they furnished vital information to congressmen concerning the points of view (supported by facts) of the myriad interests that make up the American Public.

As is conventional with most "conventional wisdom" about anything, both of these ideas are partly wrong—and partly right.

A lobbyist can rarely influence a vote in Congress by plying members of Congress or their aides with whiskey and wild women—at least, not directly. Nor is money to a politician ever openly considered a *quid pro quo* for previous or later support. But the relationship between money and favors from a lobbyist to a politician, and that politician's response to the lobbyist, is so closely intertwined that it is mere sophistry to suggest that none exists.

And it is the rare lobbyist who represents the American Public. Even the so-called Public Interest Lobbyists—environmentalists, consumerists, and the like—don't work for free. The heads of several of these "public interest" associations earn at least as much money as do senators and representatives. Take away their \$45,000-plus annual salaries and see how hard they'd work against the oil industry or the SST.

The truth is that lobbyists generally represent the nonpublic interest—those indi-

BY CHARLES B. LIPSEN WITH STEPHAN LESHER

The rule was that no one answered incoming calls. So I took a cab over to the apartment, and, sure enough, the venetian blind was at half-mast. Cautiously, I climbed the stairs and rapped gently on the door.

"It's Chuck Lipsen," I called out. "I'm here with the delivery." No answer. I tried again. "It's Lipsen. It's only the delivery I promised." Still nothing. I put my ear to the door but could hear no sound.

My heart skipped a beat. What if one of the men had been there, had a heart attack, and collapsed, the broad having fled out of pure fear? What if a senator was dead in there? Oh, Christ, I thought, what would I do? How would I explain his presence there? It was bad enough that the guy was dead. Now his reputation would be ruined, to boot.

I tried the door. It was locked. I opened it with my key and stepped into the room.

"Hello," I called. "Anybody here?"

I walked toward the kitchen. Just then I heard a sound. I stepped quickly into the kitchen, just in time to see a mouse disappear through a crevice in the molding. Except for this creature, no one was around.

I sighed, slumped on the couch, and called one of the other three senators who shared the apartment. I hit paydirt with the first one.

"I was there a few days ago, Chuck," he explained. "But then my girl saw this mouse and like to peed in her pants. We got the hell out of there. I must have forgot to lower the blinds."

Well, that explained it. But I couldn't help being a little sore. "Jesus, Senator," I complained, "one of the other guys has been all over me. He thinks I screwed up the schedule."

"Tell the bastard to cool it," he answered. "Besides, it's your job to keep the place nice. Why don't you call the Orkin man or something and get that damn mouse outta there?"

I assured him that I would, I sighed, and I hung up the phone. You never win an argument with a senator, even if you're his senior director.

With still others, the game gets more complex. One senator, a sometime presidential candidate, regularly enjoyed the company of various girl friends. But his campaign travels not only made him widely recognizable but also kept him from being in one place long enough to make a permanent arrangement for a "safe house." But, bless him, his tastes were impeccable.

Once, when his current paramour was the wife of a wealthy businessman, he telephoned me with a specific request. "Chuck," he said, "I'll be in Florida next week. I'd like you to arrange to get me a house. I'd like it to be large, nicely furnished, secluded, and—oh, yes, this is important—it has to have a swimming pool that is completely private. We'd like to do a little skinny-dipping."

"And you need me to get you this next week?"

"Three days from now, actually. I'm counting on you."

I failed, and I don't know if the senator found his hideaway. We never discussed the matter, except once, a few months later, when I told him that, by coincidence, I had found a business acquaintance who had such a house near Fort Lauderdale, which could have been available only a week after the senator had wanted it.

"Good," he said with a straight face. "Next time I need one, you'll know where to look."

One way or another, the word spreads quickly on Capitol Hill that a particular individual, almost always a lobbyist, can be trusted to assist in, shall we say, embarrassing or difficult situations.

I suppose that a lobbyist is sought out by members of Congress in these circumstances because the members know that the lobbyist has nothing to gain and everything to lose if he is indiscreet. The seasoned lobbyist knows that favors of this kind won't be repaid through votes on bills that a member might oppose because of a

One way or another,
the word spreads
quickly on Capitol Hill
that a particular
lobbyist can be trusted
to assist in embarrassing
situations.

deep, personal conviction or the political makeup of his constituency. But he does believe that on those issues which make scant political or conscientious difference to a congressman, the lobbyist will be remembered—and supported. And, once in a while, a member may even bend his politics or his principles just a bit to help a lobbyist in need whom he, from time to time, has needed—and used—himself.

This happens most often when the congressmen get themselves in trouble for reasons other than their occasional dalliances. In the early 1960s Congress remained in session longer than had been anticipated, and, as a result, many congressional wives had already returned to their husbands' home districts to prepare for the usual out-of-session get-togethers with constituents and local political leaders. One night six congressmen whose wives had left town decided on a boys' night out.

At 3:00 A.M. the next morning, my telephone rang. My wife sleepily answered it and handed me the phone.

"Ish thish Charlish Lipshen?" an unfamiliar and obviously liquor-thickened voice asked.

"Yes. Who is this?"

"Never mind about that," he said, spacing his words drunkenly. "We're at police headquarters, and you're the man to get ush out."

"What is this, some kind of joke?"

"No. No joke. Wait a minute." He turned his face from the mouthpiece. "Offisher, would you please eshplain to the gennelman?"

A cop came on the phone and eshplained. He said that he had taken six congressmen into custody after he had answered a complaint about a raucous party. The congressmen were there and were drunk.

"I took them in for their own protection," the policeman said apologetically. Indeed, Washington police never arrest members of Congress if they can possibly avoid doing so. A case in point is that of Wilbur Mills, once one of the most influential members of the House. The night Fanne Fox jumped into the Tidal Basin, Mills was drunk. A policeman led him away from the scene—and from a television cameraman. But he was recognized in a snatch of the film, anyway. That recognition led to the eventual disclosure of Mills's serious problem, alcoholism, and to his agreement to step aside as chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. In the situation in which I was involved, the police had spirited the six congressmen from the scene. One of them then gave them my name as someone trustworthy whom they could call and to whom they could safely be released.

"The gentleman you spoke to," the officer said, "didn't know you. One of the others gave him your name. But the one who called . . . well, sir, he was the most sober of the lot."

"God," I breathed. "I'd hate to see the rest of them."

"Yes, sir, but I'm afraid you're going to have to. They say you'll pick them up and get them home."

He told me the precinct where they were and gave me directions. I told him I'd be there shortly.

Jan, my wife, protested.

"Why do you have to go in the middle of the night?" she challenged. "Why don't they call a lawyer or something?"

"I am a lawyer, remember?"

"I don't mean a person with a law degree. I mean someone to take their case."

"Jan," I explained, "there is no case. The cops just want them off their hands. Besides, I know most of those guys. They've been helpful to me, and I think they're calling me because I'll be helpful to them."

"And because you'll keep your mouth shut."

"That, too."

So off I went. As bad luck would have it, they lived all over the Washington metropolitan area. One lived in the District of Columbia, two in the Virginia suburbs, two in southeastern Maryland near Washington, and only one—the one who had suggested that I be called in the first place—

* "A woman has to be interested in my body..."
says Omar Sharif.

* "Age makes a woman good in bed."
says Oliver Reed.

* "Generosity makes both a man and a woman good. Selfishness never makes good sex,"
says Peter Finch.

* "Napoleon used to say: 'There are no bad armies, only bad generals,'"
says Charles Aznavour.

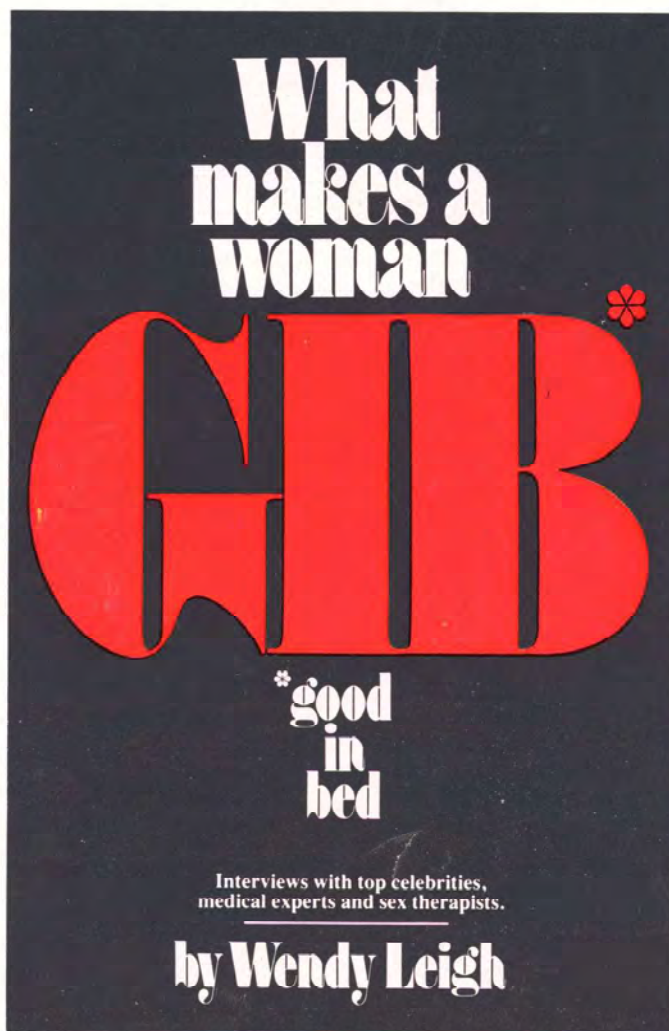
* "Love adds something to bed, but I am not sure what,"
says Stacy Keach.

* "You don't buy being good in bed off a shelf,"
says Glenda Jackson.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN GOOD IN BED

Other books tell HOW—this is the first book ever to tell WHAT—and there are over 60 celebrities to tell you "What Makes a Woman G.I.B.* (* Good in Bed) Read Wendy Leigh's exciting, revealing book.

National radio and TV appearances by the author.



Available at your local bookstore or send \$7.95 + \$1.00 for postage and handling today to PENTHOUSE PRESS LTD., 909 Third Ave., New York, New York 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax.

Distributed by Whirlwind Book Co.

and the sun shone through the haze.

"Yes, indeed," I stammered and then led her to a table I had reserved for three.

We had had about two drinks when the senator appeared.

"Chuck," he called out. "Chuck Lipsen! Good to see you."

He stood next to my chair, and I rose to shake his hand. "Hi, Senator," I said. "May I introduce you to a friend of mine? This is Gail Smith." (I didn't know what her last name was, but I had realized that it didn't make any difference—to me, anyway.)

"Well," the senator said. "So nice to meet you, too."

"Won't you join us?" I asked needlessly.

"That's very kind of you. I must spend another moment or two with one of my aides, but then I'd be happy to, if you're sure I won't be interrupting."

"Not at all," I assured. "We'd be delighted."

The conversation was loud enough to be noticed, if not heard word for word, above the chatter in the restaurant. The senator rejoined us, we all ordered dinner, and, shortly after coffee, he excused himself. "I suppose you have to stay here a while longer," he said to me rather pointedly. I said that I did.

"Too bad," he said. "I was going to offer you a ride home." The hell he was. He lived in the District of Columbia while I had a house in a Maryland suburb. I began to sense what would happen next.

And it happened about ten minutes later. Gail tapped my arm and said, "I guess it's time for me to be going, too. I'll be back in a couple of hours, honey."

Then she left, too. What happened was that she went directly to a room upstairs at the Carroll Arms, to which another lobbyist—one whom the senator didn't trust to hold his liquor in public—had already provided the senator with a key. I sat and swilled Rob Roys for a bit, took a walk around the block, came back and chatted with a couple of acquaintances of mine who had dropped in for a drink, and even did a crossword puzzle from the morning paper that a customer had obligingly left on the bar.

Gail returned, looking as lovely as she had a few hours before. "Hi, Chuck," she said. "Sorry I took so long in the ladies room. Ready to go? Or would you like another drink?"

I was ready, I said. We left, and I offered her a lift home. "No, thanks, honey," she said. "I've got cab fare."

I hailed a taxi and off she went. I would see her again in the years to come, sometimes with different senators. Gail was a pro. Sometimes the game would be played with a woman who worked in the office of a senator with whom she was having a current affair. But it didn't matter. The game was always the same. Sometimes the hotel was different, the senators different, or the women different—and sometimes I used

the time to take in a movie. But the game didn't change.

I always was rather philosophical about the role I played in these affairs. I was hardly anyone to make judgments about the morals of others. Besides, I figured that I didn't care whether a senator liked to play cribbage or not. Why should I care if he liked to play with women?

Maybe I even did some good. Perhaps the guy felt better after spending an evening with his girl friend. Maybe that way he'd feel better the next day when he had to vote on issues like paying a higher minimum wage or providing aid to education or creating the Head Start program or God-knows-what-else that might make other people feel better. And perhaps he was nicer to his wife that night than he might otherwise have been.

So that no one thinks I'm a sexist, I should mention that I've played the role, with only slight variations, for two women members of Congress.

In one case, a lovely congresswoman who wanted to stay married simply couldn't reach an orgasm with her husband. The other case was clearly a situation in which the marriage was about to break up. Each of these women would tell her husband that she was working late and had a meeting scheduled. She would instead meet her lover, presumably in a discreetly out-of-the-way apartment, and would end the evening with me. For some reason, both women liked a little bar called "The Place Where Louie Dwells." We'd have a nightcap, and then I'd take them home. They would generally say that they met me after leaving the office—in the rare event that a question would be raised. Sure enough, one of the women is still married. The other is divorced.

As a member of Congress grows in stature—and, it follows, in visibility—the tactics change. One group of three senators decided to rent an apartment (in my name, of course) in a building at which a restaurant called Club 11 is now located. My job was simple. Once a month I'd pay the rent from the money that they would send me. Also, it was my job to keep the apartment stocked with whiskey, ice, cheese, and crackers.

The members had a signal should there ever be any mixup in the schedule for the apartment's use: the venetian blind visible from the street was to be kept pulled halfway up if the place was occupied. One day one of the three senators called me at my office, and he was fuming. "What the hell's going on at the apartment?" he demanded.

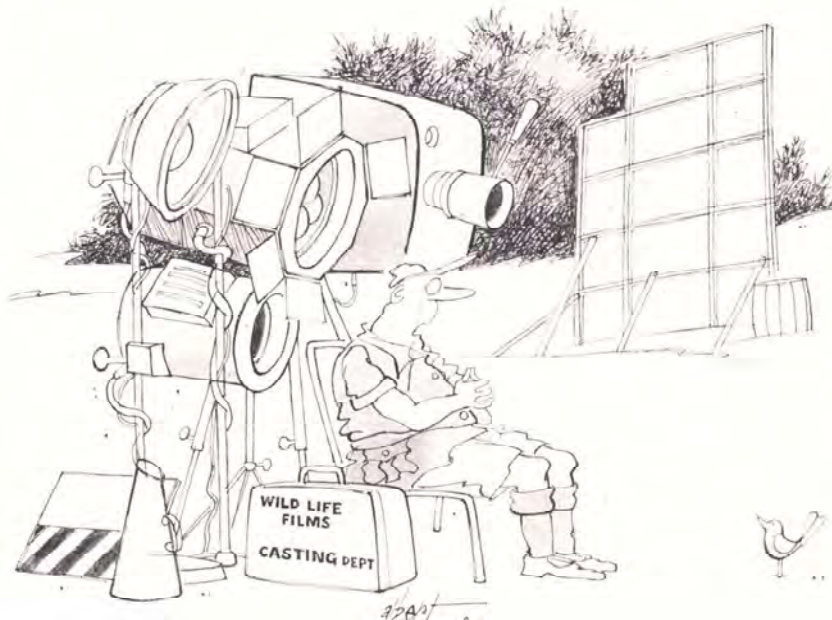
"What do you mean, Senator?" I asked.

"I've been down there three straight days with my girl friend," he fumed, "and I can't get in. One of my son-of-a-bitching colleagues has been there every damn afternoon."

I told him not to worry, explaining that I'd take care of it.

"Well, see that you do. For Christ's sake, it's downright embarrassing."

I knew that it was useless to telephone.



"Have you ever played a rhinoceros before?"

Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

**Of course
Tareyton's filter reduces tar...**

Tareyton has less tar than 75%
of all other cigarettes sold!

**...but it also improves the taste
with activated charcoal.**



The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water. As a matter

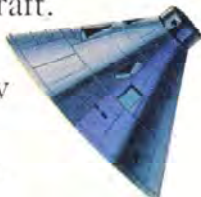
of fact, many cities across the United States have instituted charcoal filtration systems for their drinking water supplies.

The evidence is mounting that activated charcoal does indeed improve the taste of drinking water.

Charcoal also helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.



And charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.



"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"



**That's why Tareyton
is America's best-selling
charcoal filter cigarette.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

viduals or businesses or groups that can afford a full-time professional whose job it is to develop access to those in power, and then to use that access to influence Congress or regulatory agencies or even the White House on behalf of whoever is paying the bill.

A not-so-noble profession, perhaps. But it clearly serves a key function that was ensured by the First Amendment to the Constitution. It permits the free assembly of people into self-serving organizations and provides them a direct pipeline into the halls of Congress. I have always believed that I play a role in the governmental process; and, unlike those who hypocritically profess to more noble callings like law (when, in fact, they lobby like the rest of us), I lay my cards on the table about what I do and for whom I'm doing it.

But power is the name of the game in Washington, and a lobbyist sells access to that power.

What made me among the more successful lobbyists in Washington for a generation is that, at any time, at least 90 of the 100 senators knew my name and face. The same can be said for about two-thirds of the 435 members of the House. And for Jack Kennedy. And for Lyndon Johnson. Even for the governor of Samoa.

There are, however, countless rip-off artists who call themselves lobbyists. Not only do congressmen not know who they are, but also they don't know the congressmen.

Take organized labor, in whose political vineyard I toiled for fifteen years as chief lobbyist for the Retail Clerks International Association. Weekly, some thirty-five labor lobbyists would meet under the chairmanship of Andrew Biemiller, a one-time congressman who for years has been the director of the legislative department (read: chief lobbyist) of the AFL-CIO. At these meetings it became clear to me that most of my colleagues, drawing high salaries to a man, hadn't the vaguest idea what most members of Congress looked like.

I took Biemiller aside one day. "Andy," I asked, "what do you think about conducting a test?"

"A test?" he responded. "What kind of test?"

"Oh, nothing complicated," I said, my tongue in my cheek. "Let's just hold up pictures of the members of Congress and have the lobbyists identify each one."

"You out of your goddamn mind?" he blurted. "You know damn well half our people don't know who half the members are."

"Well, then, it seems to me it's time they learned. How the hell can they do any good in Congress if they don't know the players without a scorecard?"

Biemiller's problem was that he believed the power of organized labor of itself would persuade members to vote labor's line. To some extent, he was right. Labor, perhaps more than any private force in American politics, could provide money and manpower for election campaigns. To get those

indispensable goodies, congressmen used to have to walk that extra mile with labor and with George Meany, chief of the AFL-CIO. That meant not only voting for "gut" labor issues like minimum wage increases and against "antilabor" laws like the so-called right to work, but also supporting the liberal issues so long espoused by Meany, such as civil rights and social welfare.

Times change, and—except for Meany—few labor leaders want to push for government expansion in social programs like welfare. Union members have generally become, in fact, sharply conservative on issues like race and welfare. Congressmen are responding to that new conservatism. And a labor lobbyist who doesn't know a senator isn't going to have a prayer these days in getting that member to vote for a nonlabor issue supported by the leaders of organized labor. For one thing, new laws will severely limit the amounts of money that labor can give directly to candidates.

“
Power is the
name of
the game in
Washington, and
a lobbyist sells
access to that
power.”
”

For another, as long as a congressman votes the labor line on clearly labor-oriented proposals, he will get all the volunteer help that he needs with or without George Meany's or Andy Biemiller's say-so.

There are other rip-offs: lawyers who charge up to \$1,000 to see that a private immigration bill is introduced—knowing full well that the bill will never be passed (some congressmen used to take up to half the fee for introducing such a measure); "Washington representatives" who charge high annual fees to non-Washington businesses or organizations to keep them posted on the "inside" developments in Washington—when, in reality, nearly all their "inside" information comes directly from the pages of the *Washington Post*, the *Kiplinger Letter*, or any of a dozen or more sources of information that are readily available to the general public but that few know about; and the "legislative liaison" who charges hundreds of dollars to "arrange" a meeting between a client and a senator—a meeting that, more often than not, could have been arranged directly at no cost.

To some extent, I have been guilty of getting money from the gullible in these or

similar ways. It is incredible how naive about the ways of Washington even the most sophisticated industrialists can be when they spend their working lives in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles, much less in Dubuque.

But for the greater part of my working life, I have been what I consider a straightforward lobbyist both to my clients and to those in Congress, whom I must reach often enough in order to maintain those clients. The way it's done wouldn't always qualify me as a modern saint. But there is very little about politics that is saintly. That fact may trouble some people and some editorialists. But the alternative to being able to reach politicians on issues by giving them money for campaigns, personal favors, and free manpower to help their reelections is to remove the officeholder so far from his constituents that the reality of a representative democracy would become a farce.

Before a lobbyist can get close enough to congressmen to influence them, he must not only meet those officeholders but also build up a reservoir of confidence and trust. The first takes shoe leather and patience. The second, unfortunately, sometimes is a bit seamier in its development.

One way, I learned early in my career, was by "playing third base." As you might guess, that had little to do with baseball, though it was—and is—a sort of national pastime, nonetheless.

The rules were simple. The game usually started with a phone call, like the one I got in 1957 from an East Coast senator shortly after I had begun lobbying for the Retail Clerks International Association. The senator was friendly to the labor movement, and he was among the first contacts I had established while making the rounds on Capitol Hill to tell members of Congress about my new job.

"Chuck," he said, "I'd like you to meet me for dinner tonight."

"Gee, Senator," I said, "I'd like to, but I think my wife has plans for us."

"Break them," he said curtly.

I was a bit miffed at his tone, but I was a relatively new kid on the block, and I didn't want to blow my job with needless heroics.

"Sure," I said after a moment.

"Eight o'clock at the Carroll Arms," he said. "Someone will meet you first, and then I'll join you both a few minutes later."

I'm not a naive person, but what happened when I arrived at the Carroll Arms—a now-defunct Washington hotel near the Senate Office Building (and once a favorite watering hole for senators and their aides)—was, to say the least, surprising.

I was sipping a Rob Roy at the bar when a tall, lithe, beautiful brunette in her late twenties sidled up to me.

"Chuck Lipsen?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, trying desperately to remember my marriage vows.

"I'm Gail. We were supposed to meet here and then wait for a friend."

It took a moment or two of serious contemplation, but then the mists finally parted



JOLANTA

● I like my men to be fierce lovers, who can really take charge in bed and make me feel like a woman. ●



FOREIGN AFFAIR

Candlelight, soft music, sumptuous food, and an elegant companion are the requisites for an evening with Jolanta Von Zmuda. This month's pet is, if anything, a perfectionist. "I like things that are beautiful. A perfectly cut silk dress, a fine vintage wine, and a rugged, good-looking man!" A fetching import from Gdansk, Poland, Jolanta is a woman of impeccable

quality. Her porcelain features, blue-green eyes, and finely sculpted 36½-23-36 body make her ideal for the discriminating man's epicurean affairs. Brainy as well as beautiful, Jolanta bristles when she recalls the reaction to Gerald Ford's remarks about Eastern Europe. "We Poles do not feel repressed," she says hotly, "but there is royal blood in my veins and, were it not for the Polish communists, I'd be a countess."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE





● *If a man really turns me on physically, I will make love with him any time of the day or night.* ●

"I like men who are strong and noble, like Gregory Peck . . . I prefer American men, because they are considerate and so appreciative of a beautiful woman. I can tell if a man is my type just by his voice, which must be deep, deliberate, and brave. It is important for him to be older, so that he gives me the feeling that I'm a little girl when I'm with him. I want him to make me feel sure of him . . . I want to know that he'll take care of me. When I love my man, I give him everything I've got—everything he wants—to please him. I like my men to be fierce lovers, who can really take charge in bed and make me feel like a woman who is loved and desired."



● I wear soft, romantic little things that can be pushed aside . . . if something gets torn, I love it! ●



Sometimes shy and soft-spoken, Jolanta is downright definite about her sexual desires: "If a man turns me on, I will make love with him any time of the day or night. Before I make love, I like to drink a little bit—wine or champagne—because it makes me get

more hot, more excited, and I can really let myself go. I'm almost never completely naked when my lover and I go to bed. I wear soft, romantic little things that can easily be pushed aside in the heat of passionate lovemaking . . . and if something gets torn, I love it!"

● A very
beautiful
man I
didn't know
reached down
my dress.
He put
a finger
inside me... 9





"I'm usually quite old-fashioned in my lovemaking ... but sometimes interesting things happen.

Once I was at a very elegant party, where everyone was in formal clothes. I was wearing an evening dress, which had no back at all. While I was

sitting on the couch, a very beautiful man I didn't know put his hand behind me and reached down my dress. He even put a finger inside me while we were sitting and talking, but I was afraid to say anything. We eventually became lovers ..."





● We begin to strip each other's clothes off. Finally, we are totally naked, making love by a stream. ●



This twenty-one-year-old certainly has a sophisticated charm, but her fantasies are romantic, wistful, childlike. "I would like to be out in the country on a picnic. My boyfriend is chasing me through a field of flowers. When he finally catches me, he tickles me

until I beg him to stop. Then, still playful, we begin to strip each other's clothes off. Finally, we are naked, making love by a bubbling stream. Then we both have explosive orgasms. Life should always be like that." Obviously, Jolanta, we're not poles apart. ○



MISS JOLANTA VON ZMUDA/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Some Vietnam veterans have much more difficulty than others in receiving the benefits and considerations to which they are entitled, namely, those veterans incarcerated in federal and state prisons.

From the many letters *Penthouse* has received from veterans in prison, it's clear that, as a group, these men have been denied their rights by being made victims of a policy of benign neglect. It is not *Penthouse's* position to argue the justice or injustice involved in the acts or crimes that have placed veterans in prison, but rather to call attention to the fact that these veterans have *not* lost their basic rights, acquired by virtue of their previous military service.

The magnitude of this problem is revealed by a few key facts. According to the National Association of Concerned Veterans, 35 percent of the inmate population nationwide comprises veterans, and approximately 65 percent of this group are veterans who have Honorable or Under Honorable Conditions discharges. In addition, Congressman Charles B. Rangel (Dem.-NY) has reported that fully 81.3 percent of incarcerated veterans polled (at his request) by the General Accounting Office said that they had not been advised of their continued right to veterans benefits; in fact, 53.3 percent of those polled believed that they had lost their benefits due to incarceration. Similarly, 65.4 percent said they would like the Veterans Administration to contact them while in prison to advise them of their G.I. Bill benefit rights, so that they could carry out correspondence-school training or participate in the study release-programs available in some areas.

The importance of these kinds of rehabilitation efforts is further underscored by the fact that in the past two years, one out of five training programs in our nation's penal institutions has been shut down because of a lack of funds.

As the information from Congressman Rangel—and *Penthouse's* experience in these matters—indicates, the difference between what the VA claims it does for veterans in prison and the service it actually provides is considerable. For its part, the VA says:

"Currently, M-1, part 1 change 83, section VII provides for VA action in providing examinations at penal institutions. This directive states that the clinic director will on request, and when necessary, arrange with appropriate officials at a penal institution for the examination of potentially eligible claimants or beneficiaries confined in such institutions. If a

physician (who is not a federal employee) is on duty at the institution, services required to complete the examination will be authorized in accordance with the current schedule of fees. In the event this cannot be arranged, or if specialist examinations are required which cannot be procured from the medical staff of the institution, other fee-basis physicians who are able to perform the examination at the penal institution may be authorized to render the services. VA staff physicians may be assigned by the clinic director to conduct examinations of this type when required."

In regard to a responsibility to provide incarcerated veterans with information about eligibility for benefits and other services, the VA says: "On April 2, 1975, interim issue 232-75-1 placed a requirement on all regional offices that they initiate a program of service to incarcerated veterans in federal and state prisons. This essentially established the

requirement that all federal and state prisons be visited twice a year and that briefings for prison staff be conducted annually. Directives currently outlined in M-232-1 provide that 'veterans-services officers will schedule semiannual visits by their personnel (community service specialists, veterans-benefits counselors, or vet reps) to all federal and state prisons where the prison authorities feel that this is to be desirable and necessary.'

"Vet reps have and will continue to be utilized to accomplish the goal of bringing

VA services to incarcerated veterans. It should be noted that vet reps are veterans-benefits counselors, although they have a different title. Services provided by VBC's are no different than those provided by vet reps."

Without disputing the stated intent of these VA comments, *Penthouse* believes that they promise much more than is actually delivered. The failure to do more only compounds the problem of the veterans' ultimate reentry into American society and adds to the ever-increasing social costs of crime.

Therefore, *Penthouse* strongly urges President Carter to order the director of the VA to establish immediately a coordinated program with the director of federal prisons, one designed to carry out the provisions of the existing law (Title 38, U.S.Code) and to call upon the nation's governors to participate in a similar effort. To delay, or to do anything less, will only worsen the plight of veterans presently in prison—and add to the problems that they will confront upon their release. ☐

It's clear that,
as a group, veterans in
prison have
been denied their
rights by being made victims
of a policy of benign
neglect.

When your taste grows up, so should your cigarette.

What you want from a cigarette changes. Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste. And Winston's real taste is what I want. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76

THE HITE REPORT ON MALE SEXUALITY

This questionnaire was prepared by Shere Hite, author of the best-selling *Hite Report on Female Sexuality*. Your responses—and those from other samples—will be similarly published in a forthcoming book, to be excerpted in *Penthouse*. The questionnaire shouldn't be signed. It is not necessary to answer every question. Send answers to: Shere Hite, Dept. P, 47 East 19th Street, New York, New York 10003.

I. ORGASM

1. Is having orgasms important to you? Would you enjoy sex just as much without having them?
2. Could you describe what an orgasm feels like to you—during the buildup? before orgasm? during the climax? after?
3. Exactly where do you feel the sensation of orgasm? That is, is it in your penis, or inside your body, or exactly where?
4. Can you have orgasm without ejaculation? Ejaculation without orgasm? Or does orgasm *mean* ejaculation?
5. Do you ever have trouble having an orgasm? When? Why?
6. Can you have more than one orgasm during sex? Do you ejaculate each time? Do successive orgasms feel stronger or weaker, or different? How?
7. Do you have more than one type of orgasm? Please explain. Have you ever had something you would describe as an "emotional orgasm"?
8. Is erection necessary for orgasm? For



arousal? Is full erection always a sign of the greatest arousal, and lack of erection a sign of disinterest?

9. Do you feel an end to arousal after ejaculation? an end to excitement? Do you feel "satisfied"? How do you feel?
10. After orgasm, do you want further physical closeness with the person you are with, or do you usually prefer to return to other (nonsexual) activities?
11. Do you like feeling aroused for extended periods of time, or do you prefer to go on to orgasm relatively quickly? What does arousal feel like?
12. Do you feel that physical affection and touching are important for their own sakes, not leading to orgasm or even necessarily to sex?

II. SEXUAL ACTIVITIES—PART A

13. Do you enjoy masturbation? Physically? Psychologically? How often do you masturbate? Does it lead to orgasm always, usually, sometimes, rarely, or never?

14. How do you masturbate? Please give a detailed description. For example, do you hold your penis with your hand and move your hand on your penis, or do you move your whole body, rubbing against something? Is stimulation important at the top or bottom of your penis? Do you touch yourself in other places besides your penis? Do you mind the wetness of ejaculation?

15. Do you like intercourse (penis/vagina)? Physically? Psychologically? Does it lead to orgasm always, usually, sometimes, rarely, or never? How often do you have intercourse?

16. What does a vagina feel like to your penis? Do different vaginas feel different? What does the vagina feel like when the woman is orgasming?

17. Exactly how do you achieve orgasm during intercourse? Please explain. Also, do you prefer to be on top, on the bottom, sideways, or some other position? Why? Do you like to move, or have the other person move, or both move together—or do you prefer less movement?

18. How do you feel about making thrusting movements into the vagina?

19. Is intercourse mostly appealing to you on a physical (feels good) or an emotional level (that is, the idea of being joined closely with another person)? Please explain. Is the good physical feeling related more to stimulation of your penis, or to the close physical contact with the other person?

20. Do you ever orgasm "too soon" after penetration—in other words, do you find

The author of the most important
book on female sexuality is curious about men.

Now you can let women
know how you like it, why you like it,
and when you like it.



you are not able to continue intercourse as long as you think you should or would like? How long are you talking about? When does this happen, and why do you think it is? Does it bother you?

Do you use any particular method of keeping from having an orgasm during intercourse before you want to?

21. Have you ever had difficulty having an erection at a time you desired one? When does this happen, and why do you think it is? Does it happen often? What do you do at such times?

22. Do you enjoy cunnilingus (oral sex) with a woman? Physically? Psychologically? Why? What do you like or dislike about it? Do you like the way women's genitals taste? Smell? Look? How do they look to you?

23. Do you like oral stimulation of your penis (fellatio)? Can you orgasm this way always, usually, sometimes, rarely, or never? How often do you orgasm this way?

24. Do you enjoy, or would you like to try, fellatio with another man? Physically? Psychologically? Please explain what you like or dislike about it.

25. Do you like the way male genitals look? Taste? Smell? Do you think your penis is beautiful? A good size?

26. Do you like, or would you like, to be rectally penetrated? By a finger? By a penis? How does it feel? Do you orgasm this way? Exactly what does anal intercourse feel like?

27. Do you like, or would you like, to kiss

another man? On the lips? Tongue kissing? How do you like to kiss?

Do you enjoy hugging other men? In friendship? During sex? How physically affectionate are you?

PART B

28. How have you usually had sex?

Most of the time you have had sex with women, what did you do? What did she do? (What activities were involved?)

Most of the times you have had sex with men, what did you both do?

29. Do you usually make the initial sexual advance? If so, how do you feel about being the one to do this? How do you feel if the other person does not want to have sex with you?

Do you ever find yourself initiating sex as much because it is expected as because you really want to?

30. After sex is begun, do you feel pressure on you to initiate intercourse? Do you always want intercourse, or do you sometimes do it because it seems to be expected?

31. Do you do most of the "work" in love-making? If so, do you dislike this, or do you prefer to take the lead?

Are too many demands made on you in sex?

32. Do you ever feel pressured to have an orgasm because it is expected—otherwise you will have "failed"? How often?

33. Do you ever fake orgasms? When? How do you do it?

34. Does holding off orgasming (while waiting for the other person, for example) inhibit your ability to orgasm or make the orgasm stronger when it comes?

35. Ideally, how long would you like "foreplay" to last? Do you feel obligated to "perform" longer foreplay than you would like?

36. What kind of "foreplay" is important to you for yourself? Are your breasts sensitive? Do you like to be touched? Kissed? Petted? Do you enjoy these activities as much as regular genital sex?

37. What is it about sex that gives you the greatest pleasure? Displeasure?

38. Would you like to change sex in any way? Has sex been everything that you want it to be, or do you want it to be something more? Would you like to define sex differently?

III. AGE

39. How does age affect sex? Does desire for sex increase or decrease with age? Enjoyment of sex? Is your sex life different now than it used to be? How?

YAN KHUR

*This expatriate Polish
sculptor finds his inspiration on
—would you believe it?—
the streets of Brooklyn.*

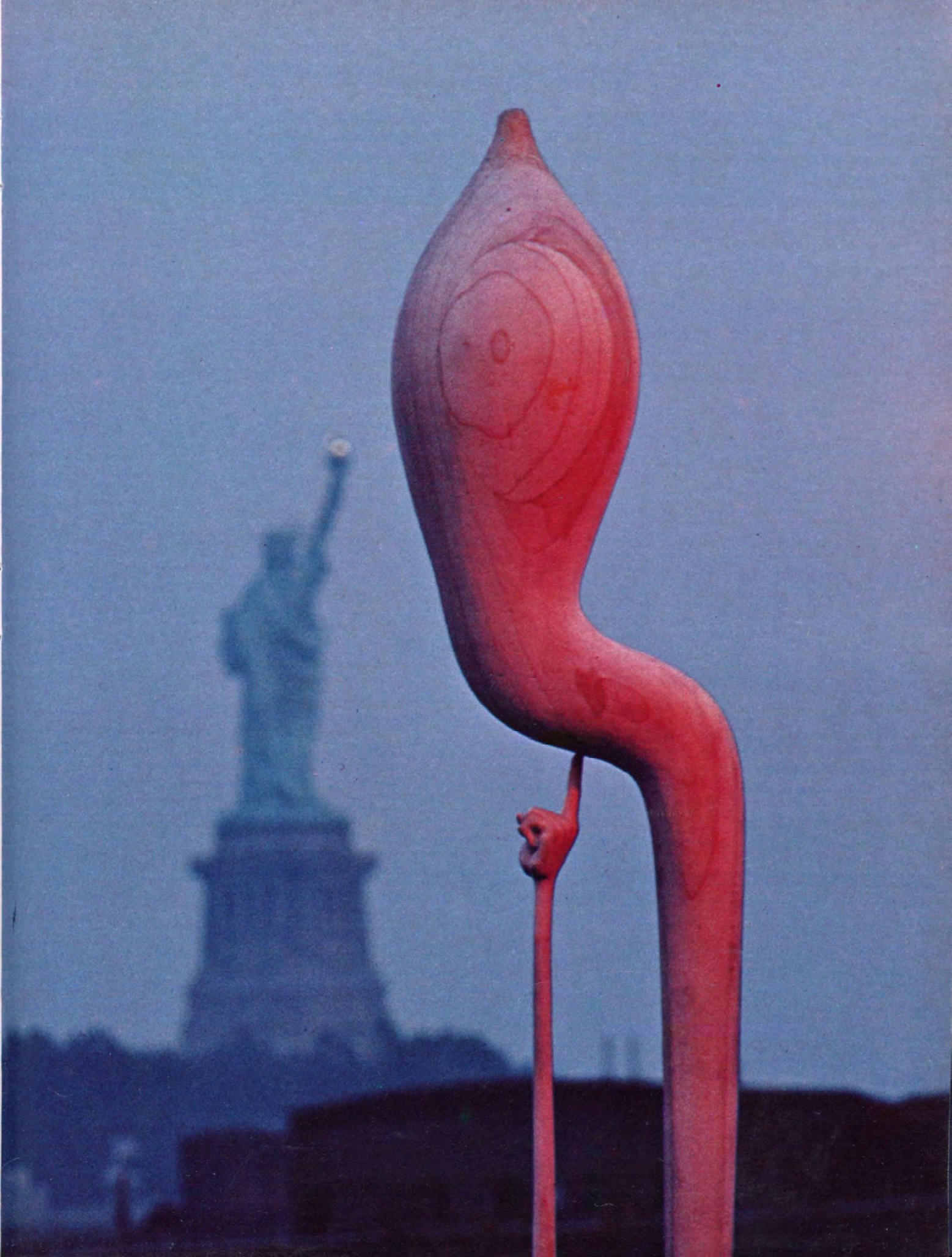
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS

If sculptor Yan Khur (pictured below) didn't exist, he would have created himself—probably from the trunk of a strong Polish oak. Nothing if not a visionary artistic missionary, Khur is convinced that sculpture has become exclusive and isolated—an art form whose relevance has been surpassed by contemporary films and music. The intense, thirty-three-year-old Khur intends to change all this with his revolutionary ERO-Art—the “art of our Era.” A political refugee from Poland, Yan Khur came to the United States in 1968, soon after the Polish political authorities had judged his work to be “violent” (he dared to put chains around his erotic figures) and therefore ideologically “incorrect.” For Khur rejected political chains.

Khur refuses to label his work “erotic.” He feels that erotic sculpture is merely a craft, with no underlying compositional or philosophical problems. The figures featured come from a larger work, called “World Trade Center.” Among his other works are “Niagara Falls” and “Times Square.” Obviously, Khur is captivated by all things American. “The Europeans no longer blaze trails in the arts—America makes all the affirmative statements,” he says of his new home.

Most of his models come from the streets of Brooklyn, where he roams for hours, observing, observing, observing. Khur works in wood, which he considers the perfect medium. On the following pages he explains the concepts on which ERO-Art is founded.



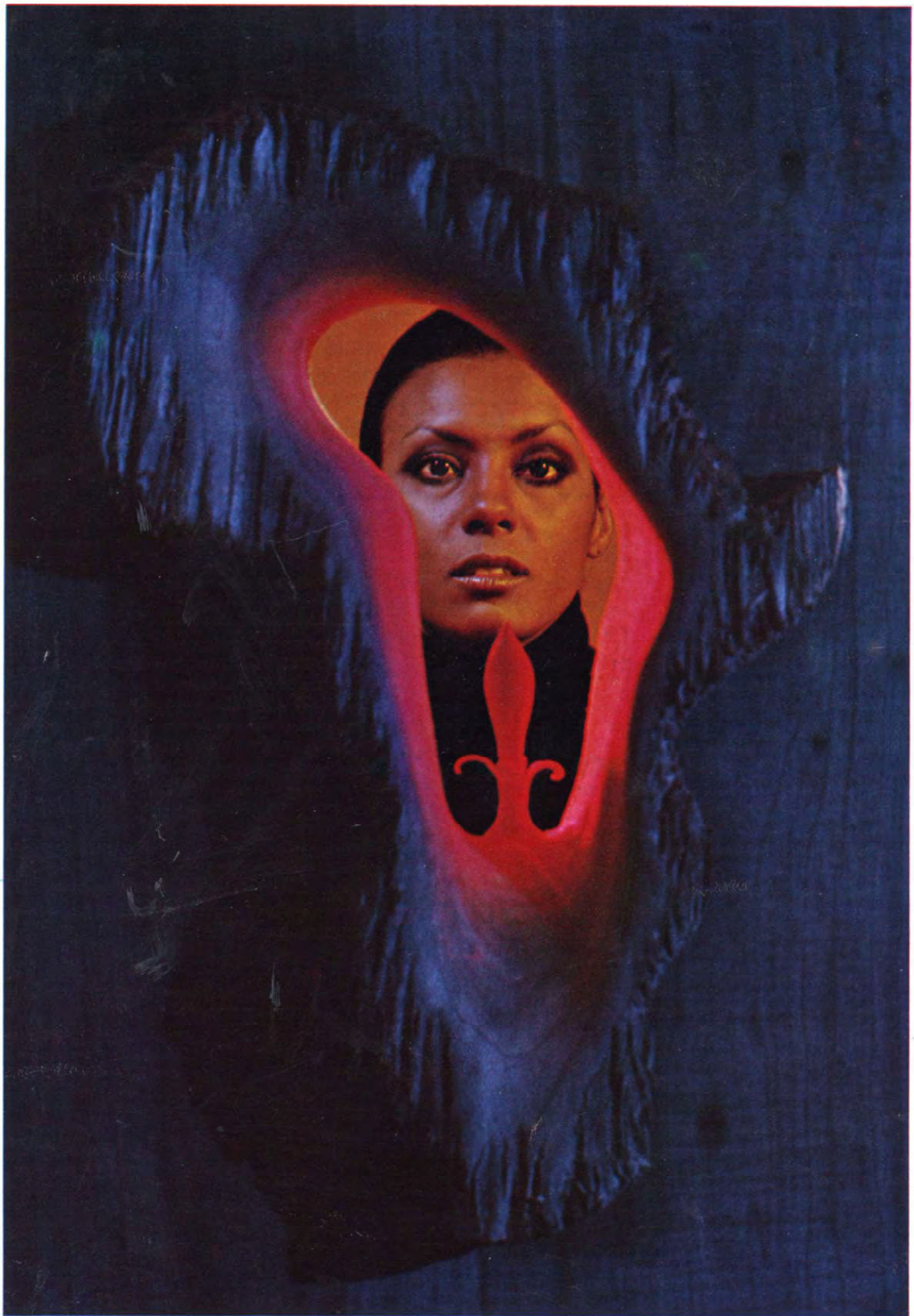




"An artist must be able to sense the thrust of his era and stay at its tip, as Picasso did, his force undiminished, no matter what his time demanded of him. In totalitarian countries, art bows to ideology; as a propaganda tool, it is dishonest art. In America, art is a relaxant that liberates the creative impulse and serves to expand consciousness. That is what contemporary American life demands, and my sculpture reflects this yearning."







"I want to celebrate this civilization through free biologic structures—my work probes the power of the male and female structures as essential elements of Life—Confrontation, Action, and History. My sculptures exemplify the new coexistence with the empirical biology of our times. Biology is now free of fear; true eroticism is a sensual affirmation of our civilization." O—E

POWER BROKERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

lived near my own home. It was after 5:00 A.M. when I reached the home of the sixth congressman. He started to get out and then, abruptly, stopped, turned back toward me with a quizzical expression on his face, and threw up over me, himself, and half the front seat. I never got that smell out of the car.

The man who had telephoned me, a congressman I had not met before, was a southerner. Despite that and despite his generally conservative political outlook, he showed his gratitude for that evening by frequently voting the labor line. The reason was not, he said to me often, that he owed it to me, although he felt that he owed me something. It was rather that after having given me several long hearings on the issues we were pushing, he had come to the honest view that most of our proposals were sound and fair for the vast majority of workers in the country.

There are more profound problems that lawmakers face, although public drunkenness will almost always ruin their political ambitions. One such problem confronted a conservative midwestern senator, a Republican, in 1959. I called on him, hoping that he would oppose the Landrum-Griffin bill, a proposal feared by organized labor as the death knell to the labor movement (although it proved no such thing). Actually, I had little hope that he would vote against the bill. Even some Democrats, normally friends of labor, weren't opposing Landrum-Griffin. It was designed, really, to limit the excesses of Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters Union (and, as it turned out, barely did that), and few congressmen could afford, at that time, to do anything that would seem supportive of Hoffa.

But I had a deep-seated belief that lobbyists, good ones, don't stop lobbying after seeing their friends and supporters. Those were men and women who would vote for you come hell or high water—as long as you remembered them at election time. I believed that you had to see your anticipated enemies as well. In a close vote, it was a switch of one or two votes from those members normally against you from which you could snatch victory from defeat. That philosophy caused more than one argument with my employers over the years, especially when it came to paying expense accounts that included lunches or dinners for congressmen or their top aides known to be on the wrong side of our political fence. But it paid off more than once.

In this particular case the senator was a person kind enough to allow me to present my case. He listened courteously, but it was clear from the outset that I was wasting my time, at least on this issue. I thought to myself that perhaps in the future he would learn my way—but not this time.

Then the telephone rang. The senator scowled as if to say he had left instructions not to be disturbed. I thought that he had

done what so many senators and representatives do when they think they are obligated to be closeted with a lobbyist once in a while; they leave purposeful instructions to be interrupted by their secretaries with "an important call" after about five or ten minutes with the unwelcome guest.

As soon as the senator spoke into the phone, however, it was clear that this was no brush-off call. In a moment, he seemed to go limp. Then he turned ashen. His forehead broke into a cold sweat, and his hand trembled. I thought that he might be having a heart attack. He placed a hand over the mouthpiece and looked up at me, his eyes wide with shock.

"My wife is on the phone," he said. "My daughter has slit her wrists."

I looked down at him, and he stared back. I wasn't certain what, if anything, I was supposed to do. This situation was not the kind that your run-of-the-mill lobbyist encounters in his day-to-day work.

"Help me," he pleaded.

It's not a
coincidence that top
lobbyists are paid
the same as members of
Congress.
We all see ourselves
as equal.

There was no question in my mind that the man was going to be very sick if I didn't do something. Also, there was the not-so-little matter of his daughter. Somebody had better do something, or God knows what might happen to her, if it hadn't already.

"Relax, Senator," I said and took the receiver from him. I spoke to his wife, who was upset but in control of herself. Her daughter was lying on a bed now. She was losing blood but seemed in no immediate danger. I told her to stay with her daughter and leave the rest to me.

I phoned an ambulance company, the owner of which I knew. I explained the situation, and he agreed to keep his sirens off when he was close to the senator's house so as not to attract needless attention.

Then I phoned the hospital to which I had recommended she be taken. The hospital administrator also was a friend of mine. He knew that getting along in Washington (in terms, at least, of continued general support of federal aid to hospitals) sometimes meant going along with the wishes of VIPs. The wish in this case, I said, was absolute secrecy. The senator's personal physician would meet the ambulance at the hospital. No one else was to know the true identity of

the patient. She was to be there under an assumed name, which we agreed upon.

Next I had the senator give me his doctor's name, and I called his office. I told the nurse at his office that it was an emergency, and she put me directly through. When I told the doctor the arrangements, he was slightly annoyed. He didn't normally practice at the hospital I had chosen.

"Doctor," I said. "This is not only a matter of life and death. It's a matter of crucial sensitivity. I think you'll agree."

He said that he did and was on his way.

Later I learned that the girl had been on drugs and had also had a recent abortion, which was illegal in those days. She had felt estranged from her parents and had tried to kill herself. Today the girl is happily married and has two children. Her father remains in the U.S. Senate. He voted against the Landrum-Griffin bill, and he still is one of the Republicans I usually can count on for support.

But after that incident I often asked myself: "Why me?"

I realized that I could be depended on for discretion by virtue of my occupation, if not for my priestly face. But their putting themselves in my hands like that, even at a moment when a daughter's life depended on it—well, that couldn't be explained merely by their counting on me to keep my mouth shut. The reason must have had something to do more directly with the relationship that evolves between a good lobbyist and a good congressman, a relationship in which each perceives that, but for the grace of happenstance, we might be tiling one another's shoes. In fact, we often have. Many lobbyists are former congressmen. Others, like Roy Elson of the National Association of Broadcasters, have sought unsuccessfully for elective office before becoming lobbyists. Congressional aides, such as I had been, often become either lobbyists or congressmen. While the difference between the two is seen by the public at large as being vast, we know better. We're political brothers under the skin, all in the same business but going at it from different directions. It is more than a coincidence that most of us who are in top lobbying jobs (short of such super-lobbyists as ex-Congressman Frank Ikard of the American Petroleum Institute, whose income is in the six figures annually) are paid precisely the same as are members of Congress. We all see ourselves as equal.

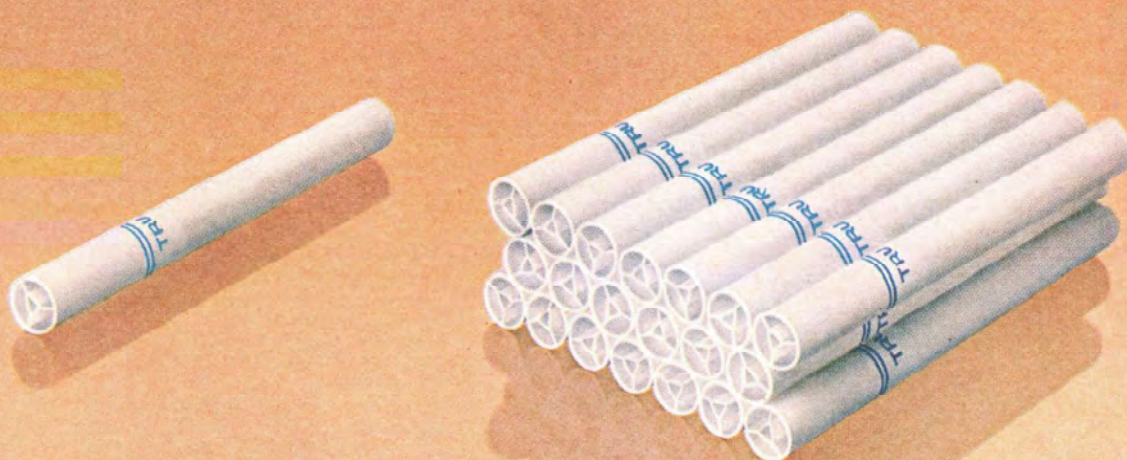
But in moments when I did something to help a senator or a representative avoid serious trouble, or help him through a personal crisis, I liked to believe that there was more to being a lobbyist than "playing third base" or bending your elbow at the 116 Club or the Democratic Club or the Capitol Hill Club or any other hangout of the politicians in Washington.

I liked to think that there was something special about what I did. And while there's no place to go to school to learn lobbying, I knew I hadn't gotten where I was by accident. I had worked to be a good lobbyist. I had worked damned hard. 

True slashes tar in half!

**Down to only
5 mgs. tar per cigarette.**

**Down to only
100 mgs. tar per pack.**



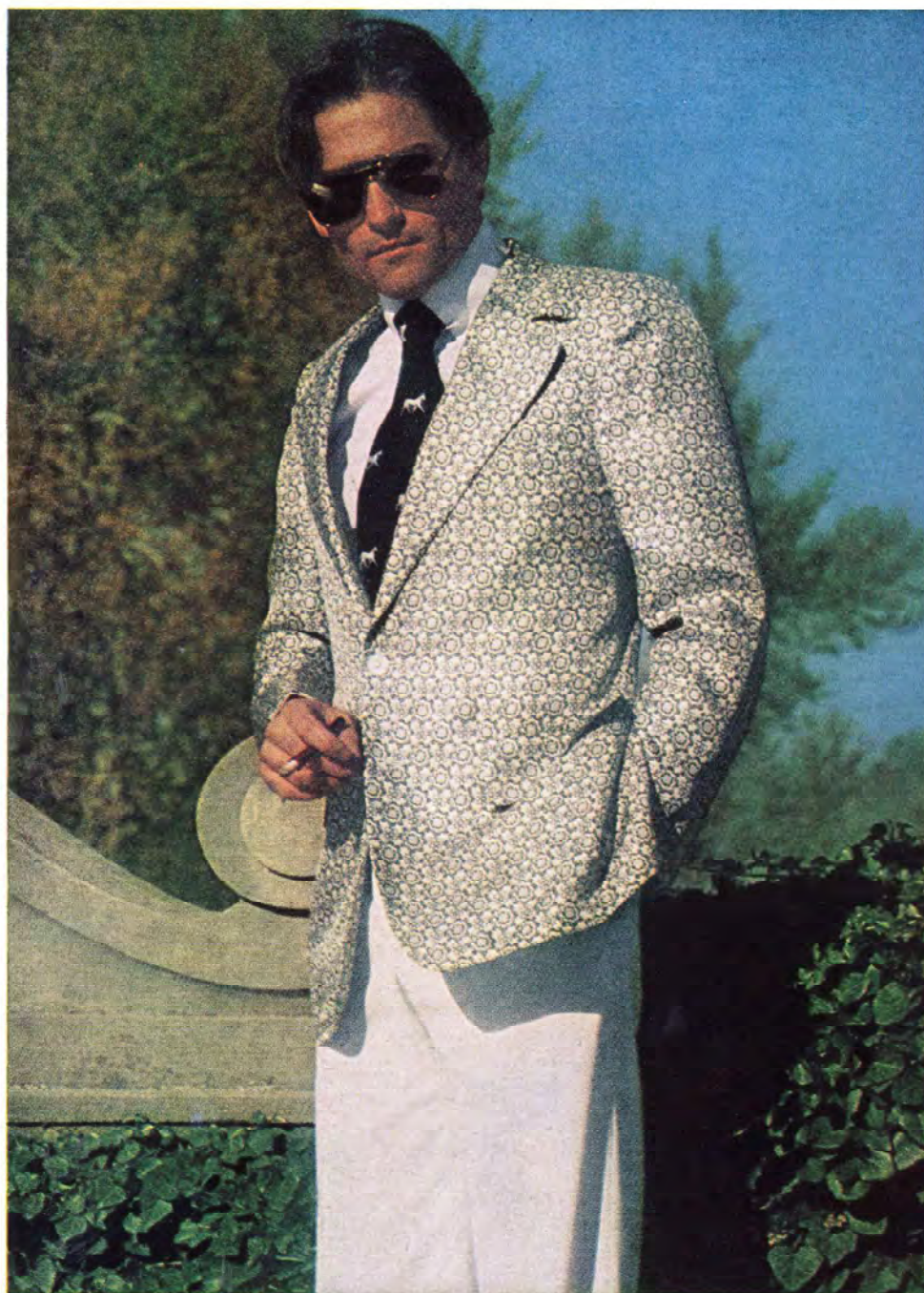
5 MGS. TAR



**And a taste worth changing to.
Think about it.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 5 mgs. "tar", 0.4 mgs. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report-October 1976.



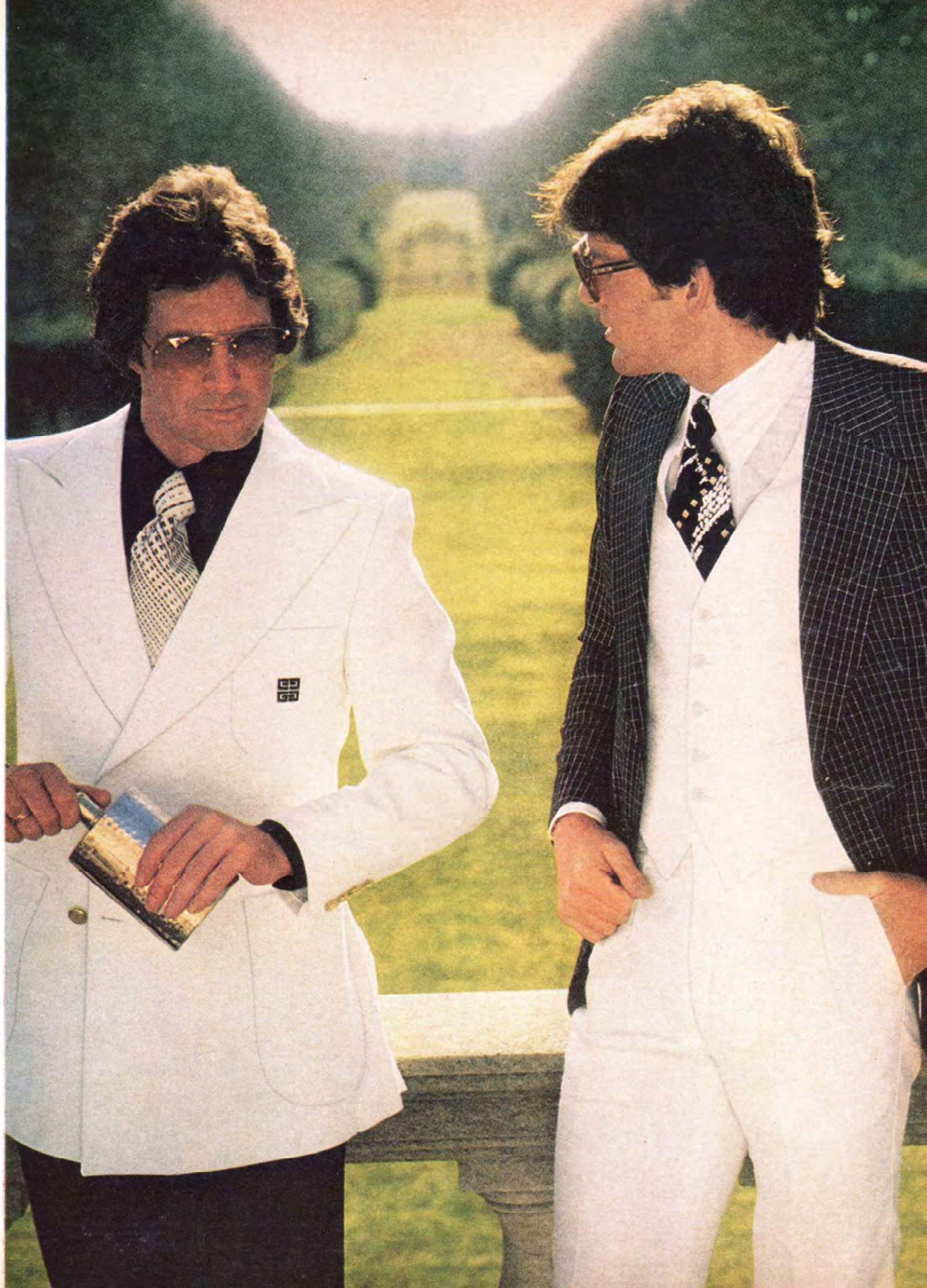
Pure-silk, geometric-print jacket (\$235) by Lebow Bros., Inc., at Sak's Fifth Avenue (New York and other branches) and David's of Miami Beach. Pleated trousers are by Boulet, shirt by John Henry, tie by Guy Laroche. All sunglasses featured on these pages courtesy of Optical Manufacturers Association.

At right, a linen-look jacket (\$150), Givenchy by Chequers, Ltd.; Phillipe Venet shirt for Parkley; tie by Vicky Davis. Tattersall-check, silk-look sport coat ensemble (jacket, \$115, slacks, \$50, and vest, \$15) by Carlo Palazzi Roma-New York. Shirt by Hathaway; tie by Vicky Davis. Flask and cigarette holder at Lifestyle, N.Y.

SPORT COAT REDUX

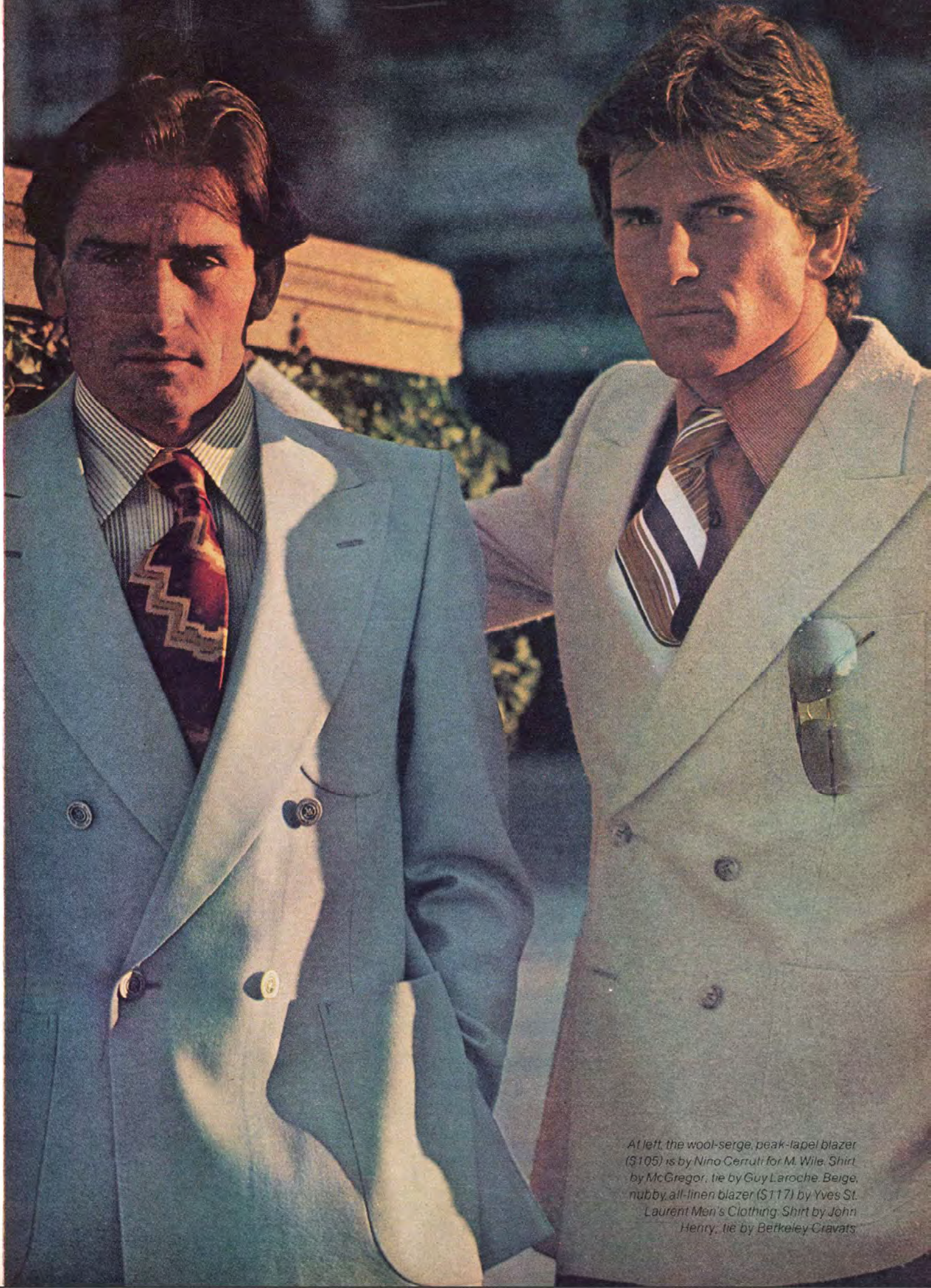
*As a wardrobe stretcher, the
casual yet classic
sport jacket is more important than ever.
At long last,
it's au revoir to leisure suits.*

Sport coats once again scale the fashion peak this spring, now that the ubiquitous leisure suit is finally losing popularity. Enhanced by clean, crisp tailoring, this new look is double-breasted and has the incisive styling of peaked lapels in order to emphasize a slimmer, more dramatic silhouette. Ties become more vital than ever—as does the dash of a pocket square. Remember, the keynote of spring is simplicity.





A wool double-breasted blazer (\$135) dashing combines with the polyester-blend vest and pants (\$100) for the complete spring look. By Van Gils for Hank Englehardt Enterprises. Shirt by John Henry; tie by Guy Laroche.



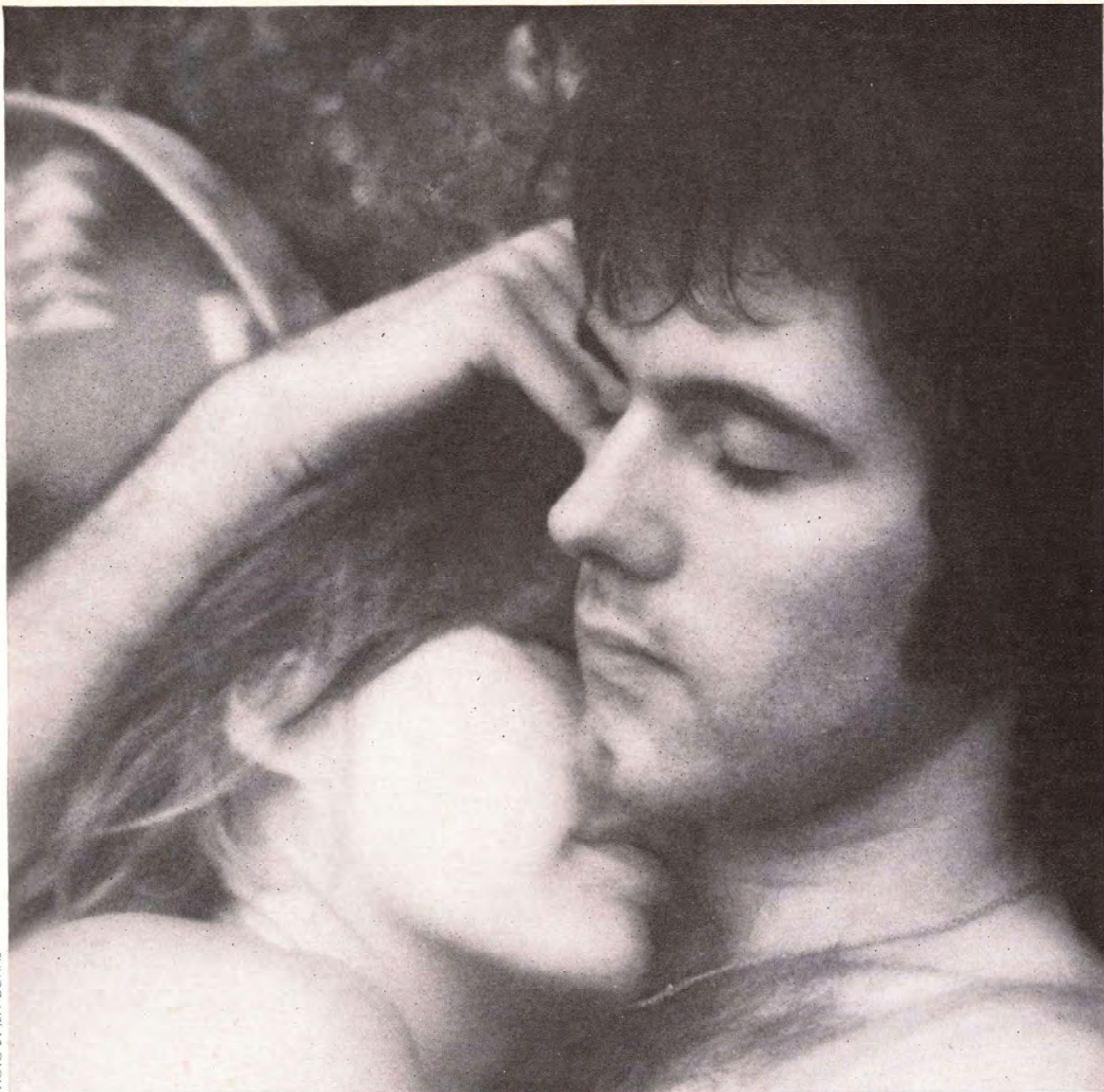
At left, the wool-serge, peak-lapel blazer (\$105) is by Nino Cerruti for M. Wile. Shirt by McGregor; tie by Guy Laroche. Beige, nubby, all-linen blazer (\$117) by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing. Shirt by John Henry; tie by Berkeley Cravats.

Couture designer Adolfo likes the natural feeling of wool for spring, in easy-to-wear, lightweight sport combinations and body-traced silhouettes. At left, a white-gabardine blazer (\$185) and (right) the timeless navy wool blazer (\$175).



Adolfo's signature is apparent in this wool-silk melange of jacket, vest, and trousers (ensemble, \$285). All fashions are by Adolfo, Div. of Leon of Paris, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York. For retail stores, see fashion finder.





FORUM-no subject is taboo

The FORUM is wide open as an international audience exchanges views, fantasies, problems and aspirations. The arts of love are discussed as frankly as the English language will allow in articles by doctors, sex therapists, analysts, clergymen and writers.

The FORUM is open to its readers, too. You can participate in FORUM's "Advisor" column and in "The Open Forum"

where the readers call it like they see it.

FORUM is a loving experience, to be cherished and savored for years. Become a full-time participant and save \$3.25 off regular newsstand rates with a subscription.

Send your check or money order for \$12.00 (12 issues) to: FORUM, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

HITE REPORT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

40. How old were you when you had your first sexual experiences? What were they—both with yourself, and with another person? How old were you when you had your first orgasm? During what kind of activity? What did you think of your orgasm at the time?

41. If you are still living at home with your family, do you have a "sex life"? What kind? Do your parents/family know about it? How did they react when they found out?

42. Have you ever had sexual feelings for members of your family? Brothers or sisters? Parents? Have your children (if applicable) ever shown sexual responses to your touch, or have you ever had sexual feelings for them? How did you react?

43. Are you attracted to older women? Older men? Why or why not?

IV. RELATIONSHIPS—PART A

44. What is your age, and, if you feel it is relevant, your background, occupation, education, upbringing, and race?

45. Do you prefer sex with women, men, both, yourself, or not at all?

46. What is the purpose of sex in your view? Is having sex important to you?

47. Do you like extended periods of monogamy? Why or why not? Do you like casual sexual relationships?

48. If you are married, how many years have you been married? Do you like being married? What is the effect on sex?

49. Have you had "extramarital" sexual experiences? Were they of the "open marriage" type or unknown to your wife? What was the effect on you as an individual and on your marriage?

50. If you are "single," how long have you been single? Do you like it? Why? Would you rather be married? Do you plan to get married eventually, or will you remain single?

51. If you are living with someone, how long have you been living with them? Do you like living together? Would you rather be married? Please explain.

52. Do you ever go for long periods without sex (over four months, for example, or longer)? Does this include masturbation, or do you have no sex at all? What is the longest you have ever spent without sex? Did you like it?

53. What do you think of the "sexual revolution"?

PART B

54. Do you have sexual fantasies? Exactly what do you fantasize?

55. Is sadomasochism, or domination-submission, appealing to you? In what way? Does it excite you to think about it?

56. Do you ever have a feeling of powerlessness or submission, a wanting to be "taken" during sex? When? Do you enjoy it?

57. Do you ever have a feeling of power during sex? When? How does it feel? (This question and question 56 do not necessarily refer to question 55; answer them in any way they have meaning for you.)

58. Have you ever raped a woman? Why? What was it like? If not, have you ever wanted to rape a woman? Why?

59. Have you ever had sex with a prostitute? How did you feel about paying for sex?

60. Did you ever feel a woman was having sex with you because of something you could give her—your prestige, position, or economic advantages? How did you feel about it?

61. Do you feel that sex is in any way political?

62. Do you get enough love and affection in your sexual relationships? Do you give

enough? Is too much demanded?

PART C

(If you are exhausted, skip down to #69.)

63. Describe the time you fell the most deeply in love. How did it feel? What happened?

64. Did you ever cry yourself to sleep because of problems with someone you loved? Contemplate suicide? Why?

65. What was the happiest/most content you ever were with someone in a sexual relationship?

66. What is the best thing about your current relationship (if you are in one)? The worst?

67. How do your friendships compare with your love relationships? Which are more satisfying? More exciting? More loving? More long-term?

68. Is love the thing you work at in a relationship over a long period of time—or is it the strong feeling you feel for someone right from the beginning, for no known reason?

69. Please add anything you would like to say that was not mentioned.

70. Why did you answer this questionnaire, and what did you think of it? 





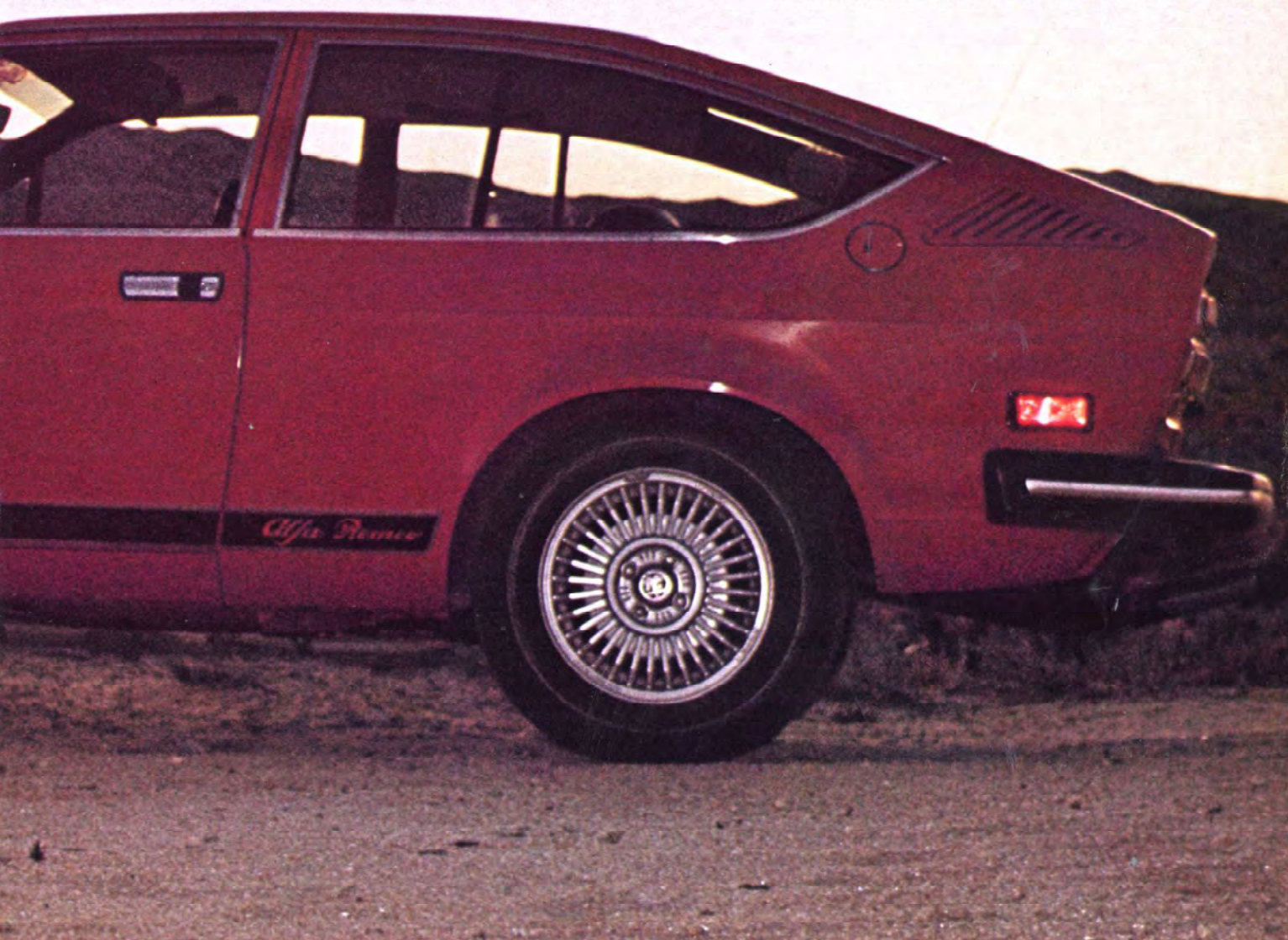
THE ULTIMATE ALFA

The Alfetta GT epitomizes
over eighty years
of automotive excellence.
BY JOE KELLEHER



A new model from the legendary Alfa-Romeo concern in Italy always causes a stir among connoisseurs of fine automobiles. The debut of the Alfetta GT has proved to be no exception. Driving the Alfetta GT for the first time is like sipping a fine champagne: the first taste leaves you wanting more, and further sampling only confirms and elaborates on your first impression. For people who love to drive, people who go out of their way to find those back roads that offer a challenge, the Alfetta GT offers the quintessence of style, speed, and control.

For the Alfetta GT is but the latest variation on the enduring hallmarks that



have been the stock and trade of Alfa-Romeo since its beginnings, way back in 1894. In cars, breeding can be as important as it is in horse racing. Of course, any two-buck horseplayer knows that you have to check both the bloodlines and the track record to pick a winner. And you can bet your boots that if any horse showed up with the Alfetta's lines and record, the tellers would be selling "win" tickets right up to post time.

The Alfetta can trace its bloodlines back to 1894, when the Anonima Lombardo Fabbrica Automobili (ALFA) was formed. In 1909 an engineer, Nicola Romeo, took over the company, and the

name Alfa-Romeo appeared for the first time on an automobile. That was the moment that Alfa-Romeo started making tidal waves in the auto world, and they're still rolling today.

Between World War I and World War II, racing was the road to success for a manufacturer. And Alfas dominated racing like no other car before or since. Entering both grand-prix and road races, Alfa-Romeo won more international races than any other car in history. Among the many things Alfa had going for it at the start was some of the finest engineering talent in the world. Like all exceptional engineers, the group at Alfa

were never satisfied. They kept improving their cars year after year. They kept winning prizes year after year. The culmination of this strategy was reached in the Tipo 158/159, which racing fans dubbed the Alfetta.

The racing Alfetta was something apart from other autos in its class. In the years just before World War II, Formula-I grand-prix cars were allowed to use unsupercharged engines up to 4,500 cc or supercharged engines of 3,000 cc. By comparison, the Alfetta, with only 1,500 cc, was a mere baby. But what a baby! From 1937 to 1951, when Alfa quit the racing scene, the Alfetta took on the

Photographs By Suze Randall

best cars in Europe and kept on romping home in first place. Clearly, this baby was a kid with a lot of muscle.

The muscle, naturally, was under the hood. Starting in 1937, Alfa's chief designer, Colombo, laid down a new racing engine that he felt could meet the challenge of Mercedes and Auto Union, then the reigning champions. Starting with no preconceptions whatsoever, Colombo developed the Alfa engine from the ground up and called it the Tipo 158. Basically, this engine was a straight eight, with double overhead-cam shafts, 1,479 cc that pumped out 180 hp at 6,500 rpm. This new power plant was far superior to any other engine then being manufactured. Still, Colombo kept on refining his design. By 1939, when World War II hit, the engine could crank out 225 hp.

When racing resumed after World War II, the 158 had become the Tipo 159, with a two-stage blower system and an output of 330 hp at 8,500 rpm. By 1951 nothing could touch the Alfetta. The car entered eleven races and won every one of them, including all the major grand-prix events. At the peak of its development, the Alfetta's 159 engine was producing 425 hp from only 90 cu. in.—or damn near 5 hp per cu. in.

As the engine's output increased, Alfa also improved the suspension, to take full advantage of the power available. With 425 hp on tap, handling could get very touchy unless the suspension worked flawlessly. After trying several combinations, the Alfetta engineers ended up with independent front suspension and a triangulated De Dion rear axle. With the De Dion system, the rear wheels are connected by a lightweight tube that keeps the wheels vertical during spring travel. This arrangement gives the driver all the advantages of an independent rear suspension with none of the flaky handling problems.

Having won everything in sight, Alfa decided in 1951 to bow out of racing and to concentrate on applying what had been learned to high-performance sports and passenger cars. In the twenty-five years that followed, Alfa earned an enviable reputation with a series of cars that have become well known for getting places very quickly, very comfortably, and very safely.

In the Alfetta GT, the traditional Alfa-Romeo triad of speed, luxury, and safety moves several quantum jumps ahead. The first thing Alfa did was to give a lot of thought to driver comfort. The bucket seats have exceptionally long travel, with the back adjustable through a wide arc; and a small handle under your left hand lets you jack the seat up or down to suit your wishes. Once the seat is just where you want it, reach under the dash and pull back on the steering-wheel rake-adjustment lever. The wheel swings up or down to fit your reach perfectly. Pull the inertia-reel safety belt across your chest, snap it in place, and you're all set.

Out on the road, the GT drives and handles as well as it looks. In town or in slow traffic, the car moves easily in second or

third gear, with no fuss or bother. On freeways or turnpikes, you can pop it into fourth or fifth gear and purr along. (The fifth gear, by the way, is a real gas saver, with 70 mph reached at only 3,500 rpm.) At any speed the ride is smooth, and directional stability is excellent. Rack-and-pinion steering provides quick, smooth response. Best of all, the car always goes where you point it. Once you get off the freeways and onto those two-laners that wander across the landscape, you'll find out that the GT on the Alfetta is more than a set of initials. As you push the car harder and harder, your confidence begins to soar. There is that solid feeling that lets you know that the car's designer was a guy who loved to drive.

The excellent road-holding ability of the Alfetta GT starts with the fifty-fifty weight distribution. This balance is achieved by incorporating the five-speed gearbox, differential, flywheel, clutch, and inboard brakes in a single unit, at the rear.

Ideal weight distribution is only half of the

6

In the Alfetta GT,
the traditional Alfa-Romeo
triad of speed,
luxury, and safety moves
several quantum jumps
ahead.

,

package; the suspension makes up the rest. Up front you have fully independent suspension, with torsion-bar springing plus a sway bar. At the rear the wheels are controlled by the triangulated De Dion axle, Watts linkage, sway bar, and coil springs. The combination provides excellent control and eliminates those unexpected variables that can produce unplanned gyrations when the road gets rough or the driver too enthusiastic. The final touch is provided by a set of 185/70 HR 14 belted radials on five-and-one-half-inch rims. When pushed around a turn too fast, the Alfetta drifts in a predictable fashion, providing ample time to correct. The drift can be checked quickly by backing off the gas or getting on the brake. With a little practice you can learn to drift through turns with your toe on the brake, and the heel of the same foot on the gas. Unlike most front-engine cars, the Alfetta has near neutral steering and requires little effort to hold it in turns. Drivers who are used to manhandling heavy, understeering American cars tend to overcontrol the GT at first, but after a few miles they start taking those turns like a pro.

One thing Alfetta drivers can be sure of is that the power is there when they need it.

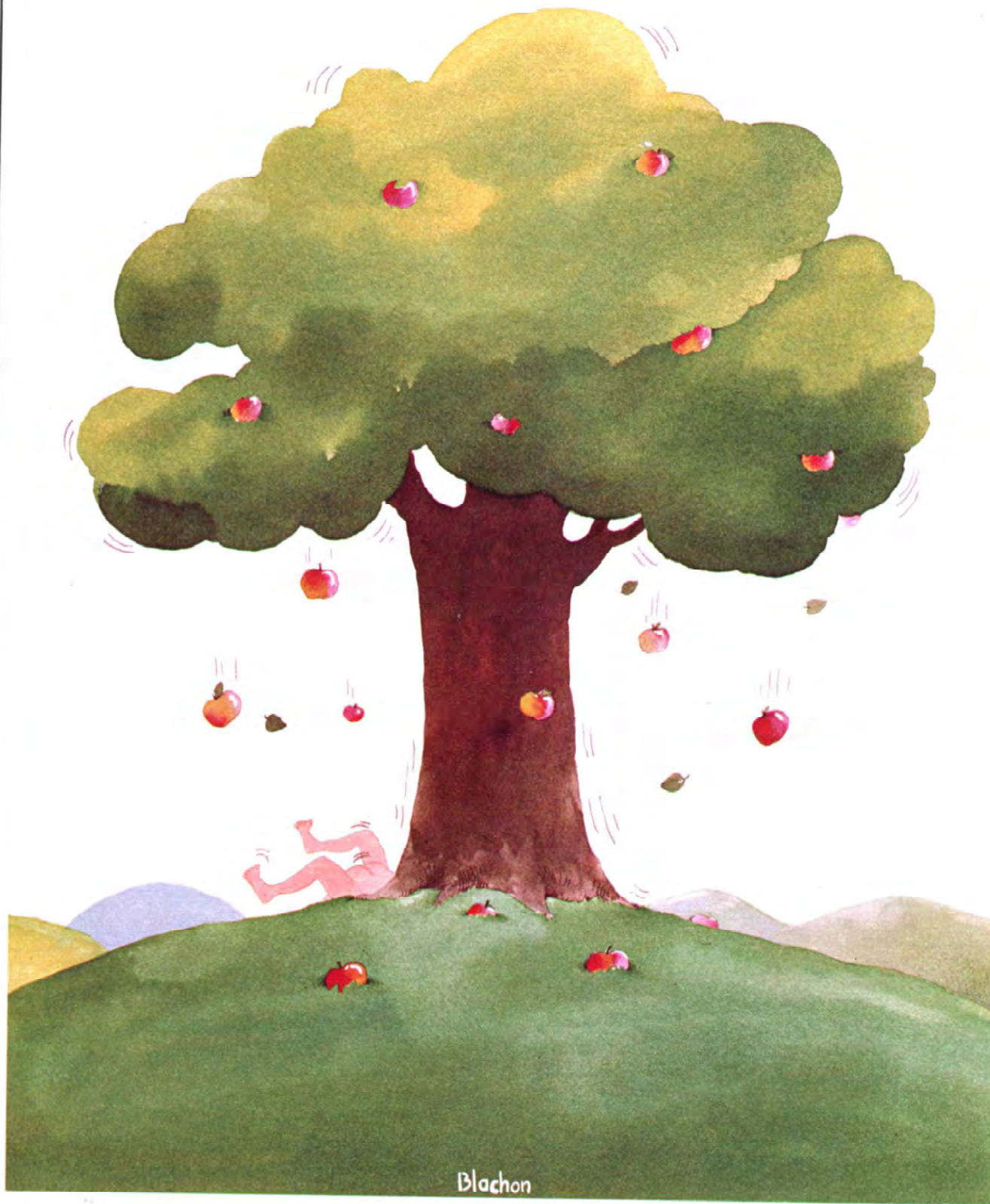
With the excellent five-speed box and smooth clutch, going through the gears is a pleasure. Red-lined at 6,000 rpm, the engine is perfectly willing and able to rev much higher at a touch of the toe. Maximum torque comes on at 4,500 rpm, but the engine delivers 90 percent of full torque from 2,600 to 5,800 rpm. Relying on their competition experience, Alfa's engineers have developed a detuned version of their racing engine for the Alfetta. The 1,962 cc (117.8 cu. in.) four-banger puts out an honest 110 hp at 5,500 hp.

Displaying amazingly little fuss, the Alfetta gets you up to 110 mph very quickly and feels quite stable at that speed. With four people aboard, the GT can cruise all day long in the 75-to-85-mph range, even on secondary roads. Naturally, the deceptive ease with which the car accelerates and cruises can cause some expensive encounters with Smokey the Bear; so keep your eyes open. This is but one situation where those power-actuated, four-wheel disc brakes are appreciated. For even at higher speeds, a light push on the brake pedal pulls your speed down quickly without any skidding or loss of directional control. Mounting the rear brakes inboard—that is, the transaxle housing—helps reduce the unsprung weight on the rear wheels and keeps the tires on the road, where they belong.

Only about fourteen feet long, the GT packs a lot of usable space into a smooth aerodynamic shell. The sharply raked windshield, squared-off, Kamm-effect tail, and generally clean lines produce a low drag coefficient of only 0.39, which makes it a clean machine by anyone's standards. Aside from the fuel savings, the low drag design creates very little wind noise and contributes significantly to both driver comfort and high-speed stability. This functional design, coupled with elegant Italian interpretations, also gives the Alfetta its slim, sculptural beauty.

Internally, the GT is a neat, trim package with all the bits and pieces well thought out and firmly attached. Full carpeting, vinyl or velour upholstery, a crackle-finish dashboard (with a minimal amount of chrome), and a simple instrument cluster complement the sleek exterior. A full range of colors is offered for the body (my favorite being Alfa Red). The quality of the paint and trim is excellent; in fact, the paint job is far superior to that on anything being turned out of Detroit today.

Options for the GT include mag wheels, air conditioning, and radio, with everything else needed for first-class motoring included in the base price. Depending on the options—and your ability to haggle—you should be able to drive a GT away from your local dealer for between \$8,000 and \$8,500. That used to be a lot of money, but with even the mid-sized Detroit bombs going for around \$7,000, it's a whale of a bargain. For Alfa-Romeo's Alfetta GT is not just another set of wheels. One test-ride over a couple of curving back roads and you'll be hooked. 





WILD CHILD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

High-spirited and freewheeling, Nicole Carole is happiest in her beloved California mountains, where she will roam for hours. "I've been a professional dancer, and I do modeling and TV work, but mostly I love skiing, the mountains, the ocean. The city makes you feel like so many cattle—I get a tremendous rush when I'm in the wilderness." This five-foot-two-inch, 36-22-35 Scorpio likes feeling natural. "I could run around topless all day long. I get a sensation of child-like innocence, like when you're young and run around naked."

● I'm a moaner in bed, and I like a man who is a talker, who says sexy things while we're fucking. ●





"I'm not a very modest person. That's because I don't see anything wrong or dirty about sex. I think it's a gift men and women were given. I believe that a woman should look like a woman, to make men act more like men ... I love happy men; I look at their eyes and their smiles. I also like blue eyes, big shoulders, tiny bottoms."





Clothes by Shari Eubank, Los Angeles; Quilt by Marianne Mertens, San Clemente, Calif.

Twenty-four-year-old Nicole displays a healthy sexual appetite: "I would love to be with more than one man at a time, maybe even two or three men. I would want the lovemaking to be very warm and passionate. I like a lot of foreplay and oral sex. Then I like hardcore fucking, especially being entered from behind."





"I believe a woman should make her man happy in bed. I wear something lacy, either black or white. Sometimes I wear nylons and high heels. I'm a moaner in bed, and I like a man who is a talker, who says really sexy things while we're fucking. I like to laugh with my men in bed and out. Life is too serious to be taken seriously ..."





"I like to make love in unexpected, spontaneous situations. Like in the bedroom or bathroom of parents' houses.

I love doing it outside in the good old car. I've made love in the bathroom at a restaurant and in the back of a plane—places where it's forbidden."

Such forbidden fruits, Nicole, could make Adams of us all. O+



CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

Vicky suddenly began to laugh—a high, giggling sound that struck Burt as being dangerously close to hysteria.

"What's so funny?"

"The signs," she said, gasping and hiccuping. "Haven't you been reading them? When they called this the Bible Belt, they sure weren't kidding. Oh Lordy, there's another bunch." Another burst of hysterical laughter escaped her, and she clapped both hands over her mouth.

Each of the signs had only one word. They were leaning on whitewashed sticks that seemed by their looks to have been emplaned long ago in the sandy shoulder; the whitewash was flaked and faded. They were coming up at eighty-foot intervals, and Burt read:

A . . . CLOUD . . . BY . . . DAY . . . A . . .
PILLAR . . . OF . . . FIRE . . . BY . . . NIGHT
"They only forgot one thing," Vicky said, still giggling helplessly.

"What?" Burt asked, frowning.

"Burma Shave." She held a knuckled fist against her open mouth to keep in the laughter, but her semihysterical giggles flowed around it like effervescent ginger ale bubbles.

"Vicky, are you all right?"

"I will be. Just as soon as we're a thousand miles away from here, in sunny, sinful California with the Rockies between us and Nebraska."

Another group of signs came up, and they read them silently.

TAKE . . . THIS . . . AND . . . EAT . . .
SAITH . . . THE . . . LORD . . . GOD

Now why, Burt thought, should I immediately associate that indefinite pronoun with corn? Isn't that what they say when they give you communion? It had been so long since he had been to church that he really couldn't remember. He wouldn't have been surprised if they used cornbread for holy wafer around these parts. He opened his mouth to tell Vicky that and then thought better of it.

They breasted a gentle rise, and there was Gatlin below them, all three blocks of it, looking like a set from a movie about the depression.

"There'll be a constable," Burt said and wondered why the sight of that hick, one-timetable town dozing in the sun should have brought a lump of dread into his throat.

They passed a speed sign proclaiming that no more than thirty was now in order and another sign, rust-flecked, which said: "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING GATLIN, NICEST LITTLE TOWN IN NEBRASKA OR ANYWHERE ELSE! POP. 5431."

Dusty elms stood on both sides of the road, most of them diseased. They passed the Gatlin Lumber Yard and a 76 gas station, where the price signs swung slowly in a hot noon breeze—"REG. 35.9 HI TEST 38.9"—and another said, "HI TRUCKERS DIESEL FUEL AROUND BACK."

They crossed Elm Street, then Birch Street, and came up on the town square. The houses lining the streets were plain wood with screened porches. Angular and functional. The lawns were yellow and dispirited. Up ahead a mongrel dog walked slowly out into the middle of Maple Street, stood looking at them for a moment, then lay down in the road with its nose on its paws.

"Stop," Vicky said. "Stop right here."

Burt pulled obediently to the curb.

"Turn around. Let's take the body to Grand Island. That's not too far, is it? Let's do that."

"Vicky, what's wrong?"

"What do you mean, what's wrong?" She asked, her voice rising thinly. "This town is empty. Burt. There's nobody here but us. Can't you feel that?"

He had felt something and still felt it. But—

"It just seems that way," he said. "But it sure is a one-hydrant town. Probably all up

6

In each of the wide,
black pupils
someone was drowning in
a lake of fire.
But the oddest thing
was that this
Christ had green hair. . . .

,

in the square, having a bake sale or a bingo game."

"There's no one here." She said the words with a queer, strained emphasis. "Didn't you see that 76 station back there?"

"Sure, by the lumberyard, so what?" His mind was elsewhere, listening to the dull buzz of a cicada burrowing into one of the nearby elms. He could smell corn, dusty roses, and fertilizer—of course. For the first time they were off the turnpike and in a town. A town in a state he had never been in before (although he had flown over it from time to time in United Airlines 747s), and somehow it felt all wrong but all right. Somewhere up ahead there would be a drugstore with a soda fountain, a movie house named the Bijou, a school named after JFK.

"Burt, the prices said thirty-five-nine for regular and thirty-eight-nine for high octane. Now how long has it been since anyone in this country paid those prices?"

"At least four years," he admitted. "But Vicky—"

"We're right in town, Burt, and there's not a car! Not one car!"

"Grand Island is seventy miles away. It would look funny if we took him there."

"I don't care."

"Look, let's just drive up to the courthouse and—"

"No!"

There, damn it, there. Why our marriage is falling apart, in a nutshell. No I won't. No sir. And furthermore, I'll hold my breath till I turn blue if you don't let me have my way.

"Vicky," he said.

"I want to get out of here, Burt."

"Vicky, listen to me."

"Turn around. Let's go."

"Vicky, will you stop a minute?"

"I'll stop when we're driving the other way. Now let's go."

"We have a dead child in the trunk of our car!" He roared at her and took a distinct pleasure at the way she flinched, the way her face crumbled. In a slightly lower voice, he went on: "His throat was cut, and he was shoved out into the road, and I ran him over. Now I'm going to drive up to the courthouse or whatever they have here, and I'm going to report it. If you want to start walking back toward the pike, go to it. I'll pick you up. But don't you tell me to turn around and drive seventy miles to Grand Island like we had nothing in the trunk but a bag of garbage. He happens to be some mother's son, and I'm going to report it before whoever killed him gets over the hills and far away."

"You bastard," she said, crying. "What am I doing with you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know anymore. But the situation can be remedied, Vicky."

He pulled away from the curb. The dog lifted its head at the brief squeal of the tires and then lowered it to its paws again.

They drove the remaining block to the square. At the corner of Main and Pleasant, Main Street split in two. There actually was a town square, a grassy park with a bandstand in the middle. On the other end, where Main Street became one again, there were two official-looking buildings. Burt could make out the lettering on one: "GATLIN MUNICIPAL CENTER."

"That's it," he said. Vicky said nothing.

Halfway up the square Burt pulled over again. They were beside a lunchroom, the Gatlin Bar and Grill.

"Where are you going?" Vicky asked with alarm as he opened his door.

"To find out where everyone is. Sign in the window there says, 'OPEN.'"

"You're not going to leave me here alone."

"So come. Who's stopping you?"

She unlocked her door and stepped out as he crossed in front of the car. He saw how pale her face was and felt an instant of pity. Hopeless pity.

"Do you hear it?" She asked as he joined her.

"Hear what?"

"The nothing. No cars. No people. No tractors. Nothing."

And then, from a block over, they heard the high and joyous laughter of children.

"I hear kids," he said. "Don't you?"

She looked at him, troubled.

He opened the lunchroom door and

stepped into dry, antiseptic heat. The floor was dusty. The sheen on the chrome was dull. The wooden blades of the ceiling fans stood still. Empty tables. Empty counter stools. But the mirror behind the counter had been shattered, and there was something else . . . in a moment he had it. All the beer taps had been broken off. They lay along the counter like bizarre party favors.

Vicky's voice was gay and near to breaking. "Sure. Ask anybody. Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me—"

"Oh, shut up." But his voice was dull and without force. They were standing in a bar of dusty sunlight that fell through the lunchroom's big plate-glass window, and again he had that feeling of being watched, and he thought of the boy they had in their trunk and of the high laughter of children. A phrase came to him for no reason, a legal-sounding phrase, and it began to repeat mystically in his mind: *Sight unseen. Sight unseen. Sight unseen.*

His eyes traveled over the age-yellowed cards thumbtacked up behind the counter: "CHEESEBURG 35¢ WORLD'S BEST JOE 10¢ STRAWBERRY RHUBARB PIE 25¢ TODAY'S SPECIAL HAM & RED-EYE GRAVY W/MASHED POT 80¢."

How long since he had seen lunchroom prices like that?

Vicky had the answer. "Look at this," she said shrilly. She was pointing at the calendar on the wall. "They've been at that bean supper for twelve years, I guess." And she uttered a grinding laugh.

He walked over. The picture showed two boys swimming in a pond while a cute little dog carried off their clothes. Below the picture was the legend: "COMPLIMENTS OF GATLIN LUMBER & HARDWARE *You Breakum, We Fixum.*" The month on view was August 1964.

"I don't understand," he faltered, "but I'm sure—"

"You're sure!" She cried hysterically. "Sure, you're sure! That's part of your trouble, Burt; you've spent your whole life being sure!"

He turned back to the door, and she came after him.

"Where are you going?"

"To the Municipal Center."

"Burt, why do you have to be so stubborn? You know something's wrong here. Can't you just admit it?"

"I'm not being stubborn. I just want to get shut of what's in that trunk."

They stepped out onto the sidewalk, and Burt was struck afresh with the town's silence and with the smell of fertilizer. Somehow you never thought of that smell when you buttered an ear and salted it and bit in. Compliments of sun, rain, all sorts of man-made phosphates and a good healthy dose of cow shit. But somehow this smell was different from the one he had grown up with in rural upstate New York. You could say whatever you wanted to about organic fertilizer, but there was something almost fragrant about it when the spreader was laying it down in the fields. Not one of your great perfumes, God no, but when the

late-afternoon spring breeze would pick up and waft it over the freshly turned fields, it was a smell with good associations. It meant winter was over for good. It meant that school doors were going to bang closed in six weeks or so and spill everyone out into summer. It was a smell tied irrevocably in his mind with other aromas that were perfume: timothy grass, clover, fresh earth, hollyhocks, dogwood.

But they must do something different out here, he thought. The smell was close but not the same. There was a sickish-sweet undertone. Almost a death smell. As a medical orderly in Vietnam, he had become well versed in that smell.

Vicky was sitting quietly in the car, holding the corn crucifix in her lap and staring at it in a rapt way Burt didn't like.

"Put that thing down," he said.

"No," she said without looking up. "You play your games and I'll play mine."

He put the car in gear and drove up to the corner. A dead stoplight hung overhead, swinging in a faint breeze. To the left was a neat, white church. The grass was cut. Neatly kept flowers grew alongside the flagged path up to the door. Burt pulled over.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to go in and take a look," Burt said. "It's the only place in town that looks as if there isn't ten years' dust on it. And look at the sermon board."

She looked. Neatly pegged white letters

under glass read: "THE POWER AND GRACE OF HE WHO WALKS BEHIND THE ROWS." The date was July 24, 1976—the Sunday before.

"He Who Walks behind the Rows," Burt said, turning off the ignition. "One of the nine thousand names of God only used in Nebraska, I guess. Coming?"

She didn't smile. "I'm not going in with you."

"Fine. Whatever you want."

"I haven't been in a church since I left home, and I don't want to be in *this* church, and I don't want to be in *this* town. Burt, I'm scared out of my mind; can't we just go?"

"I'll only be a minute."

"I've got my keys, Burt. If you're not back in five minutes, I'll just drive away and leave you here."

"Now just wait a minute, lady."

"That's what I'm going to do. Unless you want to assault me like a common mugger and take my keys. I suppose you could do that."

"But you don't think I will."

"No."

Her purse was on the seat between them. He snatched it up. She screamed and grabbed for the shoulder strap. He pulled it out of her reach. Not bothering to dig, he simply turned the bag upside down and let everything fall out. Her key ring glittered amid tissues, cosmetics, change, old shopping lists. She lunged for it, but he beat her again and put the keys in his own pocket.

**INTRODUCING
RIZLA'S
OUTERSPACE VEHICLE.
ONLY \$2.00.**

SAVE \$2.00 ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

Whether you fancy regular or filter tip, the Rizla luxury roller can roll a perfect cigarette in seconds. Comes in burnished aluminum and jet black plastic. Plus a free booklet of Rizla cigarette papers and instructions. Regular price is \$4.00.* You can have one for only \$2.00 plus five front labels of any Rizla cigarette paper packets. Send for yours today. You'll travel better with a Rizla luxury roller...and Rizla quality papers.

RIZLA+ PRODUCTS, U.S. 2850 E. 44th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90058

Enclosed you will find \$_____ Please send me _____
 Rizla luxury rollers. (For each roller ordered include
 five front labels from any Rizla cigarette paper
 packets.) No C.O.D.'s. Offer void where pro-
 hibited. Offer expires July 1, 1977. Calif.
 residents add 6% tax.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ P3

"You didn't have to do that," she said, crying. "Give them to me."

"No," he said and gave her a hard, meaningless grin. "No way."

"Please, Burt! I'm scared!" She held her hand out, pleading now.

"You'd wait two minutes and decide that was long enough."

"I wouldn't—"

"And then you'd drive off, laughing and saying to yourself, 'That'll teach Burt to cross me when I want something.' Hasn't that pretty much been your motto during our married life? That'll teach Burt to cross me?"

He got out of the car.

"Please, Burt?" She screamed, sliding across the seat. "Listen . . . I know . . . we'll drive out of town and call from a phone booth. okay? I've got all kinds of change. I just . . . we can . . . don't leave me alone, Burt; don't leave me out here alone!"

He slammed the door on her cry and then leaned against the side of the T-Bird for a moment, thumbs against his closed eyes. She was pounding on the driver's-side window and calling his name. She was going to make a wonderful impression when he finally found someone in authority to take charge of the kid's body. Oh yes.

He turned and walked up the flagstone path to the church doors. Two or three minutes, just a look around, and he would be back out. Probably the door wasn't even unlocked.

But it pushed in easily on silent, well-oiled hinges (reverently oiled, he thought, and that seemed funny for no really good reason), and he stepped into a vestibule so cool it was almost chilly. It took his eyes a moment to adjust to the dimness.

The first thing he noticed was a pile of wooden letters in the far corner, dusty and jumbled indifferently together. He went to them, curious. They looked as old and forgotten as the calendar in the bar and grill, unlike the rest of the vestibule, which was dust free and tidy. The letters were about two feet high, obviously part of a set. He spread them out on the carpet—there were eighteen of them—and shifted them around like anagrams. HU RT BITE CRAG CHAP CS. Nope. CRAP TARGET CHIBS HUC. That wasn't much good either. Except for the CH in CHIBS. He quickly assembled the word CHURCH and was left looking at RAP TAGET CIBS. Foolish. He was squatting here, playing idiot games with a bunch of letters while Vicky was going nuts out in the car. He started to get up and then saw it. He formed BAPTIST, leaving RAG EC, and by changing two letters he had GRACE. GRACE BAPTIST CHURCH. The letters must have been out front. They had taken them down and had thrown them indifferently in the corner, and the church had been painted since then so that you couldn't even see where the letters had been.

Why?

It wasn't the Grace Baptist Church anymore; that was why. So what kind of church was it? For some reason that question

caused a trickle of fear, and he stood up quickly, dusting his fingers. So they had taken down a bunch of letters: so what? Maybe they had changed the place into Flip Wilson's Church of What's Happening Now.

But what had happened then?

He shook it off impatiently and went through the inner doors. Now he was standing at the back of the church itself; and as he looked toward the nave, he felt fear close around his heart with its banana fingers squeezing tightly. His breath drew in, loud in the pregnant silence of this place.

The space behind the pulpit was dominated by a gigantic portrait of Christ, and Burt thought: *if nothing else in this town gave Vicky the screaming mimis, this would.*

The Christ was grinning, vulpine. His eyes were wide and staring, reminding Burt uneasily of Lon Chaney in *The Phantom of the Opera*. In each of the wide, black pupils someone (a sinner, presumably) was

The children were coming.
Some of them were
laughing gaily. They held knives,
hatchets, pipes, rocks,
hammers. One girl, with beautiful
long blonde hair,
held a jack handle.

drowning in a lake of fire. But the oddest thing was that this Christ had green hair . . . hair which on closer examination revealed itself to be a twining mass of early summer corn. The picture was crudely done but effective. It looked like a comic-strip mural done by a gifted child—an Old Testament Christ or a pagan Christ that might slaughter his sheep for sacrifice instead of leading them.

At the foot of the left-hand rank of pews was a pipe organ, and Burt could not at first tell what was wrong with it. He walked down the left-hand aisle and saw with slowly dawning horror that all the keys had been ripped up, the stops had been pulled out . . . and the pipes themselves filled with dry corn husks. Over the organ was a carefully lettered plaque which read: "MAKE NO MUSIC EXCEPT WITH HUMAN TONGUE SAITH THE LORD GOD."

Vicky was right. Something was terribly wrong here. He debated going back to Vicky without exploring any further, just getting into the car and leaving town as quickly as possible—never mind the Municipal Building. But it grated on him. Tell the truth, he thought. You want to give her Ban 5000 a workout before going back and admitting

she was right to start with.

He would go back out in a minute or so.

He walked toward the pulpit, thinking: people must go through Gatlin all the time. There must be people in the neighboring towns who have friends and relatives here. The Nebraska SP must cruise through from time to time. And what about the power company? The spotlight had been dead. Surely they'd know if the power had been off for twelve long years. Conclusion: what seemed to have happened in Gatlin was impossible.

Still he had the creeps.

He climbed the four carpeted steps to the pulpit and looked out over the deserted pews, glimmering in the half shadows. He seemed to feel the weight of those eldritch and decidedly unchristian eyes boring into his back.

There was a large Bible on the lectern, opened to the thirty-eighth chapter of Job. Burt glanced down at it and read: "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? . . . Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding." The Lord. He Who Walks behind the Rows. Declare if thou hast understanding. And please pass the corn.

He fluttered the pages of the Bible, and they made a dry whispering sound in the quiet—the sound that ghosts might make if there really were such things. And in a place like this you could almost believe it. Sections of the Bible had been chopped out. Mostly from the New Testament, he saw. Someone had decided to take on the job of amending Good King James with a pair of scissors.

But the Old Testament was intact.

He was about to leave the pulpit when he saw another book on a lower shelf and took it out, thinking it might be a church record of weddings and confirmations and burials.

He grimaced at the words stamped on the cover, done inexpertly in gold leaf: "THUS LET THE INIQUITOUS BE CUT DOWN SO THAT THE GROUND MAY BE FERTILE AGAIN SAITH THE LORD GOD OF HOSTS."

There seemed to be only one train of thought around here, and Burt didn't care much for the track it seemed to ride on.

He opened the book to the first wide, lined sheet. A child had done the lettering, he saw immediately. In places an ink eraser had been carefully used, and while there were no misspellings, the letters were large and childishly made, drawn rather than written. The first column read:

Amos Deigan (Richard)

b. Sept. 4, 1945 Sept. 4, 1964

Isaac Renfrew (William).

b. Sept. 19, 1945 Sept. 19, 1964

Zepheniah Kirk (George),

b. Oct. 14, 1945 Oct. 14, 1964

Mary Wills (Roberta),

b. Nov. 12, 1945 Nov. 12, 1964

Yemen Hollis (Edward),

b. Jan. 5, 1946 Jan. 5, 1965

CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

SEXY HEAD



Every man wants it. And now every man can get it.

It's as simple as taking one HEAD-UP™ tablet a day with a glass of your favorite beverage.

What's HEAD-UP? HEAD-UP—exclusively from Nature's Bounty—is a scientifically formulated combination of vitamins and minerals specifically designed to do for your hair what other vitamins and minerals do for the rest of your body.

Your hair is a part of your body. Too often men have a tendency to forget that. They carefully choose their clothes, their restaurants, their cars, and their dates. They take meticulous care of their bodies. And their hair? A quick shampoo, dry it, comb it, and forget it. That's a *mistake!*

Just as the rest of your body needs nutrients, so does your hair. In fact, hair cells grow seven times faster than your other body cells. That alone should tell you how important proper health care for your hair can be.

HEAD-UP, taken with a meal, a few minutes of daily care, and the exclusive Nature's Bounty plan for thicker, fuller, shinier hair, can provide that extra nutritional help. HEAD-UP can mean the difference between a barely controllable, dry, brittle, dull mane and a thick, lustrous, manageable head of healthy hair. Or, put another way, it can spell the difference between a one-look casual glance and a stare that says "get that sexy head!"

The nutrients in HEAD-UP tablets—including zinc, iron, B-12, and others—have been combined to work with other vitamins and minerals so that you can forget—once and for all—worrying about grayness, a receding hairline, brittle, unmanageable hair, and baldness, all problems that can be caused by nutritional deficiencies.



Each bottle of HEAD-UP contains a full 60-day supply along with the exclusive Nature's Bounty plan for thicker, fuller, shinier hair. After just a few days you will begin to discover for yourself the benefits your hair derives from a daily supply of natural vitamins and minerals combined in HEAD-UP. And see what the world looks like from under a sexy head.

Remember: There is no need to accept substitutes. If it is not from Nature's Bounty, it is not HEAD-UP.

Available at finer retail stores. If not sold in your area, purchase directly from Nature's Bounty with the coupon below.

HEAD-UP is a trademark of Nature's Bounty © Nature's Bounty, Inc., 1976

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS 800-645-5412

N.Y. Residents call 212-895-6577

Nature's Bounty, Inc., Hair Care Division, Dept. P2
105 Orville Drive, Bohemia, New York 11716

Please send me _____ bottle(s) of HEAD-UP vitamins from Nature's Bounty @ \$7.95 per bottle, plus 75¢ for shipping and handling. I enclose \$ _____

Credit card orders accepted.

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Acct. # _____ Exp. Date _____

Mastercharge Interbank # _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If not completely satisfied, return unused portion for a full refund.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DENNIS SMITH

“
The real test of a man is
how he operates
in stress. And I don't think you
can find any greater
stress than exists in the action
of a fire department.
”

He grew up in a tenement on the East Side of Manhattan, dropped out of high school at sixteen, sniffed heroin and skin-popped, and was busted by the police several times for being where he shouldn't have been. Eventually, he became a fireman—not because that was an interesting or exciting job or a chance to help people, but because it offered the security he'd never had.

Then one day Dennis Smith, a sad-eyed Irishman who savors his words—indeed, seems almost to taste each one as it takes shape—wrote a book about what it was like to be a fireman in the busiest firehouse in the world. *Report from Engine Co. 82* was an instant best-seller. The movies went for it, too, and it has by now brought Smith more than \$600,000. A second book about firemen, a novel called *The Final Fire*, is approaching a million in total paperback sales and has pushed his earnings to nearly a million dollars.

Almost overnight, Smith's life changed. The State Department sent him to Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland to lecture on contemporary American writing. He got rid of his Ford and his cramped home in a suburb north of New York City, bought matching burgundy Mercedes Benz sedans for himself and his wife, Pat, and moved to a \$130,000 mansion that he designed for himself on eight acres of woodland. He eats in the finest restaurants and wears expensive suits . . .

Smith has not, however, given up his job as a fireman—even though his \$17,000 salary is less than the taxes he pays on his publishing income. He's still writing about firemen (a third book, *Firehouse*, with photographs by Jill Freedman, is being published by Doubleday), and last fall, with his partner, Bartle Bull, he started publishing a national magazine, also called *Firehouse*. Smith has great hopes for the magazine—one having a readership

appeal not only for thousands of firemen but also for their families and for the many civilian “fire buffs”—and those hopes are beginning to be realized: the initial subscription order was more than 60,000.

Smith's writing is raw and direct, and he describes himself as “an American primitive.” “I really had no training,” he told interviewer Joseph B. Treaster, “but I knew—I had this perception of myself as a writer. I just knew that I wanted to be a writer.”

First—at about the time he left school—there were short stories and poems written in longhand, “satires and allegories, little things that I thought were clever.” Then, after four years at an air-force radar station in Nevada (where he also moonlighted as a ranch hand and got a high-school-equivalency diploma), Smith started on a novel. To make ends meet, he worked as a steam fitter, clerk, and cab driver before finally becoming a fireman. All that time, he was writing. The first novel never got published.

But an article he'd written for the *New York Times* on Irish poetry led to a “Talk of the Town” piece about him in the *New Yorker*. It caught the eye of an editor, who thought that perhaps a writing fireman could get beyond the clichés and give readers a realistic look at how the man in the firehouse lives and works. To have an “office” where he could write, Smith took over the bedroom of one of his three sons, and in seven months *Report from Engine Co. 82* was completed. Each day Smith would go to the firehouse, roll through the streets of the South Bronx on the engine truck, and fight his way into blazing buildings; and each night he would go home and put his experiences down on paper. It was strong and straightforward stuff, a sensitive yet unromantic treatment that read like fiction—and sold even better than the average novel.

Shortly after Smith was born, in Brooklyn on Sept. 9, 1940, his father, a railway express truckman, had a nervous breakdown, and Dennis and his brother, William (who is two years older and who today teaches emotionally disturbed children in a New York public school), moved with their mother out of Brooklyn to an East Side tenement. She made ends meet through welfare checks and occasional cleaning jobs. When Smith was eleven or twelve and his mother felt that she could leave him alone, she took a job with the telephone company. After leaving the air force, Smith began studies at New York University and earned a bachelor of arts degree in English and a master's in communications.

Smith's books have been well received by the critics, but he says that he is constantly being asked if he is going to write "something that's not about firemen, which is their way of saying, 'Are you ever going to write a real book?' What they're saying," Smith continued, "is, 'Can you write a more universal thing?' And I tell you, if enough people keep asking me that, it might just motivate me to not write anything else except stuff about firemen and the world of fire fighters—just as a kind of a resentment or a spiteful illustration, just to say to all these people that you *can* write serious literature about this particular world, about this group of people. I mean, you try to get some human truth, whatever that human truth

is, however abstract it might be. And you can do it within the context of a group of men like firemen and their families. In my last novel I had one character going to the roof of the St. Regis, for chrissake—to a debutante's ball!"

Smith is often compared with Joseph Wambaugh, the former Los Angeles Police Department detective, who has written about policemen with warmth and introspection. And he likes to think of himself and Wambaugh as "the only examples of true proletarian literature" in modern American letters.

Just how long Smith can go on eating fire and smoke is a question that he has been asking himself lately. It is the work at the firehouse that fuels his writing and gives him an unmatched credibility. But the strain on his body, meanwhile, is tremendous. He is scarred from burns, and his eyes seem always to be bloodshot. In the mornings he wakes up to find pus caked in his eyes, from chronic conjunctivitis. And there is less and less free time. It seems inevitable that one day he will have to leave the fire department, and that realization bothers him.

"I'm going to be terrifically sad the day that I leave," he says. "I don't know what the hell I'll write about it. I don't know what I'll say to explain it, because I don't think that anything can explain it. Probably the only thing to say is, 'Listen, I'm tired.'"

Penthouse: What made you decide to become a fireman?

Smith: Well, I grew up in the forties, and all the adults in my neighborhood had lived through the depression. But the cops and the firemen on the street had very secure jobs—they weren't laid off. So I grew up with the understanding that if you were a fireman, or if you were a cop, you really had it made. But it was just a job, like the jobs I had when I left high school. If someone had given me thirty-five dollars a week to go to school, I would have stayed in school.

Penthouse: Did you enjoy school?

Smith: No, I hated it. I did a lot of reading, but never the things I was supposed to read. And I never got good grades. So my mother said she thought I should go into the air force. I knew that my life had to have some focus. I just couldn't go from job to job. My mother wouldn't let me *not* work; I had to, no matter what. If I was out of work I was up and dressed at seven o'clock every morning so I could go out and look for a job. I couldn't leave the house with a polo shirt on; I had to wear a shirt and tie. So I went into the service. That was a very good experience for me because it got me out of New York at the right time. Drugs were very heavy in my neighborhood.

Penthouse: Did you use any?

Smith: Yeah. I never smoked much grass, interestingly, but we did sniff heroin and skin-pop and that kind of thing.

Penthouse: Were you an addict?

Smith: No, no. I was what we would call at that time a weekend popper.

Penthouse: Did you have friends who were addicts?

Smith: Yes. I had friends who died of overdoses. One friend was a hopeless addict who eventually got into a violent argument with his sister, and the sister killed him, essentially over the issue of drugs. But at the time I had a routine, you know? Getting on the bus going up to 110th Street, meeting some black dude and climbing the tenement flights to his apartment, and then giving his mother a quarter for a bottle of

wine and scoring in the guy's apartment. And then sticking the—well, I never did this, but I mean I've seen it done—my friends sticking the glassine envelope up their ass, in case they were stopped.

And then getting on the Second Avenue bus and going downtown, to a boiler room on Sutton Place, to shoot up horse in the cellar of the most powerful people in the country. It's an interesting juxtaposition to me now because I'm writing about it. But then it was just because somebody's father was the maintenance worker there and had keys for the boiler room.

Penthouse: So when you left the service, you became a fireman?

Smith: Yes. I was twenty-one years old; I needed a job. So I took the fireman's test and the cop's test. I got called for the cops and turned it down.

Penthouse: Why was being a fireman more attractive?

Smith: Because I figured I had enough troubles in this world without having a gun in my pocket all the time. I had no idea what the hell being a fireman meant. Except that you went to some fire station and you had a cup of coffee and you bullshitted with the guys; and you went out and rode on the back of this red thing that made a lot of noise, and good-looking girls turned their heads and you'd give them a little wave, a wink. But, of course, being a fireman is a very dangerous job. I mean, the cops spend less than 1 percent of their whole career in actual confrontation. But a fireman spends at least—well, if you work the way I work—20 percent.

[*Editor's note:* According to the International Association of Fire Fighters, firefighting is America's most dangerous occupation.]

However, the emotional stress that cops have to endure is tough, very tough. A cop is really dealing with the shit of the world, and he's always in a negative situation. But a fireman is always coming to help people; it's a positive situation.

Penthouse: An awful lot of people in this country probably have the same view of

firemen as you had before you started. What is it actually like to go into a fire?

Smith: Well, you know, you go into a building that everybody else has run out of. And it's a building full of dark, swirling smoke; you can't see, and you choke from it. It's heavy work—you sweat—and it's dangerous. You don't know what the hell it is; you don't know what's burning. But you do the job because you know it's gotta be done, and you're operating as a team. You have a fire, and you want to get in there and get it done—what we call in the fire department "making a good stop." You want to get in and get the fire fast before it goes into a second alarm or a third alarm or whatever.

You do have a sense of security because of the guy next to you. I mean, you know if something goes wrong, you're all going to die; but you're not going to die alone, because they're not going to let you die alone, you see? Not that we talk or think about death—we just don't. It's the last thing I ever think about when I go to work. It's on the surface of my mind, because I've probed all of this stuff through the years. I've thought a lot about it, trying to get the meaning of it. But subconsciously—for all fire fighters, I think—under the surface there's that understanding that if you're going to die, you're going to die together, that they're not going to let you die alone.

Penthouse: Do you get right into the flames?

Smith: Right through them. If this room that we're sitting in were on fire, we would get to the entrance before we opened the nozzle, in most cases. Unless it was so intensely hot out in the hall that we had to coordinate—if the windows were not already broken.

It's teamwork. Let me see if I can explain this in a way that would be understandable in print. If you were coming down a long hallway, a narrow hallway, and there was a room at the end of it that was on fire and the windows were not broken, you would use what we call a fog nozzle—a big spray pattern that will push the heat and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

The Great Whisky That's Made Like Great Wine.

No other whisky in the world is made like Old Forester. That's why no other whisky in the world tastes like Old Forester.

Old Forester isn't blended. It gets its color and flavor solely from the maturation process itself. It's made naturally, like Great Wine.

For example, Great Wine is matured under exacting conditions—to control temperature and humidity. So is Old Forester.

Most great French Wines are matured naturally—in oak barrels. Old Forester is matured the same way.

Great Wines are “candled” for color and clarity. “Nosed” for aroma and bouquet. They're bottled directly from the barrel. Never blended. And of course, they cost more.

This slow natural process is how some wines become Great Wines. And how Old Forester becomes Great Whisky.



Much More?

Just how much more is More, the 120mm cigarette? Let's take a look.

More is longer. And burns slower.

That means there's more time to enjoy those extra puffs of its smooth, mild taste.

More is styled leaner. And it's burnished brown.

That means it looks as good as it tastes.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



More

©1976—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER: 22 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 22 mg. "tar", 1.7 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

COUPLES



BALL IN THE FAMILY

The war in Vietnam was the Cong's pajamas compared to this G.I.'s domestic battles. They called his new love incestuous; and certainly, falling in love with your kid brother's wife is not exactly the family way.





“I’ve always wanted us to make love while you were wearing basketball trunks,” she said.

“I suppose it’s a little fetish of mine.” You know, I still think about those orange nylon basketball trunks. ●

DAVE’S STORY: Marlene and I haven’t married yet. Right now there’s nothing that I’d like to be more than Marlene’s husband. Also, I don’t exactly go for the idea that our first child will be born out of wedlock. Wedlock? What an old-fashioned word that is, but maybe I’m just hung up on a lot of old-fashioned respectability. Maybe I can never be “respectable” again. If not, fuck it. You see, the problem is with my brother Jim, who just happens to be Marlene’s husband. Sweet, isn’t it? For the longest time, he just wouldn’t give her a divorce. A lot of people say that I had no business getting involved with my sister-in-law. Well, screw them. I didn’t plan the situation—not in the least.

Jim kept saying that he still loved Marlene, that he hoped they could get back together. Hell, he just wanted to fuck me over for falling in love with Marlene. Just last week Jim started the divorce proceedings. I guess that Marlene’s pregnancy made the picture a little clearer for him. What could he do with her pregnant and me the father?

Christ, where do I begin? When I first met Marlene, after the war? Or earlier? Before Vietnam, when I was going with Sue Ellen? Vietnam? That was like flushing five fucking years of my life down the old toilet. If it weren’t for Marlene, I wouldn’t have recovered from *that* experience. Certainly, Sue Ellen didn’t help matters after I came back to Frisco. All during the war she had been the only goddamned thing that kept me going, keeping me alive all the while I was in this godforsaken North Vietnam P.O.W. camp. When I got back to the States, she just about destroyed me, though.

Right before I was drafted and left for the war, Sue Ellen begged me to marry her. Christ, I wanted to like hell, but I just thought marriage unwise. What if I had been killed or seriously maimed over there? What then? I just didn’t like the circumstances; they weren’t right for getting married.

I can still remember that last evening we had together in Frisco, before I took off for Nam. I’d spent a fortune on tickets and dinner reservations; I wanted it to be such a damned memorable evening. How fucking dumb of me! I didn’t know

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, “Couples,” Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Photographs by Suze Randall

COUPLES

that my leaving would make it memorable enough. I'd bought theater tickets to see—I forgot the name of the play. We didn't even stay for the second act.

When we got back to her place, Sue Ellen walked right into the center of her living room and stripped. All the lights were on; so I began turning them off.

"Don't turn them off," she said. "I want to see you make love to me." She pointed to the big wall mirror. Funny, we'd never screwed in front of it before. What the hell, though—I'm a voyeur. She was soon naked, but I hadn't removed a stitch yet. It was strange, because she'd always preferred that I undress her. That had been kind of a ritual: first her top, then her nylons, and finally her panties. Quite often I'd screw her with most of her clothes on, just her panties off. Sue Ellen used to say that it made her feel—how did she put it?—"so wanted." Like I couldn't wait to take her.

She lay down before me, nude, in front of this big living-room wall mirror. I stripped, and just when I was going to take her, she stopped me. I was quite unprepared for what came next. It was like a sequence in a film.

"Go to the kitchen, Dave," she said. "And get the present I have for you on the kitchen table."

There, on the table, was a small box wrapped like a birthday gift. I opened it and laughed. Inside was a pair of orange nylon basketball trunks. I didn't get it. I'd flunked out of college and was on my way to Vietnam; so I wasn't playing basketball anymore. Sue Ellen took the trunks and stuck her fingers through a hole she'd cut in the crotch.

"You see," she explained, "I've always wanted you to screw me while you were wearing basketball trunks. I suppose it's a little fetish of mine." She had always been too embarrassed to ask me, you see. She continued: "Now you'll be going away and . . ." She broke down crying. I was leaving the next day, and who could say whether I would ever even see her again?

Intrigued by the idea, I put on the basketball trunks, and my erect dick poked right up through the incision. I mounted her legs and took her immediately. I don't think that either of us was interested in any kind of foreplay that evening. For the next five years, not a day went by when I didn't think about those orange nylon basketball trunks. They symbolized what I'd come home to.

When I got back to the States, I didn't know Sue Ellen had already married some other guy. She met me at the airport. I was excited! Well, I just can't explain how much it all meant to me. She looked great and happy but—how should I put it?—she seemed sedate. I knew something was up, but I didn't want to think about it. I just wanted to be with her and have everything okay. Of course, things turned out differently.

And so I went home to Minnesota. But I didn't want to be with my family. I didn't want to be with anyone. It was my brother's wife, Marlene, who really helped to bring me around. At first, I suppose, I thought of her as a substitute for Sue Ellen. Jim and the rest of my family encouraged us to be together; they could see that she was bringing me out of my deep depression. When I couldn't get any work—I mean, no

work at all—it was Marlene who lined up a bookkeeping job for me. We had lunch together all the time. Sometimes Jim would meet us for a snack if he could get away from his studies. But usually I had lunch alone with Marlene. Sometimes, when he had to study late, Marlene and I would go to the Guthrie Theater. None of Jim's friends ever thought anything of it. They encouraged it, actually. They could see that I was my old self again. And I was. I was falling in love with Marlene.

At first, I tried fighting any romantic feelings I may have had for Marlene. Then I began to notice some odd things in her behavior. Like we'd go to the theater, and her arm or her leg would caress me—not just for a second but for a few prolonged moments. And then when we'd be with Jim, her eyes wouldn't make eye contact with his. She'd be looking at me, not at him.

Still, I didn't want to fuck up Jim's marriage. After all, he was my younger brother. One evening I told Marlene how I felt about her. I said that nothing good could come of my love for

her. Yet, I really couldn't live in Minneapolis with her, my sister-in-law, so near. My plans were to move in with some friends who had a house back in Frisco.

Marlene didn't say anything for the longest time; she just listened. Then she started to talk about Jim. She loved him, but she wasn't *in* love with him. She hadn't doubted her love for Jim until she met me. I remember her saying that there were different degrees of love and that her love for Jim was no longer intense enough to sustain their marriage.

"I can't live with him any longer," she said in a soft voice. "Not after meeting you." And she was crying.

I don't think either of us really expected to make love that night. But we needed each other so much. We needed to be comforted. We were alone together in my house. Who would know? Our lips met, and yet they barely touched. It felt so soft, as if butterflies had come together. I

could just barely feel her breath on mine. It was such a quiet moment that I didn't want to ruin it with a big, passionate French kiss. I felt passionate, yes. But somehow this tenderness was so much more intimate, so much more intense. My heart was pounding so hard that I thought it was going to break through my chest. It seemed to be beating throughout my entire body. I could feel it in my fingertips, in my toes. I was sure that Marlene could hear it. And then I put my hand on her breast to feel her heart. Remember—we'd really never even touched one another before except for a few passing moments in the theater. But now my hand was on her breasts. Marlene's nipples were erect and big, and her breasts were very firm and much larger than I'd expected. She carefully unbuttoned her blouse and guided my hand across the soft, white skin, rubbing my fingertips ever so gently across her hardened nipples. With that she caressed my hair, finally taking my head into her arms, and I sucked on her nipples hard and long until I heard her break into a small cry. My lips and tongue slid up her neck until we kissed like . . . well, like I'd never kissed any other woman before.

In the beginning, I tried fighting any romantic feelings I had for Marlene. I really didn't want to screw up my kid brother's marriage.

Perhaps I was selfish. Maybe not. But I couldn't wait. I pushed Marlene back onto the rug and lowered my body onto hers. She could feel my dick against her soft crotch. I could tell by the way her head swung from side to side that she wanted me, too, and so I got on my knees and slid her jeans off. Her body was so voluptuous. Her hips were wide and sensuous, not narrow like Sue Ellen's. Marlene was no mere slip of a girl but a full-grown woman, with soft, rounded features. When I lowered my hips against hers I felt enveloped by her femininity. She was just that soft. Yet I felt stronger than ever. My body seemed harder and more sinewy against her soft flesh. Certainly, I'd never been more gentle in my lovemaking, never more tender in the giving and taking of sex.

As I fingered her crotch I practically came, just feeling those large, soft lips of her box. In no time her pubic hair was glistening with tiny droplets of love juice. When I finally entered her, she gave out another small cry. She was surprisingly tight, but then she began to open up her lips for me. I didn't thrust at all but waited for her hips to move. When she began to respond, I could tell that everything was going to be fine. She even began to finger her own clit, and so I started riding her higher and higher, letting my dick practically emerge completely from her box so that it would rub directly onto her clitty. It was a good, long clitty, too—more than an inch when it was swollen with excitement. Of course, I kept riding her high and hard until we both burst in climax together. She was so excited that her pussy was making gushing noises as I thrust deeper and deeper. By then her box was incredibly soft and gushy. I think her pussy was completely worn out. My cock certainly was. It had become as small as a snail.

We lay there on the floor for what seemed like ages. When I got up for a glass of water, I thought I saw someone outside looking in. When I peered through the window, I couldn't believe what I saw. I practically fell over from fright. It was Jim! He was just about to ring my doorbell. Had he seen us? Christ, I hoped not. I didn't think so. Then his head turned, and he noticed me. He saw that I was nude and broke out laughing. At that he just walked right into my house, probably expecting to see a chick I'd picked up.

I didn't know what to expect. Marlene ran into the bathroom, but Jim saw her. He looked scared—not angry, just scared. His voice was shaking, and he asked Marlene to come home with him. She refused. He asked her again, and she just shook her head. Finally, he stumbled out of the house. I've never spoken to him again. That was more than two years ago, and things have not smoothed over even now.

Marlene and I now live in Frisco. Neither of us could continue living in Minneapolis. Jim has only now consented to this divorce. Unfortunately, Marlene and I can't be married before the baby's born. I guess that's okay. We both want this baby, almost as much as we want our marriage certificate. Right now, though, I'm just so happy to be living with Marlene. And it's getting better all the time. I'm looking forward to a good life with the woman I love best in the world.

MARLENE'S STORY:

If you'd talked to me a week ago, I'm sure that this interview would have been a lot different. Our future—Dave's and mine—seems so much more hopeful now that my husband has started the divorce proceedings. I have been begging my husband, Jim, for this divorce for more than two years. Two years! Dave keeps saying that Jim held out just to hurt us. You see, Dave and Jim are brothers.

From what Dave tells me, he and Jim were never close; in fact, they'd always been on the outs. Somehow, I could never damn Jim the way Dave has. I feel more than a little sorry for Jim, actually. I guess this whole situation has been pretty humiliating for him.

I had never met Dave before Jim and I were married. Dave had been in the war—over in Vietnam—and was missing in action. Jim's family didn't even know if he was alive. This gloom was constantly hanging over the family. Even when Jim and I were married, his parents only briefly attended the party afterward at my father's house. Jim was resentful of that. It

seemed to Jim that his brother was always interfering with his happiness. You know, getting all the attention. Dave is just a year older, but his parents had always lavished their praise on him and gave practically nothing to Jim. Jim had to work his way through school, whereas Dave won a good basketball scholarship to Stanford. Even when Dave flunked out of college, his parents could only talk of his athletic triumphs. Well, that's what Jim said, anyway. I don't know, really. A kind of sibling rivalry, I'd say. All of this was long before I ever met Dave.

Shortly after Dave was shipped off to Vietnam, I met Jim at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. We were both working on our B.A. degrees in business at the time. We belonged to a film society on campus. I enjoyed foreign films—artsy stuff—and so did Jim. I think that our first job for the film society was to put up posters all over the campus. It

was a little demeaning, but we were teenagers, and we did love seeing all those foreign films for free.

I think that if it had not been for Ingmar Bergman, we would not really have had much of a relationship. For hours we used to discuss the symbolism in such films as Bergman's *The Seventh Seal* and *Persona*. It was a relationship of convenience, really. Jim was a convenient date for a movie. Perhaps that attitude sounds a little callous. It's hard to say. At the time, though, I truly thought that Jim felt the same way about me. Which was fine!

Then, of course, I realized that the situation was really much more serious than I'd supposed. Jim was to screen a Swedish film called *Dear John*. It had caused a big stir in New York City a few years before. He was screening it for the society, checking whether it was a good print—good enough to screen for the paying public. He asked me to see it with him, in a lecture hall that was to be empty. I didn't think anything of it. Well, the film turned out to be a soft-core-porno art flick about a Swedish couple who spent a weekend in bed together. Artistically, it wasn't much, but somehow I got turned on by it. I had

If Jim hadn't been so
passively willing,
you could have called
it rape. Female rape!
I didn't much care what he
wanted. It was what
I needed.

COUPLES

never seen an erotic movie before, and I had always laughed at people who attended this kind of film. But there I was, practically coming in my seat—in a deserted university lecture hall—as I watched two beautiful Swedes make love on the screen. Jim was sitting right next to me, his legs spread out before him. It was obvious that he had an erection, and he did nothing to conceal it. I had never really considered Jim as a sex partner before, but with all that simulated sex and his crotch bulging and my cunt beginning to get all wet, well... It didn't make much difference who was in the next seat. I needed sex! I wanted somebody to touch me, to caress my excited nipples. I kept imagining that at any second Jim would start kissing my neck, running his tongue all the way up into my ear. I felt so tense that I could hardly control myself from reaching over for Jim's hard cock. I just kept hoping that he'd make the first move. God, we were practically touching as it was. I could feel the tension, the excitement, between us! Out of the corner of my eye, I kept checking the bulge in his pants. Not only did it seem to be getting bigger; I could actually see it kind of jerking around underneath his jeans. Or was I imagining it all out of my need for him?

And then the film was over! The couple had their last orgasm together. They were satisfied, but I was horny as hell! I was so hot that I could hardly get up out of my seat. I had to relieve myself, and I was pissed at Jim for not doing something about it. When he went over to wind up the film, I knew that something had to be done. The sexual tension was *that* heavy. And so I said, "Why don't you leave the projector up? It gives us an excuse to be here, and I really want us to stay."

If Jim had said something dumb like, "I don't know what you mean," I'd have died. Luckily, he just smiled and whispered, "Sure, in fact, maybe it'd be better if we saw the movie again." His eyes were eating me up. I'd never seen them so hungry!

He wound up the projector and gave me a real sly grin. When that Swedish couple began screwing their brains out again, I could not help responding to Jim. Standing next to me, he pressed himself up against me hard, hard enough so that I could feel his erection. He looked down at our crotches and grinned. Grinding our sex organs together, I could just feel the wetness from my cunt begin to soak through my jeans. With just two fingertips he went for my left nipple. God, my left nipple! It always does the trick. He squeezed it tightly. I felt hot ripples spread out over my breasts and chest. My head fell back automatically, and I let out a low moan. He kept pinching me harder and harder until I took his two fingers in my mouth and sucked them off like a hard cock. I'd hoped he'd use my saliva-slippery fingers on my pussy. No luck! He breathed heavily, and I reached for his swollen cock to bring him off. It didn't feel that big through his clothing; but when I unzipped him, I was in for a surprise. And I didn't have to hunt for his cock. It just popped out, hard and swollen. I wasn't satisfied, though, just to jerk Jim off or even to take him in my mouth. So I just lowered my jeans (neither of us was wearing underwear) and took him immediately into my wet cunt. Usually, it takes

me a while before I can do that. Most of the time I have to get those lubricating juices flowing, but not this time. I took his big cock with one thrust. In fact, I led it into my cunt with my own hand. I didn't want to wait for him to act. My quivering lips fit so snugly around the head. When he thrust in, he even caught some air up there so that my pussy began to make suction noises while we screwed. Our lovemaking was so noisy that you'd have thought he was using a plunger on me. It all sounded so good!

If Jim hadn't been so passively willing, you could have called it rape. Female rape! I did not much care if he was that interested in going all the way; it was what I wanted, and I wanted it right away. We were in this empty lecture hall! So what? Jim started it slowly. I wanted it hard and fast. So I grabbed onto his bare little ass and started pressing him hard against me, initiating the kind of thrusts I wanted him to use on my gurgling vagina. Grabbing onto his ass, I flung my head back and took his hard cock up my cunt, pounding it up into me. I wanted it that badly, and it was great. But I needed even

more. Somehow his thrusts weren't quite hitting my swollen clit, and I needed that in order to achieve an orgasm. Looking up at the motion-picture screen, I saw the Swedish guy go for the girl's crotch with his hand. At that I took my hands off Jim's ass and directed him to my clit, which was almost crying for release.

"Rub it hard, Jim," I sighed. "Rub my clit between your fingers. Please? Just like you did my tender little nipples. I'll tell you if you hurt me."

Hurt me? That's the last thing I was worried about. As he rubbed my clit with his two fingers, he stuck his other fingers up my vagina right alongside his cock. In fact, it felt as if he were jerking himself off inside my snug little pussy! Could it be possible? I felt as if I were going to split open! I couldn't believe that I was taking all of him up there. But I was, and I liked what I felt. The fantasy of feeling his cock throb inside brought me off good and strong. And I kept

coming and coming. There was nothing sore about my crotch, either. I didn't know if Jim came, but finally his cock began to go soft within me. I could feel it soften and shrink, and yet I didn't want him to pull out. We'd been screwing in a standing position, and so I carefully lay back on the floor. I didn't want his soft cock to fall out of me. As he lay on me, I slowly moved my hips around so that I could feel his flaccid cock in my wet, gushy cunt. It was such a good feeling. I didn't want it to end. When he finally withdrew, my cunt just let out a soft, popping noise—as if he'd pulled out a cork from a bottle. To say it was good sex would be an understatement!

Why couldn't our lovemaking always have been like that? On subsequent occasions we'd make love, but not all that often. I think that if I had wanted it more, Jim would have complied. I just didn't. But I began to appreciate Jim more and more as a friend—you know, someone I could confide in, share experiences with. I began telling myself that sex isn't all that important. Common interests and tastes are more significant. I even convinced myself—somewhere along the line—that I actually loved Jim. He loved me, certainly. Somehow I



thought that it was insulting to him if I didn't love him in return.

I didn't realize my lack of love for Jim until Dave came home from the war. At first I was impressed by his athlete's body. He certainly didn't look anything like Jim—who had a lighter complexion, heavier build. Even though he was very skinny because of his wartime imprisonment, he was still in great shape. I kept telling myself that he was Jim's brother. Sure, it was all right to be physically attracted, but I felt I had to let it stop at that. Then I began to see that the attraction was more than just physical. I found myself intensely interested in everything Dave said. Everything! With Jim it was great if we discussed something like films, something we both had in common. But if he started in on opera—God, I hate opera!—I found him hopelessly boring, almost annoying. Dave had completely different interests from mine: things like sports and cars. He couldn't care less about films. And yet, all of a sudden his interests became very important to me—and interesting, too. They became important to me because of him.

Finally, after knowing each other for a whole year, we admitted—yes, *admitted*—that we were in love. With each other. I felt guilty, at first. We both did. But I wasn't prepared for the way the family reacted; they were furious! It was as if we'd committed incest! Worse, *murder*! Only my father remained fairly sane. (My mother is deceased.) But Dave's parents, my God! Chaos. I was there when Dave told them. Believe me, he should have wired them the news. His father said that it would have been better if Dave had been killed in the war. His mother just turned white, looked at me, and said, "It's lucky that your mother is dead." She's never spoken to either of us again. It's as if we were not alive.

Most of our friends in Minneapolis said that they were surprised but that it didn't make any difference to them. Ha! One by one they deserted us. No more parties, no more double dates. Well, Dave and I had no choice. We had to move away, back to San Francisco, where Dave had gone to school and worked. We've lived here now for two years. Most people out here don't know our backgrounds. Oh, a few intimate friends do. But they know us as Marlene and Dave, not as Jim's wife and brother. They accept us with a live-and-let-live attitude so typical of this city.

A month ago I found out that I was pregnant. Dave is the father, of course. Jim and I had tried, but nothing seemed to work. With Dave, I guess I just wanted it to happen. I wasn't very faithful with the Pill and so . . . You know, I even remember when it happened. It was such a memorable evening. Dave had finally found work. Actually, it was with the same firm he'd been with before Vietnam. They took him back. He was lucky, too. San Francisco has such a high employment rate. I looked, but I couldn't find anything. Now I'm just waiting for our baby to be born.

I remember that evening so well. We were thrilled. Like little kids. We went out to celebrate—I hadn't taken the Pill for a couple of days—got drunk as two skunks. When we got home, Dave didn't even wait for me to take my clothes off. Well, from that evening onward, our lives together have been

completely uphill. The baby will be a blessing, really. Somehow, I feel that this baby is a sign that everything will be all right. It's been so difficult, what with Dave's family and all. Now I'm just waiting for the baby to be born. Shortly after that happens, the divorce should be final. Dave and I will then be married at long last! I just can't wait. I can't wait.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

It must be a traumatic experience to fall in love with a relative of your spouse, and even more traumatic if the relative happens to be a brother or sister. On the other hand, when deprivation of emotional and sexual satisfaction grows to such intensity, who is to say that either person is wrong in giving way to those needs?

It is difficult to describe how emotionally mixed up a man can become after leaving a prison camp. Dave certainly had every justification for being as upset as he was when he arrived home to find that Sue Ellen, whom he had genuinely loved, and who had a special, sexual significance for him,

had married someone else. I have talked with Korean and Vietnam War veterans who have been taken prisoner, and I have a very deep understanding of the psychological damage that the experience could inflict. But to come home as Dave did, only to be betrayed by Sue Ellen, who he had hoped would be the mainstay of his life as a civilian, must have been a devastating experience. He needed someone to help him get over what had happened in Vietnam. It was unfortunate that the one person who could help him should have been his brother's wife, and what's more, the wife of his *younger* brother.

Falling in love is something that one cannot always help. No matter how one may mentally reject the idea, one can never cast it aside with ease, if at all. Some may say that Dave, realizing that he was in love with his brother's wife, should have put miles between Marlene and himself. But running away wouldn't have

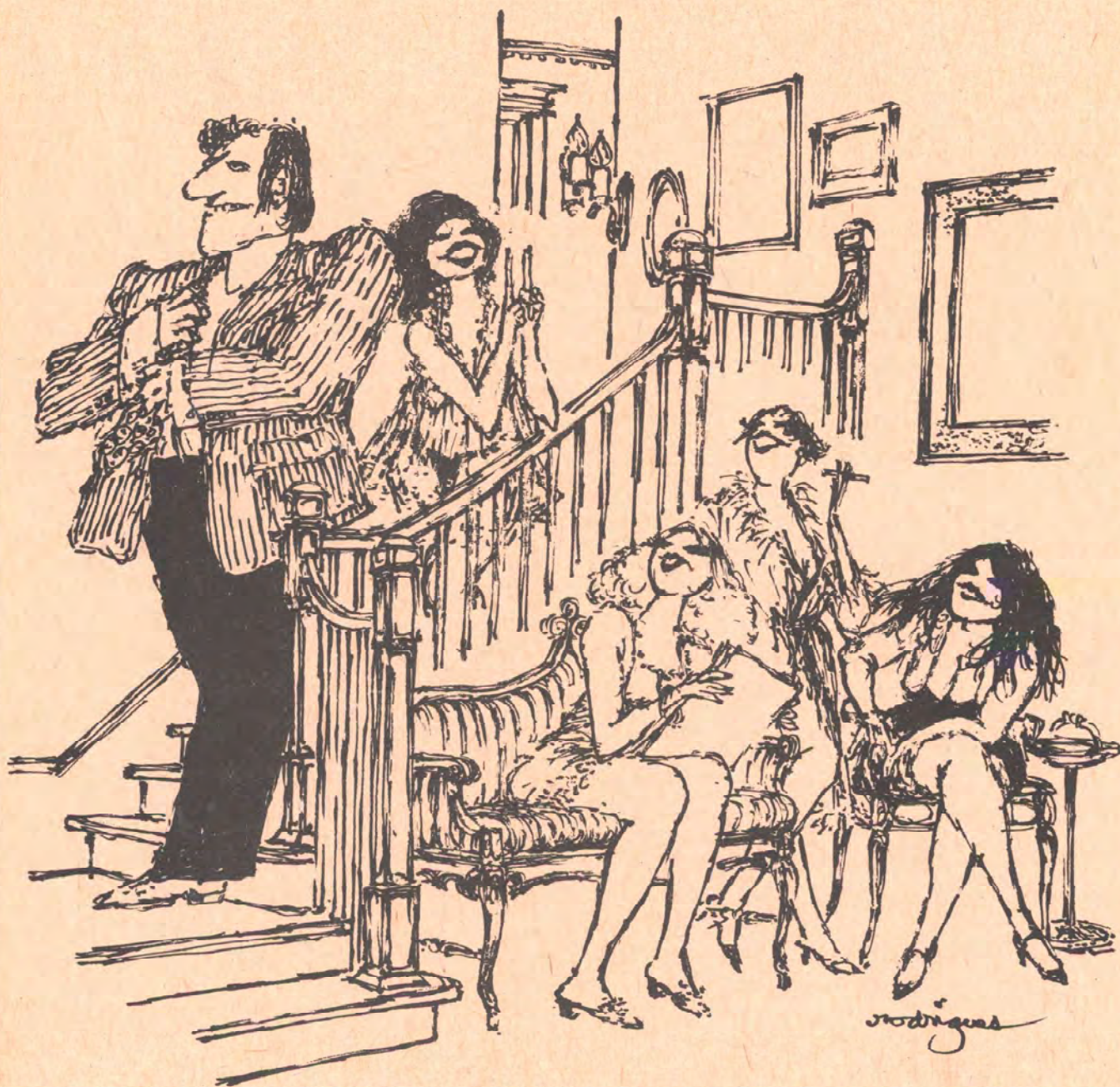
killed his love for her. Nor would it have killed her love for him.

They were, therefore, faced with a dilemma. From what they have said, it is clear that the strength of their love was such that had they behaved in accordance with the dictates of a moralistic society, both of them would have molded marriages dominated by unhappiness. In my opinion there is justification for what they have done.

The reaction of Dave and Jim's parents is understandable, especially when one takes into consideration the moral and religious background in which these older people were brought up. It is difficult for them to adjust to new standards.

Jim's first reactions are also understandable, though I do tend to agree with Dave that his two-year-long refusal to divorce Marlene was done out of spite. If he had hoped he could make her reconsider, he was playing the fool. This would never have worked out. Marlene would always have hankered after Dave, while Jim would never have been able to forget that his brother's penis had intimately known his wife's vagina. This would always have prevented a full reconciliation. 





catch up with PENTHOUSE



JULY 76



AUGUST 76



SEPTEMBER 76



OCTOBER 76



NOVEMBER 76



DECEMBER 76



JANUARY 77



FEBRUARY 77

July 1976 issue is \$1.25; December 1976 and January 1977 issues are \$2.00 each; all other issues are \$1.50 each. Please include \$.50 for postage and handling for each issue ordered.

Send check or money order to:
PENTHOUSE, Back Issue Dept.
21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022

CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

Frowning, Burt continued to turn through the pages. Three-quarters of the way through, the double columns ended abruptly.

Rachel Stigman (Donna),
b. June 21, 1957 June 21, 1976
Moses Richardson (Henry),
b. July 29, 1957
Malachai Boardman (Craig),
b. August 15, 1957

The last entry in the book was for Ruth Clawson (Sandra), b. April 30, 1961. Burt looked at the shelf where he had found this book and came up with two more. The first had the same "INIQUITOUS BE CUT DOWN" logo, and it continued the same record, the single column tracing birthdates and names. In early September of 1964 he found Job Gilman (Clayton), b. September 6, and the next entry was Eve Tobin, b. June 16, 1965. No second name in parentheses.

The third book was blank.

Standing behind the pulpit, Burt thought about it.

Something had happened in 1964. Something to do with religion and corn . . . and children.

Dear God, we beg thy blessing on the crop. For Jesus's sake, amen.

And the knife raised high to sacrifice the lamb—but had it been a lamb? Perhaps a religious mania had swept them. Alone, all alone, cut off from the outside world by hundreds of square miles of the rustling secret corn. Alone under seventy million acres of blue sky. Alone under the watchful eye of God, now a strange green God, a God of corn, grown old and strange and hungry. He Who Walks behind the Rows.

Burt felt a chill creep into his flesh.

Vicky, let me tell you a story. It's about Amos Deigan, who was born Richard Deigan on September 4, 1945. He took the name Amos in 1964, fine Old Testament name, Amos, one of the minor prophets. Well, Vicky, what happened—don't laugh—is that Dick Deigan and his friends (Billy Renfrew, George Kirk, Roberta Wills, and Eddie Hollis, among others) they got religion, and they killed off their parents. All of them. Isn't that a scream? Shot them in their beds, knifed them in their bathtubs, poisoned their suppers, hung them or disemboweled them, for all I know.

Why? The corn. Maybe it was dying. Maybe they got the idea somehow that it was dying because there was too much sinning. Not enough sacrifice. They would have done it in the corn, in the rows.

And somehow, Vicky, I'm quite sure of this, somehow they decided that nineteen was as old as any of them could live. Richard "Amos" Deigan, the hero of our little story, had his nineteenth birthday on September 4, 1964—the date in the book. I think maybe they killed him. Sacrificed him

CUT OUT

Save money at the Usher's Pro Shop



The Dunlop Championship Maxply Fort...\$34.95
strung with best quality Blue Spiral Nylon. Suggested retail price \$50.00. Frame only \$28.95. Suggested retail price \$40.00. The wood racquet, available: Light 4-3/8, 4-1/2. Medium 4-1/2, 4-5/8, 4-3/4. Indicate Size _____
Weight _____
One free can of Dunlop Championship balls with each racquet purchase.

Dunlop Championship Balls...\$10.00 per dozen.
Suggested retail price \$12.00.
_____ doz.



Tennis/Sport Shirt...\$8.95 each.
Suggested retail price \$13.00. White with small green Usher's emblem, 50% cotton, 50% polyester. Machine washable. Available in Men's sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL.

Indicate Size _____ Quantity _____

Amelia Earhart Tennis Case...\$29.50.
Suggested retail price \$39.95.



Durable, sturdy case holds two racquets, balls, towels, shoes, the works. Beautiful, yet tough enough to take the roughest baggage-handling.

Indicate Quantity _____

- ☐ **Wristbands...\$1.95 per set.**
Suggested retail price \$2.50.
- ☐ **Headband...\$1.75 for two.**
Suggested retail price \$2.50.
Both are terricloth, whitewithgreen stripe
- ☐ **Sport socks...\$1.95.**
Suggested retail price \$2.50.
Orlon, stretch nylon. Fits sizes 9-13.
White with green stripe.

Allow 3 to 6 weeks for delivery.
Amount enclosed \$ _____ or charge my
BankAmericard # _____
Master Charge # _____
Interbank # _____
Card expiration date _____
Signature _____

The Usher's Pro Shop is a service of USHER'S GREEN STRIPE SCOTCH, featuring DUNLOP TENNIS EQUIPMENT.

Send to: Usher's Pro Shop,
P.O. Box 1080, Louisville, Ky. 40201

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Offer valid only where legal. Limited time only.
Blended Scotch Whisky • 80 or 86 Proof •
Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky. ©1976.

CUT OUT

IN THE MARCH VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WOMEN'S SUCCESS WORKSHOPS

It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Successful Woman! And we're going to see more of her if Barbara Sher has her way. Sally Platkin Koslow reports on how a little sisterly back-patting is helping some women recognize their capacity for growth.

MY KITCHEN MEN

It seems that more than one actor, writer, and musician has answered the call to go home to the range—and the wok and the Cuisinart. Vertamae Grosvenor tells about the great eats concocted by the Kitchen Men.

CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO THE OCCULT

Cathy Cash Spellman has a how-to, where-to, and what-not-to guide for those who'd like to know what's new with that Old Black Magic: witchcraft, tarot, astrology, seances, and more.

THE STATE OF MUSIC

Is there intelligent life on the planet that produced "Disco Duck"? Where is music going, and how long will it be there? Bruce Pollack reveals the state—and fate—of modern music.

FELLINI/CASANOVA

"All you need is a pretext for triggering off a flap of creative energy," says the volatile Federico Fellini. And reading the memoirs of Giovanni Casanova set off something like a hurricane. *Viva* reports on what happened when the two Italians met, legend-to-legend.

THE EASTER PARADE

Sarah and Emily knew what life was supposed to be like, but when the Easter Parade passed by, it was too late for both of them. *Viva* excerpts Richard Yates's touching novel.

PLUS:

Doing it in the office, foiling the tightwad date, banishing stretch marks, and new at-home beauty ideas.

in the corn. Isn't that a silly story?

But let's look at Rachel Stigman, who was Donna Stigman until 1964. She turned nineteen on June 21, just about a month ago. Moses Richardson was born on July 29: just three days from today he'll be nineteen. Any idea what's going to happen to ole Mose on the twenty-ninth?

I can guess.

Burt licked his lips, which felt dry.

One other thing, Vicky. Look at this. We have Job Gilman (Clayton) born on September 6, 1964. No other births until June 16, 1965. A gap of ten months. Know what I think? They killed all the parents, even the pregnant ones; that's what I think. And one of them got pregnant in October of 1964 and gave birth to Eve. Some sixteen- or seventeen-year-old girl. *Eve. The first woman.*

He thumbed back through the book feverishly and found the Eve Tobin entry. Below it: *Adam Greenlaw, b. July 11, 1965.*

They'd be just eleven now, he thought, and his flesh began to crawl. And maybe they're out there. Someplace.

But how could such a thing be kept secret? How could it go on?

How unless the God in question approved?

"Oh Jesus," Burt said into the silence, and that was when the T-Bird's horn began to blare into the afternoon, one long, continuous blast.

Burt jumped from the pulpit and ran down the center aisle. He threw open the outer vestibule door, letting in hot sunshine, dazzling. Vicky was bolt upright behind the steering wheel, both hands plastered on the horn ring, her head swiveling wildly. From all around, the children were coming. Some of them were laughing gaily. They held knives, hatchets, pipes, rocks, hammers. One girl, maybe eight, with beautiful long blonde hair, held a jack handle. Rural weapons. Not a gun among them. Burt felt a wild urge to scream out: *Which of you is Adam and Eve? Who are the mothers? Who are the daughters? Fathers? Sons?*

Declare, if thou hast understanding.

They came from the side streets, from the town green, through the gate in the chain-link fence around the school playground a block farther west. Some of them glanced indifferently at Burt, standing frozen on the church steps, and some nudged each other and pointed and smiled . . . the sweet smiles of children.

The girls were dressed in long, brown wool and faded sunbonnets. The boys, like Quaker parsons, were all in black and wore round-crowned, flat-brimmed hats. They streamed across the town square toward the car, across lawns, a few coming across the front yard of what had been the Grace Baptist Church until 1964. One or two of them almost close enough to touch.

"The shotgun!" Burt yelled. "Vicky, get the shotgun!"

But she was frozen in her panic; he could see that from the steps. He doubted if she could even hear him through the closed windows.

They converged on the Thunderbird. The axes and hatchets and chunks of pipe began to rise and fall. *My God, am I seeing this?* he thought frozenly. An arrow of chrome fell off the side of the car. The hood ornament went flying. Knives scrawled spirals through the sidewalls of the tires, and the car settled. The horn blared on and on. The windshield and side windows went opaque and cracked under the onslaught . . . and then the safety glass sprayed inward, and he could see again. Vicky was crouched back, only one hand on the horn ring now, the other thrown up to protect her face. Eager young hands reached in, fumbling for the lock-unlock button. She beat them away wildly. The horn became intermittent and then stopped altogether.

The beaten and dented driver's-side door was hauled open. They were trying to drag her out, but her hands were wrapped around the steering wheel. Then one of them leaned in, knife in hand, and—

His paralysis broke, and he plunged down the steps, almost falling, and ran down the flagstone walk, toward them. One of them, a boy of about sixteen with long red hair spilling out from beneath his hat, turned toward him, almost casually, and something flicked through the air. Burt's left arm jerked backward, and for a moment he had the absurd thought that he had been punched at long distance. Then the pain came, so sharp and sudden that the world went gray.

He examined his arm with a stupid sort of wonder. A buck and a half Pency jackknife was growing out of it like a strange tumor. The sleeve of his J.C. Penney sport shirt was turning red. He looked at it for what seemed like forever, trying to understand how he could have grown a jackknife . . . was it possible?

When he looked up, the boy with the red hair was almost on top of him. He was grinning, confident.

"Hey, you bastard," Burt said. His voice was creaking, shocked.

"Remand your soul to God, for you will stand before His throne momentarily," the boy with the red hair said and clawed for Burt's eyes.

Burt stepped back, pulled the Pency out of his arm, and stuck it into the red-haired boy's throat. The gush of blood was immediate, gigantic. Burt was splashed with it. The red-haired boy began to gobble and walk in a large circle. He clawed at the knife, trying to pull it free, and was unable. Burt watched him, jaw hanging agape. None of this was happening. It was a dream. The red-haired boy gobbled and walked. Now his sound was the only one in the hot early afternoon. The others watched, stunned.

This part of it wasn't in the script, Burt thought numbly. Vicky and I, we were in the script. And the boy in the corn, who had been trying to run away. But not one of their own. He stared at them savagely, wanting to scream, *"How do you like it?"*

The red-haired boy gave one last weak gobble and sank to his knees. He stared up

Images of Woman



Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, *IMAGES OF WOMAN* is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

Farber's art is grounded in imagination and the camera. There are no darkroom "tricks", only the artist's eye, a camera, colored filters, multiple exposures and a myriad of lenses. It is the first ingredient, the eye, that sets this stunning book apart from the pack.

The gap between film and painting has been bridged by Farber's photography and a concise test by Gail Lighthipe. How Farber photographs nudes — and how you can too — is the subject of *IMAGES OF WOMAN*.



How to create; to capture a mood and transform the image through color and light; the handling of composition, indoor and outdoor settings; the use of film; technical problems and solutions.

An outstanding professional, Mr. Farber's work has appeared in several international photography magazines, as well as assignments in advertising and fashion. Most recently, he has shown in *VIVA*, *G.Q.*, and *Penthouse*. His camera art has been likened to that of Bruegel and Degas but, taken strictly from life, it can only be called "unique".

Here's your chance to learn from this brilliant young stylist and, at

the same time, own a portfolio of photographs which in itself is a work of fine art. Study *IMAGES OF WOMAN* and your eye will never be the same again.

Send check or money order for \$16.95 plus \$1.00 postage and handling or you may charge on your American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge card. Send to Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PA02, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. NYC residents add 8% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH IN HAIR REPLACEMENT

Now, with our special cosmetic medical implant technique, you can have a full head of hair in just a few hours. It's performed by qualified medical doctors. It is not a hair transplant, hair-weave or toupee. It is a method by which hair is surgically attached to your scalp. You'll look younger and even feel younger! You can swim, participate in sports, and even make love without fear of embarrassment.



For further information concerning this process... contact:

HAIR DIMENSIONS INC.

245 East 63rd St., N.Y. 10021

(212) 751-1740

The closest thing to your own hair.

NOW, from the Penthouse Collection

Top off your outfit with the exclusive Penthouse TAM or SKI CAP—guaranteed to put flair into every winter occasion.

These 100% acrylic knit caps in Penthouse tan or brown are \$5.95 each plus \$1.00 postage and handling.

Send your check or money order for the TAM (Code 6416) or the SKI CAP (Code 6516) to Penthouse Products, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.



at Burt for a moment, and then his hands dropped away from the haft of the knife, and he fell forward.

A soft sighing sound from the children gathered around the Thunderbird. They stared at Burt. Burt stared back at them, fascinated... and that was when he noticed that Vicky was gone.

"Where is she?" he asked. "Where did you take her?"

One of the boys raised a blood-streaked hunting knife toward his throat and made a sawing motion there. He grinned.

From somewhere in back, an older boy's voice, soft: "Get him."

The boys began to walk toward him. Burt backed up. They began to walk faster. Burt backed up faster. The shotgun, the god-damned shotgun! Out of reach. The sun cut their shadows darkly on the green church lawn... and then he was on the sidewalk. He turned and ran.

"Kill him!" Someone roared, and they came after him.

He ran, but not quite blindly. He skirted the Municipal Building—no help there, they would corner him like a rat—and ran on up Main Street, which opened out and became the highway again two blocks farther up. He and Vicky would have been on that road now and away, if he had only listened.

His loafers slapped against the sidewalk. Ahead of him he could see a few more business buildings, including The Gatlin Ice Cream Shoppe and—sure enough—the Bijou Theater. The dust-clotted marquee letters read: "NOW HOWING LIMITED ENGAGEMENT ELI A TH TAYLOR CLEOPA RA." Beyond the next cross street was a gas station that marked the edge of town. And beyond that the corn, closing back into the sides of the road. A green tide of corn.

Burt ran. He was already out of breath, and the knife wound in his upper arm was beginning to hurt. And he was leaving a trail of blood. As he ran, he yanked his handkerchief from his back pocket and stuck it inside his shirt.

He ran. His loafers pounded the cracked cement of the sidewalk; his breath rasped in his throat with more and more heat. His arm began to throb in earnest. Some morbid part of his brain tried to ask if he thought he could run all the way to the next town, if he could run twenty miles of two-lane blacktop.

He ran. Behind him he could hear them, fifteen years younger and faster than he was, gaining. Their feet slapped on the pavement. They whooped and shouted back and forth to each other. *They're having more fun than a five-alarm fire*, Burt thought. They'll talk about it for years.

Burt ran.

He ran past the gas station marking the edge of town. His breath gasped and roared in his chest. The sidewalk ran out under his feet. And now there was only one thing to do, only one chance to beat them and escape with his life. The houses were gone; the town was gone. The corn had surged in a soft, green wave back to the

....While Dreams of Erotica Dance in Your Head....



You'll slip into bed, rest your head and body against the creamy beige sheets with 39 impeccably rendered couples, all locked in different positions of embrace.

From across the room it's an intricate design. Approach a little closer and it's joyous ecstasy. These designer sheets and pillow cases were specifically created for the Penthouse Collection—we proudly present them for your pleasure.

Available in brown on beige only in flat sizes, twin or queen. 50% poly-50% cotton. 1 twin sheet plus 1 standard pillow case (G011) \$25.00 plus \$1.50 p.&h.; 1 queen size sheet plus 2 standard pillow cases (G012) \$32.50 plus \$1.50 p.&h.

Please send check or money order plus \$1.50 postage & handling or charge it to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge.) Mail to Penthouse Products, Dept. G.O. 909 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number (800) 223-7763. NY residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

edges of the road. The green, swordlike leaves rustled softly. It would be deep in there, deep and cool, shady in the rows of man-high corn.

He ran past a sign that said: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING GATLIN, NICEST LITTLE TOWN IN NEBRASKA OR ANYWHERE ELSE! DROP IN ANY TIME!"

I'll be sure to do that, Burt thought dimly.

He ran past the sign like a sprinter closing on the tape and then swerved left, crossing the road, and kicked his loafers away. Then he was in the corn, and it closed behind him and over him like the waves of a green sea, taking him in. Hiding him. He felt a sudden and wholly unexpected relief sweep him, and at the same moment he got his second wind. His lungs, which had been shallowing up, seemed to unlock and give him more breath.

He ran straight down the first row he had entered, head ducked, his broad shoulders swiping the leaves and making them tremble. Twenty yards in he turned right, parallel to the road again, and ran on, keeping low so they wouldn't see his dark head of hair bobbing amid the yellow corn tassels. He doubled back toward the road for a few moments, crossed more rows, and then put his back to the road and hopped randomly from row to row, always delving deeper and deeper into the corn.

At last he collapsed onto his knees and put his forehead against the ground. He could hear only his own taxed breathing,

and the thought that played over and over in his mind was: *thank God, I gave up smoking; thank God, I gave up smoking, thank God—*

Then he could hear them, yelling back and forth to each other, in some cases bumping into each other ("hey, this is my row!"), and the sound heartened him. They were well away to his left, and they sounded very poorly organized.

He took his handkerchief out of his shirt, folded it, and stuck it back in after looking at the wound. The bleeding seemed to have stopped in spite of the workout he had given it.

He rested a moment longer and was suddenly aware that he felt *good*, physically better than he had in years... excepting the throb of his arm. He felt well-exercised, suddenly grappling with a clear-cut (no matter how insane) problem after two years of trying to cope with the incubus gremlins that were sucking his marriage dry.

It wasn't right that he should feel this way, he told himself. He was in deadly peril of his life, and his wife had been carried off. She might be dead now. He tried to summon up Vicky's face and dispel some of the odd good feeling by doing so, but her face wouldn't come. What came was the face of the red-haired boy with the knife in his throat.

He became aware of the corn fragrance in his nose now, all around him. The wind

through the tops of the plants made a sound like voices. Soothing. Whatever had been done in the name of this corn, it was now his protector.

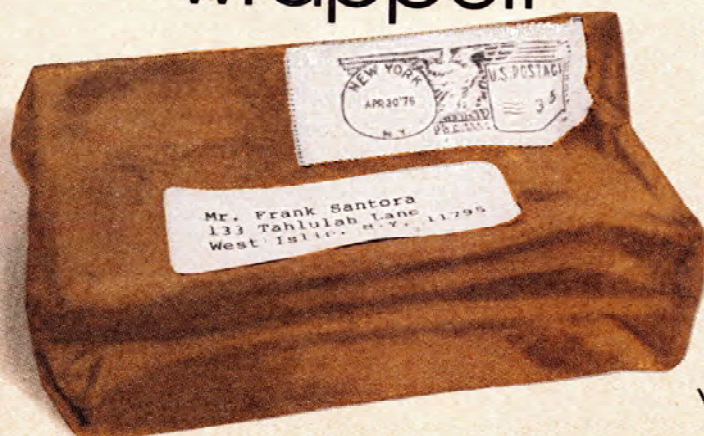
But they were getting closer.

Running hunched over, he hurried up the row he was in, crossed over, doubled back, and crossed over more rows. He tried to keep the voices always on his left, but as the afternoon progressed, that became harder and harder to do. The voices had grown faint, and often the rustling sound of the corn obscured them altogether. He would run, listen, run again. The earth was hard packed, and his stocking feet left little or no trace.

When he stopped much later, the sun was hanging over the fields to his right, red and inflamed; and when he looked at his watch, he saw that it was a quarter past seven. The sun had stained the corn tops a reddish gold, but here the shadows were dark and deep. He cocked his head, listening. With the coming of sunset the wind had died entirely, and the corn stood still, exhaling its aroma of growth into the warm air. If they were still in the corn, they were either far away or just hunkered down and listening. But Burt didn't think a bunch of kids, even crazy ones, could be quiet that long. He suspected they'd done the most kidlike thing, regardless of the consequences: they had given up and gone home.

He turned toward the setting sun, which had sunk between the raffered clouds on

Your pharmacist is a lot more reliable than a plain brown wrapper.



Pharmacies sell over 30 million packages of condoms a year. About 17 million of these are TROJANS...so why get your condoms from the mailman? Why wait weeks for a brown paper bag when your community pharmacist is just down the block? It doesn't make sense...not when TROJANS, the world's best known condoms, are so readily available.

As a matter of fact, in 44 States they are on open display...so drop by your local pharmacy and reach or ask for a package of TROJANS. You will pay less and you won't have to wait 3 or 4 weeks to get them.

Buy TROJANS from your local pharmacist...he is a lot more reliable than a brown paper bag.



Youngs Drug Products Corp. 
P.O. Box 5, Piscataway, N.J. 08854, Dept. PHM

HABITATION LECLERC

Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Elegant, sensuous, exotic.
The perfect retreat. 44 secluded
villas, semi-private pools,
discotheque, gourmet
restaurant, tennis, riding

(800) 223-5670

(212) 935-0808



The most voluptuous place in the world.

HABITATION LECLERC, HAITI

405 East 62nd Street,
New York, N.Y. 10021

Name _____

Agency/Company _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All Satin Sheets...



...Are Not Created Equal!

At Scintilla,® we start with smooth, supple, sleep-able satin. The finest acetate satin with 225x78 threads per sq. inch, woven of 150 denier yarn. That makes our sheets wonderfully soft and luxurious. They last, washing after machine washing! They cost more, but they're worth it. Don't learn about satin the hard way. The difference is in the actual thread count and the workmanship! Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pale Pink, White, Mint or Orchid!

EACH SET INCLUDES 2 straight sheets, 2 cases OR 1 straight sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 cases. Specify.
Double Set \$34.98 Queen Set \$37.98
Twin Set \$33.98 King Set \$50.98

Duo-Twin Set (78x80) \$49.98

Round Sets—Bottom Sheets are Fitted

84" Round Set \$52.98 96" Round Set \$54.98

3-letter monogram on 2 cases—\$3.00

Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

SCINTILLA, INC. 4802 N. Broadway NE
Chicago, Ill. 60640

Free 40-page Catalog With Every Order!

the horizon, and began to walk. If he cut on a diagonal through the rows, always keeping the setting sun ahead of him, he would be bound to strike Route 17 sooner or later.

The ache in his arm had settled into a dull throb that was nearly pleasant, and the good feeling was still with him. He decided that as long as he was there, he would let the good feeling exist in him without guilt. The guilt would return when he had to face the authorities and account for what had happened in Gatlin. But that could wait.

He pressed through the corn, thinking he had never felt so keenly aware. Fifteen minutes later the sun was only a hemisphere poking over the horizon, and he stopped again, his new awareness clicking into a pattern he didn't like. It was vaguely... well, vaguely frightening.

He cocked his head. The corn was rustling.

Burt had been aware of that for some time, but he had just put it together with something else. The wind was still. How could that be?

He looked around warily, half expecting to see the smiling boys in their Quaker coats creeping out of the corn, their knives clutched in their hands. Nothing of the sort. There was still that rustling noise. Off to the left.

He began to walk in that direction, not having to bull his way through the corn anymore. The row was taking him in the direction he wanted to go, naturally. The row emptied out into some sort of clearing. The rustling was there.

He stopped, suddenly afraid.

The scent of the corn was strong enough to be cloying. The rows held onto the sun's heat, and he became aware he was plastered with sweat and chaff and thin spider strands of corn silk. The bugs ought to be crawling all over him; they weren't.

He stood still, staring toward that place where the corn opened out onto what looked like a large circle of bare earth.

There were no minges or mosquitoes here, no black flies or chiggers—what he and Vicky had called "drive-in bugs" when they had been courting—he thought with sudden and unexpectedly sad nostalgia. And he hadn't seen a single crow. How was that for weird, a corn patch with no crows?

In the last of the daylight he swept his eyes closely over the row of corn to his left and saw that every leaf and stalk was perfect, which was just not possible. No yellow blight. No tattered leaves, no caterpillar eggs, no burrows, no—

His eyes widened.

My God, there aren't any weeds!

Not a single one. Every foot and a half the corn plants rose from the earth. There was no witchgrass, jimson, pikeweed, whore's hair, or polk salad. Nothing.

Burt stared up, eyes wide. The light in the West was fading. The raftered clouds had drawn back together. Below them the golden light had faded to pink and ochre. It would be dark soon enough.

It was time to go down to the clearing in the corn and see what was there; hadn't

Textured Condoms drive me wild!

Texture Plus™

At last... a perfect blend of contraceptive and stimulator. Not like other textured condoms with conventional ribbing. This exclusive condom has ribbing and raised "pleasure dots"™ that are more pronounced... raised higher for greater stimulation. But that's not all... it's the only condom with texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. Textured Plus is preshaped and so thin it feels like you're wearing nothing at all!



Hundreds of Raised
"Pleasure Dots"™



To turn
her on.

Make her your BabyDoll with a see-thru negligee from PPA. In sheer nylon with lavish ruffling around the hem. She'll certainly appreciate this seductive gift. Sizes: S-M-L. 91576 PPA
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

Population Planning Assoc., Dept. DPHW-6
403 Jones Ferry Rd. P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please send me:

- ☐ Texture Plus (wallet of 10 condoms) \$5.25
- ☐ BabyDoll Negligee (Circle size S-M-L) \$8.00
- ☐ Texture Plus & BabyDoll. Both for \$10.00
- ☐ Executive Sampler (30 condoms includes 10 Texture Plus) \$11.50
- ☐ Deluxe 40 page catalog free with order (features clothing, sex aids, books, condoms and more). CATALOG ALONE \$24

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"THE CONTEST"

Now the most famous and funniest party record ever made is available on 8-Track, Record and Cassette. This Pass Gas contest features various artists locked in the mightiest sounds of individual combat ever recorded. Send \$6.00 (includes postage and handling) to Natural Gas, Dept. P-3 P.O. Box 35, Butler, WI 53007. Specify Record, 8-Track or Cassette. Dealer inquiries invited.



Checks - 15 Day Shipment - Cash or Money Order - Shipped Immediately

Make Thousands of Dollars ... Photograph Beautiful Women!

all over the country and near your home. For photo-illustrated magazines and books. Professional experience not necessary. Complete money-making outfit available including giant Model Directory with over 1000 models. Send for FREE literature today...no obligation, of course.

Enclose 50¢ for postage and handling.

UNIVERSAL TALENT RESEARCH, INC.

P.O. Box 555 **PN377**

Murray Hill Sta. New York, N.Y. 10016

LIVE, LOVE, LIMBO

on your own decked schooner 6 days of Caribbean...bathing, skin-diving, exploring unforgettable islands. \$265 includes meals.

Windjammer Cruises.

Dept. 78, Box 120, Miami Beach, Fla 33139

that been the plan all along? All the time he had thought he was cutting back to the highway, wasn't he being led to this place?

Dread in his belly, he went on down to the row and stood at the edge of the clearing. There was enough light left for him to see what was here. He couldn't scream. There didn't seem to be enough air in his lungs. He tottered on legs like slats of splintery wood. His eyes bulged from his face.

"Vicky," he whispered. "Oh, Vicky, my God—"

She had been mounted on a crossbar like a hideous trophy, her arms held at the wrists and her legs at the ankles by twists of common barbed wire, seventy cents a yard at any hardware store in Nebraska. Her eyes had been ripped out. The sockets were filled with the moon flax of corn silk. Her jaws were wrenched open in a silent scream, her mouth filled with corn husks.

On her left was a skeleton in a moldering surplice. The nude jawbone grinned. The eyesockets seemed to stare at Burt jocularly, as if the one-time minister of the Grace Baptist Church were saying: *it's not so bad; being sacrificed by pagan devil-children in the corn is not so bad; having your eyes ripped out of your skull according to the Laws of Moses is not so bad—*

To the left of the skeleton in the surplice was a second skeleton, this one dressed in a rotting, blue uniform. A hat hung over the skull, shading the eyes, and on the peak of the cap was a greenish-tinged badge reading: "POLICE CHIEF."

That was when Burt heard it coming: not the children but something much larger, moving through the corn toward the clearing. Not the children, no. The children wouldn't venture into the corn at night. This was the holy place, the place of He Who Walks behind the Rows.

Jerkily, Burt turned to flee. The row by which he had entered the clearing was gone. Closed up. All the rows had closed up. It was coming closer now, and he could hear it, pushing through the corn. He could hear it breathing. An ecstasy of superstitious terror seized him. It was coming. The corn on the far side of the clearing had suddenly darkened, as if a gigantic shadow had blotted it out.

Coming.

He Who Walks behind the Rows.

It began to come into the clearing. Burt saw something huge, bulking up to the sky . . . something green with terrible red eyes the size of footballs.

Something that smelled like dried corn husks, years in some dark barn.

He began to scream. But he did not scream long.

Some time later a bloated, orange harvest moon came up.

The children of the corn stood in the clearing at midday, looking at the two crucified skeletons and the two bodies . . . the bodies were not skeletons yet, but they would be. In time. And here, in the heartland of Nebraska, in the corn, there was nothing but time.

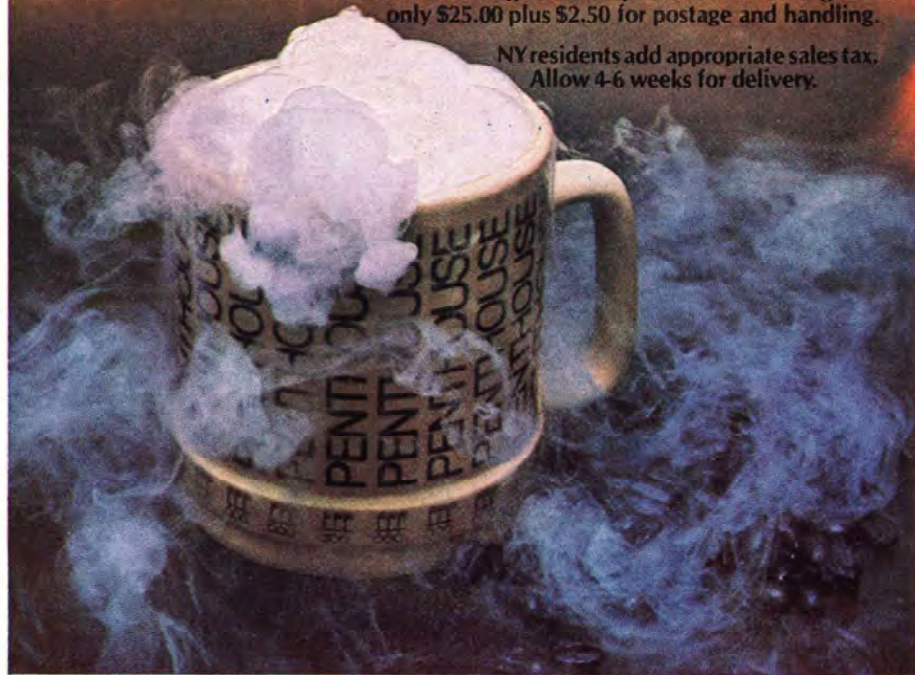
WHAT'S BREWING IN THE PENTHOUSE CUP?

Anything you like. This 12 oz. ceramic mug is an original design, beige with the PENTHOUSE key logo in rich brown. It's 3 3/4" in diameter, 3 3/4" tall, and 4 3/4" width to handle. Highly fired with a glossy finish.

Send check or money order for \$5.00 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling to: PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS, Dept. G007, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Or take advantage of this special offer—6 Mugs for only \$25.00 plus \$2.50 for postage and handling.

NY residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



SINCERITY, HONESTY, EXPERTISE:

You just found out what makes Hair Again Ltd. so different.

We pride ourselves on our staff of experts.

Hair Again Ltd. has the finest hair replacement process in the world. It is *not* a hairweave, *not* a transplant, *not* a hairpiece unit attached to your head. It is science at its utmost in the area of hair implantation techniques.

It is simple, painless and gives you a great, natural-looking head of hair that's on your head to stay. In fact, no one, not even the many who have attempted to copy our technique can come close to it. No one else has our name or process. They're ours exclusively.

For a free, fully-illustrated brochure giving you more information, please send the coupon to Hair Again Ltd., 14 E. 60th St., N.Y.C., N.Y. 10022.



For free, illustrated brochure, send to: Hair Again Ltd.

14 East 60th St., New York City, N.Y. 10022

Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

7-6 ©1977



PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS
WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS

Complete Control For The Over Eager Male

STA-POWER SPRAY

Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY \$6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You

And Delight Your Partner

ERECTION PILLS

Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the timid of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS \$6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?

STA-POWER PILLS

For A Terrific Rise - Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS \$5.95

Do You Need Help?

INSTANT ERECTION OIL OR CREAM

Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is delicately compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

OIL \$6.95

CREAM \$6.95

Guaranteed To Make Her Hot

IMITATION SPANISH FLY & GINSENG

Do You Measure Up? You Can. Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steingold "... if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet!". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS \$5.95

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS Dept. P-377
Box 430 Canal St. Station New York, N.Y. 10013

You'll look terrific in the PENTHOUSE WINDBREAKER

This handsome all-weather windbreaker bears the Penthouse key logo, fashioned in all-nylon with easy-wear knit collar, cuffs, and sleeve insets. Be sure to specify size and color — the Penthouse windbreaker comes in Sm., Med., Lg., and Ex-Lg. (Men's Sm. = Ladies' Med.) Color selection includes (W001) White, (W002) Yellow, (W003) Red, (W004) Navy, (W005) Tan.

Send check or money order for \$25.00 (plus \$1.50 each for postage and handling) to: PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS, Dept. W001, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Or charge it on your American Express, Bank Americard, or Master Charge Card. (Include signature, expiration date, account number, plus Interbank number for M.C.)

NYC residents add 8% sales tax. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.



"Behold, a dream came to me in the night, and the Lord did shew all this to me."

They all turned to look at Isaac with dread and wonder, even Malachai. Isaac was only nine, but he had been the seer since the corn had taken David a year ago. David had been nineteen and had walked into the corn on his birthday, as dusk had come drifting down the summer rows.

Now, small face grave under his round-crowned hat, Isaac continued:

"And in my dream the Lord was a shadow that walked behind the rows, and he spoke to me in the words he used to our older brothers years ago. He is much displeased with this sacrifice."

They made a sighing, sobbing noise and looked at the surrounding walls of green.

"And the Lord did say: 'Have I not given you a place of killing, that you might make sacrifice there? And have I not shewn you favor? But this man has made a blasphemy within me, and I have completed this sacrifice myself. Like the Blue Man and the false minister who escaped many years ago.'"

"The Blue Man ... the false minister," they whispered and looked at each other uneasily.

"So now is the Age of Favor lowered from nineteen plantings and harvestings to eighteen," Isaac went on relentlessly. "Yet be fruitful and multiply as the corn multiplies, that my favor may be shewn you, and be upon you."

Isaac ceased.

The eyes turned to Malachai and Joseph, the only two among this party who were eighteen. There were others back in town, perhaps twenty in all.

They waited to hear what Malachai would say, Malachai who had led the hunt for Japeth, who evermore would be known as Ahaz, cursed of God. Malachai had cut the throat of Ahaz and had thrown his body out of the corn so the foul body would not pollute it or blight it.

"I obey the word of God," he whispered.

The corn seemed to sigh its approval.

In the weeks to come, the girls would make many corncob crucifixes to ward off further evil.

And that night those above the Age of Favor walked silently into the corn and went to the clearing, to gain the continued favor of He Who Walks behind the Rows.

"Goodbye, Malachai," Ruth called. She waved disconsolately. Her belly was big with Malachai's child, and tears coursed silently down her cheeks. Malachai did not turn. The corn swallowed him.

Ruth turned away, still crying. She had conceived a secret hatred for the corn and sometimes dreamed of walking into it with a torch in each hand when dry September came and the stalks were dead and explosively combustible. But she also feared it. Out there, in the night, something walked, and it saw everything ... even the secrets kept in human hearts.

Dusk deepened into night. Around Gatlin the corn rustled and whispered secretly. It was well pleased. 

piece



by piece

The Viva Sensuality Puzzles

From the pages of America's most exciting publication for women, come these three captivating puzzles of erotic scenes and dazzling models.

Each puzzle is distinctive, handsome, and sensual, affording many hours of delight in putting them together. When finished, each forms an 11 by 16½ inch picture, perfect for hanging on your wall.

The first is **Loving Couple**, a series of delicate and evocative photographs of two lovers on a beach.

The second is **Claude**, the muscular and sensitive woodcutter with a mane of golden blonde hair.

And the third is **Bruce**, dark, athletic, shown by a stream preparing for his favorite sport.

As amusements to while away the hours, or as finished art works to grace your home, these striking **Viva** puzzles are unforgettable treasures you will be happy to own or to give as presents to a special someone. When you order, please ask for the puzzle you want by name and code number: Loving Couple (CO4), Bruce (CO5), and Claude (CO6).

Each puzzle is yours for the low price of \$3.50 (please add \$1.00 for postage and handling). Mail check or money order to: Penthouse Products, Dept. C4, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

BREAKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

create a commission to study ways to help Catholic schools. It was a campaign pledge. Several aides had been stalling on it. . . . 'Chuck, I want a commission appointed now,' he told me. . . . 'I ordered it a year ago and no one pays any attention. You do it. Break all the — china in this building but have an order for me to sign on my desk Monday morning.'

"I called the Department of Justice first; all executive orders are drafted and cleared there. But the assistant whose office handles such things curtly told me that the department was closed for the weekend; he could not put anyone to work until Monday. No wonder, I thought, the president explodes in frustration. He probably thinks he's running the government."

Nixon was the first president in the modern era to accept the fact that he presided over a collection of semiautonomous sub-governments about which he didn't have very much to say. Perhaps one of the reasons why presidents have preferred to busy themselves with war and diplomacy is that the authority of their office is greater in these spheres than in the domestic ones. It's easier to order the fleet moved than to order the FHA to modify its daily routine.

Nixon reasoned that since the president was blamed for everything the government did, he ought to have the right to run it; but he never was able to do so. When he came into office in 1969, Nixon appointed powerful political personalities like John Volpe and George Romney, ex-governors of Massachusetts and Michigan, to be departmental secretaries. He learned that such appointees are soon kidnapped and taken off by the upper levels of the bureaucracy and the business and labor constituencies which the major departments of government serve. As John Ehrlichman put it, "We only see them at the annual White House Christmas party; they go off and marry the natives."

Then Nixon tried to bring the federal government closer to the people it's supposed to serve. A major decentralization program with the unhappy name of the New American Revolution was attempted, but the result was to make the federal programs more rigid and less responsive. Decentralizing the decision-making power only moved it into the hinterland and into the hands of civil servants even more timid, less imaginative, and more hidebound than the ones in Washington.

Congress was pushed into the passage of revenue sharing, but Nixon's most significant reorganization proposals were turned down. Even the notorious Board of Tea Tasters, created by Act of Congress back in 1897 for reasons long since forgotten, could not be abolished. It exists today, serving journalists and politicians alike as a perpetual and frequently used example of the impossibility of achieving even the most minor structural changes. Nixon

remarkable aid to greater sexual compatibility

Premature climax frequently frustrates the fulfillment of a truly satisfying relationship between man and woman.

Detane is a desensitizing lubricant that provides dependable climax control for men . . . leading to increased sexual contentment for both partners.

Detane is an unscented invisible gel. Available without prescription at leading pharmacies.

DETANE® THE CLIMAX CONTROL FOR MEN

© 1975 Commerce Drug Co., Inc., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

CREATE MESSAGES IN THE NUDE THAT HALLMARK WOULDN'T DARE PRINT

rub-a-nude™ creative greeting card kit by rub ink™

- Make 12 of the greatest greeting cards ever.
- Have the nudes grossly endowed or hilariously underdeveloped . . . all explicit parts are there.
- Any message is possible . . . for good friends or bad . . . transfer lettering and phrases included.
- Every card an original by you.
- A unique and professional kit . . . components drawn by one of America's foremost cartoonists.
- 2 kits available . . . one with sexy young bodies (Kit #19) . . . and the other featuring the vintage years (Kit #56). Both kits have 12-4" x 9" greeting cards . . . 6 with men and 6 with women . . . all in sports action: Tennis, Golf, Bowling, Skiing and More. Envelopes included.

rub ink™ Dept. 755, P.O. 60997, Sunnyvale, CA 94088

Send ☐ #19 Kit(s) (Sexy) ☐ #56 Kit(s) (Vintage)
 \$4.95 plus 95¢ postage & handling per kit
 (Calif. Res. add 6% tax)
 Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
 \$_____ Total
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
 Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
 Signature _____
 Print Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mailed in Plain Package



Guaranteed Satisfaction
or Money Back

Today, did you remember to feed your hair?

skalp
VITAMINS

SKALP VITAMINS FOR BEAUTIFUL HAIR.

Everyone loves the look and feel of healthy, beautiful hair. Especially when it's your own. Now there's a new, nutritionally sound way to help your hair be as healthy and beautiful as it can be, Skalp Vitamins for your hair.

YOU MAY BE STARVING YOUR HAIR.

Medical studies show millions of Americans are starving their hair through poor hair nutrition. If you're a busy person who often "eats on the run" you may be cheating your hair of the vital nutrients it needs. Even if you already take regular vitamins.

SKALP VITAMINS GIVE YOUR HAIR THE FOOD IT NEEDS, DAILY.

Skalp is the only product of its kind which combines the eight important vitamins, five key minerals plus amino acids to ensure your hair can be healthy, full, vibrant and alive. Until now, these vital nutrients have been available only separately from your pharmacist or health food store. Until now, it would cost a small fortune to take these many nutrients daily. Now, because Skalp Vitamins combine these essential hair nutrients in one easy-to-take tablet, you can give your hair the

good nutrition it deserves every day — at a fraction of the cost.

START GIVING YOUR HAIR THE NUTRITION IT NEEDS. NOW.

The best time to start a program of sound hair nutrition is now. The sooner you start a daily Skalp Vitamins program, the sooner Skalp's vital nutrients can go to work on your hair.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

Try Skalp Vitamins for just 14 days. If

you're not completely delighted with the difference Skalp makes with your hair, return the bottle and unused portion and we'll happily refund your money. We're that sure Skalp really works!

ORDER NOW.

For your 50 day supply of Skalp Vitamins, phone now (24 hr. service) TOLL FREE 1 800 426-0583, Wash. State residents 1 800 542-0816.

Skalp Vitamins. The perfect food for your hair.

SPECIALLY FORMULATED FOR YOUR HAIR • EIGHT IMPORTANT VITAMINS • FIVE KEY MINERALS • PLUS VITAL AMINO ACIDS



Send me _____ bottles of Skalp Vitamins at \$9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling. (One bottle equals 50 day supply.)

I enclose my: ☐ check ☐ money order

Please charge my:

☐ Mastercharge Interbank No. _____ Exp. Date _____
☐ Mastercharge Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____
☐ BankAmericard Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS 1 800 426-0583

Washington State residents 1 800 542-0816

OR MAIL COUPON TO: MACOW LABORATORIES

P.O. Box #2345

Macow Laboratories 1976 PH3
 Seattle, Washington, USA 98111

IN THE MARCH FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHAT MAKES A MAN A GREAT LOVER?

In a series of probing interviews, a number of women reveal what makes their men fulfilling lovers. This is an article that will help every man improve his lovemaking skills—and please every woman in his life.

MAE WEST'S ADVICE ON KEEPING YOUNG

"My men claim I've still got it," croons America's inimitable sex symbol Mae West, who is now in her eighties. In an exclusive interview, Ms. West talks candidly about everything from enemas and weight lifting to the men in her life.

INCEST DEBATE: READERS SPEAK OUT

Letters from all over the country poured in in response to Dr. Wardell Pomeroy's article "A New Look at Incest." *Forum* is pleased to present a representative group of readers' views on the provocative topic of incest and Dr. Pomeroy's replies to them. Don't miss this spirited exchange on a subject that—until now—most people considered taboo.

THE FIRST TIME WITH SOMEBODY NEW

When portrayed in the movies, the first time is always a glorious glimpse of lovemaking. But in real life the first time is often filled with anxieties, awkwardness, and *faux pas*. In this look at real first nights, you will learn how to cope with and enjoy them for what they are.

THE SPOILED ORGASM

If there's anything worse than crying over spilled milk, it's crying over a spoiled orgasm, when sometimes absolutely nothing got spilled. This close-up on unexpected sexual fiascos will leave you laughing all the way to the bedroom.

●The effort to bring Nixon down began after his reelection. Watergate was simply the excuse.●

struggled on in exasperated warfare with the more than 2 million pay-rollers who were supposed to do what he told them but didn't.

Another approach was then tried. An attempt would be made to pull the operating power right into the White House and the executive office of the president. Nixon's staff swelled in size and responsibilities; but the more it took on, the more it bogged down and the more actual policymaking power stayed with the bureaucracy. Nixon demanded that civil-service heads be chopped "as a warning to a few other people around in this government that we are going to quit being a bunch of God-damn soft-headed managers." The attempt didn't work. He wailed, with considerable justice, that "we have no discipline in this bureaucracy. We never fire anybody. We always promote the sons-of-bitches that kick us in the ass."

The last attempt Nixon made to administer the federal government was to go around Congress and to try to consolidate the cabinet departments by executive order into four general groupings under the leadership of four supercabinet secretaries. It wasn't a new idea. The same basic proposal for government reorganization had been made to Franklin Roosevelt in 1939; another version of the idea was suggested to Truman a decade later. But these gentlemen preferred to wage war against the Nazis and the Communists rather than to take on this kind of fight back home. What FDR, the Babe Ruth of American politics, shrank from attempting, the unlovable Nixon would try.

To make the scheme work, however, appointed officials in every department and bureau had to be Nixon White House loyalists, men not to be seduced by the higher civil service or the businessmen or the unions, trade associations, and professional organizations that, along with the civil service, form the autonomous sub-governments and give them their clout.

To carry out the plan, Nixon had to execute a putsch against himself, a sort of administration-sponsored coup d'état. It was begun on the morning of Wednesday, November 8, 1972, the day after Nixon's electoral Trafalgar, when the senior staff, hangovers and all, were marched into an 8:00 A.M. meeting. Their newly reelected leader and president gave them a few strokes—to use that odious term from transactional analysis popular among Watergaters—and told the people who were most responsible for helping him win his huge victory:

"I was reading Disraeli the other night, and Disraeli spoke of how his administration of the British government lost its spark after being reelected. The campaign took

too much out of them, he said. They became a 'burned-out volcano,' fresh out of ideas and energy. Well, . . . I am not a burned-out volcano and the second administration will not be one either. We are going to inject new vigor and new energy into the government. . . ." With that Nixon turned the meeting over to his lord high executioner, H.R. ("Bob") Haldeman, who informed them that, "as the president indicated, some things are going to change around here. . . . The president and I are meeting with the cabinet shortly. We are going to direct them to obtain written letters of resignation from all appointed sub-cabinet officers in the government and submit them along with their own resignations. And the president has directed that everyone in this room also hand in a letter of resignation. . . . We just want to show we mean business."

The heads of the 2,000 most important officials of the United States government were on the block so that, as John Ehrlichman put it, "When we say jump, they will only ask, 'How high?'" The effect was calamitous, catatonic, a dreadful boomerang. Nobody but those attached to Nixon personally could be sure of keeping his job or his influence. "Has the president gone crazy?" asked Henry Petersen, the lifetime Justice Department official supervising the Watergate investigation, one of the many one would suppose Nixon would want to bind to him by kindness. "He can't just throw everybody out in the street like this! Waste everybody's damn career. He'll screw up the whole government. I tell you, he'll regret this."

So the serious effort to bring Nixon down began after his reelection. Watergate was simply the excuse that Nixon's enemies used to destroy him. It couldn't have been done without the hostility of the bureaucracy, which opened the file cabinets and turned on the leaks. Only the bureaucracy had access to the endless amounts of discrediting information that now appeared everywhere. The tipoff as to what was going on was the revelation of Nixon's tax returns. Until they were printed first in the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*, what transpired between a president and the IRS was a more closely held secret than the designs for the MIRV missiles.

But Nixon's declaration of war against the government apparatus had sealed his fate. Angry and frightened bureaucrats at the IRS, the FBI, everywhere, were after him. He had no powerful friends left. A small group of Republicans would ride with him until the hour of the discovery of the smoking gun, but Congress as an institution had long since been alienated by Nixon's impoundment of appropriated funds and by other snubs and insults that were

calculated to rub the congressional nose into the crap of its own impotence. But while Congress is weak—its most lusty powers long ago oxidized into its scab-bard—given the motive, even the dustiest of anachronisms like impeachment can be yanked out of their rusting places.

Nixon's downfall was a political, not a conspiratorial, act. The representatives and leaders of all the various powers and groupings that Nixon had alienated never had to meet in a room to plan the bum's rush for the San Clemente Comet. After his second inaugural the leading members of the factions that were opposed to him could see that their counterparts felt the same way merely by picking up a paper. The media, which had worked so hard to ensure George McGovern's defeat, now flipfopped and became the couriers for this tacit conspiracy.

The reasons aren't hard to discern. The reporters, who do tend to be as liberal as their detractors make them out to be, hated Nixon from the word go; they and their editors resented Nixon for refusing to use them as intermediaries with the public. Nixon and Haldeman understood that a modern president with access to the television camera doesn't need reporters or news conferences. He can talk directly to the people. So, while the media workers had their noses out of joint because Nixon had made them superfluous, the owners and top executives were soon filled with the same unease and alarm as were many other businessmen of their rank.

We know how swiftly these elements, once they were all in place, took the Whittier Trickster down. Six months after his second inaugural, he had become a president in name only. A year later he'd even lost the name. The domestic reforms or changes that he'd attempted had vanished. Everything he did is viewed today as sowing the seeds of American dictatorship. Abroad, the movement toward China has been forestalled, and détente has become another dirty French word. Nixon has been turned into a man without morals or meaning.

By the time the press had finished disfiguring Boss Tweed, they may even have gotten his middle name wrong. It turns out that boss William Marcy Tweed might really have been William Magear Tweed, which only goes to show how thoroughly the winners rewrite history to suit their purposes.

They've already done it on Benedict Arnold II, the ex-president with the ski-jump nose. And a lot of money and myths have been generated in the process. But unless you like to believe in fairy tales ("... and the comely knight, Sir Linotype Woodstein, discovers the vile vizier's ill-gotten booty under the magic fountain called Watergate. ..."), it shouldn't take a hundred years to understand that the crimes of the Nixon administration merely provided the means with which his political enemies were able to destroy him. Fairy tales can be a lot of fun, but are they really an adequate substitute for history? 

Shaped for extra pleasure.



Nu-Form® Sensi-Shape
is an innovative, scientific
achievement in male contracep-
tion. NuForm's specially designed
shape allows for greater freedom of move-
ment inside the contraceptive... for better, more
natural sensation for each of you. You'll both see the
difference in NuForm's flared shape and pleasing tint. You'll
also feel the difference in increased pleasure never before expe-
rienced in a male contraceptive. Electronically tested NuForm comes
in a choice of lubricated or non-lubricated. Available in drugstores.

Free Sample Offer —
We would like to send
you Free samples of
the scientifically de-
signed NuForm, both
Sensitol® Lubricated
and Non-lubricated
forms, plus our booklet
"There's a great new



form of contraception
you should know
about". Send your
name, address and zip
code with 25¢ for
handling to: Schmid
Laboratories, Inc. Box
NF-1, Route 46 West,
Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

Also available in Canada.



I'm a woman - and I'm not ashamed to admit that I enjoy sex...

I honestly believe that sex—good sex—is a woman's right! I want my man to know what pleases me. But, like many women, I had a problem. Orgasm hasn't always come easily. Sometimes not at all.

Then I read about Prelude 3. This new System was everything I hoped for—and more. My husband and I immediately accepted it as a natural and exciting part of our lovemaking.

Intensifies Sexual Responsiveness

For years, Sensory Research Corp. has set the standard for those seeking genuine sexual awareness. Now, SRC announces the Prelude 3 System. It includes:

- The new dual-intensity vibrator. Uses standard outlet. **Noiseless**, hygienic.
- A Special Stimulator™, **unique** to the Prelude System. Recommended by doctors, it is designed to provide intense sexual sensations. Nothing to insert.
- Exclusive, illustrated Guide describes how to fully enjoy Prelude 3.
- Four massage attachments to relax and stimulate from head to toe. New feature locks all attachments in place.

Only \$24.95. And it's fully guaranteed.

If you are not absolutely delighted with the results—for any reason—simply return the System within 30 days for a full and prompt refund.

30-Day Money-Back Guarantee. No Questions Asked. Mail Coupon Today.

Sensory Research Corp., Dept. B-016CW

5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send _____ Prelude 3 Systems @ \$24.95 ea., postpaid.

I enclose ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for \$_____.

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge.

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside Continental U.S., please add \$1.50 for shipping. In N.J., add 5% sales tax.



© Sensory Research Corp., 1977

★ COMIC BOOKS ★

TV Guides, TV, Movie, Monster & Science Fiction Magazines, Playboys, Doc Savage, The Shadow, Gum Cards, Star Trek, Hardcover & Pocket Books, Original Art, Radio & Cereal Premiums, Sunday, Comic Sections, Toys, Games, Pulp, Big Little Books, Movie & Serial Pressbooks, Posters, Lobby Cards, Photos, Etc.



FOR SALE from 1900-1977
SEND \$1.35 FOR 2 GIANT CATALOGS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOWARD P. ROGOFSKY
★ P.O. BOX 1102 ★
LINDEN HILL STATION
FLUSHING, N. Y. 11354

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED

No experience required. Each month we ship you NATIONAL LP's to rate. "You keep LP's." We pay postage. In return for your opinion, you can build your LP collection. A small membership fee is required. "First come basis." Send no money. For application write:
National Music, Dept. N, 3725 N. 126th St., Brookfield, WI 53005



MICRO MINI MIKE™ WIRELESS MICROPHONE

World's smallest, solid state, self-contained. Picks up and transmits most sounds without wires up to 300 ft. through FM Radio. Use as mike, ampl., alarm & alert eye, hot line, baby sitter, etc. Money back guar. B/A, M/C cds, COD ok. \$18.95 plus \$1.00 post. & hdg. Calif. res. add tax. Mail orders only. Qty. Disc. Avail. **AMC SALES, INC.**
Dept. MJ, Box 928 • Downey, Calif. 90241



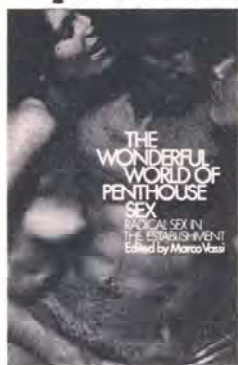
SIZE:
2 1/8" x 3/4" x 1 1/2"

UNCENSORED DEVELOPING

Kodacolor Dev. 12Ex. \$3.90, 20Ex. \$5.90
Slides Developed 20Ex. \$2.50, 36Ex. \$3.50
All 8mm Movies \$3. Color reprints .25
Five Color copies & neg. of Polaroid \$2.

Spectra Photo P.O. Box 258P
Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

Have You Experienced



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PENTHOUSE SEX?

An ecstatic ride through the joyous, uninhibited, free wheeling places and people of Contemporary Eroticism. This volume brings together the best from the past 5 years of PENTHOUSE Magazine.

Fantasies * Love Communities * Threesomes
* Lesbianism * Teenage Sex * New Trends
and Old Favorites * Massage Parlors *
Orgasms *

Truly, this has something for everyone. Raw, humorous, thoughtful and outrageous. Send check or money order for \$7.95 (plus \$1.00 for postage and handling) to: **PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY**, Dept. PH62, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

SMITH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

smoke forward, letting you have room to enter. If another fireman doesn't, at the very same time, break those windows at the end of the hall, you see, that heat is just going to be pushed forward, until it builds up to such an intensity that it's going to blow right up around you and the fog nozzle and everything else. So you've got to have people ventilating in a coordinated effort. But in most cases you get right up to the fire and turn the nozzle on.

Penthouse: Why don't you have water going as you proceed to the fire?

Smith: Because it's a waste of time in a lot of cases, and because it causes water damage that's unnecessary.

Penthouse: So you push yourself right up ahead, as close to the flames as you can stand, and then turn the water on?

Smith: That's right.

Penthouse: How do you know when you're as far in as you can safely get?

Smith: Because it gets hot—you couldn't stand it very long. The temperature of that raging fire is anywhere from 1,000 to 1,500 degrees.

Penthouse: Does it cool down a bit when you lower the hose water pressure?

Smith: It depends on what kind of room you're in. If you're in an old building that has plaster walls, then it becomes like an oven: you put the fire out, but the walls still have the heat.

Penthouse: What is the most dangerous kind of fire?

Smith: Well, one kind is what we call a flashback fire, where the heat has grown intense but there's not enough oxygen to feed the fire. If oxygen is suddenly fed into it, there's a point of ignition. It just goes *whoosh!* It jumps right out at you, and it'll burn you there. I've seen that happen an awful lot, but I've never been burned like that. The times I've been burned have always been in going through, after the fire is out, when I have the cinders coming down on my neck.

Penthouse: Have you had any serious injuries?

Smith: Oh, yes. Burns. I have a lot of scars from this job . . . Jesus, now that I think of it. And I have a back, filled with cortisone, which is still painful.

Penthouse: How did you hurt your back?

Smith: Pulling a hose one night. I don't know what the hell I did—I severed something. The nerve ending came right out, and I had to lie on my stomach for ninety days. I had to eat my meals on my stomach and hang over the bed to read the newspaper. So now, if I type for any more than a couple of hours, I've got to get up. I've got to walk around, to lie down for twenty minutes or do something, just to get out of that position. I don't know what the hell the cortisone does, but the pain never does completely go away, they tell me.

Penthouse: What is it like to be right up there on the nozzle?

THE PENTHOUSE CASE AGAINST TIME



Time is tough on the pages of your favorite magazine. Our new Custom Bound Library Case is even tougher; made of rich brown simulated leather, it's built to last and to keep 12 issues in mint condition. The spine is embossed with a gold PENTHOUSE logo and each case includes a gold transfer for recording the date.

Send your check or money order (\$4.95 each; 3 for \$14.00; 6 for \$24.00; postpaid, USA orders only) to:
Penthouse Library Case,
P.O. Box 5120, Philadelphia, Pa. 19141.

Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

SENSUOUS CONDOMS BY MAIL!



TODAY'S ULTRA-THIN CONDOMS PROVIDE A SENSUOUS EXPERIENCE AND PROTECTION TOO!

Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Now there are ultra-thin supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for **sexual pleasure**, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method. And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment . . . by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning.

Our 40 page catalog (sent free with every order) describes the wide selection of condoms we offer . . . all nationally advertised brands. New **TEXTURE PLUS™** featuring hundreds of "pleasure dots," **BOLD 45™**—world's first color condom with texturing, popular, best-selling **STIMULA**, and 28 other nationally advertised brands. All orders are shipped promptly in a plain wrapper to assure your privacy. Why not send for a sampler today. If you do not agree PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the **best available anywhere**, we will refund your money in full—no questions asked.

©1976 PPA

Population Planning, Dept. DPHW-8
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in plain package:

- ☐ Sampler of 22 assorted condoms plus catalog, \$5.
☐ Deluxe Sampler of 38 assorted condoms plus catalog, \$8.
☐ Illustrated catalog alone, 25¢.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Smith: Well, it depends on the fire. If it's in an abandoned building, and it's just a question of "getting" the fire, and you go through it, you know that there aren't an awful lot of people in this world that could do it.

Penthouse: Why?

Smith: Because it takes a great deal of skill and conditioning before you can do that—take the nozzle—and do it well. When you're a new fireman, you go in having a guy who's experienced behind you. He'll say, "Okay, come on, take this for a little while." So you'll take it in, maybe through a room. Then you'll say, "Jesus!" and you'll have to back out—because you're new and you don't know what the hell is really going on.

But when you're experienced and you go through it, it's a good feeling. There's a sense of instant satisfaction about what you're doing.

Penthouse: When you're moving with the hose, how many men do you have with you?

Smith: Normally, there are three guys—if it's a big hose. There's a man at the nozzle and a man immediately behind him and an officer on the side, directing. There's also a guy who stands a little behind them, feeding the hose in.

Penthouse: Do you customarily take turns on the nozzle?

Smith: It depends on how bad the fire is, on how long you can last. I'll tell you, that twelve inches is a hell of a difference. It's like the difference between being on the Riviera and being in Barrow, Alaska.

But the most important thing you're responsible for is rescue—to get in, make a search, see if anybody's there. You've got to get into every room. If I was coming into this room—just picture this room on fire—I would come in through that door, and I wouldn't be able to see a thing. The lights are all knocked out, and it's smoky as a bastard.

So, you've just got to get on your hands and knees, or on your stomach, and just push yourself into this room—never having been in it before. And you just go along the walls, and you come to the couch, and you get your hands under the couch to make sure there's nobody there. You come around and you feel a table, and you feel a chair, and you go around and you feel that doorway. You can't, of course, see any of these objects.

Then you know that there's another side to this room, and you might want to vent the window if you figure the outside hose is going to be up. You also know there has to be a doorway on this other side of the room. You go around to that doorway—you figure that's pretty safe—and you go in. Next you go into the bathroom, and you do the same thing there. And then you'd be on top of the fire, so to speak—you'd know where the fire is. But you check everything. You go through extra bedrooms, and you check all the beds. You throw the mattress off the bed so that anybody going in there knows it's already been checked.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

BALLS OF THOR™

In today's world you need them.



Actual size of balls—
1 1/8" in
diameter.



The Legend of Thor

Thor, god of lightning and thunder. His name personifies strength and courage. Thor fought the battles of men and gods against the evil giants who represented the threatening forces of a hostile universe. He was passionate and sometimes acted rather rashly, but always did what he believed was right. In the end, he never failed to triumph.

Rise to the occasion

That quality which raised Thor above the ranks of mere mortals to the stature of a god can be defined in a single word: BALLS.

Stand up and be noticed

Now this awesome set of brass plated steel Balls of Thor will tell the world that you are someone to be reckoned with. They serve as a constant reminder that you can stand up for what you know is

right. They are an ideal tension reliever as well. When you click the Balls of Thor together in the palm of your hand, your adversaries will hear your thunder and know that your lightning cannot be far behind!

Show them you've got Balls

Display your Balls of Thor on their own hand-finished ponderosa pine stand, or carry them with you in their genuine lamb suede drawstring pouch, so you need never be without them.

A Perfect Set

Balls of Thor are the perfect gift for your favorite executive, liberated or unliberated man or woman. Order your set now for birthdays, anniversaries, awards, etc.

Accept life's challenge! Be your own God of Thunder! But remember...Balls of Thor are not a toy—they are a way of life!

N-Vironment Corporation
178 Keen Street
Paterson, New Jersey 07524

Please send _____ set(s) of "Balls of Thor" at \$12 per pair with suede carrying pouch and ponderosa pine display stand (includes postage and handling). New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$_____.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. For gifts, let us know if you would like to send anonymously or have your name enclosed. Attach separate list of names and addresses to whom each set is to be sent.

OH WICKED WANDA!

ARMED WITH HER LETHAL LIST OF HIGH-PLACED TAX-DODGERS, WANDA CONTINUES HER RAMPAGE THROUGH THE WORLD'S MAJOR CAPITALS ~~~~~

TAKE IT DOWN AND START AGAIN —PEASANT!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON



HE MAY BE A DUMB ANIMAL —BUT THAT'S NO REASON FOR NOT GIVIN' HIM A PERCENTAGE OF THE GROSS!

YOU FAMILIAR WITH "THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME", FATHER?

WAITING FOR A BUS! WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M DOING?

IS THAT ON OUR LIST OF CULTURAL EVENTS?

CALIGULA'S GORE VIDAL

NO, BUT I'M FREE ALL NEXT WEEK, FATHER!

DON'T WORRY! IF WE DO GET CAUGHT JUST TELL THE JUDGE ABOUT YOUR DEPRIVED CHILDHOOD!

I'D LIKE TO EAT MASTROIANNI!

HE'S A FELLER—NOT A PASTA!

I'D LIKE TO EAT MASTROIANNI!

IT'S A NICE JUICY PART, BABE!

I KNOW DAT! BUT ABOUT DIS FILM....

WELL, HERE WE ARE PUSSCAKE, ON ROME'S FAMED VIA VENETO. AND THE ITALIANS ARE PRETTY THIN ON THE GROUND!

ROME

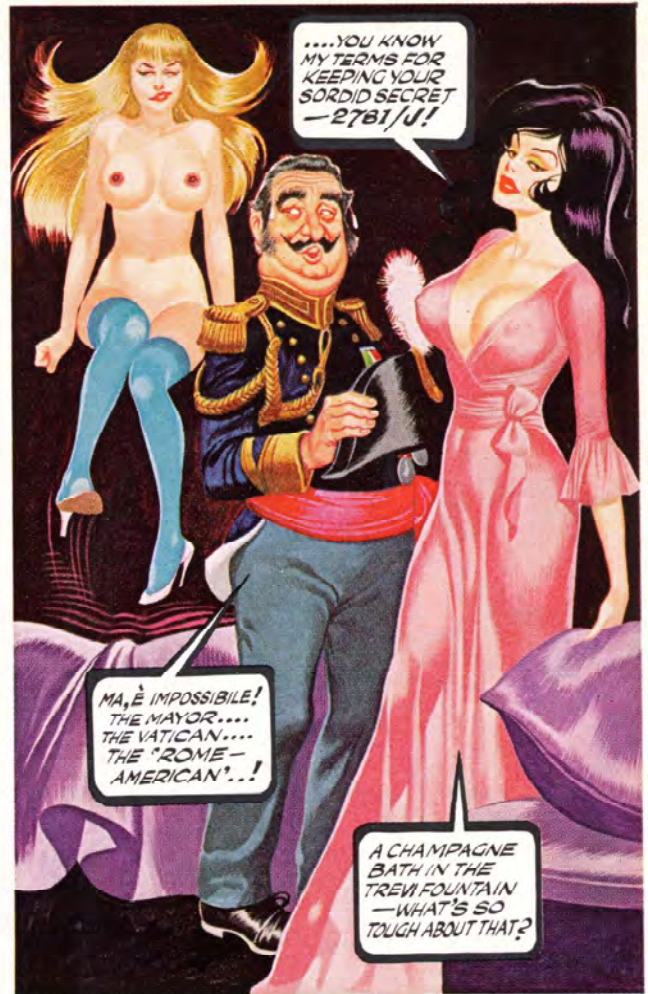
ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ANY MORE MONEY TO THE I.M.F SO'S THEY CAN LEND IT TO THIS LOT, BOO'FUL?

WAIT'LL RON CALELLA SEES THESE SHOTS!

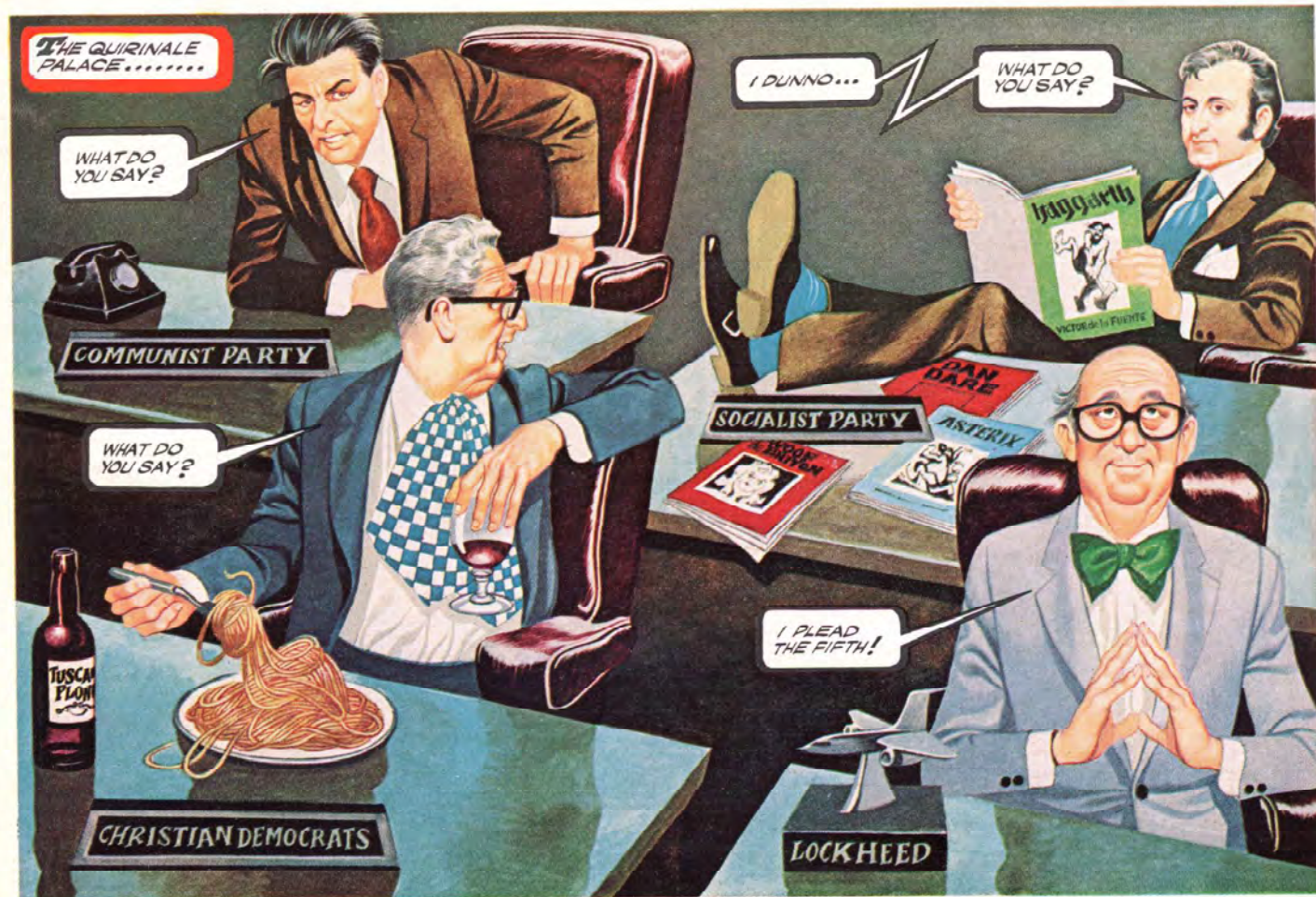
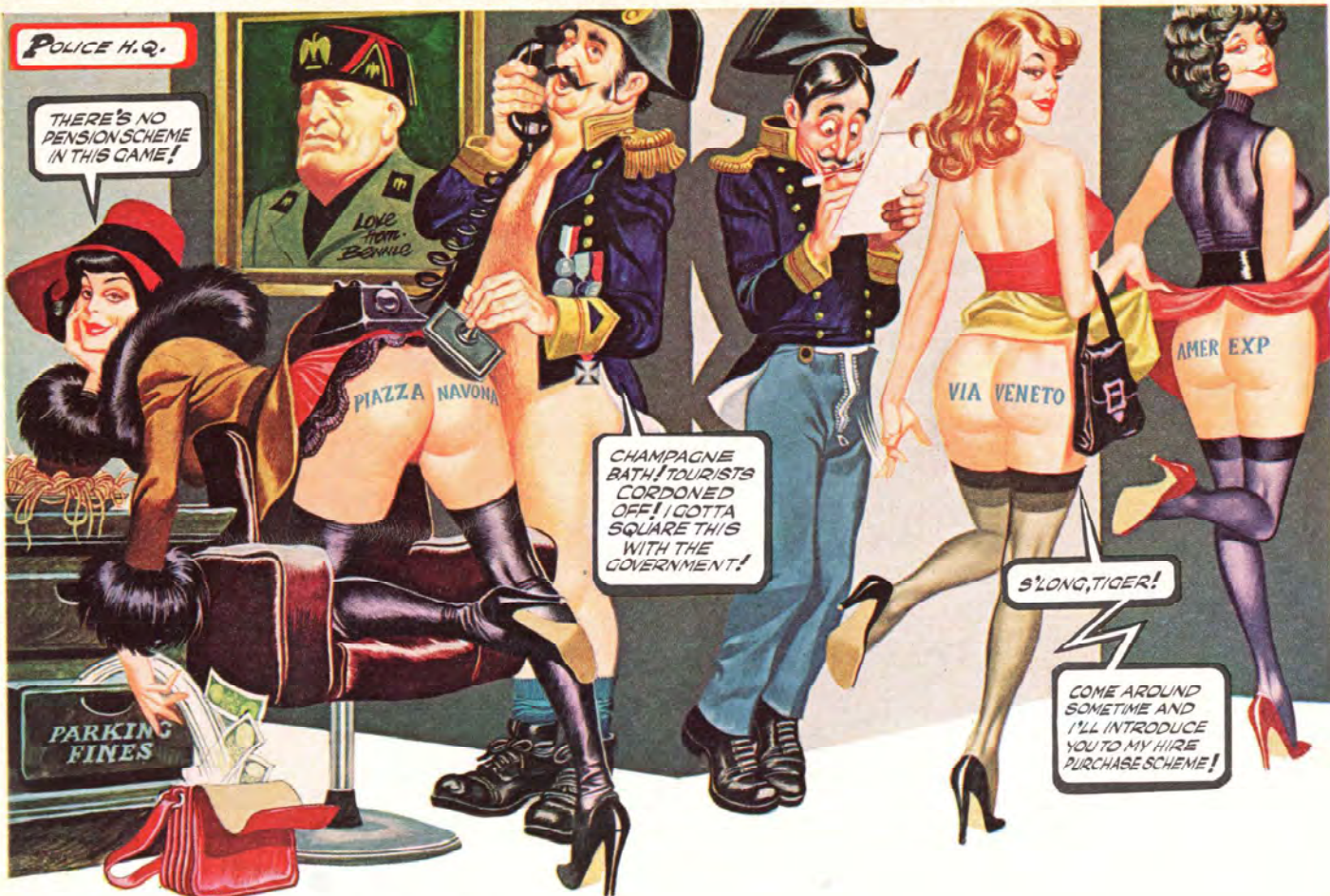
"WHEN IN ROME", MA'AM?

YOUR TECHNIQUE'S LOUSY, MAC!









AND SO.....

HEY, BOO'FUL!
THIS BIG,
STRONG MACHO
GUY IS A
COMPLETE
PHONEY!

I THOUGHT THIS
WAS SUPPOSED
TO BE A CULTURAL
TRIP, MARU?

I FEEL PRETTY
SILLY-SITTING
UP HERE LIKE
THIS!

"WHEN IN
ROME," ELMER!

WHAT ISN'T
THESE DAYS,
PUSSCAKE?

WHAT'S GOING
ON?

A SAINT'S
DAY?

DECADENT AND
DEGENERATE!
KEEP SHOOTING!

IS IT OKAY IF A
REGULAR READER
GETS A PIECE OF
THE ACTION?

THE POPE'S
BIRTHDAY?

WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE CORDON?

A WORLD
CLIP MATCH!

HAVE WE SOLVED OUR
ECONOMIC PROBLEMS?

I GOTTA FEELING-
AS FROM TODAY
WE'LL BE JOINING
EUROPE'S UNEMPLOYED!

WHO'S NEXT ON WANDA'S
VISITING LUST? WASHINGTON?
KENYA? SANTIAGO DE
CHILE? AS THE NATIONS
TREMBLE, WE SAY "BARE
-WELL!" TO ROME, CITY
OF THE SEVEN 'ILLS

PENTHOUSE

Fashion Finder

The following manufacturers and stores supply the fashions shown on pages 102-107.

GIVENCHY

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) LT1-3535

Hughes and Hatcher: Pittsburgh, Pa.,
and Detroit, Mich.

Cedrics: Minneapolis, Minn.

CARLO PALAZZI ROMA-NEW YORK

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 245-0300

Roos-Atkins: San Francisco, Calif.

Sakowitz: Houston, Tex.

Wallach's: New York

LEBOW BROTHERS, INC.

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 765-2400

ADOLFO/LEON OF PARIS

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 255-5430

Snyder and Sons: Los Angeles, Calif.

Sy Devore: Hollywood, Calif.

Morris Carr: Los Angeles, Calif.

Gene Hiller: Sausalito, Calif.

Gordin's: California

Backers: New Haven, Conn.

Burdine's: Miami, Fla.

Buckingham: Miami, Fla.

Lanson's: Miami, Fla.

Morry's: Chicago, Ill.

Turner Bros.: Chicago, Ill.

Weinberg's: Skokie, Ill.

Robert Grasselle: Elmwood Park, Ill.

Allen's Store for Men: Des Plaines, Ill.

Jac-Lin: Chicago, Ill.

Rubenstein Bros.: New Orleans, La.

Maximilian: Bethesda, Md.

Max Margolis: Pikesville, Md.

Kosins: Detroit, Mich.

Lewis Keller: Birmingham, Mich.

Osmuns: Southfield, Warren, and Pontiac, Mich.

Anton's: Detroit, Mich.

Machugh's: Ridgewood, N.J.

Rockoff's: Elizabeth, N.J.

Schlesinger's: West New York, N.J.

Braddock's: Eatontown, N.J.

Jack Marvin: Morton Grove, N.J.

Sak's: New York City and all New York stores

Field Bros.: Long Island, N.Y.

Lubin's Man's World: Yonkers, N.Y.

Den for Men: Rochester, N.Y.

Richfield Clothes: Long Island and Brooklyn, N.Y.

Gordon St. John: Columbus, Ohio

Dino's: Cincinnati, Ohio

Al Berman: Philadelphia, Pa.

Coach House: Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ellis Ltd.: Warwick, R.I.

NINO CERRUTI/M. WILE CO., INC.

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 581-9420

Baskin's: Chicago, Ill.

Macy's: San Francisco, Calif.

Burdine's: Miami, Fla.

YVES ST. LAURENT, INC.

1271 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 541-6750

Bloomdale's: New York

Bonwit Teller: New York

Bullock's Northern: San Francisco, Calif.

VAN GILS FOR HANK ENGLEBARDT

ENTERPRISES
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 582-7610

SMITH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 155

Penthouse: Do firemen often venture into rooms that are just black, thick with smoke, without oxygen masks?

Smith: If it's an occupied building, you're not going to take the time to put a mask on; no fireman is going to take that extra sixty seconds to get a mask out of the compartment, put it on, and make sure it's working right. Because your job is rescue and you want to get in as fast as possible, everything really hinges on seconds; this is not a job where another five minutes can still get the job done. If you don't do it in thirty seconds, sixty seconds, one hundred and twenty seconds, you're going to lose somebody. A hundred and twenty seconds is a lot of time in the spreading of a fire, particularly in a multiple dwelling.

Penthouse: Have there been times in your job when you thought you might be about to die?

Smith: A few. I was at a fire not too long ago that took a row of one-story buildings: a dry-cleaning store, an ice cream parlor, a bar and lounge—all of these things. Well, after a while, we found that we had gotten just a little too far back in the store, and the fire was burning under us. So there we had the danger of that floor falling through and our ending up in the fire. We felt pretty confident that there was some strength in that floor, but then the fire started crawling over the ceiling. Finally, it was between us and the door.

Penthouse: In other words, you and the others were trapped?

Smith: That's right. The worst thing in any fire—to get the fire between you and an exit.

Penthouse: What happened?

Smith: Well, we put the fire out. We just backed out of that store as fast as we could. All the time we kept the line above us, on the ceiling, and then just let it burn through.

Penthouse: Do you actually think in a situation like that, "I wonder if I'm going to get out of this?"

Smith: You say, "Hey, we'd better get out of this." We were in a dangerous position there, but we weren't in nearly as dangerous a position as some other guys who were in that store at the beginning of the fire. Because—and here's a good illustration of where seconds in this business count—if we had been there thirty seconds later, just thirty seconds, we would have lost those three guys.

Penthouse: There was a story in the *New York Times* some time ago about a sixteen-year-old girl who died in your arms. What are your memories of that?

Smith: There was a fire in a two-story frame building in which a girl had evidently been in the shower when the kitchen caught on fire. The shower was right next to the kitchen. She was naked, and when she finally became aware that the place was on fire, instead of running immediately to the

front door and safety—and she could have done that—she ran into the room next to the kitchen, which was so extraordinarily hot that the television's plastic casing melted. She wasn't severely burned, but she evidently ingested these superheated gases, and they ripped her lungs out.

So when we found her, we immediately started mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. We must have worked twenty-five minutes on her before a doctor got there. And it was no use. She was such a young kid, and she was very pretty.

You know, if there had been a smoke detector in that house, there would have been no problem at all. A simple smoke detector costs thirty-five dollars. If there had been one there, at the very first trace of smoke the alarm would have gone off; and even in the bathtub—with the shower on or whatever—she would have heard it and had time to get out.

There's been a lot of very tough times like that. A friend of mine died a couple of months ago, a kid who worked with us. He went into a cellar to look for a captain who had been lost at this fire, and in the cellar there were insecticides—aerosol insecticides—which had exploded. The first step into the room knocked him completely out.

But he hung on for three weeks. He was in one of those "do-you-pull-the-plug?" conditions. I went out to the hospital. I just remembered all those fires we had been at together. He was a very funny guy, always joking. His brother is also a fireman, and his best friend is a guy who worked with us in the same firehouse.

He was a young guy, thirty-four years old. He had three kids.

Penthouse: It seems that there have been few advances in fire-fighting techniques over the years. It's almost as if the methods had remained, through the centuries, a kind of primitive assault of man against fire. Do you think that's the way it has to be?

Smith: Fuel, oxygen, and heat are the three things necessary for fire. If you remove one of them, you don't have the fire anymore. Water, essentially, removes the heat. The only other innovation that's possible if you can't remove the fuel—we live in an environment that burns—is to remove the oxygen. And it would be fascinating to have a building in which there was some kind of vacuum system that could remove the oxygen very quickly from a part of a building. Then you'd kill the fire. But that's not going to happen. Consequently, the best way to fight a fire is the way we've always been doing it, and that is to get close to a fire and put water on it.

Penthouse: Some people say that men who become firemen actually like fires. Is there any truth to that?

Smith: I've never read of a fireman who sets fires to see a fire. However, there was one case here on Long Island recently where a testimonial dinner was being given for a fire chief, and three volunteer firemen slipped out the side door and went and set a building on fire—so that the chief could have this last fire before he retired. It was an aban-



When you want to mingle
instead of mix,

Welcome to The Club.

Keep The Club® cold and you're cool.
You're ready for a
bash or an intimate
rendezvous.

With 12 favorites
in The Club cans, why
make drinks when
you can make time?

Welcome to The Club.



THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS:

A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

It had marched with Rome's legions.

Ridden with Hannibal across the Alps.

Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste became "a legend lost."

Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.

The result is Irish Mist.

Truly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."



IMPORTED IRISH MIST® LIQUEUR, 80 PROOF, © 1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

Try it after dinner.

Or on-the-rocks.

It is a drink of exceptional character.

With a zest, levity

and smoothness all its own.

Indeed, the perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

Imported Irish Mist.

Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN

doned building. But they were caught.

Penthouse: Do firemen actually go to fires—as spectators—when they're off-duty?

Smith: Oh, yes. Your average fireman will go to a major fire if it's in the neighborhood, to see the guys he knows, to see what kind of fire it is. He has a professional interest in the way the fire's being fought.

Penthouse: There's a kind of woman who seems particularly attracted to policemen—some policemen call them police groupies. They like to come around the precinct station houses, and there are even stories of sex in their squad cars on quiet, dark streets. Are there also women who are fascinated with firemen?

Smith: Yeah, but it's not a sexual thing. In any case, I've never seen it, and I've traveled around this country a great deal. But there are women who really want to be firefighters and are challenged by this whole thing and mad that they're excluded by a tradition and civil service laws. I've gotten a lot of mail from those kind of women. But otherwise—although firemen are as horny as any other group of men—you never see manifestations of it on the job.

Penthouse: When did you actually get started writing?

Smith: When I quit school. I started writing stories, and I read a lot. But I really had no training, although I had this perception of myself as a writer because I always had a better vocabulary than anyone around me, including most adults. I liked words, not because they were valuable for communication, but because if you knew a big word it meant you were a better person. It gave you some status. It was a question of class. Again, it's typical. I'm not preoccupied with the Irish, but it is typical that if you learn to talk a little better, you become, *q.e.d.*, a better person. It's all bullshit.

Some nun in the first or second grade should have told us it doesn't matter if you don't talk right, it doesn't matter if you don't have an Ivy League accent, and it doesn't matter if you don't pronounce your *ing*'s. It's what you *do* that counts. But they never told us that. They told us: if you want to be a good executive in an insurance company, you've got to learn to talk right.

Penthouse: Your perception of yourself as a writer is an Irish cliché, isn't it?

Smith: Yeah. But most Irish writers were not at all romantic. They were arrogant or drunk. And most of the great Irish writers left the country. You know—Joyce and O'Casey. But I just wanted to be a writer, and I didn't know why. And although I write better than I talk, I can be involved in a conversation with anybody—I mean, firemen or heads of corporations—and I always bring some insight into that conversation. But I can write about it much easier.

Penthouse: How has success affected your life-style? What has changed?

Smith: There's a funny story about that. When I was working on my first book, I was using my son Sean's room as an office; and he moved in with Brendan, his older brother. Well, when it was finally finished, I

COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND MARCH 8

THE GROWING MENACE OF "PRIVATE" COPS

They've got guns, they've got uniforms, they look like cops. Sometimes they think that they are cops, arresting—even shooting—"suspects" as the spirit moves them. You see them everywhere: at banks, factories, shopping centers, racetracks—virtually wherever private assets are concentrated. But, even when they do wear snazzy uniforms, their powers are no greater than those of the average citizen. In this detailed investigation author George O'Toole pinpoints the problems of this growing phenomenon, explaining what can happen when an "aging white male, poorly educated, usually untrained, and very poorly paid" is given a gun and the go-ahead to use it.

FRED SHERO AND HIS BAD-ASSED BROAD STREET BULLIES

What can you say about a hockey coach who makes his men skate around on one leg for forty-five minutes "for no reason at all"? Who chalks on the locker-room blackboard such homilies as "an oak tree is just a nut that held its ground"? Who quotes Dostoevski at the drop of a puck? You could say he is "mad as a hatter." But Fred Shero, coach of the Philadelphia Flyers (those bad-assed Broad Street Bullies), is a man of genius. Under his tutelage the Flyers were transformed from "a congeries of profoundly mediocre castoffs" into Stanley Cup champions. In this entertaining, informative profile, author Mark Goodman illuminates the disparate facets of Shero's enigmatic personality and finds that they form a gemlike flame.

SHAKE HANDS WITH REVEREND DOOM

Mute until he was two and a half years old, Garner Ted Armstrong has compensated with a vengeance. His voice now booms over the airwaves from Los Angeles to Memphis, from San Antonio to New York. His magazine, *The Plain Truth*, has a circulation of 3.2 million. Above—or below—all, is the fact that Armstrong is a fire-and-brimstone prophet of doom who has realized a huge profit from fear. Find out about Armstrong's apocalypse-mongering in Richard Neville Williams's revealing account of the man and his empire.

HITLER PAINTED ROSES

If you're any kind of science-fiction fan at all, you're acquainted with the works of Harlan Ellison, the acclaimed author of *Deathbird Stories*. For his debut in *Penthouse*, Ellison has written "Hitler Painted Roses," a sinister, eerie tale of celestial error. The story concerns one Margaret Thrushwood, housekeeper, and how two men's passion affected her fall from grace. There are cameo appearances by Jack the Ripper, Lucretia Borgia, and a German housepainter, who, as they say, needs no introduction.

LIVING WITH A SMALL PENIS, Or, Ten Inches Doth Not a Superstud Make

All men are not created equal. While some of us may boast ten inches or more, others have to content themselves with a measly five inches or (horrors!) less. But smallness *can* be an asset. As author Richard Neville puts it, "Little cocks can go places big cocks cannot. Many women are too terrified to take huge members into the mouth or anus. Straightaway, this gives you a two-hole lead." Your move.

DISASTER CITY

Nicholas von Hoffman, who dissects the Watergate myth on page 46 of this issue, dissects the District of Columbia in his debut as a regular *Penthouse* columnist in April. "The sad truth," he writes, "is that the people who run the federal government want to run the world, but they've never been able to run Washington."

take a ROUND TRIP to HOLLYWOOD

for
\$2* via
fabulous
frederick's®
OF HOLLYWOOD

SEND NOW FOR Fashion CATALOG

* Send only—
\$2 for 11 issues
(one full year)
\$3 for a two-year
subscription.

FABULOUS CREATIONS
YOU WILL NOT FIND
ANYWHERE ELSE!

Your first
catalog carries
a FREE gift offer
valued to \$9.00.

Allure!

Sex Appeal!

- HUNDREDS of DRESSES
(long, short, mini!)
- BRAS — every style!
Even D, DD!
- SPORTSWEAR!
- JUMPSUITS!
- SWIMWEAR — sexy bikinis
and one-piece suits too!
- EVERY kind of top and
body shirt!
- LINGERIE — gorgeous!
- SIN-suous slinks!
- 6 INCH HEEL SHOES!
- AND LOTS MORE!



©1976 Hollywood Mail Order Corp. All rights reserved.

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3783
6610 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA. 90028
RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!

I enclose ☐ \$2 — (11 issues— one full year)

Subscriptions available ONLY in USA. ☐ \$3 — (two-year subscription)

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

said to my son: "Brendan, this is a crucial moment in my life. I have finished writing this book, and things will begin to become a little easier for all of us." The only thing he had to say was: "Can you get Sean out of my room now?"

Seriously, though, I don't think I've really changed much. My brother told me that one of the nice things about all this is that essentially I'm the same guy I was seven years ago. That's important. One thing about brothers is that they don't have to bullshit each other. And I never forget that everything I've done I did myself; I've worked for it. No one ever did anything for me. But there have been a lot of changes. For one thing, I've made a lot of money—perhaps more than I'll ever need. But I do have a lot of plans—I'll spend it, give a lot of it away, help my friends.

Penthouse: How does it feel to have all that money and still work as a fireman?

Smith: Well, let me tell you about it. One day I had lunch in the Brook Club. Now the Brook Club is perhaps the most exclusive club in town. And then I went to my office for a while, and then I had drinks at "21" in the afternoon, and then I went to work at the firehouse at five o'clock. And at six fifteen I was up to my thighs in garbage in the Pelham dumps, in a fire. And I realized that the whole experience was so humanizing—I mean, I have literally the best of both worlds. Not that I think that being up to one's thighs in garbage is the best of any world, but just that there's the sense of understanding the irony in one's life and work.

But it's more than that. I like going to the firehouse. I like the men I work with. And there's also a stability to my life—the idea of having to be someplace. I like the structure and the discipline of that. But obviously I'm going to have to leave at some point. For one thing, my magazine, *Firehouse*, is taking up more time than I thought it would. We already have over 80,000 subscribers—fire fighters, their wives, fire buffs, people in the fire-equipment industry. And then there's my novel. It's about an Irish Catholic kid coming of age. I've been working on it for five years, and I probably have another five years of work to do on it. But I really don't want to finish it, because I'm having so much fun writing it.

Penthouse: Is it autobiographical?

Smith: Yes. And, you know, I don't care whether it's commercial or not. In fact, I don't care when I finish it. I only want to write about what interests me.

Penthouse: How do other firemen feel about your literary success?

Smith: Well, in all this time I have not had one negative reaction from any fireman. But you do get funny remarks. Like, if the fire department comes up with an order some fireman doesn't like, he might say to me, "Why don't you give \$50,000 to Mayor Beame's campaign and become commissioner and stop this shit?" But when the floor's got to be swept, I sweep it. When the windows have to be washed, I wash them.

Penthouse: Have fireman's attitudes changed over the years?

NOW YOU CAN PROLONG SEXUAL RELATIONS AS LONG AS YOU WISH...WITHOUT LOSING CONTROL!



A learned sexologist has discovered an easy to use, uniquely new sex miracle that INSTANTLY allows you to maintain the male erection as long as you want...while completely eliminating premature and untimely climax.

When you apply "ULTRA-STALONG" you are immediately ready to begin...and continue the sex act with any partner, the way you want—at any tempo you want...without ever losing control!

"ULTRA-STALONG" is completely non-detectable so she'll never know you're using it. It's also greaseless, odorless, non-toxic and 100% safe. No more "straining" or "holding back." "ULTRA-STALONG" will never let you down.

For your privacy, "ULTRA-STALONG" is mailed in a plain envelope complete with instructions. If not fully satisfied, simply return the label within 10 days for full refund. NOTE: NOT available in stores. Sold ONLY through the mail.

Do not accept imitations. "ULTRA-STALONG" is the only GENUINE potency product.

ORDER TODAY

Send Cash, Check or Money Order To:
SHORE PRODUCTS, Dept. P-377
Box 427, Bronxville, New York 10708

☐ 30-Day Supply \$5.95 ☐ 60-Day Supply \$8.95 (SAVE \$2.95)
☐ 90-Day Supply Only \$10.95 (SAVE \$6.90)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Sexual simulators for men & women

Manual & fully automatic ACCU-JAC®.
Remarkable, patented designs. NOT a vibrator. Gives super erotic, natural sensations—great foreplay! At select adult boutiques in major cities. Fully warranted. FREE brochure, or send \$3 for complete catalog. Must be over 19.



Funways® Box 9691-U. No. Hollywood, Ca. 91609

Me And You Babe!



YOU OR THE ONE YOU LOVE IN FULL COLOR ON A PILLOW CASE

Send your favorite photo to be reproduced on a beautiful pillowcase from slides of your favorite picture to a Polaroid snapshot... A DYNAMITE GIFT FOR ALL OCCASIONS. \$6.50

All Photos Returned

Please send check or money order to:

Foto-Fun, Inc. Box 972, Braintree, MA 02184

Enclosed is \$ _____ for _____ pillow cases
plus 90¢ handling charges

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please allow 30 days for delivery

Smith: Oh, yeah. There's a terrific loss of morale within almost all fire departments. The unions are getting tougher; and the cities are getting broker, so that they're reducing manpower—which is really a big mistake. Before they reduce fire departments, they should really close the public-university system.

Penthouse: Is there anything else about fire fighting these days that must change?

Smith: Oh, yes, a lot. What I find difficult about the fire departments is the way that the city administrations deal with them. First of all, I think most politicians are liars and thieves, because I don't think they really care about the people they represent. I have more confidence in a benevolent aristocracy, believe me, than I do in the democratic system as it has developed in this country.

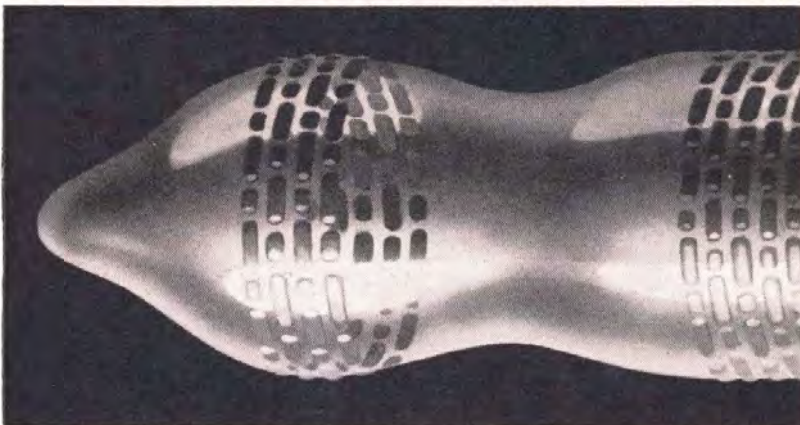
We're coming close to a point of real decline in our society, and we haven't lasted nearly as long as Greece did. There's nothing to ensure the viability of this system of life. We've got to develop some priorities, some way of looking at people in a true light, in an equitable way. Firemen are different from others—because of what they do, because of what they give up. Because if there's a metaphor for American society today, it's that it's burning down.

Firemen are working harder than they've ever worked before and getting less in return than they've ever gotten before. But nobody gives a shit about that—nobody at the city end of things anyway. The mayor comes out at the medal-day ceremony, and he pins a medal on some widow's breast, and it's all over. I'm not a romantic guy, not about fire fighting, anyway. I always make sure, whenever anybody asks me anything about fire, that the first thing I say is, It's really a dirty job. You have to push yourself harder than you can ever be pushed in any other situation.

But it's got to be done. You've got to do it; that's what you're paid for. Also, you're with a good group of people. There's a challenge to what you're doing, and with every challenge an instant result. And there's meaning in that kind of life.

Firemen—volunteer firemen, paid firemen—they're all involved in some way in decent things. *Decency* is the word that sums it all up. There are very few professions, very few occupations, that you can say that about. And firemen are tough. They have a street wisdom that's very attractive to me. Generally speaking, you can't bullshit firemen. You can't be "charming." I go out, as I told you before, and spend time in the Brook Club and at "21." You can be charmed and you can be bullshitted in the Brook Club and at "21." But you can't be charmed and bullshitted in the kitchen of a firehouse. Either you're real or you're not real. You can talk, and you can write, and you can date pretty girls, and you can do all kinds of things. But the real test of a man is how he operates in stress. And I don't think you can find any greater stress than exists in the action of a fire department. 

THE RIBBED-HEAD CONDOM STIMULATES ORGASMS DEEPER.



The original Stimula, with 765 raised ribs on the shaft, was the first condom designed by scientists to help a woman reach orgasm.

Now, there's a new Stimula with 112 extra ribs on the head, to make it even more effective.

First, upon penetration, these new head-ribs massage the clitoris and the mouth and lips of the vagina.

Then, the raised ribs on Stimula's shaft continue the sensations.

Finally, Stimula's ribbed head, now deep within the vagina, lets you touch your woman in a way no man has touched her before.

And like the original Stimula, new Stimula is also shaped and silicone lubricated.

Send for the new, ribbed-head Stimula today.

STIMULA®
THE WORLD'S BEST SELLING RIBBED CONDOM.
NOW 112 RIBS BETTER.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. PH-35
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me (check box):

- ☐ \$4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ \$4 sampler of 3 Stimula and 12 other condoms
☐ \$25 super sampler of 120 condoms including Stimula

Free catalog with any order

☐ check ☐ cash ☐ money order

Name

Address

City

State Zip

EROS-22

A system designed to bring loving couples to new heights of sexual gratification...

The Complete Lovemaking System. Eros-22 is not merely a book or a cream or a vibrator. It's a total system, designed by experts. **GUARANTEED TO MAKE SEX MORE EXCITING!** To achieve orgasm after orgasm every time you make love.

The Eros Guide to Lovemaking. The most explicit manual of love ever published. 70 photographs and page after page of descriptions of incredibly sophisticated sexual techniques, designed to arouse and excite even the most inhibited sexual partner.

The Eros Dream Cream. Rub it on. It will release wild animal passions in both of you. You'll be irre-



sistably drawn to each other and experience sensations you have never known before.

The Eros Temptation Stimulator. Experience the world's most erotic vibrator. It not only vibrates but, flip the switch and it begins to extend and contract erotically. Wait till you see what it can do to a woman. Any woman!

The Guarantee. We know the Eros climax is the ultimate sexual experience so we want you to use it for 30 days. If you and your lover are not completely satisfied—just return the empty packages for a full refund. Order today. (All orders are shipped in plain packages.) All you have to gain is love.

If coupon has been removed, write: Harmony Products, 501 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016.



Harmony Products Dept. ER-111
P.O. Box 2088 • Gd. Cen. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Check one:

- ☐ Please rush my Eros-22 system to me in a plain package today. I have enclosed my check or money order to cover the complete cost of \$29.95 for the system. You will pay postage and handling and include my free subscription to the Harmony New Products Survey.
☐ I prefer not to order the Eros-22 system now but enter my subscription to the Harmony New Products Survey. Enclosed is \$1.00.
I am over 18 years of age. (New York Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Signature

Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

Interbank No. Exp. Date

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Canadian residents send orders to Harmony, P.O.B. 7050, Sta. A, Montreal, Quebec H3C3L4.

Nationally Advertised Brands! CONDOMS BY MAIL

Sent First Class in Unmarked Wrappers.

End using sensation deadening condoms. Get gossamer thin sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure.

- ☐ 30 Executive Pack* \$10
- ☐ 12 for \$3
- ☐ 24 for \$6
- ☐ 100 for \$20

- ☐ 15 Fourx \$10
- ☐ 48 Stimula \$12
- ☐ 48 Awakeners \$10
- ☐ 36 Ramses \$10
- ☐ 24 Natural
- ☐ Lamb \$13.75



Shipped in 24 hours. ☐ *EXCUTIVE PACK—3 each of the top ten most SENSUOUS, GOS-SAMER THIN, condoms \$10. (Sensual awaker, Sheik Sensi-Cream, Featherlite, Fiesta, Stimula, lubricated Trojans, and others.)

☐ 12 condoms (4 different brands) only \$3. ☐ Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms \$6. ☐ Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) \$20. For air-mail add \$1 postage.

World Population Control, Dept. 175
P.O. Box 90, Newark, New Jersey 07102
Sold on Money Back Guarantee

THE OUTER FRINGE OF SEX

(M35) by Maurice North—the author explores the phenomenon of rubber fetishism and its connection to punishment and bondage. The discussion of its pervasiveness has interesting implications to the concept of "normalcy." Penthouse price \$6.95. Send your check or money order plus 75¢ postage and handling to Evelyn Rainbird, P.O. Box 548, New York, N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add 8% sales tax.



FIFTH GREAT PRINTING!

Yes, you can have a FULL COLOR POSTER blown up from your color photo or slide at a fraction of the price. All color posters printed on Kodak paper. Great gift idea!

BLOW YOURSELF UP

into a FULL COLOR POSTER at Unbelievable Low Cost!

LOW COST	BLACK & WHITE BLOWUPS TOO!
FULL COLOR POSTERS	2 ft. x 3 ft. \$3.50 Laminated
20" x 24" only \$8.50	1 ft. x 1 1/2 ft. \$2.00 Posters up to
14" x 17" only \$5.50	1 1/2 ft. x 2 ft. \$2.50 2 ft. x 3 ft.
24" x 36" only \$12.50	3 ft. x 4 ft. \$7.50 add'l. \$3.00

For every color poster ordered, add \$2.00 and get a black & white same size. Black and White Duplicates 50% off. Add \$5.00 each item, handling. For prompt delivery put name & address on back of photo. Send check, cash or M.O. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. If you send slide or negative, add \$1.00 for each size. Shipped U.P.S. insured add \$1.50 per item.

Congers Color Labs Dept. P-37, Congers, N.Y. 10920

CUSTOM MADE BOOTS & SHOES



Men or Women Design Your Own

Now you can get any kind of boot, shoe or sandal. Men's & women's boots: ankle, knee, even thigh-high. Heels & platforms as high (or low) as you like them (1" to 10"). Hundreds of women's shoe styles: rounded, pointed or squared toes; spike to clunky heels, sizes 4-13; straps, buckles, etc., placed where YOU want them. Elegant women's boots with buttons, zippers, laces; men's dress & sportswear boots in many colors, glove fit to loose fit. Design your own sandals, straps wherever you want them. Everything made to your exact specifications.

Send today for our giant catalog: No. CSCA \$2.00. Send to EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD. P.O. Box 548 FDR Station, New York, New York 10022.

ASTROLOGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

tarius is too much of a rover to satisfy your need for attention and devotion. Sagittarius's sharp tongue will deride your romantic sensibility. Try a long weekend. **PISCES AND CAPRICORN** You'll feel secure with practical, determined Capricorn. And you bring a much-needed breath of romance and idealism to Capricorn's staid approach to life. Sex is fine, and minor differences of temperament won't matter. **PISCES AND AQUARIUS** Sexually, this should be fun for a while, since you're both venturesome in entirely different ways. But eventually, outgoing, social-minded, independent Aquarius will start looking around. And you can't stand that. **PISCES AND PISCES** If all problems could be resolved in the bedroom, you'd be happy. But you both need what the other hasn't got, and the emotionalism will get exhausting. A sexy affair may get kinkier until there's finally no place to go.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) Your sexual energies are at a peak, and a romance progresses from an unsure beginning to a payoff. Try to reach an understanding with this intimate partner before you are taken advantage of, for your confidence may be misplaced. Shortly after your birthday cycle begins on March 21, an idea you've worked on for some time begins to prove its worth. You are on the brink of a major breakthrough in your fortunes. However, you must be cautious with money. You are tempted to take a double-or-nothing gamble, but luck is not in your corner right now if you take long chances. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 4, 10–11, 20, 26.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) You feel the need to escape from pressing responsibilities. A sexual situation, not of your own making, is becoming unbearable; the person you're involved with also appears restless and looking for a change. You are offered a proposition that is very hard to turn down. However, the deal is not entirely on the up and up, and you would be wise to put off a decision until after March 22, when you will learn more; meanwhile, play your cards very close to your chest. During the final week of March, an old debt you've forgotten is repaid. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 5, 13–14, 23, 31.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) Someone who is not sexually available intrigues you very much. Handle this situation with finesse; if you try to beat down resistance with a machete, you'll fail to gain your objective. Matters are complicated by the fact that an ally in an important project is also infatuated with you. You have to decide what you want most, then concentrate on getting it. (Any decision now will have major consequences later.) During the last ten days of March everything becomes clear, and

you are the bright and fascinating star of your social set. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 2, 6, 15, 25–26.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) Everything's coming up roses for you. After March 11, you begin an exciting amour with someone met while traveling. Surprisingly, this liaison also has an important bearing on the success of current financial dealings. Either a business project moves nearer to success, or you gain financial support for a project of an artistic nature. Try to complete the job at hand and don't yield to a temptation to celebrate prematurely—this is no time to let yourself be diverted from a goal you've aimed at for so long. Exercise self-discipline. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 1, 9, 17–18, 27–28.

LEO (July 23–August 22) A love affair that means much to you shows signs of change. Saturn is in your sign, and you must be wary of making judgments that involve people. Between March 5 and 9 your sex life seems to be in trouble, but if you persevere it will all work out to your satisfaction; and this resolution will have a most beneficial effect in other areas of your life. You will be in a partying mood around March 20–25, but don't overindulge in alcohol or drugs. Such excess could lead to a highly compromising situation. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 3, 10–11, 20, 29–30.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) A woman on whom you've set your sights appears within reach. The problem is how to reconcile conflicting viewpoints. Since an impulsive action now can have damaging results, stay alert to consider all possibilities. Your popularity is working for you, but someone professing to be your friend is maneuvering against you. The delicate situation requires that you move boldly, yet with diplomacy. When Mars moves into your opposite sign on March 19, guard against widening a breach with an "ex." You may well need this person's support later. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 5, 8, 22–23, 31.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) Planetary vibes this month indicate new and powerful sensual stimulation. A new lover is a wonderful companion, with a sense of humor you really appreciate. The full moon on March 5 introduces a note of jealousy into the picture, but you can handle it. In business, you will engage in a struggle for advancement. Don't hold a grudge about a past incident; rather, cooperate with your old antagonist, and you will emerge on top in a confrontation (around March 20). But minimize risk by insisting that any agreements be put in writing. *Sexually Potent Days:* March 4, 7, 15, 24–25.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) This month the pressures caused by a physical problem should be easing. A romantic involvement deepens; unexpected assistance from an unlooked-for source may play a role in this. You can give fuller play to your fantasies. In business, an unusual opportunity will materialize, seemingly out of nowhere. (Uranus, planet of the unex-

pected, is in your sign.) A good friend will have some useful advice about how to further a financial plan. Your ability to make other people's money work for you is at its height now. *Sexually Potent Days*: March 1, 9, 14, 22-23, 30.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) The first two weeks of March will involve you in romantic difficulties. A lover's selfish actions are becoming too hard for you to take. Move warily, however, for she can do you great harm. In a career confrontation, about March 13, bear in mind that the other party is not always wrong! Dissemble a bit, and you'll get more by way of what you want. Something about a person's checkered past will be of assistance to you. After March 19, money problems disappear and your spirits improve. Try not to make any promises that you don't intend to keep. *Sexually Potent Days*: March 2, 11, 19-20, 29.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) On the sexual side, it's time for a change of scenery. You've been hanging on in a troublesome situation despite a recent change of outlook. Now you're ready for new and more interesting amorous relationships. Between March 5 and 12, a woman tries to do you a favor that you're reluctant to accept because of other implications. Don't be worried—be open-minded. Mercury's influence is sharpening your wits, especially where communications are concerned. You can get the publicity that will help you to conclude a successful negotiation. *Sexually Potent Days*: March 5, 13-14, 22, 31.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18) You are in an optimistic mood as worries that have plagued you begin to recede. During the first half of March, you can begin work on a project that has great growth potential. Consult with others and don't be too independent—an Aquarian trait. You need some financial backing, and right now it would be wise to take expert advice. During the second half of the month, a love affair puts you in an erotic ferment. Don't make rash commitments, and keep this liaison under wraps for a while. At the end of March you may get some news that will take you away from home. *Sexually Potent Days*: March 7, 16, 24-25, 28.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) Sensual influences are wonderful during this birthday cycle. Something becomes clear in regard to an intimate relationship in which you've been pulled and hauled in different directions. A surprising revelation around March 2-7 is the turning point. After March 19 Mars is in your sign, and you become forceful and persuasive; you can make choices without letting emotions (a Piscean weakness) intervene. Finish work on a current project and overlook no details. At the end of March, travel is advisable—provided it is strictly for pleasure and in the company of an interesting companion. So if you decide to take that well-deserved trip-for-a-twosome, take care not to take cares with you. *Sexually Potent Days*: March 2, 5, 17-18, 21, 27. ☐

MIRROR YOUR CEILING

First Time Ever Offered At Only \$14.95!



YOUR FANTASIES COME TRUE!

You can finally do it! This fabulous mirror-like material will fit any ceiling and attaches with simple tabs (not one tool necessary), and can be removed in moments, effortlessly. You can both enjoy reflections you've only dreamed of. The ultimate luxury item finally available at our incredible price of \$14.95! Lightweight and flexible enough to come rolled in its own carrying tube. Full body viewing in this large 54"x40" surface. Completely safe and shatterproof. Go wild doing ceiling and wall, bedroom and den. Why not? Now you can afford it. If product does not arrive in perfect working order, return for a full refund of your money.

Mirror Image
8 E. Prospect Ave. Dept. PH-3
Mt. Vernon, New York 10550

Total Enclosed \$ _____
No C.O.D., Please
Check _____ M.O. _____

Rush me _____ Mirror Image mirrors @ \$14.95 plus \$1.50 p&h to:

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____

PROTEX® T.M.
Arouse
CONDOMS



RAISED SPIRALS FOR HER GREATER STIMULATION



Delicate raised spirals and preshaped masculine fit for maximum sensitivity adds to a higher level of excitement for both partners. AROUSE is delicately lubricated and naturally tinted. Try a Federal Extra Value sampler today. See how Federal offers more in selection, quality and value.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS

Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. PH-377
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60645

Please Rush (In plain wrap)

☐ \$1.00 Arouse Sampler (3 condoms)

☐ \$4.00 Discovery Sampler
 5 erotic brands—15 condoms including Arouse

☐ \$10.00 Variety Sampler
 30 brands—50 condoms including Arouse

Full color catalog free with order

Enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

©1977

DELUXE CORDLESS MASSAGER!



Everyone can use this cordless health and beauty aid! Gentle, relaxing massage... perfect for every part of the body: scalp massage, facial toning, penetrating spot massage. Unique tubular shape with smooth contours relaxes muscles and relieves tension! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

☐ DELUXE Model—7½" x 1¼". Complete assortment of attachments, battery included, \$9.95.

☐ ECONOMY Model—7" x 1½". Operates on flashlight battery (not included), \$3.95.

Send this order to: **ADAM & EVE, Dept. DPHW-7**
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400,
Carboro, N.C. 27510

Black Silk Stockings

Sensuous silk stockings handmade and imported from London. Available in three glorious colors—scarlet, beige or black. In sizes small, medium and large. (Be sure to specify color and size when ordering. HV01, \$13.50. (1.00)

Send to **VIVA PRODUCTS, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022.** New York residents add sales tax.

172 PENTHOUSE

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Also, how can I win a few matches so I can start fucking her again?—The Whipping Boy

Take some karate or judo or body-building classes. In the meantime, it hurts so good!

HOT CROSSED BUNS

This letter concerns the ass; a comment on whipping it and shoving long, hard things up into it.

As a young woman, I'm surprised at your lack of understanding regarding pain and pleasure, *Xaviera*. You see, I've recently accepted the fact that one thing a man can do to get me hot is to heat up my ass with a good, hard spanking.

I had fantasized for years about being spanked. Then I met my present boyfriend, Tom. He confessed to sadistic fantasies; so we finally tried it. The wallop of his huge hand on my bare ass stung terrifically, but the pain itself was erotically stimulating. By the time he was finished, we both were tremendously aroused, and my normally tidy pussy was practically running down my legs. Since then we have incorporated spanking into our daily lovemaking. In fact, I have been wearing my bikini bottoms instead of sunning nude on my private deck so that my round little ass will show up white against the tan. Tom talks about how pink the white cheeks get; and sometimes, while my ass is still bright red, he has me suck his cock in front of a full-length mirror so that he can look at my glowing butt when he comes in my mouth. I still fantasize. Someday I want him to use a belt on me. The thought of leather blazing across my rear makes my pussy ache longingly.

I guess my point is that in past columns (October 1976), you've written that a person's attraction to spankings stems from "childhood guilt or rejection." *Xaviera*, I disagree. To me it just feels good!

Now for my question: In the course of these spankings, I also learned the joy of a hard cock up my ass, but it's becoming too painful. In the beginning, Tom would just shove his prick in up to the hilt, rearing my asshole for nearly half an hour, and I'd love it. For the last six weeks or so, though, after the first couple of inches, it hurts me too much to let him continue. Could I be injured inside? He doesn't finger-fuck my ass much before putting his cock in. Would that help? Of course, we always use K-Y jelly.—Pittsburgh

The desire to have one's ass spanked is not at all abnormal. I occasionally ask my lovers to hit me or spank me during foreplay or while they mount me from the back in doggy fashion. This is especially true if there are mirrors in the room. It is very exciting when the man spansks the woman as he enters her from behind.

Concerning anal intercourse, I can give you a simple answer: if it hurts, don't do it

for a while. You might check with a doctor if this discomfort continues. I think, however, that your boyfriend should "warm you up" a little before he slams his cock up your ass. A little anilingus and finger-fucking should do the trick.

By the way, when you say "ream my ass," I understand you to mean "fuck my ass."

For your information, a ream job is when one partner eats the other partner from front to back; in other words, eating the anus, as opposed to fucking it. It is also called a "trip around the world." Many of my old clients used to want this performed because housewives—their wives—objected to such "unsanitary" practices. (If they're so worried about germs, they should stop kissing.)

BEATING HIMSELF TO DEATH

Is it possible for a guy to jerk himself off to death, or at least to cause himself some serious injury? Please believe me—this is a serious question.

I'm twenty-eight, live alone in a very big Manhattan apartment, and have all the money I need. I don't have a job, and, in fact, I'm not trained for anything.

Let me describe for you, *Xaviera*, one of my typical days.

I wake up fairly early, always with a hard-on. I jack myself off, hate myself for it, fall back to sleep for an hour or two, and immediately grab myself again when I awaken. I jerk off six and seven times a day.

You'll say what they all say: "Find yourself a woman." But I'm terribly shy and not attractive to women. However, I have often paid for sex with some high-class whores. A week ago I had an all-night session with one. She was barely out the door before I was jacking off again. You see, having a woman only stimulates me to greater masturbatory activity.

To try cutting down on my habit, I once got a job. It was in a big, cut-rate department store—I'm not really qualified for anything decent. Well, the first day I managed to have one jerk-off session in the washroom. After that, however, I was constantly running to the john to get my rocks off. Finally, I was called to the personnel office about my absences. I lied that I had a chronic stomach disorder. My interviewer laughed in my face and said that the reason I was being canned was that I was constantly abusing myself. I later learned that the overhead vents in the washroom also served as peepholes for security. I got out of that office in a hurry.

Then there was this high-school buddy from out of town who came to stay with me for a few days. As kids we had jerked off together all the time. Well, the first morning my friend was with me, he got up early and walked into my bedroom. I had my cock in my hand and was just starting to come in a Kleenex. He said, "Christ, are you still beating the meat?" He is married and claims that he hasn't jerked off since the wedding. Seeing he had caught me, I decided to confide in him.

He was the one who said a guy can actu-

FOR LOVERS WHO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ORDINARY SEX...

and want to know more.

You will find it all in our NEW fully illustrated Evelyn Rainbird Catalogue — marital aids, full-color films, erotic jewelry, prosthetic aids, sensuous cosmetics, stimulants, contraceptives, erotic books, bondage, and lingerie. To learn more, fill in the coupon below and mail your remittance of \$2.00 per copy.

Send for it today . . . it could change your life.

TO EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.
BOX 548 FDR STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ Evelyn Rainbird Catalogue(s). I've enclosed my
☐ check ☐ money order for \$_____.

(I am over 18 years of age.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ally kill himself by jacking off too much. He claimed to have read about a couple of cases where this happened.

I want to stop or at least cut down, but I've pretty well resigned myself to the fact that I'm a compulsive masturbator. At the same time, I don't want to do myself a fatal injury. My buddy suggests that I may be suffering from satyriasis, and he says there's no cure for that. I don't know what you can tell me that will help, but I'm hoping.—K.W.

You need intensive counseling, and I can only suggest you see a psychiatrist. Your excessive masturbating is just the result of what seems to be a very depressed, saturnine personality. I don't recollect ever hearing of death by masturbation—although some conservative parents do refer to it as a "deadly sin."

BETTER SOBER THAN RED

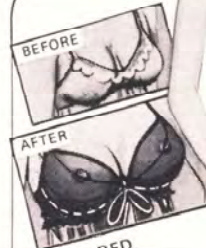
I've lived with my girl friend for the past four years. Unfortunately, during the past two years I've been unemployed. I'm very upset about this. Sometimes my company calls me back to work, but no sooner am I on the job than they lay me off again. This depresses me so much that I quite often spend my laid-off days in some bar getting drunk.

One day I came home, blind drunk, from this bar and threw up all over the kitchen floor. My girl was so pissed off that when I was in bed sleeping, she began to spank my bare buttocks. She brought her entire hand down across my bare behind with full force. She did this quite rapidly, and it was painful as hell. After about three or four minutes, my entire body went limp. I thought she would quit, as I couldn't hold back my tears and cries any longer. I reached for a pillow, but she wouldn't let me have it. (My girl friend is a big woman, and in my decapitated state I wasn't much of a man to reckon with.) Finally, I just let go completely and cried openly in her presence. After she was through, she said that as long as she was working and paying these bills for us to live, she didn't feel like cleaning up my vomit. If I came home drunk again, she said, I'd get the same treatment from her.

Xaviera, I know if it weren't for her, I wouldn't have a place to live in or food to eat. Jobs are so scarce in this area, and I just don't know what to do. I still don't think she had to ridicule me this way. When I was working, I paid most of the bills, while she saved her money. Do you think my girl friend's attitude is fair?—Jim

Choose between the booze and the broad. Are things not bad enough that you must add a drinking problem to your unemployment problem? If you were my man, I would have done more than spank you. I might have thrown your ass out of the house. You're lucky she only hit you with her hand and not with a thick leather belt or whip. I suggest you visit Alcoholics Anonymous. Get sober. ☺

TURN ON!



UNDERWIRED
Front Opening
"Loving Cup" Design...
Holds 'n MOLDS!

BRA-VO BEAUTY!
Your beautiful breasts are cupped with little hidden underwiring. Spaghetti halter straps lift you up in this front opening gown. Sheer nylon tricot. Black or Blue. Sm. Med. Lge. #3-4794 \$15



TIE INTO THIS!
Sexy sheer one-piece romper fits like a slip. Slips over your head, under your crotch and ties around hips. Black or Red nylon tricot. One size fits all. #3-4299 \$12

BARE MOMENT
Crotchless nylon tricot panty for the daring lady in a wide variety of assorted colors. Sm. Med. Lge. #3-4781 3 pr. for \$9.50



FREE* CATALOG

*FREE with your order! Hundreds of ultra-sexy, wigs, lingerie, dresses, sportswear, more!
Or send \$2 for 11 issues (one full year) or \$3 for a two-year subscription.

frederick's®
OF HOLLYWOOD

money back guarantee

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3703 ©1977
6610 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028

I enclose \$ _____ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

Style No.	Qty.	Size	Color	Price	Add \$1.00 shipping charge for each item. California residents add 6% sales tax. SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s

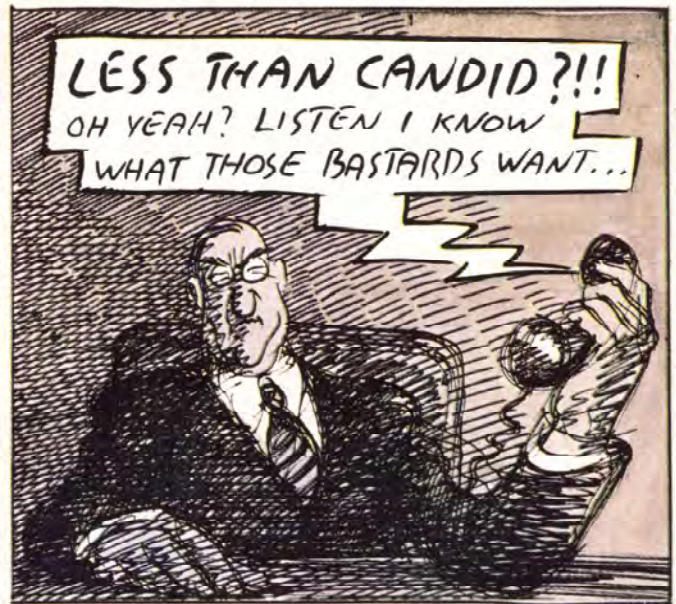
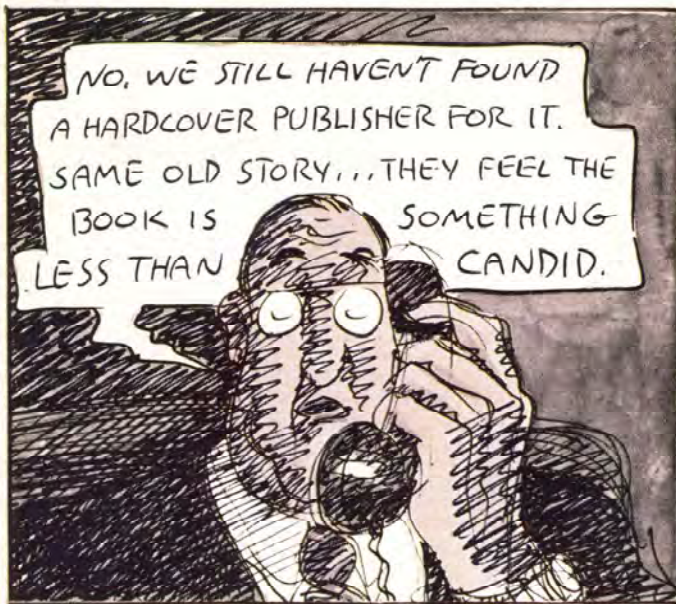
Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Not ordering right now—BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!
I enclose ☐ \$2 (one year) ☐ \$3 (two year subscription)

PARTING SHOT

By Edward Sorel



THE 7 PACK.

Seagram presents everything
you need to make America's best-
tasting drink.

We call it The Seven & Seven
You'll call it delicious.



Nobody's lower than Carlton.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	*2	*0.2
Carlton Menthol	*1	*0.1
Carlton Box	*1	*0.1

*Av per cigarette by FTC method.



Filter-2 mg.
Menthol-1 mg.
Box-1 mg.

12 consecutive U.S. Government Reports confirm
Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of all brands, lowest . . . 1 mg. tar. 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;

Carlton Menthol and Carlton Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

