

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

02242

MAY 1977 \$1.50

**CARTER'S
VIET NAMNESTY:
GOD HELP THE FUTURE!**

**THE DECLINE AND
UTTERLY IRREVERSIBLE
FALL OF EUROPE
BY TAD SZULC**

**SHAPING UP
SEXUALLY:
NEW
RATE-YOURSELF
QUIZ**

**BASEBALL'S NEW
MILLIONAIRES**

**'NEW YORK,
NEW YORK':
MARTIN
SCORSESE'S
GAUDIEST
GAMBLE**

Austria 53S
Belgium 86.00BF
Denmark 15 DKr
Finland 8.50 FM
France 11.00 FrF
Germany 7.50 DM
Greece 12s Dr
Holland 5.90 Hlll
Israel \$1.50 U.S.
Italy 2100L
Japan 800Y
New Zealand \$2.40

Announcing new Winston Light 100's.



Extra length.
Low tar.
Real Winston
taste.

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

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

\$2,974. AND SAVES YOU MONEY DOWN THE ROAD.



We at Subaru think the car you buy shouldn't stop saving you money after you drive it out of the showroom.



That's why our new 2-door sedan costs just \$2,974. plus dealer prep, delivery and taxes.*† Included in that price are a lot of features like front wheel drive, power assist front disc brakes,

steel belted radial tires and the remarkable 1600cc SEEC-T engine that doesn't even need a catalytic converter. That's just for starters.



On the road, our manual transmission sedans give you 41 highway and 28 city miles to a gallon of regular.**

And that's not just an empty promise. Because those figures are EPA test estimates. Of course, your mileage may vary depending on the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your

car and whatever optional equipment you have. But you really get a run for your gas money with Subaru.



Beyond all this, Subaru is built tough. So it'll handle the long haul.

So you see, Subaru saves you money in the showroom. At the gas station. And from that point on.

SUBARU
*Inexpensive and built
to stay that way.*

*In Calif., total POE—not including tax, license and inland transportation is \$3,092. Wheel trim rings and rally stripes are always extra cost options.

**It's 37 highway and 22 city in Calif.

**10 years ago
your hair didn't need
the protein it needs
today to look its best.**

Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses protein—continuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

Your hair is irreplaceable. Wouldn't it be a good idea to



get some Protein 29 now and do something about the next ten years?

**Protein 29
Hair Grooms**
Liquid, gel and sprays

**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/May 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

COVER	Valerie Rae Clark	Photo by Earl Miller	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		10
FORUM	Correspondence		12
FEEDBACK	Opinion		26
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaveria Hollander	33
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Arthur Cooper	39
SCENES		Meridee Merzer	40
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	42
WORDS		Mel Watkins	43
SOUNDS		Henry Edwards, Robert Palmer	45
EUROPE ON THE SKIDS	Article	Tad Szulc	48
THE LADY AND THE STABLEBOY	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	56
TRIPPING WITH MARTIN SCORSESE	Article	Mark Goodman	68
BASEBALL'S MARVIN MILLER	Interview	Lawrence Linderman	72
THE MERRY MINX OF MAY	Pet of the Month	Photos by Richard Romero	79
HOW DO YOU RATE ON THE SEXUAL SATISFACTION SCALE?	Quiz	Sam Janus	92
CARTER'S DRAFT-DODGER PARDON	Essay	Lewis W. Walt	94
REBECCA REMEMBERS	Pictorial	Photos by Gernot Plitz	96
COURTING	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	103
THE WOMEN'S RESTAURANT	Fiction	T. C. Boyle	112
HAWAIIAN EYEFUL	Pictorial	Photos by Patrick T. Barnes	116
COUPLES: A SWITCH IN TIME	Survey		135
AMOROUS ASTROLOGER	Service	Martine	144
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service	Ed Emmerling	150
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	160

PENTHOUSE, 1977 U.S. Volume 8 Number 9, 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 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)

THE PLOP PLOP FIZZ FIZZ IS FAST FAST



Alka-Seltzer.[®] For upset stomach with headache the plop plop fizz fizz is fast fast.
Read the label, use only as directed.  Miles Laboratories, Inc. ©1977

THE SCOTCH WITH GREATNESS WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

The hand-lettered label on a bottle of Cutty Sark Scots Whisky makes a statement no other Scotch can make.

Start at the top. Cutty Sark is still blended and bottled only in Scotland. Somehow, the modern Scotch, bulk-shipped and bottled in America, isn't quite the same.

The centre of the label tells you that Cutty Sark consists of 100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best distilleries. This produces that distinctive smoothness which is to be found in this blend alone.

Reading down, you learn that Cutty Sark was first blended at the direction of Berry Bros. & Rudd Ltd., wine merchants. People who, after 280 years of dealing with Royalty, have learned a little something about taste.

If you have good taste, you must buy the Scotch that tells others you have it.

It's the one in the dark green bottle with the bright yellow label that separates it from all the rest. The one that tells the greatest Scotch story ever told.

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland
under British Government Supervision

CUTTY SARK



BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

100% Scotch Whiskies
from Scotland's best Distilleries

86 Proof

Blended &



4/5 Quart

bottled by

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS

BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd

ESTABLISHED IN THE XVIII CENTURY

3, ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Product of Scotland

IT TAKES A VERY SPECIAL CASSETTE DECK TO GET SO MUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC OUT OF SOMETHING THIS LITTLE.

The recording tape in a cassette is only an eighth of an inch wide.

Crammed into that eighth of an inch may be as many as 64 tracks mixed down to two. A hundred musicians. Countless overdubbings. Not to mention the entire audible frequency range.

Any cassette deck can reproduce part of what's been put down on that eighth of an inch.

But the Pioneer 9191 was designed to reproduce all of it. Superlatively. Without dropouts, unacceptable tape hiss, or noticeable wow and flutter.

Take our tape transport system, for example.

Since the tape in a cassette moves at only 1-7/8 inches per second, even the most minuscule variation in tape speed will make a major variation in sound.

To guard against this, where most



cassette decks give you one motor, the 9191 comes with two. The first is used only for fast forward and rewind, so the second can be designed exclusively to maintain a constant speed for play and record.

All of our tape drive components—the capstan, belt, and flywheel—are finished to incredible tolerances. Which give the 9191 the kind of wow and flutter figures that no deck in our price range can match.

Of course, having a great tape transport system means nothing if you don't have great electronics to back it up.

We do.

The 9191 comes with an advanced three stage direct coupled amplifier that extends high frequency response and minimizes distortion. The built-in Dolby system can reduce tape hiss by as much as 10 decibels in high frequencies.

Our multiplex filter lets you record

FM broadcasts without picking up a lot of unwanted noise, or the multiplex signal every FM stereo station sends out.

Even our ferrite solid tape head offers the best combination of accuracy and long life you can get in a cassette head.

We also include a peak limiter to let you cram as much onto a cassette as possible without distortion. A memory that lets you go back to a favorite spot on the tape automatically. Separate bias and equalization switches for getting the most out of different brands of tape. And electronic solenoid controls for going from play to rewind, or from

rewind to fast forward, without hitting the stop button. And without jamming the tape.

Go slip a cassette into a Pioneer 9191 at your local Pioneer dealer.

You'll find it hard to believe such a little thing could come out sounding so big.

CT-F9191 Specifications:

Frequency Response: Standard, LH tape: 25-16,000 Hz (35-13,000 Hz ± 3 dB); CrO₂ tape: 20-17,000 Hz (30-14,000 Hz ± 3 dB)

Signal-to-Noise Ratio: Dolby OFF: More than 52dB; Dolby ON: More than 62 dB (Over 5,000 Hz, Standard and LH tapes/When chromium dioxide tape is used, signal-to-noise ratio is further improved by 4.5dB over 5KHz).

Harmonic Distortion: No more than 1.7% (OdB)

Wow and Flutter: No more than 0.07% (WRMS)

Motor: Electronically-controlled DC motor (built-in generator) x I; (4.8 cm/s speed drive), DC torque motor x I; (Fast forward and rewind drive)

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074

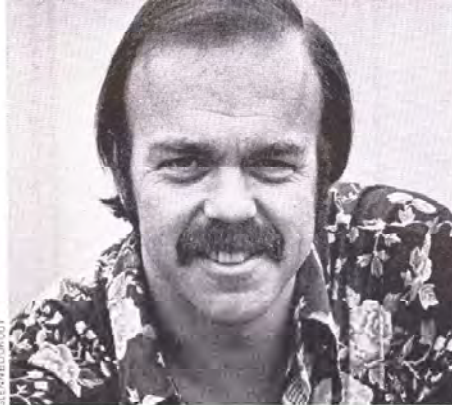
PIONEER®
High Fidelity Components



CT-F9191



DR. SAM JANUS



LARRY LINDERMAN



TAD SZULC

HOUSECALL

There will always be an England, the poet has said, and we conjure up images of a quaint, albeit truncated, empire, where the sun barely sets and tea is still served promptly at four o'clock. It's a nice image, giving one a sense of continuity, of tradition, of... timelessness. But there may *not* always be an England or, for that matter, an Italy, a France, or a Spain. In fact, the whole of Western Europe is in danger of complete collapse.

Sobering thought! Prize-winning reporter **Tad Szulc**, having recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe, says: "The atmosphere was bleak. We can no longer go on taking Western Europe for granted as a safe corner of the world." In "Europe on the Skids," page 48, Szulc outlines the grave economic, social, political, and military dangers facing the Continent. He found rampant inflation and serious unemployment, a sense of hopelessness, and the very real fear of a Communist takeover.

Szulc feels there is cause for American alarm. If unchecked, this situation could lead to trade wars between Europe and America and could even damage NATO at a time when the power of the Soviet bloc is increasing at an alarming rate. Vice-President Mondale's quick trip to Western Europe three days after his inauguration is a grim indication that Europe has become a top foreign-policy priority of the Carter administration.

Martin Scorsese, the wunderkind of American directors who scorched moviegoers' nerve ends with such starkly realistic, often violent films as *Taxi Driver* and *Mean Streets*, has just completed a new movie. *New York, New York* (starring, naturally, Robert De Niro) is—of all things—a lavish musical comedy set in the 1940s. Why has Scorsese turned his back on his visceral style of moviemaking? What does this departure really mean? To find out, author **Mark Goodman** traces Scorsese's roots back to his boyhood in Little Italy, New York—to his dreamy existence as a frail, asthmatic youth whose greatest escape was going to the neighborhood cinema. Then Goodman tracks Scorsese down on location in Hollywood and gives us an intensely personal portrait of the man today.

Talking of intensely personal things just naturally leads us to the most fascinating topic of all—sex. Most of us know what we want from sex: erotic satisfaction, emotional give-and-take, and perhaps just a soupçon of ecstasy. But how many of us are getting it? How many of us have been so beset with feelings of inadequacy,



T.C. BOYLE



MARK GOODMAN

insecurity, and guilt that we wind up wishing we (and our faltering erections) were home watching television? To help confuse matters even more, we introduce the first in a series of sex-related "rate yourself" quizzes, designed especially for *Penthouse* by Dr. **Sam Janus**, a fellow of the American Institute for Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis. So get those pencils to work and find out how you shape up.

Disposing of sex for the moment, let's turn to America's second favorite pastime, baseball. There's no more controversial figure in the baseball world today than Marvin Miller. Since Miller left his United Steelworkers executive post in 1966 to become the executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, the summer game has never been the same. Players' salaries have soared, along with pension benefits, and we now have that strange phenomenon known as the "free agent." Although baseball players may love Miller, team owners and managers almost unilaterally despise him and sportswriters are apt to confuse him with Karl Marx. Don't miss free-lance writer **Lawrence Linderman's** interview with this silver-tongued negotiator, beginning on page 72.

President Carter's blanket pardon of draft resisters was a bold, if not controversial, beginning for his new administration. In this month's "Advise and Dissent," page 94, retired Gen. **Lewis W. Walt**, who fought in three wars and served on President Ford's Clemency Board, calls Carter's action a betrayal of our past and a threat to our future. Rather than wasting time on the few who refused to serve their country, Walt believes that we should devote our energies to righting the wrongs done to the hundreds of thousands of veterans who did serve—a fight that *Penthouse* has been waging for more than three years.

The hero of this month's short story could use the help of a few good fighting men. In "The Women's Restaurant," page 112, **T.C. Boyle** describes what befalls a man whose insatiable curiosity about women has driven him beyond the point where a man is welcome—namely, The Women's Restaurant. The result of all this is guaranteed to give you a touch of indigestion.

But it's May, glorious May. Spring fever strikes again. And you respond... with a vengeance, which means you're in the perfect state to appreciate the most delightful group of May goddesses you ever did see... 

FORGET the domestic carmakers.

Last year, they stopped making convertibles. ("An end of an era," the national magazines said.)

Forget Volvo, Saab, Datsun, Toyota.

They don't take the trouble to make convertibles, either.

Forget Mercedes and Rolls.

They can stick on a price tag roughly equivalent to a one-family house in the suburbs.

Remember the car below. The Fiat 124 Sport Spider.

Its headroom, as you see, can be infinite. Its legroom, although a

LOOKING FOR A CAR WITH HEADROOM?

good deal less, is more than anybody except an NBA center needs. And it's wide enough so your elbow room is pretty good, too.

Put your head inside and you'll see a 5-speed synchromesh gear box and an instrument panel that's more than a couple of idiot lights and something to get your cigarette going.

You see, the Fiat 124 Sport Spider, besides being one of the few convertibles left, is a true sports car.

Under the hood is a

twin overhead cam engine. The brakes are discs on all four wheels. The tires are radial-ply.

And the design?

Classic Pininfarina.

Which will not only provide you with all the headroom you want, but will also turn a few heads in the bargain.

FIAT

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.



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 Hotter, Gerard Van der Leun, National Affairs Editor: William R. Corson, Fashion Editor: Ed Emmerling, Humor Editor: Bill Lee, Service Editor: Gwenn Lewis Norman, Assoc. Editors: Cynthia Heimel, Jack Parks, Assistant Editors: Lyn Osburn, Kay Shaw, Senior Copy Editor: Michael Schrader, Associate Copy Editor: David Grambs, Research Editor: Susan Bidel, Editorial Assistants: Aileen Gorschman, Laurie Lister, Contributing Editors: Kingsley Amis, Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Henry Morgan, Frederic Mullally, Edward Sorel, Nicholas von Hoffman, Travel Editor: Allan H. Mankoff, 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: Jeni Winston, VP Circulation Director: Tom Montemaro, Midwest Advertising Manager: Norman Kamikow, Circulation Managers: Richard Fogel, Robert Castaldi, 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: 8737 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: Hohn 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: Cedimir Komijencovic, Strebriyak 96, Zagreb, MAY. Yugoslavia.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which our readers discuss their experiences, opinions, and interests in every aspect of human behavior. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The views published in this column are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Chicken pflucker

A recent experience of mine involves a type of food, and after reading about the pizza fuck in the January issue, I must relate my story now. I am a twenty-two-year-old male with a large sex organ and an even greater drive for the pleasures of raw sex. Yet my opportunities with women in college have not been frequent enough to satisfy my insatiable thirst for sexual activity. So I have resorted to a number of masturbation techniques, many of which are more exciting than anything else I have ever experienced.

A short time ago, while preparing a routine meal in my apartment, I had a hot sexual rush that completely shook up my system. At the time of this urge, I was preparing a roasting chicken, which lay cold and innocent upon a greased baking pan. As I separated the two drumsticks horizontally, I observed the most appetizing aperture I had ever seen. In no time my pants were down, and I had thrust my throbbing cock into the cavity of the bird's chest. I was amazed at the size of the space, which took all of my ten inches of aching flesh. Well, to say the least, I had the most exciting climax of my life. After thinking it over, I realized that no woman had ever been able to envelop every inch of my cock as that raw meat did. Then I knew I had discovered the missing link of my sexual life.

The initial experience took place some time ago. Now this pleasure, once a fleeting, whimsical act, is a regular part of my weekly schedule. I have found ways to make this "foul fuck" even more exciting than my initial experience; it has become a ritual. At least once a week I have sex with not only a dressed chicken but also other types of dressed poultry. The usual experience involves dressing the bird with small lace panties and seductive colognes as well as with bread and celery. On special occasions I purchase a small turkey and have an entire day of sexual pleasure.—Name and address withheld

Thanks anyway, but we decline your Thanksgiving invitation.

Audience participation

I enjoy reading the letters in the Forum section of the magazine and would like to share a most unforgettable experience. It was a real turn-on for me and, I am sure, for my wife also.

After dinner and a number of drinks at a restaurant, my wife and I stopped at a bar featuring topless waitresses. There was a small stage that was occasionally used by

the waitresses for a dance routine. Between shows customers danced to the jukebox on it.

We took a booth along the wall and ordered a drink. Shortly after the drinks arrived, one of the waitresses began dancing. In order to get a better view, my wife sat up on one of the bar stools. Since she was wearing a very short skirt and her knees were spread, the crotch of her white bikini panties was clearly visible. As she continued to watch the show, the skirt gradually worked up until the entire front of her panties was visible for all to see. What a turn-on!

After the waitress finished her routine, we went up to the stage to dance. As we were dancing, my wife said, "I think I have a hole in my blouse." I told her I didn't think anyone would notice. She then said, "I know how to take care of that." She then took the blouse off and finished the dance with just a little French bra on above the waist. When we returned to our booth, I was surprised because she didn't put the blouse back on.

We hadn't been at the table more than a few minutes when one of the topless waitresses came over and asked my wife if she wanted to get up on the stage and put on a show with her. My wife looked at me and then said to her, "Why not?" She got up from the table and went to the ladies' room. When she returned, she was carrying her skirt and wearing only the French bra and a pair of very sheer, white bikini panties. After dropping the skirt at the table, she followed the waitress to the stage.

After selecting some records, they faced the audience and began to dance. I couldn't keep my eyes off the dark triangle of hair visible through my wife's sheer panties. She was really turning me on, and the other guys in the bar appeared to be enjoying the show just as much as I was.

Then I couldn't believe what happened next. My wife turned so that her back was to the crowd. Then she pushed down the back of her panties, exposing her beautiful bare ass. Next she pushed them all the way down and stepped out of them. When she turned to face the crowd, she twirled the panties on her finger and flipped them to me. Everybody really cheered, and I almost came!

With my wife wearing only a bra, the waitress proceeded to teach her a dance routine. At one point she showed her how to put one foot up on the railing (which ran along the front of the stage) and rotate her hips to the music. When my wife tried this routine, the wet, shiny lips of her cunt were in full view, particularly to those sitting right next to the railing. Then, all of a sudden, she

More what?

More of a cigarette. That's what.

With more of the good things that so many cigarette smokers are going for:

The long lean burnished brown look.

The smooth easy draw.

The slow-burning smoke that gives you more puffs for your money, more time for enjoyment.

More. It's like any really good cigarette. And much more.



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

FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

© 1976 - R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

lost her balance and fell backwards, landing in a sitting position with her legs wide apart. She got up again and finished the dance with the waitress.

When the next record started, the waitress walked off the stage, leaving my wife to dance alone. She didn't hesitate to put on her own show, especially when everyone—including me—cheered her on. It wasn't long before she removed her bra and was totally nude. Her nipples were as hard as little rocks (they really turn me on). For a good hour she continued her nude dance, stopping occasionally for a short rest and a talk with one of the guys by the stage. Once the manager used a flashlight to spotlight her best features, concentrating especially on her cunt. When she returned to our booth, she remained nude. Some of the guys came over to tell her how much they had enjoyed the show. She was sitting in a chair and had her legs spread slightly. She really enjoyed the attention until we left about an hour later.

Some time after the incident my wife told me that she wanted to make me jealous. I told her that her only accomplishment was to turn me on.

We went back to the bar a few times after that. She never did dance nude again but would usually strip to bra and panties (always sheer) and dance with some of the other guys. I loved it! Their hands would be all over her body, and a few fingers even sneaked inside her panties.

I am sorry to say that the bar has since been closed by the local officials, so that my

wife and I have no place else in this area where we can enjoy this kind of evening.—
Name and address withheld

Filling station flash

I read all of the Forum letters every month, but the ones I enjoy most are the ones that describe flashing in detail. My wife and I are into flashing. Our most recent experience took place last Saturday night at a well-lit service station, where the attendant is a nice-looking teenager. My wife, who is attractive and in her early thirties, wore a short skirt, and though she had on panty hose, she wore white, silky panties over them. White, silky panties are easier to see than dark-colored ones. She positioned herself so that the attendant could see up her dress and easily see her panties while he was washing our windshield—but only if he was cleaning one certain portion of the windshield. This way she became obvious only if he showed an interest.

When he first noticed that she was wearing a skirt rather than slacks, he went directly to her part of the windshield and spent more time than necessary. Since he was obviously enjoying looking, I had my wife spread her legs slightly so that her knees were about eight inches apart. By this time he was almost certain that she was flashing on purpose. We paid for the gas and left. The situation had excited both of us so much that we didn't want it to end; so we tried to think of what else we could do. We then decided that she should remove both

her panties and panty hose at the same station.

You should have seen the smile on the young attendant's face when we went back. I told him that I forgot to have him check our oil. My wife had positioned herself in a more obvious position with her legs at least twelve inches apart, and her skirt had ridden higher. But he would still have to wash the windshield in order to see up her dress. By this time he had become brave enough to say that he hadn't done a very good job on her side of the windshield the last time. So he went directly to her side in order to get a good look. We had made certain that the lights would shine in the right spot so that he wouldn't have any trouble seeing her bare pussy. My wife was as excited as he was, and the more he looked, the more she would gradually slide down in her seat and spread her legs more. By the time that he had finally finished washing her side of the windshield, her legs were at least twenty-four inches apart, her skirt was just barely covering her hair, and her pussy couldn't have been more visible.

Needless to say, we were aroused so much that we were into heavy sex long before we got home. She was going down on me, and I was playing with her, and I even stopped the car a couple of times along dark streets and went down on her, too.—
Name withheld, Kokomo, Ind.

Capturing the moment

An incredible thing happened when Laurie (one of the girls whom I have been seeing for about a year) and I were discussing what a turn-on it is for couples to photograph each other without hang-ups. Then we got on the subject of sex in public and found that it excited each of us tremendously. That's when we decided to give both of these adventures a try.

After arming ourselves with a friend's Polaroid and a new pack of film, we headed down to the local junior college, where I have been taking night courses. I had a very difficult time keeping my hard cock down not only because I saw Laurie in her Levi's skirt, which unbuttoned all the way up the middle, but also because I knew that she didn't have anything underneath covering her hot pussy. And she didn't help things out when she started sucking my cock while I was driving. By the time we arrived in the parking lot, we were both hotter than hell. We practically went insane looking for a place where we could fuck. Going by the auditorium, we realized that it would be empty that time of night. We wasted no time relieving our sexual tensions onstage, behind the drawn curtains in the wings. Just as we were dressing, we heard scuffling in the auditorium. I jumped up and peeked through the slit in the curtains only to find two classes coming in for lectures. Fearing discovery, laughing, hearts pounding, we rushed out the stage door.

Part two of our adventure happened soon afterward. With Polaroid in hand, we headed for the library. In a secluded corner on the opposite side of the large reading hall, far



"A man can't draw on a woman, Luke. That's the code of the West."

from where a group of students sat studying, I pretended to show Laurie how to work the camera while she was unbuttoning her skirt. With her back to the students, she spread her legs to expose her pussy, still glistening with my come. After I snapped the picture, she covered up fast as heads began to turn to see where the flash had come from. Two guys in the group came over and asked very suspiciously what type of pictures we were taking. We acted as if we weren't doing anything wrong. They laughed it off and returned to their books, not bothering to look our way for the rest of the evening. Now it was my turn, and I unzipped my pants and took my place in front of the camera. Laurie looked up at me and said, "A hard cock photographs better than a limp one." With that she started to suck me into an erection. Whoever said "Try the library to get ahead" was right! Just as I was about to explode, she backed off and snapped a picture of my throbbing cock. Then we ran back to my van to check out the results.

Once we had seen the picture, we couldn't wait to attack each other. Laurie put my already-hard cock into her waiting mouth, sucking me almost to the point of climax. Then she lowered her hot cunt and rode me until we came together. That happened almost a month ago, and we still talk about it. And we have two lovely photographs to refresh our memories with.—R.C., address withheld

Unforgettable melody

I had known Clint for some time through business, and we often saw each other while working on mutual projects. Eventually, we played a little tennis and bridge together at our club. We are about the same age (thirty-five), and we found that we have many similar interests.

I had seen Melody, Clint's wife, only once at the pool, but I had not forgotten her by any means. She is a lovely blonde with sculptural features, and every line of her body was easily defined by the scant bikini she wore. Her sensuous hips indicated to me that she was a woman who loved to fuck and that she would drive a man on long after most women would leave him soft.

One day, after a tough afternoon on the court, Clint said that he needed to talk to me and that I should follow him to his house, where we would have a drink and talk privately. When we arrived, I was happy to see Melody. Although the housecoat she wore was not so revealing as the bikini I had last seen her in, I was still aroused by the sight because she was obviously wearing nothing underneath. My ability to imagine took care of the rest.

While Clint and I discussed some rather unimportant details of a current project, Melody made us all some drinks. When she leaned over to set the drink in front of me, I nearly swallowed my cigarette. Her robe gaped open, and for a few seconds I looked down at one of her sweet nipples. It was almost flesh colored and stood out defiantly. I was now afraid to stand up because I was sure that I also would stand out because of

Not every man can handle Metaxa.®

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.



The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur.
© Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc. N.Y. Sole Importers

The active ingredient in Mon Triomphe is you.

There is no one quite like you. You've got your own personality. Your own chemistry.

And that's the active ingredient in Mon Triomphe cologne.

Mon Triomphe has imported essences and oils that are designed to mix with your body chemistry to give you your own individual scent.

A scent that only you can wear.

Get the cologne that's as distinctive as you are. Mon Triomphe.

Mon Triomphe Cologne, After Shave, Musk Plus Cologne and other fine grooming aids. Available at selected dept. stores and other fine stores.



the tightening in my crotch.

Eventually, our conversation turned to sex and *Penthouse*. Almost as if cued by a director, the three of us said, "Forum!" We all laughed and started talking about our favorites in the current copy. Our language became more graphic, and soon we were sharing fantasies. The more drinks we had, the more uninhibited we became, and finally, while Melody was telling how a clerk had made a pass at her while she was buying a negligee, Clint asked her to model it for me. I heartily agreed. Without much prodding, she left the room and a few minutes later returned. I nearly spilled my drink, and for a moment, all I could say was, "All right, all right!"

I couldn't see much in front or back, but the sides were almost nonexistent. The wispy sheerness of the material left nothing to be imagined except what could be done with that tiny waist and those full hips. I was beyond help now. I had to fuck this woman, and I sensed that I could if things were handled right. I'm an ass man, and as she twirled around like a dancer, I almost blew my wad. I asked her to walk across the room, and as she did, I glued my eyes to her undulating ass sliding easily beneath the satiny cloth. My imagination went wild, and soon I was talking my heart out about the pleasures a threesome held. Clint and Melody were hesitant, and I finally gave up. It was now getting pretty late, and I had had enough excitement for me to go home and give my wife a long, hard surprise. Before I left, though, I had to use the john. When I came back into the room, they were gone. I thought that because we had all been excited, they had jumped into bed, thinking that I would find my own way out. I called out in a low tone, because the children were upstairs, asleep. In response I heard a voice coming from the den. It was Melody saying, "In here."

She was sitting on the couch, and Clint was nowhere in sight. She patted the sofa beside her and smiled at me like a parent giving her child a toy. My slow walk to the sofa did not reflect the racing of my pulse. When I sat down, she snuggled in close, and I kissed her. Her tongue and mine fought a brief duel and parted friends. She reached between my legs and said, "I love to play with a man's balls."

We undressed quickly, and I was in heaven. At last the full beauty of her body was there in front of me. She stood up so that I could see all of the treasures that had been concealed before. Her lovely face was glowing with the thought of what we were about to do. The gentle slope from her throat to her pubis was interrupted only by the swell of her breasts and by the ever-so-slight mound of her stomach just below her navel. That mound was maddeningly exciting to me. It seemed to affirm her womanhood and sexuality.

She knelt in front of me while I sat on the couch, and she took my cock into her mouth. I suddenly was aware how calm I was. I wasn't even as hard as I had been while she modeled the negligee. I seemed

to be taking it all in, and my senses were absorbing all so that I wouldn't forget one detail. Her soft lips and throat caressed my semi-erect cock, and even though she was moving slowly, I felt myself welling up and mentally had to slow myself down to keep from coming. It was too soon to come; I wanted this night to last.

Just then Clint came into the den. I'm sure that he had deliberately given us enough time to get started so that I would be more at ease. He undressed and got on his knees behind Melody. He was already hard, and in no time he was pumping furiously into her sweet ass, which I could see bobbing delightfully. Clint and I soon changed positions, and I buried my face into one of the silkiest pussies I had ever eaten. The pubic hair was not kinky, the way it is on so many other girls. It was smooth, and although not exceptionally thick, it stood out in a tuft as if a wave had been put in it. I parted the hair and drove my tongue up and down over her clit until she fairly oozed the cream of her own obvious pleasure. All the while she was sucking Clint's cock 'back to life, and I looked over her belly to watch, adding to my own joy.

Well, we continued for about two hours into the early morning, fucking, sucking, and fondling her and ourselves. She was happy, I was happy, and Clint was happy. I finally allowed myself to come, and I really gushed. I felt as if I had delivered a quart of cock juice into the hot confines of her cunt, and I lay back, utterly spent.

We agreed to spend another evening together, and it will be next week. I can't wait. Even now while I am writing, I am throbbing with a hard-on, remembering *that night*. Remembering. Anticipating. These things really happen. Sometimes it just takes a little help and the right circumstances.—J.P. address withheld

Seasoned stew

I am a businessman, aged fifty, and I travel a lot. I've flown a half-million miles and just last week had my first delightful encounter with a stewardess.

On my flight into Chicago, the stewardess in my section was a pretty girl of twenty-six. The name tag read Colleen. After takeoff a male passenger under the influence got very unruly with her and interrupted my reading. I saw him grab her arm and heard him demand a date. Her wedding ring didn't deter him. I thought that I wouldn't want a man acting like that with my wife, and so I got up and went over and spoke Colleen's name. When she looked around, I winked and then leaned down to put my hand on the man's arm. He was about thirty, six feet tall, and maybe 180 pounds. I'm six feet five inches and 240.

"Colleen went to college with my daughter," I said. "Now you shut up, or I'll handle you like the halfbacks who used to try to come through my side of the line." He sobered up very quickly.

As I deplaned at O'Hare, Colleen asked if my daughter had really gone to Kent State when she had. "No, she's younger than you."

You're going to spend \$300 for a receiver? And you never heard of PPR?

Stereo Receivers	Sugg. Ret.† Price	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity IHF '58 Stereo -50dB*
SA-5760	\$799.95	165 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.08%	1.8μV 35.7dBf
SA-5560	499.95	85 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV 36.2dBf
SA-5460	399.95	65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV 36.2dBf
SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9μV 37.2dBf
SA-5160	229.95	25 watts from 30Hz-20kHz	0.5	1.9μV 37.2dBf
SA-5060	169.95	12 watts from 40Hz-20kHz	0.9	2.0μV 38.2dBf

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

*New IHF '75 standard

PPR is price performance relationship. And we feel it's a meaningful way of judging a receiver because it can tell you how much power, technology and performance you're getting for your money.

And when you look at our price performance relationship it's easy to see why your next receiver should be a Technics.

Of course, we want you to listen to our receivers. Especially since all six have the reserve power to float through complex musical passages with a minimum of distortion and clipping. And they all have rugged transformers. Bridged rectifiers. As well as high-capacitance filtering.

Play a record. You'll hear it the way it was recorded. Quietly and with greater dynamic range. Because we use an overload-resistant 3-stage IC in the phono equalizer sections.

Tune in an FM station. Even a weak one. In addition to hearing all the music, you'll also get increased stereo separation. Negligible distortion. And a minimum of noise. Thanks to flat group delay filters and Phase Locked Loop IC's in the tuner sections.

So if you'd like to know a simple way to discover just some of the reasons why a Technics receiver is so good... it's as easy as PPR.

All cabinetry simulated wood.

Technics

by Panasonic



Volkswagen celebrates the millionth Rabbit with cars that look like a million.

Imagine! One million Rabbits hopping around all over the world!

No one ever introduced a car so successfully before.

So to mark the occasion, we're offering our stunning "Champagne Edition" Volkswagens — all decked out and dolled up like you've never seen VWs before.



DASHER



RABBIT

The limited *Champagne*

Would you believe our Rabbit? Catch it in a glowing copper or silver green metallic paint. Either way, you get a soft velour interior and deep cut-pile carpeting.

Dasher. Elegant to begin with, even more so with its own handsome metallic glow and dramatic interior.

Scirocco — with sport bucket seats and plush carpeting. Dressed in rich platinum metallic with handsome red stripes.

There's even a "Champagne Edition" Beetle Convertible — elegantly upholstered in white leatherette. And a special VW Bus in a luscious chocolate brown.

In all, they make the most beautiful Volkswagens ever. But if you want one, you'll have to hurry. Limited editions like these don't last forever.



BUS

BEETLE

SCIROCCO

Editions from Volkswagen

I said, "and is a junior at Southern Cal." "I'm sure I would have liked her. She has a great Dad. Thanks a million," she said.

I went into the airline's VIP room, just off the concourse, made some business calls, and emerged later to find Colleen coming by, bag in hand. Her smile was bright. She said that she regretted not thanking me enough, and we talked as we walked along. Then I mentioned that I had had to put off my evening meeting because the man was ill. Colleen asked what I would do. "I have a room in the hotel here. I guess I'll watch TV." She gazed directly up at me with a look of lust and said, "I have a better idea."

Downstairs she made a call while I got my bag, and we went through the tunnel to the hotel section. Soon we were in my room. Naked, kneeling before me, she looked beautiful. She slowly, skillfully, sucked me off before we showered together. Afterward, she knelt again and licked stray drops of water from my cock, balls, and buttocks. "Relax," she said from behind me, and her tongue flicked up after a drop on my anus. "My husband has me do this all the time. I love it."

After dinner, we returned to sex. I said I was too big for her, but Colleen said that she wanted to be completely covered by a man, and soon she was. The second time I insisted that she get on top. While she straddled me, my cock up inside her, she said that she had always heard stewardesses say they liked older men, and now she knew why. "Sex seems so very pleasant and unhurried with you," she said, "and you sure know what

you're doing."

The next morning we repeated the shower scene, had coffee together, and separated. She took a flight back to her home base, and I went on to another city on business. I know that if I see her again, we'll just smile, and I accept that. I also know that if another stewardess ever gets in a similar jam, I'll be the first one to help. You better believe it! — V.J., Los Angeles, Calif.

Extended studies

As a serious accounting student of twenty-one, I've had to make a clear-cut choice of school over women—for the time being—and it has left my sex life considerably less fulfilling than desired.

When I picked up the school paper one day, I read of a new extended-studies course, sponsored by a campus women's studies group, called "Body Massage for Body Maintenance and Tension Release."

Being almost at the point of desperation, I decided to look into it, hoping that I would possibly meet some interesting young ladies and maybe learn something about massage—while at the same time alleviating my yearning thirst for a woman's touch.

During the first meeting the instructor showed us how to give a facial. It was seventh heaven! By the second meeting, we had progressed down to the neck, shoulders, and upper chest, and I had become good and fast friends with one of my classmates—a lovely, large-breasted (but otherwise very tiny) young thing named Sandra.

After the third class meeting, we agreed that we both needed more practice, and we decided on her house (an off-campus university acquisition) for practice.

We weren't too far into our practice session by the time I suddenly realized that I had a raging hard-on. Touching the soft skin on her tender, unblemished face, which was resting on a towel about six inches from my crotch, with my legs spread apart, one on each side of her sexy copper-toned body, was becoming too much for me. But when it was time to put the coconut-scented almond oil on her shoulders and upper chest, I could have sworn that she was asleep.

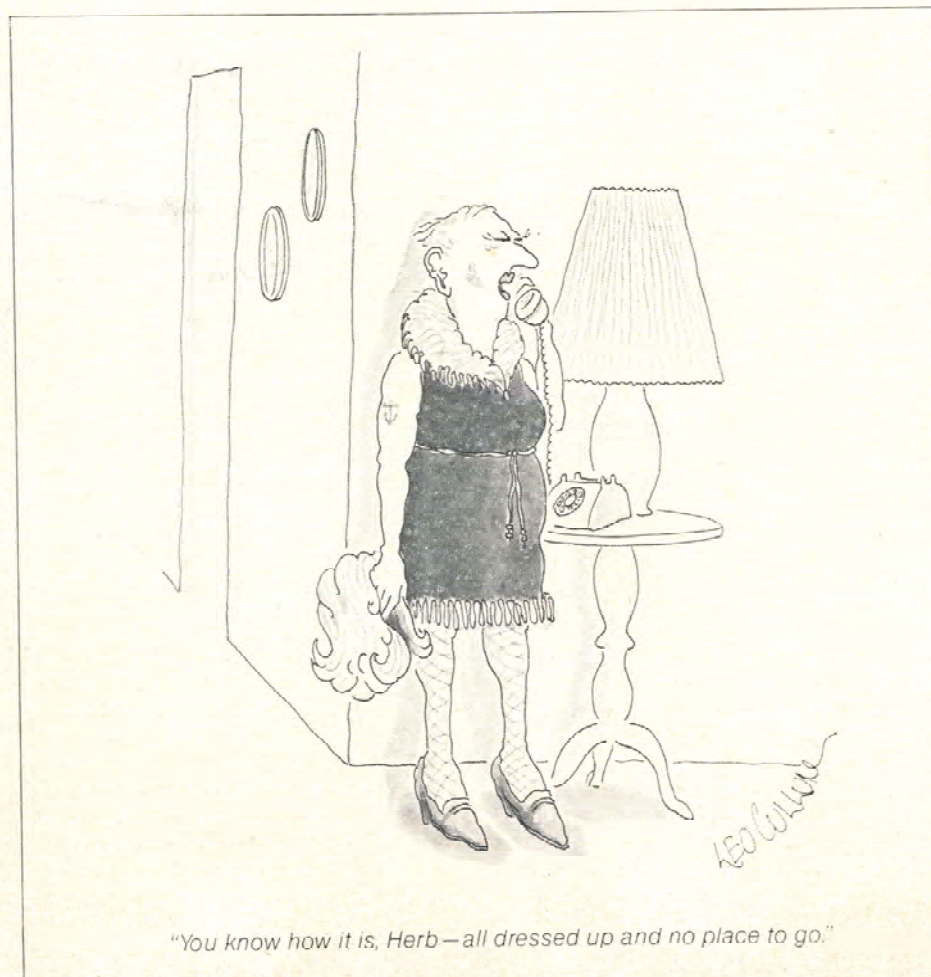
With the lights dim and the low, soft, and soothing music in the background, I thought that I'd put a little hypothesis to the test. Gradually, I went lower with each passing stroke across her upper chest and around to her upper arms until I was well into her tube top. Finally, I feigned an accident and let my left hand slip over her nipple. I immediately withdrew, mouth agape with an apology ready, but she didn't even flinch. A few moments later she suggested we take a small break before exchanging positions.

When she got up, I asked if everything was all right, with an apologetic look on my face, and she just nodded sleepily. Returning from the rest room, she sat down, spread her legs apart, and placed the towel down between them for me to rest my head on as she readied herself to give me a massage with our newly learned techniques. My head came to rest about three inches from her crotch, and I quickly noticed her odor and guessed that she had really enjoyed her massage. The lovely smell of her juicy pussy left me breathless, and I couldn't restrain my prancing prick any longer. I knew that if Sandra was looking, the bulge in my jeans must have been quite evident. Then she placed her warm hands on my face, and I nearly passed out. Her fingers were covered with the same wonderful smell I had just taken notice of, and for the next half hour, she succeeded in filling every pore in my face, shoulders, and neck with her natural love scent. By then her very penetrating odor had made both of us very anxious.

We casually hurried off to the bathroom of the house, and we went in together without turning on the lights. She let her fingertips glide across my quivering bulge a couple of times, and that was it for me. I practically tore off her top as she pulled my jeans and shorts down to my knees and put her warm, voluptuous lips around my swollen cock. Her propeller tongue licked around the ridges of my uncircumcised penis as she groped for my hand and placed it on her tender, beating breast. Soon I slipped into her melting cunt, and we had a delicious, mind-blowing fuck.

I'm looking forward to the next class session, and I sincerely hope that establishments of higher education will continue to offer such enlightening and truly educational courses! — C.W., address withheld

We've always been in favor of education for getting ahead.



"You know how it is, Herb—all dressed up and no place to go."

Benson & Hedges 100's

I just
became
a living
testimonial.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

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



THE ULTIMATE TENNIS SHOE.

Incredibly comfortable, unusually handsome, predictably expensive. The Tretorn Tennis Shoe, in canvas or leather.

TRETORN
The Ultimate Tennis Shoe

Tail-back slot

With football season over, my wife and I would like to share the successful and highly enjoyable method by which we were able to make it through the season. Although we are both fans, my enthusiasm for the game surpasses hers and at times she becomes bored not only with the game but also with me.

One Sunday, the Cowboys, my favorite team, was playing; so naturally I planned on being riveted to the set for the duration of the afternoon.

My wife, however, had other plans. As we sat on the couch, munching popcorn, drinking beer, and watching the game, she began to get playful. With one eye still on the tube, I began rubbing her crotch with my thigh while kneading her nipples, making them hard as rocks. Naturally, her hands were not idle, and as she slipped one down my jeans and started fondling my balls, I could feel that goal post of mine trying to rip its way out of my pants. The second she pulled my zipper down, my throbbing rod stood tall and proud, and she immediately went down on it, licking and sucking the head and then engulfing the entire shaft with her warm, wet mouth.

I couldn't stand it any longer and was trying to get her pants off as fast as I could, enabling me to dive into that furry patch of hers. Just as I was pulling her panties down, the Cowboys scored and I almost ripped out a handful of fuzz! Screaming, she hopped up, yelling that I cared more about football than I did about her. I had finally gotten her calmed down when I got a great idea. Positioning her on all fours in front of the TV, I began fingering her cunt, first inserting one finger, then two, and then three. Soon she was moaning and rotating her ass in the air. The sight of her pink ass hole and dripping cunt waving in my face was too much for me to stand. I zeroed in on this moving bull's-eye and slid the head of my dick into her snatch, allowing her to push her ass toward me until she had taken all of it in. Within seconds we were fucking away like two dogs.

The cheers from the game were getting louder, and we felt as though we were performing for the thousands of fans staring at us from the TV. I turned up the volume. The louder the screams, the harder we fucked, until I thought that I was going to bruise my thighs from slamming so hard into her. Right as my team scored, so did we—I shot my hot wad deep into her creaming pussy, and she bucked like a mare. Talk about "the juice on the loose"! We collapsed on the floor in one, sweaty, crumpled pile, completely exhausted from our hard-won, goal-line plunge.

We spent the rest of the season on the floor in front of the TV, fucking and cheering for the Cowboys and the Vikings. I've also found that by placing a bowl of popcorn on her back I can kill three birds with one stone: watch the game, have a little popcorn, and ball all afternoon long. And the things we can do with the melted butter! —

O.R., address withheld



Treat your face with precision and treat yourself to 25¢.

At Personna, we know that if we're *that* much more exacting on the assembly line, your shave will be *that* much smoother. That's why we align each set of Double II blades to a tolerance of .003 of an inch.

And when it comes to putting the final finish on the edge, we're talking in terms of a millionth of an inch.

Why we believe there's no finer razor made.

To meet our standards of precision, we hone each blade of the Personna Double II six times at three different angles. And use microscopes and computers for quality control.

We do it because we know you'll feel it.

Doesn't your face deserve the precision of Personna Double II?

Personna Double II. Precision twin blades on two sides. And now, a 25¢ coupon to save you money.



*"Does precision matter?
Ask my close friend."*

**SAVE
25¢**



**Personna
Double II®**
Treat your face with precision.

25¢

TO THE DEALER: You are authorized to act as our agent for the redemption of this coupon. We will reimburse you 25¢ plus 5¢ handling if it has been used in accordance with our customer offer. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Cash redemption value: 1/20 of 1¢. This coupon is non-assignable. Invoices proving purchase of sufficient stock of our brands to cover coupons presented must be shown upon request. Mail coupon to Double II, P.O. Box 1020, Clinton, Iowa 52734. Reimbursement will be made only to a retail distributor of our merchandise. Good only on Personna Double II cartridges or razors. Offer expires May 31, 1978. Any other use constitutes fraud.

25¢

STORE COUPON

25¢

Buttered to taste

Recently, my wife and I discovered a new pastime. While attending a boring movie at the local indoor theater, we decided to act out one of our lifelong fantasies. It proved to be far better than we had expected. My wife has always wanted to give me a hand job during a movie while I sat watching the feature.

On this night there were only a few people in the theater. Realizing this, I moved my hand out of the popcorn box and inside her blouse. I felt one of her warm, full breasts. Instantly, she caught on and slid her hand down to the tremendous bulge now forming in my pants. She quickly undid my zipper and began to stroke my full-length feature.

While my wife slid her hand up and down between my thighs, I came to the verge of orgasm. Sensing my excitement, she continued her quick hand movements up and down my rigid cock. Then, in a moment of excitement, she grabbed the popcorn box away from me, poked a large hole in the bottom, and thrust it over my throbbing member. I came as I had never come before. I almost jumped out of my seat as I felt myself buttering that popcorn inside the box.

My wife then removed the box and, leaning over, began to lick off all the kernels that stuck to me. She enjoyed this so much that she began to eat the rest of the popcorn in the box. We sat motionless during the rest of the movie, reflecting on what had happened.

When we got back to our apartment, we discussed the night's adventure. We both agreed that we had never been so excited in our lives. Although we never repeated this performance, we have often engaged in the buttering of popcorn in the privacy of our bedroom. But now, whenever I go to the movies, all I can think of when I order popcorn is, "No butter, please." — *T.J., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Key-holing her

I live in a college coed dorm and had been after this really foxy chick for months. Thoughts of this succulent beauty had been running through my mind constantly, and I spent many sleepless nights thinking about her. The pain of a useless hard-on was unbearable.

One weekend, after I had had a few too many beers with the guys and was in my usual late-night predicament, I found enough courage to sneak up to her room. When I got to her door, I took my throbbing member in my hand and whacked off all over her door. At last my sexual frustrations had been relieved, and I found great enjoyment in knowing that she was in there and perhaps even listening. I continued this practice for two weeks until it no longer satisfied my desires. On what was to become the most sexually satisfying night of my life, I found myself once again in front of her door. Just before I exploded, I decided to launch my missiles of love into her locked fortress through the keyhole. Once I had

using long, lapping strokes the crushed cereal in the candy is teasingly rolled all over her inner and outer lips as well as over the clitoris on the upstroke. It's a snatch scratching that is out of this world. All the while she is thrashing around, I keep telling myself there just ain't no sweeter eatin'. Similarly, while blowing me, my wife likes to enhance her pleasure by using a small cup of chocolate syrup as dip. — *Name and address withheld*

Gum ball

Many of your readers, I'm sure, enjoy oral sex. I, too, have an appetite for muff diving and have also always enjoyed America's favorite pastime—chewing gum. A few years ago my girl friend and I found a delicious way of combining my two favorite activities. At her suggestion we decided to spice up her morning calisthenics by inserting a stick of Juicy Fruit into her succulent honey pot. It evolved into a ritual. The procedure is simple. After three minutes of strenuous exercise, I remove the gum stick, neatly rewrap it, and reinsert it into the original package. I then take the gum with me to work and proceed to double my pleasure and double my fun after my mid-morning coffee break. The very thought of the gum having been in her warm pussy drives me nuts.

A recent attempt to substitute two jaw breakers for the gum resulted in multiple orgasm with every movement she made. In fact I couldn't get her to remove the can-

dy before I left for the office. But the price of my added sexual enjoyment has been a dramatic increase in my dental bill. This is the result of numerous cavities. At the suggestion of my dentist, we've decided to switch to sugarless gum. As it turns out, this is even better, since the sugarless gum, being somewhat blander in taste, allows her pungent pussy juices to come through better than ever. — *D.G., Kansas City, Mo.*

Mexican bus ride

A few years ago I was living in a Mexican border town. Because I was in the importing business, I regularly made trips to Mexico City to buy jewelry. I had tried different methods of traveling in Mexico but have found the bus system to be the most eco-

JVC builds in what other receivers leave out. A graphic equalizer.



When it comes to tone controls, all other stereo receivers (with just bass, treble and midrange) are conventional, compared to the JVC S300. For the price of an ordinary receiver in its price range, the S300 has JVC's exclusive SEA graphic equalizer system built in. Five zone controls cover the entire musical range. So you can create 371,293 different sounds to help you get better performance from your speakers, components and records. SEA also adjusts the sound of your music system to the size of your room. And it's built into

JVC's S400 and S600 professional receivers as well. When you hear them at your JVC dealer, think of them as two components in one. In fact, it's like having all the benefits of a graphic equalizer ... without buying one.

JVC

JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378 (212) 476-8300. Outside N.Y. Toll-free 800-221-7502

penetrated the hole with the tip of my rigid member, I shot my full load into her luscious keyhole. — *Name withheld, Spokane, Wash.*

Candy is dandy

The couple who wrote you about burying grapes in each other, which they dug out with their tongues, reminded me that of all the various delicacies tucked into a female for tongue removal, I have yet to read of the confection my wife and I employ.

I break a Nestle's crunch bar into half-inch squares, poke a couple of them into my wife's moist target, and then leisurely titillate my taste buds. Very little digging with the tongue is required because my wife is simultaneously trying to expel the squares. However, the chocolate melts slowly, and by

nomical and interesting.

The trip to Mexico City by bus took about fifty hours of constant traveling from where I lived. There were rest stops at each town. I always traveled alone; so I always ended up sitting for two days and nights beside a complete stranger.

On one of these trips, I was by chance seated next to a pretty little Mexican girl. She was young and extremely sexy. My experience in Mexico had taught me that Mexican girls are raised in strict homes, and there is a lot of social pressure on them to remain chaste. I had found, however, that when away from home and alone, they loosen up.

For the first day and night out, this sweet young girl sat in the aisle seat and placed her purse between us. She sat as far away as possible and never looked at me. At first I was interested in her, but with the cold-shoulder treatment she was giving, I soon lost interest and forgot about her.

Her aloofness continued until dusk on the last night of the trip. We had stopped at a small town for dinner. I got back on the bus first and took my usual seat. When she got on, she sat down as usual, but instead of putting her purse on the seat between us, she put it on the other side and sat closer. The significance of this didn't dawn on me until a short time later when I noticed that her leg was pressing against mine.

That was all the encouragement I needed. It was dark, and no one nearby could see us. I gently placed my hand on the inside of her bare thigh. She was wearing a skirt and responded to what I'd done by parting her legs slightly so that I could move my hand up and touch her sweet young mound. She was wearing panties with no panty hose. As I rubbed ever so gently, she opened wider and started to move slightly.

This was almost too much for me. She put her coat over her lap so that we wouldn't be noticed, and I was free to slip my hand under the waist band of her panties. There I found waiting for me a wonderfully warm, wet, little slit. She began moving slowly to the rhythm of my finger.

I, too, put my coat over my lap and unzipped my pants to free my throbbing cock. Without taking my left hand from her hot little pussy, I guided her right hand to me. She shuddered slightly when her hand met my cock, but she grabbed at it eagerly. She was very inexperienced and didn't seem to know how to handle what she held. She started jerking and squeezing much too hard. I took her hand in mine and showed her how to rub the head lightly. Like her, I was dripping wet and ready to come.

Now the prospect of coming in her hand was not very appealing; so I looked around and noticed that there was no one seated in the back few rows of the bus. I zipped up, took her by the hand, and led her to the back row. By this time most of the passengers were asleep, and those who weren't were not paying any attention to us. I sat down in the inside seat, slumped down, and pulled her onto my lap. The seats were high backed; so we were completely out of sight.

Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?

We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX₂ Oxide?

It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell. It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?



© 1977, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052, U.S.A.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Glib lib

Regarding Anne Roiphe's article on the sorry state of feminism:

Male chauvinists, beware! There is a cute young woman who would lure you into her web of feminist ideology by telling you things you want to hear. Once she has you securely entwined in her silky, sticky web, this female suddenly asserts her drive for dominance and tells you what your male role must be in the future.

Does this scenario sound strangely familiar to any of you divorced men out there? — Gary R. Lyons, Cambridge, Mass.

After reading Anne Roiphe's article in the December 1976 "Advise and Dissent," I felt compelled to write. Alas, a woman has finally expressed a realistic view of the current trend of the women's lib movement. The demonstrations, rebellion, and antiwar protests of the 1960s have finally been extinguished. The youth of that era, women and men alike, have shifted their liberal views to those of a more realistic, conservative philosophy.

Men were asked to abandon their ruling-class privileges during the feminist movement. They were to hand them over to women, most of whom had little real interest or experience in the responsibilities of politics and human rights.

As stated by the feminists, "The old-fashioned idea that manhood depends on violence and victory is an important part of our trouble in the streets and Vietnam." It is this kind of hypocrisy that indicates the total irrationality of the movement. Feminists have argued that their goal is not role reversal but egalitarianism. If this is the case, women must prepare themselves for the responsibility of supporting themselves and their family and accept the possibility of serving their country and—ultimately—of fighting America's adversaries. In turn, the male must prepare himself for a more active role in child raising and performing household chores.

In Israel women are drafted, and some have fought in war. If the "liberated" American female demands equal time, perhaps we should begin to train her for a possible combat assignment, instead of giving her a matchbook course in repelling a would-be rapist.

For years women have continuously, cautiously, and coldly used sex to advance themselves economically and socially. This kind of attitude only adds to the degradation of the female. This body-before-brains attitude certainly won't help build a woman's

respect, confidence, or self-esteem. Allowing this trend to continue will only create added bitterness and hostility between the sexes. This is hardly desirable. Paradoxically, the women's movement not only has confused the role of the male but also has frustrated the ideals and attitudes of the female. If women's lib is to survive, it must adopt and understand traditional values. — R.M., Detroit, Mich.

Divorce American style

Goulden's article on divorce lawyers (February 1977) should be published in all American newspapers and magazines—as well as presented as required reading to any and all half-wits who are either contemplating or are in the process of getting a divorce. After one has experienced the lies with which attorneys in divorce courts earn their money, one has to ask what has happened to the concept of professional ethics.

My sincere congratulations for the publication of this article. I wish you continued success. — Ludwig Gehrkin, Chicago, Ill.

I think Joseph Goulden's article "Divorce Lawyers" was right on the mark. However, it was only a glimpse under the rock, and it leaves a lot of stones unturned. I would like to see the divorce proceedings in law courts in this country exposed for the sham and the mockery of justice that they really are. I believe the situation is no better in the United States. When weasel lawyers have turned their hands to bartering with people's children and furniture, when a man has nothing but payments and more payments to look forward to for the rest of his working life, there is something wrong with such a system!

On the corner of Bloor and Young in Toronto, there stood a man dressed in signs from head to toe—signs on his hat, on his back, and all over—protesting the divorce laws in this country. That was shortly after Ontario passed a law recognizing that couples living together for more than two years were legally married. This meant that the wife in such a marriage was entitled to the same abused privilege of divorce support that any purposely or intentionally married person has. This man in Toronto was a victim of such a law.

Not all divorces are brought about by adultery, wife beating, drunkenness, or insanity. Many separations and problems arise from complex but more delicate emotional problems. I know that such was my case. My wife had certain emotional problems that led to her seeking a divorce, which

REGAL SATIN SHEETS

By
Regal

ALL MONOGRAMMING
DONE FREE

18 GREAT COLORS
OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE
YES, THE SAME 225 THREAD COUNT

YOUR CHOICE
IN THESE EXCITING COLORS:

Brown, Bronze, Gold, Black, Navy Blue, Royal Blue, Powder Blue, Silver, White, Light Pink, Hot Pink, Red, Orange, Yellow, Emerald Green, Mint Green, 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—\$30.00
DOUBLE—\$32.00 (Full Size Bed)
QUEEN—\$35.00
Std. KING—\$45.00 (78" x 80")
Calif. KING—\$45.00 (72" x 84")
ROUND 84" fitted—\$48.00
ROUND 96" fitted—\$50.00

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

REGAL SATINS, INC.

1309 Allaire Ave. Dept. P-5
Ocean, N.J. 07712

Size.....Color.....

☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Mastercharge

Card No..... Exp. Date.....

Signature.....

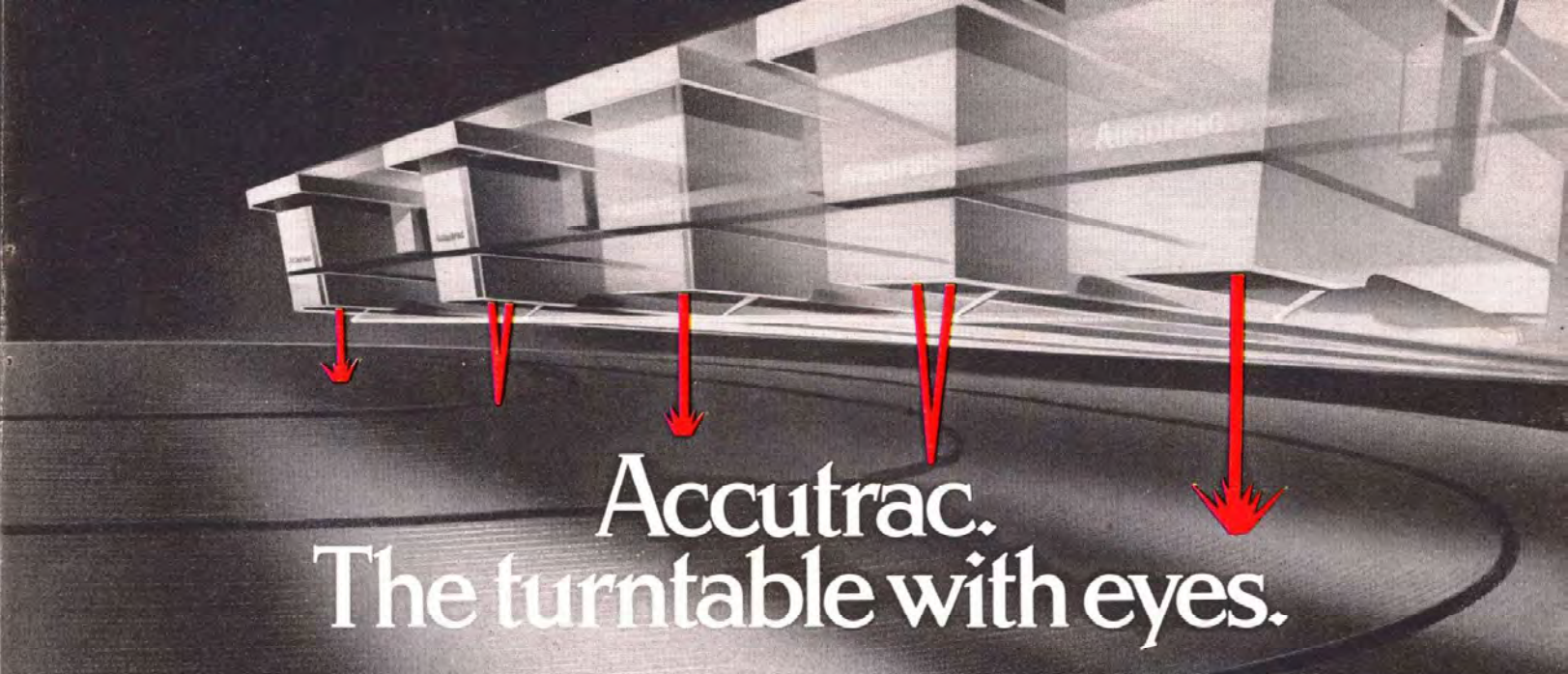
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... Zip.....

PLEASE PRINT

FOR RUSH ORDERS
TOLL FREE
800-631-2170



Accutrac. The turntable with eyes.



Introducing Accutrac.

The only turntable in the world that lets you tell an LP which selections you want to hear, the order you want to hear them in, even how many times you want to hear each one.

Sounds like something out of the 21st century, doesn't it? Well, as a result of Accutrac's electro-optics, computer programming and direct drive capabilities, you can have it today.

Just imagine you want to hear cuts 5, 3 and 7 in that order. Maybe you even want to hear cut 3 twice, because it's an old favorite. Simply press buttons 5, 3, 3 again, then 7. Accutrac's unique infra-red beam, located in the tonearm head, scans the record surface. Over the recorded portion the beam scatters but over the smooth surface between selections the infra-red light is reflected back to the tonearm, directing it to follow your instructions.

What's more, it can do this by cordless remote control, even from across the room.

The arm your fingers never have to touch.

Since Accutrac's tonearm is electronically directed to the record, you never risk dropping the tonearm accidentally and scratching a record, or damaging a stylus.

And, since it cues electronically, too, you can interrupt your listening and then pick it up again in the same groove, within a fraction of a revolution. Even the best damped cue lever can't provide such accuracy. Or safety.

What you hear is as incredible as what you see.

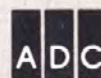
Because the Accutrac servo-motor which drives the tonearm is decoupled the instant the stylus goes into play, both horizontal and vertical friction are virtually eliminated. That means you get the most accurate tracking possible and the most faithful reproduction.

You also get wow and flutter at a completely inaudible 0.03% WRMS. Rumble at -70 dB (DIN B). A tracking force of a mere 3/4 gram. And tonearm resonance at the ideal 8-10 Hz.

The Accutrac 4000 system. When you see and hear what it can do, you'll never be satisfied owning anything else.

**Its father was a turntable.
Its mother was a computer.**

The Accutrac™ 4000


ADC Professional Products Group. A Division of BSR (USA) Ltd. Route 303, Blauvelt, NY 10913

I contested. Once the whole thing fell into the hands of the lawyers and the courts, it was a shambles. I was cheated out of a fair hearing because of a senile old judge and a passive lawyer. I lost not only my wife but also two children and my job, because I was emotionally unable to cope with the kinds of harassment involved. All I had to show for it was a large and very thick pile of letters from lawyers, which at times were incomprehensible. I have been thus convicted of the crime of marriage and mental cruelty and must now face the rest of my life branded as a "mind beater."

I think that Mr. Goulden left a few stones unturned, and I would like to see him dig even further into the subject. —K.M., New Brunswick, Canada

Project hope

In your article on The Project in your January 1977 issue, you identified me as one of its founders. It is perhaps peevish but precise if I point out that I have been disassociated from The Project since 1975, when it became apparent that theatricality was being stressed at the expense of hard research and vigorous crusading against sex criminals, unqualified therapists, and psychiatrists who are willing to keep on collecting thousands of dollars over years of treatment without ever removing or even diluting a sexual aberration.

These are the targets that prompted me to devote my time, effort, and money. I believe

these objectives will one day be achieved as the original principles of The Project are applied. Our worst sex criminals are frequently at war with their own compulsions to offend and would submit to help if true help were available. Professionally monitored psychodrama, where criminal urges are channeled into "play acting" on stage, before others with similar urges, might have the power to reduce or eliminate the need to have that urge invade real life.

Serious researchers should gather for a test. What if it worked only half the time? Or one-tenth of the time? What if it only saved one child? I continue to welcome all ideas and experiences from your readers that may lead to a way to "vaccinate" us against the most hateful beast on earth—the sexual offender/criminal/murderer. —Barry Farber, New York, N.Y.

Touristas, beware

After reading "Mexican Nightmare" (January 1977), I sat and shuddered as I remembered my own experience in a Mexican jail. It doesn't equal the severity of Steve Wilson's, but like his, it was the most frightening experience by far during my twenty-six years.

It began in El Paso on March 3, 1975, at a rather quiet bachelor's party for a groom and nine friends on the eve of his wedding; and it ended in a Juárez jail, where all of us were frisked, four of us were stripped and searched, and finally I was the only one

jailed. They found nothing on any of us, but they jailed me because they "thought" they smelled marijuana on my hand!

At the city jail, where they took me, I asked for my rights and was promptly told that "in Mexico you fucking Americans have no rights!" I have seen cleaner hog lots on American farms than the cell that I was taken to. There was a toilet seat, but no water in it, let alone any tissue paper. I have seen better food fed to dogs. Of course, there were no beds or blankets, either. Two other Americans were already there when I arrived at 1:00 A.M. One had suffered three broken ribs and severe lacerations on his face and head because he had been pistol-whipped by the Juárez police. Before the sun arose the next morning, I was joined by six other Americans. They all would spend a minimum of thirty days there and some longer than that.

I was more fortunate than my fellow countrymen. A member of our party was a friend of an assistant district attorney in El Paso. He helped arrange for my release after eighteen hours of confinement. My \$500 fine for "pot" was settled with a \$40 fine and a \$40 bribe to some Juárez official.

I, like Steve Wilson and many other Americans, experienced something that people "read about" but that "could never happen to me." Don't believe it! It can and does happen to Americans in Mexico every day. The injustices that Americans are experiencing in Mexico should not be tolerated by our

Ripley's **Believe It or Not!**



THE **LARGEST RODEO** IN THE WORLD IS THE CALGARY EXHIBITION AND STAMPEDE AT CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA. THE RECORD ATTENDANCE WAS **993,777**, JULY 5-14, 1973.

CHAMPION BRONCO AND BULL RIDERS HAVE REGISTERED COMPETITIVE RIDES OF **90 MINUTES OR MORE**, THOUGH THE STANDARD REQUIRED TIME TO STAY ON IS ONLY **8 SECONDS!**



© RIPLEY INTERNATIONAL LIMITED, 1977



JIM BEAM
and Amaretto stirrup a
"BRONCO BUSTER!"



POUR 1 OZ. JIM BEAM OVER ICE INTO TALL GLASS, ADD $\frac{3}{4}$ OZ. AMARETTO, FILL WITH COLA TO TASTE—ITS AS EASY TO MAKE AS FALLING OFF A HORSE!

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.



Somebody's wearing Timberline.



Timberline® toiletries for men. Also available in gift sets. From \$3.

MEM COMPANY INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07047 ©1977. AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

government and the American people. I don't know the exact solution, but I do know that something must be done.—*M.F., address withheld*

I must say that your publication has moved from good to great to superb—yes, indeed!

In your January 1977 issue, Tony Scaduto describes Steve Wilson's "Mexican Nightmare" as a drama Hollywood couldn't have equalled. I've previously read articles and have heard stories about the atrocities that go on in Mexican prisons, but I've never read anything as moving as this.—*Jeffrey I. Mann, New York, N.Y.*

I will not waste time commenting on the excellence of your publication; your circulation rate attests to that. What I do want to comment on is an article written by Tony Scaduto entitled "Mexican Nightmare."

Having just finished reading the aforementioned article, I can only wonder what would have happened to Steve Wilson if, for example, he had been the son of a senator or a high government official instead of being a North Carolina state employee. I can only hope that soon the citizens of our nation will awaken to the fact that the single human life is no longer valued today as it was during the forties and fifties, and that they will start asking our representatives in Washington why this kind of thing can continue to happen while our government does nothing constructive to stop it.

I am about to leave Europe for an assignment stateside and was planning to vacation in Mexico for a week. But I will be damned if I will spend my money in a country that can do this kind of a thing to an American—or a citizen of any other nation, for that matter.

Tony, thank you for an awakening article; Steve. I can only say that I'm sorry this happened to you. I only hope that you will have your day in court with the two men mentioned as DEA officials.—*B.E., APO New York*

I was truly shocked and still remain so by the facts in this incredible article! I cannot put it out of my mind and wonder constantly why nothing drastic has been done to correct the abuse of Americans in Mexico—that is, without making "superstars" of guilty drug criminals. The particular situation stated in this article, however, is totally unacceptable, and I would like to see something done.

I don't have the money or political power, but damn it, someone does. There are many programs and charity drives for this "poor country." We are always sticking our noses in the mud for this discriminated-against, walked-on, and underprivileged minority. This is the gratitude we see. *Bullshit.* What would happen if the United States began a campaign, nationwide, to boycott all American tourism from that beautiful country? It would be a shame, because it really is beautiful.

I feel that in this case we are the minority that is being oppressed. If there is no other way, then we should just stay out of their country. Perhaps then the tides may change. I have not written this letter just to sound off. I am sincerely interested in doing whatever I can. I feel the lid should be blown sky high; it will take the average American to do it. God knows there are enough of us to accomplish something worthwhile. This article should be printed in every magazine across the country. Let everyone know exactly what the facts are.—*M.A.J., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Congratulations are in order to Steve Wilson and those who cherish freedom to the point of risking their own lives.

If Tony Scaduto's "Mexican Nightmare," concerning the imprisonment and fantastic escape of Steve Wilson from Nogales Prison, is for real, then as a young American beginning to understand what the United States is really about, I am astonished to think that our judicial system has allowed this type of treatment of native Americans to go on.

What the hell are we doing anyway—progressing—or regressing back to the days of Auschwitz and Treblinka? Thank God for people like Wilson, whom I consider to be a true son of his country. After all, he still is in America.

I hope we will get results from the other side concerning prisoner exchange. I also hope that our next generation will never hear

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

People who've bought them love them. People who sell them love them. Critics love them. You could be next.



There's a lot to love here. Five turntables with low speed (300 rpm) motor, program system, superior tone arm. Performance that ranks with the best single play units. Yet multiple-play capability when and if you need same. For details pick up our "bee eye cee" 5 Turntables folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Dept. PH, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

5 Turntables B I C

Model 920 about \$79—940 about \$109—960 about \$159—980 about \$199—1000 about \$279. ©1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.

TO COMMEMORATE OUR 1976 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS PORSCHE CREATES THE CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION 924



Le Mans. World Championship of Sports Cars. World Championship of Makes. U.S. Trans Am Championship.

Last year, Porsche won them all.

These are not minor victories, not mere "Best of class" competitions. To win these titles, Porsche cars had to beat the entire field in 23 different

international races.

In honor of these major triumphs, Porsche has created the Championship Edition 924, equipped with a performance suspension system, light alloy wheels, leather steering wheel and a special interior.

There are only a limited number.

While it lasts, you can see it at your Porsche dealer.

For the taste that's always
smooth, never rough...
Come up to KOOL.



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

Many men simply change position when they are about to come with a woman. It helps to retard their orgasm. I'd say your premature-ejaculation problem is one of position.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

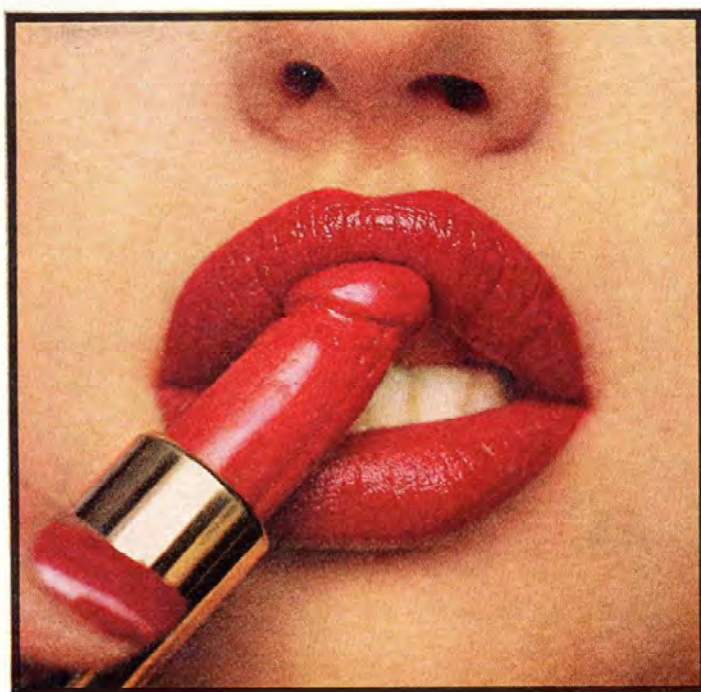
I am a woman of eighty-two years, and I'm hot and frustrated for reasons that my story will show. Actually, no other person knows this story, except a man whom I seduced as a young boy.

I married a guy, but our honeymoon was short, owing to his going into World War I. On our wedding night he couldn't get a hard-on—he ended up masturbating himself and me. That was all I received, except when he got it up from eating my cunt. Then he'd get it in and shoot off. When he returned from France, it was the same old thing. During our life together, my husband, a traveling salesman, spent most of his time away. He provided well for me, but I was lonely, having no children.

During the depression, some friends of ours were pretty desperate and could no longer afford to keep their children. One of their boys, Ricky, came to live with us since my husband and I were quite well off.

I'll always remember one particular night. My husband was away on the road, and this kid and I were drinking some speakeasy gin. After having three or four drinks, I started to feel real horny. This kid was about fifteen, six feet tall, with wavy black hair. I told him to change the station on the radio if he wanted to, and I went into the kitchen to make us another drink. One of the big bands was playing some dance music. I gave him his drink and then asked if he ever went to dances. Ricky said he loved to dance and often went to them at school. Since my husband never danced, I asked this kid if he'd show me how and he agreed.

We started in, and with my big tits pressing against him, this kid got an erection. I pressed right into him, and the size of his cock felt tremendous. My husband had about five inches at the most



and, of course, couldn't even use that. The music on the radio stopped, and I asked Ricky to change the station while I changed my clothes.

I put on a black negligee and wore no panties underneath. When I walked back into the living room, I asked Ricky to sit next to me on the couch. I asked him about school and whether his parents had discussed sex with him. He answered no, saying that all he knew about sex was what the other boys had told him. When I reached over him to get the cigarettes, my tits were right near his mouth. I could tell he was breathing heavily. Knowing he was ready now, I kissed him on the mouth, telling him I was so glad that my husband and I were going to raise him.

I asked him if he'd like me to teach him all there was to know about sex. Ricky's eyes were full of passion, and he answered yes. I said it was time he learned about a woman's breasts and immediately dropped my shoulder straps. His eyes almost came out of his head. (I had a forty-inch bust.) I told him to touch my breasts if he liked. He quickly started feeling them and was soon kissing them like mad. Next I lifted up my negligee, saying, "Take a good look and feel it if you want." I was so horny by now that I could hardly wait to see what I was feeling in his pants. Well, when he saw my pussy, he just went out of his young and restless mind.

"What a bush!" Ricky exclaimed. "I never thought it would be like that. Can I touch it?" I told him to do whatever he liked.

By now my cunt was soaking wet. His fingers were up my hot hole, and I asked him what they call the thing that goes in there. "My cock!" he yelled. "Why don't you let me see it?" I asked.

When he dropped his pants, I practically died. I never thought any man, much less a boy, could have that much. After all, I was

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to:
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

used to my husband's five inches. After taking one look at that whopper, I just lay back on the couch, my legs spread apart, and waited for him to plunge. Well, he practically stabbed me to death while trying to get it in. I tried to guide it, but it was too big, and my cunt was too tight from lack of fucking. I got his spunky load all over me as he came.

Since he was young, I knew he could recuperate his strength, so I got some Vaseline and started working him over. His cock responded immediately. I took him in my vagina, and he let out a scream when he felt his cock in there. After never having had an orgasm via sexual intercourse, I came three times and he shot another big load this time.

I asked him if he would like to sleep in my bed for the night, and, naturally, he agreed. When I awoke in the morning, he was lying on his back, with his cock straight up in the air. It was so beautiful to my eyes. He had really satisfied me, something my husband had never been able to do. I bent over and kissed his cock and had trouble getting that big knob in my mouth. And then we fucked again like two crazy, panting animals.

When my husband returned from his trip, he remarked how well I was looking. He said, "I'm glad we've taken Ricky. I think he will be good for you. In a couple of years he will give you some security while I'm away." If only my husband had known what

a man I had already found in this boy!

When we went to bed that evening, Ricky in his room and my husband with me, I could have screamed. My husband just licked my cunt, got on top of me with his little cock, and—one, two, three—shot his load. A few seconds later he was asleep. I was so hot and frustrated, wanting that young boy's cock. I was almost tempted to go to his room and get it. But I couldn't take the chance and didn't want to ruin something I had waited for all these years.

The next morning, at breakfast, I could see that Ricky was upset about something. After my husband had finally walked out the door, Ricky jumped into my arms and said, "I couldn't sleep last night, wondering if he was fucking you. I love you."

"I love you, too," I said, "but I'm thirty-six years old and you are only fifteen."

Ricky said he didn't care—he still loved me. And in the days, weeks, months following, I discovered my true sexuality. Once I had been properly fucked by this boy, I found that I was rather oversexed.

Eventually, Ricky got a job and was transferred to another part of the country. Later he married.

In 1970 Ricky visited me and my husband for a few days. At that time I hadn't been really fucked in over twenty years, and I would have died if Ricky had visited without our getting some body heat together. I was now seventy-six, however, and Ricky was fifty-five. I had to get the Vas-

eline, just for old times' sake. Luckily, his cock was still hot, hard, and ready. He fucked me four times during that short visit. He told me he would have married me years ago if it had been possible. He is not in love with his wife. She doesn't care to fuck very often and claims that his big cock makes her cunt sore.

I miss that guy's cock like crazy. When my husband goes to the ball games, I rush out and buy Penthouse to read your column and masturbate. I imagine I would be considered a sex maniac by your readers. Maybe I am. But only two men have had my cunt, and only one of them has satisfied it. No one could ever take Ricky's place. Is there a name for my hang-up, Xaviera? Did you ever hear of an old woman wanting cock from the man she's loved for nearly fifty years? He was just a boy the first time we screwed. I believe I committed a crime; I guess you'd call it rape. This bothers me at times. This confession might relieve my guilt.—Betty

Your letter is a very sensitive account of one woman's life. I respect you for never having left your own husband. Yet I believe you would have had a fuller and happier life had you followed your heart and shared the rest of your life with Ricky. Certainly it would have been a more awkward situation—perhaps your decision was wise, after all.

Anyway, it is absolutely great to read that a woman your age still has passion in her body. Why not? You are as young as you feel, and even many children of parents your age cannot or will not accept this. For instance, in old-age homes a lot of late-bloomers find love again many years after their respective partners have passed away. Younger people should wish such fortunate older people all the happiness in the world. Instead, many children feel that their parents have become senile when they fall in love at an advanced age.

Don't ever feel guilty for having seduced Ricky. You made a man out of a boy and gave him a lifetime of love as well. You call that a crime? You are closer, if anything, to being a saint. You simply lived in the wrong times. If your younger years had been spent in this day and age, nobody would have winked an eye if you had chosen to live with a much younger man. If only my sex life turns out to be as active at eighty-two as yours!

A NIGHT AT THE FIGHTS

As I was leafing through a recent Penthouse, I saw these photographs of two women in combat. All of a sudden I got this big erection. You see, these photos awoke in me a vivid childhood fantasy.

My wife is 5 feet 10 inches and weighs a gorgeous 142 pounds. She has a very voluptuous figure, somewhat like that of an amazon warrior. I showed her these Penthouse pictures and asked her if she would be willing to wrestle one of her girl friends while I watched. My wife said she wouldn't know how to go about it—wrestling another woman, that is—but the idea got her excited. Could you please give me some



"That sort of attitude will get you nowhere, Monsieur."

ideas as to how to set up a nice wrestling match between two gorgeous, willing women?—J.H.

It sounds as though your wife and her girl friend are ready to enter into a match soon. You simply have to provide the setting, and I would suggest that you hold out some kind of incentive for their contest. Find a suitable gift or gifts, something they would each like.

You must also choose some costumes appropriate for these women to wear in their main event. For example, have them wear some sheer black pantyhose beneath low-cut leotards. And you, as their referee, might wear a red shirt with black trousers—that is, if you want there to be a referee.

THE TALE OF TWO TITTIES

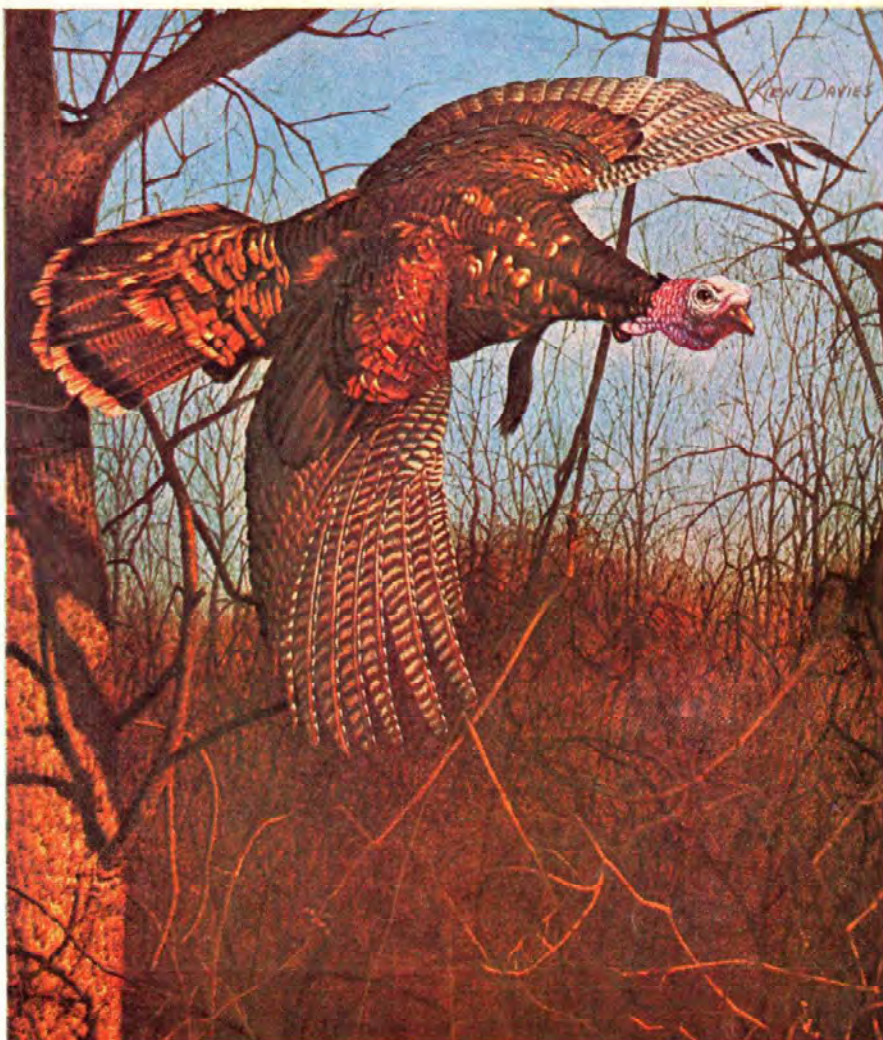
I'm twenty-three, have an excellent figure, and am considered quite attractive. My problem is that all my sensuality is centered in my tits. I have virtually no sensation in my cunt. Someone suggested I might have a hooded clit, but a doctor examined me and said I was physically normal. He said that my lack of feeling must be psychological. Perhaps, but that doesn't do me any good.

I do my share of fucking, but only to please my dates. I can't wait until they start sucking and playing with my tits. The sensation around my nipples is really tremendous.

I'm constantly playing with my boobies. I'm able to lick them, but they're too firm for me to get my mouth around them. I've tried all kinds of things to get them "excited": putting spring-type clothespins on my nipples, massaging my breasts with rubbing alcohol, and diddling them with vibrators. I even got hold of a breast pump to create extrastrong suction.

Recently, I saw some stills from a movie in which a girl was squirting her milk all over the place by squeezing her nipples. Now I'm just wild to make myself give milk. Tell me, Xaviera, is there any way that I can start lactating without being knocked up? I once read about an organization—French?—called "Léche" that specializes in teaching you how to give milk. People tell me you must get knocked up, though, before you can lactate. If that's what's needed, I'll get myself knocked up. Naturally, I'd prefer not getting pregnant. A couple of years ago, I read a novel about a society dame who got herself knocked up so that she could have guys suck her tits and milk her. It really sent me up the wall. Can you offer any suggestions?—C.M.

I have a very lovely girl friend who is a lesbian. When we were living together, for about two months, she expressed exactly the same wish that you have. She was so turned on to the milking idea that I began sucking her tits regularly. I did this at least four times a day over a period of three weeks, and soon she began producing milk. The milk was of a thin constitution, somewhat like milk mixed with water. Tasting her milk had a very strange effect on me, and



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

Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. Because of the position of its eyes, the bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

It seems fitting that the name of America's greatest native bird is also the name of America's greatest native whiskey—Wild Turkey Bourbon.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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

she became even dearer to me than she was before.

ORAL OBSESSION

My wife and I—she is twenty-six and I'm twenty—have been married for about two years. Frankly, I've been very bored with our sex life for a long time. We have talked about this a lot. Sometimes the sex works for a few days, but most of the time our lovemaking is just plain lousy.

One of our biggest problems is that I love oral sex and she doesn't. She is turned off by it, even by my doing her, but especially about giving me a blowjob. Also, she doesn't like to screw in any position other than the missionary position. Well, after two years it gets rather boring.

I've played around a few times with other women, and I've loved it. These women really got off on oral sex, and that I liked. If I'm eating a chick out and she doesn't show much emotion, I feel like, "What the hell am I doing?" Which is now the case with my wife. We have sex only about twice a month. I went with her in high school, and we did everything for four and a half years. She would always blow me when I wanted it, too.

You could say I have an obsession for oral sex. Whenever my wife and I ball, she doesn't climax until after I do—and sometimes it's too late, because I've gone soft. I will have to admit that I'm premature on

orgasms. I have asked her to help me to last longer, but she says I last long enough. Do you think two minutes is long enough? I don't, and most of the other girls I've screwed don't think so, either. I've used that desensitizing cream to delay my orgasms, but who wants to carry a jar of that around all the time?

Xaviera, please give us some suggestions. My wife once said that if she ever caught me playing around, she would "cut it off." I don't really think she would, but in the middle of the night, who can feel protected? —P.L.

This seems to be a classic example of two people both lacking sexual experience. Jealousy like your wife's is typical in these cases and is only a reflection of feelings of inadequacy. However, the problems aren't such that they can't be sorted out, with the help of self-education and a bit of patience.

Your wife seems very repressed sexually. Perhaps you can help her by providing some guidance with sex guides and magazines. If this fails, you might both try seeing a marriage counselor.

Your problem with premature ejaculation could stem from a number of areas. First, you are still young, and many men of your age climax too quickly. Also, it is more difficult for a man to control himself if he and his partner remain in the same position throughout intercourse. Generally speaking—although it varies with each man—the

missionary position brings men off the quickest. One guy I knew had problems with premature ejaculation, but after a few sessions in bed with him, I found that he could not achieve an orgasm when he was lying on his back. So everytime he was about to come, he'd just roll over on his back, and we'd screw as I sat on his cock. Many men simply change position when they are about to come, and this works in preventing their orgasm—until they're ready to come. I'd say your problem is one of position.

As for your nighttime fears, if you work out these problems with your wife, her full-moon "attack" won't be with a knife but with the softest, warmest, kindest cut of all.

THE BLONDE MONS

In one of your recent columns, you printed a letter concerning the olfactory aspects of sex, specifically pussy odor. Reading that letter brought back many memories and actually prompted this letter to you.

I am a male senior citizen, rapidly approaching my allotted three-score-and-ten years. Although my head hair is now white, in my youth it was dark brown. During my prepubescent years I had many opportunities to examine the pudenda of my little female neighbors. On many occasions I would finger, rub, smell, and kiss their privates—invariably, I may add, at their invitation. I very soon discovered that the dark-haired girls had an odor which I found most pleasing, but that the odor of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

REPRODUCE LIFE FOR \$200.



If you have a head for quality high-fidelity components, you know that AKAI is synonymous with superior performance and life-like sound reproduction.

But here's something you don't know.

Our new CS-702D. It's the front-loading cassette deck that doesn't cost you an arm and a leg. In fact, it has a suggested retail price of \$200.

It has Dolby,* of course. A multiplex filter circuit to filter out those ghoulis broadcast noises. A limiter switch to prevent over-level recording. Vertical head block assembly. Separate right and left channel recording level controls. Direct function controls. Pause control for easy editing. Full release auto stop. Illuminated VU meters. A terrific-looking walnut grained vinyl cover. And a lot more.

So listen to the CS-702D soon. And breathe a little life into your system.

AKAI



* TM of Dolby Labs, Inc.

For a 12" x 18" poster of this Charles Bragg etching, send \$2 to AKAI, Dept. B, 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd., Compton, CA 90220, ATTN: Frankie

Very convincing.

Our new after shave comes across with the same unmistakable intentions as our cologne. A different kind of musk for a sensuous man. Deep, mysterious and long lasting. And above all, definitely male.

Old Spice[®]
MUSK FOR MEN
SHULTON





GO FLY A MIDGET.

Maybe you're tired of that boxed-in feeling that comes with closed-in economy cars. Maybe it's time you had a little fun in the top-down, wide-open, MG Midget.

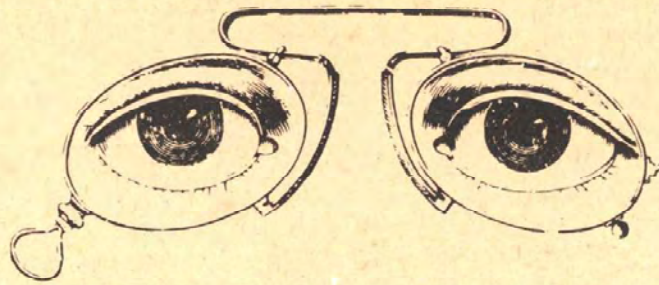
It has a four-speed stick, electric tach, sports-car suspension, front disc brakes and a feel for the road that is pure pleasure.

Yet, this is also a thrifty machine. Midget is the lowest-priced true sports car in America. It also gets 34 M.P.G. on the highway and 22 M.P.G. in town. (These are EPA estimates, and the mileage you get may vary depending on how and where you drive, the car's condition, optional equipment and may be lower in California.)

If whatever you're driving gets you down, go fly a Midget. For the name of the MG Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



MG MIDGET: THE LOWEST-PRICED TRUE SPORTS CAR IN AMERICA.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE REAL ENEMIES OF SOCIETY

BY ARTHUR COOPER

If Gary Gilmore had never existed, he probably would have invented himself just so he could have been executed and thus reopen the national debate over capital punishment. Open any window and you'll hear that debate raging throughout the land. Former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas decried it, but polls show that most Americans are in favor of the death penalty. In the April issue of *Penthouse*, columnist and barroom philosopher Jimmy Breslin, bravely proposed that executions be televised in prime time so that the kiddies could watch, presumably sparing them from rotting their minds on typical TV fare and their teeth on fast-food commercials.

All well and good, but everyone seems to be missing the point. Sticking someone in the electric chair for murder may enrich the utilities, but it's really only society's revenge against some dumb schmuck who was driven bananas by a tart-tongued wife or lover. No, capital punishment is not a deterrent to murder, a crime that is nearly always committed in the heat of passion, with no thought given to the consequences of the act.

But there are crimes that deserve the death penalty, and in these cases capital punishment would definitely deter like-minded perpetrators. Happily, now that the Burger Supreme Court has thrown the switch on executions, suddenly vengeful communities across America have begun to do away with society's *real* enemies.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Heathcliffe Mandible, mortician and backslid Mormon, died before a firing squad today for smoking in an elevator. "Next time he wants a cigarette," the judge told Mandible's seven wives during the sentencing, "give him a kiss instead." Cavalier right up to the end, Mandible declined a blindfold but readily accepted a proffered cigarette.

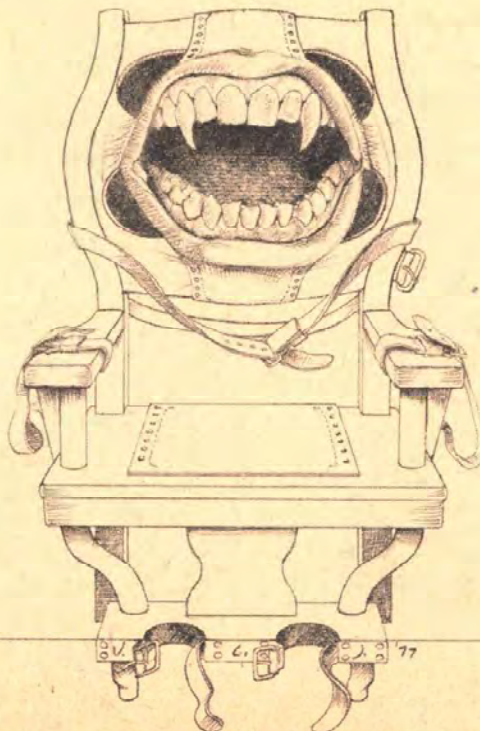
NEW YORK CITY—Ms. Olga Glutz, a salesclerk at Bloomingdale's department store in midtown Manhattan, was electrocuted at noon today. The crime for which Ms. Glutz received the death sentence was her reluctance to wait on a male customer who wanted to purchase a necklace that sported a charm shaped like a miniature tennis shoe. After keeping the customer waiting for four days, Ms. Glutz had stared at him

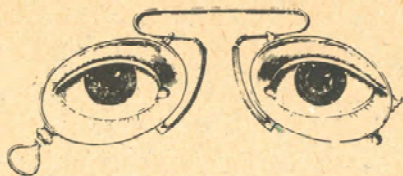
icily and snapped that anybody who wanted to spend good money on such a silly bibelot deserved to be kept waiting until hell froze over. At the trial the prosecution called to the stand several habitués of the trendy midtown department store, who swore that Ms. Glutz had treated them similarly. The defense called several store officials, who said that all Bloomie's sales people act that way. Ms. Glutz was ordered executed at sunup, but she kept the executioner and assorted dignitaries waiting six hours.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Bruce Boysenberry, well-known hair stylist and leather freak, died this morning and afternoon in the gas chamber for failing to curb his three Afghan hounds in midtown. When a concerned pedestrian offered Boysenberry a pail and scoop, he reportedly turned rabid and bit the pedestrian fiercely in the calf. Boysenberry's three dogs were purchased by one of Hollywood's leading restaurateurs.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Adolf Schickel, a waiter at famous Bookburner's restaurant, was put to death in the electric chair shortly before dawn today. Herr Schickel had been convicted on seven counts of arrogance. The charges were brought by Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Dooley of Pittsburgh, the first visitors to Philadelphia since twenty-nine people contracted Legionnaire's disease here and later died. The Dooleys charged that even though they had had dinner reservations for three months, Herr Schickel seated them inside the men's room. And when Dooley ordered a wine, Schickel sneered, "Dummkopf, nobody drinks rose wines!" When Schickel finally brought the wine, Mr. Dooley tasted it and abruptly spit it out, complaining that it tasted like vinegar. Schickel shouted that '57 was an excellent year. But Dooley inspected the label closely and said that Heinz did not make wine, and he was from Pittsburgh, so he ought to know. Schickel then flushed their lobster thermidor down a nearby toilet.

HOT COFFEE, MISS.—Mrs. Reuben Redneck was lynched early this morning in the picnic area behind the Second Baptist Church. Mrs. Redneck, the town's leading busybody and harridan, was executed for remarks she made to her fifth husband at a recent party celebrating the bowling championship won





by her husband's team, Ecstasy Artificial Inseminators. Mr. Redneck, having bowled a 232 game and a 624 series, was gradually bullied out of his convivial mood, since each time he poured himself another belt of bourbon, his wife would snarl: "You don't really need another drink, do you, dear?" Judge Tyrone Crater, who was Mrs. Redneck's fourth husband, sentenced her without a visible trace of remorse.

NEW YORK CITY—Dr. Malcolm ("Call me Mal") Practice died at sunup today in the electric chair at Sing Sing after a six-month, front-page trial in which he was convicted of 1,732 counts of illegal double-parking. Over the past decade, Dr. Practice's expensive Bugotti could usually be observed illegally parked—outside Tiffany's, Saks, Parke-Bernet, and other exclusive shops and theaters—with a platinum and diamond "Emergency Medical Call" sign on the car's sun visor. Many of Dr. Practice's colleagues may have wondered why a plastic surgeon was needed so emergently so often. But the truth emerged when police spotted Practice's car illegally parked every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday in front of an East Side apartment house, where he visited a chorus girl named Trudi True. Dr. Practice claimed he had been consulting with Ms. True on a derrière-lift operation.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The lights dimmed at 5:45 this morning, signaling the demise of Silas McQuade, the first victim of the state's electric chair in more than a decade. McQuade, manager of the Last National Bank, was convicted last December of sending thirteen of his fourteen tellers out to three-hour lunches at noon every Friday, when nearly all workers in this city are paid. The lone teller remaining behind to service the huge bank's thousands of customers was Selma Hobble, eighty-five, who has been suffering from failing eyesight and memory lapses.

SCENES



UNDER WRAPS

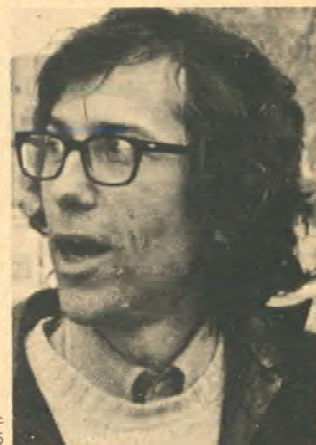
Christo, the man who most recently constructed the twenty-four-and-a-half-mile-long *Running Fence* in California, has announced his next project: wrapping in fabric Berlin's Reichstag. It's exactly the kind of project you would expect from the Bulgarian-born artist who, besides masterminding the *Running Fence*, also wrapped a mile of the Australian coastline in fabric and draped a four-ton orange curtain across a Colorado mountain valley. Christo's art involves packaging, and what more improbable—and, therefore, appropriate—structure to wrap than the hallowed Reichstag, once the seat of German government under Bismarck, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Hitler? This is like trying to cover the U.S. Capitol Building in a plastic baggie. It's no surprise that Christo's plans for the Reichstag are not all wrapped up.

"We don't know yet if we will be allowed to wrap the Reichstag," Christo said in thickly accented English (the artist dropped his surname, Javacheff, when he moved to Paris from Bulgaria). "It's still a matter of getting permission from the Bundestag (the West German parliament). The project hinges on the West Germans' political dealings with East Germany; part of the Reichstag is in West Berlin, but another part sticks into the Soviet Army zone." The artist nonchalantly esti-

mates that the dizzying round of conferences and hearings with German officialdom will probably "take several years." All to erect an art project that will last only a few weeks.

So why doesn't Christo choose a site that's easier to obtain, a site sans red tape and controversy? For exactly the same reasons he chose not to avoid the aggravations, the permit-seeking, the anti-Christo *ad hoc* citizens' committees, and the stifling bureaucratic mazes involved in erecting the *Running Fence* in California. "I could have done *Running Fence* not in California," explains Christo, "but in South Africa or Australia, with maybe not so many problems. Usually, art is outside of real life. This is the real world. Here we have real people and real opposition and real vandalizing."

Indeed, literally thousands of people were enmeshed in the fence project, including architects, a team of seven lawyers, engineers, hard-hat construction crews, the fifty-nine ranchers who owned the land on which the fence was built, and environmentalists. In this case good fences didn't immediately make for good neighbors. Ultimately, eighteen



Christo at work.

public hearings were held, and a 450-page environmental-impact report was commissioned. And Christo endured three sessions in California superior courts.

Some of the anti-*Running Fence* arguments were quite literally beyond Christo's wildest imaginings: "One objection was that we would turn California into another Woodstock—hundreds of thousands of people coming to see the fence. One doctor said that I was trying to get the Rolling Stones to play there. Other rumors were that Arab oil money was behind it, that it was a CIA



Running Fence in California: good fences, bad neighbors.

front or a target for Russian missiles, and that we were going to make millions of dollars of profit. Profit! That, to us, was quite hilarious." Putting up *Running Fence* cost Christo \$2 million of his own money. "Every single cent for that project came from selling my work. When I do preparatory work, there are drawings, sketches, collages, scale models—all kinds of material, much like an architect. But I do much more work. Jeanne-Claude, my wife, sells all these to collectors, museums, art dealers. That pays for the project. No foundations give us money. Foun-

one-half miles of white fabric cost \$420,000, and a factory in West Virginia devoted a whole year to sewing it.

Money and wealth isn't the Christos' overriding concern, though they do live comfortably in a white-walled, modernistically furnished loft in the SoHo artists district of Manhattan. Christo's art is strewn around their living space: an oil portrait wrapped in fabric, so that only part of the head is fully visible; some cans arranged, wrapped, and tied together with rope. At current market value, the modest display in their loft is probably worth hun-

(German Information Center)



Reichstag in Berlin: not all wrapped up—yet.

establishment artists of today.

Not that Christo's art has always been so grand and so disruptive. In the sixties he might wrap a tree in Holland and a girl in London. At the Minneapolis School of Art, in 1966, Christo inflated a floating *Air Package—42,390 Cubic Feet*, an artistically conceived dirigible filled with colored balloons. Then Christo set his talents to packaging buildings, and in 1968 he journeyed to Spoleto, Italy, to wrap two centuries-old structures, *Packed Fountain* and *Packed Medieval Tower*. Later, in Bern, Switzerland, he packaged his first public building, the Kunsthalle.

The environment was Christo's next target, and for his subsequent project, he trekked halfway across the world to Sydney, Australia, for the fabric-cloaked coastline project, *Wrapped Coast—Little Bay—One Million Square Feet*. Then, after nearly two years of raising money, planning, and arranging for permits and construction materials and designs, Christo landed in Rifle, Colo., to plunk down the four-ton *Valley Curtain*, a shocking slash of orange fabric, billowing up, between two hills, to a height of 365 feet and even bisecting a highway.

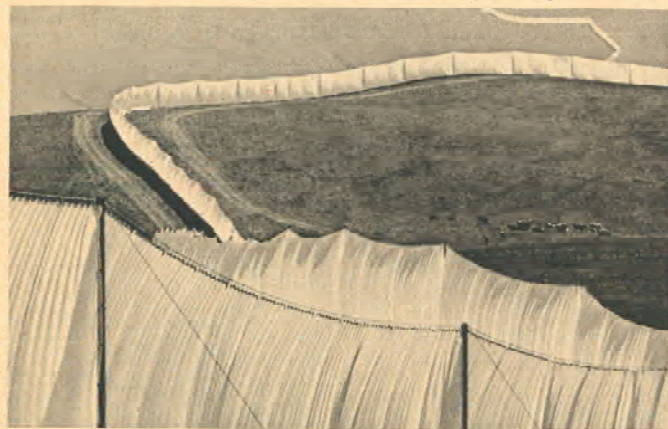
Christo doesn't randomly roam the world for project sites. Instead, he selects sites that symbolize social, political, and environmental tensions—places,

often, that represent the raw, festering wounds of society. That's why he's chosen for his next project the Reichstag, an edifice teetering between East and West in politically divided Berlin.

"The Reichstag building is a very conventional nineteenth-century structure," the artist admitted. "What makes it special is what happened in that specific city in that specific place. It's a fertile situation. The four Allied armies from World War II are still there in Berlin. The political overtones are still there. I choose to wrap the Reichstag just because it is so political. Berlin is the most marked city of the twentieth century. It is a city split in two; the Berliners live in strong tension. The East-West split is apparent in the space of a few hundred meters. The Berliners have been living in this political condition for thirty years—in military conditions. This is remarkable, and this is why I choose to do a project in Berlin.

"You see, it is very subversive, my work. It's almost suicidal. True, I have had many failures; only a few projects I plan actually get done. The 'excitingness' is that this project exists for those few months or years. The *Running Fence*, in California, was three and one-half years of my life. I can never repeat that again. I would never like to have it repeated. The project has its own life." —Meridee Merzer

(used with permission of Harry N. Abrams, Inc.)



Wrapped Coast: an artificial White Cliffs of Dover.

dations are for the birds."

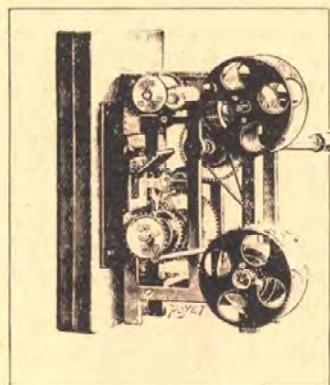
Now that his celebrity has become international, Christo can command higher fees for his work, and that money is ploughed back into bigger, more complex, and more expensive projects. Back in 1969, near Sydney, Australia, he created *Wrapped Coast—Little Bay—One Million Square Feet*. Christo and Jeanne-Claude raised \$120,000 to transform one mile of craggy coast and beach into a cloth-covered, rope-tied, artificial White Cliffs of Dover. The *Valley Curtain*, a four-ton, 365-foot-high slash of color in the foothills of the Colorado Rockies, called for \$850,000 of Christo's own funds. The 1976 *Running Fence* cost more than \$2 million, including \$87,000 for federal, state, and local government permits alone; the serpentine twenty-four and

dreds of thousands of dollars.

The Christos seem little affected by it. And Christo himself—slim, wearing blue jeans, and looking younger than his forty-one hectic years—appears much too otherworldly and mild-mannered to have planned, directed, and executed multi-million-dollar art projects around the world. Yet he has done exactly that and has been the subject of three beautifully lavish books, *Christo*, *Valley Curtain*, and the forthcoming *Running Fence* (all published by Harry N. Abrams, Inc.). The Maysles Brothers (of *Gimme Shelter* and *Gray Gardens* fame) have made two films on Christo works, *Valley Curtain* (an Academy Award nominee for best documentary film) and *Running Fence*. Thus, Christo has become one of the most glamorous and best-known anti-Es-



FILMS



PIECEWORK

Everybody knows that films are made in bits and pieces, in shots—often hundreds in a film—and then stuck together to make a whole. But nobody likes to think of film that way. Like novels or poems or paintings, movies come to us with their own kind of completeness, their own bid to be taken—wholly—for what they are.

So it is no great pleasure to say that what I've liked best at the movies recently was the last ten-or-fifteen-minute segment of Alain Resnais's *Providence*, while the first ninety minutes had me squirming in my seat under pressure of boredom and despair. Those last minutes are so luminously beautiful that you want to forget that you've just been subject to something half as bad as *Zardoz* or any other product of John Boorman's half-baked, superheated mind.

The characters in those lovely final minutes have gathered to celebrate the seventy-eighth birthday of Clive Langham (John Gielgud). They include his son Claud (Dirk Bogarde), Claud's wife Sonia (Ellen Burstyn), and Clive's bastard son, Kevin Woodford (David Warner), who is very much one of the family. It is an especially tender gathering, full of consideration for the difficult old man, who is already somewhat wasted with what he and they all know will be a fatal illness. On the lawn of Langham's

estate, called Providence, they talk, give gifts, drink their toasts. And all the while we are seeing these civilized people almost as afterthoughts, a final change of view from how they have been presented in the length of film that goes before.

The action of *Providence* runs through the course of a night and part of the following day. During the night, Langham, a novelist, suffers terrible physical pain, can't sleep, drinks wine, and plots a new book, using his family and his long-dead wife, Molly (Elaine Stritch), as characters and his own guilt and anxieties as motivation. Claud first appears as a cold and spiteful prig who wants his father dead, and Sonia as a frustrated but no longer compliant wife. She sets up an affair with Kevin, while Claud tries reviving an affair with an old mistress—who turns out to be Molly in a different incarnation. These relationships unfold in self-consciously artificial exchanges between people occupying more or less elegant interiors, settings which, if you look carefully, seem to resemble spacious, well-appointed tombs.

Everything in the long nightmare seems to have been calcu-

lated down to the smallest detail, from the oppressively clever scene setting, to the brittle and inexpressive dialogue (screenplay by David Mercer, who years ago wrote *Morgan*), to the lush and effective musical score by Miklos Rozsa. Calculated, but insufficiently examined. Although some of it is terrifying and almost all of it is unpleasant, the film promotes no special vision beyond the introspection of the old man's self-tortured mind.

The futility that vitiates so much of *Providence*—much intellectual activity but no particular passion—seems typical of Resnais's worst movies (*Last Year at Marienbad*; *Je t'aime, Je t'aime*) and not really untypical of his best (*Muriel*, most recently *Stavisky*). Fragmenting a narrative line into several points of view has been a major preoccupation of his movies. But celebrating a personal, often domestic warmth and affection has been their major virtue. The family in *Muriel*, the close-knit gang in *Stavisky*—these give a depth and poignancy to their encounters with the tyranny of time. But such poignancy never emerges from the expressionistic horrors of Clive Langham's extrafeverish

imagination. The inevitable passing of such warmth and affection is one of Resnais's most beautiful themes. When that theme finally does appear here—caught at the end of the birthday party in a gorgeous 360-degree sweep of the camera around Clive's estate that at last sees the old man in relation to his suddenly desolate, huge house—it says much of what can be said about this austere, sometimes arid, but sometimes breathtaking way of working with the movies.

You may well have your fill of 360-degree camera pans before you've finished with Robert Benton's *The Late Show*, another time trap, this one in the guise of a Hollywood private-eye film. I doubt that there is any way to do private eyes these days except in parody, and *The Late Show*, which seems to grow in equal parts out of *The Big Sleep* (1946) and *The Long Goodbye* (1973), doesn't even try to break the rule. From its very opening shot, an intentionally too evocative 360-degree pan, it establishes you firmly in a present that seems contemporaneous with everything in the last thirty years; and then it continues with a story that assumes you've read the detective novels, or at least seen the movies, that allow such nutty subject matter to make sense.

I can't remember all the plot of *The Late Show*. I know it begins when Harry Regan (no doubt the brother of Sean Regan, a crucial character who has disappeared before the beginning of *The Big Sleep*) shows up mortally wounded at the front door of his friend, Ira Wells. Ira swears revenge and also goes to his pal's funeral, which is how he comes to accept the job of recovering Margo Sperling's kidnapped pussycat, a caper that involves him with a really vicious fence for stolen household appliances, with another four or maybe six killings, and with a sultry charmer up to no good, named Laura Birdwell. Laura first shows up from behind the shower curtain at the



Alain Resnais's *Providence*, with John Gielgud and Ellen Burstyn.



Lily Tomlin in *The Late Show*.

end of a dazzling trail of blood in an apartment whose renter of record happens to be icing in the refrigerator. That is perhaps the most authentically scary sequence in *The Late Show*. But it, too, derives from other movies, in part from Hitchcock's *Psycho*, and in part from any of those old comedy thrillers featuring a body stashed away in the Deepfreeze.

Everyone on *The Late Show* is either a washout or a retiree (except, of course, Laura—Joanna Cassidy), and the romantic drama that develops hand in hand with the melodrama has mainly to do with whether ancient Ira (Art Carney) really is too old for merely middle-aged Margo (Lily Tomlin); and the answer, you'll be happy to learn, is no. That romance displays considerable grumpy tenderness, which is the film's redemption, and just as much coy incongruity, which is its curse. Though you may be glad when Ira and Margo finally team up together, you will probably also feel that you have been manipulated into your good feeling just as thoroughly as you were previously manipulated into your flesh-creeping fears.

It all goes back to those long, slow tracks and pans, those significance-begging camera movements that end up trying to promote feeling at least as much as they try to discover the insights to justify it. The old-movie world of *The Late Show* is as limited a

mental construct as the many mutually conflicting theories of Resnais's *Providence*. After either, you could use some genuine meat and potatoes.

You'll get them, oddly enough, in a new feature-length documentary, about a bloody Kentucky coal miners' strike, called *Harlan County, U.S.A.*

Mostly, the film deals with the tough, ultimately violent struggle of the workers—and their wives—at the Brookside Mines against the management of the Duke Power Company in 1973 and 1974. The movie focuses less on the issues than on the people, and in this it derives tremendous help from both the articulate and fantastically energetic miners' wives and the determined and not exactly inarticulate leader of the goons whom the mining company sends in to break the workers' strike. In the succession of confrontations that constitutes the body of *Harlan County, U.S.A.*, somebody has to do a lot of talking. Her exceptional cast of real-life characters fortunately saves the director, Barbara Kopple, from having to do any of the talking herself.

The impression I finally take from *Harlan County* has less to do with the social struggle than with a filmmaker's precision. Though no towering masterpiece, this happens to be an uncommonly good and skillful movie. Nancy Baker is credited with the editing (except in sound and cinematography, the entire crew is female), and she, or she and Barbara Kopple, have selected and put together images with a lively intelligence and a justness that leaves you happy at sitting through a challenging, and sometimes very bitter, movie. I doubt that such happiness was anyone's intention. But such is the result—a reasonable one in a film that, because it is so well-constructed, makes its own kind of addition to the history of craftsmanship in the American labor movement. —Roger Greenspun

WORDS



MIXED TRIAD

Among the recently published crop of American novels are works by John Cheever, Joan Didion, and John Updike, three of our finest writers. But, for those familiar with previous novels by this triad, these latest books are likely to present a number of surprises—not all of them satisfying.

In John Cheever's *Falconer* (Knopf, \$7.95), we are taken far beyond the familiar environs of "Cheever Country." The suburban world of car pools and backyard barbecues is left behind, and we are moved to Falconer Federal Penitentiary, where Farragut, a college professor who has been convicted of fratricide, is serving one to ten years. In this setting Cheever spins out his tale of fall, redemption, and salvation.

Before his imprisonment Farragut was a drug addict. But, in Cheever's vision, Farragut's addiction was the law of the prophets, just as "his generation was the generation of addiction." It is only in prison—where he is weaned from drugs by a placebo and isolated from a society where he had been "encouraged in his addiction by almost every voice he heard"—that Farragut begins to come to terms with his own significance as a human being. Through a homosexual relationship with Jody, another convict, the possibility of accepting himself, of loving himself as a man,

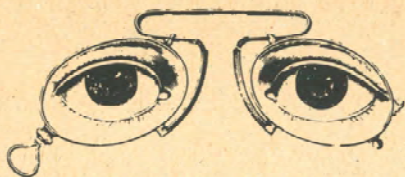
emerges, and Farragut senses for the first time a chance of redemption. Later, when his isolation forces him even further into himself—"the walls and bars had sometimes seemed to threaten to vanish, leaving him with a nothingness"—he becomes conscious of another, transcendent reality, a reality beyond the finite, beyond "the people and objects that could be used." He discovers that "the drug he really needed was a distillate of earth, air, water, and fire."

Falconer, then, on one level, is a parable of man's search for identity and freedom; through Farragut's travail, Cheever etches



Author John Cheever.

his own eschatological views. As in his previous novel, *Bullet Park* (when Nailles finds that his own salvation may require the sacrifice and death of his son), Cheever suggests that grace—the return to a harmonious relationship with nature—demands a confrontation with death, a rebirth. The killing of his brother (a mean-spirited, guileful type at best) signals the beginning of Farragut's rebirth and his redemption from the mortal addictions to which he has fallen prey. Beside the deathbed of another convict, he finally becomes aware of the simple but elusive truth that we are all our own jailers, our own pushers. "On TV he could see a group of people having trouble... but why did they all stay in the same room quarreling, when they could walk to the store



or eat a picnic in the woods or go for a swim in the sea? They were all free to do this. Why did they stay indoors?" The convict dies; and, after he has been put into a sack to be dispatched to the outside, Farragut switches places with him and ultimately escapes. He is carried to his freedom in another's shroud.

Falconer is probably Cheever's most ambitious book to date. While continuing the metaphysical explorations begun in *Bullet Park*, he has boldly shifted his setting from the genteel confines of suburbia to a darker, more threatening realm, one usually associated with Jean Genet and William Burroughs. It is a startling switch. But the verdict here, despite the sometimes heavy overlay of theological symbolism and the change of venue, is an unequivocal bravo.

In *Play It As It Lays*, Joan Didion's previous novel, we were told that Maria, the heroine, was an expert on "nothing." "I know what 'nothing' means," she said. And, indeed, as Ms. Didion explored the psychic emptiness and angst that set off Maria's gradual descent into dissociation and madness, the reader, too, became familiar with the horror of "nothing." In that book, Hollywood's tinsel but barren landscape served as the backdrop for Didion's grim tale. The setting for her latest work, *A Book of Common Prayer* (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95), is Boca Grande—the capital city of an unstable Central American country that is even more destitute than MovieLand—and the theme is pointedly the same.

"I will be her witness," the narrator says of Charlotte Douglas, the central character. "Here is what happened: she left one man, she left a second man, she traveled again with the first; she let him die alone. She lost one child to 'history' and another to 'complications'... she imagined herself capable of shedding that baggage and came to Boca Grande, a tourist. *Una turista*. So she said.... She dreamed her life.

She died."

This said, the narrator, herself a "student of delusion," takes us back over the bleak terrain of Charlotte's life, fleshing out the summary and showing why Charlotte mysteriously arrived in Boca Grande and stayed to die in one of its perfunctory rebellions. The details are presented sparingly, randomly—like disparate pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. First, there is Charlotte's bizarre behavior in Boca Grande: the combination of aristocratic manner and unkempt appearance; her almost comatose posture and her passive promiscuity; her compulsive appearances at the tacky but pretentious Jockey Club and at the airport restaurant. Then there is her past, pieced together with bits and snips of conversation and information that the narrator has culled from Charlotte's past acquaintances: the relationship with her first husband, Warren, a hedonistic reprobate with an intellectual flair and a con man's cunning; the disappearance of Marin, her daughter by Warren, who, after hijacking a plane, has become a fugitive sought by the FBI; the devotion of her second husband, Leonard, a wealthy lawyer who, although he is one of the

few likable characters in the novel, is often more interested in his work than he is in Charlotte.

Finally, when the puzzle is assembled, Joan Didion presents a portrait of a woman so battered and ravaged by life that she is mortified by "the danger that lies in the backward glance." She comes to Boca Grande to escape and forget; she stays to die because, even when the chance is offered, she cannot bear to face the reality of her past or present. Death is welcomed.

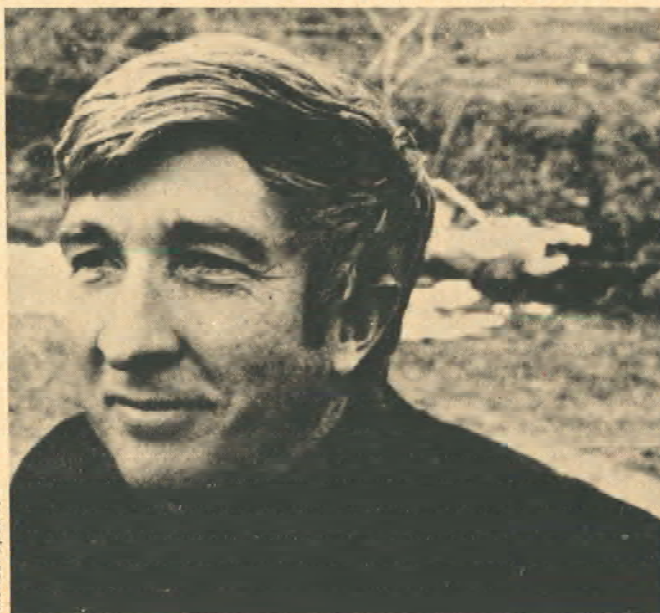
Despite Ms. Didion's consummate and relentlessly precise narrative style, however, the assemblage does not work. What seemed in *Play It As It Lays* a brilliant evocation of a woman and a milieu devastated by ennui and disaffection here seems slickly gratuitous. There is nothing wrong with high-styled self-flagellation. But to raise it above the level of mere indulgence, there must be some balancing sense of struggle. Ms. Didion's overwhelming narrative style notwithstanding, Charlotte Douglas emerges too easily as a pathetic masochist—albeit an unforgettable one.

John Updike may be the most

stylish and elegant writer in America; at his best, when he moves beyond the polite John O'Hara territory of middle-class suburban mores—as he does in *Rabbit Run* and *Rabbit Redux*—he is also one of our most revealing and insightful novelists. Unfortunately, *Marry Me* (Knopf, \$7.95) is not one of his best novels.

The story, which Updike coyly subtitled "A Romance," focuses on the vacillating affair between Sally Mathias and Jerry Conant, two married Connecticut suburbanites. Grafted onto the essentially frivolous tale of adultery—as in *Couples*, a previous novel—is a portentous religious theme. Here, however, it simply dangles, a useless appendage that serves primarily to provide Jerry with some diverting and long-winded monologues about modern Protestant theology. That, finally, is the difficulty with *Marry Me*. Like Jerry, who moves spasmodically from theology to concupiscence, Updike seems unsure of his own direction here.

The affair between Sally and Jerry is for the most part treated lightly, with some ironic distance. But Updike occasionally thrusts us into the enigmas of Christian guilt and sin, à la *The Scarlet Letter*. At the conclusion, the grand love affair falters. Sally and Jerry are discovered and, because of their own failure of nerve, return to their respective spouses, for whom they admittedly have little feeling. Or do they? Even here Updike hedges. We are given three alternative endings, a device which appears to this reader to be little more than a cop-out. Oh yes—there are those marvelous descriptive passages delivered with that elegance that only Updike can muster, and (in the confrontations between feuding spouses) there are graphic scenes that capture perfectly the torturous ambiguities of the battle of the sexes. Still, not since Marilyn Chambers has such stylish veneer and élan been wasted on such pure soap. —Mel Watkins



(Michael Updike)

John Updike: stylish veneer and pure soap.

SOUNDS



BUYER, BEWARE!

Sound track albums usually don't sell. It's a law of the music business. Nevertheless, a spurt of hit films has inspired a number of discs that, contrary to the usual fadeaway, have shot to the top of the pop-music popularity charts. These recordings, however, are for the most part empty listening experiences—aural souvenirs of films that are themselves no icons of cinema greatness.

For example, the real star on the sound-track recording of *A Star Is Born* (Columbia) is neither Barbra Streisand nor Kris Kristofferson but their backup band. This is one of the cookingest assemblages ever gathered for such a project, and it is here spotlighted in all its hard-edged glory.

Indeed, these musicians are the only thing on this disc worth spotlighting. Streisand, in the role of America's newest rock queen, sings a line like, "I'd like to play a city, play a cello/Play at Monte Carlo, play Othello" with unsurpassed sincerity. Meanwhile, Kristofferson's vocals—what little we hear of them—are nothing more or less than a middle-of-the-road rip-off of a Jim Morrison—Bruce Springsteen mating. The severe vocal affectations of both stars most probably would not be so irritating if it weren't for the trite material. This score is supposed to represent the best in contemporary rock. Since the

music was written for the most part by Paul Williams, Rupert Holmes, and Kenny Loggins, it is no wonder this sound track missed the point.

All This and World War II (20th Century) is a sound track in search of a movie. Any correlation between these twenty-nine Beatles songs, performed by an all-star rock cast, and any war movie is nothing more or less than sheer exploitation. Both the Beatles and war movies lose. In an effort to homogenize the vastly different sounds of such performers as the Bee Gees, Leo Sayer, and the Brothers Johnson, producer Lou Reizner has bathed almost everyone in a Mantovani-like orchestra mix—perfect for the Vienna Boys' Choir, ghastly for the *crème* of the rock world. The performers who come off best here—Rod Stewart, Elton John, and Keith Moon—do so because they have been recorded in something that resembles their natural musical environs: drunken rock for Stewart, punchy band and strings for John, inspired lunacy for Moon. *All This and World War II* is an oddity at best.

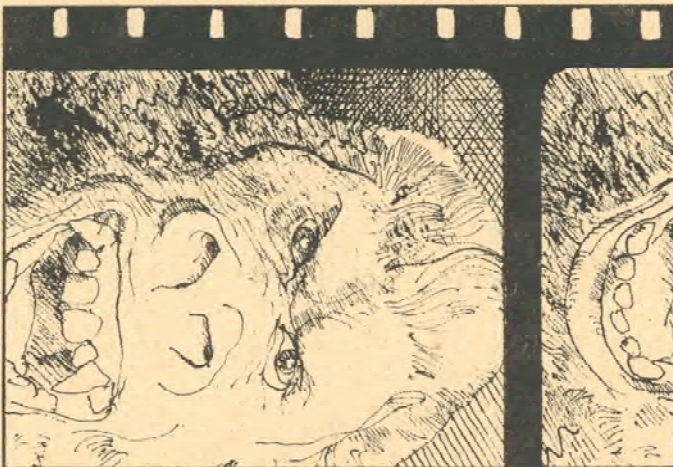
Car Wash (MCA) sounds more like a TV disco repackaging shtick than the sound track to an

Staples ("You Gotta Believe"), Stevie Wonder ("Doin' What Comes Naturally"), Earth, Wind, and Fire ("Put Your Money Where Your Mouth Is"), and Billy Preston ("Righteous Rhythm"). To the nondiscomaniacs out there, this set is probably no more interesting than the sounds of whirring suds brushes, hot wax sprayers, and high-pressure water nozzles. All others, enjoy—and you will!

The Not Ready for Prime Time Players, the self-assumed name for the wacky cast of NBC's "Saturday Night Live" show, is misleading. This group might more appropriately be called the Not Ready for Vinyl Players, because their first disk, *Saturday Night Live* (Arista), is filled with the kind of sophomoric humor and sight gags that prove dismal on the turntable.

On this disc Chevy Chase, John Belushi, and the show's other regulars reprise routines that reek of third-rate *National Lampoon* humor but that have little of the *Lampoon*'s bubbling-under lunacy. File this LP one notch above Cheech and Chong, but five notches below Everett Dirksen's recording of *Gallant Men*.

John Barry is the distinguished



amusing motion picture. This four-sided collection does, after all, display almost every soul and disco music cliché of the past decade. This is not to put the album down, however, *Car Wash* is great, for it recalls, in part, the

composer of the James Bond film scores. Barry's *King Kong*, however, is as banal as the multi-million-dollar ape movie. Here is plastic Muzak, fit for a film remake that is so swollen that it blots out any sense of the original



Ralph Baskin: life in L.A.

motion picture's haunting style.

Welcome to L.A. (United Artists) was composed by and features Richard Baskin, the musical director of the film *Nashville*. This suite of songs deals sensitively and evocatively with a "city of one night stands." After Baskin wrote these songs, he and director Alan Rudolph adapted them for the film. Although uneven, the work is provocative and probing: Baskin is an artist attempting to use popular music as a legitimate source of legitimate filmmaking. More power to him!—Henry Edwards

GRAY-FLANNEL ROCK

Bill Nelson, guitarist, singer, and songwriter for the English rock group *Be Bop Deluxe*, looks something like a hip young stockbroker. Onstage he wears conservative, finely tailored suits, white shirts, and silk ties, and his hair is just long enough to touch the tips of his ears. But behind his dignified mien, lurking just below the surface of the pleasant, almost self-effacing manner he brings to casual conversations, is the angry intensity of a born rocker. Images of sex and pain, of spirits and madmen, run rampant through his songs, and in live performances Nelson tears into energizingly aggressive guitar solos and tortured vocals, somehow managing not to wrinkle his suits. After four albums with *Be Bop Deluxe* (three of which have



been released in the U.S.), he is being hailed as rock's next guitar hero, and *Rolling Stone* has called his band "the only new British sound worth keeping track of."

When Be Bop Deluxe arrived in San Francisco recently to play at the Winterland auditorium, Nelson was all smiles. Sitting in the sunlight in his hotel room, he turned aside questions concerning the dark images in his songs, images like "I saw the smiling wardens cutting down the noose/ From which my drowning head was hung" (from the group's macabre set-closer, "Down on Terminal Street"). "It *doesn't* quite tie in with the picture of me, does it?" he laughed. "That shows you what a good way of cleansing the system writing songs is. I get it all out in the music, all the deeper side, you see. It's kind of an exorcism. That way I don't have to carry it into the street."

But later that night smiles were in short supply. Be Bop Deluxe was an up-and-coming band on the last leg of its second American tour, and at Winterland it was the opening act for two uncompromisingly crude heavy-metal groups. The crowd was full of cheap wine and Quaaludes. Be Bop began its set, which included dazzling displays of guitar artistry from Nelson, soaring, lyrical melodies, and a lightly swinging brand of rock rhythm not at all like the ominous crunch of most metal bands. The audience was too stoned to respond; and Nelson, mistaking their lethargy for indifference, cranked up his final solo to a frenzied pitch.

The music built to climax after climax, and Nelson, drenched in sweat, began noticing a distinctly dissonant hum coming from his amplifier. The feedback he had been using so effectively was whining out of control, producing an ugly tone that clashed with the key of the song, and frantic efforts to retune his guitar met with little success. The crowd was just beginning to lurch into action. But the hum wouldn't go away, and reluctantly Nelson

brought the set to a conclusion.

He stormed off the stage, followed by an apprehensive group of musicians and roadies, only to find that the door to his band's dressing room had been locked. There wasn't a Winterland staffer in sight. Nelson glared at the door, and then, still clutching his guitar, he began kicking at it, blind with rage. The timely arrival of a stagehand with a key was all that prevented him from splintering it with the toe of one of his expensive English shoes.

Nelson takes his music seriously. On the first Be Bop Deluxe album,



Bill Nelson of Be Bop Deluxe: exorcising the violence within.

Axe Victim, he described the plight of a musician who becomes the prisoner of his creations. His guitar was the axe, and Nelson himself was the victim, "hung up on these silver strings." The album has not been released in the United States, but it is still a popular item in import bins, and the songs on it are the key to Nelson's peculiar blend of ingeniousness and violence. There are death wishes and darkness, hints of sexual perversion, science-fiction images, and lines that suggest a profound psychological dissociation. But the one song from the album that Be

Bop continues to perform, "Adventures in a Yorkshire Landscape," is a nostalgic evocation of Nelson's home in northern England.

As a teenage musician, Nelson played in rock clubs around Wakefield, Yorkshire. He was influenced initially by the English guitarist Hank Marvin and by jazzmen Wes Montgomery and Jim Hall, but Jeff Beck and Jimi Hendrix inspired him to change his style. At the same time, he was writing songs patterned after those of Bob Dylan and the Beatles. He began to find the Top Forty bands he was working with

musicians now make up the group, although a fifth player tours with them to contribute rhythm-guitar parts that fill out the sound.

The band is unusually tight and handles Nelson's complex arrangements with ease. At times the hard-rock flavor of most of the material is abandoned in favor of jazzlike jamming, which finds the musicians turning in capable individual performances. But to Nelson, this sort of playing isn't the point of Be Bop Deluxe. "Everybody in the group does have a certain technical facility," he admits. "But what should be coming through is the feeling of the playing and the music itself, not people's abilities on their instruments."

The feeling does come through, but in performance the feelings are primarily Nelson's. He sings all the songs, takes almost all of the solos, and dominates the proceedings even when he is standing stock-still while Fox flails at his drums and Tumahai bounds around the stage. Nonetheless, when Nelson is soloing, with the band's waves of energy cresting behind him, his dominance seems justified. He is a gripping guitarist, combining the melodious simplicity of Carlos Santana with the sophisticated pacing of a jazz saxophonist and the flair for "power" chording typical of an entire generation of English rock heavies.

At present, Be Bop Deluxe is recording a new album and preparing for another assault on the U.S. Their American reviews have been uniformly excellent, and in England they are headliners. But they need a strong album, one that puts less emphasis on Nelson's songs and singing and more on his guitar, if they are to break out of their current status as cult favorites. "The next one will be different," Nelson promised before he left San Francisco. "It might be simpler or more complex, but it'll be a change. There are always going to be changes. The music is going to continue to evolve." —Robert Palmer

Vantage perfects low-tar 100's.

© 1977—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



Introducing Vantage 100's.

You may not have known it, but those extra long 100's that so many smokers find popular are usually extra long in tar.

And that means they couldn't be Vantage. Because Vantage was made for smokers who wanted a cigarette that was low in tar and high in flavor.

So we resisted the trend. Until we could perfect a 100 with the famous Vantage combination of full flavor and low tar.

Well, we've done it. In new Vantage 100's. A blend of flavor-rich tobaccos with tar levels held down to the point where good taste still comes through.

That's the Vantage point. And that's the point of Vantage 100's. There's never been a long cigarette quite like it.

Try a pack today. We think you'll go along with us.

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

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

EUROPE ON THE SKIDS

The dream of a united Europe has been shattered by devastating economic and political pressures—and Moscow is ready to pick up the pieces.

Is Western Europe in danger?

Surprisingly, more than thirty years after World War II and twenty years after the birth of the Common Market that was to unify Western Europe once and for all—the answer is a resounding YES.

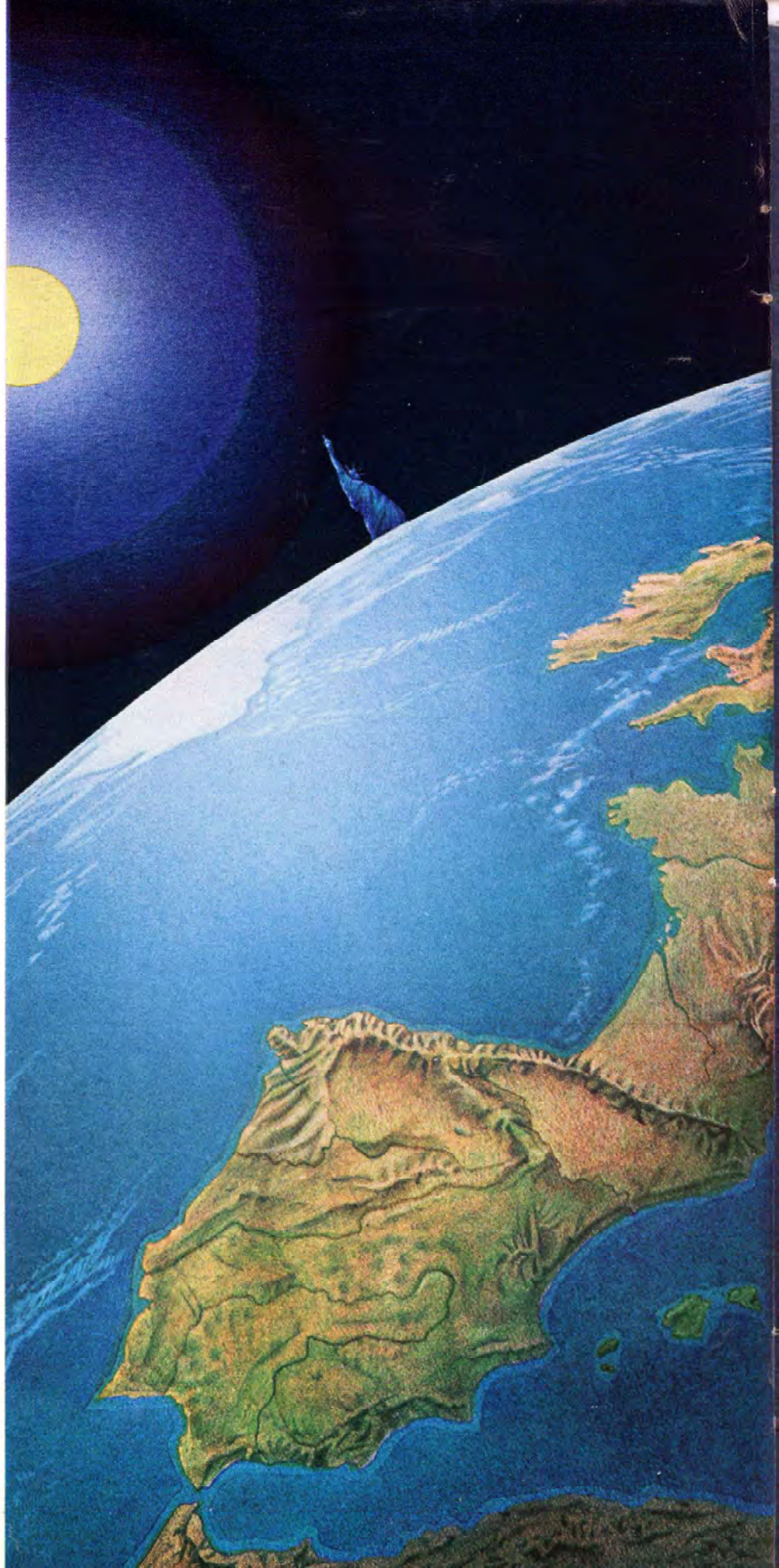
This is what I found when, during a recent extensive tour of Europe, I talked with chiefs of governments, ministers, economists, sociologists, military commanders, political leaders (including Communists), businessmen, workers, shopkeepers, professors, and students. The atmosphere was bleak, and my own sense of dismay came from the realization that we Americans can no longer go on taking Western Europe for granted as a safe corner of the world—as we have done for decades.

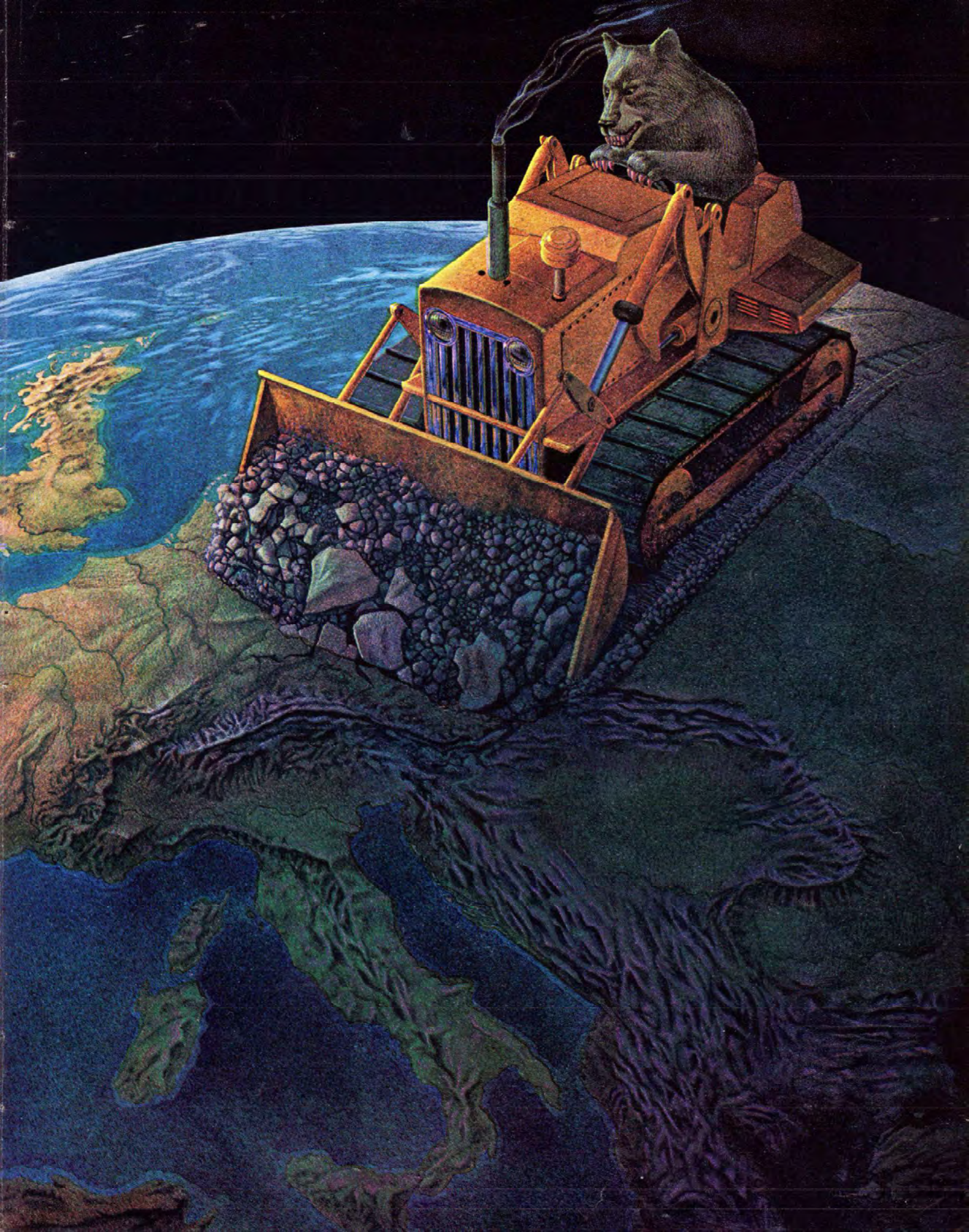
The dangers that threaten Western Europe are economic, social, political, and military. There is serious inflation and unemployment, a sense of hopelessness, and the fear of the Russians and European communism.

And, it should be said at once, serious trouble in Western Europe spells economic and security trouble for the United States. Economic deterioration there not only means a loss of American jobs—the Western Europeans, our principal trading partners, can afford to buy less and less from us—but also may lead to trade wars between the United States and Western Europe with many frightful political implications.

Top American labor leaders, such as the AFL-CIO's Secretary-Treasurer Lane Kirkland, recognize a threat to American jobs from the Western European recession. But labor—and management, too—is caught in a dilemma. American unemployment has created a protectionist mood at home and has spurred efforts to control foreign imports—to protect jobs here—and opposition to investments abroad by American multinational companies.

BY TAD SZULC





Labor sees these investments as a drain on domestic employment, but the multinationals argue that greater prosperity in Europe means, among other things, greater European capacity to buy in the United States.

There are also serious military-security problems. At a time when Western European societies are progressively weakened by their economic and social crises, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) is being steadily outdistanced and outgunned by the growing power of the Soviet-led Warsaw Pact alliance. While no responsible European leader expects a Soviet military assault against the West, NATO planners at the sprawling headquarters near Brussels are deeply concerned over the mounting superiority of the Warsaw Pact forces in both conventional and nuclear weapons.

Nobody is quite certain why Moscow is building up militarily in Europe and the Mediterranean, but this escalation is a fact that NATO strategists cannot ignore no matter what the Soviet intentions may be. Suffice it to say that three years after NATO and the Warsaw Pact opened their negotiations in Vienna on a balanced mutual reduction of military forces facing each other in central Europe, not only has no progress been achieved, but also the Communist alliance has improved the quality of its armies and expanded them in manpower.

When I visited NATO headquarters, the great worry was the deployment of the new mobile Soviet SS-20 intermediate ballistic missile with MIRV warheads. (MIRV, which stands for Multiple Independent Reentry Vehicle, is the system allowing each missile to carry between three and nine nuclear

warheads, each capable of being separately guided in flight to its target.) United States intelligence had confirmed that the SS-20, whose range covers every European target, was being deployed in the western Soviet Union and East Germany. The SS-20 can neutralize the tactical nuclear weapons that the United States has kept in Western Europe for decades.

The Warsaw Pact countries, incidentally, make no effort to conceal their growing armed preparedness. I happened to be in Poland last autumn during the Warsaw Pact's "Shield '76" annual war games in the strategic north-central plain—the area through which a Soviet thrust would be most likely to come across Polish and East German territory—and the newspapers were full of immensely detailed descriptions of the exercise, vaunting the prowess of the troops and the quality of their equipment. The army newspaper, for example, prominently displayed a photograph of a MiG-21 jet fighter-bomber taking off from a highway; the caption explained that Warsaw Pact aerial tactics are so advanced that the planes do not even have to depend on airfields for combat-support operations. All this was grimly noted at NATO.

This Warsaw Pact buildup in Europe coincides with what American intelligence now believes to be a Soviet effort to win superiority over the United States in nuclear weaponry in general. Although Washington has long believed that Moscow would settle for nuclear equality, all the signs now point to a Soviet determination to win the nuclear-arms race. The psychological impact of this Soviet military posture on Western Europe is obvious even though the Europeans have

the guarantee of the United States "nuclear umbrella"—we are committed to defend Europe from a Soviet nuclear attack—and close to 300,000 American troops remain stationed there, mainly in West Germany, to discourage a conventional-arms attack.

Disturbing as are the recent Soviet military moves, a more immediate danger lies in the internal situation of practically every Western European nation—except for the ever-affluent West Germany—for the deepening crises are forcing all these societies to reexamine the basic assumptions upon which they have existed since the end of the Second World War. Equally under question is the viability of the great European institutions, such as the nine-nation Common Market, that not so long ago were the foundations for the dream of a united Europe.

What I found everywhere (aside from West Germany) was runaway inflation, rising unemployment, and a deepening sense of insecurity in the governments and among the populations. Britain, Ireland, Italy, and Portugal are so weakened economically that their financial survival—and, most important, their ability to import fuel and food—depends on external aid from the United States, West Germany, and such international institutions as the Washington-based International Monetary Fund. But, of course, there are limits on how much and how long these countries can be supported from the outside.

A related and increasingly unpleasant political phenomenon is the birth of new anti-German sentiment in Europe. The immediate cause is the normal resentment of the "poor" Europeans, who are so dependent on rich West Germany. But this resentment is inevitably compounded by historical antagonisms. World War II was not that long ago. The anti-German feeling, which is emerging in Britain, France, Italy, and Belgium, will probably continue to grow as European economies keep faltering and requiring more and more outside aid.

For instance, France, so solid for so long, is going through one of her worst postwar crises, the value of the French franc plummeting as internal inflation rises. And the British pound, once the world's principal currency, fell 25 percent in value during 1976. The declining value of the pound may be great for Americans, who now can order a tailored three-piece suit on Savile Row for \$185 (the staid London tailor shops have been invaded by thousands of eager, rich Arabs, Japanese, and Americans), but it does nothing for the British economy. The English don't want to become the world's bargain basement of elegance.

In Italy the government is fighting a rearguard battle against the devaluation of the lira. In the course of one single day when I was in Rome, the value of the dollar against the lira rose from 620 to 680, which was fine when I went shopping and had to pay my hotel bill but sent shock waves through the Italian economy. In Portugal the economic situation is so bad that the whole structure might have collapsed in mid-winter if the United States had not come up with an



"Well, if you don't want to make peace with God, perhaps we can play a little bingo?"



**If you think people buy Chivas Regal just for the bottle,
try selling this one.**

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

emergency loan of \$300 million, really a pittance, but a vital one.

Classically, Britain, France, Italy, and Portugal are trying to cope with their crises through excruciatingly painful austerity programs. This means the freezing of prices and wages, higher taxes, the banning of nonessential imports, and so on. But, just as classically, people tend to reject austerity, insisting on living far beyond their means. This is where the economic crisis is transformed into a social and political crisis, affecting the whole fabric of society.

The resistance against the austerity policies of the beleaguered governments often takes the form of strikes, which result in lowered productivity and a worsening of the economic crisis. Some strikes are spontaneous, some are politically motivated, but, in the end, what develops is a vicious cycle, victimizing the whole society. In Italy, where the Communist party leadership supports austerity, even the powerful Communist-dominated labor unions, responding to the rank and file, oppose austerity with strikes and riots.

European workers, who have tasted affluence during the boom period of the 1960s and the early 1970s, are unwilling to accept sacrifices and a lowering in their living standards. They want to go on eating meat every day, driving their Fiats and Volkswagens (even though a gallon of gasoline at the pump costs between \$1.50 and \$2.00 in some of the countries), building country cottages, acquiring more and more color TV sets, and, in general, acting as if prosperity were still around.

The problem, however, is that this prosperity has vanished. One can measure Western Europe's economic condition by the annual growth in its Gross National Product (GNP), which is the total value of industrial and farm production as well as services (the latter being everything from restaurants and retail stores to transportation and banking). Despite the continuing recession, most economists expect that the GNP in the United States will grow by 4.5 percent this year. But it will rise by only 2.75 percent in France and 1.75 percent in Britain. In Italy the GNP is likely to drop by 1 percent.

These figures represent a painful reality. Growth below 4 percent annually means that a country is not even keeping up with inflation and the demands of its population. A drop in GNP, of course, is simply catastrophic. Translated into daily life, it all adds up to more unemployment, less purchasing power, and, in the end, economic stagnation.

Stagnation of this kind quickly results in political crises because the government is always blamed for economic problems, although people are rarely prepared to accept austerity and sacrifice. So new governments are picked to alleviate today's pressures, with the hope, irrational as it may be, that the next ruler will produce the magic wand.

In this fashion, political conflict and polarization deepen across Western Europe. In some cases countries are to the Right, in others to the far Left. This, naturally, affects

the stability of Europe and, inevitably, the American interest.

The phenomenon of Eurocommunism is one result of this political instability. Eurocommunism is the expression used to describe the new policies of individual Communist parties in Western Europe to seek power through "democratic" means and to renounce revolutionary struggle. "Eurocommunist" parties insist on their independence from Moscow and claim they support their countries' continued membership in NATO and the Common Market.

Many European politicians, however, believe these new Communist parties are more dangerous than they were before because their ostensible renunciation of revolution has made them increasingly respectable. Although some European non-Communists say that Eurocommunism is a positive development in terms of lessening the Soviet influence, the phenomenon is generally viewed with undisguised concern.

Eurocommunism's most striking success

Trade wars between
the U.S. and
Europe would weaken the
West as a whole
and, in the
end, benefit only the
Soviet Union.

so far is in Italy. With well over 30 percent of the most recent vote, the Italian Communist party is the nation's second largest party and a major political force. The Christian Democratic party, still in majority, cannot govern without the tacit support of the Communists, who could wreck the government's austerity program by voting against it in parliament. But thus far the Communist leadership has abstained on the main pieces of economic and social legislation.

These are good political tactics, because the Communists cannot be accused of sabotaging the government's efforts to turn the economy around. Although being the government's "silent partner," in effect, has created considerable problems for the party with its rank and file—and the unions—the Communists are going for long-range gains. The fact that the Communist party seems increasingly respectable and "responsible" to the majority of Italians, is, politically speaking, money in the bank for the future.

As it is, the party holds the posts of speaker in the Chamber of Deputies and a number of committee chairmanships, in addition to the mayoralties of the principal cities, including Rome. Communists exercise a powerful influence in the press, radio

and television (the latter being owned by the state), the arts, and the universities, but they are in no hurry to make a power grab.

When I was in Rome, I asked several top Communist party leaders when they expected the party to take over the government or, at least, to join the cabinet as the Christian Democrats' full and official partners. Their answer was, "Oh, in three or four years.... We can wait." The Communist interest in Italy now is to consolidate their gains, acquire even greater acceptability and wait until the economic situation becomes so drastic that the party will be called to power in the next elections, perhaps in 1978.

Elsewhere in Europe there is fear that Eurocommunism may develop in other countries, following the Italian example. In France parliamentary elections are scheduled for 1978, and there is a very strong probability that the Union of the Left, made up of Socialists and Communists, will win them. If this is the case, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, a centrist, will have to govern with a Socialist prime minister and, possibly, Communists in the cabinet, until the end of his own term in 1981. This would be the first time since the immediate post-war years that Communists would occupy ministerial posts.

The combination of a centrist president and a Socialist prime minister may well result in a paralyzing political deadlock for France between 1978 and 1981, and the economic and social crisis could become catastrophic. Then, France may turn completely to the Left or, as a reaction, shift to the Right. In the meantime, everything that is being done in France during this year relates directly to next year's elections, which makes it highly unlikely that the French will work their way out of their crises in the foreseeable future. Obviously, with France in chaos, Western Europe may become politically destabilized as a whole. During my stay in Paris, politicians from all sides spoke the language of doom, including predictions that, before long, France may see a replay of the violent riots of 1968, which helped to bring down Charles de Gaulle.

In Britain, meanwhile, a turn to the Right is increasingly likely. The Labor party is governing with a tiny majority, its austerity program is immensely unpopular, and the economy worsens every day. But no one seems quite sure of what solutions a Conservative government can offer either.

Moreover, Great Britain is haunted by local nationalisms and separatisms. Scotland, whose own economy will be strengthened as the new oil from the North Sea starts moving in large volume, wants a form of autonomy from London. The Welsh, whose economy is a disaster, likewise wish to be autonomous to some degree. And there is no end in sight for the long civil war in Northern Ireland.

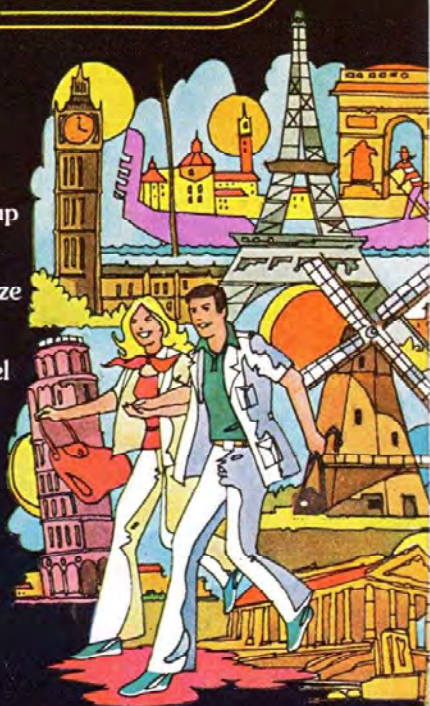
Spain, emerging from the forty-year nightmare of the Franco dictatorship, is looking for ways to calm her own militant separatism problems. Catalonia on the Mediterranean coast and the northern Basque

Run Wild in Europe!

WIN THE FEETSTAKES

Here's a First Prize to knock you off your feet!

It's a 3-week European adventure of a lifetime. We'll fly you to any city in Europe and pick you up in any other European city 3 weeks later. Go where you want, when you want, with any other person you want, for a total prize value of \$5,000! Do it completely on your own—or give us the dates and places. We'll make airline and hotel reservations and give you the balance prize money in cash. On this trip, if it's Tuesday, it could be anywhere!



The "Kick Up Your Heels" Second Prizes 1,639 PAIRS OF PUMA® "CLYDES"

Slip your feet into Clyde's favorite Puma athletic shoes for looks, fit and comfort.

Another Step in The Right Direction!

Take this 20¢ coupon good for any Desenex product and run down to your favorite store right now. Get Desenex—America's #1 Athlete's Foot Remedy and enter the Feetstakes!

Feetstakes Rules—no purchase required

1. To enter, print name, address, and zip code on Official Entry Blank or plain 3" x 5" piece of paper. Include with entry either the code number from the bottom of any Desenex can, the end flap from any Desenex carton, or the word "Desenex" hand-printed in block letters on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper.
2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: Desenex Feetstakes, at address indicated on Feetstakes Entry Form. Entries must be received by November 30, 1977, and all prizes must be claimed by Dec. 31, 1978.
3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Only one prize to an individual or family. Prizes, with the exception of the Grand Prize, are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Winners may be required to execute affidavit of eligibility and release.
4. FEETSTAKES open to all U.S. residents except employees and their families of Pennwalt Corporation and its advertising, sales promotion, and judging agencies. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
5. FEETSTAKES void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed, or restricted by Federal, State, or local laws and regulations.
6. For a list of the major winners, send a stamped, self addressed envelope to: Desenex Feetstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 2467, Westbury, N.Y. 11591.

Pharmacraft Consumer Products ©1977 P. PENNALT Corporation

THE FEETSTAKES ENTRY FORM



THE FEETSTAKES
P.O. Box 2369
Westbury, N.Y. 11591

Of course I want to enter the Feetstakes. I have enclosed the endflap from a Desenex carton, or the number on the bottom of my Desenex can is _____. Instead, I am enclosing a 3" x 5" card with the word "Desenex" printed on it. If I win a pair of Pumas, my shoe size is _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Offer Expires November 30, 1977.

SAVE 20¢ ON ANY DESENEX® PRODUCT

To Dealer: Coupon redeemable for face value plus 5¢ handling, provided terms of offer have been complied with and mailed to Pharmacraft, c/o P.O. Box 1797, Clinton, Iowa 52734. Any other application constitutes fraud. Invoices providing purchases of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be shown upon request. Redemption through outside agencies, brokers, etc. will not be honored except where specifically authorized by us. Void where prohibited, restricted or taxed by law. Customers must pay any sales tax. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Offer expires 6/30/78. PH-5



20¢ STORE COUPON 20¢

provinces are both centers of nationalism and are vital to Spain economically. Moving toward modern democracy, Spain can ill afford to loose the control of the Basques and the Catalonians. The Spanish economy is already deteriorating, and the Communists, playing all the possible political angles—including the regionalisms—are becoming an important force, particularly in the labor unions.

Portugal, which lost its African colonies after the 1974 antidictatorial revolution, is also faced with separatist pressures—in this case from its Azores islands and from Madeira, a fairly prosperous island. If these islands separate themselves from Lisbon, the Portuguese economic situation will become even more desperate than it has been for the last year or so.

With all her other troubles, France also faces a separatist movement in Corsica, the Mediterranean island where Napoleon was born. And Belgium is split between the French-speaking Walloons and the Flemish population, and it becomes harder and harder to govern that small country.

Thus the age of nationalism in Europe is compounding all the other basic problems there.

When the Treaty of Rome was signed in March 1957, creating the Common Market (at first, it had only six members), the hope of unity surged across Western Europe. Twenty years later serious questions are being raised as to whether the Common Market can survive for long in its present form. The economic imbalance between wealthy West Germany and the reasonably well-off Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg on the one hand and the increasingly impoverished France, Italy, Britain, and Ireland on the other is becoming so great that the whole edifice of the European Economic Community is tottering. The political stresses in most of the Common Market's member countries contribute to this sad state of affairs.

During my visit to the Community's headquarters in Brussels, a vast steel-and-glass complex where some 10,000 "Europeanists" toil away, I found a sense of profound depression. "I don't know how we'll make it through 1977, if the governments fail to take some kind of drastic action to keep the Common Market together," one of the commissioners told me.

The impact of this dismal state of affairs on the United States cannot be overstressed.

Unable to come out of the recession, Western Europe is already buying a diminishing volume of American goods. All the indications are that her imports from the United States will keep declining in the foreseeable future, particularly now that the cost of oil has risen again and the Europeans are going increasingly broke. The shrinking of the European market will inevitably be reflected on our domestic employment at a time when 8 percent of the American labor force is idle. Our international commercial deficit—the difference between our diminishing sales abroad and

our rising foreign purchases, especially oil—hit an all-time record at the end of 1976, and the outlook this year is even more discouraging.

This situation is complicated even further by the massive movement of European capital to the United States. Increasingly during the past five years European investors have considered America politically and financially safer—even though this obviously weakens their own economies. Ironically, however, this shift does little to help the American economy and employment because this capital is not productive in the economic sense.

While direct Western European investments in the United States have risen from some \$15 billion in 1971 to \$30 billion this year, they overwhelmingly assume partial ownership in American companies through stock purchases, which does not create jobs. And other billions of European dollars—nobody knows how much—have purchased American securities and short-term

Although the declining
value of the pound
is great for tourists, the
English don't want
to be the
world's bargain basement
of elegance.

government obligations. This money is beginning to vanish again because U.S. interest rates have gone down sharply since late 1975.

Productive investment is confined almost entirely to the West German Volkswagen plant to be built in Pennsylvania. Sweden's Volvo has deferred plans to build a plant in Virginia. Most of the new investment coming from Britain (where the money is desperately needed), the Netherlands, and West Germany is concentrated on real estate, often for speculative reasons. The Germans, for example, have been buying up a lot of midwestern farmland.

So, while these movements of capital are not really helping the United States, they are damaging European economies. And—it cannot be emphasized too strongly—Americans have every reason to be concerned about Europe. We simply cannot afford to let her go down the drain.

There are economists on both sides of the Atlantic who are beginning to fear the eruption of trade wars between the United States and Europe unless the present trends are arrested. In such wars the name of the game is protectionism.

This is how it could happen: the Euro-

peans, unable to pay for American goods, may establish tariff barriers to make our products so expensive that they cannot compete in Europe. The United States, where the unemployment of the last four years has already created a protectionist mood, would retaliate by raising the tariffs on European goods. Although both sides would think they were protecting domestic jobs and hard-currency reserves, the results could well be self-defeating.

Put simply, if the Europeans cannot sell enough here, they will be unable to buy from us because of a loss of earnings. Virtually every area of our economy would be hurt, especially the American farmer, inasmuch as Western Europe buys more than \$8 billion of our agricultural commodities annually. But industry, too, would be badly damaged as would be the services sector and our merchant marine.

To protect jobs, the European and American governments may then decide to try to sell at all costs. This step would take the form of what is known as "dumping," the selling of, say, European steel or American wheat or soybeans at prices well below the normal market levels. Dumping is economic warfare, and it has been proscribed by all sides during the last thirty years. And the American taxpayer, sooner or later, would wind up filling the gap between dumping prices and the real cost of production.

These trade wars, moreover, would inevitably tear the fabric of political cooperation between Europe and the United States, with unfathomable consequences. They would weaken the West as a whole, play havoc with NATO (sentiment would rapidly develop here as well as in Europe against expenditures on defense) at a time when the power of the Warsaw Pact is rising, and, in the end, benefit only the Soviet Union.

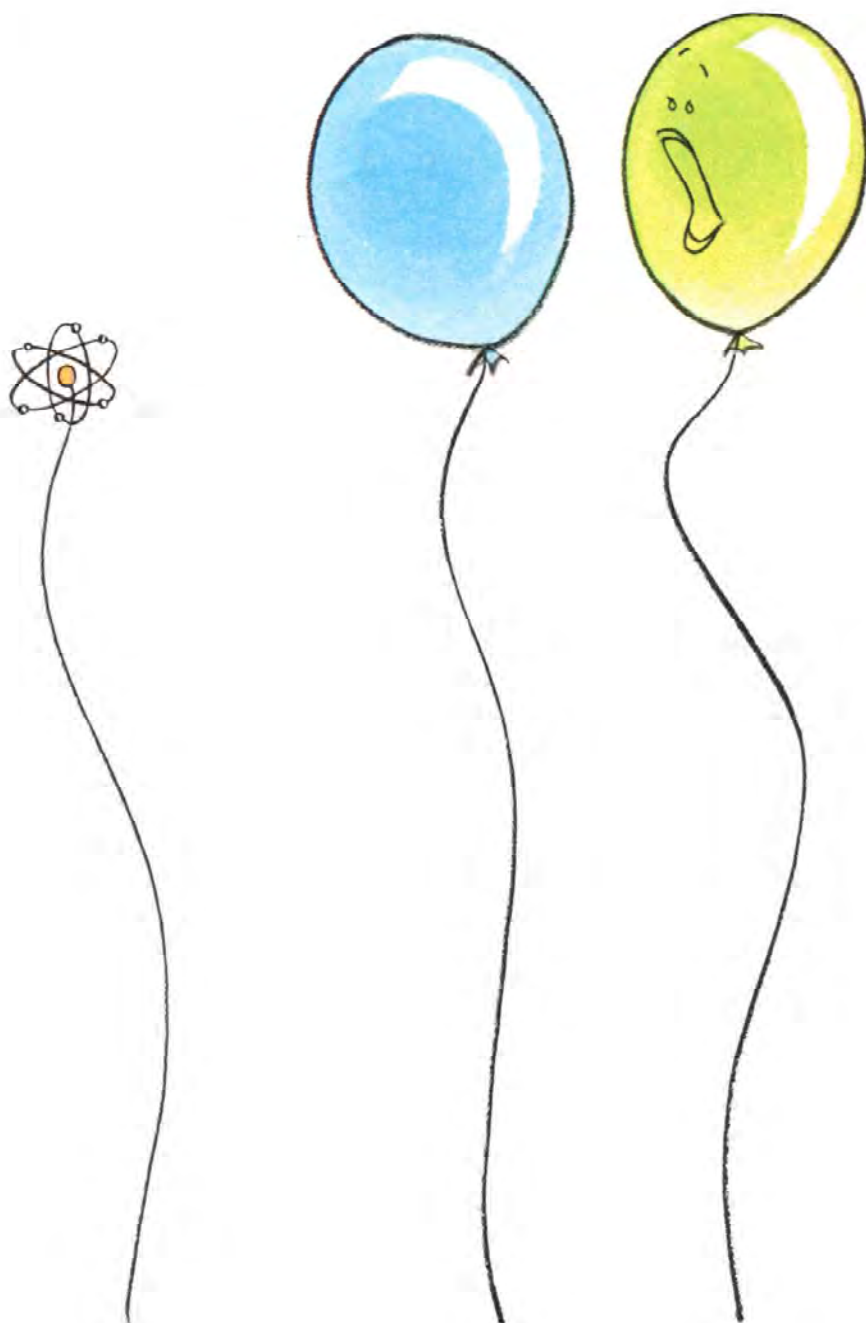
Although this is an extreme scenario, it is not beyond the realm of possibility unless the United States and Western Europe join together this year in a series of major policy decisions to bolster the European economy. An improvement in the American economy is, of course, one of the preconditions because only an increase in our overseas purchasing power can pull the Europeans out of the doldrums. We have been exporting recession to Europe, as we have earlier exported inflation, and the Western Europeans have acquired an extraordinary degree of dependence on our economy.

But this has become a two-way street, and Americans are now also dependent on Europe. Leadership in economic and political fields is clearly needed. The Carter administration, for example, will have to take the lead in seeking major reforms in international monetary and trade policies that have long been at the root of the seemingly intractable European economic problems. Such leadership has not existed during the previous eight years.

The fate of Western Europe—which could well become the fate of the U.S.—seems to be, finally, a top foreign-policy priority of our government. It is certainly one of today's greatest American challenges. 

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Don't let his size fool you."

The
Lady
and the
Stableboy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

A awakened from an early-morning dream — a strange dream about



a golden stallion — I heard the sounds of whinnying coming from the stable. My pussy



was wet,
and my
whole body
ached with
lust." Little
did Amanda
realize how
soon this
galloping
passion
would claim
her. Sven,
the stable
boy, was a lad
of discerning
eye. "I'll get
that sweet
piece," he
determined.



When Amanda arrived
for her morning
gallop, she found a
completely
different kind of stallion
awaiting her.
"Come for a ride,
Amanda,"
said Sven, lifting her
skirt and
inserting a swift
finger into her nether
regions.





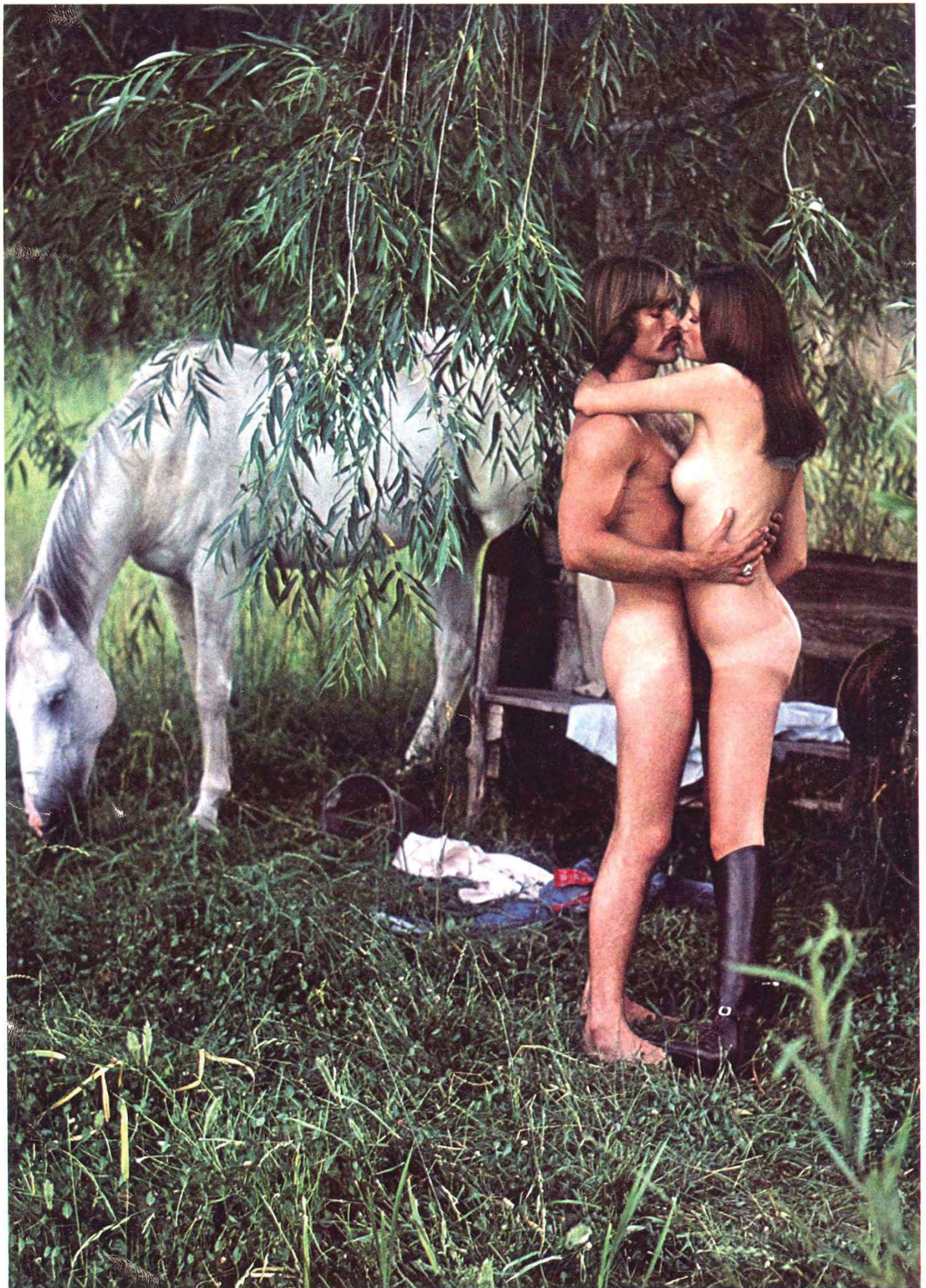




Amanda threw her legs up in the air and whinnied. With unfettered zest, she gathered the stable boy's engorged organ into her mouth. "Oh, mount me, you golden stud," the sweet filly murmured. Amanda tried taming her bucking



bronco with a crop. He responded by pursuing her into a nearby pond. "My goodness," thought Amanda. "What would Phoebe van Lip say if she saw me now?" Soon a pulsing delight drove such fanciful thoughts from her mind.

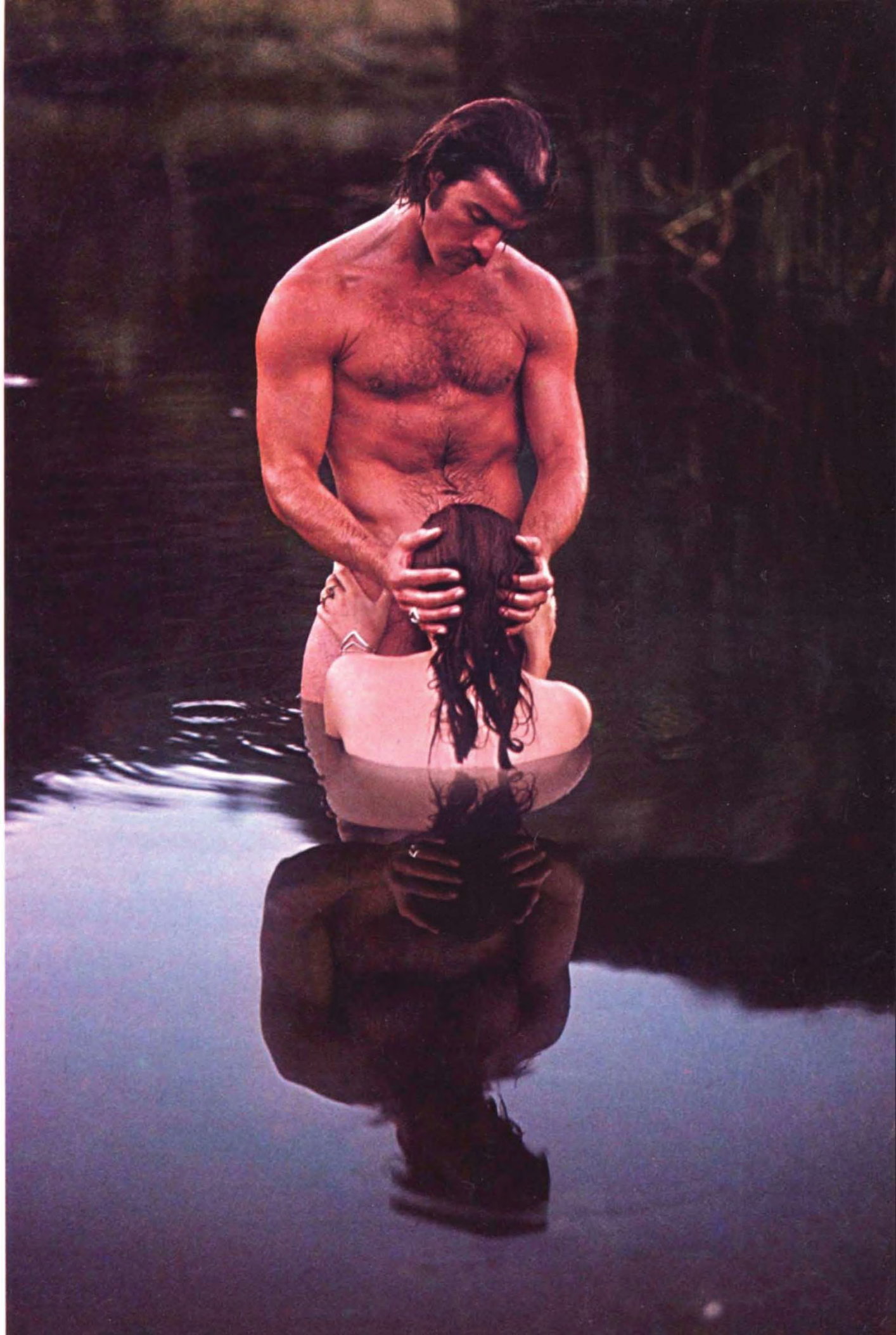


Ladies' wardrobe courtesy of Al Gordon's Paddock Shop, Burbank, Calif.

In and
out of
Amanda,
Sven took his
pleasure.
He guided
her slowly,
slowly, then
galloping
down the
homestretch.
Spent,
Amanda
could see in
her mind's
eye a golden
stallion —
smiling.
O+









WILCOX

TRIPPING WITH MARTIN SCORSESE

(or it's a long way
from the mean streets of little italy
to the
syncopated sidewalks of
new york, new york)

Everyone knows what to expect on the set of a Martin Scorsese movie. For openers, there will be plenty of hard-eyed Italian thugs brandishing sawed-off pool cues or shotguns, and more than a few lunatic losers cruising around lower Manhattan, looking for some random victim to waste, and perhaps an epileptic girl or two writhing in the throes of a fit in a putrefying tenement hallway. Or maybe the background will be the verminous Times Square around, say, 2:00 A.M., with its grisly gallimaufry of pimps, pervs, hookers, pushers, and rhinestone cowboys illuminating the savage moonscape. Handguns will roar, switchblades will flash, blood will run like pints of cheap wine down the pitted walls and across the cracked sidewalks into the gutters of a dying city, a dying civilization...

Naturally, in the midst of this death rattle of urban culture, Robert DeNiro will be found playing one variation or another of Scorsese's Doomed Loner: Johnny Boy, the borderline defective punk of *Mean Streets*; or Travis Bickle, the deranged avenging angel of *Taxi Driver*. Sure enough, as we cut to Stage 29 on the old MGM lot in Los Angeles, there is DeNiro now, looking slick as a whistle in a shiny, wide-lapelled tuxedo, seated at his reserved table in the Crystal Ballroom high atop the Hotel... *What?* DeNiro all gussied up like a forties gigolo? A replica of a postwar nightclub packed with replicas of Dennis Morgan and Gloria DeHaven? A picture backdrop of the Manhattan skyline by innocent starlight? And, instead of the regulation spacy, pill-popping twelve-year-old hooker, Liza Minnelli in tights up to her armpits, belting out a song called "New York, New York"? What in hell's going on here, anyway?

What's going on is, on the surface at least, the most startling turnabout in style and tone in contemporary

American cinema. Martin Scorsese, the brilliant young director who came out of New York's Little Italy to scorch the sensibilities of critics and moviegoers with his brutally mean streets and his murderous taxi drivers, who seemed to have consecrated his dark, restless energies to probing the scabrous underbelly of the inner city, has suddenly diverted his attentions to a light-hearted romance showing the same pretty, painted face of the city that Hollywood packaged in the 1940s. For the next Martin Scorsese movie that you will see is, of all things, a musical entitled *New York, New York*, a valedictory valentine to the Big Band era, starring Academy Award winners DeNiro and Minnelli as a sax player and a songbird in star-crossed love. It's not exactly the decline and fall of Western civilization as envisioned by Spengler—or Scorsese—but that doesn't bother Irwin Winkler. He and coproducer Robert Chartoff (*They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* and *The New Centurions*) are releasing the film through United Artists. Says Winkler: "This is a love story, and Marty is a very passionate man. He also grew up on musicals, especially the Vincente Minnelli musicals at MGM. Besides, I loved *Mean Streets*, and, despite the violence, I thought it had a great humanity. We were looking for someone who could tell a story that on the surface was very simplistic and yet had an undertone of reality. We want the people to look real and human."

If no one quite understands this explanation, never mind; that's just the way producers talk. Freely translated, Winkler wants a blockbuster forties movie turned out by a hot seventies *auteur* who has also won his silver spurs in the countinghouses of Wilshire Boulevard. Scorsese fills that tough double bill. *Mean Streets*, shot in twenty-seven days for a piddling \$500,000, did just well enough at the box office for the

BY MARK GOODMAN

moneylenders to take note of the critical encomiums. (As they did not, for example, with Terence Malick's superior *Badlands*. If they had, Malick and actor Martin Sheen would likely be as much in demand today as are Scorsese and De Niro.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—a country slicker about a tired tank-town waitress trying to make it as a singer with a snot-nosed preadolescent son in tow—banked about as much non-Jawsian scratch as could be expected in this current cinematic Reign of Terror; *Taxi Driver*, a winner at the Cannes Film Festival, shocked and enraged just enough people to ensure fiscal success.

So the lion of Little Italy, whose movies have broken just about every contemporary corporate rule of film-venture capital, was entrusted with \$6 million—at least three times as much as he had ever dealt with before—to film his wistful love song. And that is why, on Stage 29, we find ourselves, not in a grimy back alley, but in a gaudy Caesar Romero retrospective.

The MGM public-relations man conducts me to two young guys who look like the eager, ever-present location gofers, the kids who get their big break in show biz by hustling sandwiches and coffee. One is a slight, blond lad whose face looks disturbingly familiar. It ought to: he is Jimmy Breslin's oldest son, Kevin, twenty-one, and his job is to hustle sandwiches and coffee. The other, a dark, bearded little chap, turns out to be Martin Scorsese, thirty-three, the

director.

"Hey, how are ya?" Scorsese asks. "How's it going?" Any reply would be lost as he turns to address several crew members on the problems of lighting, color, angles. He constantly refers to the storyboards that he himself draws. Then he says to me: "C'mon over and look at this morning's rushes if you want. Love for you to see them!" Then he is gone, darting through the crowd of extras like a chicken chased by the ax man. "Look at him; he's really something," says Breslin admiringly. "You wouldn't believe that yesterday he got dizzy on the boom and had to be taken down and given some kind of medication."

To the uninitiated, "rushes" are simply the film takes of the day's shooting. After a few minutes they are deadly boring to all but those technically and emotionally in their thrall, because they are endless repetitions of the same two-minute take. But these rushes are fascinating: Liza prancing and strutting in those tights before an elegant, enthusiastic nightclub claque, knocking out a big-time number as only Mama could do, sucking up all the air in the room. Scorsese shows a nice, if derivative, touch, with a musical sequence; the scene has the smoky, sinuous panache of a Bob Fosse production. (Small wonder, at that: the movie's four original songs were written by Liza's old friends John Kander and Fred Ebb, the songwriting team for *Cabaret* and *Chicago*.)

Scorsese's chatter begins as soon as the rushes leave off. He does not look like a classic Hollywood director and doesn't talk like one. He sounds more like a cheerleader or a holler-guy shortstop. "See, we're getting there, but it needs work, lotsa work," he says to Winkler and David Nichols, a longtime Scorsese lieutenant. "Look, I forgot those flashbulb shots over Bobby's [De Niro] shoulders." But it's looking good... Yeah, we're gonna make a movie." He laughs on the way across the lot and points toward another stage, where a very famous monster remake is being shot. "So let 'em make *King Kong*," he cries. "We're gonna make a movie!"

So. Young blood and guts wants to make what is nowadays being called a *movie* movie? There are dread pitfalls here, critical as well as commercial. More than one critic has noted some disquieting inconsistencies in Scorsese's work. *Alice*, in particular, drew some justifiable fire; the bleak southwestern setting was nothing but gritty makeup that only partly pancaked a hoary Hollywood romance. *Alice* is redeemed by Getting Her Man, a pat celluloid resolution that scarcely resembles the savage resolve Scorsese showed in *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*. As critic Stephen Farber has accurately pointed out: "At his best Scorsese is an intransigent artist committed to unvarnished truth on the screen; but, like Peter Bogdanovich, he is also a film buff with a taste for Hollywood showmanship and an abiding affection for kitsch."

Commercially, there is a hard lesson in the Bogdanovich parallel. If *Mean Streets* can be said to be as starkly and realistically etched as *The Last Picture Show*, and *Alice* the same sort of slick, hoedown hokum as *Paper Moon*, will *New York, New York* then bear shattered comparison with Bogdanovich's musical petard *At Long Last Love*? Scorsese, in his own friendly, nervous way, dismisses the similarity. Sitting in his trailer on Stage 29, he elaborates: "This is not a musical; it's a film *with* music. I don't see this as a nostalgia film at all. It's about people just starting out and the way they relate to each other. It also has a harsh edge to it. The film opens on VJ night, which everyone thinks is the beginning of peace. But it's not, of course. It was a time when great changes were taking place."

"Anyway, it's about the difficulties of maintaining relationships while you're making it. It takes in that period of your life when your first marriage breaks up, when people who are crazy in love with each other can't live with each other. Since that happened to me, I can say that this film is just as personal in its own way as *Mean Streets* and *Taxi Driver*. Besides, the life of musicians fascinates me. In a way, they are a subculture, like the Italians in *Mean Streets* and the characters in *Taxi Driver*. They live their own kind of lives, they're on their own special wavelength, and they have their own special language. Since they're always on the road, their roots are shallower than those of other Americans, but they're able to take a broader look at the diversity of the country and its





DO YOU GET A LITTLE BEHIND IN YOUR READING?

No wonder!
Our PENTHOUSE women
are the most erotically
appealing in the world.
So you can be forgiven for
getting distracted.
Even though we have a full
roster of exciting reading ...
ground-breaking articles
that turn the world of politics
upside down, captivating
fiction, and the hippest
information on the latest
fashions in dress, drink,
resorts, books, cars, food
and whatever else you need
to keep you on top of your
scene.

PENTHOUSE: the magazine
that gives you the best in
reading, and the best
alternative to reading ...
issue after pleasure-packed
issue. Fill out the order form
and subscribe now.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MARVIN MILLER

Until we negotiated the free-agent agreement, baseball players were the property of their clubs—unless they were traded, sold, or released. That concept used to be known as slavery, but in baseball it was considered natural and proper.

In 1966 a United Steelworkers executive named Marvin Miller became executive director of the Major League Baseball Players Association, and since then the summer game has never been the same. Prior to his appointment, the Players Association—the labor-relations voice of major leaguers—had existed mostly on paper, its actions restricted to pressing team owners on such trivial items as installing water fountains in stadium bullpens. Miller quickly changed that. In a decade of his leadership, the Players Association has successfully bargained to raise player pension benefits more than 400 percent; minimum salaries have increased from \$6,000 to \$19,000 a year; and, more important, average salaries have jumped from \$17,000 a season to more than \$60,000. And the figures are sure to register another healthy leap by next year.

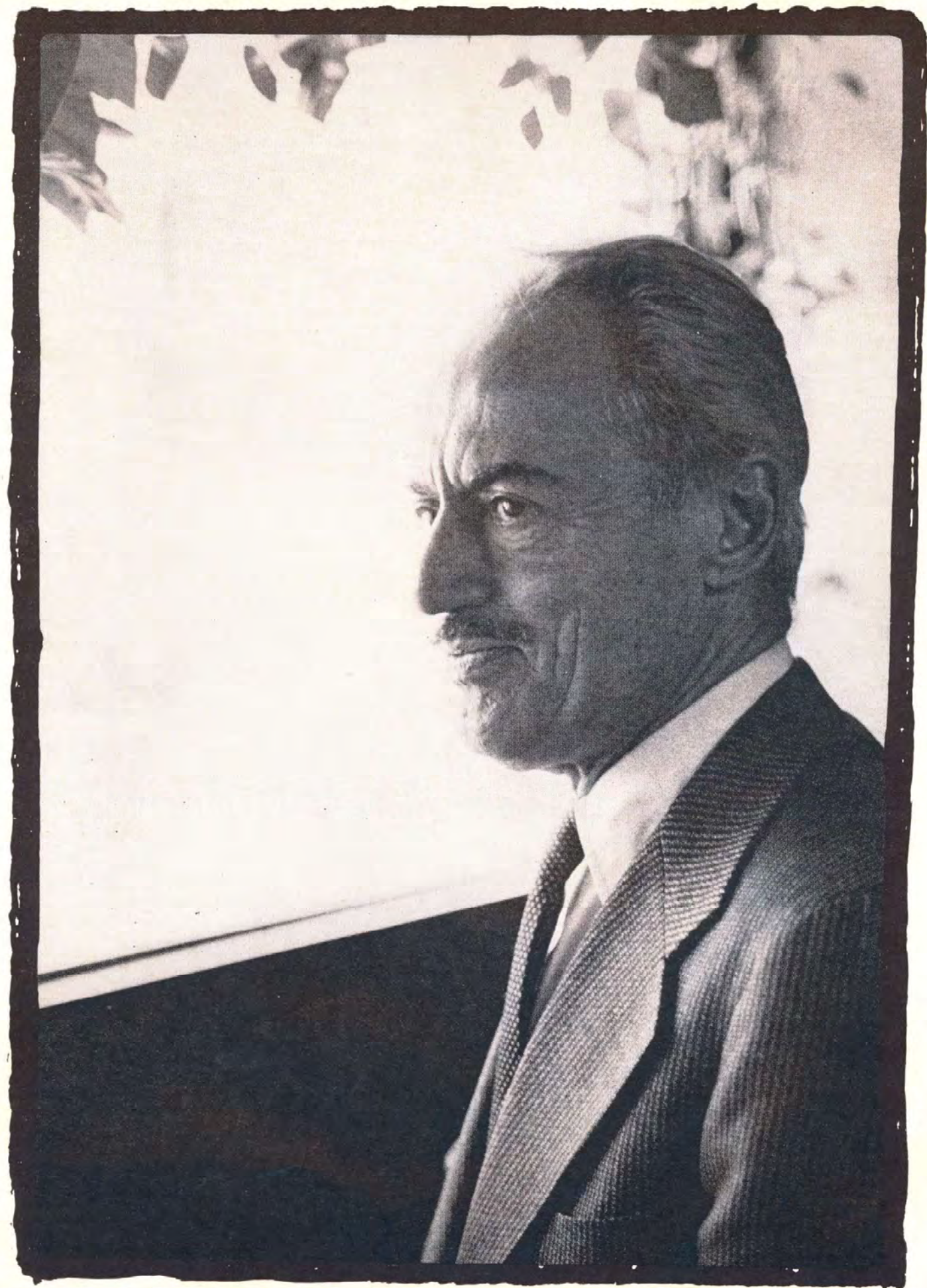
In the course of helping baseball players to achieve all this, Miller has become a controversial figure. Team owners like Walter O'Malley try not to turn livid when his name is mentioned, managers can't stand the sight of him (Leo Durocher once hit baseballs toward the spot where Miller was standing), and sportswriters seem to confuse him with Karl Marx. Furman Bisher of the *Atlanta Journal* has accused Miller of wanting "to destroy an American tradition" and notes that "his bearing, his approach, his terminology belong on a soapbox around the corner from a struck factory." Miller is not without media advocates of his own, rare as they might be. Says Howard Cosell: "Marvin Miller is one of the most respected, brightest labor negotiators in the United States. It's only because of Miller that baseball players have been able to earn the kind of money they deserve to earn. This, of course, greatly upsets the Old World sportswriters, who've always sided with—and enjoyed the favors of—baseball team owners. Miller has done nothing at all to hurt sport."

The object of all this alternating antipathy and praise is an

articulate fifty-eight-year-old who doesn't let his detractors upset him. "When I was first proposed for the job by a screening committee of players, every major leaguer had to participate in a vote of ratification," he remembers. "They'd all been 'briefed' by team owners as to what to expect: a big hulk of a man who didn't speak English very well, who waved a cigar, and who'd walk in with a bodyguard. When I met with the various teams, the contrast wiped out the owners' campaign in five minutes."

A native New Yorker, Miller was born in the Bronx and grew up in Brooklyn, where he used to haunt the bleachers in Ebbets Field, cheering for the Brooklyn Dodgers. A graduate of New York University, Miller spent much of World War II in Philadelphia as a hearing officer, settling disputes for the National War Labor Board. When peace broke out, he trained mediators for the Department of Labor, and in 1950 he became associate director of research for the United Steelworkers of America. Ten years and several promotions later, Miller began specializing in ironing out union-employer problems before labor contracts expired, thereby staving off a number of costly strikes. His work won him the plaudits of *Fortune* magazine and the *Wall Street Journal* as well as a reputation for being bright, forthright, and tenacious. Miller might have remained with the Steelworkers if former Philadelphia Phillies' pitcher Robin Roberts hadn't asked Dr. George W. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania to recommend someone to revamp the Players Association. A labor-relations expert, Dr. Taylor submitted one name—and Miller was soon bringing baseball salaries into line with those earned by football and basketball players.

To interview the silver-tongued negotiator, *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to New York to meet with Miller in the Park Avenue offices of the Players Association. Linderman reports: "*Sports Illustrated* once described Marvin Miller as dapper and feisty, and I see no



reason to argue with that assessment—as far as it goes. Miller's wardrobe and moxie still stand up under close scrutiny, but beyond that the guy happens to be urbane and charming as hell, which is why he's been so spectacularly effective in his work. When you meet him, the first thing you notice about Miller is his wild swirl of gray hair; the second thing you notice is his intensity. Miller is a chain smoker, an incessant coffee drinker, and a compulsive worker—Type A heart behavior, right? Luckily for his health, Miller—at 5 feet 8 inches and 150 pounds—keeps himself in reasonably good shape and will no doubt be driving team owners up the wall for many a year to come.

"When we met to begin taping the *Penthouse* interview, however, it seemed that Miller might have to seek separate accords with the nation's sporting public. This winter's sudden crop of overnight baseball millionaires had clearly irritated a large number of fans, who seemed to think their heroes were turning into strident moneygrubbers. The subject provided a logical way to open our conversation."

Penthouse: Because of their recent—and extraordinary—salary jumps, baseball players have become prime targets of criticism suggesting that they're grossly overpaid. Are they?

Miller: No, they're not. It's my belief, in general, that salaried employees never receive more than they're worth. Oh, now and then a businessman may make a mistake with an individual, but you have to be very foolish to consistently pay your employees more than they're worth to your business. Therefore, by the usual standards, I'd say that except for an occasional error, baseball players are never overpaid.

Penthouse: Why, then, does so much of the public believe otherwise?

Miller: Frankly, it mystifies me. Entertainers, for example, earn much more than ballplayers. Yet rarely, if ever, will you hear that it's outrageous for a Robert Redford to get \$2 million a picture, or for a Frank Sinatra to collect perhaps \$150,000 for a week's appearance in Las Vegas. The reason there's no public furor then is that it's accepted that if a Las Vegas hotel pays Frank Sinatra \$150,000 a week, the hotel's management will have determined that Sinatra is worth it in terms of bringing more people to its gambling casino—which will allow the hotel to make a net profit after paying him that kind of money. Everybody understands that.

People also understand that no movie studio will pay Robert Redford \$2 million to appear in a film unless that studio, in the past, has earned more than that by making and distributing a movie having Redford in it.

Penthouse: Why doesn't the public understand all this in regard to baseball players?

Miller: That's the mystery. But I think at least some of it can be attributed to that element of the sporting press which has always been employer-oriented and which continues to spout a certain amount of pure management propaganda.

Penthouse: Such as?

Miller: That players are overpaid, that salaries have gone sky-high, and so on. Now understand, I'm not drawing a blanket criticism of the sporting press; there are many notable exceptions, who take a really balanced view of the situation and who don't simply parrot what the owner or manager of a baseball club tells them. But there are some who *do* parrot the owners' claims, without any thought of questioning them. In other words, the easy propaganda is to say, "Well, they only play ball." Well, a rock star only sings—but if his records sell, he makes millions of dollars.

Penthouse: True enough. But baseball teams don't earn their employers the kind of money that a rock star generates for his record company. In any case, can players continue to ask for unprecedented salaries with each passing season?

Miller: But that's *not* the case. The fact is, given the most elementary adjustments to allow for changes in the tax laws and in the purchasing power of the dollar, no baseball

A baseball
commissioner does not
represent the
public interest—he's
really just
an employee of the
club owners.

player has ever received the equivalent of Babe Ruth's 1926 salary of \$80,000. It's been estimated that, today, it would take more than \$800,000 a year to equal the purchasing power of Ruth's take-home back then—and that's far more than any American athlete in organized sport has ever been paid.

And yet, as high as Ruth's salary was, there was no outcry about it. It was recognized that Babe Ruth was a great attraction, and that the New York Yankees weren't losing any money on that \$80,000. As a matter of fact, it used to be an *event* when Ruth signed his contract. You didn't have the Yankees' owners saying, "Oh, my God, we've been had." Instead, they bragged about it, because they were promoters and understood the attraction to fans of having a ballplayer whose salary was greater than that of the president of the United States.

Penthouse: Today, however, we've reached a point where certain players are signing contracts that, counting their bonuses, add up to more money than the president plus half his cabinet receive. Don't you think it's gotten a little out of hand?

Miller: What we're really talking about here is what makes for a particular level of

compensation in any industry. In this country salaried compensation is set on a very hodgepodge basis, because we don't have a set of values that says that one type of work is worth so much money, another type of work is worth so much more—or less. I'm oversimplifying now, but, basically, we live in a free-enterprise system, under which salaries are set at a level at which employers can recruit and keep the talent they're interested in—and also make a profit on it.

If we had a planned society in which elected representatives determined national priorities, and if the public accepted that, then we might find top priority given to discovering a cure for cancer. Therefore, in order to recruit the best talent and keep that talent on the job, cancer-research people would be paid top compensation for a given number of years. Now, that's a rational system of compensation, and if we had one, people would look at ballplayers and say, "If only they made a greater social contribution, then perhaps they'd be worth more money."

But we don't have a rational system, and without one you can't simply change all the rules of the game. And the rules of the game are simple: an employer pays his employees in terms of what he can make a profit on, and the employee is interested in how much he can be paid for the work that he does.

Penthouse: Given baseball fans' apparent resentment of players' escalating salaries, do you think teams will continue to make a profit?

Miller: I don't believe that the resentment really amounts to anything, and the proof of it is that baseball, year after year, sets new attendance records. Here and there, a newspaper prints a crank letter, and that becomes "the voice of the fans." But when somebody alleges that fans are turned off, I have to ask: where's the evidence?

Last year, major-league baseball set an all-time attendance record for the championship playoffs. Even *minor*-league attendance was up last year. Additionally, the broadcasting revenue received from radio and television advertisers also set a new record. I repeat: there is no evidence of this great turn-off. It just doesn't exist.

Penthouse: But *won't* it exist when increased payrolls force team owners to raise their ticket prices?

Miller: People don't seem to realize that ticket prices go up *every* year. We've done a chart on this, and while not every team raises its prices every year, still, every year some clubs raise their prices—and sometimes the same club does it three or four years in a row. The point here is that this so-called relationship between a club's payroll and its ticket prices is a figment of somebody's imagination. Charles Finley, for example, last year paid nine of his best players 20 percent less than their 1975 salaries. Meanwhile, he put through the biggest ticket-price raise in the history of the Oakland A's ball club.

Ticket prices are *not* based on payrolls. First of all, player salaries aren't the major contribution to cost that everyone assumes they are—player salaries account for only



The Firefly

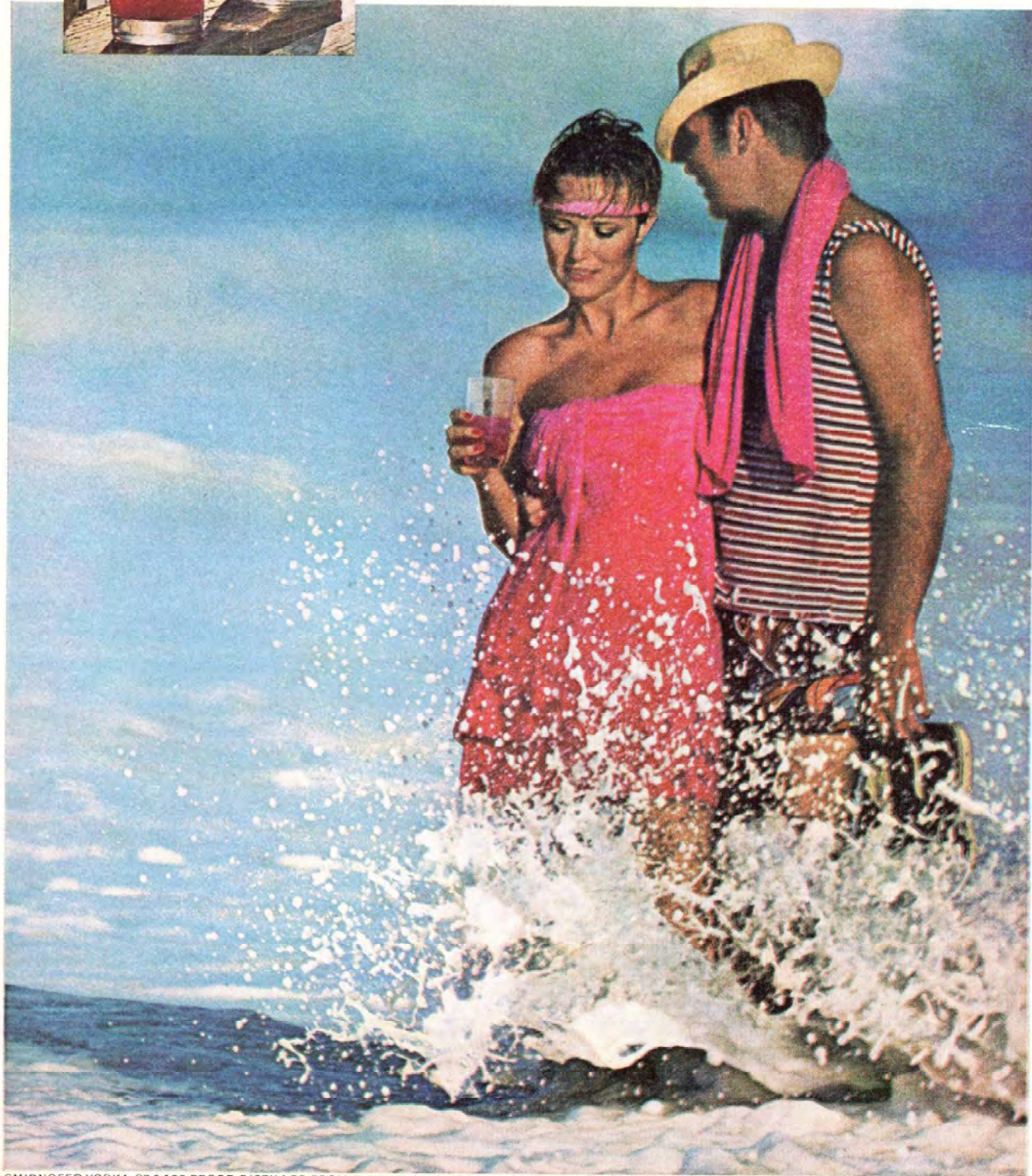
Take yourself to the tropics. It's so easy when you drink pink. Just capture the Firefly.

It's Smirnoff's newest invention. A gorgeous to look-at-and-enjoy blend. We like the Firefly in a tall glass, on the rocks.

Here's how to light one: 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff, grapefruit juice, and enough grenadine to make it as

pink (and as sweet) as you like it. Tonight. Turn your backyard into the tropics. Drink pink. But not too pink. Fireflies may be easy to take, but you know that too much of a good thing isn't a good thing.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®





Come to where the flavor is.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

A full-page photograph of a cowboy on a dark horse, silhouetted against a bright blue sky and distant mountains. The cowboy is wearing a hat and a red shirt. The horse is in motion, galloping across a grassy hill. The text "Marlboro Country." is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Marlboro Country.

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

18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 76

SCORSESE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

people."

It is time for the afternoon's shooting. On the way across the snake pit of cables, visual director David Nichols, who worked with Scorsese on *Mean Streets* and on an early potboiler called *Boxcar Bertha*, discusses the Scorsese method: "Marty's a very collaborative person; he likes a lot of ideas. He works by recognition—when he sees something he likes, he shoots it. The thing I trust most about him is his vision of reality. I like things theatrical; so I'm not seduced by most visions of reality. But Marty has an uncanny ability not to confuse his perception of reality with too much logic. He's very much an impressionist; he doesn't think in a linear way. It all just crowds in at once."

The Morgans and DeHavens put down their bridge decks and snuff out their cigarettes as Scorsese steps onto the set. (Scorsese, who has been an asthmatic since childhood, cannot tolerate cigarette smoke.) Nichols keeps up his patter, best described as creative tech-talk. "We're trying to avoid nostalgia, though we're trying to re-create the movies of the forties." (There are serious problems with that statement, but it would serve no purpose to go into them further. The shadows of *At Long Last Love* and *The Great Gatsby* and *The Way We Were* hover over this enterprise; so *New York, New York* is not a nostalgia movie, and that's that.) "What Marty does with actors is to allow them to find something real for them. He'll put characters in stylistic situations and then let them improvise and work out something comfortable. And that way they come up with reactions just as charming as you find in movies of the forties, when movies were about people and relationships instead of places."

Scorsese is plainly obsessed with people, and that is no small tribute to a director these days, when mystical hellfire and beachfront holocaust are the new order. Remember that wonderful line spoken by Gloria Swanson in *Sunset Boulevard*, when she scoffed at talkies? "We didn't need words," she said. "We had faces then. Nobody has faces anymore." Well, Scorsese's people have faces: Charlie (Harvey Keitel) of *Mean Streets*, visibly anxious to please the Godfather, visibly terrified of perdition; Alice, with a face like fallen paraffin, hanging tough as she sings to a half roomful of bubbling drunks; Travis Bickle, a mask of maniacal immobility as he trains for his ghastly purge.

Actors attribute this quality directly to Marty's willingness to let them improvise, to find their own range and depth. (Several days before I arrived on location, Marty, delighted with a turn done by De Niro, let the actor spin out his scene for an unheard-of eight minutes of camera time.) Keitel, a mainstay of Scorsese's troupe (though not a member of this cast), says: "Marty lets actors bring their own humanity—their ec-

centricities, their humor, their compassion—to a role. With Marty you have freedom, and—you know?—something always pops up. Marty loves people."

A director who loves people? C'mon, Keitel, you're putting us on. There are plenty of cuddly, lovable actresses in film and (God knows) plenty of cuddly, lovable actors, but cuddly, lovable directors? Directors are required by tribal law to generate forty-seven times their weight in excess stomach acid. They fall into several categories: the *kamp kommandant* (Otto Preminger); the rough-as-a-cob ranch foreman (John Huston); the intellectual bitch (Mike Nichols). But Scorsese is a different breed altogether, and the total absence of megalomania is refreshing, to say the least.

Says Barry Primus, who plays Liza's piano player: "Marty respects actors tremendously and wants them to bring themselves and their ideas to the set. Besides, I'm a city kid myself; so I think like him, as if he's a spiritual kid around the block. He has a

It was tough
making *Taxi Driver*,
with blood
splattered all over.
Now I want
to have some fun
for a change.

comic twist toward life. Maybe it's the New York thing, like his perspective on families. Anyway, he's the only director besides Kazan who can make you feel that he knows what you're going through under those lights. He laughs and jokes before a shot, reducing the fear factor. And I dig the fact that he does things like straightening my tie before a shot."

Primus laughs. "No kidding, he does things like that. Another thing, he hires the best technicians—look at this crew. A lot of directors won't hire a whole crew of top people, because they want to run the entire show. But Marty doesn't care who's right or wrong, as long as the scene works. Hell, why should he? It's his film; he's gonna get the credit anyway."

That's true, but Scorsese certainly knows how to share the credit graciously. "I get bored between shots," he explains. "So I walk around and talk to people." He does not exactly walk; he hops, like a cricket, from this actor to that actress, exhorting, cajoling. He turns to the extras and cries, "It looks great! Hey, you guys are doing a terrific job!" To everybody, as he ascends on the boom: "C'mon, gang, this is a musical! Let's have fun!"

It's all very nice that they're having fun, but whether or not they'll make a good movie, even with all that talent and good fellowship, is problematical. Let me say right now that I have no idea, and neither do the director and crew—they never do. (A few years back, Donald Sutherland freely told me that when they had finished *M*A*S*H*, it wasn't just a matter of knowing how good it was; they didn't even know what it was *about*.) Besides, as Marty himself concedes, "This is unquestionably a gamble." But what a curious sort of gamble. *Gamble* in the artistic sense usually means that an author or a director or a painter abandons popular or traditional modes in order to articulate a bold, perhaps disturbing, vision.

Scorsese is doing just the reverse, with an interesting twist. When the project was announced, Scorsese, clearly on the defensive, told Guy Flatley in the *New York Times Magazine*: "The question of commercialism is a source of worry. Must one make a choice? Must it be a matter of either setting your sights on Winning an Academy Award and becoming a millionaire or making only movies you want to make and starving to death?" But it was his dark alley ways that were leading him to Academy Awards and at least modest riches. When I last checked, no one was starving to death on Mulholland Drive—where Scorsese now lives. He comes closer to the heart of the matter when he says: "I wanted to have some fun for a change. Doing *Taxi Driver*, I found it a little tough going on location every morning, with blood splattered all over the walls. We laughed about it, but it was an emotional strain."

Then he says, very simply: "This is the kind of movie I always wanted to make." And there's the key.

Pretty songs are written about there being no street comparing with Mott Street in July, but not by those who grew up in New York's teeming Little Italy. The Scorsese home was a tenement on Elizabeth Street; Marty's father, Charles, was—and is—an immigrant clothes presser. The Scorseses escaped once, to Queens, but finances forced them back to Elizabeth Street. The streets were one education; Mother Church, Sicilian style, was another; his sickbed, yet another. Marty's health set him apart early in life. Asthma is not much fun anywhere, but it is an especially unsavory affliction on a mid-summer's day in New York City. As Scorsese tells it: "Not being able to play games when I was a kid, I developed defenses. I'd say, 'I hate sports; I'm going to go to the movies or stay home and do my story boards.' I drew my own stories, like comic books, and I do that with my movies now. I draw all the scenes, the camera angles and everything first."

So Marty lay in his bed and ignored the hoarse curses and shouts of glee of strapping young Italian boys playing bocce and stickball in the streets, drawing his story boards endlessly through the hot afternoons, dreaming gauzy dreams of the golden, musical world he found in those dark



“I am definitely
not monogamous.
The more variety, the better! ...
I am a total
erotic!”

VALERIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD ROMERO





At a lissome five feet nine inches, Valerie Rae Clark clearly stands out in a crowd. Which is the way she always expected it to be. "I'm definitely an exhibitionist," says our green-eyed, twenty-year-old pet. "When I was a child, my favorite fantasy was to be a stripper—no fairy princesses for me. I dreamed about being up on a stage, in front of men. Now I've started doing exotic dances here in L.A., and I feel I've always been on the stage!" Don't think Valerie is one-dimensional; this auburn-maned Cancer also writes songs, poems, and stories; practices calligraphy; and bakes "the world's best whole-wheat bread." But by far the most exciting event in this 36-23-36 beauty's life was her film debut in Bob Guccione's new film, *Gore Vidal's Caligula*.

THE MERRY MINX OF MAY

"It's probably the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me," she sighs. "Each day I develop more and more as an artist... The things I want are far beyond the scope of normal people's imaginations, but I just go with the flow of it." There is a refreshingly earthy side to this moon child's personality, and she revels in all things sensual: "Food *really* turns me on. I love raw fish—sashimi—because it tastes like sex. To be erotic, you must savor everything, and I am a total erotic!"



"I was fifteen when I lost my virginity. I would have done it earlier, but my mother knew that I was showing an avid interest in sex and was about to jump into it. She told me, 'It's no big deal.' Actually, she loves sex herself but didn't want me to start too soon. My first three experiences—with three different guys—were disastrous. But the fourth man was someone I met at a service station—we were both on bicycles. We rode out into the woods, had wine and grass, and talked. When we finally made love, it was fabulous!"





"When I really want to know a man, I just look into his eyes. If I only lust after him, then I go for the ass. When I get down to actually making love, dressing up for it is a real turn-on. I love doing a striptease or putting on a spangled mask, stockings, and garters."





"I am definitely not a monogamous woman. The more variety, the better! I have certain men I see, and each has his own special game with me. Sometimes we will go to one of those incredible hotels with the mirrors and waterbeds and movies... I like to make love outdoors, too, on grassy hills or out in the desert. I'm very proud of my capacities for fully enjoying sex."









"I like men to smell like men. Madison Avenue may have robbed us of our scents, but that doesn't mean it has robbed us of our instincts. I respond heavily to the natural sex scents we all secrete when excited. I exercise my vaginal muscles regularly—that really increases sexual sensation—and I can't resist showing it off to my man. Once I actually seduced my gynecologist. I waited behind the door in his office, and when he came in, I began pulling his clothes off. He must have liked it, because we made love right there!" Ah, for a loaf of whole-wheat bread, a speculum, and thou 



MISS VALERIE RAE CLARK / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



PENTHOUSE QUIZ

HOW DO YOU RATE ON THE SEXUAL SATISFACTION SCALE?

BY SAM JANUS

I can't get no satisfaction. I can't get no girl reaction. And I try, and I try, and I try... For more than a decade, the Rolling Stones have been knocking audiences dead with this boisterous lament. But for far longer, unhappily, men and women have been complaining about their inability to achieve satisfaction—namely, sexual satisfaction.

Sexual satisfaction is, of course, deeply personal, wholly subjective—or, as the transactionalists would put it, "Different strokes for different folks." How do you feel about your sex life? Really. What satisfies you? Do you like to make love in a hall of mirrors? In the back of a 747 with a compliant stewardess? Or is a hero sandwich at the corner deli more to your tastes? The following questions will do nothing to increase your sex drive—although they may make you horny—but the quiz will tell you just how much satisfaction you get from sex.

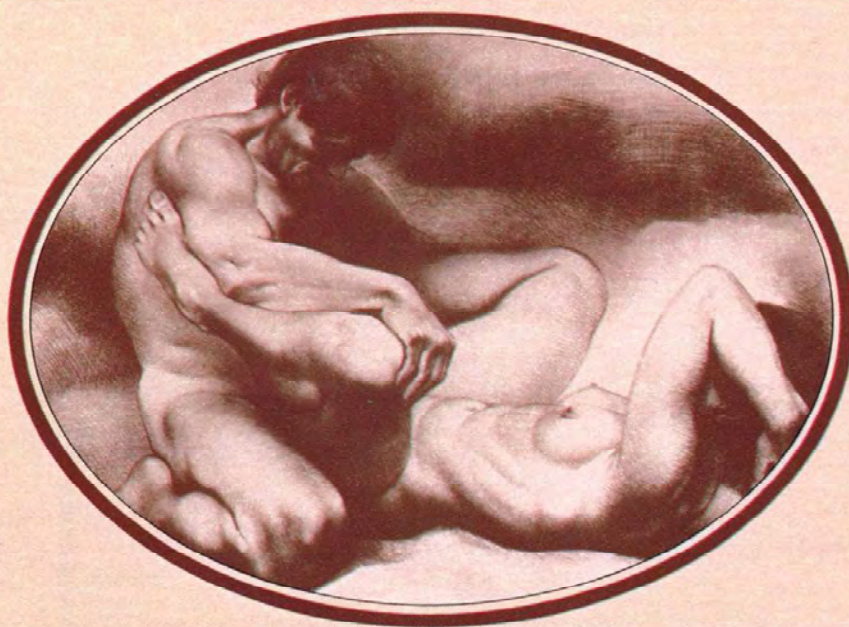
	STRONGLY AGREE	AGREE	UNDECIDED	DISAGREE	STRONGLY DISAGREE
(1) I have sex often enough to suit me...	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(2) I keep finding new techniques and positions which I add to the ways I make love	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(3) I find it hard to predict how I am going to end up a sexual scene; I just leave it to my feelings	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(4) I am concerned with fully enjoying myself, and I let my partner know this	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(5) Despite the claims of experts showing limitations of age and condition, I seem to be exceeding the expected norms about how much sex I should be having	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(6) My sexual appetite is growing with the years and experience	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(7) The other sex seems to be finding me more attractive	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(8) I lose myself so completely in the sex act that it is hard for me to reconstruct the details with certainty	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(9) In sex, satisfying myself is more important than satisfying my partner	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

(10) I find that after sex there is a rush of warmth and good feeling that causes a flush on my face	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(11) I feel closer to my partner <i>after</i> making love than <i>before</i>	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(12) I feel comfortable having my partner share control of what happens, and I feel good about what happens	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(13) I am generally sorry when a sexual experience ends and find myself projecting ahead, looking forward to a repeat	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(14) I enjoy looking at my partner and feasting my eyes on him/her, and in turn enjoy being looked over as well	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(15) I am able to feel and put some appropriate anger into the lovemaking I do	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(16) While I sometimes need fantasy to help me get off, it often isn't necessary and I don't worry about needing it	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(17) I find myself talking during lovemaking in a way that surprises me	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(18) The locus of my lovemaking (e.g., bed, couch, floor, office) varies as I tend to give in to impulse with a willing partner	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(19) Excitement is spontaneous; so that I find myself "feeling" first and thinking afterward about the attraction	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
(20) I can't remember the last time I experienced shame or embarrassment about lovemaking	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

MEASURING YOUR SATISFACTION

Each of the items you have just completed is scored on a five-point scale. Thus the designations headed "strongly agree" are five points; "agree," four; "undecided," three; "disagree," two; and "strongly disagree," one point. After you have assigned a number to the right of each question, simply add up the numbers and see what your rating is on the scale below.

70—100 Superstud. Why are you wasting time with tests? Your time would be better utilized elsewhere! There is



perhaps an overemphasis on perfection—and an obvious luxury of time—in being able to devote oneself to the task so purposefully.

60—69 You've got the right idea. Just keep going with it. Reveals a more realistic hedonistic view that sex is important to a full life and a deep-seated appreciation of what it can do in personal fulfillment. You are open to new nuances and are interested in how to grow and how to expand sensually.

45—59 Welcome to the silent majority. You're about on par with the rest of the country. As with most people, sex is occasionally great for you, but more often it is merely adequate. Try some sharing with your partner on an emotional level. Read some of the excellent and abundant literature on the subject. Just taking this questionnaire shows that you may now be willing to consider additional options in your sex life.

34—44 Not up to snuff—but keep sniffing around. An open mind and a little experience will do the trick. Indicates that anxiety and fear are more prevalent than excitement. Instead of spending your time wondering what all the fuss is about when others declaim about sex, why not try to find out? Reading is one way; there are also sex clinics. But above all don't write yourself off with "it's too late for me." Not only is it never too late, but also people like you, when they discover sex, appreciate it that much more.

20—33 Ouch! You've been down so long that it looks like up! Sex should not be such a grudgingly insignificant item in the life of any human being. With a determined effort you can break out of the isolation; and with education, experience, and desire, you can stop being so desperately unhappy in this sphere. You might examine your background and see how you were programmed to avoid these pleasures of life. You need only the determination, some confidence, and a few really good sexual experiences. Enjoy.

Your answers to several of the questions in the quiz may provide significant insight into your sexual attitudes. Let's explore further some of the concepts involved.

ANGER AS APHRODISIAC

Almost everyone has had the experience of finding himself

incapable of functioning sexually because of anger, hurt, or disappointment, whether real or imagined. It is important to understand that both sex and anger are energy forces. Many people find that by utilizing some of the anger in the process of lovemaking, they are able to use as part of lovemaking the force of the energy otherwise bottled up in the anger. No one is recommending gory S&M scenes; but verbal or physical manifestations of anger often open up doors and generate new excitement between lovers. Instead of waiting and hoping that all will be right for one to make love, anger—which is the most common sex downer known—can be eliminated as a stop signal of lovemaking and, indeed, can be used to propel oneself into the sex situation with a more positive, less vulnerable stance.

TABOO TOPICS

It is amazing that even in 1970s America there are so many taboo sexual topics between lovers. Taboo areas cause schisms between lovers, thus setting them apart emotionally. One often hears the traditional absurdity of a couple who have been married for many years but have never seen each other without clothes, and all of us know some couples who must make love in the dark, not daring to see each other in the act of love. However, there are many other taboo areas inhibiting us as lovers. Some of these are:

(1) Sense of smell, which should be a powerful aphrodisiac but instead is often strongly repressed.

(2) Sexual fantasies, which are not shared with the partner or even acknowledged by the individual.

(3) Use of new positions or techniques, which are considered off limits and taboo by either partner.

(4) Secret wishes or pleasures, whose "normality" we are not sure of and which we do not express to our partner because of the risk involved.

(5) Even talking while making love is often taboo, and most Americans go through their sex lives in desperate silence, never sharing with their partners what they are feeling while actively engaged in lovemaking.

Eliminating these taboos in lovemaking will add additional dimensions of relatedness and intimacy that enhance and promote sensuality. 

CARTER'S DRAFT-DODGER PARDON: Betrayal of Our Past, Threat to Our Future

The next time, perhaps several years from now, that our country is threatened and we say, once again, to our young men, "Go forth armed against our enemies, as we have gone before," they will have every reason to reply: "Kiss off, as you have done before!" If that happens, we will discover the consequences of living out the bumper-sticker slogan about having a war to which nobody comes. You can be sure that the other side will come.

Despite what many young people may think, Vietnam was not our first controversial war. During the years before Pearl Harbor, when we were being dragged into the conflict, reluctant and protesting, by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thousands of young men—American and English—took the Oxford Oath, swearing never to bear arms for their country. They made the graffito "OHIO" (Over the Hill in October) as popular as the later "Kilroy was here" would become. But when the fat was in the fire, the same young men flew Spitfires in the Battle of Britain, drove Patton's tanks into Germany, and swept the Japanese fleet from the Pacific.

Then there was an earlier war, in which 40,000 young men refused the first draft of the Union. Some of the most vicious antidraft riots in our nation's history flared in the North as late as the Battle of Gettysburg.

So the peremptory judgments of youth on war and peace are not necessarily correct. We now know, of course, that Roosevelt brought us into a war against Fascist genocide and Lincoln brought us into one against slavery. But today another president has made a different mark on history.

During the election campaign Jimmy Carter declared that it was time to end the damage, hatred, and divisiveness of the Vietnam War. He announced his intent to grant a blanket pardon to those who evaded the draft during that conflict. Now, as our new president, he has been true to those words. Perhaps



By Lewis W. Walt

General Walt, who led the marines in combat in three wars, served after his retirement from active service as the senior military member of President Ford's Clemency Board. He won, among other honors, two Navy Crosses and two Distinguished Service Medals, and is the author of *Strange War, Strange Strategy and America Faces Defeat*.

his action will bridge the divisiveness and cool the hatred, but I believe that the damage has been made worse. And we will not know how severe it is until we need fighting men again, somewhere, sometime.

The president's action means that a citizen's obligation to *himself* is equal to, or greater than, any obligation to his society. By forgiving those who survived a war by avoiding service, the president has made it plain to the families of the men killed in action, to the 150,000 who were wounded, and to the almost 9 million who served that their personal sacrifices were needless. Now they know that it was possible to have lived out the war years in city pads or rural communes, in Sweden or in Canada, awaiting the ultimate pardon. And even more important, these and similar sanctuaries, far more comfortable and safer than the rude circumstances of battle, will be available in the future. That is the real damage done by our president, damage greater than that of the Vietnam War.

Obviously, the president had the legal right to grant pardon to draft evaders. And he certainly acted courageously by keeping his election-campaign promise. But a president's obligations are not confined to just those who are alive during his term of office. He must not forget those who lived, worked, served, fought, and died in the past. And he must remember that his actions will affect our nation long after his departure from office—when, in the future, we call upon men to sacrifice their well-being, to offer their lives if necessary in defense of our country or its freedoms.

As one who has commanded men in battles from Guadalcanal to Vietnam, I can attest to the seriousness and humbleness of responsibility. Many men fought in those battles, in wars we did not make but were trying to end, as decent men of goodwill. The price, at the least, was years of youth spent in hazard and

6 We won't know how damaging the
president's action has been until we need fighting
men again, somewhere, sometime. 9

deprivation. For some, it was years in a veterans' hospital. For too many, it was their lives. After forty-one years in the armed forces, I have earned the right to say this: *blanket amnesty for those who evaded danger and discomfort—and the possibility of amnesty for those who deserted, who refused combat for other than religious reasons, or who defected to a foreign land to avoid military service—is a betrayal of our past and a threat to our future.* I don't know how any president, regardless of his personal convictions, could not help restraining himself from any such action. No one of us alive today has the right to mortgage the future of our country and our people with such a precedent.

We can, if we wish, sympathize with those who made their choice in defiance of our laws, who regarded the responsibilities of citizenship lightly, who even abandoned that citizenship rather than fulfill its obligations. We can consider such cases individually and perhaps, in calm judgment, offer forgiveness. But that is as far as we can go and maintain good faith with those who preceded us and those who will follow.

We have gone that far before, to the satisfaction of a few and to the aggravation of many. During my service on President Ford's Clemency Board amnesty was offered generously, but many spurned it. Many of those who did appear before us had experienced their twinges of conscience and moral outrage only when they were ordered to go to Vietnam or were sent to Southeast Asia; in barracks at home or on duty in Western Europe, they served willingly. Their concept of an immoral war was honed to a keen edge by the prospect of personal risk. Others who asked for clemency had deserted their fellows on the field of combat, leaving the resolute to fight and pay for the deserters' pusillanimity with their own wounds or lives.

In some cases, disaffection with the war in Vietnam came late, after a half a dozen or more unauthorized absences or half a dozen or more years of desertion. Some whose conscience and moral outrage were so sensitive that they considered the war in Vietnam obscene were separately guilty of rape, manslaughter, murder, grand larceny, armed robbery, or aggravated assault, under circumstances in which their personal codes of conduct and values were obviously less delicate. Over my disagreement, drug addiction in barracks in the United States and Germany was attributed to the Vietnam War and accepted by the majority of the Clemency Board as a mitigating factor.

I did not disagree and actively supported clemency for highly

idealistic young men with reasoned personal convictions or for genuinely conscientious objectors on religious grounds, whose only errors were procedural and who for some reason had not obtained the exemptions from service to which they were entitled. As it should have been, as it should be always, we were considering individuals, each different from the next, no one entirely noble and none entirely base. This is the reason why no blanket amnesty can be equitable and why those who demand it are either fools or without principles.

During the time I served on the Presidential Clemency Board, the inequities of our selective-service system through most of the Vietnam War became increasingly plain. From my own experience, I knew that the burden of armed combat fell mostly on the poor and on the underprivileged. Student deferments were available to those whose parents were able to pay the soaring costs of college tuitions. It is my assumption that the increasingly high caliber of young men joining the State National Guards and the Federal Reserve units during the war years was to some degree a consequence of influence exercised by those capable of doing so. In the ranks of the combat troops in Vietnam were many sons from gentle and affluent homes, but the bulk of the men who fought there did so because their parents were unable to send them to college, play golf with the right people, or obtain letters of recommendation from key members of the community.

Something else was noticeable as I reviewed the hundreds of clemency cases: many of the young men who accepted expatriation or blatantly broke the law viewed themselves as members of an elite group to which the standards set by our society did not apply. Dissent to them was a prerogative. They considered themselves specially enlightened, particularly gifted, more knowledgeable, and less responsible than the preceding generations. They cast blame on society.

We should keep in mind the almost 9 million men who served in the U. S. Armed Forces during the course of the Vietnam War without dodging the draft, deserting, or defecting to a foreign country. These, too, are individuals possessed of consciences, capable of moral outrage, and with values equally precious to them.

The new attempt at amnesty for draft evaders is by no means the end. Universal unconditional amnesty will remain an issue for the indefinite future. If it is accomplished, the next step will be reparations to North Vietnam for the damage done: a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178





Last night I dreamed I went to
Namberley again. It seemed,
as I stood before the great
wooden door, that I might enter
and call out Trevor's

name, just as I had
before the tragedy. My clothes
seemed to melt away as I ran
upstairs, looking for my lover,
trembling with anticipation.

REBECCA REMEMBERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERNOT PLITZ





I have never been able to dispel the vision of Trevor's smiling blue eyes, the way they would look mockingly down at me, even during the throes of our fiercest passion. Now, dreaming, I go into the music room—the room of our secret indulgences. We lock the door and Trevor is inside me in moments, his body pumping soundlessly as the rest of the household scurries about, oblivious of our furious, abandoned lovemaking.





Now, with Trevor gone, I run from room to room, sighing and calling out for him. But even in my dreams he will appear no more. I must content myself with my own fingers ... this thundering in my body must be quieted. My buttocks thump rhythmically against the cool marble staircase as the sweet ecstasy finally comes. I awake refreshed, in the arms of my new lover ...



SCORSESE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Forty-second Street theaters, dreaming of the ferocious God he found in those dark Italian churches. "I believed everything the priests told me," he recalls. "I wouldn't touch meat on Friday, and I believed I would go to hell if I missed mass on Sunday."

As he got older, however, sports came to mean less and less in the way of acceptance; on city streets a fast mouth is the latter-day equivalent of a fast gun, and Marty's wit was quick. He stayed on the right side of the church and the law, but he still ran with a rough crowd in a neighborhood where a boy could drink as soon as he could get his nose over the bar. He learned the requisite prejudices (Irish cops and Jewish shopkeepers were the main targets) and talked a tough game, but he secretly nurtured dreams of becoming a priest.

God lost out to Vincente Minnelli when Scorsese went to N.Y.U., where he learned of the film department. College also opened another world for him: like Alexander Portnoy discovering shiksas at Kenyon, Scorsese found at N.Y.U. that there were actually girls with blonde hair. (Thus he chose Cybill Shepherd, the ultimate Golden Wet Dream of the seventies but the worst actress this side of Candy Bergen, to play the idol of Travis's chaste, aberrant worship in *Taxi Driver*.) Marty actually married a nice Jewish-Irish girl, but the union did not hold (she now lives in New Jersey with her second husband and Marty's eleven-year-old daughter, Catherine). N.Y.U. mainly taught him how to make movies, well enough so that he stayed on to teach himself. Still, it is an understatement to say that he did not make an easy transition from Catholic street punk/dreamer to burgeoning filmmaker. Says Dita Sullivan, a former student who still works occasionally on Scorsese movies: "He was the only person at N.Y.U. who knew film, but he was so tight and nervous you could hardly walk up and say hello to him. Now he's practically the most relaxed person in the world compared with what he once was."

Scorsese shot commercials, served as supervising editor of *Woodstock*, finally wrote and directed his first feature in 1967, *Who's That Knocking at My Door?* The movie, surprising to say, concerned an Italian-American youth, lost and alone, who views the world through the bleak prism of his prejudices. It brought Marty to the attention of Roger Corman, king of the B-movies, who signed him to direct *Boxcar Bertha*. It was low-rent stuff, but it taught Marty how to shoot fast and furiously, and how to handle violence with a camera. The violence, in turn, caused him to think of home.

"Violence has always been a pretty scary thing for me," he says, "but I'm fascinated by it, especially by the aimlessness of it. It's always erupting when you don't expect it, particularly in a city like New York."

"When we were scouting locations for *Taxi Driver* up by Lincoln Center one day," he

continued, "the ballet had just let out and a number of women were crossing to catch a bus. Suddenly a big guy walked over to a very old lady and punched her in the mouth, and a young lady began screaming and crying. The guy just walked away. Senseless violence. Yet if you got into that guy's head—into his character—who knows?"

New York did not have a chance to spring any of its pretty surprises on the Scorsese party laying out the locations for *Mean Streets*, because the film was shot entirely in Los Angeles. (Yes, of course it fooled you. It fooled Laszlo Kovacs, too, one of the finest cameramen in the world, who came to Marty after seeing *Mean Streets* and told him he wanted to work for him. Kovacs is now the director of photography for *New York, New York*.) Marty had written the movie some years before with a colleague, but it was purely Scorsese's blood and soul that are spilled in those ugly pool halls and tenements and, finally, in the devastating car shootout.

“
All my life I've
been an outsider. . . .
I have lots
of friends, lots of people
around me,
but I'm still on the
outside.”

Scorsese himself played the trigger man (he also appeared as a kinky passenger in *Taxi Driver*), but this appearance was no more than a Hitchcockian whim. His business was directing, and he needed actors, actors he could like and trust. It was no accident that the actors he sought, and who ultimately became the backbone of his growing troupe, were his own age and products themselves of the New York streets. They are, of course, Keitel and De Niro, and in *Mean Streets* they played two sides of Scorsese's badly rent personality: Charlie, a shrewd, well-pressed, upwardly mobile young mobster who is eventually destroyed for his protective custody of the lame-brained loser, Johnny-Boy.

Keitel was splendid, but it was De Niro who caught the critics' eye and the public's imagination. To shuffle smartly from an ill-fated redneck major-league catcher (*Bang the Drum Slowly*) to an ill-fated Little Italy street anarchist was no mean feat. The same can be said of his following Marlon Brando in *The Godfather* by playing him as a young man in *Godfather II*. De Niro created a character of his own (with delicate obeisance to his elder), moving Brando to utter, "I don't think he even knows how good he is."

Says Scorsese (who had met De Niro a few times in bars when they were teenagers): "Professionally, he's a perfectionist. He had his hair cut for *Mean Streets* twice before he thought it was right. . . . He went down to the old neighborhood and prowled the alleys. For *Bang the Drum Slowly*, he read every book he could find on baseball, and he lived with a team during spring training."

After a commercial break for *Alice*, Scorsese was ready to tackle *Taxi Driver*. De Niro, of course, was the only man to play the psychopathic Vietnam veteran who turns the screen into a bloody, bloody nightmare. Even the Motion Picture Accreditation Academy, which would prefer to see our youngsters awash in blood rather than witness to an embrace, found the gore too much and threatened an X-rating until Marty agreed to tone it down. He did it, but the themes of alienation and social oppression still erupted through the garbage-strewn gutters of the city, scalding everyone within reach. Some loved it; more hated it; everyone talked about it.

Whatever else is said of *Taxi Driver*, it was, like *Mean Streets*, another canvas of Scorsese's tortured-and-damned childhood that he was driven to paint in the most vivid of God's colors. Says Scorsese: "I had to make that movie. Not so much for the social statement it makes, but because of its feeling about things, including things I don't like to admit about myself. You see, I know this guy Travis. I've had the feelings he has, and those feelings have to be explored, taken out and examined. I know the feeling of rejection that Travis feels, of not being able to make a relationship survive. I know the killing feeling, the feeling of really being angry."

It is this passion for self-exploration—as well as exploration of the motives of others—that has given Scorsese's work thus far the stamp of originality, of *authenticity*. Now he has finished years of analysis, remarried, and explored all the dreadful labyrinths he wants to explore.

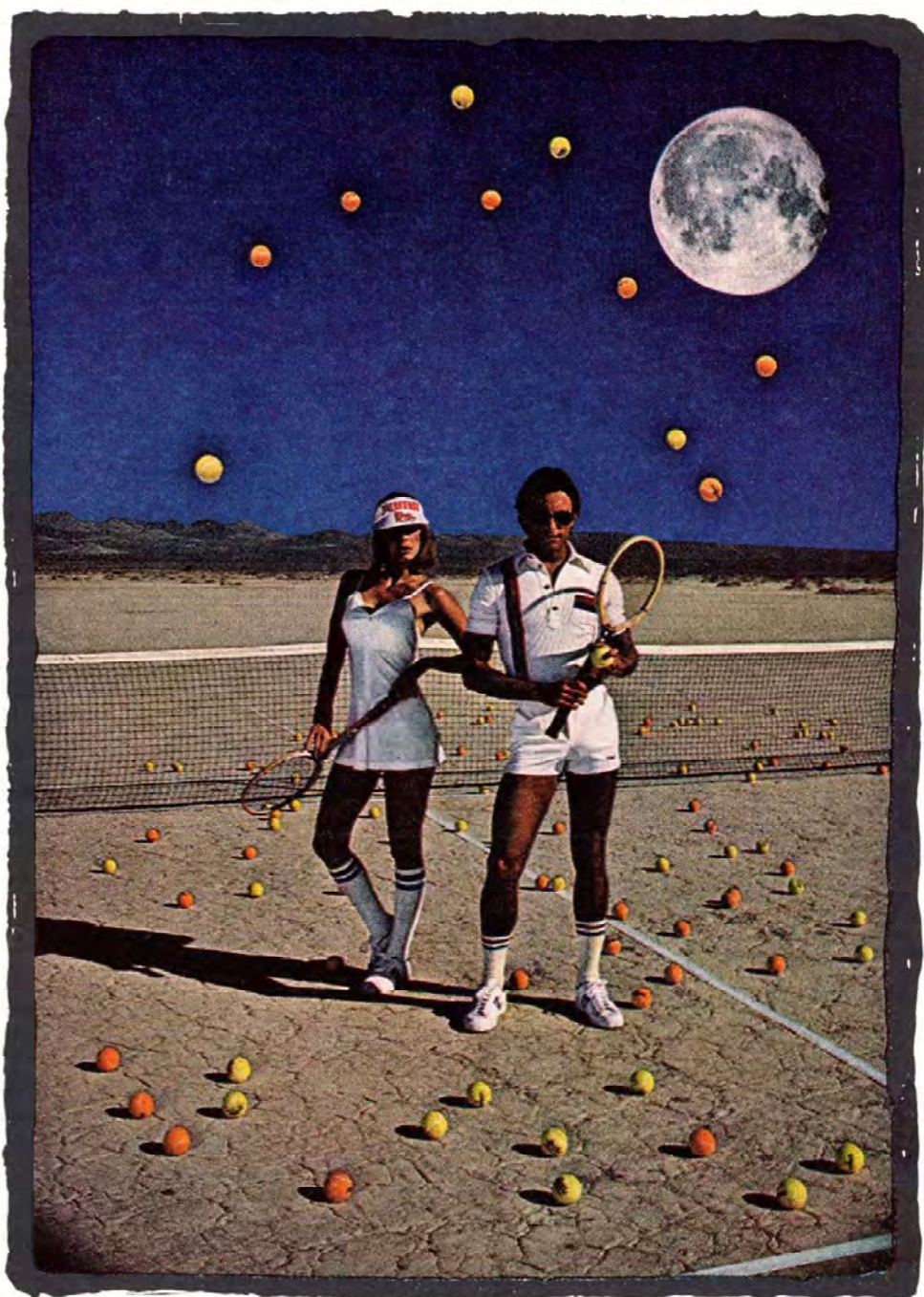
Some months before he began shooting *New York, New York*, Scorsese said: "I look for a thematic idea running through my movies, and I see that it's the outsider struggling for recognition. And I realize that all my life I've been an outsider and, above all, been lonely but have never realized it. Oh, I have lots of friends, lots of people around me, but I'm still on the outside."

Not anymore. There he is in the middle of a movie movie, with Judy's daughter, and he's playing Mickey Rooney: "Hey, I've got it, gang! Let's put a show together!" This is what he has yearned for since he was a boy, listening to all these street kids playing stickball outside, later hustling pool, hanging around dank bars, but always returning to the impossible dream world created for him in the Forty-second Street theaters. As he grew up, he purged his soul of those fearful days and nights in Little Italy, transforming them into crude, driving fiction that left him spent. In doing so, Martin Scorsese made those mean streets the mythology of his own past. His story boards are his reality now. 

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

COURTING

Bright tennis togs win the net advantage.



Time was when only white meant right to the racket set, but this spring most courts will be brilliant with color. And whether your game is singles or doubles, it's a cinch you'll improve your appearance—if not your backhand—with red, white, and blue; blue, white, and yellow; and green, white, and red. The way the colors match up gives you the clear advantage.

The all-American tennis look from France—polyester shirt (\$28.50) with cotton shorts (\$27.50) and socks by Pierre Cardin, For Tennis. Shoes by Fred Perry; sunglasses by Bausch and Lomb; racket by Bancroft. Her tennis outfit by Head Tennis; shoes by Fred Perry; socks by Jockey; racket by Davis; sunglasses by Bausch and Lomb; wristband and visor by Puma for Beconta. All tennis balls by Bancroft, Spaulding, and Wilson.

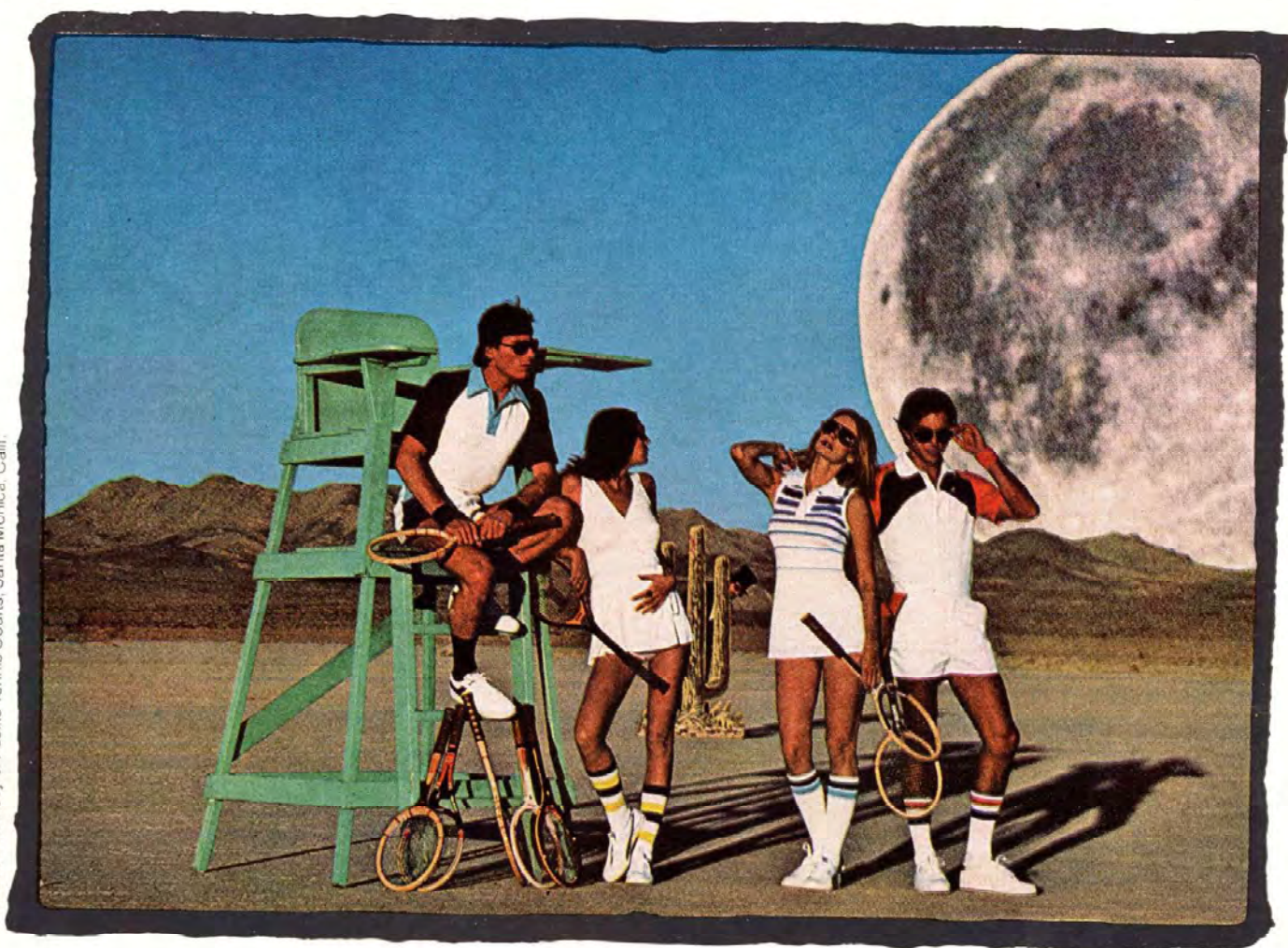


Umpire chair courtesy of Marina City Club, Marina Del Rey, Calif.

(Above, left to right) His striped, cotton-mesh shirt (\$15) and poly-cotton, blend shorts (\$13) are from the Arthur Ashe Collection by Catalina. The shoes are by Fred Perry; socks by Jockey; sunglasses by Foster Grant; racket by Yamaha. Her dress is by Head Tennis; shoes by Adidas; socks by Jockey; racket by Bancroft. The other woman's mesh outfit is by Head Tennis; shoes by Pony; socks by Interwoven; racket by Wilson. Both women's sunglasses are by Cool-Ray. His green, poly-cotton mesh shirt (\$15) and shorts (\$24) are by Head Tennis. Shoes are by Pony; socks by Jockey; sunglasses by Foster Grant; racket by Spaulding. (Opposite) The stripe force. At left, his cotton shirt (\$16) and dacron-polyester shorts (\$15) are by Jimmy Connors Sportswear by Robert Bruce. Shoes by Adidas; socks by Jockey; sunglasses by Bausch and Lomb. The bolder stripe-cotton shirt (\$14) and shorts (\$13) are by John Newcombe by Interwoven. Shoes by Puma for Beconta; socks by Jantzen; sunglasses by Cool-Ray. Both men's tennis rackets are by Spaulding. Her dress is by John Newcombe by Interwoven. Shoes by Pony; visor by Puritan; racket by Bancroft.







(Opposite) The brown-and-white game. His poly-cotton shirt (\$16) and dacron-polyester shorts (\$13) are by Rod Laver by Puritan. The shoes are by Roots; socks by Jantzen, racket by Adidas. If your forehand is a bit backward and your overhand not quite so smashing as you would like, we recommend the Rod Laver's Tennis Clinics for all your net woes. Phone (800) 231-3451, toll-free, for the location of the "Rod Laver's Tennis Holidays" clinic nearest you. Her outfit is by John Newcombe for Interwoven. Shoes by Fred Perry; sunglasses by Bausch and Lomb; racket by Davis. (Above, left to right) His ensemble of cotton-polyester shirt with contrasting terry-cloth sleeves (\$15) and cotton shorts (\$17) and socks, headband and wristbands by Jockey/Alexander Shields. Shoes by Pony. Both women's tennis outfits by Head tennis. Both pairs of shoes by Puma for Beconta; socks by Jockey; sunglasses by Foster Grant; rackets by Yamaha and Wilson. His cotton-polyester, contrast-sleeve shirt (\$14) and matching shorts (\$12) and socks by Jantzen. Shoes by Eagle for Johnston and Murphy. Both men's tennis rackets by Bancroft. Sunglasses are by Cool-Ray.

MARVIN MILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

20 to 25 percent of the total revenue of major-league baseball. Second, businessmen don't set their prices in relation to costs. They set prices according to the maximum dollars they believe they can get from sales.

In the case of a sports enterprise, that means simply that a businessman will price his stadium at that level that brings in the maximum dollar. If he can fill his stadium with a top ticket price of eight dollars, it behooves him to see what he'll get from a ten-dollar top. He may not continue to sell out the stadium, but if he makes more with that ten-dollar top than with the sellout at eight dollars, the price will stay at ten dollars. And that has nothing to do with what his payroll is—nothing whatsoever. The only exception I would make to that, in any industry, is the case in which a company is in the red. Then it has to raise prices; otherwise, it can't meet its costs.

Penthouse: A number of team owners have made the claim that the free-agent agreement that you helped negotiate—which this past winter resulted in nineteen free agents signing contracts for \$24 million—will indeed put baseball in the red. Are they wrong?

Miller: Yes. But before we get into that, I think you have to understand the reason for that agreement. For something like ninety years, baseball operated under a self-serving system in which a player, once he signed his first professional contract—usually as a high-school senior—became the property of the club that signed him. That club retained the right to his services for the rest of

his natural life—unless they traded him, sold him, or released him because he could no longer make the team. In another time and place, that concept was known as slavery, but in baseball it was considered natural and proper.

Basically, the new agreement says that after six years a player is no longer bound to a club. At that point, he can say, "I am now a free agent, able to negotiate with other clubs. If I decide to play for another club, for reasons such as better money or better working conditions, I'm free to contract with that club."

Incidentally, lifetime ownership of players by clubs was not ended by collective bargaining alone. The first step resulted from an arbitration decision.

Penthouse: Are you referring to the case of pitcher Andy Messersmith?

Miller: Yes, I am. The issue was the interpretation of the standard player contract, which stated that a baseball club had the right to renew a player's contract for one year beyond the expiration of the contract itself. We said that the contract didn't give a club a lifetime hold on players, as the owners had always maintained. The arbitrator agreed with us; and once he had arrived at that decision, it meant that a player could become a free agent one year after his contract expired. We agreed to modify that in the owner's direction. And so, except for players who had the same contract Messersmith had, henceforth it will take six years of major-league service before a player can become a free agent. We then set up a selection procedure that includes a quota, so that no one club can sign up all of the most talented free agents.

Prior to all this, if a player didn't like a

club's salary offer, he had only one alternative: find a new way to make a living. And I think it's evidence of the kind of brainwashing that a lot of sports fans have undergone that so many of them never fully understood the inequity and indignity of that situation. The player would be told, "You will either play for my team at my terms or, not only won't you work here—you won't work anywhere."

Penthouse: Did that actually happen to numerous players?

Miller: It happened to all players and at all times. The process whereby a player and the club management talked to each other about salary was termed negotiation. But it was something less than negotiation when one side could tell the other, "You either take what we're offering or you're not a ball-player anymore."

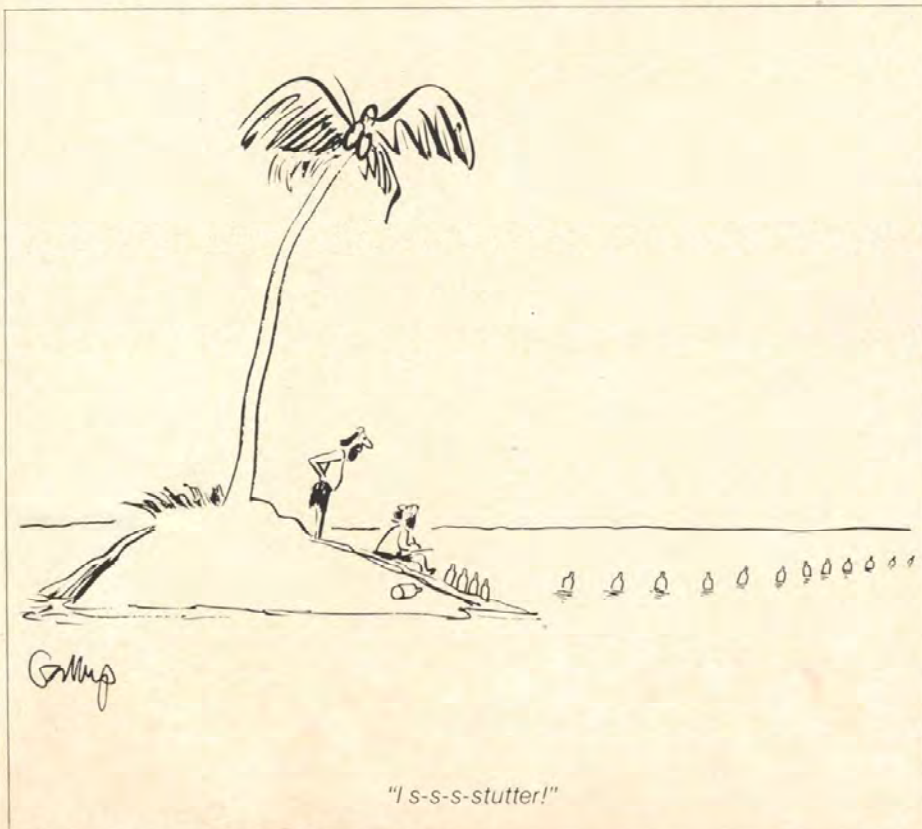
And before 1966, when the Major League Players Association was reorganized, it was even worse than that. Up until then, when an athlete signed the standard player contract, he agreed to be bound by all the major-league rules and regulations—we're talking about six volumes of fine print—without ever getting a copy of them. In addition, he agreed to be bound by those rules as they might be changed by the owners. That meant that the owners, if they wanted to, could change the rules concerning, say, the moving allowance given to players who are traded, or the rules regarding how many times a player can be optioned to the minor leagues. The players' lives were subject to the owners' whims, and the standard player contract added up to the player's signing an absolutely blank check. And it was mandatory that every player sign that blank check, or else he couldn't play ball.

On top of that, the contract contained a provision that a player could be disciplined, fined, and/or suspended "at the discretion of the club." There was no concept of due process or just cause. If somebody didn't like you, you could find yourself out of baseball—and there was no appeal.

Penthouse: Do you know of cases in which players were barred in the manner you've just indicated?

Miller: Sure I do. In 1946, for example, two brothers in Mexico who had some money decided to entice several big-name American players into the Mexican League. A number of major leaguers went down there to play, including Sal Maglie and Max Lanier. The baseball commissioner, acting as agent of the owners, promptly blacklisted all of them. One player in the group, Danny Gardella, became famous when he refused to accept being blacklisted. By filing suit against baseball and winning in the lower courts and at the circuit-court level, he had all the owners trembling. They thereupon made a financial settlement with him. That kind of blacklisting was possible because, if you've got a system in which power is delegated without any checks or balances, mistakes are going to be made, and you're going to find arbitrary decisions.

Today there's no longer any reference in the contract to discipline at the discretion of



the club owner. Players can be disciplined only for just cause, and when a grievance is filed, an impartial arbitrator, selected by the Player's Association and the owners together, holds a hearing and makes a final and binding decision. Also, the player no longer agrees to be bound by any "changes" in rules by the owners; the rules can't be changed without negotiation.

Penthouse: The agreement you've described thus far sounds equitable. But if that's the case, why is it that team owners like the Oakland A's Charley Finley have predicted that it will bring about the end of baseball?

Miller: Well, what I and the players see as the importance of establishing a dignified man-to-man relationship, many of the owners see as a revolution of the peons. They all object to it, of course, because we're talking about money. Finley has greater objections than most, and I think they relate to the amount of loss the agreement has cost him: Oakland led the major leagues in the number of players who played out their options and became free agents. And I find that there is a certain justice in that, because if there is one team owner who has consistently stepped on the essential dignity of his players, it is Charles Finley.

Penthouse: Can you back that up with any specifics?

Miller: There are so many; the problem is to to pick the best. Last year, I remember, Finley got into a quarrel with Sal Bando about something, and afterwards, in the press, he kept calling Bando the village idiot, saying Sal didn't have a brain in his head—that kind of nonsense. Attempts at public humiliation have been standard operating procedure for Charles Finley, who, by the way, is not a stupid man. He can be extremely charming and persuasive, but he can also be a tyrant, and he can erupt in a completely unpredictable—if not irrational—way at a moment's notice.

For instance, some years back, when Catfish Hunter was still with the A's, Hunter was interested in buying a large farm in North Carolina, and Finley heard about it. One day, he came into the clubhouse and asked Hunter how much money was needed for the down payment. The amount was something like \$150,000. Finley then invited Jim into his office and immediately wrote him out a check. Hunter was absolutely flabbergasted. He said, "Mr. Finley, when do I have to pay you back? And how am I going to raise this kind of money?" Finley told him, "Don't worry about it—when you've got the money, you'll pay me."

So Hunter took the check, plus a lot of his own money, and bought the farm. About four weeks later, Finley walks into the Oakland clubhouse and says, "Jim, I want to talk to you. I don't care what I said to you last month, I want that money back *now*!"

To make a long story short, for the rest of the season Finley followed Hunter around, yelling at him. Finley went on more road trips with the team than he'd ever gone on, just so that he could bug Jim, usually in front of the other players and the press. He'd scream

Alive with pleasure! Newport



*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*



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

Box & Kings: 16 mg. "tar",
1.2 mg. nicotine av. per
cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.

FORUM



Photo by Les Underhill

KICK UP YOUR HEELS AND LIVE!

No matter what your age, you'll kick up your heels when you read FORUM. That's because FORUM is about living and loving ... it's about you!

By reading FORUM you'll keep abreast of the hottest trends in sex, health, and nutrition. That's because our articles are written by today's foremost authorities.

In our "Adviser" and "Open Forum" sections you'll have a chance to air your personal views and questions, as well as read about

the intimate experiences of others. Our letters are guaranteed to intrigue you, entice you, and keep you entertained for hours.

Forum is a fun-loving experience. One you'll want to cherish and savor for years. Become a full-time participant and save \$3.25 off regular rates with a subscription. You deserve to kick up your heels and live!

Send your check or money order for \$12.00 (12 issues) to FORUM, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

things at Hunter like, "You goddamned welsher! You got my money and I want it back!" The man can go from the sublime to the ridiculous in a moment.

Penthouse: It doesn't seem ridiculous to point out, as Finley has, that the exorbitant salaries received by baseball's free agents this year will encourage more players to become free agents next year. You mentioned earlier that player salaries currently make up 20 to 25 percent of baseball's total revenue; yet free agents have been getting average raises of more than 400 percent. Can baseball teams really afford to shell out the kind of money that their players are now demanding?

Miller: I think you're talking about the exceptions, top stars like Reggie Jackson, Rollie Fingers, and a few others.

Penthouse: All right, let's take the case of Don Baylor, a thoroughgoing pro but certainly no superstar. Last season he earned \$35,200 with the Oakland A's. Then, during the winter, as a free agent, he signed a five-year contract with the California Angels that reportedly begins at \$150,000 a year, ends at \$220,000 a year, and also includes a \$500,000 bonus for signing. Prorating his bonus, Baylor is actually earning well over 600 percent more a season than he has ever earned.

Miller: Okay, let's examine that—but one year at a time, because I think this business of adding up a five-year package and then looking at a one-year contract is a little like comparing apples and oranges.

To begin with, last season Baylor took a 20 percent pay cut because he didn't sign a contract with Oakland. So, while he was paid \$35,200, the odds are that if he'd signed with the A's, he probably could have gotten anywhere from \$55,000 to \$65,000, because he was in line for a raise. You may be talking about a difference of about \$90,000; and if a club has two players like that, they've only upped their annual payroll by perhaps \$180,000. The question is, Can they afford that?

Then there's that bonus of \$500,000. The clubs say it costs them somewhere between \$600,000 and \$700,000 to develop a major-league player—not a *star* player, just one who'll make it to the major leagues and stick. Well, if a club picks up a Don Baylor, as far as that club is concerned it has no prior investment in him in terms of player-development costs. Baylor's \$500,000 bonus is actually less than what they say it costs them to develop just an average ballplayer. And for it, they're getting a *better-than-average* player.

Penthouse: Following that logic, a below-average free agent probably should ask his new team for a bonus of at least \$250,000, on the grounds that he's saving the club more than that in player-development costs. At any rate, this past winter produced twenty-five free agents. How many can we expect next year?

Miller: I really don't know. Last spring the owners predicted there would be hundreds of free agents this time around—that was their hue and cry all through those difficult

negotiations, and they were really hysterical about it. We said, naturally, that nobody could predict how many players would finish the season without signing a contract, but that our best estimates were two dozen. As you mentioned, the number turned out to be twenty-five.

As for next year, I don't think it's a question of getting into the area of 200 or 400, because that's just not going to happen. The more likely question is, Are we going to have perhaps as few as twenty-five or thirty free agents, or will we have as many as seventy-five? To the extent that there might be a large increase in the number of free agents, I think that if the usual market forces are at work, the sum each one of them gets will go down.

In other words, a couple of seasons ago, when Jim Hunter was the only free agent on the market—due to a peculiar circumstance involving his contract with the Oakland A's—he was able to sign with the New York Yankees for \$3½ million. Team owners began saying, "Oh, my God, look what's going to happen—*everybody's* going to become a free agent and get \$3½ million."

Well, that was nonsense. Hunter, an outstanding pitcher, was the only free agent on the market with everyone bidding for his services. Now, obviously, if Hunter and two other top pitchers, such as Tom Seaver and Jim Palmer, were on the market, you probably wouldn't have seen a price like that. With Hunter as the only free agent, you had a supply of one and a demand of twenty-four—twenty-four teams, that is. If you increase the supply, it's obviously going to have an effect on the demand.

One thing that everybody seems to over-

look, meanwhile, is the tremendous increase in the number of multi-year contracts players are signing—which takes them right out of a free-agent situation.

Penthouse: Since that's the real purpose of these long-term contracts—to pay valuable players enough money so that they don't put themselves on the open market—won't major-league salaries continue to climb?

Miller: No question about it, they will. We never denied that. When the owners said payrolls would go up, we said they were correct. But when they said there would be hundreds of free agents each season, we told them that was nonsense. And when they said that having free agents would result in chaos because baseball's competitive balance—which never existed—would be disrupted, we said that that was nonsense, too.

As a matter of fact, I'm really encouraged by what's happened in terms of shoring up the leagues' competitive balance. I think that of the first nineteen free agents who were signed, you'll find that sixteen of the players actually signed with clubs that finished lower in the standings than their own teams did. If anything, that means we're going to see more competitive baseball than we did before the free-agent situation existed.

Penthouse: A number of baseball observers would disagree with you on that point. Isn't it true that with the acquisition of Reggie Jackson and pitcher Don Gullett—two of the highest-priced free agents available this past winter—the Yankees virtually assured themselves of repeating as American League champions?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



Everything except men was on their menu.

THE WOMEN'S RESTAURANT

*The monomaniac incarnation of all
those malicious agencies
which some deep men feel eating in them, till they
are left living on with half a heart
and half a lung.—Melville, Moby Dick*

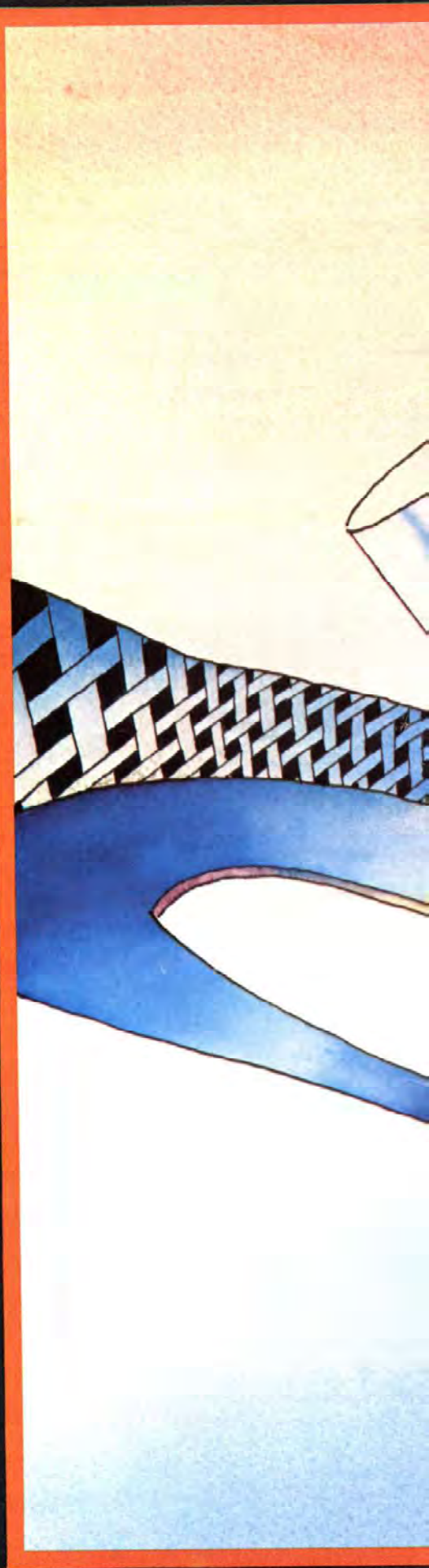
I

It is a women's restaurant. Men are not permitted. Women go there to be in the company of other women, to sit in the tasteful rooms beneath the ancient revolving fans and the cool green of spilling plants, to cross or uncross their legs as they like, to chat, sip liqueurs, eat. At the door, the first time they enter, they are asked to donate twenty-five cents, and they are issued a lifetime-membership card. Thus the women's restaurant has the legal appearance of a private club, and its proprietors, Grace and Rubie, avoid running afoul of the anti-discrimination laws. A women's restaurant. What goes on there, precisely, no man knows. I am a man. I am burning to find out.

This I do know: they drink wine. I have been out back, at night, walking my dog, and I have seen the discarded bottles: chablis, liebfraumilch, claret, mountain burgundy, Bristol crème. They eat well too. The garbage is rich with dark exotic coffee grounds and spiced teas, the heads of sole, leaves of artichoke, shells of oyster. There is correspondence in the trash as well. Business things for the most part, but once there was a letter from Grace's mother in Moscow, Iowa. Some of the women smoke cigars. Others—perhaps the same ones—drive motorcycles. I watched two of them stutter up on a Triumph 750. In leathers. They walked like meat packers, heavy, shoulders back, hips tight. Up the steps of the front porch, through the curtained double doors, and in. The doors closed like eyes in mascara.

There is more. Grace, for instance. I know Grace. She is tall, six-three or -four, I would guess, thin and slightly stooped, her shoulders rounded like a question mark. Mid-thirties. Not married. She walks her square-headed cat on a leash, an advocate of women's rights. Rubie I have spoken with. If Grace is austere, a cactus tall and thorny, Rubie is lush, a spreading peony. She is a dancer. Five feet tall, ninety pounds, twenty-four years old. Facts. She told me one afternoon, months ago, in a bar. I was sitting at a table, alone, reading, a glass of beer sizzling in the sunlight through the window. Her arms and shoulders were bare. The thin straps of her dancer's tights, blue jeans. She was sur les pointes between groups of people, her laughter like a honky-tonk piano.

FICTION BY T. C. BOYLE





She came up from behind, ran her finger along the length of my nose, called it elegant. Her own nose was a pug nose. We talked. She struck poses, spoke of her body and the rigors of dancing, showed me the hard muscles of her arms. The sun slanted through the high windows and lit her hair. She did not ask about my life, about the book I was reading, about how I make a living. She did not sit down. When she swept away in a series of glissades, her arms poised, I ordered another beer. She wouldn't know me on the street.

The women's restaurant fronts a street that must have been a main thoroughfare fifty years ago. It comprises the whole of an old mansion, newly painted and shuttered. There is a fence, a gate, a tree, a patch of lawn. Gargoyles. The mayor may once have lived there. On either side, blocks of two-story brick buildings stretch to the street corners like ridges of glacial detritus. Apartments above, storefronts below: a used clothing store, an organic-foods merchant, a candle shop. Across the street, incongruous, is a bar that features a picture window and topless dancers. From behind this window, washed in shadow, I reconnoiter the women's restaurant.

I have watched women of every stripe pass through those curtained front doors: washerwomen, schoolmarm, gymnasts, waitresses, Avon ladies, scout leaders, meter maids, grandmothers, great-grandmothers, spinsters, widows, dikes, gay divorcees, the fat, the lean, the wrinkled, the bald, the sagging, the firm, women in uniform, women in scarves and bib overalls, women in stockings, in skirts and furs, the towering Grace, the flowing Rubie, a nun, a girl with a

plastic leg—and yes, even the topless dancers. There is something disturbing about this gathering of women, this classless convocation, this gynecomorphous melting pot. I think of Lysistrata. Gertrude Stein. Carry Nation.

My eyes and ears are open. Still, what I have come to know of Grace & Rubie's is what any interested observer might know. I hunger for an initiate's knowledge.

II

I have made my first attempt to crack the women's restaurant.

The attempt was repulsed.

I was sitting at the picture window of the topless bar, chain-drinking tequila and tonic, watching the front porch of Grace & Rubie's, the bloom of potted flowers, the promise of the curtained doors, and women, schools of them, electric with color, slamming car doors, dismounting from bicycles, motorcycles, trotting up the steps, in and out, tropical fish behind a spotted pane of glass. The sun was drifting toward the horizon, dipping behind the twin chimneys, spooning honey over the roof, the soft light blurring edges and corners, smoothing back the sneers of the gargoyles. It was then that I spotted Rubie. Her walk fluid and unperturbed as a drifting skater. There was another girl with her, an oriental girl. Black hair like a coat. I watched the door gape and then swallow them. Then I stood, put some money in my pocket, left some on the table, and stepped out into the street.

It was warm. The tree was budding. The sun had dropped a notch, and the house flooded the street with shadow. I swam toward it, blood beating quick, stopped at

the gate to look both ways, pushed through and mounted the steps. Then made my first mistake. I knocked. Knocked. Who knocks at the door of a restaurant? No one answered. I could hear music through the door. Electric jazz. I peered through the oval windows set in the door and saw that the curtains were very thick indeed. I felt uneasy. Knocked again.

After an interval Grace opened the door. Her expression was puzzled. "Yes?" she asked.

I was looking beyond her, feeling the pulse of the music, aware of a certain indistinct movement in the background, concentrating on the colors, plants, polished woodwork. Underwater. Chagall.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, you can," I said. "I'd like—ah—a cup of coffee for starters, and I'd like to see the menu. And your wine list."

"I'm very sorry," Grace said. "But this is a women's restaurant."

III

A women's restaurant. The concept inflames me. There are times, at home, fish poached, pots scrubbed, my mind gone blank, when suddenly it begins to rise in my consciousness, a sunken log heaving to the surface. A women's restaurant. The injustice of it, the snobbery, the savory, dark mothering mystery: what do they do in there?

I picture them, Rubie, Grace, the oriental girl, the nun, the girl with one leg, all of them—picture them sipping, slouching, dangling sandals from their great toes (a mental peep beneath the skirts). I see them dropping the coils of their hair, unfastening their brassieres, rubbing the makeup from their faces. They are soft, heavy, glowing with muliebrity. The pregnant ones remove their tentish blouses, pinching shoes, slacks, underwear, and begin a slow, primitive shuffle to the African beat of the drums and the cold moon-music of the electric piano. The others watch, chanting an arcane language, a formula, locked in a rhythm and a mystery that soars grinning above all things male, dark and fertile as the earth.

Or perhaps they're shooting pool in the paneled back room, cigars smoking, brandy in snifters, eyes intense, their breasts pulled toward the earth, the slick cues easing through the dark arches of their fingers, stuffed birds on the walls, the glossy balls clacking, riding down the black pockets like burrowing things darting for holes in the ground.

IV

Last night there was a fog, milk in an atomizer. The streets steamed. Turner, I thought. Fellini. Jack the Ripper. The dog led me to the fence outside the women's restaurant, where he paused to sniff and balance on three legs. The house was a bank of shadow, dark in a negligee of moonlit mist. Fascinating, enigmatic, compelling as a white whale. Grace's VW hunched at the curb behind me, over the peaked roof the moon sat cold as a stone, my finger was on the gate. The gate was latched. I walked on,



NOTHING IN LIFE IS FREE. EXCEPT WHEN HARLEY-DAVIDSON SETS OUT TO PROVE A POINT.

Then, you have a choice. A General Electric High Performance Portable Radio/Cassette Recorder worth \$149.95 for free. Or, a Holsclaw trailer worth \$247 for almost free. (\$49.95).

Buy a new Harley-Davidson Street or On/Off Road 125, 175, or 250 cc motorcycle between April 15th and June 1st* and you can take your choice of either one.

The Cassette Recorder is a high-performance model that plays and records from AM, FM, Aircraft and Weather bands. And comes with both a built-in condenser mike and a high-sensitivity remote mike



The trailer has a 700 pound capacity and is especially made for carrying lightweight motorcycles. It comes equipped with all lights and a double set of safety chains. Or, if you'd prefer, we'll give you a gift certificate worth \$100 in Harley-Davidson rider accessories.

Why? Because we've grown tired of listening to guys who didn't know we made lightweights ride around explaining to their friends that someday they were going to "move up" to a Harley-Davidson super bike.

The point is, it's a nice idea, but you don't have to wait until "someday". On your way up to a Harley-Davidson, you could be riding one.

**UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN ON A HARLEY-DAVIDSON
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ON A MOTORCYCLE.**



*At participating Harley-Davidson dealers.

AMF
Harley-Davidson



Hawaiian Eyeful

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK T. BARNES

Capt. James Cook discovered Hawaii and for his pains was eaten by the island's cannibals. But one look at willowy wahine Sydney Bradford makes the old captain's sacrifice seem worthwhile. Born in Kaneohe twenty-four years ago, brown-eyed, five-foot-five-inch Sydney enjoys the openness, both physical and philosophical, of our fiftieth state: "I can't stand being cramped in any way, shape, or form," she says. Sydney likes to let her 35½-22-35 body breathe, and swimming nude is one of her favorite pastimes: "Only great sex feels better than the ocean washing over my body. And I love snorkeling. It's so clear down there . . . you don't even want to come up."







"I guess you'd call my life-style light and casual, but I'm very choosy about who I spend my time with. I like quiet guys—I like to puzzle over what's going on in their heads. I *hate* boisterous men! My favorite type is a guy who's humble—really good-looking but doesn't know it. And I'm a sucker for tall, skinny blond men with long legs and broad shoulders."



This typically strong-minded
Aries has a typically
open attitude about sex:

"I like sex to be fun. I
like to be able to talk to
the person and really
feel comfortable with him.
I like to be in any position
or show any part of
my body and not
feel funny. One thing that
really turns me on—don't
think I'm weird—is
making love on
the kitchen sink . . . having
the guy standing up,
and I'm on the
edge of the sink with my
legs hanging over.
I also like being on
all fours—you know,
doggy-style. But the routine,
girl-on-bottom,
guy-on-top position is an
old standby for me."





"I think oral sex is fantastic. I wish I knew more about it—how I could please even more. But I love it, and it can come in very handy at times, like on a plane trip. I did it on a plane really late one night, when everyone was asleep... and I think it would be neat to try it in

the bathroom on a plane—you know how teeny they are. *That* would be fun. I'd also like to try it on an elevator! I *have* made love in weird places, like hanging from a staircase in a remodeled house and in the ocean in Hawaii—that was really beautiful."





"I think I'd like to get it on with
more than one person at a time—
with guys, I mean. I can't definitely
say no to a girl; I just haven't
met her yet . . . Three guys, that's a
nice number. I like wearing
clothes to bed—it's the only time I
ever wear underwear—because
it's so much fun to take them off,
and the more left to the
imagination, the better.
What is love? It's respect,
and having the same
reality with someone . . . yes,
I have achieved
that." And so, we hope,
did poor Capt. Cook before he
entered the pot.



Makeup by Joanie Perry; Hairstyles by Dan Williamson; Linerie by Jearm Svarvar; Location courtesy of Nick Gyopos.

MARVIN MILLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

Miller: There's no denying that the Yankees, a pennant winner, have strengthened themselves. On the other hand, they did lose four straight games to Cincinnati in the World Series. Cincinnati didn't improve itself in the off-season. The Yankees did; and so, in that sense, there may be a better balance between the two leagues if the Yankees and the Reds happen to repeat as pennant winners. I see nothing here that bears out the owners' expressed fears that the top teams are going to sign up all the top talent.

Penthouse: But the rich teams certainly will. Doesn't it bother you that millionaires like the Yankees' George Steinbrenner and the California Angels' Gene Autry—who this winter paid out a fortune to sign Joe Rudi, Bobby Grich, and Don Baylor—can now field powerhouse teams just by opening up their checkbooks?

Miller: Some clubs are unequal in terms of money, but it gets to a point where you wonder whether it's important that one owner has resources of \$5 million and another one of \$50 million. To answer your question, I don't think it really matters very much. Phil Wrigley, who owns the Chicago Cubs, probably has more money than the Atlanta Braves' Ted Turner, but Wrigley hasn't bid for any of the free agents. I think that Gussie Busch, who owns the St. Louis Cardinals, probably has more money than a lot of the owners you could mention, but he doesn't get into the bidding, either.

Penthouse: But what about those team owners who'd like to bid for players but can't, because their already-inflated team payrolls

are pushing them into bankruptcy?

Miller: Like other employers, team owners like to cry poverty. Every year during spring training, reporters tell me about how twelve or fourteen teams lost money during the previous season. And every year I ask them a very simple question: what's your evidence? It always turns out that they've seen a newspaper story in which the general manager of a club is quoted as saying his club is losing money.

At that point I sit down with the reporters and inform them that only three of the twenty-four teams publicly report their finances. Virtually nobody knows the financial status of the other twenty-one clubs—and that includes the commissioner of baseball. Last fall, when Bowie Kuhn testified before the House Select Committee in Washington, D.C., he was asked to supply financial information on baseball. He brought in what the clubs had sent him—unaudited figures that were three years old. And he testified that that was all he had on the subject.

Now, I don't know what the facts are, because I haven't seen those financial reports, either. But under the law, in collective bargaining, if an employer claims inability to pay, he's obligated—at the request of the union—to furnish validating data. Well, every year's bargaining session with the owners always opens up with a statement from their chief spokesman, John Gaherin, to the effect that the clubs do not and will not claim inability to pay. Yet at the same time the owners will feed the newspapers a lot of garbage about how they're all losing money. And by now it's become a popular myth. When you're head-to-head with these same owners, the opposite statement is

made.

And so we sit without the factual data, because under the law we're not entitled to it unless the owners claim inability to pay. I've had experience with companies in the steel industry; and when they were faced with a legitimate problem, they couldn't give you enough figures, because those figures would demonstrate that what they were saying was true.

Penthouse: But haven't there been teams that have reported truthfully about operating at a loss?

Miller: This, too, is a problem, because a club could legitimately say, "Last year we lost a million dollars," and it could mean a couple of things. To a layman, it would probably mean that the club's expenses were \$1 million more than the cash it took in. To an accountant, it could mean that the club's cash flow was plus-\$1½ million, but that because it was allowed to take off \$2½ million for depreciation, it can legitimately show a \$1 million loss. This situation is being changed to some degree under the new tax act, but it's been part of the past problem of noncommunication when talking about profit and loss in baseball. Depreciation's been an important factor here.

Penthouse: Let's forget, for a moment, the guys with the sharp pencils. Are there teams that lose money in the usual sense of the phrase?

Miller: It's probably true that Oakland, the San Francisco Giants, and the Minnesota Twins find themselves in bad situations. That's a legitimate problem, but the solution to it is in the hands of the owners. They keep saying that baseball is a different kind of business, that although they're all competitors on the field, they're really partners when it comes to running the league. There's a certain validity to that, which is why it's in the best interests of all the owners to keep the clubs somewhat balanced financially.

The owners, then, have some questions to answer. For instance, why don't they split gate receipts more equitably? Home clubs hold onto 80 percent of the paid admissions, and that's because the haves don't want that money to go to the have-nots. Why is it that there can be such differing amounts of local radio and television revenue coming in to the individual clubs, from perhaps as little as \$200,000 a year for one club to \$2 million for another club—when the majors could just as easily divide it evenly, as the National Football League does? I think they have to answer those questions before crying to the public by saying, "My God, we're going to have this terrible imbalance in which the rich get richer and the poor get poorer." They can't have it both ways.

Penthouse: Your mention of the NFL brings up a comparison that's often made between football's Pete Rozelle and baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn—with Kuhn usually being judged as a bumbler who has little control of his sport, while Rozelle is seen as an ultrasmooth operator. Do you think that's accurate?

Miller: I really don't know enough about the NFL, other than to say that if you look at its



"It's on him!"

labor-relations situation and if you ascribe the differences to leadership, then you'd have to say that baseball's leadership is far more efficient than football's. The NFL's labor relations are a mess. One court after another is outlawing its various practices; the NFL still can't get together on a collective bargaining agreement with its players; and, at the moment, nobody knows what next season will look like.

As for comparing Kuhn and Rozelle, I really start with the simple premise that a sports commissioner is an employee of the club owners. They pick him and hire him and pay him and fire him. They give him his power; a commissioner is their paid agent, not an entity above them. He can be removed at will, and commissioners *have* been removed at will—the owners' will. People sometimes miss that. They look at the commissioner and accept the myth that he's a neutral from on high who represents the public interest and the overall sport, regardless of what the owners want. That's nonsense. The real power comes from owning the enterprise.

Penthouse: In spite of that, baseball players have made impressive gains in the ten years that you've been negotiating for them. What do you see happening in the next ten years?

Miller: I know what I'd like to see, but I don't see it yet. We've got a four-year agreement that's less than a year old, and what I see is violations of it.

For example, an agent, Jerry Kapstein, got four of the players he represents to sign contracts, giving their clubs the right of first refusal—meaning that if those players become free agents, their clubs or any clubs to which they may be traded in the interim can keep them by matching any offers made to them by other clubs. That deprives these players of a contractual right and is an out-and-out violation of our basic agreement with the clubs. While a club can put in a contract provision that gives the player more than is provided by the basic agreement, it can't take anything away from the player, not even if he agrees to it. But you get a couple of clubs and an agent like Kapstein, and they violate it.

When we pointed this out, we found that the league office had already approved those contracts. We said, "How could you approve something like that?" They said, "Well, we want to talk to you about it." This particular case is so absurd that no reasonable man could defend it, but apparently we're going to have to go to arbitration on it. And when you have the kind of relationship whereby you have to go to arbitration on open-and-shut cases, I think it bodes ill for the future. It seems to me that what's called for now is to carry out our agreement in good faith—and not to have hysterical people saying, "We've got to obliterate this and go back to the way things were." You don't do that, because by trying to unscramble the egg you only instigate a massive fight.

So, if you really want to know what I see in front of us, well, I don't know. I'd like to think we're heading into a more constructive period, but I'm not sure that's true.

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.



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



Verde-Asleep on your feet.

Leisure shoes that shuffle over to the barbecue, amble down to the pool, stroll slowly back to the patio: Verde understands. Understands money, too—these are about \$22 to \$26 at your store.

Verde Shoe, Rockford,
Michigan 49351

THE RESTAURANT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

then walked back. Tied the dog to one of the pickets, reached through to unlatch the gate, and stepped into the front yard at Grace & Rubie's for the second time.

This time I did not knock.

Instead I slipped up to a window and peered through a crack in the curtains. It was black as the inside of a closet. On an impulse I tried the window. It was locked. At that moment a car turned into the street, tires chirping, engine revving, the headlights like hounds of heaven. Rubie's Fiat.

I lost my head. Ran for the gate, tripped, scrambled back toward the house, frantic, ashamed, mortified. Trapped. The car hissed to a stop, the engine sang a hysterical chorus, the headlights died. I heard voices, the swat of car doors. Keys rattling. I crouched. Then crept into the shrubbery beneath the porch. Out by the fence the dog began to whimper.

Heels. Muffled voices. Then Rubie: "Aww, a puppy. And what's he doing out here, huh?" This apparently addressed to the dog, whose whimpering cut a new octave. I could hear his tail slapping the fence. Then a man's voice, impatient. The gate creaked and slapped shut. Footsteps came up the walk. Stopped at the porch. Rubie giggled. Then there was silence. My hand was bleeding. I was stretched out prone, staring at the ground. They were kissing. "Hey," said Rubie, soft as fur, "I like your nose—did I tell you that?"

"How about letting me in tonight?" he whispered. "Just this once."

Silence again. The rustle of clothing. I could have reached out and shined their shoes. The dog whimpered.

"The poor dog," Rubie breathed.

"Come on," the guy said. I hated him.

And then, so low I could barely catch it, like a sleeping breath or the hum of a moth's wing: "Okay." Okay? I was appalled. I was outraged. This faceless cicisbeo, this panting lover, schmuck, male—this shithead was going to walk into Grace & Rubie's just like that? A kiss and a promise? I wanted to shout out, call the police, stop this unthinka-

ble sacrilege.

Rubie's key turned in the lock. I could hear the shithead's anticipatory breathing. A wave of disillusion deadened me. And then suddenly the porch light was blazing, bright as a cafeteria. I shrank. Grace's voice was angry. "What is this?" she hissed. I held my breath.

"Look—" said Rubie.

"No men allowed," said Grace. "None. Ever. Not now, not tomorrow—you know how I feel about this sort of thing."

"Look, I pay for this place too—"

I could hear the shithead shuffling his feet on the dry planks of the porch. Then Grace: "I'm sorry. You'll have to leave." In the shadows, the ground damp, my hand bleeding, I

beast. As she passed the dark windows of the shops, she turned to watch her reflection, gliding, flashing in the sun, her bare arms, clogs, the tips of her painted toenails peeping from beneath the wide-bottomed jeans. Her hair loose, undulating across her back like a wheat field in the wind. She stopped under the candy-stripe pole outside Red's Barber Shop.

I crossed the street, sat on a bench, and opened a book. Then I saw Grace; slouching, wide-striding, awkward. Her sharp nose, the bulb of frizzed hair. She walked up to Rubie, unsmiling. They exchanged cheek-pecks and stepped into the barber shop.

When they emerged, I dropped my book: Rubie was desecrated. Her head shaven, the

wild lank hair hacked to stubble. Charlie Manson, I thought. Auschwitz. Nuns and neophytes. Grace was smiling. Rubie's ears stuck out from her head, the color of butchered chicken. Her neck and temples were white as flour, blue-veined and vulnerable. I was appalled.

They walked quickly, stiffly. Rubie hurrying to match Grace's long strides. Grace a sunflower, Rubie a stripped dandelion. I followed them to the women's restaurant. Rubie did not turn to look at her reflection in the shop windows.

VI

I have made my second attempt to crack the women's restaurant.

The attempt was repulsed.

This time I was not drunk: I was angry. Rubie's desecration had been rankling me all day. While I could

approve of Grace's firmness with the faceless cicisbeo, I could not countenance her severity toward Rubie. She is like a stroke of winter, I thought, folding up Rubie's petals, traumatizing her roots. An early frost, a blight. But then I am neither poet nor psychologist. My metaphors are simple, my actions impulsive.

I kicked the gate open, stamped up the front steps, twisted the doorknob, and stepped into the women's restaurant. My intentions were not clear. I thought vaguely of rescuing Rubie, of entering that bastion of womanhood, of sex and mystery and rigor, and of walking out with her on my arm. But I was stunned. Frozen. Suddenly, and after all those weeks, I had done it. I was inside the women's restaurant.

THE MACHINE for your machine.

A cassette is a component of your sound system, not an accessory. This goes for all TDK cassettes, like the popular SA-Super Avilyn, a tape formulation that made great sound from the cassette format possible.

And we also make sure the cassettes themselves are made as well as the tape inside. So you get jam-proof, friction-free reliability from every cassette we make. That's why TDK cassettes are recommended by quality tape deck manufacturers for their machines. So get the best from your system by using our machine in your machine.



TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. In Canada: Superior Electronics Industries, Ltd.

began to smile.

The door slammed. Someone had gone in. Then I heard Grace's voice swelling to hurricane pitch and Rubie raging back at her like a typhoon. Inside. Muffled by the double doors, oval windows, thick taffeta curtains. The shithead's feet continued to shuffle on the porch. A moment ticked by, the voices storming inside, and then the light cut out. Dead. Black. Night.

My ears followed the solitary footsteps down the walk, through the gate and into the street.

V

I shadowed Rubie for eight blocks this morning. There were packages in her arms. Her walk was the walk of a slow-haunching

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA'S NEXT PERFORMANCE COULD BE ITS SWAN SONG. UNLESS YOU GIVE A QUARTER.

The Metropolitan Opera is one of America's most important cultural institutions.

It's running out of money, but you can help.

Through matching grants, Pioneer High Fidelity and the National Endowment for the Arts will quadruple the value of your donation.

Even a quarter can make a difference.

You don't have to be a millionaire to be a patron of the arts.

When you give a quarter, the Met gets a buck.

I have enclosed a donation of \$_____ for the Metropolitan Opera. (Checks should be made payable to The Metropolitan Opera/Pioneer Fund.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail the coupon with your donation to:

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., Dept. M.E.T., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.

PIONEER We all owe a lot to music.
HIGH FIDELITY

The entrance hall was narrow and dark, candlelit, overheated, the walls shaggy with fern and wandering jew. Music throbbed like blood. I felt squeezed, pinched, confined. Buster Crabbe in the shrinking room. My heart left me. I was slouching. Ahead, at the far end of the hallway, a large room flowered in darkness, and lights glowed red. Drum, drum, drum, the music like footsteps. That dim and deep central chamber drawing me: a women's restaurant, a women's restaurant: the phrase chanted in my head.

And then the door opened behind me. I turned. Two of the biker girls stepped through the doorway, crowding the hall. One of them was wearing a studded denim jacket, the collar turned up. Both were tall. Short-haired. Their shoulders congested the narrow hallway. I wheeled and started for the darkened room ahead. But stopped in mid-stride. Grace was there, a tray in her hand, her face looking freshly slapped. "You!" she hissed. The tray fell, glasses shattered, I was grabbed from behind. Rabbit-punched. One of the biker girls began emitting fierce, gasping oriental sounds as her white fists and sneakered feet lashed out at me. I went down, thought I saw Rubie standing behind Grace, a soft flush of alarm suffusing her cheeks. A rhythm developed. The biker girls kicked, I huddled. Then they had me by belt and collar, the door was flung open, and they rocked me, one, two, three, the bum's rush, down the front steps and onto the walk. The door slammed.

I lay there for a moment, hurting. Then I became aware of the clack of heels on the pavement. A woman was coming up the walk: skirt, stockings, platforms. She hesitated when she saw me there. And then, a

look of disgust creasing her makeup, she stepped over me as if she were stepping over a worm or a fat greasy slug washed up in a storm. Her perfume was devastating.

VII

I have been meditating on the essential differences between men and women, isolating distinguishing traits. The meditation began with points of dissimilarity. Women, I reasoned, do not have beards, while they do have breasts. And yet I have seen women with beards and men with breasts—in fact, I came to realize, all men have breasts. Nipples too. Ah, but women have long hair, I thought. Narrow shoulders, expansive hips. Five toes on each foot. Pairs of eyes, legs, arms, ears. But ditto men. They are soft, yielding, dainty, their sensibilities refined—they like shopping. I ran through all the stereotypes, dismissing them one after another. There was only one distinguishing sexual characteristic, I concluded. A hole. A hole as dark and strange, as fascinating and forbidding as that interdicted entrance to Grace & Rubie's. Birth and motherhood, I thought. The maw of mystery.

I have also been perusing a letter from Rubie, addressed to a person named Jack. The letter is a reconstruction of thirty-two fragments unearthed in the trash behind the women's restaurant. "I miss you and I love you, Jack," the letter said in part, "but I cannot continue seeing you. My responsibilities are here. Yes, I remember the night on the beach, the night in the park, the night at the cabin, the night on the train, the night in St. Patrick's Cathedral—memories I will always cherish. But it's over. I am here. A gulf separates us. I owe it to Grace. Take care of

yourself and your knockout nose. Love, R." The letter disturbs me. In the same way that the women's restaurant disturbs me. Secrets, stifling secrets. I want admission to them all.

VIII

The girl in the department store asked me what size my wife took, I hesitated. "She's a big one," I said. "About the same size as me." The girl helped me pick out a pink polyester pantsuit, matching brassiere, tall-girl panty hose. Before leaving the store, I also visited the ladies' shoe department and the cosmetic counter. At the cosmetic counter I read from a list: glosser, blusher, hi-lighter, eyeshadow (crème, cake, and stick), mascara, eyeliner, translucent powder, nail polish (frosted pink), spike eyelashes, luscious tangerine lipstick, tweezers, a bottle of My Sin, and the current issue of *Be Beautiful*. At the shoe department I asked for Queen Size.

IX

After two weeks of laying foundation, brushing on, rubbing in, tissing off, my face was passable. Crude, yes—like the basted masks of the topless dancers—but passable nonetheless. And my hair, set in rollers and combed out in a shoulder-length flip, struck close on the heels of fashion. I was no beauty, but neither was I a dog.

I eased through the gate, sashayed up the walk, getting into the rhythm of it. Bracelets chimed at my wrists; rings shot light from my fingers. Up the steps, through the front door, and into that claustrophobic hallway. My movement fluid, silky, the T-strap flats gliding under my feet like wind on water. I was onstage, opening night, and fired for the performance. But then I had a shock. One of the biker girls slouched at the end of the hallway, lighting a cigar. I tossed my chin and strutted by. Our shoulders brushed. She grinned. "Hi," she breathed. I stepped past her and into the forbidden room.

It was dark. Candlelit. There were tables, booths, sofas, and lounge chairs. Plants, hangings, carpets, woodwork. Women. I held back. Then felt a hand on my elbow. It was the biker. "Can I buy you a drink?" she asked.

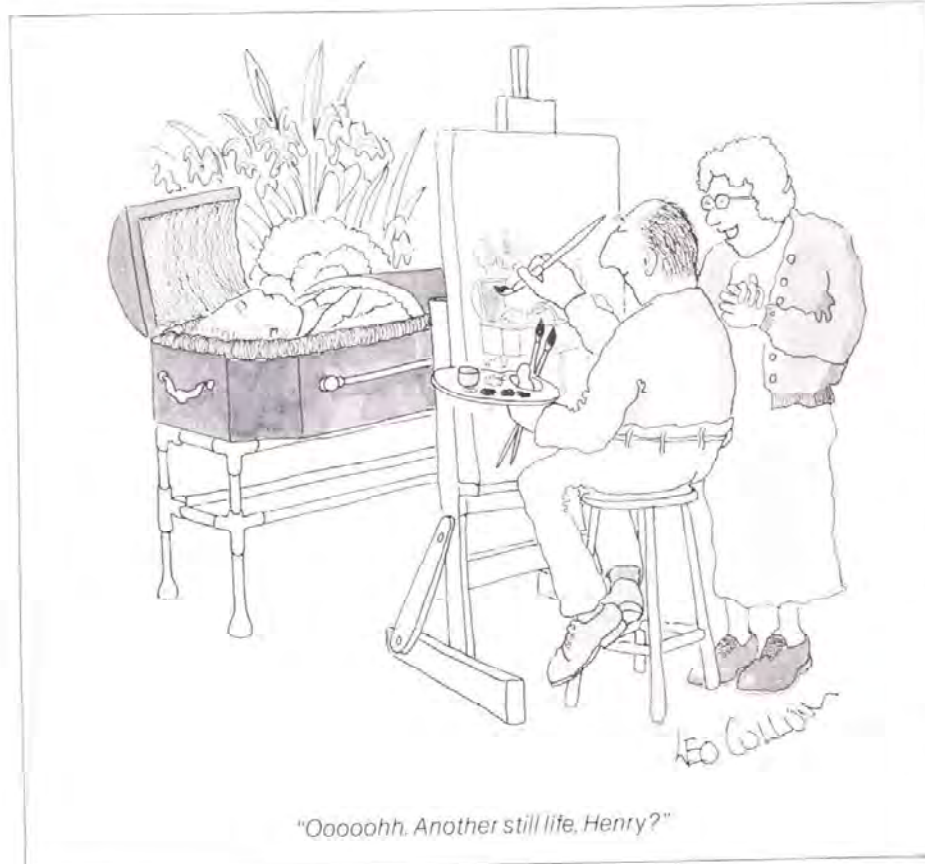
I shook my head, wondering what to do with my voice. Falsetto? A husky whisper?

"Come on," she said. "Get loose. You're new here, right? You need somebody to show you around." She pinched my elbow and ushered me to a booth across the room—wooden benches like church pews. I slid in; she eased down beside me. I could feel her thigh against mine. "Listen," I said, opting for the husky whisper, "I'd rather be alone—"

Suddenly Rubie was standing over us. "Would you like something?" she said.

The biker ordered a Jack Daniels on the rocks. I wanted a beer, asked for a sunrise. "Menu?" said Rubie. She was wearing a leather apron, and she seemed slimmer, her shoulders rounded. Whipped, I thought. Her ears protruded and her brush cut bristled. She looked like a cub scout. An *Oliver Twist*.

"Please," I said, huskily.



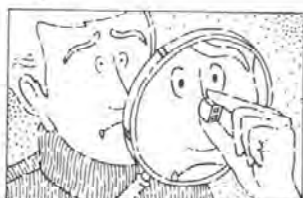
"Oooooohh. Another still life, Henry?"

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



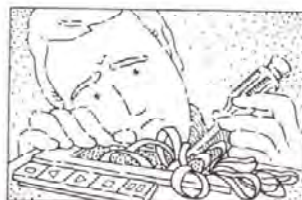
HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell is the only tape that has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack



JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.

Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make

for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.



DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And every inch of



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

it is checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.



MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, N.J. 07074



Born Tough.



Clarks Bull Hides.

The bull is a tough customer if ever there was one. So we used genuine bull hide for our Clarks Bull Hides. And created a virtually indestructible comfort shoe.

Clarks Bull Hides are born tough to stay tough. They're made from leather that's almost a quarter-inch thick. And so strong it can stand up to anything your active life serves up. Yet Bull Hides give you all the great comfort you expect from Clarks of England. Plus the kind of quality

craftsmanship and attention to detail you don't get in an ordinary shoe.

Try a pair of our Bull Hides. Available in several models for men and women in a natural tone waxy finish that requires little or no care.

Get tough. Get Clarks Bull Hides. For the rugged individualist in everyone.



Clarks®
OF ENGLAND

Made by skilled hands the world over.

Clarks Shoes priced from \$20.00 to \$45.00. For the store nearest you write Clarks, Box 92, Belden Station, Norwalk, CT 06852—Dept. 5PB

She looked at me. "Is this your first time?"

I nodded.

She dug something—a lavender card—from an apron pocket. "This is our membership card. It's twenty-five cents for a lifetime membership. Shall I put it on the bill?"

I nodded. And followed her with my eyes as she walked off.

The biker turned to me. "Ann Jenks," she said, holding out her hand.

I froze. A name, a name, a name. This part I hadn't considered. I pretended to study the menu. The biker's hand hung in the air. "Ann Jenks," she repeated.

"Valerie," I whispered and nearly shook hands. Instead I held out two fingers, ladylike. She pinched them, rubbed her thumb over the knuckles, and looked into my eyes.

Then Rubie appeared with our drinks. "Cheers," said Ann Jenks. I downed the libation like honey and water.

An hour and a half later I was two sheets to the wind and getting cocky. Here I was, embosomed in the very nave, the very omphalos of furtive femininity—a prize patron of the women's restaurant, a member, privy to its innermost secrets. I sipped at my drink, taking it all in. There they were—women—chewing, drinking, digesting, chatting, giggling, crossing and uncrossing their legs. Shoes off, feet up. Smoking cigarettes, flashing silverware, tapping time to the music. Women among women. I bathed in their soft chatter, birdsong, the laughter like falling coils of hair. I lit a cigarette and grinned. No more fairybook-hero thoughts of rescuing Rubie—oh no, this was paradise.

Below the table, in the dark, Ann Jenks's fingertips massaged my knee.

I studied her face as she talked. (She was droning on about awakened consciousness, liberation from the mores of straight society, feminist terrorism.) Her cheekbones were set high and cratered the cheeks below; the hair lay flat across her crown and rushed straight back over her ears, like duck's wings. Her eyes were black, the mouth small and raw. I snubbed out the cigarette, slipped my hand under the jacket and squeezed her breast. Then I put my tongue in her mouth.

"Hey," she said, "want to go?"

I asked her to get me one more drink. When she got up, I slid out and looked for the rest room. It was a minor emergency: six tequila sunrises and a carafe of dinner wine tearing at my vitals. I fought an impulse to squeeze my organ.

There were plants everywhere. And behind the plants, women. I passed the oriental girl and two housewives/divorcées in a booth, a nun on a divan, a white-haired woman and her daughter. Then I spotted the one-legged girl, bump and grind, passing through a door adjacent to the kitchen. I followed.

The rest room was pink, carpeted: imitation marble countertops, floodlit mirrors, three stalls. Grace was emerging from the middle one as I stepped through the door. She smiled at me. I smiled back, sweetly, my bladder aflame. Then rushed into the stall,

The Walkerschnapper was here.



Pack a highball glass with lots of ice, pour in 1 1/2 ounces of Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps, top with tomato juice, stir, and you've got yourself a Walkerschnapper. A Hiram Walker Walkerschnapper. But not for long. Because it's the zippiest, crispiest, quenchiest drink you ever put between your lips.



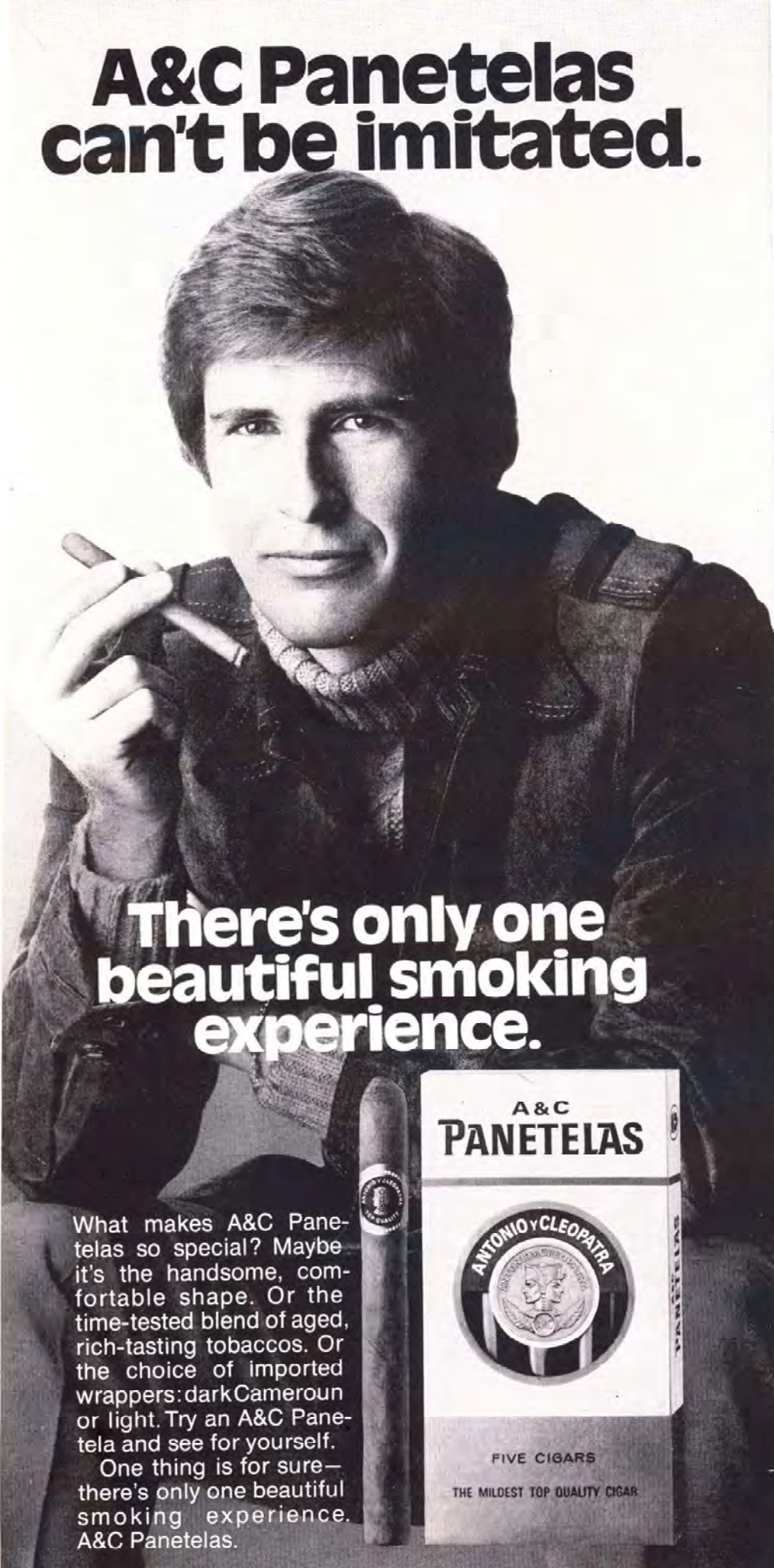
So take a Walkerschnapper to lunch. Or brunch. Or dinner. But remember, like all good things, it won't last.

The Hiram Walker Walkerschnapper

PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS, 60 PROOF.
HIRAM WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, ILL.

SEND FOR OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED RECIPE BOOKLET, WITH MORE THAN 100 MOUTH-WATERING FOOD AND DRINK IDEAS.
WRITE: HIRAM WALKER CORDIALS, DEPT. A, P.O. BOX 14100, DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48214.

A&C Panetelas can't be imitated.



**There's only one
beautiful smoking
experience.**

What makes A&C Panetelas so special? Maybe it's the handsome, comfortable shape. Or the time-tested blend of aged, rich-tasting tobaccos. Or the choice of imported wrappers: dark Cameroun or light. Try an A&C Panetela and see for yourself.

One thing is for sure—there's only one beautiful smoking experience. A&C Panetelas.



fought down the side zipper, tore at the silky panties, and forgot to sit down. I pissed, long and hard. Drunk. Studying the graffiti—women's graffiti. I laughed, flushed, turned to leave. But there was a problem: a head suspended over the door to the stall. Angry eyes. The towering Grace.

I shrugged my shoulders and held out my palms. Grace's face was the face of an Aztec executioner. This time there would be no quarter. I felt sick. And then suddenly my shoulder hit the stall door like a wrecker's ball, Grace sat in the sink, and the one-legged girl began gibbering from the adjoining compartment. Out the door and into the kitchen, rushing down an aisle lined with ovens, the stink of cooking food, scraps, greased-over plates, a screen door at the far end, slipping in the T-straps, my brassiere working round, Grace's murderous rasping shriek at my back, STOP HIM! STOP HIM!, and Rubie, pixie Rubie, a sack of garbage in her hand at the door.

Time stopped. I looked into Rubie's eyes, imploring, my breath cut in gasps, five feet from her. She let the garbage fall. Then dropped her head and right shoulder, and hit my knees like a linebacker. I went down. My face in coffee grounds and eggshells. Rubie's white arms shackles on my legs and on my will.

X

I have penetrated the women's restaurant, yes, but in actuality it was little more than a rape. There was no sympathy; I did not belong; why kid myself? True, I do have a lifetime membership card, and I was—for a few hours at any rate—an unexceptionable patron of the women's restaurant. But that's not enough. I am not satisfied. The obsession grows in me, pregnant, swelling, insatiable with the first taste of fulfillment. Before I am through, I will drink it to satiety. I have plans.

Currently, however, I am unable to make bail. Criminal trespass (Rubie testified that I was there to rob them, which in its way is true, I suppose) and assault (Grace showed the bruises on her shins and voice box where the stall door had hit her). Probation, I figure. A fine perhaps. Maybe even psychiatric evaluation.

The police have been uncooperative, antagonistic even. Malicious jokes, pranks, taunts, their sweating red faces fastened to the bars night and day. There has even been brutality. Oddly enough—perhaps as a reaction to their jibes—I have come to feel secure in these clothes. I was offered shirt, pants, socks, shoes, and I refused them. Of course, these things are getting somewhat gritty, my makeup is a fright, and my hair has lost its curl. And yet I defy them.

In drag. I like the sound of it. I like the feel. And, as I say, I have plans. The next time I walk through those curtained doors at Grace & Rubie's there will be no dissimulation. I will stroll in and I will belong, an initiate, and I will sit back and absorb the mystery of it, feed on honeydew and drink the milk of paradise. There are surgeons who can assure it.

After all, it is a women's restaurant. 

COUPLES



A SWITCH IN TIME

Their sex lives were dull, dull, dull — until they discovered the cathartic power of anal sex. It brought them together, but not with their respective partners.





● I had a special feeling
for Jackie the minute I spotted her. I even sent
Lori after her
to the ladies' room, and that's how the
whole thing started. ●

TONY'S STORY: It's been quite a time, these last few months; and the whole thing was something I never intended to happen really, although I'm glad that I got to know Jackie. I mean, I wouldn't change that for the world. But, of course, I knew from the start that it wasn't fair for Lori and me to get involved with Ed and Jackie. First of all, we were more experienced than they were. We'd swapped before with other couples, and Ed and Jackie were like babes in the woods as far as that sort of thing is concerned.

The other important thing is that from the moment I laid eyes on them in that bar down on Broadway I knew that they were not exactly the happiest couple in the world. And one rule in this switching game that must be followed is this: the couple you make it with must be pretty much in the same boat you and your old lady are in. That doesn't always turn out to be the case, of course, but you get fewer hassles when you pay attention to such details.

I knew, for example, that by throwing Lori at Ed that night, I'd get to have his wife without any sweat. Maybe it sounds calculating, but I guess I had a special feeling for Jackie the minute I spotted her at The Club. I sent Lori after her to the ladies' room, actually, and that's how the whole thing started.

When we were all at the table, Ed's eyes were about to pop out of his head when he caught sight of my old lady, Lori, in her tight velvet pants and see-through top.

The way I see it, it's the guy's own fault if he's losing his wife. He deserves to lose her, really. I don't say the relationship is definite, but Jackie and I are pretty happy together. I don't think that either one of us is ready to go back to the way it was before, once this month is up.

I'm just sorry about Lori, and that's one problem I can't resolve, because even if I went back with her, as she wants me to, she'd know that my thoughts, my body, everything, would be with Jackie wherever she was.

But Lori has always told me that I'm bossy, and maybe she'd be better off without someone who's always telling her what to

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

do. With Jackie it's different. First of all, the feeling is chemical. I can't get enough of her sexually. Why that idiot Ed never got beyond the missionary position with her I'll never know. Just by looking at Jackie's face, I could tell that she was the kind of woman who'd want to get into some pretty far-out fucking, and right away I decided to blow her mind by not doing what she expected.

It started right in the car, as we were all driving out to Berkeley. I had Jackie sitting on my hand almost all the way out there. I drove really slow so that I needed both hands on the wheel only a couple of times. The rest of the time I had the fingers of my right hand inserted inside the band of her panties, feeling the silky inner flesh of her cunt. She was hot and wet as I wriggled my fingers back and forth, separating the fleshy lips of her hair-lined cunt. I love the feel of a woman's cuntal hair against my fingers or my face, for that matter, but that came later. I was so hot I could have screwed right in the car.

There in the car Jackie was staring straight ahead at first. But then she put her head back on the car seat, and she loosened up her thighs and started wriggling her hips down to meet my searching fingers. Later, she told me that she'd come twice on the Oakland Bay Bridge, and once more, just before we pulled into the driveway of the apartment which Lori and I have shared for a couple of years now.

When we got out, Lori and Ed were still locked in a soul kiss in the back seat and my hand was saturated with Jackie's sex juices. I could see Ed's hands rummaging around in Lori's blouse as I led Jackie upstairs. I had already agreed with Lori to let her and Ed have the bedroom, and they came up a few seconds later and headed right for it. Lori doesn't waste much time once she's ready for sex.

I guess that Jackie and I went around the world that night right on the living-room rug. Her willingness and sweetness, the fine, classy way her body looked, everything about her, kept me hard the whole night long. I fucked her every way I knew how (and that's saying something), and she was always ready for more. But when I got out the old KY and slipped my cock into the crack of her ass cheeks, that's what really turned her on. I've never known a woman who liked ass fucking as much as Jackie does, and it makes me horny just to think about the angelic look on her face when I'm making love to her that way.

I think that we were both a little startled by the intensity of our lovemaking. But our relationship has lots of give and take. I enjoy teaching Jackie what I know, and she may be the only woman I've ever met who I felt had something to teach me.

LORI'S STORY:

I know that it's commonplace these days for women to speak out and to stand up to their men, and I can understand why they do. It's just that I've never been able to do it—not with Tony anyway. Sometimes I think that maybe I should have and that if I had, I wouldn't be in this terrible situation now. I can't change the way things were between us. I was never much for the idea of making out with other men; it was always Tony who thought we should be sophisticated and meet other people. He said

that he was too jealous of me to have one of those open relationships that many couples seem to have. You know, the kind where they see other people and it's cool with the man or the woman as long as the relationship doesn't suffer.

Tony felt that if we had sex with other couples, we would have control of the situation. That way we'd both know what was happening, and nothing unforeseen would occur. We never really switched before the way we're doing now. A couple of times we spent the weekend with another couple, but we were all in the same house together. Once we made love with another girl—which was okay when I was making it with her but made me jealous when Tony was making love to her. Tony used to be pretty responsive to my feelings in things like that. He was always very careful about my not getting hurt. So we stuck to occasional "dates" with couples we thought were attractive.

A woman friend of mine at work told me that she thought Tony was taking advantage of me, that he was forcing me to have sex with other people. But I told her that I thought what she was saying just wasn't true. Switching might not always be my idea, but once I'm with another man, I enjoy the fact that he finds me attractive and I want to be with him intimately. And also, up until now anyway, my relationship with Tony always seemed more meaningful after I'd been with another man and he'd been with another woman.

I keep on getting an empty feeling inside me, and I am afraid that Tony doesn't want to come back to me, that this is our last adventure. Well, Ed is okay, but I don't really think either one of us is truly suited to the other, and lately he's been so jealous of what's going on between Tony and his wife over there in Berkeley that he doesn't even want to screw me most of the time. He just keeps on making telephone calls over there and moping around because Jackie doesn't want to come back home yet.

That night, when I talked to Jackie in the ladies' room at The Club, we really liked each other right away. I felt that there was something nice about

her, a sensitivity that I'd really never found in any of the other women I've met this way. When I first started talking to her about making it with Tony, I couldn't be sure that she understood what I had in mind. But by the time Tony came over to the table and started talking about variety being the spice of life, stuff like that—well, he wasn't very subtle, and even a Mongoloid would have caught on that he wanted us to switch with them. I almost thought he was going to show his cock.

On first sight I thought that Ed was really cute; so I didn't mind one bit. Right away I knew he had the hots for me, and it looked as if it would all be pretty simple. But later on that night, after we'd driven Ed and Jackie back to their car in downtown San Francisco, I could tell immediately that something was on Tony's mind.

Later, when we were back home, groping one another in bed, I said, "What? What is it?" His voice faltering, he told me that he'd had an unbelievable sex session with Jackie. And while he was lying there, telling me about it, I could feel him getting hard just remembering Ed's wife. I remember how I felt pangs of jealousy for a few agonizing moments before he rolled over on

Jackie had never come
like that for me, and it made
me a little
crazy to have this kind
of reaction from
Lori,
a girl I'd just met.

top of me. This was something we always did, making love after the others had gone. And that night was no exception. Tony was more excited than he'd ever been before under the same circumstances, and I couldn't help going along with him, although deep down I was feeling sad. He entered me with only the tip of his hard cock pressing my pussy open, moving so surely that he didn't have to use his hand to guide himself.

The long, slow entry and then the rhythm of those incredibly forceful—almost thoughtful—strokes that were part of his lovemaking technique just made me melt completely. I think that I loved him more that night than I ever had before, maybe because I sensed that I was losing him or had already lost him.

He stopped before either one of us had come and then slid himself down my body. I was trembling, and he was, too. He told me that he loved me, and then he knelt forward and pressed his face into my pussy. His tongue licked and slid around the quivering insides of my pussy, and I felt my orgasm spreading from almost every surface of my body until it reached the places where his mouth was working—sucking and kissing and practically *drawing* my climax from me like a vacuum cleaner.

And while I was still coming, he entered me again and lifted me up to him, arching himself backward on his knees so that his cock thrust up to the womb end of my pussy. As I lay beside him afterward, I started crying and he told me that everything would be okay and not to worry.

I tried not to worry when we started switching regularly on weekends, Jackie going to Berkeley and I going to their house on Potrero Hill in the City. And now this trial month has been more like torture than like exciting fun times. Ed took me out to movies and to a nice restaurant on Russian Hill, but we're not really in love with each other. It's Tony I love, and no one else can take his place.

EDWARD'S STORY:

I think that I should make it clear that I believe in marriage as an institution. I mean, I'm not one who thinks you might just as well live together as get a license. And I'm almost sure that none of this big mix-up would have happened if I had known from the start that Tony and Lori weren't married.

Jackie and I had been married for about a year when we first got involved with those two. And, let me tell you, nothing has been the same since. I admit that I've also got to blame myself, too. Jackie was always telling me I wasn't *romantic* enough, and her remarks really used to bug me. It always seemed to me that she had some silly school-girl image of what sex was supposed to be. In fact, I used to get hot under the collar when she started these "discussions" about our sex life. They weren't out-and-out complaints, mind you. Just little hints about foreplay and stimulation, which she told me she'd read about in those women's magazines.

There was also a period when I got a little "distracted" by this chick at the shop. To tell the truth, I got involved with her only because Jackie and I weren't really hitting it off. We'd make love maybe once or twice a week. More and more, I was getting the impression that I really wasn't satisfying my wife. It's a pretty lousy feeling, let me tell you.

It was her idea that we go to The Club down on Broadway on weekends. It's a pretty wild place that we had gone to a couple of times before we got married, and I suppose that she was thinking of it as a catalyst that would put some of the "romance" back into our sex life. I'll have to admit I didn't mind going there. I enjoyed feeling like a swinging single, because even though Jackie and I had been together only a short while, I was definitely starting to feel like an old married man, without really even knowing exactly why.

Jackie was looking pretty outrageous the night we met Tony and Lori. She'd had maybe one frozen daiquiri more than she usually drank before we went back home to Potrero Hill, and I wasn't feeling much pain either. I was pretty turned on by some of the women in the place and by the sexually suggestive dancing that was going on in the middle of the room. It was like a scene out of a Fellini movie, people doing the bump and the grind and their own versions of the Hustle, with a number of really striking-looking women showing as much tits and ass as they could get away with. Jackie got up from the table to go to

the ladies' room, and I remember how I watched her trying to walk in the tight skirt she was wearing, maneuvering awkwardly between the gyrating couples on the dance floor. I was thinking about fucking—I wanted to something awful, but at the same time I was mad that Jackie would kind of expect me to "perform" as soon as we got home. Hell, I'm not a machine!

Anyway, when she got back, Jackie wasn't alone. She had one of the most beautiful girls—well, maybe not beautiful. What I mean is that Lori was probably the most sensual woman I'd ever seen. She just exuded sex, in that way only a natural blond can. My dick was lurching wildly against the confines of my clothing by the time Jackie and she sat down with us, and even when Tony joined us, my excitement hadn't diminished.

We all had a drink together, and gradually it became clear to me that I could actually have Lori. I savored the realization that I could go to bed with

her that very night and touch those full, round tits that I could see so clearly beneath her almost transparent blouse. I didn't even care about the fact that Tony and Jackie were obviously hitting it off together. That's something I'm really ashamed of now. Soon Jackie and I were dancing, and then we switched couples with Lori and Ed. That did it. Jackie just ceased to exist. I never even glanced at her; all I was interested in was feeling Lori's lithe little body nuzzled against me.

I remember thinking that this girl is just made for fucking. You see, Lori is smaller than my wife, but with a much fuller shape and the kind of long, ash-blond hair you see in those forties films they show on TV—you know, the sultry kind of look Elizabeth Scott had. Well, I fell real heavy, and on the spot it seemed as though there would be no harm in going along with what Tony and Lori wanted to happen—especially since I wanted it to happen, too.

I'd heard of couples switching before and even had heard one guy who'd done it say that you didn't feel jealous of your own wife if you were screwing the other guy's wife. And that was the way it was—at first anyway. We decided to make out right

Someone said that Tony
was taking advantage of me,
that he was
forcing me to have sex
with other men. True,
switching
is not my idea.

COUPLES

away, taking Tony and Lori's car to their house in Berkeley. Jackie was sitting in the front seat with Tony, and I had my hands full of Lori's smooth, willing flesh in the backseat. She seemed to want me as much as I wanted her, and it was all I could do to restrain myself to keep from coming as she stroked my throbbing dick in the backseat.

When we got to the two-family house they lived in and walked up the stairs, that was the last I saw of my wife or thought about her until after I got what I'd been so preoccupied with: Lori's naked legs wrapped around my neck as I penetrated the open split of her love tunnel with one long, desperate lunge. We'd taken the bedroom, and Tony and Jackie were screwing in the living room. Lori was soft and yielding beneath me as the thickness of my dick fit snugly in the confines of her upturned twat. She kept urging me on, saying wild things, telling me that she'd never felt anything like what I was doing to her. Then, amazingly, she came again and again before I'd climaxed. She kept on repeating the words, "Fuck, fuck, fuck."

Jackie had never come like that for me, and it made me a little crazy, I think, to have this kind of reaction from someone I'd just met. Sometimes I wasn't even sure if my wife had had an orgasm or not, but with Lori there was no doubt what had happened.

I know that I went off the deep end with Lori. I really wanted to keep on switching every weekend the way we did. But it was Jackie and Tony who wanted to try the long "exchange" arrangement that's going on now. Now I think it's time to end the fun and games. I don't know what Tony's giving my wife that I didn't give her, but I feel prepared now to satisfy her in every way—if she'll just come back.

JACKIE'S STORY:

I have always read that a girl shouldn't marry the first man who asks her. Furthermore, this situation I'm in now is proof to me that I should have waited. I met Ed when I was in my senior year in high school. He was a few years older and really good-looking, and I guess I enjoyed the fact that all the girls in school envied me because I went out with him. I guess my mother trusted me and knew that I wouldn't go all the way before we got married. Sometimes now I wish that Ed *had* pressured me to make love before we tied the knot. But he never did. Oh, sure, we kissed and got into some pretty heavy petting, but it always fell short of genital contact. That was about the extent of it. I was pleased that he respected me and really proud that I was a virgin on our wedding night. His lovemaking seemed very exciting for me at the beginning. Of course, I had nothing to compare it with. I just assumed that I was in love with my husband, you see. But now that I've been living with Tony, I know that I wasn't.

I don't know whether Ed was tired of me or what. I think the explanation is that I was tired of *him*. I didn't know enough then to understand that what I wanted from Ed in bed was okay, that there wasn't something wrong with *me* for wanting more.

I still feel a little bit embarrassed about talking about it, but Tony has made me feel like a complete woman in so many ways that I guess I can talk freely. We've been living together for

about a month now, and I still can't get enough of him, and he feels the same about me. When I hear his car pulling in downstairs, I am already trembling, knowing what's going to happen when I see him.

I usually wear a loose robe, a blue one, with nothing on underneath, because Tony likes me to be ready for him. Yesterday he came home early from the car lot where he's a salesman, because he was thinking so much about having sex with me that he couldn't have told a Rolls Royce from a VW. It was incredible because we practically did it in the doorway. Oh, he closed the door, but we were just standing there, and he was running his hands all inside my robe, feeling my breasts and kissing me with that hunger that he has. Then he turned me around, and we made love in what has become our favorite way. He just bent me over and started worming his penis into the split of my vagina from behind until we were both incredibly wet; then he pulled out slowly and wet the crevice of my buttocks with the tip of his penis. Anal sex doesn't hurt in the slightest any more because we've had it so much that I'm

always relaxed, knowing it's going to feel so good that I can hardly stand it.

It feels good in such a different way from the sensations I get making love in the regular way. I don't know how to explain it, but it's sexier, both mentally and physically. I'm driven up the wall by just the idea that Tony is *doing* that to me, that I can feel the helmetlike end of his penis gripped by my sphincter muscle, filling me, making me an extension of *him*.

Yesterday he was all the way inside my anal passage, and I could swear I could feel almost every centimeter of his penis much better than I can feel it inside my vagina.

Tony was holding onto my breasts as he pushed again and again into my spread buttocks, and the tingling feelings he was setting off in my breasts and nipples added to the messages I was getting from his loins pumping against my naked backside. Since he was still wearing his work suit, the material of his pants created an itchy

feeling on my skin but only made me more aroused at the thought that he hadn't even waited to take off his clothes.

It was a total surprise to me when I discovered that I could come that way. I don't know if I'm unusual or not; I've never read anything about it. But just as I did yesterday and probably will do today when Tony gets home, I have these totally fulfilling orgasms while he's taking me anally. Sometimes he's touching me in front, too, playing with my spread vaginal lips, and sometimes he has his fingers rising up inside my vagina, but not always. He almost always plays with my breasts, though, and the climaxes he's been giving me have an added dimension to them. I just never knew that sex could be like this.

I don't mean to stress our sex life. There are other things that I love about Tony as well. We just get along on every level. We are completely matched to each other in every way. Tony is sure of himself, and he gives me a confidence that I'd never dreamed I'd have. I'm going to a community school here in Berkeley next month, for example, and I'm looking for a job so that I can help with expenses.

I'm sorry to have to hurt anyone, especially Lori, Tony's girl



friend, because I think she is very nice. As far as Ed is concerned, I don't want to hurt him either; but really it's too late now for me to go back to him. I keep praying that he and Lori can hit it off together as well as Tony and I have.

It may sound immature of me—I really don't know—but this is an honest reaction. You see, I just don't have any kind of a romantic reaction with Ed. Maybe the reason is that I knew him in high school. It's that same old story—you shouldn't marry someone you grew up with.

Of course, Tony is quite different, but I don't think we have the kind of relationship that's simply built on infatuation. Tony simply has more depth as a person. Also, he's just more of a man, and, I must confess, his manliness carries over right into the bed.

I know a lot of feminists will hate me for saying this, but I really like to be dominated in bed. And I mean *dominated*. It's not a little role I play when I hop into the sack. It's something that I need. Unfortunately, Ed couldn't provide the necessary domination. I'd fantasize like crazy, trying to imagine him as this big hulk who could possess me entirely. But you can fantasize only for so long, and then you must face reality. After a while, I just stopped trying because I knew it wouldn't work. I couldn't maintain the fantasy any longer.

It really infuriates me that people blame Tony for this whole situation. Believe me, Ed and I were finished before I ever met Tony and Lori. Now everybody sees them as the hurt couple, and I suppose they are. But what were Ed and I supposed to do? Keep living with people we really weren't in love with? Oh, I still "love" Ed, and Tony "loves" Lori, but neither of us are *in* love with these people. Sometimes it's just wise to call it quits and start anew with another person.

I'm ready for a divorce right now. Of course, Ed is playing the martyr, and I don't know when he'll see the light. If not, then I'll just have to live with it. Tony and I have such a beautiful relationship right now that we don't have to mess it up with a lot of legalities and legal papers. We're happy just as we are.

I just wish that Lori and Ed could get it on as Tony and I have. If not, then they should both start looking around for some other people. Just because this switch in partners worked for Tony and me doesn't mean that Lori and Ed *have* to stick it out. There are other fish in the sea.

Right now I'm just sitting here thinking about Tony. After this interview, we'll probably go home and maybe I'll fix a nice dinner, and then we'll stay home for the rest of the evening. He doesn't have to take me to a movie or out to eat or anything like that. I just think about that big erection of his pounding away in my anus, and I'm content. Nothing makes me happier, and no one can take that away from us—not even Lori and Ed. If only they knew how happy we were. Maybe then they'd stop talking about our switching partners again. No way! No way!

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

I am not against swapping if both couples do it in the same room and preferably on the same bed. What I am dead against is the kind of swapping in which the participants go off into

separate rooms and have sex privately. Some couples whom I have interviewed had devastating things happen to their relationship as a result of partner swapping. Because of my clinical experience, I just do not believe that anyone's relationship with his or her spouse is improved by switching partners.

The most common claim is that the couple was sexually bored with one another, met another couple, swapped partners, and thereafter discovered one, another, and lived sexually happy ever after. Tony supports my contention that it is sexual boredom that starts off mate swapping. "The moment I laid eyes on them in the bar... I knew that they were not exactly the happiest couple in the world. And one rule in this switching game that must be followed is this: The couple you make it with must be pretty much in the same boat you and your old lady are in."

Actually, Tony is a son of a bitch. He observes: "I knew that by throwing Lori at Ed that night I'd get his wife without any sweat." He even makes it worse by adding, "Maybe it sounds calculating, but I guess I had a special feeling for Jackie the minute I

spotted her at The Club." So he has his girl friend act as his pimp for him. Nor does it extenuate his culpability when he says, "The whole thing was something I never intended to happen, really, although I'm glad I got to know Jackie. I mean, I wouldn't change that for the world." The same is true of his admission that, "I knew from the start that it wasn't fair for Lori and me to get involved with Ed and Jackie.... We were more experienced than they were." So Tony has now developed a "thing"—I wouldn't call it love—for Jackie. It is a physical attraction.

Lori is obviously not a keen swapper. Swapping was Tony's idea, based on the dumbest logic: "Tony felt that if we had sex with other couples, we would have *control* of the situation. That way we'd both know what was happening, and nothing unforeseen would occur." But the way they organized their swapping, it was designed just to make something happen. I agree with the woman friend.

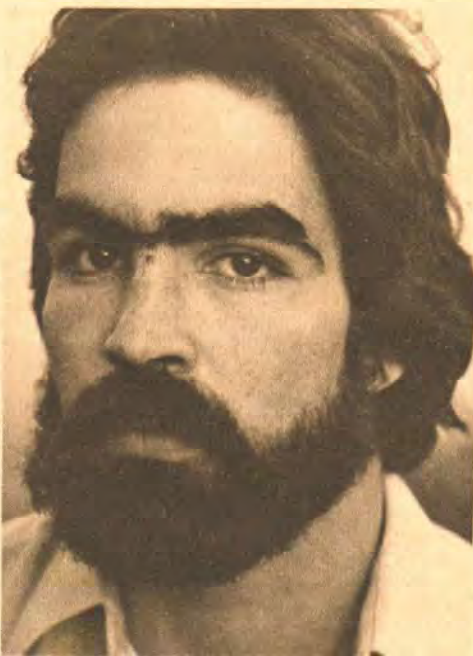
Tony is compulsively promiscuous, and this is the way he rationalizes it, by pretending that through these means he will not hurt Lori by his infidelity.

Ed got involved with this arrangement because he was not satisfying Jackie, and she let him know about her dissatisfaction. Now she's being satisfied by someone else. Ed himself wasn't satisfied with Jackie.

Jackie believes she was tired of Ed, and so she fell for Tony's more adventurous expertise. She's not really in love with him; she just loves his sexual expertise.

What is the result of this partner switch? Lori and Ed have been made desperately unhappy. Jackie doesn't want Ed back, and for the time being, Tony doesn't want to lose Jackie. But what is going to happen when Tony has nothing left to teach Jackie, and she has nothing left to teach him? Will he send her into another ladies' room after someone else's wife?

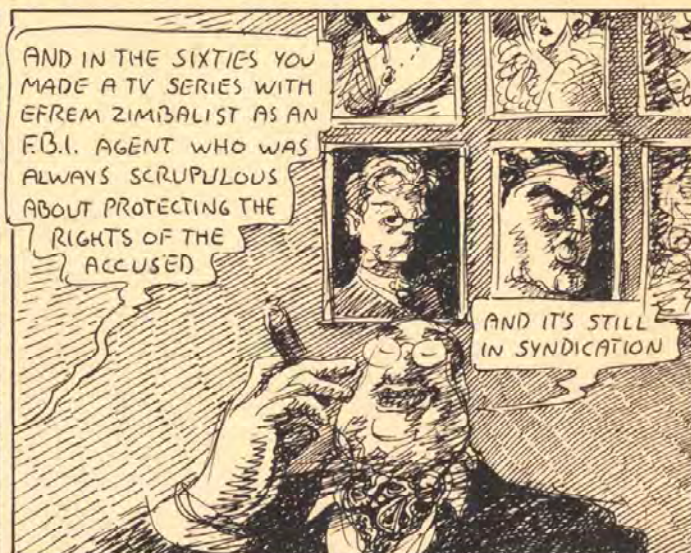
These four people have come to such an impasse in their four-way relationship that there is a good chance that they'll restore the status quo and make a clean start of it: Tony with Lori and Ed with Jackie. 



PARTING SHOT

THE PRODUCER

By Edward Sorel



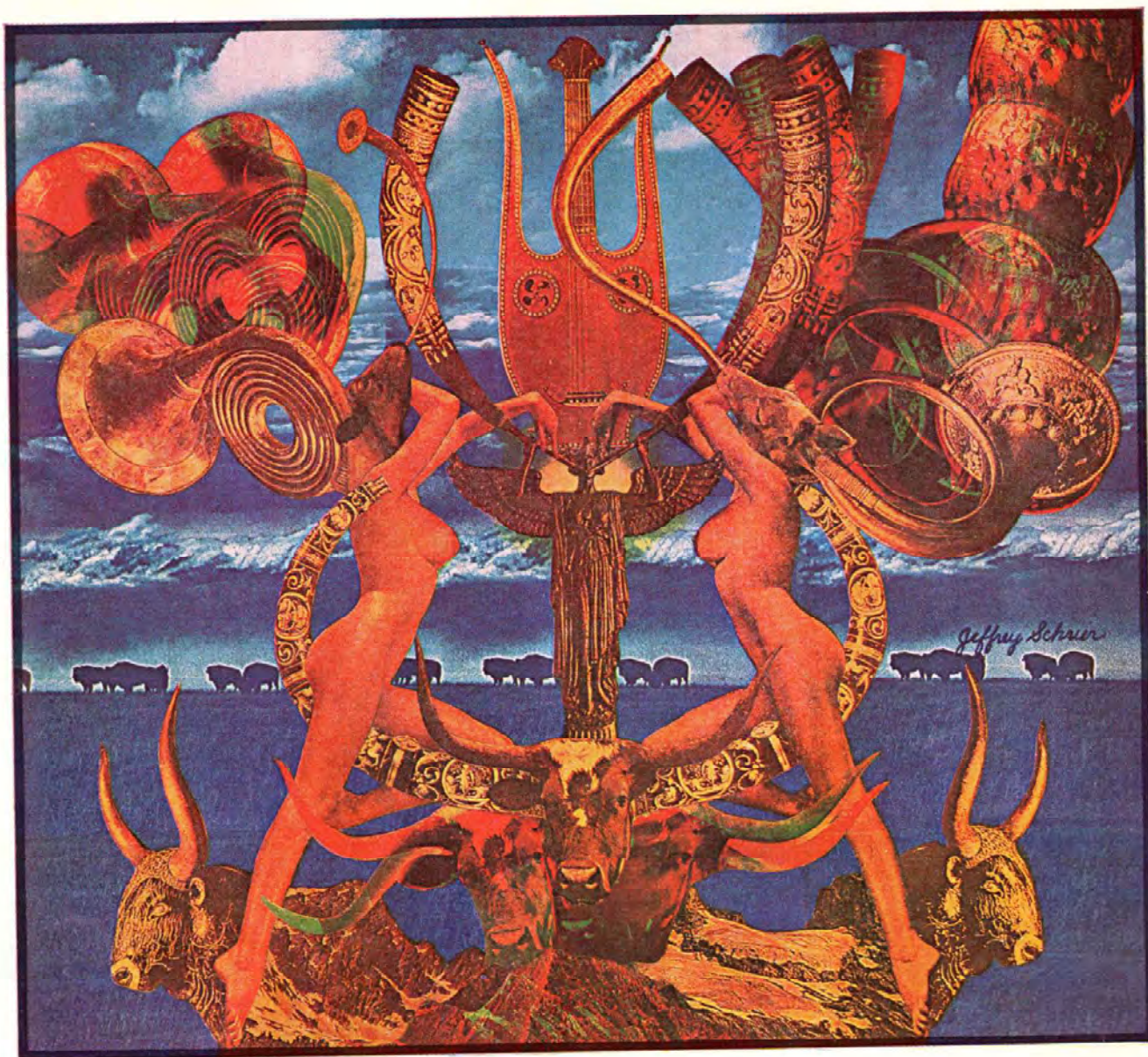
Old Gold pleasure!

Taste is why.



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

17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.



THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

APRIL 20

TAURUS

MAY 20

THE TAURUS MALE

He thinks being in love is a natural condition and likes doing what comes naturally. His technique is his own—not to overwhelm a woman at first meeting, or to play the gallant, flattering courtier bearing flowers or candy, or to dazzle her with effervescent wit and charm.

What's left?

Plenty.

This man is gung ho for sex, and every woman senses it the minute she gets near. Her geiger counters start clicking, and small wonder, for she is in the presence of a slow-motion earthquake. He

comes on strong and steadily, from the first tremor to the final cataclysm. And when he's done, she's devastated.

A woman is wasting her time being coy or provocative with this fellow. He'll make up his own mind as to whether he wants her, and none of her pretenses will affect or deter him in the least. Trying to add fuel to his fires would be like sending coals to Scranton, and trying to turn him off would be like sending ice to Greenland. None is needed, thank you. A gal doesn't have to do anything but stand there: he'll take care of the rest. She won't

have to post signs, either. He already knows the way to Oz.

Not long ago, a well-known television actress came to me for consultation. She wanted to make it with the actor who was her leading man (in a current, popular detective series). Since he obviously liked her, too, she couldn't understand why, during their brief meetings off the set, he never tried a serious forward pass. She was only too willing to be his wide receiver.

I told her to give him a little more time. He was a Taurus, and nobody, but *nobody* was going to make him move until he was ready. "You can lead a horse to

BY MARTINE

water," I told her, "but you can't take a bull anywhere unless he wants to go."

Well, the actress in question had no intention of becoming a lady-in-waiting (she was a Gemini and impatient), so she kept trying. She tried all the come-ons, and they all came to nothing. She even invited him to be her escort at a fund-raising benefit in the hope it would turn into a fun-raising party. Nothing happened. She couldn't understand it, for ordinarily she picked up men by the six-pack.

One night I had an excited telephone call from her. He had called to invite himself up to her place for a drink. What should she do? I told her not to bother planning an "approach" for The Big Night, that her Taurus would set the pace. (Getting Taurus to open up is like getting the olives out of a bottle—once you pry out the first, the rest come easily.) But she was determined. This time her approach would be to act as distant and as difficult as he had been. After all, nothing else had worked; maybe this would intrigue him. Besides, she'd get a little of her own back before she finally got him.

The next morning I asked how the strategy had worked. Laughingly, she admitted I'd been right. "I tried to play hard-to-get and haughty. I said you can't, you mustn't, you couldn't, you wouldn't, you shouldn't. And he did!"

This was not, of course, any surprise to me. Taureans have a way of railroading right through any steeplechase of protestations, excuses, pleadings, explanations, or pleasantries set before them by hesitant damsels. They're quite willing to do the deciding for you.

Taurus is not, however, impetuous. If he seems to act rashly or impulsively, examine the situation more thoroughly. You'll find that a Taurean move that seems impulsive is only the last in a long, closely-linked sequence of gambits, the final move in a plan he's been gestating for some time. Or is it his final move?

He usually has an easygoing, genial exterior, but don't deceive yourself for a moment about the volcanic activity that's going on underneath. Case in point: someone should have warned Gen. Douglas MacArthur (an Aquarian) about Taurean Harry Truman's boiling point. General MacArthur kept taking over control of the Korean War, ignoring President Truman, because, after all, no president would dare to publicly rebuke a genuine national military hero right in the middle of a war. But when Harry Truman had had enough, he blew sky-high and, in one of the most explosive actions of his presidency, summarily fired the haughty general and ordered him home. They say MacArthur never fully recovered from the shock. He'd have saved himself a serious blunder if only he'd understood more about the Taurean nature.

Taurus doesn't push himself forward, build himself up, or sing his own praises. He's too shy, although he's basically as vain as the next man. That odd combination of shyness and vanity could qualify him to be president of a new group: Egomaniacs

THE GIFT OF THE GODS.

OVER 1,500 YEARS AGO, BOLD MEN HAD A LEGENDARY THIRST FOR THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD:

A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

It marched with Rome's legions.

Rode with Hannibal across the Alps.

Came to the British Isles as the drink of the Anglo, Saxon and Jute invaders.

And was the Viking's "Gift of the Gods":

The cup served by the lithe and lovely Valkyries of Valhalla to those heroic Norse warriors who had fallen bravely in battle.

Then unaccountably, for centuries the legendary taste became a legend lost.

Lost until, many years ago, a seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.



The result is Irish Mist:

The natural taste of mead, rediscovered.

And the return of "The Gift of the Gods."

A drink of exceptional character.

With a zest, levity and smoothness all its own.

The perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

And the ideal gift for the man with a sense of history.

Imported Irish Mist.

Gift of the Gods.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN.

IMPORTED IRISH MIST® LIQUEUR. 80 PROOF. ©1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

It's easy to turn a heap into



Anonymous. He is dependable, generous—especially to close friends and family—and a homebody. But he expects to be boss in his own home.

Taureans enjoy food and drink, often to excess, and they are poor dieters, for they never let their right brain know what their left hand is eating. Inside every thin Taurean (and you won't see many), there's a fat person waiting to get out. They don't have an appetat to warn them when they've had enough of almost anything you can name. They believe cravings were made to be satisfied and enjoy everything in immoderation.

A Taurus knows to the penny what a dollar is worth. Don't try to lure him with ninety-nine-cent bargains to which tax will be added; tell him exactly the full cost, and then maybe he'll buy. You can't "sell" him on anything, but he *will* buy—if he knows he's getting his money's worth. In business, he usually does quite well. He may not seem efficient, for he goes about a task in a painstaking, almost plodding way. But if you add up what he's accomplished at the end of a given month or year, you'll be surprised how much more he has achieved than some of his flashier brethren in the Zodiac. One reason is that he doesn't mind hard work and is never dismayed by either opposition or obstacles. He knows that if he perseveres, he will surmount them—for the race is not always to the swift. Also to be noted: he will occasionally use cunning to achieve a goal, for when the occasion demands it, he has a

definite ability to rise above principle.

Because he goes all out to win, a Taurus is more than ordinarily depressed when—as happens to all of us—he loses. A setback can sometimes bring on a real mental depression. This only results when the setback is truly serious, however, for Mr. Taurus is practical and realistic and knows that everything doesn't always work out exactly as planned. Real life is never tidy; the items don't add up neatly. Somehow there is always one spare sock left over when the laundry comes back...

He's a strong-willed, sensible, sensual man, the kind who will never leak resolution from any pore. A man for all seasons.

TAURUS AS A LOVER

He enjoys his passions at length, and then some. Stamina is his middle name. In a head-to-head contest, he'd probably wear down Gibraltar. However, his technique tends to be Prosaic Primitive—he thinks it's pretty far out when he switches from the missionary position. Sex, in his opinion, should be taken straight and often—like good whiskey. He's not interested in any guidance into the Matto Grosso jungle of unexplored sensuality. He likes to negotiate terrain he's trekked before.

Taurus is an oral type, and, with a bit of *intime* instruction, he can be weaned from the idea that cunnilingus is just a kind of oral hygiene for the sexually handicapped.

Never, never, never forget a basic rule in

dealing with any man born under this sign: don't try to *make* him do anything. Suggest, and hope he will take kindly to it, but never dictate. Criticism will get you nowhere but into trouble; it only fortifies his stubbornness. A little imagination may help matters. I once intrigued one Taurean by catering to his fondness for a certain brand of Scotch. I let him pour a few drops at a time onto my bare skin, then lick it off with his tongue until he got to that area where I was interested in getting him. I don't mean my earlobes.

There are many roads—and rivers—to Rome.

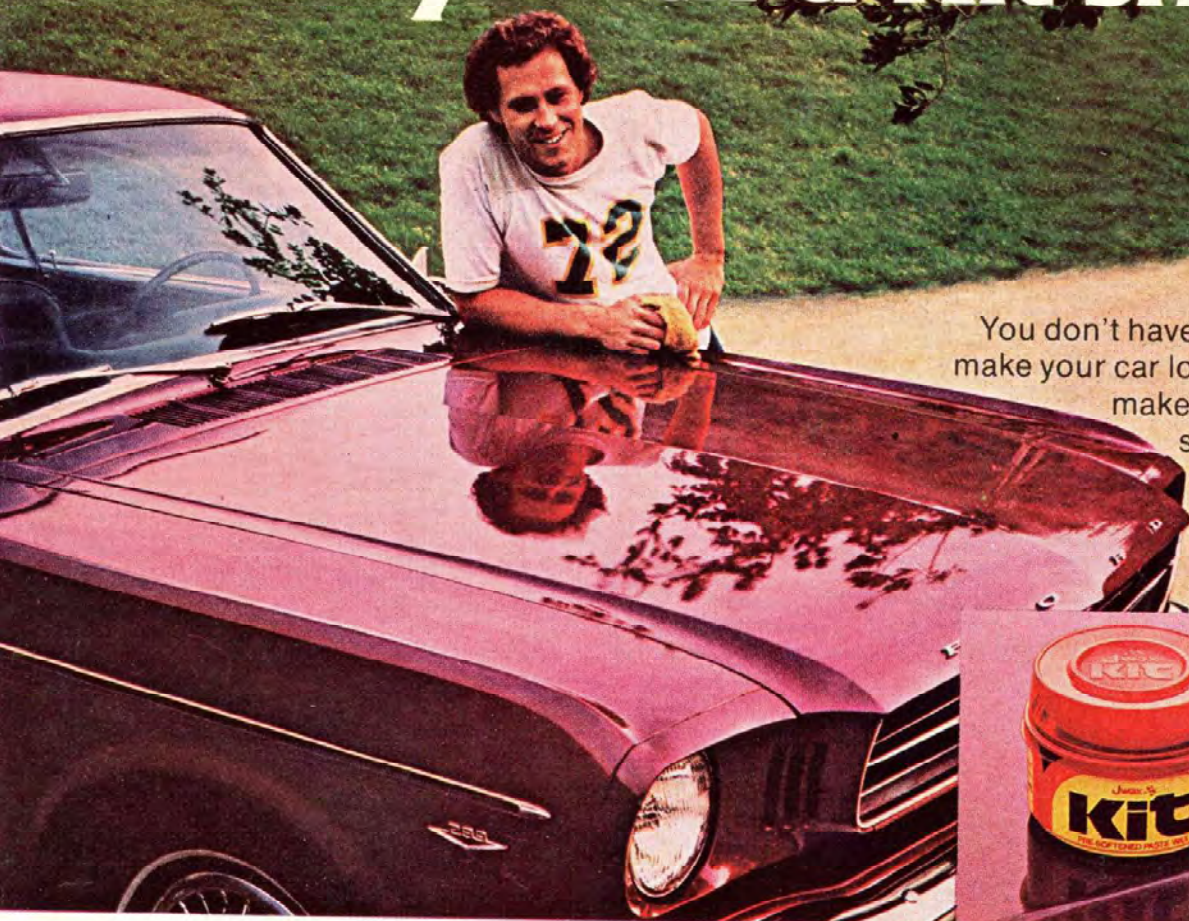
A WORD OF ADVICE FOR TAURUS

Don't mistake your obstinacy for determination—there's a difference. You can accomplish more by letting your sensitivity show through and using persuasion. *Don't postpone decisions in the hope that inertia will make the decision for you.*

THE TAURUS FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She's affectionate and demonstrative—and she trusts her emotions. Indeed, some critics maintain that she has to trust her emotions because she can't trust her intelligence. That's not only unfair; it also shows that they don't see beneath her surface placidity.

a honey with a Kit shine.



You don't have to knock yourself out to make your car look terrific. J/Wax Kit will make it easy for you. Kit's pre-softened — it liquifies as it hits the finish. Deep cleans. Wipes off easy. There's no easier, faster way to get a long-lasting paste wax shine than with J/Wax Kit.



**No wonder
it's #1.**

This is a self-possessed woman with a secure sense of her identity. She has a lot to offer any man, and no bargain hunters need apply. You won't find her competing for the attentions of that smoldering-eyed, handsome young man all the girls are crazy about; she knows what to expect from him. Watch her slowly survey the field and settle on a more likely quarry. That short, rotund, spectacled fellow with the quick infectious smile and ready wit? Yes, that's the one. She wants a man who will wear well, not a chromium-plated model destined for an early junk heap.

Mating is a serious matter to her, and she has no intention of rushing things or acting incautiously.

One other reason she's deliberate is that she is timid. She conceals this so well that even her best friends aren't aware of it. But her sensitivity is an open, throbbing wound right there beneath the skin. A rebuff pierces her more than it will most people, and she will do almost anything to avoid that injury. She is not interested in a one-night stand; she's not a lady for a day, or even for a weekend. Her need is for security and stability, and she tends to be rather conventional in her outlook on sexual involvement. Casual is not the word for this lady.

However, with Venus as her ruling planet, she is extremely passionate. If she has Taurus rising, then her passions can heat up to a point at which many males heed the advice, "If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen." Or out of the bedroom.

An excellent housekeeper, she is also a fine cook (especially of calorie-rich dishes). She can be helpful to her man in business affairs. She won't come up with startling, new ideas, and she will probably cast a cold eye on suggestions that seem too ambitious or that depart from or flout the established order. But she supplies a needed counterbalance to hasty and ill-thought-out schemes. What she really excels at is filling in the missing pieces, offering suggestions on how to round out an idea. Give her the core, and she'll know how to surround it with an apple.

Very musical, she often has a good singing voice (Barbra Streisand, Ann-Margret, Lainie Kazan, Cher) and should be encouraged to perform.

This is a woman with a great deal of potential, serene, unaffected, sexy, artistic, good-natured. A man who captures her fancy can count himself among the really lucky ones.

TAURUS'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

TAURUS AND ARIES In time your possessiveness may strike some scorching sparks from fiery Aries, but you're bound to have fun while the affair lasts.

TAURUS AND TAURUS Because you are earthy and direct about sexual needs, there should be no problem in that department. Boredom is the threat.

TAURUS AND GEMINI You're totally op-

posite in temperament, but may find each other intriguing for that reason—for a little while.

TAURUS AND CANCER Similar interests and desires make for a harmonious mating.

TAURUS AND LEO Sexually, you're well matched, but Leo thinks life is a three-ring circus. You may find it hard to take.

TAURUS AND VIRGO Your directness in sexual matters may turn off reserved Virgo, whose lack of responsiveness could be fatal. However, if you awaken Virgo's affections, which are deep, you have everything else in common.

TAURUS AND LIBRA Money may be a problem, for Libra doesn't have your reverential attitude toward the dollar. However, you're both emotionally warm, and that's the keynote to a genuine compatibility.

TAURUS AND SCORPIO Scorpio's overbearing, jealous nature will be upsetting—and you'll need great tolerance to make the union last.

TAURUS AND SAGITTARIUS If you tie a string to Sagittarius's kite and hold on tight, this might work. No boring moments—but a good deal of quarreling. An affair can be fun.

TAURUS AND CAPRICORN You both like security and m-o-n-e-y. There won't be much romance, but there'll be plenty of healthy sex. Auguries for the long term are promising.

TAURUS AND AQUARIUS Social-minded, outgoing Aquarius resents ties that bind and sooner or later will slip away. Don't sign any long leases.

A stereo sale in your living room?

That's right — it comes right to your door!

Just open our new catalog and you'll discover all the latest stereo components and complete music systems at remarkable savings. No hype. No pressure. We simply pick the best stuff available from ALL major brands and offer it at shamefully low prices. For five years we've been the fast-delivering alternative to high-priced retail stores, with over 100,000 customers! Find out why . . . write or call today!

P.S. Send along \$1 for postage and we'll zip you the new "How to Hi-Fi Guide" — a good source book explaining all the basic components and how to get the most out of your music system, plus a glossary of terms.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Box S, San Luis Obispo
CA, 93405
805/544-9700



Free catalog WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

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.



Just zip me your free catalog via THIRD CLASS MAIL.

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

2 H

TAURUS AND PISCES Your practical, easy-going nature helps Pisces through its frequent depressions. Sexually, you're well suited, and all other problems are minor. Have a happy!

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21—April 19) In the financial area, there is a surprise in store for you. The best course is to stay cool, calm, and collected. There are certain elements in a sexual liaison that you are probably not aware of. You can break an old habit now if you really want to. *Martine's Advice:* If stakes get too high, pass for now. Patience will pay off. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 4, 8, 14—15, 27, 31.

TAURUS (April 20—May 20) Because of a previous bad experience, you are suspicious of someone who leads you into a similar situation. If you are wise, you will recognize that the present situation bears no real resemblance to what happened previously. Be guarded about confidences, particularly in anything that involves financial negotiations. *Martine's Advice:* The ordinary and conventional way won't work for you now. Try a different route. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 2, 10, 16—17, 20, 30.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20) A quarrel with someone you deeply care for causes tension. You can avoid serious complications by making the first conciliatory move. During the final ten days of May, your luck turns sharply for the better. Consider it carefully; this may be the time to explore a new horizon. *Martine's Advice:* Consideration for others will pay the best dividends now. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 5, 9—10, 19, 26—27.

CANCER (June 21—July 22) You should be more realistic in your amorous expectations, for you can't and shouldn't expect anyone's undivided loyalty. In business, you prosper if you are willing to accept risks; this is particularly true after May 17. If in doubt about what course to follow, trust to your instincts. *Martine's Advice:* Give better than you receive, and you will not be disappointed. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 3, 11, 16, 21, 28—29.

LEO (July 23—August 22) A love affair, beginning at mid-month, may have an important bearing on your future. In business, you must not be shy about promoting yourself to your superiors. In a difficult decision, opt for the money instead of choosing the intangible benefits. *Martine's Advice:* Don't try to get by on charm alone. Have confidence in your abilities. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 6, 13, 17—18, 23—24.

VIRGO (August 23—September 22) Between May 1 and 20, you can move a giant step toward solving your money worries. Toward the latter part of this ten-day period, you meet someone who really triggers your sensual emotions. Don't worry about spreading yourself thin, for Mercury, in good aspect to Uranus, is a guarantee that you'll have the vitality you need. *Martine's Advice:* You won't succeed unless you're willing to try—so go ahead. *Sexually Potent Days:*

May 2, 7, 17, 26—27, 31.

LIBRA (September 23—October 22) A deal you've been hoping to conclude stands a very good chance of being successful. The period of May 8—18 is an especially well-aspected time for you. In a love affair, listen to your heart's counsel and not to other's advice. A recent friend may show a more difficult and touchy side. Handle this person diplomatically and all will be well. *Martine's Advice:* Stay moderate and flexible, and open yourself to any and all new approaches. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 1, 6, 13, 21, 28—29.

SCORPIO (October 23—November 21) The Full Moon in your sign on May 3 pulls your passions to high tide. After May 22 auspices are favorable for travel. Getting away might also help you to resolve an emotional dilemma. If you are privy to another person's secret, be sure to guard it, for the consequences of disclosure can be greater than you think. *Martine's Advice:* Stand back from your problems a little, and you will gain a most valuable perspective. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 3, 10, 14—17, 30—31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22—December 21) You can not only achieve an immediate goal but also acquire power beyond your ambition. However, check out all the factors before plunging in. In sexual matters, be especially careful about offending someone who can do you an injury. On May 15, you tend to be rash and vulnerable. *Martine's Advice:* If you're not aware of your true feelings, try to fathom them. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 5, 9, 19—20, 24, 27.

CAPRICORN (December 22—January 19) You have to deal with a problem that concerns someone else's interests, and you will be better off not getting involved too deeply. There are good auguries for romance, and a warm friendship may ignite into a much more combustible relationship. *Martine's Advice:* Keep your wits about you and depend on the tried-and-true. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 2, 7, 13, 20—22, 28.

AQUARIUS (January 20—February 18) You confront a financial situation requiring utmost skill in maneuvering but representing opportunity. An intimate relationship is imperiled by gossip between May 23 and 28. This situation will be eased when you discover the source of the misinformation. *Martine's Advice:* Beware of impulsive actions, but be sure to be confidently aggressive. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 4, 9—10, 18, 25—26.

PISCES (February 19—March 20) During the first week of May you are likely to be drawn into a dispute. Don't yield to temptations, for the passions aroused are not worth it. On May 14—15, when Venus, Mars, and the Moon collide in your chart, there are strong conflicting forces in your sex life. After a tumultuous time, you are in for a quiet period of progress and recognition for your efforts. *Martine's Advice:* Press an advantage when it materializes, despite your hesitation, for you'll find your persistence will pay off. *Sexually Potent Days:* May 1, 11, 17, 19—20, 31. ☉→♈



A Revolutionary New Permanent Mattress Or Perfect Spare Bed

The World's Most Comfortable Mattress: Adjustable To Your Own Firmness Level

Air Support Bedding is just as it sounds—sleeping on a lush cushion of air. Both Air Support Bed Lines, "Quiltair," and "Inflate-A-Bed" now make that vision a genuine reality. Both are complete bedding systems which incorporate our famous patented AIR SUPPORT COILS designed for the finest sleeping comfort and luxury, as well as unprecedented orthopedic value in a mattress.

You Actually Sleep And Feel Better... The primary reason you sleep better is due to a lessening of pressure against the body, causing less "capillary restriction" of the bloodflow. Normally when this occurs, you toss and turn restlessly. Chiropractors around the country have sent us letters praising these orthopedic benefits. In fact, for thousands of users the classic "morning backache" has become a thing of the past. This means a total absence of sleeping discomfort and a more restful, solid uninterrupted night's sleep. And you feel and function better during your waking hours.

5 Year Manufacturer's Warranty. We offer two different Air Support Beds in our Sleep Line. "Quiltair," the top of the line, which carries a 5-year warranty, is made for use as a heavy-duty permanent mattress. "Inflate-A-Bed," with its velveteen flopped finish, is recommended for a spare bedroom you can store on a shelf or your own permanent mattress, and carries a 1-year warranty. It deflates in minutes for you to fold up and take with you anywhere—visiting, camping or the beach. It makes a dynamite water raft or can be used when sunbathing. You can also store it on a shelf when not in use. Both are constructed of 20 mil poly vinyl, similar to inflatable marine craft. A patch kit and special vacuum cleaner adapter is included for inflating.

Send Coupon To:
Contemporary Marketing, Inc. Call Toll Free: 800-621-8318
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106 Ill. Call: 312-595-0461

The Discovery of Air Support Bedding

Support And Rigidity Is Maintained By The Patented Air Coils.

The cutaway below shows the Air Coil/Chamber Construction found throughout the "sleep" line of air beds. The Air Coils provide an outstanding body reinforcement support evenly and comfortably. Two people can sleep totally undisturbed by each other's movements throughout the night.



Sleep On One For 7 Nights—No Obligation

Please send the following "Air Support Bed" System as indicated below. If not fully satisfied, I can return it within 7 days for a prompt refund.

"The Inflate-A-Bed" (With Velveteen Finish)

☐ Twin Size @ \$59.95 ☐ Full Size @ \$79.95
☐ Queen Size @ \$89.95 ☐ King Size @ \$119.95

"Quiltair" (With 5 Year Warranty)

☐ Twin Size @ \$89.95 ☐ Full Size @ \$109.95
☐ Queen Size @ \$129.95 ☐ King Size @ \$159.95

Please Add \$4.95 Shipping Per Bed

Illinois Residents Please Add 5% Sales Tax

Charge It:

☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Am Express ☐ Diners
☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Club

Credit Card # _____

Master Charge Bank # _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

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 _____

7-13 ©1977





THE SHAVER'S EDGE

BY ED EMMERLING

That poor, poor face. I mean, how would you like to wake up confronting cold steel day after day? No wonder that most men's faces look like moonscapes by the time they're forty. Yes, I know that you've been shaving since you were sixteen, that you're no longer sixteen, and that you know what's best for you. Regardless of these considerations, why don't we review the daily shave and consider how you can make things easier for your face?

FIRST, CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON

When properly used, both safety razors and electric shavers give you a good shave; so there's no point in advising you

to switch from one to the other. Simply use the one that is most comfortable. Blades usually give the closer shave, but electric shavers are faster and more convenient to use. Bear in mind only one important point of difference in taking care of the skin: wet shaving dries the skin more than electric does; after shaving, use a moisturizer. Moreover, noted skin specialist Judie Sans, who directs more than thirty skin-care centers across the country, suggests that men who use only electric shavers should not overdo it: "A lot of men have the tendency to go over and over the beard, pulling down their facial muscles and causing their skin to sag. Once is definitely enough."

Forget the shaving myths. Neither electric nor safety razors change the rate of growth, quality, or thickness of your beard. It gets coarser over the years because of age, not your razor. If using a razor increased hair growth and texture, you could bet your five o'clock shadow that every balding man in America would be shaving his scalp regularly.

NEXT: USE A MAGNIFYING MIRROR

You can remove only what you can see. A magnifying shaving mirror will help you get a much closer shave, particularly on the tip of your chin and under it. Clairol's "mirror mirror" is a fine advance in an all-purpose, lighted mirror.

Photograph by Ben Sweeowsky

PREPARE YOUR WHISKERS

You will make your whiskers stand up for easier and closer shaves either by surrounding them with an excess of moisture or by removing all moisture. After washing or rinsing your face in warm water, apply shaving cream. Aerosol lather preparations have become popular purely because of their convenient form. Like most shaving creams, they usually contain an emulsion of water and various oils plus perfume. When the expanding propellant is released from the can, it becomes trapped by the surrounding oil-and-water emulsion and forms the lather bubbles. The oil lubricates your skin, and the cream makes your whiskers stand up by holding water against them. The cream also forms an emulsion with your natural skin oils and dirt, which it holds in suspension until they are scraped away by your razor.

Here's something new. Why not save time and energy by shaving with the same soap you use to cleanse your face? Lloyd Cotsen, who heads the firm that makes Neutrogena hypoallergenic soap, claims that's what's happening with his product. Extremely water-soluble, it's formulated to liquefy with water on the skin; yet it rinses off completely. Since no residue remains on the face, potential irritation is greatly reduced.

Here's another interesting point. For men with especially dry skin, shaving foam can be especially good for just washing the skin. New York skin specialist Mario Badescu advises washing with tepid water and shaving foam rather than with soap, because "shaving soap is milder, less alkaline than regular soap. Regular soap removes the natural acid mantle of the skin, giving the skin a loss of softness and flexibility."

THE RAZOR BLADE

Because a sharp blade is necessary for a close shave, never dull the blade by wiping it with a towel or a tissue. Just

rinse it under hot water. Change your blade whenever it starts to tug at, rather than slice through, your whiskers.

NEW KINDS OF ELECTRIC SHAVERS

Since a majority of males shave with safety blades, some electric shaver makers have introduced the "electric razor." Designed as an electric shaver, it works on the principle of several popular safety razors with dual heads and flexible screens. The first screen reputedly pulls the skin taut, setting up the beard and cutting it. Then the backup screen takes off a bit more. Other "electric razors," which still possess the familiar floating heads, have 55 percent better cutting action because the self-sharpening surgical-steel blades are doubled.

Another electric-system shave to which you can now turn is shavers that are designed to get into and de-whisker such hard-to-get areas as chin clefts. One, called Eltron, which is made in West Germany by Braun, boasts a shaving head that reduces the distance between blade and beard, thereby trapping and cutting rough stubble. It even comes with its own travel mirror.

ELECTRIC SHAVE PREPARATION

Your skin may often be dry enough that your whiskers will stand up and your razor move smoothly without the need for a preshave preparation. At other times, perspiration or moisture from a steamy bathroom may so soften your whiskers and inhibit razor movement that a spotty shave results. In these cases apply a preshave lotion. It usually contains alcohol, which gets rid of perspiration and dries your whiskers, and a little oil, which lubricates the skin and allows the razor to move easily without biting.

THE CUTTING SURFACE

You should keep the cutting blades of the head of your electric razor sharp and clean. Remove skin oil and hair from

them regularly and follow the manufacturer's instructions concerning sharpening. Remember that the cutting surfaces may not last so long as the motor; replace them if they become dull.

AFTER-SHAVING SKIN PROTECTION

Rinse your face thoroughly with warm water in order to remove any leftover cream or lotion. Apply an after-shave lotion, balm, or cologne to cotton-wipe your face. These astringent preparations (basically alcohol, water, and perfume) wake up your skin and clear away excess oil. Splash your face twelve times with cold water and towel it almost dry. Gently rub a moisturizing cream, an oil, or a lotion into your skin (unless it's naturally oily) so that it retains its moisture. Some after-shave preparations now contain a little oil for moisturizing and supposedly enable you to tone and moisturize at the same time.

Generally, after-shave products are an effective way to round out the shaving ritual. But, a word of caution to the over-groomer, who may make too much of a good thing. The man with dry skin, for instance, may continually dab on moisturizers throughout the day. But constant application of some moisturizers can actually increase dryness, since certain ones work by attracting moisture, usually from the air. Overusing them results in moisture being drawn not only from the air but also from beneath the skin's surface, aggravating dryness.

By the same token, many men with dry skin mistakenly believe that if a little dab of cream is good, a lot must be even better. For a dry complexion, creams might be better than moisturizers, but for oily skin, they're usually too rich, because they make it flare up more easily. Similarly, men with blemish problems should avoid moisturizers and creams altogether until their complexions have cleared up. So carefully analyze your shaving needs and "face" the day. 

Penthouse recommends the following products from reputable firms:

PRESHAVE

Aramis beard softener
Braggi pre-electric shave
Old Spice pre-electric shave
English Leather pre-electric lotion
Brut pre-electric shave conditioner

SHAVING DEVICES

Norelco rotary razor
Eltron International electric razor (with mirror)
Ronson 100 XL electric shaver (with foil mirror)
Personna Double II twin-blade razor

SHAVE CREAMS, FOAMS, AND SOAPS

Noxzema foam shave
Roffler Gentle Shave
Edge protective shave; also their shave foam for sensitive skin
Agua Brava foam shave
Zizanie concentrée (cream)
Old Spice glass shaving mug with soap
Old Spice moisturizing shave foam (with natural moisturizers)
Pierre Cardin shave cream
Aramis special shaving formula
Clairol Hot Shave Capsule
Givenchy shaving foam
English Leather Shave Bowl
Roman Brio shaving cream

AFTER-SHAVE PREPARATIONS

Mennen Afta skin conditioner
Zizanie after-shave crème concentrée
Chanel after-shave balm
Bill Blass after-shave
Canoe Royale skin conditioner
Givenchy moisturizing after-shave
Mon Triomphe after-shave
Trouble after-shave
Pierre Cardin after-shave balm
Aramis soothing after-shave
YSL after-shave balm
Hai Karate after-shave
(for sensitive skin)
English Leather after-shave cream
Brut after-shave crème lotion

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.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

I kissed her, gently at first, but harder and harder as she clung to me hungrily. There were intense vibrations passing between us, and our bodies seemed to merge. It was one of the few times in my life that I was able to free myself of all my inhibitions. In a moment I had pulled her panties off and had my cock out. She moved to straddle me as I lifted her skirt and cupped my hands on her bare bottom. I pulled her onto me and entered slowly.

When I was completely in her, we rocked back and forth, with my cock sunk to the hilt. It was swollen inside her, and she seemed to be gripping it with her muscles. She moaned as I came in a rush of hot liquid. She rocked back and forth, pressing her little pussy tightly against me. She came in a rush of hot lust. We were both drained. She put her head on my shoulder, and I held her like a child. With her legs straddling me, and my member still in her, we both went to sleep.

When she got off the bus later that night, I kissed her and said good-bye. These were the first and only words I had ever said to her.—*T.P., Soledad, Calif.*

Bus load

Being a drummer in a rock-'n'-roll band certainly has its advantages. I meet a lot of foxes during my travels and would like to relate one such adventure to you and your readers.

I had the privilege of being invited to a "coming-out" party for a well-known band (whose name shall remain anonymous). The scene was swinging, and liquor and other things were in abundance. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of this gorgeous chick talking to a drummer friend of mine. She was about five feet seven inches and had cascades of long, silky blond hair reaching to the bottom of her tight, well-rounded ass. I could tell by the expression on my friend's face that she had said something to please him. Not being shy, I decided to mosey over and see if I could get a piece of the action. At that moment he and the girl headed out the door and, with glances over their shoulders, beckoned me to follow.

Before I realized what had happened, I was in the band bus with four members of the band and this luscious beauty. She wasted no time in making her intentions clear. "Rock 'n' roll is a hard life," she said, "and I know just how to ease the tensions for all of you." She then removed her skimpy halter, revealing large, firm breasts with nipples the size of half dollars. To my dismay, she didn't remove the jeans into which she seemed to have been poured. My spirits rose again, however, when she said, "I give the best head in town," and led one of the guys to the rear of the bus. Soon the cabin was filled with moans of pleasure and slurps of delight. I'm sure the others felt the same as I—the sounds alone were enough to excite us, and soon our cocks were throb-

PENTHOUSE Fashion Finder

For information on fashions shown on pages 103—107 contact these manufacturers or stores.

PIERRE CARDIN FOR TENNIS
498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

Saks Fifth Avenue: all stores

Burdine's: Miami, Fla.

John Wanamaker: Philadelphia, Pa.

Bullock's: Los Angeles, Calif.

Shillito's: Cincinnati, Ohio

HEAD SPORTSWEAR
1411 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y.

South Shore Ski and Sport: Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Morie Mage's Sports: Chicago, Ill.

Colony Beach Club: Longboat Key, Fla.

ASHE BY CATALINA, INC.
6040 Bandini Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

J. L. Hudson: Detroit, Mich.

Woodward and Lothrop: Washington, D.C.

CONNORS BY ROBERT BRUCE
"C" and Westmoreland Streets, Phila., Pa.

Macy's: San Francisco and New York

Foley's: Houston, Tex.

Joske's: San Antonio, Tex.

JOHN NEWCOMBE BY INTERWOVEN
1221 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y.

Famous-Barr: St. Louis, Mo.

Loudon Indoor Tennis: Leesburg, Va.

ROD LAVER BY PURITAN SPORTSWEAR
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y.

The Hecht Company: Baltimore, Md.

Sanger Harris: Dallas, Tex.

Stern's: Paramus, N.J.

JOCKEY/ALEXANDER SHIELDS
2300 Sixtieth Street, Kenosha, Wis.

Marshall Field: Chicago, Ill.

Bamberger's: New Jersey

JANTZEN, INC.
P.O. Box 3001, Portland, Oreg.

The Hecht Company: Baltimore, Md.

Davison's: Atlanta, Ga.

Dayton's: Minneapolis, Minn.

For tennis shoes, contact:

FRED PERRY/ETONIC
Brockton, Mass. (617) 583-9100

ADIDAS
Springfield, N.J. (201) 379-1630

PONY
New York, N.Y. (212) 755-9663

PUMA FOR BECONTA, INC.
Elmsford, N.Y. (914) 592-4444

ROOTS NATURAL FOOTWEAR
Philadelphia, Pa. (215) 564-0813

JOHNSTON AND MURPHY CO.
Nashville, Tenn. (615) 367-8101

SAVE ON

Brand Name Audio Components

BY MAIL

**Write Today for Our
FREE Audio Catalog**

DIXIE is one of the oldest and largest stereo mail order houses in the country. Our lower prices on brand name components can save you real money. Call us today for a price quote, toll free (800) 446-7925. In Virginia call (804) 257-4241. Everything shipped in factory sealed cartons with manufacturer's warranty.

PIERRE

VENTURI

KOSS

SHURE

TEAC

DUAL

TECHNICS

DIXIE HI-FI P.O. Box 6486
Richmond, Va. 23220

Please rush me your FREE Audio Catalog and complete information. I understand there is no obligation.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: () _____

bing in expectation. One by one she led each in turn to the back of the bus, and each came back with his cock hanging limp between his legs and a look of total satisfaction on his face. Then it was my turn.

My head was spinning as I removed my clothes and sat in the seat. She dropped to her knees in front of me. "You'll like this," she said. "They did." With that she grasped the base of my cock with both hands and squeezed. She began to suck the head gently, letting her tongue rub and tickle the edge. She then moved the tip of her tongue to the center, where she inserted it directly into the slit. This sent a shiver through my body. I sensed that she was trying to make me come quickly; so I held back my spunk, hoping to prolong this experience.

My cock was glistening with her saliva as she ran her hot mouth up and down and all over it. It seemed as though the only two things in existence were my hard cock and her hot, eager mouth. Soon the feelings inside me reached ultraintensity, and I felt as if I would pass out if I didn't come soon. I felt the base of my prick grow larger through her fingers, then swell between her lips. She began swallowing quickly as the hot, creamy sperm spurted in jets against the back of her throat. I groaned as my body shuddered. I thought I would never stop coming. She pulled and sucked the last drops of sperm from my cock. I groaned once more and collapsed in the seat. When I came to, the young lady was still on her knees before me, asleep with my penis still in her mouth. After the other four guys, it seemed that I was last but certainly not least. — S.M., New Paltz, N.Y.

A party saved

Until recently I lived a pretty square life. Then a year and a half ago, I retired as a public-school teacher who had taught sex education for many of the twenty-eight years. Upon retirement, not wanting to sit around, I took a job in construction—where I have gotten a completely new form of sex education. If I were to teach sex education again, *Penthouse* and many of the newer magazines would be included in the course.

A short time ago, I went to a college reunion in another state. I had not seen for ages one of my old buddies from school, Joe. He told me that, unlike me, he had never married. When we were in college, we had been teammates and fellow cocksman off the field. Joe has had a striking career as a football coach and athletic administrator. He is a good-looking guy, and it was hard for me to understand why such a sex-oriented person never found a woman to settle down with.

With the celebrating and good times, the evening was too soon over, and it was time to return to the motel. Joe asked me to stop by his place because he wanted to show me something. I am ashamed to say that I felt that he might be gay and almost said no. Nevertheless, we went to Joe's house, which was the latest in style and furnishings, and he told me that there was a special room he wanted to show me. We went to a door that

Shaped for extra pleasure.

NuForm® Sensi-Shape is an innovative, scientific achievement in male contraception. NuForm's specially designed shape allows for greater freedom of movement 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 experienced 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 designed 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 Labs., Inc. P.O. Box 2256, Dept. A, Hillside, N.J. 07205

Also available in Canada.

INTRODUCING RIZLA'S OUTER SPACE VEHICLE. ONLY \$2.00.

SAVE \$3.00 ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

Whether you fancy double width or regular size or even a filter tip the Rizla luxury roller can roll a perfect cigarette in seconds. Comes in burnished aluminum and jet black plastic, plus instructions. Regular price is \$5.00*. 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+

RIZLA+ PRODUCTS, U.S. 2850 E. 44 Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90058

Enclosed you will find \$
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 prohibited. Offer expires July 1, 1977. Calif. residents add 6% tax.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
ZIP _____

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



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, ampf., alarm & alert sys., hot line, baby sitter, etc. Money back guar. B/A, M/C cds, COD ok. \$18.95 plus \$1.00 post. & hdlg. Calif. res. add tax. Mail orders only. Qty. Disc. Avail. AMC SALES, INC. Dept. J, Box 928 • Downey, Calif. 90241

SIZE: 2 1/4" x 3/4" x 1/2"

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

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

SEX-ALERT

For Men & Women

REVOLUTIONARY NEW BREAKTHROUGH

Scientifically balanced vitamin & stimulant

Compound. Contains Ginseng. Not an aphrodisiac.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST OR WRITE:

HOLDING LABORATORIES

P. O. Box 548 WAKE FOREST, N.C. 27587



CARRY ALL YOU NEED FOR THAT PLANNED OR UNPLANNED WEEKEND



In the PENTHOUSE Quick Trip Tote. Made of strong but lightweight denim with double zippers and is completely vinyl lined. Carry it by its handle or the removable heavy webbed shoulder strap.

The Tote is marked with the distinctive PENTHOUSE logo and it has its own brand of un-self-conscious status chic.

Slip the PENTHOUSE Tote in the trunk of your car or slide it under a plane seat to make it through your weekend wanderings.

Order your Tote today. Send \$25 to PENTHOUSE Products, Dept. GRO1-75, 909 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022. Add \$1.75 postage & handling. New York Residents add 8% tax.

appeared to lead to a closet, but when he opened it, I could see that it was a fair-sized room. He told me that I was the only one besides himself ever to see this room. He said that the room meant so much to him because any time he was low he could come here and his spirits—and his cock—would be raised. It had all started, he explained, when he was younger and would be making out with some girl. In the heat of the moment, he would usually put her panties in his back pocket and later forget to give them back when he left the girl. At first, just for the fun of it, he began to collect the panties. But then his collection grew so large that he finally decided to build this special room.

You cannot believe the number of panties hung all over on all four walls and covering the entire ceiling of the room. And in the middle of the room, there was a lounge on which you could sit or lie down. He said that he would come in and lie there, look at a pair here or there, and think about the good time he'd had. The room even had a slight smell that was pleasing—perhaps perfume from the past. He suggested that I lie down for a few minutes to see what kind of an experience I would have. It was wonderful. You could imagine pussies peeking out at you from all over the place. Thanks to Joe, I can say I spent a few minutes in Cunt Heaven. —
Name and address withheld

Panty waste

I have been an avid, used-panty collector for years and never realized that there were so many other men interested in panties until their letters started appearing in Forum. A good, fragrant pair is damn hard to come by and only lasts for a week or so before it loses its beautiful scent. What do all you sexy girls do with your old, worn-out undies?

I have a suggestion: next time you have a pair that is ready for the garbage can, instead why don't you wear them for a couple of days until they really hold your scent; then stuff them in your purse, and when you're out riding, roll down your window and drop them along the road. Or, if you feel adventuresome, you can drop them unobtrusively on the sidewalk or in a restaurant. Don't worry about littering, it won't be there that long.

When I was on my way to work one day, I spotted a pretty pink pair on the shoulder of the road. By the time I could turn around and had gone back to the spot where I'd seen them, they were gone. Believe me, they go fast. So please, girls, do your thing and help all us panty freaks out, and you can give yourselves a little thrill at the same time. To paraphrase the song, you can sing, "I wonder who's sniffing them now."—R. G., *Ap-pleton, Wis.*

Masked rider

I was at a Halloween party last year when I spotted a woman wearing a gruesome mask. Surprisingly enough, the fact that the mask was so grotesque seemed to really turn me on. As the woman wearing it got closer, I noticed that I was getting a terrific hard-on. The mask was white and covered

IN THE MAY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW DOES BARBARA WALTERS RATE?

Has resentment of Barbara Walters attained the dimensions of a national diversion? Robert Edison asks the man-in-the-street, the executive-in-the-swivel, and the viewer-in-the-Nielsen-vanguard just what it is about Baba Wawa that gets the national goat.

DIS-CREDITED

There is nothing like MasterCharging away the woes of life. But too much credit too easily obtained has caused some women to take a fast ride from Nirvana to the bankruptcy docket, with no stops in between. Randy Neumann's tale may cause you to cut up your credit cards.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT WOMEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES

One of the best-kept secrets of World War II was the 1,100 American women fliers who daily and gladly risked their "pretty little necks" for FDR and the Boys over There. Today these gutsy aviatrixes don't ask for much in return—only the veterans' benefits that they've been denied for thirty years. Sally Van Wagenen Keil reports.

FRIENDS OR LOVERS?

Some women avoid the intimate relationship as if it were one of "life's little navigational hazards." Is this a contemporary malaise? Or is it a measure of the "new woman's" wingspan now that she is soaring to new heights of independence? Elizabeth Stone examines the phenomenon.

OUT OF BODY

Oobe is the acronym for the incorporeal experience of "visiting" other realms—or even the nether side of your neighbor's wainscoting—without ever leaving your seat. OOBes were old stuff to Plutarch, as Cathy Cash Spellman reveals.

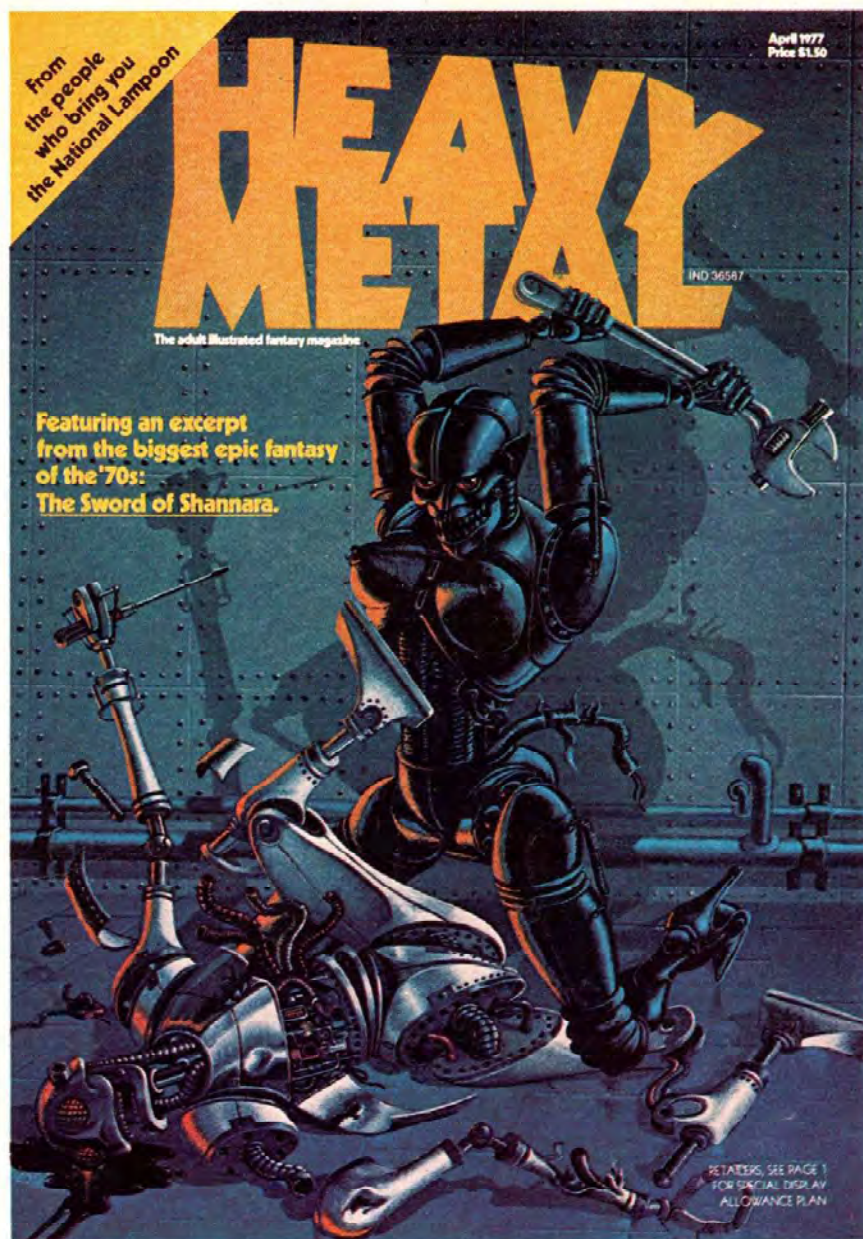
PLUS:

Tai Chi experience, sportswear to win in, male virgins exposed, and '77's most riveting recording artists.

For the first time in this country, a fantasy magazine combining all the chilling, pulsating elements of your favorite horror stories and the best and sexiest sci-fi movies you've ever seen! The most brilliant artists and writers of fantasy in Europe and America have made Metal Hurlant France's most talked about new magazine, and now the publishers of the National Lampoon bring Heavy Metal to North America, in English, with added fiction and art. Heavy Metal is savage, sensuous, incredible. Nothing like it has ever been produced in this country. For adults only.

HEAVY METAL™

the illustrated fantasy magazine
from France...you won't believe it!



Heavy Metal—635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

PH 4

Yes, I want to be a charter subscriber to Heavy Metal, the illustrated fantasy magazine. I realize that this subscription entitles me to deduct \$8.00 from the subscription prices listed below:

☐ I have enclosed my check or money order.

☐ Charge to my Master Charge # _____

BankAmericard # _____

Bank # _____ Expiration Date _____ month _____ year

Signature _____

☐ One year (12 issues) \$18.00. Deduct \$8.00—you pay \$10.00

☐ Two years (24 issues) \$26.00. Deduct \$8.00—you pay \$18.00

☐ Three years (36 issues) \$33.00. Deduct \$8.00—you pay \$25.00

Send my subscription to:

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

This is a charter subscription. Prices will be raised shortly after publication.

BONDAGE CHIC

I am looking for certain exceptional people, men and women, who are willing to share a unique life experience with me. My personal fantasy is to bring my deepest, sincerest and most compelling convictions to the attention of the world. I want everyone to know the incredible joys of Bondage and Discipline. I want to indoctrinate more and more people into the bitter-sweet magic of the mistress/slave relationship...that special alchemy by which a few rare and gifted women possess the power to dominate the minds of others...the power to enslave men and women mentally as well as physically and sexually.

I want to bring B&D out of the closet. I want to discuss it openly with intelligent and sympathetic people. I want to discuss my role and theirs; the mysterious and exciting roles of mistress and slave.

I have a personal philosophy which I want to share with more and more of you, dominant and submissive alike, a philosophy that covers the whys and wherefores of these erotic relationships.

But help me bring a far greater understanding of B&D together with all of the related sexual games and textures of this erotic lifestyle to the greatest possible number of willing people. Join the Miss Vickie Society—my society. It's free! Write for particulars about the Society's activities—the open discussions, personal photographs and communications between members, instructions in the art, technique and practice of different identity roles, educating and indoctrinating your loved ones, etc., etc. Sincerity and the willingness to learn are the only payment I demand...for the moment!

Miss Vicki
P.O. Box 76011
Atlanta, Georgia
30328

with warts. It completely covered her head.

The next day I rushed to the department store and purchased one just like it. Every time I looked at the mask, my cock would begin to stiffen. I was leaving for Chicago the next day to attend a football game; so I decided to take the mask with me. While at the game, I met a fantastic blonde who told me that she was only in town for the night. The conversation led to drinks afterward, and hardly one to pass up an opportunity like this, I suggested that she join me at my motel for a night cap. After we were pretty well loaded, we began to tell each other about our sexual fantasies. I went to my suitcase and showed her the mask I had bought. I asked her if she had any objection to wearing it while we fucked. She said that she would, on one condition: that I would wear her black panty hose. I figured that what she asked was only fair, and I agreed. The whole evening was like a fantastic dream come true.

However, my problem seems to be that I can't find another girl who is willing to wear my mask when we screw. That wouldn't be so bad, but I've found that I am unable to get an erection unless my date wears that mask. I've tried again and again, but if I don't see that gruesome mask, I just can't get it up.—*R.V., Ann Arbor, Mich.*

That mask story sounds like a put-on.

Supporting bedroom athletics

I've noticed periodic letters from readers extolling the turn-on attributes of jockstraps that are used in bedroom athletics. As an ex-all American now in his mid-forties, I've maintained my physical fitness through exercise and weight lifting and can testify to the aphrodisiac qualities of wearing a jockstrap as part of a genital gymnastic session. In fact, it is rare when I do not wear one at a balling session at home. The tightness of the garment gives me a rock-hard erection. I wear a jockstrap that is a size smaller than I normally would so that my eight-inch muscle really strains against the elastic.

My wife loves to work me up while we're in a sixty-nine position, with me on the bottom. I give her sensitive ass hole a thorough rim job with my darting tongue while she massages my goody-laden pouch with her hands and mouth or squeezes it between her 38C breasts, which stimulates her nipples to hardness. When I'm about ready to explode, she hops on board and, spreading the lips of her wet pussy with her fingers, rubs them over the rough material of the jockstrap. She compares the experience to riding the Rock of Gibraltar. Most of the time I come right in the jockstrap, and she also experiences a powerful orgasm, since her clit has been stimulated by the material. I usually ejaculate a large amount of semen. Therefore, to avoid a mess, my wife sometimes rolls a reservoir-tipped rubber over the head of my cock. Of course, when we just want a plain old fucking session, my wife slips my cock out of the jock and puts it into her juicy cunt.

Needless to say, I've acquired quite a

catch up with PENTHOUSE



SEPTEMBER 76



OCTOBER 76



NOVEMBER 76



DECEMBER 76



JANUARY 77



FEBRUARY 77



MARCH 77



APRIL 77

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

DO YOU MAKE THESE MISTAKES WITH GIRLS?

**Most Men Could Easily Have All The Girls They Want ...
If They Just Knew How "Not" To Act With Them.**

Do you use such sayings as: "Would you like to go out tonight?" — or, "Want to go to my apartment for a drink?" — or, "May I have your phone-number?"

Most men do. And it's amazing that so many men actually think they can get anywhere with girls using such colorless, flat, ordinary expressions.

Your whole approach to girls is lifeless, dull, humdrum.

You probably don't even realize you are making so many serious mistakes. So you go right on making them ... and find yourself with fewer and fewer girls.

It's really quite sad — because it doesn't have to be that way. Most men could easily have all the girls they want ... if they just knew how "not" to act with them.

A MOST VALUABLE LESSON

We are going to show you why you are having so much trouble getting girls.

You will learn why many girls refuse to date you (it has nothing to do with your looks).

You will learn why you have a hard time meeting girls (it has nothing to do with your personality or age).

You will learn why girls won't go to bed with you (it has nothing to do with money ... or any of the above reasons).

You will learn *exactly* what you are doing wrong.

This could easily be the most valuable information you will ever receive. Because once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will be in a perfect position to start meeting and dating girls galore.

Once you learn what you are doing wrong, you will quickly begin to meet and date great-looking girls. Girls with pretty faces and tempting bodies. Girls who wear the newest, sexiest styles in clothes. Girls who you only looked at and dreamed about up until now.

But that's not all. Once you find out what you are doing wrong, it will automatically become "super easy" for you to get many of these beautiful girls to *sleep* with you (think about that).

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR YOU

Through many months of research — including personal interviews with dozens of beautiful girls — we have learned the most common mistakes most men make with girls. Mistakes that you are making right now.

Several of the girls frankly admitted that if it weren't for these silly mistakes, most men could easily meet and date just about any beautiful girl they want to.

It would take us forever to teach you every single mistake you may be making with girls. So what we have done is developed a system that will allow you to check yourself whenever you approach a girl — to make sure you are not making any

"mistakes" that could blow your chances with her.

THE ALL NEW 100% SELF-CORRECTING SYSTEM

Wouldn't it be great if we could stand beside you, like an invisible man, and correct you every time you started to make a blunder with a girl!

Well this is exactly what our *100% Self-Correcting System* does. It is our silent voice behind you ... ready to *speak out* whenever you are about to make a costly mistake with a girl.

Our *Self-Correcting System* actually stops you *before* you make the mistake; *before* you ruin your chances with the girl you have your sights on.

CAN BE LEARNED IN JUST ONE DAY

There is no hard work involved. There are no boring details to remember. In fact, our *100% Self-Correcting System* can be completely mastered in just one day.

This System has been *tested* and *proven*. It works. It works because it is based on facts ... not guesswork. So if it's girls you want, *girls are exactly what you will get.*

LISTEN TO WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE TO SAY

Beth C., secretary, Ohio: "Why don't men get smart! I don't see how so many men can go on making the same mistakes with girls. It would really be easy-as-pie for most men to get girls ... if they would just stop making the same old mistakes."

Lyn A., student, Fla.: "I don't even care what guys look like anymore. I get approached by at least a dozen guys a month. Out of them, only about two end up taking me out. These are the guys who know enough not to make the usual dumb mistakes most guys make."

Patty T., waitress, N.Y.: "Times have changed. If a man expects to get anywhere with girls now-a-days, he better learn how "not" to act with us; he better learn what "not" to say to us. And if he learns just that much, the rest will be really easy. Take it from me."



"DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK" IF OUR SYSTEM DOESN'T WORK FOR YOU

Are we crazy?

Not really. We're just so darn sure that you'll meet dozens of girls using our *System* that we're willing to stick our necks out to prove it to you.

What we are going to do is let you use our *100% Self-Correcting System* for a full year. Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you a lifetime, return our material to us. We will send you back a check for *double* the amount you paid for it.

Our book, *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System*, costs 10 dollars. Think about it. A 10 dollar investment may bring you more beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. And — if for any reason you don't end up meeting and dating all the girls you have your heart set on, you'll get back double the amount of your investment (and we'll cry a lot).

Maybe we are sticking our necks way out. But we're willing to take that chance.

So if you seriously want to find out why you are having so much trouble getting girls, send in the coupon now. You will soon find it *easier-than-heck* to meet and date girls (and even to get girls to sleep with you).

Remember — if our System doesn't work for you, you can take the refund money (all 20 dollars of it) and have a whopping good time for yourself ... on us.

That's what you can do if our material *doesn't* work for you.

But what if our material *does* work for you? Then what?

Silverman Research, Dept. P-577
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Yes — I want to stop making mistakes so I can start to meet and date all the beautiful girls I ever wanted to. Here's my 10 dollars. Rush me *How To Get Girls Using The 100% Self-Correcting System*.

I may use your material for a year. Then, if I haven't met and dated all the girls I have my heart set on, I may return it for *double-my-money back*. (We will send you a check for 20 dollars.)

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976



PROBLEMS IN SEX?



LET US HELP YOU
LIKE WE HAVE HELPED MANY OTHERS

The law allows us to make no claims,
not even the inferential of the names — we don't have to!
SEE WHAT SATISFIED USERS SAY

STA POWER DELAY CREME \$5.00

... I have experienced power that I never felt before. F.R.M., CA

INSTANT ERECTION OIL \$6.95

INSTANT ERECTION CREME \$6.95

The Instant Erection Creme works real well. Gives me a good quick erection and makes intercourse really a thrill. A.D., MO

I must agree that the Erection Oil I purchased from you does work. I was amazed that within five minutes I had a full erection and a very enjoyable evening. R.F., MASS

ERECTION PILLS \$6.95

Erection Pills, they are fantastic. P.S. I have a lot of girls and only 4 pills left. I need some bad. I told a friend about them, he is interested. W.W., MICH

Just a short note as I sure had good results with your tablets. I was able to keep my girl friend, otherwise I would have lost her. That was Erection Pills. B.H., MINN

IMITATION SPANISH FLY W/GINSENG \$5.95

Dear Sir, The results from Imitation Spanish Fly with Ginseng is the best experienced from any sex capsule I have used. The results are absolutely great. M.F., NJ

STA POWER PILLS \$5.95

... I ordered Sta Power Pills and another product. I was skeptical because I thought they would not work. I tried the pills and they do help and the results were as advertised. P.J., Bklyn, NY

DRIVE HER WILD OIL \$6.95

DRIVE HER WILD CREME \$6.95

... The second night I used on my girl friend the Drive Her Wild Cream, after all I have to tell you that really drove her wild, as all night she was asking me for more and more. Both of us are happy with your products in all ways. P.P., Canada

Drive Her Wild Oil, it's fantastic... MRS. M.M., NY

NOTHING TO LOSE - MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Your money back if for any reason you are not satisfied.

COMPLETE SEXUAL HAPPINESS TO GAIN - ORDER NOW

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS

Dept. P-577

Box 790 Cooper Sta. New York, N.Y. 10003



wardrobe of jockstraps. Before our fucking sessions, my wife picks one out for me to wear. She has dyed some of them sexy colors, such as black and red. Her favorite is the all-nylon, swimmer model with a one-inch waistband. She has even made one, using soft chamois for the pouch and leather-boot shoelaces for the waistband.

Since my wife loves to turn me on, when she goes to bed she always wears a garter belt or waist nipper, black stockings, and high heels. They are my favorite playthings, and she has an extensive collection of garter belts of all colors and designs, including an erotic black-leather number. Just as she is ready to come, I snap the elastic stocking straps rapidly against her ass. That sends her into ecstasy and is especially easy to do when I am pumping her from behind! When the rockets are ready to go off, I love to send her off into space with one of my long fingers, well lubricated and plunged into her puckered ass hole. Recently, she added to her wardrobe a pair of thigh-high, black-leather boots, which give me a hard-on that won't quit. I also love it when I lie on my stomach, spread my cheeks, and she gives my ass hole a rim job with one of her large, erect nipples.

So to all you frustrated jocks out there, bring out that athletic supporter.—R.K., New York City, N.Y.

School marm

I have just finished reading your January issue and the letter "Getting with the program." Since the subject of female domination interests me very much, I thought that my views might help.

If C.M. and C.W. would like to get started in domination, the "Toe-ing the line" letter is certainly a step in the right direction. The best way to become a good slave is to have a long training period, and the place to start is from the bottom. For about one month, the dominant female should train her slave in the subject of foot slavery. During this time the slave should spend nearly all of his time groveling at his mistress's feet. He should be treated merely as an object and made to feel helpless and humiliated. He should serve as a human footstool for his mistress while she lounges for hours at a time. Whenever she is in the mood, he should prostrate himself before her as if he were a human carpet, and she should take repeated "walks" over his body. As a human footbath, he should lick, kiss, and suck her bare feet and toes whenever she wants them cleaned. Of course, he will also want to keep her feet beautiful by serving as her human pedicure machine.

If the slave falters in any way, the mistress may punish him with a whip or by taking a walk on him with spike-heeled shoes. After such treatment, I'm sure that the slave will soon be trained.—J.A., Baltimore, Md.

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.

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. DPHV-3
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400,
Carboro, N.C. 27510 ©1976, PFA

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.

maintain maintain maintain™

Prolongs sexual pleasure.

Maintain Desensitizing Lubricant for men is effective in helping to control premature climax and therefore prolongs sexual pleasure for both partners. Maintain is colorless, non-staining, odorless and safe to use. Now you can be a more sensitive lover, by becoming less sensitive—no more fighting to control your natural response.

Available at your local pharmacy without prescription. For free sample send 25¢ (handling) to Schmid Labs, Inc., P.O. Box 2259, Dept. A, Hillside, N.J. 07205

climax control for men
prolongs sexual pleasure

maintain DESENSITIZING LUBRICANT FOR MEN

Schmid Laboratories, Inc. Makers of Ramses® NuForm® Fourx® and other fine family planning products.

When "Magical" Baldness Remedies Didn't Work For Me, I Discovered Vitamins For My Hair.

HEAD START ISN'T A MAGICAL BALDNESS REMEDY.

I can laugh about it today, I've got a healthy head of hair and one million men and women have tried my Head Start Vitamins. But just a few years ago, I was willing to try just about anything to keep from losing my hair. And believe me there are some pretty wild products out there. I tried things that made sense and lots of things that didn't. Nothing worked.

I GOT DOWN TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM.

So I hit the books to find a cure. My studies on hair pointed more and more toward one area. Nutrition. Major nutritionists reported that vitamins and minerals are absolutely necessary to keep hair healthy. I learned that healthy hair begins its growth below the surface of the scalp. So it's vital that each hair be supplied with proper nutrition at this crucial stage.

I FOUND THAT HAIR CAN ACTUALLY STARVE.

A doctor at a major university discovered that hair cells grow seven times faster than body cells. So even though normal eating habits may be giving your body the nutrition it needs, your hair

may be starving. The pieces of the puzzle were coming together for me.

VITAMINS FOR THE HAIR WAS MY ANSWER.

In case after case, my studies were reinforced by the top experts in the world. Research doctors who have dedicated their lives to the study of nutrition. Based upon this input, I devised a formula for my hair. It called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. Unfortunately, I was spending over \$30 a month to buy each separately.

After 6 months of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was born. The exact combination of vitamins and minerals in precise amounts that your hair needs to be healthy. At a price everyone can afford.

HEAD START WORKS ON ALL TYPES OF HAIR.

I developed Head Start for men with hair problems. But now more and more women are discovering that Head Start gives their hair body the way no ordinary conditioner can. Head Start Vitamins build each hair shaft from the inside. It's not an alien coating that can cause your hair to become brittle and break or split.

HEAD START: THE PRECISE FORMULA YOUR HAIR NEEDS TO BE HEALTHY.

I didn't discover the magical baldness remedy I was looking for. I discovered the most advanced formula for proper hair care available. And over the years we've made subtle changes in the formula to reflect the latest nutritional findings as they related to hair. So today, Head Start is the best hair vitamin money can buy.

I'm satisfied with what Head Start has done for my hair. And you're going to be satisfied too. Because if you're not, you'll get your money back. No questions asked.

Head Start Vitamins. \$7.95. Use our toll-free number for easier, faster service. 1-800-241-0611.



Please send me _____ Head Start(s) at \$7.95 each plus 75¢ for handling. Georgia residents add 4% sales tax.

I enclose my: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Please charge to my: _____ Expires _____

☐ Mastercharge No. _____

☐ Bankamericard No. _____

PHS-887

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
Cosmetic Labs
P.O. Box 10064
Atlanta, Ga. 30319

**CHARGE CARD CUSTOMERS USE
OUR 24-HOUR TOLL-FREE
PHONE**

1-800-241-0611

©Cosmetic Laboratories Inc. 1976

OH, WICKED WANDA!

BETWEEN SCREWING NATIONAL LEADERS WITH HER LITTLE BLACK BOOK OF ILLEGAL SWISS DEPOSITS, WANDA RELAXES IN THE PRIVATE FANTASY THEATRE OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS...

♪ OLE MAN RIVE-ER-♪

♪ AH'M COMIN'!
AH'M COMIN'! ♪

MAN—I'M TELLIN' YOU! ATTILA THE HUN WAS A CREAM PUFF COMPARED WITH THIS LOT!

THERE HASN'T BEEN A DECENT SONGWRITER SINCE STEPHEN FOSTER!

by
FREDERIC MULLALLY
and
RON EMBLETON

WHY DO THEY PUT ALL THIS DRAGGY SEX STUFF INTO COMIC STRIPS THESE DAYS?

ARE YOU AWARE, CANDYFLOSS, THAT AMONG OTHER INDECENCIES—SUCH AS ABOLISHING THE KNOUT—THE USSR WON'T PERMIT PORN MUSICALS?

HOW UTTERLY PERVERSE, WANDA DARLING! WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT IT?

IF YOU'VE GOT TO ESCAPE FROM REALITY, WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOOD, OLD FASHIONED ROMANCE!

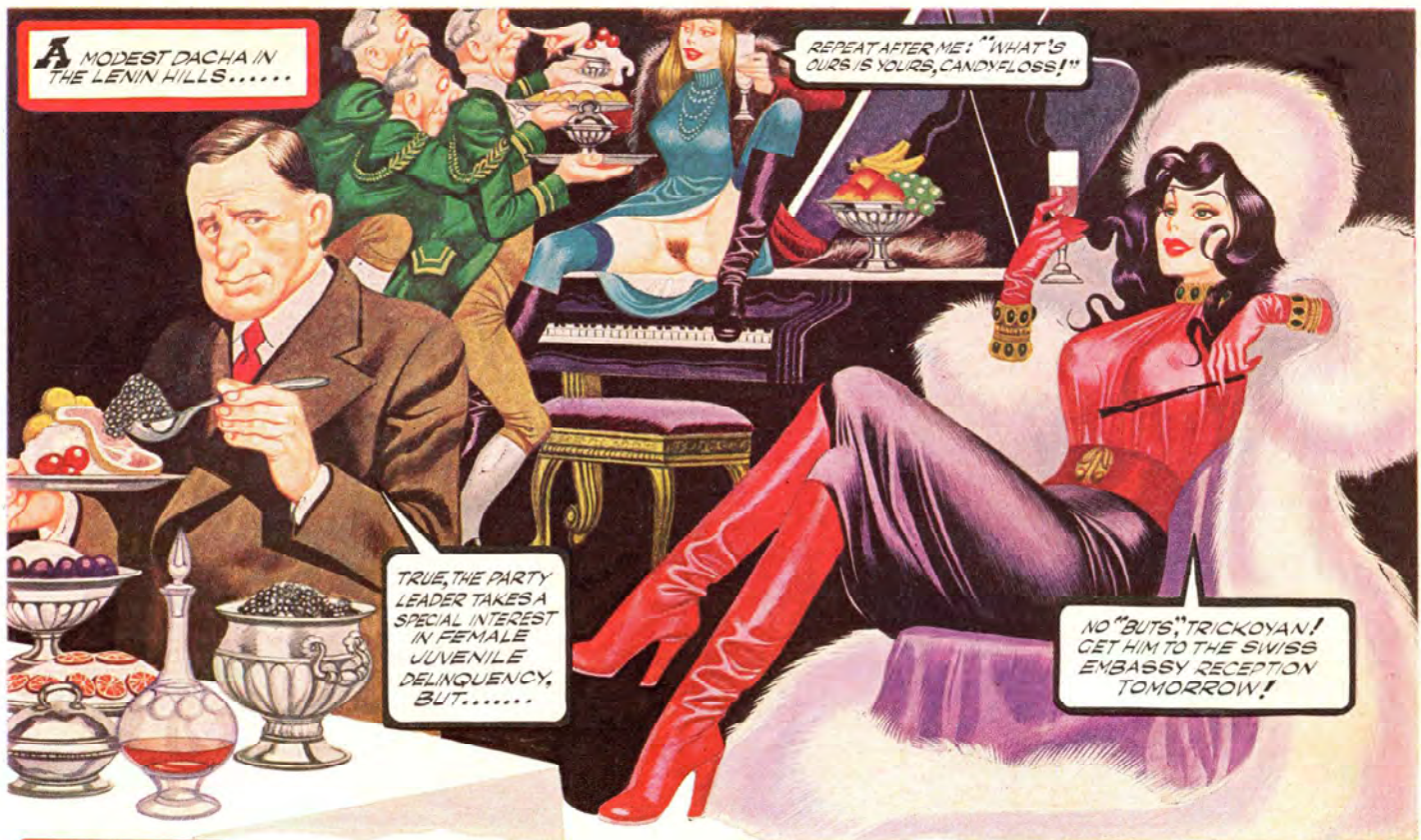
MOST ADULTS LIVE VERY DULL LIVES AND SEXUAL FANTASY IS VERY IMPORTANT TO THEM

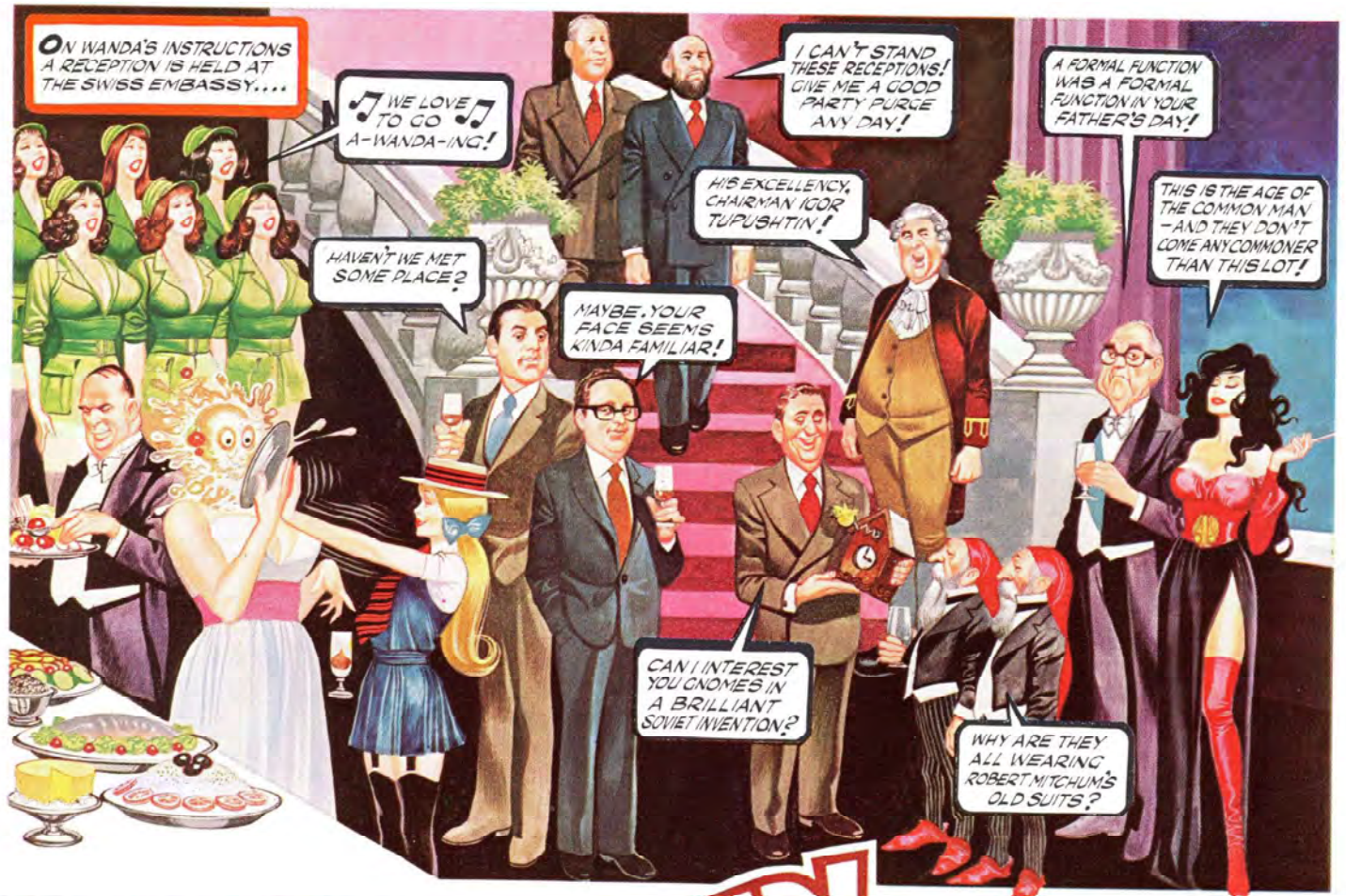
STILL—I SUPPOSE IT'S LESS HARMFUL TO THEM THAN THE VIOLENCE ON TELEVISION!

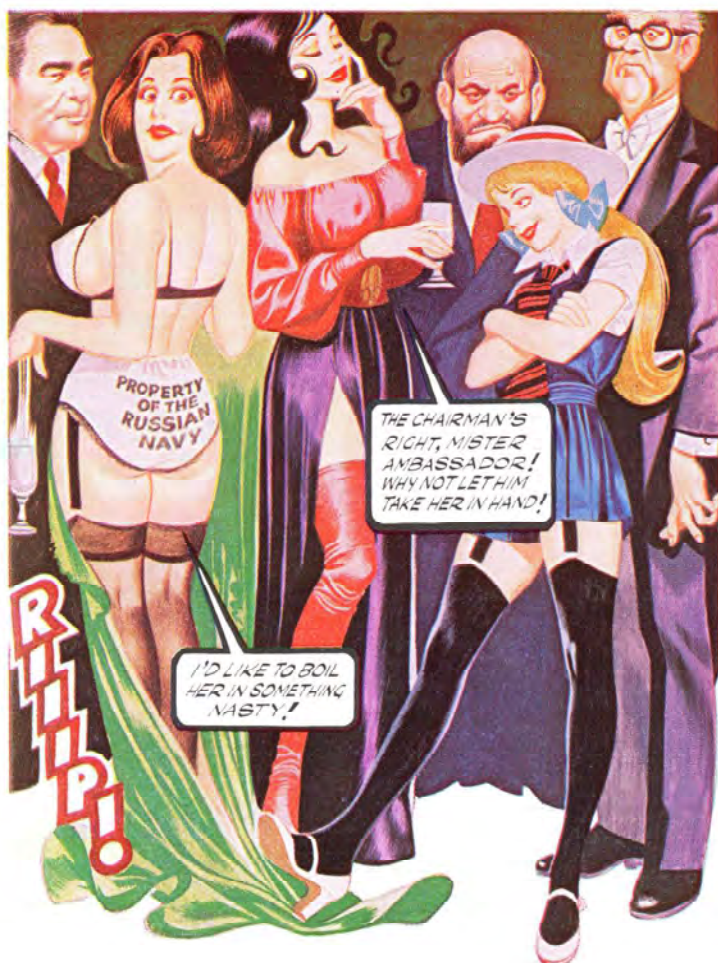
I'M NOT SURE THAT I WANT TO PLAY THIS GAME!

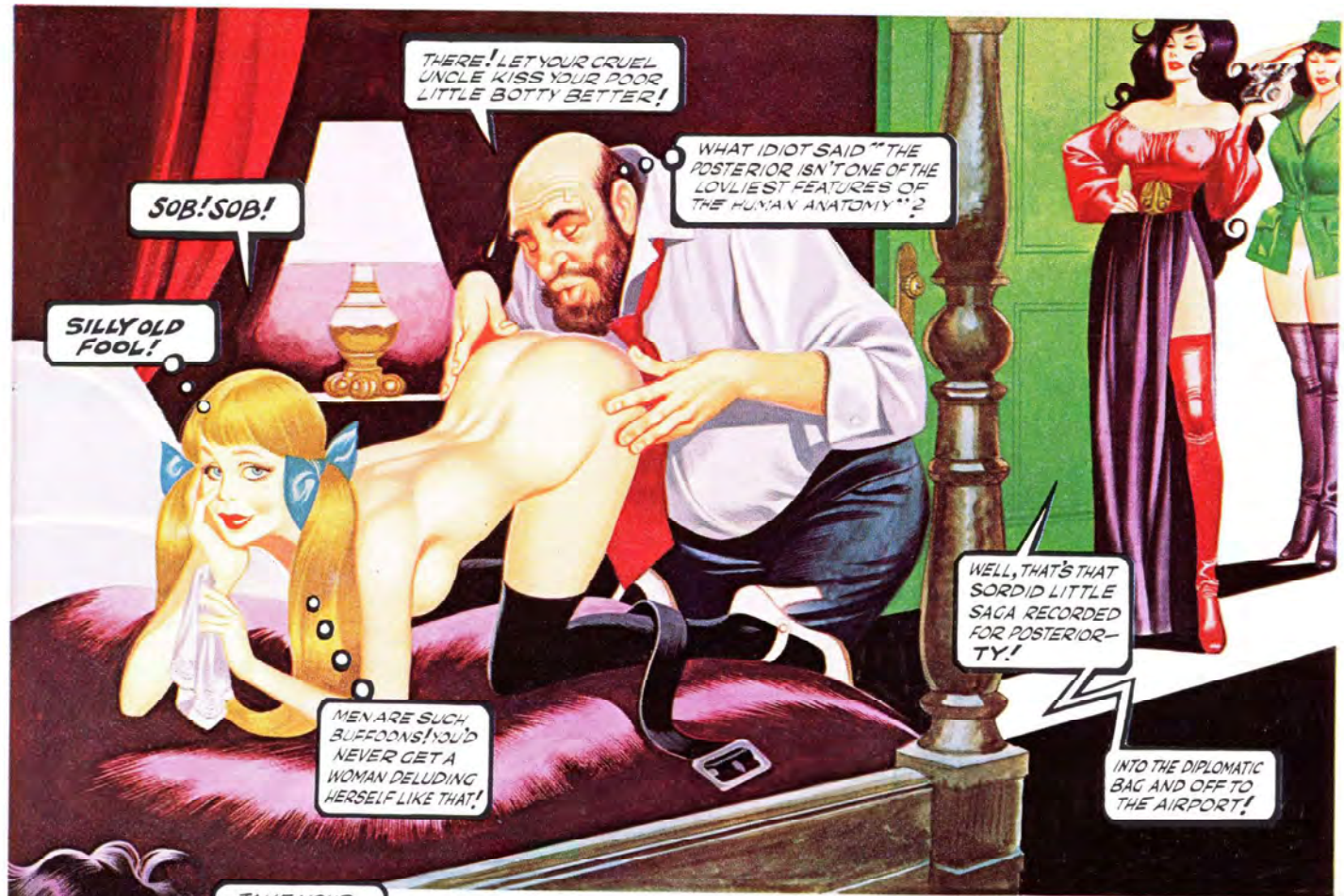
THAT'S AN ORDER, SOLDIER! THIS IS AN OFFICIAL FANTASY!

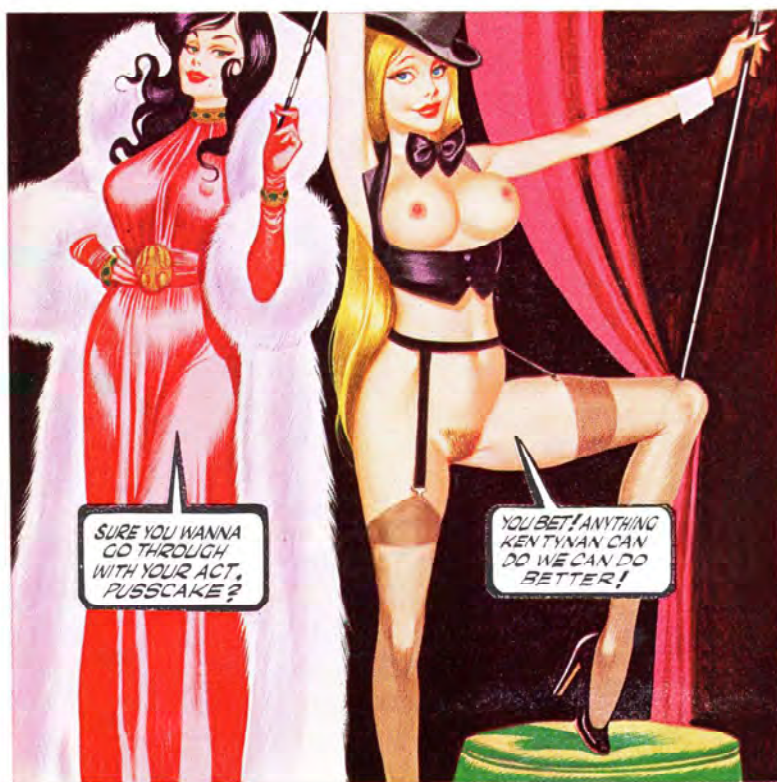














OH, WHEN THE SAINT-SKIS....

....GO MARCHING IN-SKI-

TOVARICH, A GLORIOUS
NEW MEANING HAS BEEN
GIVEN TO THE SLOGAN
"ALL FOR ONE AND
ONE FOR ALL!"

BUT COMRADE
CHAIRMAN—
I'M A MARRIED
MAN!

THIS IS NO TIME
FOR MORAL
ARGUMENTS!
THE END
JUSTIFIES THE
MEANS!

GET ME, BOO-FUL!
MOTHER OF ALL
THE FRIGGIN'
RUSSIAS!

I THINK I'VE
BEEN CORRUPTED
BY CAPITALISM!

IT LICKS SOCIALIST
REALISM ANY DAY
OF THE WEEK!

HOW DO I
FOLLOW THIS?

THIS'LL SET THE
REVOLUTION
BACK A
HUNDRED YEARS!

IF OLD JOE HAD
SEEN THIS HE'D
HAVE WRITTEN IT
INTO THE MANIFESTO!

WHAT DOES IT
MATTER? WE
CAN DO WITH
SOME LIGHT
RELIEF!

HOW INDEED? BUT
HAVE NO FEAR! JUST
UNFASTEN YOUR BELTS
AND GET IN LINE FOR
NEXT MONTH'S RABELAISIAN
RIP-OFF!

1 DOZEN FREE CONDOMS

guaranteed to increase your sexual pleasure!

This amazing new condom has hundreds of soft, stimulating ridges that give a woman fantastic tingling sensations, urging her on to new heights of passionate ecstasy. It is pre-shaped to perfectly fit the male form and made of a special latex so micro thin you'll never know you're wearing it, and its unique silicone lubricant works with natural secretions to give you both the ultimate experience. The name of this exciting new condom is Stimula, and as a special introductory offer, we will give you a full dozen as a free bonus when you purchase a dozen of these fantastic condoms at our low - low wholesale price. Experience the ultimate sensation that Stimula can provide for you and your mate. Order one dozen for only \$4 today and we will send you another full dozen absolutely free of additional charge!

All orders are processed and shipped the same day they are received in our office. Every order is shipped in a plain wrapper to assure you privacy. In addition to Stimula, Amerigala can supply you with all nationally advertised brands at wholesale prices. Why pay more? Take advantage of the privacy, convenience, and economy of buying the finest quality condoms from Amerigala by mail. We will send you our beautifully illustrated full color catalog with your first order of Stimula.

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE

AMERIGALA, INC.

964 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
Dept. P-577

I have enclosed \$4 for one dozen Stimula Condoms. I understand that I will receive an additional dozen Stimulas and a beautifully illustrated full color catalog as a free bonus.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

of this shit.—Marc Lizotte, address withheld

Mexican connection

As a retired deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County and now founder and state director of a citizens' statewide drug-prevention program that supports law-enforcement efforts against drug trafficking, I would like to take this opportunity to commend and congratulate Dan Rosen (February 1977) for one of the most accurate and detailed looks into the heart of this nation's drug problem.

After five years of compiling facts that would provide volunteers with an overview of the problems facing law enforcement and the need for statewide enforcement, I was handed a copy of *Penthouse* magazine containing a story that exposed the problem in its entirety. It was written in such a way that I found nothing missing except the solution to the problem, and only history will show if our dedicated volunteers can write the sequel for Mr. Rosen. "The Mexican Connection" is a story so "right on" that it can be used virtually as a training manual for citizens who are beginning their training in drug prevention.

Our organization, We Turn in Pushers, Inc., proves that the spirit of David and Goliath still exists and that citizens are still prepared to fight the battle against the odds to protect their children and hang on to the freedoms that are being lost to the criminal element. I know that the impact of Mr. Rosen's story will inspire uninvolved citizens to become involved, based on the total knowledge of the problem.—Bill Brownell, We T.I.P. Inc., P.O. Box 858, Glendora, Calif. 91740

Calling Ed Sadlowski

Come on now, admit it—there just ain't anyone named Ed Sadlowski (January 1977). This guy has to be a figment of an overactive imagination. Y'all invented him just so you could take credit for the longest Polish joke ever printed. I especially got a charge out of the joke where 300,000 workers get laid off and society absorbs them. Like wow—right out of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

If by chance there really exists a clown by the name of Ed Sadlowski and he believes what he says, then I must believe that he's got his feet planted firmly in the air and his head shoved right up his ass. Phew—what gobbledygook, innuendos, double talk, and just plain bullshit.—W.W., address withheld

Ed Sadlowski ("America's Ballsiest Labor Leader") has made some distorted statements about the IWW. We are not the International Workers of the World, but the Industrial Workers of the World. And we will not stay in the coffin that he and many others have constructed for us. The IWW has always advocated workers' self-management. The idea of one big union is ours, not his. Ed, sit on it (a red hot ingot)! —R.B., address withheld



EXOTIC Gifts for those Erotic Nights

Enticer: Black crotchless bra and bikini for the ready and willing girl. Lush rayon trimmed with sensuous black lace and naughty red ribbon. She'll love you for it. Sm—Med—Lg. Only \$11.95.



Darling Derrière: Sheer temptation in this revealing backless panty. Will please your man both coming and going! Erotic red, highlighted with black lace trim. Sm—Med—Lg. Specially priced \$4.95.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND

Adam & Eve, Dept. DPHV-2
403 Jones Ferry Rd., P.O. Box 400
Carboro, N.C. 27510



Please rush me:

- ☐ ENTICER: Size _____ \$11.95
☐ DARLING DERRIÈRE: Size _____ \$4.95
☐ Both: Size _____ (SAVE OVER 17%) \$13.95
☐ Deluxe 40-page catalog free with order.
(Featuring clothing, sex aids, books, condoms and more) Catalog alone 25¢

Name
Address
City State Zip
OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

SOFT YET FIRM!



- Caress is softer and more pliable than any other vibrator.
 - You can fondle and bend Caress.
 - You can manipulate Caress to suit your own whims and desires.
- Yet... Caress is firm—like the real thing. When you receive Caress, you or your lover should hold it in the palm of your hand and feel its divinely exciting texture. Gently let your fingers glide along its length.

Now, allow yourself to experience the erotic vibrancy of its potent energy. Do it! Take firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets.

Don't permit yourself to settle for anything less. ORDER CARESS NOW! Experience "the Delicate Difference."

Harmony Products Dept. CR-112
P.O. Box 2088, Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10017

Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$12.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Please rush me Caress—the Vibrator with the "Delicate Difference" in a plain package today.

Name
Signature I'm over 18 years of age
Address
City State Zip

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. P5
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.

INTRODUCING...

**A WHOLE NEW CONCEPT IN
CONDOM CONTRACEPTION!**



Erotic Texturing Plus

Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™

To Stimulate Her To Higher Levels of Sexual Excitement

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. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. Texture Plus is preshaped and so thin it lets you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated to work with natural secretions for extra sensitivity. With Texture Plus you can arouse your partner to levels of sexual excitement you never dreamed possible before!

In addition, our 40-page Shop-By-Mail catalogue contains a feast to satisfy (and whet) the strongest sexual appetite. **Thirty-six** brands of condoms (the most complete selection available anywhere) including sensuous SLIMS™ for those who enjoy a snugger fit; the latest erotic books like **What Turns Women On** and **Erotic Fantasies**, plus books on sexual technique to make you a better lover; enticing lingerie, sexual aids, and much more. The catalogue is free with every order. Why not write today for Texture Plus or our Deluxe Condom Sampler? You and your partner will be glad you did. Your money back if not delighted.

Population Planning Associates, Dept. DPHV-4
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, NC 27510

Enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.
Please rush me in a plain package:

- ☐ Texture Plus (wallet of 10 plus catalogue) \$5.25
- ☐ Deluxe Condom Sampler of 38 assorted condoms plus catalogue \$8.00
- ☐ Catalogue only 25c

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Population Planning Associates, Dept. DPHV-4
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, NC 27510

OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS



Being a women's libber and all, I never have had much use for *Penthouse*. But I glanced through my roommate's copy, and my eyes lighted on the interview with Ed Sadlowski. It was by far the best thing that I've read all month. Ed, you can certainly come to Oakland anytime, and I'll buy you a beer. If you are talking straight (hope so—it's really hard to tell these days), there's hope for labor unions yet.

I have this question: what about the sisters in the union?

Anyway, I'm a new lawyer, have done a lot of blue-collar work, have a lot of blue-collar friends, and am looking for something to do with myself that is meaningful in terms of my career. Who represents the Steelworkers on the West Coast? Do you have West Coast lawyers? Do they need any help? —*M.S., Oakland, Calif.*

I'm a twenty-five-year-old union steward, and the article about Ed Sadlowski interested me. The reason I'm so interested is that I was sold out by my district director for saying the same things Ed said in his article. I think the union should move for the good of its members and should not care if the company objects. Now the company is transferring me out of the state I'm working in, against all contractual agreements, and nobody cares—because I don't share the enthusiasm for McBride. I don't mean to bitch, but I thought this was America, where citizens are not penalized for their beliefs. —*Name and address withheld*

VIVA lingerie



Underneath it all the VIVA woman is frankly sexy. Although her outerwear can be a more subtle interpretation of her sexuality, her underwear makes a clear cut statement. Her intimate apparel includes the sexiest and prettiest designs in all kinds of sensuous yet easy-to-care-for nylon. She is the first to admit that love and sex is still what makes the world go 'round and that her body is a source of pride and pleasure in that pursuit.

Send for your free VIVA Lingerie Catalog today...
Send to VIVA PRODUCTS, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

By the time you get this letter, Ed Sadlowski's fate will have already been decided with regard to leading the United Steelworkers to better ground. If he is turned down by the majority, then the majority must be assholes!

As a former union brother, who breathed the gases, the dust, and other shit and who is partially deaf because of the constant pounding of the electric and B.O.P. furnaces, I know what it's like "in the mill." Sure, no one forced me to stay there; all I asked for was a fair day's wage for a fair day's labor, but like the present steelworkers, I learned early that you always get the "shaft."

As described in your January issue, at one time a steelworker was proud to be a steelworker. But now, with the no-strike clause, no paid sick days, and a bare medical plan (among other points), everyone classifies an employee as a fool!

Ask a steelworker when he last heard of someone being given grievance pay! Many a time we would ask for a safety representative from the union because of hazardous conditions. The foreman would laugh and say, "You ain't got no safety man"; and if we refused to work with those conditions, he would send us home. We would then consult our union representative and explain the problem. Two years later he would say, "We're still workin' on it!"

If Ed doesn't win, the reason is that the steel companies bought out Ed's union brothers. —*R.T. Kuzminski, address withheld*

MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?

One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by $\frac{3}{4}$ " and nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ " in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L. Catford, London

My wife and I go to a lot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now $1\frac{1}{4}$ " longer and $\frac{1}{2}$ " thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women do think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

Medical Results

Years of extensive scientifically controlled medical experimentation went into the making of 'The Penis.' The most interesting example was that used to test for the effectiveness of one particular method of enlargement. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this particular method of penis enlargement, which is described in detail.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was

17% and the average breadth increase was 16%. Among a second similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, no increase in penis size was found.

The following is a table of results obtained.

Case No.	Age	LENGTH			Start-ing	GIRTH		Change of
		Start-ing	End-ing	Change of		End-ing	Change of	
1	19	5.5	6.5	1.0	5.6	6.6	1.0	
2	36	6.5	7.4	.9	5.8	6.6	.8	
3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0	
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8	
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9	
15	64	Dropped out of trial						
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0	
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6.1	.9	
Total	298	42.3	49.7	7.4	37.7	44.2	6.5	
Mean	37.25	6.0	7.1	1.1	5.4	6.3	.9	

Detailed Instructions

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, he illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step—detail by detail, he describes the effective methods, how to employ them, and how long it will take to achieve remarkable results.

Acclaimed in Europe

Dr. Richards' achievement is truly a landmark.

After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented: "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training...in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

IRON CLAD GUARANTEE. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the important information contained in *The Penis*, just return it within 10 days for an immediate refund.

HARMONY PRODUCTS DEPT. HB-133

P.O. Box 2088, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Gentlemen:

I enclose \$9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling, a total of \$10.70. Please rush me all the information about penis enlargement contained in *The Penis* by Dr. Brian Richards in a plain package today. I may return it for an immediate refund if, for any reason, I'm not satisfied. (N.Y. residents add applicable sales tax.)

Name _____

Signature _____ (I am over 18 years old)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Canadian residents send orders to: M.A.P. Inc., P.O. Box 7050, Station A, Montreal, Quebec H3C3L4

Sign your name as it appears on credit card

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Exp. Date _____

Interbank No. _____

Mo. Year _____

PROTEX[®] TM
Arouse
THE TEXTURED SPIRAL
MALE CONTRACEPTIVE



Arouse is a condom prophylactic specially designed to aid your love making, not obstruct it. Delicately raised textured spirals are created to stimulate her, while a scientifically flared shape and a reservoir end are included for his greater sensitivity. Finely lubricated for ultimate enjoyment. Arouse offers a truly unique experience in male contraception. Don't miss these special offers.



TRY THE SAMPLER OF
YOUR CHOICE TODAY!



Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. PH577
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60645

- Please Rush (in plain wrap)
- ☐ \$4.00 Arouse Sampler 12 condoms
 - ☐ \$4.00 Discovery Sampler (5 erotic brands—15 condoms featuring Arouse)
 - ☐ \$10.00 Variety Sampler (30 brands—50 condoms featuring Arouse)
 - ☐ \$22.00 Bonus Sampler (including Arouse) 12 brands—144 condoms (\$42.75 value)

Full color catalog free with order

Enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded



© 1977 Federal Pharmacal

**Sexual simulators
for men & women**

Manual & fully automatic AGCU-JAC gives super erotic, natural sensations—great foreplay! Remarkable, patented designs. NOT a vibrator. At select adult boutiques. Fully warranted. FREE brochure or complete catalog. \$3. Must be over 19. Write or phone (213) 994-6777 for information. 5 DAY SERVICE. Funways*, Box 9691-W, No. Hollywood, Ca. 91609



**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.

Good ol' boys

I must take issue with one assertion made by George O'Toole in his interesting and informative article, "America's Secret Police Network" (December 1976). On page 82, O'Toole writes that the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit "is a private club and therefore not subject to freedom-of-information or privacy laws."

This statement is erroneous for two reasons. First of all, the privacy laws enacted recently by many states protect us against invasion of privacy from whatever source, official or private. Second, and more important, the LEIU member agencies and individuals, if O'Toole's description of their activities is correct, act under the shield of government authority, whether or not the authority really exists or not. When a government official acts illegally under the aegis of his office, his actions are subject to the same scrutiny and the same regulations as any officially sanctioned action would be.

Thus, because the information is collected by police officers in their official capacities, stored in police department files, used for police purposes, and transmitted through official channels, it has taken on the effect of official information, much the same way enforcement of illegal segregation policies by local police took on the effect of official acts which the law would deal with.

Please don't publish my name or address. According to O'Toole's article, my hometown is not a LEIU member, but a nearby city is, along with the Texas Department of Public Safety (the state police)—and I'd as soon not take any chances.—Name and address withheld

Mr. O'Toole replies:

This reader raises some interesting legal questions that are beyond my ability as a layman to answer. He may be right, but I'm sure the LEIU would not agree with him, because people who have tried to find out if the LEIU has a file on them have been told the LEIU does not consider itself subject to the Freedom of Information Act.

Obviously, the question can be resolved only through a court test of whether the LEIU's private status does indeed insulate it from privacy and freedom-of-information laws. Since publication of the article, I've been contacted by several interested parties and organizations, and it seems that such a court test will be forthcoming.

Beyond the matter of citizen access to police-intelligence files, there is also the question of whether some federal legislation is needed to control the kind of abuses I described in the article.

I would submit this reader's letter as evidence that we do need such legislation. The reader must know his First Amendment rights. Yet he feels he must request a shield of anonymity to speak out on a matter of legitimate public concern. If Americans have become afraid to stand up and be counted for fear of police harassment, then we have drifted into very dangerous waters. ☐

**YOU TOO CAN
PERFORM POTENTLY!**

• When you want • As often as you want!

The Penisator is a safe, scientific way to generate rapid, fulfilling, full-bodied erections for you. And a deep new tingling sensation for your lover.

Simply put on the light weight Penisator. Turn it on. Slide it over your penis. In seconds you're solidly erected. Ready to perform stronger, longer, more potently. And the same gentle vibrations that stimulate your erection also excite and thrill your lover—through you.

The Penisator: Safe. Easy-to-use. One size fits all. Money back guarantee.



If coupon is removed send order to:
Harmony Products,
 501 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Harmony Products, Dept. PN-126
 P.O. Box 2088 • Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017
 Here is my check or money order for \$19.95 plus 75¢ for shipping and handling. Please rush my Penisator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name _____ (Please Print)

Signature _____ I am over 18 years of age.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

**The original and
best sex aid
ever made.**

**Prolongs sexual pleasure
Helps prevent premature
ejaculation**

For more than a million regular users around the world, the full strength power of STUD 100 spells CONFIDENCE—sexual confidence! You can experience that confidence regularly with STUD 100 Spray for Men. The original. The best. Discreet spray pack costs just \$6.00.



To: Pound International Corp. Dept PH-71
 120 East 56th St. NYC, NY 10022

Rush me _____ cans STUD 100 \$6.00 each.

Name _____

Address _____

NY State add sales tax 1.25%

SEX-CITE HER!!

frederick's®

OF HOLLYWOOD

SAVE!
Buy BOTH
B and C
\$12.88
B or C cup
\$13.88
D cup

C FOR HIM!

D

B

A FOR HIM!

MAN ALIVE! (HIS)

The least makes much of the most in this wet-look Black or Nude nylon G-string for guys. One size fits all.
A #5-9322 2 for \$6.75
#3-4475 3 for \$8.50: \$3 each

MIGHTY MITE

Brief, sheer crotchless panty has high-cut legs, lots of lace. Black, White or Red nylon tricot. Small, Medium, Large.
B #3-4475 3 for \$8.50: \$3 each

EYE POPPER (HIS)

Sheer nylon pouch! Opaque nylon knit sides and back. Black, White or Nude. Sm. Med. Lge. X-Lge.
C #10-0166 3 for \$10.50: \$4 each

NATURAL NIPPLES

Underwired nylon lace half-cups lift the breasts, leave the nipples uncovered. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with blue trim or Black with Red trim.
D #4-5150 { 32 to 38 B cups: \$9
34 to 36 C cups: \$9
34 to 36 D cups: \$10

SHOW OFF

French-cut, crotchless panties to match our exclusive Natural Nipple Bra. White with Blue trim or Black with Red trim. Small, Medium, Large.
E #4-5279 2 for \$8.44: \$4.50 each

NEARLY NAKED

Peek-a-boo, passion-inspiring jumpsuit. Zipper goes all the way under crotch and around back. Shoulders untie to touch. Sheer nylon tricot. Black or Red. Small, Medium, Large.
F #3-4631 \$14

PLAY BAIT

Go totally crotchless! Slit behind for extra sex-poseur! Sexy Black lace and satin bows accent open areas. Nylon tricot. Purple or Red. One size fits all.
G #5-9019 \$10

HELLO DOLLY

Sensuous satin and lace baby doll. Underwired pads push up, straps adjust. Matching bikini. Ties in front and on side of panty. Acetate satin and sheer nylon tricot. Purple or Black. Small, Medium or Large.
H #3-4654 \$20

HIP HOORAY!

Frederick's thong goes swimming, or team it with fishnet panty hose and accessorize with jewelry. Antron® nylon and lycra® spandex. Black or Red. Small (5-7), Medium (9-11) or Large (13).
J #2-7780 \$16 (Belt not included.)

NAUGHTY NET

Wicked fishnet panty hose has sandal foot styling. Black. One size fits all who dare!
K #3-4980 2 pair for \$14: \$7.50 each

LITTLE FOXY

Long slinky sleep-stunner with gathered keyhole bust that unties. Aqua, Black or Red nylon tricot. Small, Medium, Large.
L #3-4537 \$9

HUNDREDS OF FASHIONS IN
FREDERICK'S FABULOUS CATALOG!

I WANT YOUR BODY

FUN

GET YOURS

COME GET IT...

frederick's®
OF HOLLYWOOD

money back guarantee

GET **frederick's®** CATALOG
OF HOLLYWOOD
FREE*

*FREE with purchase or send
\$2 for 11 issues (one full year)
\$3 for a two-year subscription.

HUNDREDS MORE
LIKE THESE!

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-uous slinky!
*6-INCH HEEL SHOES!
*AND LOTS MORE!

Subscriptions
ONLY in U.S.A.

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028
Dept. 3705

Please send the following styles (order by Style Number):

Style No.	Qty.	Size	1st Color	2nd Color	Price

☐ I enclose \$ ☐ Check ☐ M.O.
Add \$1.25 shipping charge first item
Add 75¢ each additional item.
Calif. residents add 6% 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)

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. Then I read about Prelude 3. This new System was everything I hoped for — and more. My husband and I immediately accepted it as 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.
- Four massage attachments to relax and stimulate. New feature locks all attachments in place.

Only \$24.95

Send your check or money order to:

Sensory Research Corp., Dept. H-028E,
5 Lawrence St., Bloomfield, N.J. 07003.

30-Day Money-Back Guarantee. No Questions Asked.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Shipped in plain wrapper. In N.J. add tax.

BAC# _____

MC# _____

(In Canada: \$29.95) Box 400, Mt. Royal, Que. H3P1E6.

Clip Out This Ad & Mail Today

For VD protection AFTER exposure get Sanitube® now!

When used within an hour after sexual contact, prevention of VD is almost certain.

The original U.S. Navy prophylactic aid for men. Established 1912. Works against syphilis and gonorrhea. Easy to use medication—new plastic tube.

Get SANITUBE at your druggist.

\$1.25. Or send check or money order and we'll rush a supply by first class mail in plain wrapper.

The Sanitube Co., Radio Circle, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 10549

Please rush:

- ☐ 6 SANITUBE packets, \$ 7.50
- ☐ 12 SANITUBE packets, \$14.50

• Plus 50¢ per order for mailing and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

Guarantee: Use one SANITUBE packet as directed. If not satisfied, return unopened packets for full refund.

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!

XAMIERA

LOWE'S HONOLULU

the blonde girls was unpleasant, if not actually repellent.

Later, as a normally horny teenager, I found in my experiments with the girls—now wet and well lubricated—that the same phenomenon persisted. The pussy odor of the brunettes was pleasant and appealing, but that of the blondes was always unpleasant.

This olfactory prejudice continued throughout my active sexual life. The blondes invariably offended my nose, but the brunettes, even during menstruation, appealed to me. Never was I able to bring myself to do cunnilingus with a blonde girl. As for redheads, I found the carrot-colored pussies almost as enticing as the darker brunette ones.

Having mentioned menstruation above, I am compelled to add that many of my most memorable sexual encounters have been with girls during their periods. It seems that women rise to much greater heights of sexual pleasure during their periods, achieving more orgasms than they normally do. Of course, it can be a bit messy, but the results surely compensate for such minor obstacles.

I will watch for the remarks of other correspondents regarding this interesting subject — Old Times

Many thanks for your interesting letter. On your first point, regarding olfactory prejudice, I have never heard that all blondes' pussies have an unusual odor. God help me if this is true! I think this was probably your own imagination. Your letter reminds me of a friend who could get immediately turned on at the sight of a black-haired pussy. But if the girl was blonde or red-haired, no matter how beautiful she was, there was no way he could get an erection.

On your last point, concerning women during menstruation, I think you are right. A lot of girls get a bigger kick out of screwing during their period. Most women are horniest on the second or third day of their periods, whereas for many the first day is sometimes too upsetting. How unfortunate it is that so many men will not oblige a woman during her period. They just don't know what they're missing. If they're afraid of the mess, they should try screwing in a shower. It's well worth the try.

IT HURTS SO GOOD

My husband and I don't have the greatest sex life, but it's better some times than at others. Like last night, for instance. My husband came home from work at 9:00 PM and I'd made this really dynamite supper. When he came in the door, his mouth dropped to the floor, and he got an instant erection—I thought it would burst through his pants. There I was, pouring wine into the glasses and wearing spike heels, crotchless black panties, and a black lace bra with my nipples sticking

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND...
EXTENDER CONDOM
The UNIQUE 'SKIN-LIKE' CONTRACEPTIVE

ADD INCHES TO
YOUR SEXUAL
MEASUREMENTS

MANY WOMEN
RELIEVE THEIR
ENDOWMENT IS
THE BEST OF ALL

...increases your sexual
dimensions...to give the pen-
etration and snugness she
desires during those intimate
moments. It's remarkable
skin-like texture and feel offers you the ultimate in comfort
and confidence. MORE THAN JUST AN ORDINARY CONTRA-
CEPTIVE, Extender Condom makes you bigger fast...and
is so perfectly formed, it almost becomes a natural part
of you.

Now, this exciting new condom lets you command new length
and width with total assurance and ease. More expensive
than the usual condom? Yes...but now you can experience
a whole new world of sexual pleasure!

The EXTENDER CONDOM is available by mail only. For your
privacy and convenience, orders are shipped promptly in
discreet packages. Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed
or your purchase price will be refunded in full. So order this
unusual new condom today with 100% confidence.

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
BOLD ENTERPRISES, Dept. P-577
Box 872
Metuchen, New Jersey 08840 \$ ENCLOSED IS

Gentlemen, Please rush me:

- ☐ 5-time package of Extender Condoms \$ 6.95
- ☐ 12-time package of Extender Condoms 9.95
- ☐ 24-time package of Extender Condoms 17.95

Name _____

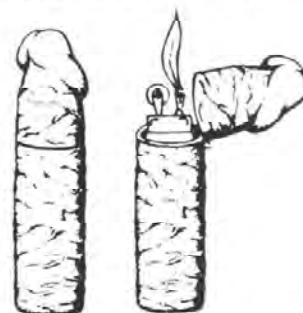
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New York Residents Add Sales Tax

Copyright © 1977, Bold Enterprises, Dept. P-577.

POP YOUR COC! or have her pop it for you!



Next time your woman asks for a smoke, just pull out this sexy lighter and "Pop Your Coc." This lighter is only 3" long so hopefully she won't mistake it for the real thing. But it looks enough like the real thing to stop any woman right in her tracks. So be the life of the party. We guarantee that you will have the hottest "Coc" there.

HARMONY PRODUCTS Dept. DL-113
P.O. Box 2088,
Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Here is my check or money order for \$2.25 plus
50¢ for postage and handling. Please rush my
Poppy Coc Lighter today. (N.Y. Residents add
applicable sales tax.)

Name _____ (Please Print)
Signature _____ I am over 18 years of age
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

"I LOST TWENTY POUNDS, WITH THE ULTIMATE DIET SUPPLEMENT. THEN WHEN THEY MADE IT EASIER TO SWALLOW, I LOST THIRTY MORE."

I tried the product. And promptly lost seventeen pounds in two weeks. Now I'm a diet expert—having been on all of them—and I knew that weight loss will vary depending on the person, how fat they are and how much exercise they get.



Seventeen quick pounds is some weight loss, but frankly, I started to get tired of the diet. It wasn't because I got hungry or anything like that. It was mixing up all the powder, taking all pills, the mess, the

bother and not to mention the taste. After twenty pounds, I called it quits.

THE NEW IMPROVED ULTIMATE DIET SUPPLEMENT WAFER.

Then, I found out that the Ultimate Diet Supplement has been improved. Now the whole shooting match is in a wafer form. And it tastes great—vanilla flavor. Plus they have a new diet plan for people like me who only need to lose another 10-30 pounds. With it I get the rapid weight loss of a modified fast without hunger. And I eat six ounces of meat or fish along with two salads and three ounces of cottage cheese.

Until now all low carbohydrate protein supplements tasted like chalk. Good tasting protein supplements were all high in carbohydrates. If the protein supplement is high in carbohydrates, you won't lose weight quickly. And if you try to go on a fast without enough supplemental protein, you can have real problems.

Also, most protein supplements don't contain any of the vitamins and minerals or extra calcium and potassium needed by dieters.

The Ultimate Diet people solved all those problems at once with the Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafer. It's low in carbohydrates, high in protein and packed with vitamins, minerals and supplemental calcium and potassium.

Twelve good tasting Ultimate Diet Wafers a day in combination with six ounces of the meat or fish protein that Nature does best, provide you with all the protein needed. Those twelve wafers are easy to carry, and full of the vitamins and minerals other diets don't give you. The Protein Sparing Modified Fast is one of the most rapid forms of weight loss known. Now with the Ultimate Diet Wafers you can lose pounds safely, easily, and tastily.

There are just a couple of points to remember.

©Earthquest Ltd. 1976



1. PROTEIN.

Be sure to use all of a day's Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers and eat all that's allowed on the supplemental program. Your body needs a total of 75 grams a day of protein.

2. VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

They are ultra-important. The Ultimate Diet Wafers contain 20 different types. Don't try a diet without them. The Wafers also contain extra calcium and potassium which people on a modified fasting diet require.

3. WATER.

On the modified fast, I learned that I was "washing my troubles away." Most of my weight loss was flushed from my body as waste material through the kidneys. That requires water, lots of it—10 to 12 glasses a day. (It was really easy when I spaced them throughout the day.)

4. DOCTOR.

I knew that being overweight was just like being sick. I was unhealthy. And since I was in an unhealthy condition, I

went to see my doctor before I started the diet. He told me that if I had "gout," "uremia," or if I was pregnant, I should not start the diet. Since I checked out okay, (and I wasn't pregnant either) he gave me his go-ahead. Following the simple rules of the Ultimate Diet Supplement made a modified fast not only possible and safe, but actually down right easy.

There was nothing to measure, nothing to stir-up. Nothing to count but the weight I was losing. All the exact portions have been figured out for me. The protein, carbohydrates, the vitamins and minerals, and the extra calcium and potassium.

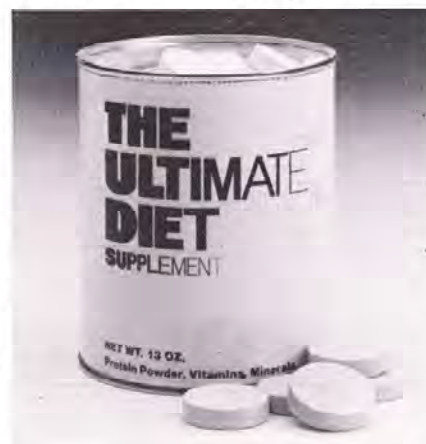
All in an easy-to-take wafer form.

It worked for me. It can work for you. (Frankly, I've got another 7-10 pounds I really need to lose, and I am going back on the diet next week. It's really nice to know that there is a diet plan that you can stick with that works, and can always go back to and lose any extra pounds you might put back on.)

DOCTOR DESIGNED FOR OBESE PEOPLE.

For the people with more than 30 pounds to lose (like me before going on the Ultimate Diet) a program using 24 Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers a day has been designed by a doctor. It provides everything your body needs for a complete modified fast. So if you need to lose over 20 pounds fast, all you need is 24 wafers and 2 salads a day—plus your doctor's approval. (Anything that is good enough to knock off 50-100 pounds is a breeze when you've only got 10 to go like me.)

The sooner you send for the Ultimate Diet Supplement Wafers, the sooner you can get on your own modified fast. The sooner you do, the sooner you can expect help in changing your life—you have only those excess pounds to lose.



Please rush me The Ultimate Diet Wafers.

- ☐ I would like the 3 day diet at \$9.95
☐ I would like the 1 week diet at \$19.95
☐ I would like the 2 week diet at \$34.95

Plus \$0.75 for postage and handling. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied I can return for complete and prompt refund. Ga. residents add 4% sales tax.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

I enclose my ☐ check

☐ money order

Please charge to my:

☐ Mastercharge

Expires _____

☐ BankAmericard

Please fill in your Account No. _____

Mail to:
 Earthquest Ltd.
 P.O. Box 10225
 Atlanta, Ga. 30319

CHARGE CARD CUSTOMERS
 USE OUR 24-hour
 TOLL FREE NUMBER
 1-800-241-0611

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 irresistibly 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. Want 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-127
P.O. Box 2088 • Gd. Cvil. 8th., 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	Mo.	Year

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Canadian residents send orders to Harmony, P.O.B. 7050, Sta. A, Montreal, Quebec H3C3L4.

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 FULL COLOR POSTERS	BLACK & WHITE BLOWUPS TOO!
20" x 24"..... only \$9.50	2 ft. x 3 ft. \$2.50 Laminated
14" x 17"..... only \$6.50	1 ft. x 1 1/2 ft. \$2.50 Posters up to
24" x 36"..... only \$14.50	1 1/2 ft. x 2 ft. \$3.50 2 ft. x 3 ft.
	3 ft. x 4 ft. \$8.00 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 50¢ 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-57, Congers, N.Y. 10920

BLACK SILK STOCKINGS

Sensuous silk stockings all hand-made by artisans and imported from London for you. 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.

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.

Send for the new, ribbed head Stimula today.

STIMULA® NOW 112 RIBS BETTER.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. PH-37
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
☐ 1" vibrator (\$5 value) only \$1 with any order.

Free catalog with any order
☐ check ☐ cash ☐ money order

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

out. He wanted to know what the occasion was. I told him there was no special occasion; I just liked variety in my life as well as a great deal of spice.

He took a shower. Then we ate some of the dinner, the wine gave us both a nice high. After we had screwed and fingered and sucked each other off, we took a long and lovely rest.

Back in the bedroom. I tied his feet and arms to the bedposts. He just lay there, with that beautiful, big, stiff cock up in the air. I began teasing his cock with the outside of my cunt. I would then let his cock come in me for just a second, and then I'd pull away. He looked so helpless, thrashing around on the bed, trying to get free. His face was soaking wet with perspiration, but I wouldn't untie him. (I wiped his face with a cool face cloth, though.) All he could manage to do was to suck my tits. He pleaded that this would be the best fucking session we would ever have if only I would untie him. Finally, I gave in and untied him. Well, he just threw himself on top of me, banging me so hard and sucking and squeezing my tits at the same time.

Later, he tied my legs and arms to the bedposts and teased the fucking hell out of me. He kept sticking his tongue in and out of my vagina. Then he would stick that beautiful, hard prick in me for just a second and then pull it out. God, how he fingered my ass hole! I thought I'd lose my mind. Finally, he untied me, but not for long—he threw me over on my stomach and tied me up again! This time he straddled himself over me and didn't do or say anything. I asked him what was the matter, and he said, "Nothing is wrong." All of a sudden he was lubricating my anus with cream. We had never had anal sex in the seven years we were married. I was scared, thinking it would be too painful, but I wanted him to do it anyway. Then I felt that beautiful dick of his about to enter me. He knew I was scared, and so he was ever so gentle. Little by little he began pumping, harder and harder. It was just dynamite. Then he stopped to untie me. He made me kneel down on the edge of the bed so he could stick that mind-blowing cock up in my ass once again. He soon came. God, it was a perfect evening!

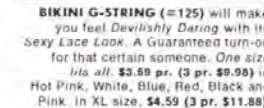
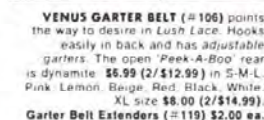
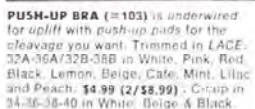
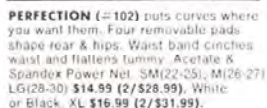
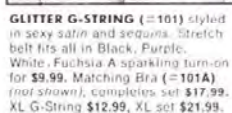
The next morning we both agreed that it was the best night in bed we'd ever spent together—*Lover*

Well, you see, it sometimes pays to rid yourself of the ordinary situation and be a whore in bed. I'm sure any women's libber would be aghast at your conduct, but so what. You got your pleasure.

For your next sex scenario, you might try being a little less complacent. Next time maybe you can put on some kind of a rape scene, whereby you play hard to get. Let him chase you and maybe even rip your nightie or panties off.

Keep on struggling and kicking until he shows you who the master of the house is—for the evening, at least.

MICHAEL
SALEM'S
EXOTICA BOUTIQUE



WET & WILD (#109) is how you'll look in this matching *Wet-Look Nylon* *Ciré Bra* and *Garter belt*. *Shell bra* undercups breasts leaving nipples bare. **SET** (#109) **\$12.99** in *Black* or *Red*. **BRA** (#109A) **\$7.99** in sizes 32-38. **GARTER BELT** (#109B) **S-M-L \$5.99**. **XL GARTER BELT** **\$7.00**, **XL SET** **\$14.99**. *Bra* and *Garter belt* available in *Black Lace*.

EXPOSED (#112) is what you'll be in this Sheer Nylon, open crotch, open nipple ally® SET \$6.99 (2/\$12.99). Black, Red, Purple. One size fits all. XL Set \$11.99 (2/\$21.99). Panty alone (#112A) \$2.75 ea. (3/\$7.99). Black Satin Panty \$16.99. \$25.00 Set. XL Black Satin Set \$35.00.

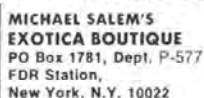
W-I-D-E OPEN is the only way to describe this *ruffled LACE*, Bra and Garter Belt Set **BRA (+110A)** in Red or Black **\$4.99**, **GARTER BELT (+110B)** in Red, Black, White, Beige **\$4.99**. **One Size Fits all XL GARTER BELT \$6.49**. **Black Fish Net Stockings (+110C)** \$4.99 pr. (2 pr./\$8.99), 3-piece Set (+110D) **\$12.99**, XL Set **\$16.99**. **One Size Fits all**

OPEN BABY DOLL (#113) makes you the kind of baby any guy would want! Open crotch and nipples, in sheer, soft Nylon. One size fits all. **\$8.99** complete set. Red, Black, Purple.

FRINGE BABY DOLL SET (#111) puts the fire back into bedtime. Sultry fringes sway with you to love's music. Black, Red, Hot Pink, White. **\$21.99.** **TOP (#111A) \$14.99. PANTY (#111B)** in open or closed crutch styling. **\$7.99 (2/\$13.99).** One Size Fits All.

JUNGLE FURY (#114) for the animal in you. Leopard-skin look in soft nylon bra and scanty panty. Jane set \$15.99. Matching Tarzan G-String (#114A) for only \$6.99. Three Pieces (#114B) \$21.99. **Sheer G-String for Men** in Black, Red, Hot Pink \$6.99, (2/\$12.99).

ALL MAIL SENT DISCREETLY IN PLAIN WRAPPER



Send me the following catalogs:

☐ Exotica Boutique Series (\$2.00 without order)

☐ TV Catalog (\$8.00)

I enclose payment in: ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MO

Charge my order on: ☐ BA ☐ MC ☐ AX

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
There is a \$15.00 Minimum Order on Charge Purchases.

STYLE	QTY.	SIZE	COLORS 1st and 2nd choice	PRICE

WE HONOR
MASTER
CHARGE

BANK
AMERICARD
AMERICAN
EXPRESS

Add \$1.00 per item for SHIPPING.

Where applicable add TAX.
(Foreign Orders Except Canada)
add \$3.00 per item.

Exp. Date / /

Card # _____

MC Interbank # _____

Signature _____

TOTAL \$ _____

Money Orders and Cash Orders shipped immediately.

—SPECIALTY ITEMS—

OPEN CROTCH (#115) panty hose (not shown) \$4.99 (2/\$8.99) in Black. One size fits all. XL size for Men \$7.99 (2/\$14.99). Black, Navy, Brown.

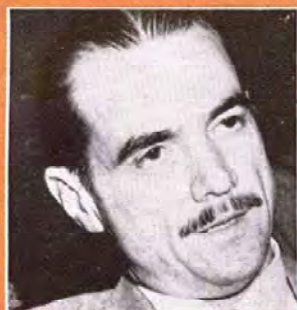
FISH NET (#116) open crotch panty
nose (not shown) for that special look.
\$11.95, \$20.00 (2 for \$10.00). Ditch this!

OPERA HOSE (=117) approx. 42" long
(not shown) in Black, Off Black, Beige
\$3.00 pr. (3 pr. \$8.00). Sizes 10-12.

5" SPIKE HEELS (#121) are hand made and imported from England. Black Patent Leather in sizes 5-13. A hard to get item even at **\$99.95 pr.**

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) *not shown*, for that ultra sexy look. Black, Beige, Taupe. Sizes 8½-11 Long. \$5.00 a pair. (2 pair \$8.99)

COMING IN THE JUNE PENTHOUSE



HOWARD HUGHES



PENTAGON'S PETS



UFOs



NYMPHO TAPES

The Pentagon's Deadly Pets—Our generals and admirals have been keeping some rather strange company: pigeons, dogs, sea lions, whales, and dolphins, to name a few. These "pets" have been turned into weapons that will do the deeds man or missile alone could never accomplish. Dolphins, for example, have ferreted out Russian submarines, planted explosives in the hulls of ships, and located underwater missiles. Author Steve Chapple tracked down the story of the Pentagon's favorite playmates, and his findings—if only they were fiction—would make terrific black humor.

Finding the Real Howard Hughes—James Phelan belongs to that old school of journalism which still believes in "the facts, ma'am, nothing but the facts." "Basically," he says, being a reporter is like being "a bird dog out in the bushes, looking for rabbits." The biggest rabbit Phelan has bagged so far is Howard Hughes. For years Phelan worked to uncover the incredible true story of the eccentric megalomaniac, and the result is his blockbusting *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years*. In an exclusive interview with David Haldane, Phelan talks about his book, his life, and his hardline views of "investigative" reporters.

Law and Disorder—"Organized crime now seems as permanently encrusted a feature of the American landscape as fast-food franchises—and as universally accepted." So writes contributing editor Thomas Plate, in the first of a series of columns on crime. Plate, author of *Crime Pays*, a bestselling investigation of this great American pastime, specializes in the criminal-justice system, police work, criminal behavior, and narcotics. His first column describes the breakdown of the "family structure" of crime and the rise of independent gangs of all ethnic backgrounds.

Hell's Postcards—The Hibakusha Gallery, which is located in an amusement arcade, does a smashing business. People line up to buy huge posters of Hiroshima victims and to create personalized picture postcards showing their own faces superimposed on maimed bodies. In this horrifying short story, author Edward Bryant brings the reader face-to-face with his own mortality.

KIDNAPPED!—It happened in Indian country, high in the Rocky timberlands, near a tiny town called Snowflake. Six forest workers watched, terrified, as a UFO abducted their coworker, Travis Walton. Search parties proved fruitless. When Walton reappeared five days later, no one knew what to think. Indeed, UFO sightings have plagued even the most respectable citizens of Snowflake. The most cynical nonbeliever will be shaken by Bill Barry's account of the most intriguing UFO story to date.

Plus—Sylvia, a nymphomaniac, bares her soul in *The Nympho Tapes*; Nick von Hoffman fears the return of the draft; Nick Nolte, star of *The Deep*, models his own wardrobe; and the most gorgeous girls the June sun has ever graced. 

ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

penance for the taxpayers whose monies supported the war. The final, surrealistic outcome, will be that all those who volunteered to serve, who did not evade the draft, who served honorably, who were wounded, maimed, or killed, will be discredited. They will be branded as cowards for not having had the courage to refuse military service. An irreversible weakness will overcome our society. Henceforth, it will be honorable for an individual to declare any conflict immoral and thereby avoid its inconveniences and its dangers. The burden of war will fall even more heavily on the poor, who will be told to go forth and protect the comfort and safety of those more richly endowed.

The president, however, has acted, and we must accept his decision. But we must also bear in mind the following points:

- Most of those being considered for amnesty broke laws and are demanding that we accept such action as proper; those who follow them will base their demands on our actions of this moment.
- Any selective-service system of the future will be ineffective if the individual, not the society, is accorded the final decision on such service.
- Our armed forces will have no basis for any mobilization of manpower in times of national peril if the obligation of service is dictated by the individual.
- The morale of those who serve will be degraded by any abandonment of the principle that military service is a universal obligation with exemptions determined by laws made by the people, not by the individual.
- Discipline essential to a combat force will be impossible if crimes can be committed and go unpunished on the basis of individual conscience and moral outrage.
- For every man given clemency, pardoned, or accorded amnesty, four or five others died in Vietnam in absolutely final dedication to values no less cogent than those claimed by the ones still living who ask for, and have been twice offered, absolution.

There is a final thought for your consideration. We have spent much effort, time, and money on the perplexing problem of those who refused, avoided, or escaped military service during the Vietnam War. Our attentions are being concentrated once more on those who committed offenses during that war. We should, instead, concentrate our present efforts on helping those men and women who served honorably and well when called upon; who sacrificed part of their precious youth in our behalf; who endured wounds or injuries, or suffered death, because of us.

These, not the others so few in comparison, are the ones who need a presidential commission, a newly constituted board with scores of members and hundreds of staff employees, or a congressional committee to right the wrongs against them. Our primary obligation and our deepest debt are to these, now and in the years to come. 



Wherever you go, it's making waves.
What's behind its super success?
Super lightness, superb taste.
If that's what you're looking for,
set your sails for Lord Calvert Canadian.

Follow the Canadian Superstar

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

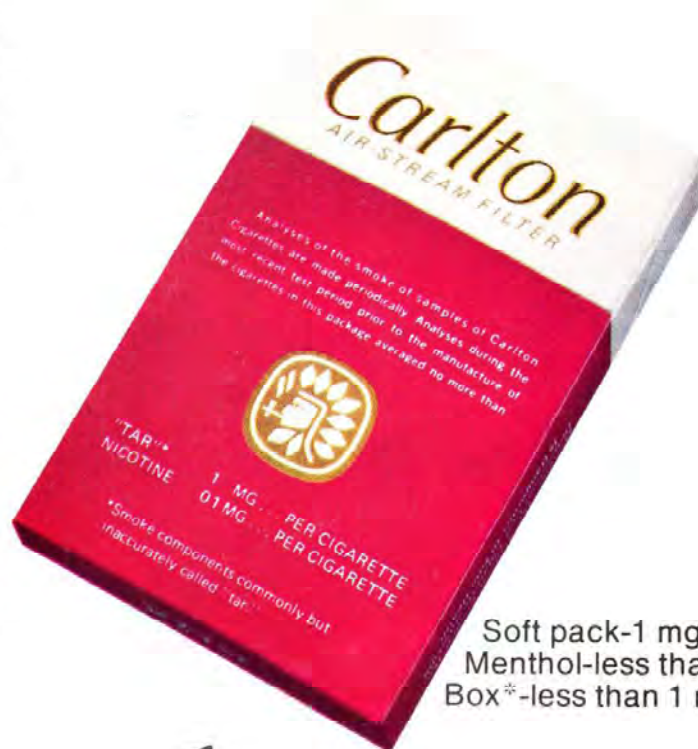
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar,
.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



MISS VALERIE RAE CLARK / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

