

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1977 \$2.00



SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**HOW DAVID ROCKEFELLER
HIRED JIMMY CARTER
TO RUN THE COUNTRY**

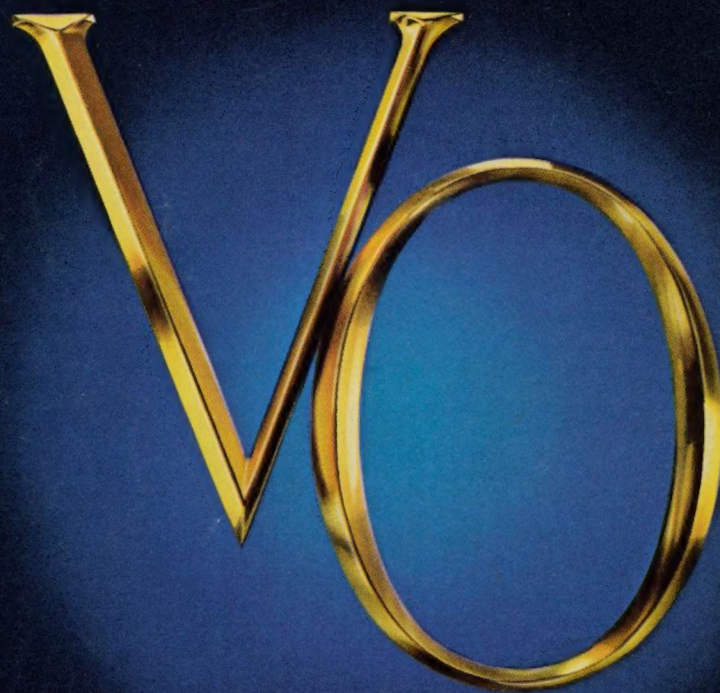
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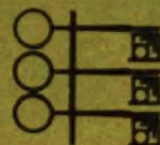
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PENTHOUSE

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*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

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 good deal less, is more than anybody except an NBA center needs. And it's

LOOKING FOR A CAR WITH HEADROOM?

wide enough so your elbowroom 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.

The servicing, unlike the usual image of sports car servicing, can be done simply. At any of the 650 Fiat dealers all over the country.

And the design?

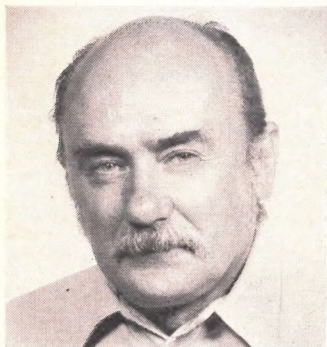
Classic Pininfarina.

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.





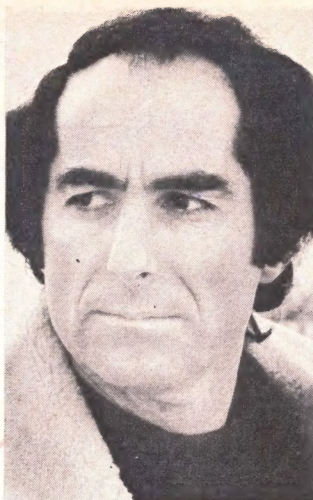
JACK MANN



RICHARD POLLAK



GEORGE RICHARDSON AND INGRID FRANK



PHILIP ROTH



RICHARD BALLAD

HOUSECALL

Let the champagne flow, the music blare, and the candles blaze. *Penthouse* is having a historic birthday, because 1977 has been our best year yet! Circulation has reached an all-time high, and *Penthouse* has surpassed *Playboy* to become the biggest selling men's magazine in the world.

The reason? Respect! The respect *Penthouse* has for its readers; for their taste, attitudes, and personal opinions; for their privacy; and, above all, for their intelligence. We perceived—even at the outset of our career—that people were changing, moving away from the old conformities, individualizing their views on life, love, law, and the new morality. *Penthouse* embraced the concept of a maturing, liberated society that saw women as less than plastic perfect, that watched *Playboy's* perennial girl-next-door grow up and acquire honest-to-goodness, real-life fuckability. *Penthouse* threw away the airbrush, provided sex without the lectures, and moved from fantasy and fiction to hard-nosed investigative reporting to become, along with *Time* and *Newsweek*, one of the three most quoted magazines in America. *Penthouse* touched a nerve, and the world responded. So it is with gratitude and pride that we salute our still expanding readership on this, the twelfth anniversary of our birth in England and the eighth anniversary of our wondrous arrival in America.

For birthday openers, meet **Philip Roth**, one of the foremost living American novelists. This month we are delighted to present the first of two excerpts from Roth's forthcoming novel, *The Professor of Desire* (Farrar, Straus, & Giroux). It is a sad-funny picaresque tale about one David Kepesh, a smart-alecky kid who transcends his modest beginnings as the son of Catskills resort owners and grows up to be "a rake among scholars, a scholar among rakes." Roth's masterful touch begins on page 66.

Of course, greatness wears differently on different people. Take Abe Rosenthal, the most powerful editor of the world's most powerful newspaper—the *New York Times*. According to writer **Richard Pollak**, "Abe Rosenthal may have the thinnest skin of all the major-media executives in the nation." Rosenthal has very definite ideas about what he wants the *Times* to be, and dissidents are not tolerated. As a result, the newspaper is lessening its fierce commitment to serious journalism in "a frantic scramble after the white, affluent readers it has lost in recent years." The strategy is certainly working. Suburbanites love the *New York Times*, and the paper is making money. But if the top reporting job on the *Times* turns out to be that of restaurant critic, will Abe Rosenthal, like the American general who blew up Vietnam villages, discover that he has destroyed the very thing he felt compelled to save?

Pollak, a veteran of twenty years in journalism, is particularly well suited to this subject. Now a free-lance writer, Pollak has been an

associate editor of *Newseek* and was a founder and first editor of *More Magazine*, the critical newsmagazine of the media. Read his provocative profile on page 48.

Meanwhile, as the *Times* tells us which nightclub has the most fashionable lighting, the *real* stories are going unreported. For example, did you know that the foreign policy of the United States has been seized and manipulated by a tiny elite that is known as the Trilateral Commission? This cabal, headed by David Rockefeller, the chairman of the powerful Chase Manhattan Bank, helped engineer the election of Jimmy Carter. In "The Making of a President," on page 118, journalist **Robert A. Manning** documents how this feat was accomplished.

Another story that the establishment media has ignored is the malignant spread of drug addiction. Contrary to what our public officials have been telling us, the use of heroin has now reached epidemic proportions, having doubled during the last five years. Once confined to inner-city ghettos, the problem has spread to all areas of the country so that youngsters of all classes have become addicted. **Ingrid Frank** and **George Richardson**, coauthors of *Junkie: The Deadliest Coverup!* (Manor Books) and cofounders of the highly effective National Committee to Declare War on Drugs, describe what is really happening with heroin today and give us some pretty savvy ideas on how to curb the situation. Read their alarming report—"Epidemic!"—on page 72.

There are junkies, and then there are junkies. Some of us may not be addicted to the hard stuff, but what about that pure white crystal we stir into our coffee every morning? Sugar can kill, as any candid physician will tell you. And now, since the FDA's recent ban on noncaloric sweeteners, there has been a mighty outcry from the antisugar contingent. Dr. Robert C. Atkins, the noted nutritionist and the author of *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution* and *Dr. Atkins' Super Energy Diet* (Crown), is a chief proponent of this viewpoint. He feels that the only people this ban will benefit are the powerful manufacturers of sugar products. **Richard Ballard**, frequent *Penthouse* contributor and senior editor of "The Today Program," interviewed Dr. Atkins and found his views on diet, sexual potency, and medical quackery interesting indeed. Turn to page 128.

Sharing the best-seller lists with the revolutionary doctor is the revolutionary Mr. David Kopay. When *The David Kopay Story* was published this year, it caused a major sensation. After all, it's not every day that a football player, a jock—symbolically the most macho of men—openly states that he is a homosexual. How is the ex-Washington Redskin coping with his newfound notoriety, and how is the world coping with Kopay? Veteran sportswriter and journalist-about-town **Jack Mann** interviewed Kopay and was quite impressed. "I really admire the guy," he said. "He's serious about his campaign, but he's really having a ball!" Read Mann's fascinating profile, "The Jock Who Came Out of the Closet," on page 76.

As a special anniversary treat, we have provided you with a most stimulating array of September sirens, the perfect accompaniments to such a festive celebration. ○✚

Brand Loyalties Shaken By Taste Impact Of Low Tar Merit.

MERIT taste delivery switching high tar smokers away from age-old favorites.

There is a taste alternative to high tar cigarettes. Modern technology created it. Tests proved it.

And smokers are confirming it.

Today most MERIT smokers are coming from high tar cigarettes—many from brands they had been loyal to for years.

Yet they're switching to—and sticking with—MERIT.

The reason is a real advance in tobacco technology that resulted in a way to boost natural tobacco flavor without the usual corresponding increase in tar.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

It's called 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

MERIT and MERIT 100's were both packed with this special tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 76
100's: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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

MERIT

Kings & 100's

PENTHOUSE

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SEPTEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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

Panty hose pant

Today I am an avid panty hose lover. But from the letters in your magazine, it appears that I am in the minority in this respect. Once I, too, despised the demise of the garter belt and stockings, but eventually I learned to cope with the change. At first I used to long for a glimpse of a garter attached to an alluring stocking top—the culmination of an exciting, silk-clad gam. But my eventual attraction to panty hose perhaps actually grew out of this bit of turn-on.

Seeing the darker panty panel of the panty hose as it extended slightly down the thigh reminded me of the glimpse of stocking top and bare thigh which I yearned to see. I began looking forward to seeing a long-legged fox undertake some maneuver, such as getting into a car or bending over. This particular fascination for such visions began several years ago while I was working as a substitute teacher in a high school. I had been assigned to stand in for one week while one of the regular teachers was out because of illness. I had just graduated from college, and this was my first teaching job.

My first class was pure heaven! I was overwhelmed by a very foxy-looking senior. This girl, Terry, went to no end to show me her gorgeous thighs. She seemed to adorn herself in the shortest attire imaginable. In class that first day, Terry sat there persistently crossing and uncrossing her legs until finally I had a clear view not only of her upper thighs but also of her divine, matted, curly-haired pussy. She wasn't wearing any panties—just sheer panty hose. I could not take my eyes off that sight, and I'm sure my looks were obvious to all. Thank God, I was sitting behind a desk.

That night, when I got home, I masturbated for hours, contemplating what I had relished. The next day, only momentarily considering the school policy of nonfraternization with students on a personal basis after hours, I offered Terry a ride home. She quickly accepted, and when we arrived at her house, she asked if I wanted to come in for a while and have something to drink (since her parents were divorced and her mother would not be home until that evening). After a couple of beers and some increasingly sexy talk, I could no longer hold my desires back because I felt as if I were going to explode.

I moved quickly, and before Terry realized it, my mouth was fixed against her pussy, nuzzling her cunt through the dress material, and my hands were behind her,

digging into her nylon-covered ass. Soon I lay totally naked, my dick standing up like a flagpole. Terry made no move to undress herself, being contented with me. I reached over and undid the top buttons on her dress, exposing two huge orbs in a very wispy and sexy bra with little flowers on it. I moved my head closer to her breasts and began tonguing them.

After several minutes of mouth-to-nipple pleasure, I raised my head and asked Terry if I could persuade her to let me mouth the tops of her panty hose. She rearranged herself without a word, positioning her great legs and cunt only inches from my face. My hands shot out to feel those nylon-encased legs. I slowly slid my hands up to the tops of her thighs under the hem of her dress. As I did so, I exposed her panty-hose panty, and I licked up the juices of her desire through the sheer material covering her. She pulled the front of her panty hose down just far enough for my dick to enter, and slowly I pushed my dick into her passion pit.

I had never felt anything like it. Her cunt was supertight, and the friction involved was pure ecstasy. Once I was inside, she pulled her panty hose back up as far as possible. The elastic band at the top of her hose slid up and under my dick and nuts; and as I fucked her, this band was a constant source of friction, bringing my excitement to an even higher peak. I reached out and grabbed her ass and thighs, sliding my hands oh so slowly across the taut panty hose. A minute later Terry and I reached a magnificent climax. I was able to repeat the events of that night only once, but I'll never forget the episode, and I often masturbate when I think of it.

I shouldn't fail to mention, somewhat as a postscript, that it appears that the gods of fashion have once again recently turned against me and others in my position.

Not only have short skirts all but disappeared from the scene, but also the hosiery industry has seen fit to flood the market with sheer-to-the-waist panty hose (the last bastion for stocking top lovers). All I can say is thank God for those few nonconformists who continue to wear miniskirts and pantied panty hose! The only possible virtue of the recent fashion trend may be that, with the growing popularity of the longer dresses and skirts, we might see a return to the garter belt and stocking. One can only hope that the female population will finally realize what it did to us men when they discarded those incredibly sexy garments.—F.J., address withheld

Babette



Kathy



Jill



Marcia



Heavenor

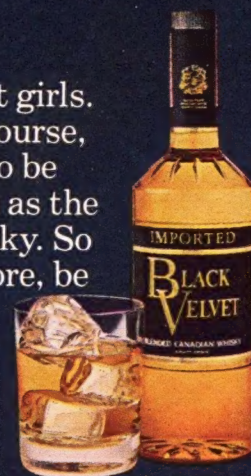


Kris



Vote for the Velvet girl of the year.

Now you can do more than just admire our Black Velvet girls. You can help choose the Black Velvet girl for 1978. Of course, with six beautiful girls to choose from, it isn't going to be easy. But we think you'll enjoy the work almost as much as the smooth, light taste of our Black Velvet® Canadian Whisky. So the next time you're in your favorite tavern or liquor store, be sure to vote for the Black Velvet girl of the year.



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Backseat diver

I am writing this letter in response to the recent letter written by the sailor aboard the U.S.S. *Long Beach*. Over the years I have read with great fascination the occasional letters sent in that discuss the beautiful aroma of bicycle seats. I am surprised that no one has experienced the unique joy and complete satisfaction of the seats that I have found.

I am currently a junior at a large mid-western school and live off campus with my best friend, Ray. Ray is a big stud around school and can get all the girls he wants. Since I have been a sophomore, I have had this fixation about car seats and the aroma of a girl's warm, juicy smell on them. I can never seem to smell enough of it. Anyway, Ray and I now have the perfect solution.

I own a 1974 Cadillac with a big leather-upholstered backseat just made for loving. Ray takes his dates out in my car and screws them in the backseat, then brings the car back to me. I go out to the car and get into the back, kneeling on the floor with my nose right on the hot leather seat and smell the perfume, sweat, and delicious come that is now permeating the leather. While I'm there taking in the beautiful aroma, I give myself a handjob, because my dick is so big and hard while I think about what went on in that backseat. It is the greatest high in the world.

If people think bicycle seats are good, they should try car seats. In fact, I have

been thinking what the smell of bus seats must be like with so many beautiful and wet cunts sitting on them every day.—S.G., Chicago, Ill.

You probably could have sniffed out Patty Hearst in a month.

Feeding a fever

About a year ago, I wrote you about how, while living in the basement apartment of a former classmate, I was seduced by his eighteen-year-old daughter, Claire. Well, she's presently attending school in Europe, but now my problem is with her mother, Jane.

Two weeks ago I came down with a touch of the flu and remained home from work. Jane had noticed my car in the driveway and came down to see why I had not gone to work. I was in bed, completely covered, when she came in. She had just gotten over the flu herself, and she said she knew what would help me. She went upstairs and came back in a few minutes with several aspirin and a large glass of orange juice. She insisted that I drink all of the orange juice, and it wasn't until I was half through that I realized she had put some vodka in it. I asked her if she was trying to get me drunk even before I got out of bed, and she said, "Yes and no." I didn't understand her remark and asked her to explain. She said, "If you had nothing to drink, I know that as a gentleman you would say no, but with at

least something to drink, you might say yes." She still had her housecoat on at the time, and without taking it off she just crawled in beside me.

She told me that Ted, her husband, was working too hard on his job and dropped off to sleep nearly every night, and that she needed more loving than she had been getting. She said she loved Ted but that she also loved sex and companionship.

By this time she had discovered that I was nude, and when she ran her hand across my chest, she murmured, "You feel so good." After only a few moments of kissing one another, she dropped her hand to my buttocks and said how glad she was that I slept in the raw because it made for better loving. By the time she had her hand on my cock, it was hard, and as sick as I was, I was still ready. Without taking off her housecoat, she slid across me, wrapped her luscious-feeling pussy around my cock, and began going up and down at a fast pace. I knew that I was going to blow my wad in less than two minutes, and we both went off at the same time. She said that she had been wanting an orgasm for a week.

After we had both showered, I got back into bed to find that Jane had taken off the housecoat, and for the first time I saw her two perfect tits. They were 34B, but they were firm and stood out very erect from her body. The rest of her body was gorgeous. She had very thin pubic hair, light brown, which had just been washed and felt soft and nice. I kissed her lips once and immediately started kissing and massaging first one tit and then the other, then back, and back again. Her nipples were hard and seemed to quiver when I ran my tongue around them, and her dark brown eyes sparkled with pleasure. Just when I was about ready to go down on her, she said, "No, don't, not yet." She took my cock in her hand and held it to her lips and gently ran her tongue around and under the tip. She had been doing this for five minutes before she finally took about four inches of it into her mouth. And she seemed to be savoring it, because she took it so slow.

Meanwhile, I was fondling her body, just running my fingertips up and down her spine, massaging her small but very, very luscious body for what must have been twenty minutes while she was just teasing my cock. When she put her ass right over my face, I shoved a pillow under my head and shoved as much of my tongue as I could into her. She was coming long before I was, until, in a sudden burst, I couldn't hold back. But I was thinking all the while that if she only knew that her daughter and I had been having intercourse, instead of her fucking me, she would be killing me.

Jane went back upstairs, and when she came down again, she had two large glasses of tomato juice—and vodka—and a couple more aspirin for me. She was lying on the bed, and I was giving her a body massage up and down her back and legs when she suddenly said, "I know that you and Claire were screwing every night." I



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just looked at her, stunned. Then she added, "It's okay. I'd rather have *you* fuck her than any boys her own age." I asked whether her husband knew, and she said no—and that he wouldn't, either. She then added that she had known for over two months and that Claire was aware of the fact that she knew. I was a little shocked, to say the least, and asked whether she wanted me to move out of the house. She said, "No, let's keep everything just the way it's been."

This was fine with me, because I was living better than I had ever lived before, and the extra services were fantastic. And just feeling Jane's warm body beside me was getting me hard—and we weren't even kissing or anything. I rolled her onto her back and kissed her very lovingly as she spread her legs and pulled me over her in one beautiful and cooperative motion. Although I had every bit of my six-inch cock into her in one thrust, she was ready and waiting. We screwed for nearly half an hour before we finished in a beautiful, satisfying gush of love orgasm. Jane had housework to do and so disappeared for the rest of the afternoon.

It was the next morning, and I was still off from work, when Jane came in with more aspirin—and orange juice with vodka for both of us. She asked me how I felt, and I said fine. She thanked me for the day before and said that it had been several years since she had enjoyed sex as much. By this

time we had finished the orange juice, and she was in my arms. I had had a good sleep and was surprised when she immediately asked me to go down on her. In less than two minutes she was grabbing for my cock, and we started the day with a beautiful and very, very satisfying sixty-nine.

It was then that she told me that she had been thinking how nice it would be for me to move my office into the apartment by using the storage room next to it. As a matter of fact, she *insisted*. I tried to explain that I would probably lose some business, and she said, "So what!" She must have stayed up all night, thinking that one up.

By next week we will have finished paneling the storeroom. The following week I am to move the office, and Claire will be home for summer vacation in about three weeks. I just hope that Ted never finds out what in hell his classmate has been doing with his wife and daughter, but I am going to do the best I can as long as I last.—*Name and address withheld*

Rib tickler

As S&M is such a broad subject, I would like to add another aspect of it for consideration: the art of erotic tickling. Tickling has been used as a torture, *pre-Sade*, by the Chinese, Romans, and the French. I doubt if there is any young lady who is not ticklish in one area or another. Through the use of bondage and fiendish exploitation of ticklish areas, a person can drive his victim

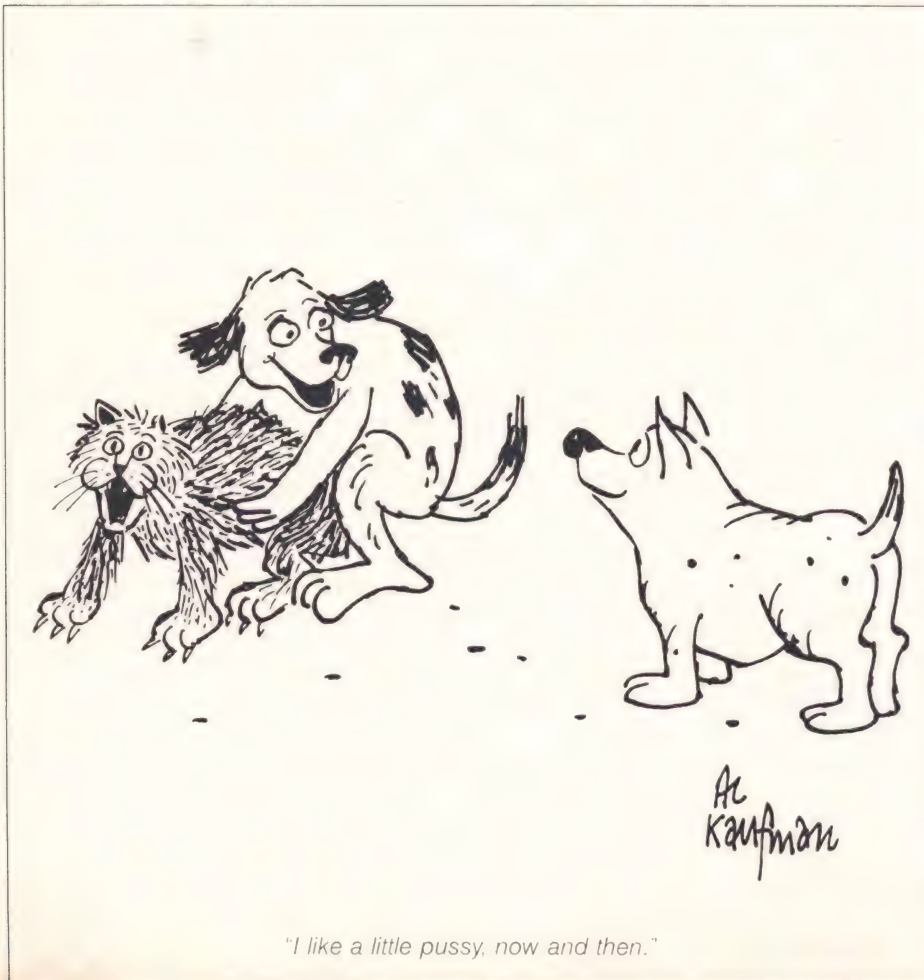
literally insane—right to the brink.

The body has many areas sensitive to featherlike touches that will provoke agonized laughter. The armpits, ribs, and the soles of the feet are prime areas. The stomach, breasts, and knees are also sensitive. While pain in S&M rituals is the common *modus operandi*, I believe unrelenting tickling is in actuality safer—and at the same time perhaps more torturous. I believe more attention should be devoted to this virtually unexplored area of sexuality—*W.D., Westminster, Calif.*

Marital bliss

My wife Sharon and I have decided that after reading some of the letters to Forum some people might get the impression that the only way to get sexual satisfaction is by wife swapping, ass whipping, or exposing yourself in public. But anyone who is acquainted with us is well aware that our sex life is for each other only and has been since we were married, twenty-eight years ago—when Sharon was seventeen and I nineteen, and we were both virgins. We have reared three daughters, now all happily married, and we are as equally positive that their sex life is as great as ours because we taught them to make sex interesting and alive. And I can well assure the readers of this letter that Sharon is no dowdy housewife. Her measurements are 39-25-36, her weight is 122 pounds, and her height is five foot five. Her exercise program keeps her stomach almost flat, and there is not one ounce of fat on her anywhere. Her legs are as perfectly formed as they were when she was in her teens. Her ass does not sag, and her breasts are large, with the nipples well defined. About the only thing I can say for myself is that I do exercises with Sharon, am in good health, have a trim body, and have a ten-inch prick with almost golf-sized balls.

In the confines of our home, we have never worn any clothing, even during the years when our daughters were growing up. We had nothing to hide from them, not even when we made love, and we answered any question they wanted to ask about sex and each and every aspect of our lovemaking—intercourse, sucking, anal sex, caressing, or my taking her breasts by mouth. When Sharon birthed a child, I nursed at her breasts, as did the baby, and took her milk; it was nourishing, and it made us both aware of our love for one another. When we make love, even today, it is never a quick process. We go about it slow and easy and thoroughly enjoy each and every iota of it. Since we are already nude, there is no worry about getting undressed. For instance, Sharon might be standing at the sink washing dishes when I get the urge from watching her body movements. I walk up to her and put my hands around and caress and fondle her breasts, and she will ease her ass back against my stomach, and we will be on our way. I let my hand drop down to her pussy, and I finger her and stroke her abundance of pubic hair, unshaved and long.



"I like a little pussy, now and then."

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At my request a long time ago, Sharon has allowed thick hair to grow all over her thighs and stomach and under her armpits. It has never been cut and is quite long. I love to run my fingers through it and touch it with my lips. The hair is thick around her ass and is just as delightful to feel with my fingers as with my meat pole.

Also, it is not always I who approach Sharon, for she initiates sex as often as I do, and in many ways. I can be sitting down, and she will walk up to me and thrust her delectable treasure box into my face and rub her moistness on me. Either I will encircle her soft ass with my arms and kiss her pubic hair, or I will push the pubic hair aside and put my lips to hers and insert my tongue into her vagina. This will last a few minutes, and then she will reach around and take my hand—our signal to go to bed. On other occasions, I can either be standing or sitting, and she will come up to me and either reach and take hold of my meat or drop down on her knees and take it into her mouth. If I'm standing when she puts it into her mouth, I touch her face and we go to bed. If I'm sitting, I let her take it there and bring me off. Or we may go to bed and sixty-nine. Whether or not it is from so many years of my sucking on it, her clitoris is now large, almost two inches long, about the size of a small pencil—not abnormal, and just as sensitive as the first time I ever touched it with my tongue.

One of my real joys is when Sharon

comes to me and bends over and puts her ass to me. We never tarry around, but instead hurry to our exercise floor pad, where she gets down on her hands and knees while I ease up behind her soft ass, push apart the cheeks, and slip my prick into the cavern that awaits me there. The passage is always moist and pulsating with excitement. I never force myself into her ass hole, but let my ten inches slide in gently and firmly until they are consumed. She pushes and pulls as I thrust and pull back, making the strokes long and filling. At the same time, she bows her head and shoulders down to the floor pad, puts her fingers to her clit, and masturbates herself as I put my hands to her breasts and massage the tender nipples. The abundant silky hair on her ass and thighs rubs against me and sends me to a high plane, bringing me to a climax that lets the come shoot hard and hot from me, deep into her bowels. When we finish out the love scene, we arise, embrace and kiss, and then shower together. After we dry off, we go to bed and caress each other until we are ready for further sexual activity. We enjoy each other well enough that we have never set any rules for how many times a day or night we enjoy sex, but rather we do it on a spontaneous basis. Whenever either one has a desire, the other never refuses. We never have headaches, we are never too busy, and we never have "something else to do." I will say that we probably engage in one or

another kind of sexual activity on the average of six times each day. The only time we don't have sex is when one of us is truly ill (and, rather than have poor sex, we refrain). Not only do we not have sex, but we never touch the other in a way that would lead to sexual desire.

I would like to add that for Sharon and me, marriage is sex, pure and simple. That's what marriage is all about. I'm sure that if sufficient love and devotion were put forth in a marriage, along with ample sex, there would be fewer divorces and wife-swapping circles. For us, this wife swapping is the most degraded act imaginable to either the husband or wife. Personally, I could never look my sweet darling wife in the face again if I should indulge in such a thing, nor would I even have respect for myself. And to invite another person into our home to indulge in sex with either her or me would be unthinkable! The nearest Sharon comes to exposing herself in public is when she wears a tight pair of slacks and blouse partially unbuttoned down the front, exposing her ample breasts to all my friends—who can look at their own wives and appreciate what a beautiful wife I have. I believe that if most families reserved certain rights in the home as we do, there would be far less trouble between men and women today. We are especially careful never to receive visitors without an invitation or a prior request for a visit. That way we are never caught with our "pants down"—even though between Sharon's body and my body, we certainly have everything for a real show-off flash. A thirty-nine-inch bosom and a ten-inch prick could well qualify us, I'm sure.—*Name withheld, Columbus, Ga.*

Special attractions

I'm eighteen years old and am fairly well experienced sexually for my age. But I finally figured out, all on my own, why I have such a lust to have my face buried between a female's legs. What lures me is that gap that is often formed between the upper thighs and the point of the woman's crotch—especially on tall, slender women with long, slim thighs. And the wider the gap, the stronger my uncontrollable desire to bury my face in it.

But lately my eyes have been wandering from two-finger or three-finger gappers (that's how I rate their size) to good-looking, slightly pigeon-toed gals. I've never gotten the chance to ball a pigeon-toed girl yet. And I was just wondering—well, not just wondering, dying to know—is there a really big difference between fucking the average, normal female and fucking a girl who is pigeon-toed?

And speaking of gappers, Wonder Woman of the comics has one of the best looking ones I've ever seen. I love her gap, and so does my dad.—*J.L., Calumet City, Ill.*

Swim meat

Your recent letter about a high-school initiation has led me to write my own letter. Two years ago this summer, my son was on the



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country-club swimming team, which had swim meets during the summertime. So did the girls. Bill had finished his sophomore year, was already sixteen, and was a good-looking kid with a wide, slab chest, slim hips, and flat belly. He wore small nylon trunks that bulged in the crotch. He didn't date much, but the girls liked him.

In the past whenever a boy first got on the "A" team, he was hazed hard for eight weeks. That spring the girls demanded equal rights and wanted redress for past discrimination. The boys decided to shock them. They proposed that each girl on a girls' team be assigned to a member of the boys' team for eight weeks, that she belong to him, and that he'd haze her and do whatever else he wanted. Instead of protesting, the girls said the idea sounded great!

I learned that Karen had been assigned to my son, and I met her at a swimming meet. She was dark-haired, was about five feet seven inches tall, and had a slim but fine figure. She wore an outfit of ragged shorts and a knit halter that showed long, beautiful legs, firm midriff and tummy, and a beautiful bare back. While all male eyes watched her, her eyes, I noticed, were on my son.

After the meet, Karen and three other girls hurried into the dressing room with the boys, coming out when the boys did. I asked Bill about it, and he said that each girl had to take the guy's trunks, wring them out, and towel the boy down. If she missed

any areas, she was paddled. Also, he grinned, if the guy swam well, he got an extra reward, too.

I consider myself a liberal-minded man, and I decided not to offer advice or interfere. Within two weeks I was attending the girls' meets and watching my son follow Karen into her dressing room, where, I learned, he made her grab her ankles and paddled her. I also grew accustomed to finding her in our house, usually stark naked, often with red lines across her firm buttocks. Twice I found her standing pressed close to Bill, being kissed, her wrists bound behind her back. Those times I slipped away.

I soon met her mother. Anita was a tall, slender blonde of thirty-seven who looked sexy but refined in tailored slacks and a silk blouse. We sat together at swimming meets, and she obviously knew what was happening in the bathhouse. We found that we both had lost our spouses a few years before, and we were attracted to each other.

One night, after dinner, we went to her house. We knew that the kids were at my house. I asked if the initiation had bothered her, and she said that it sounded like fun. The glow in her eyes urged me on, and I asked, "What would you do if I said I'd like to haze you like that?" She told me I could ask and find out. Ten minutes later I was spanking her bare ass, and that turned me on. She was skillful and loving when she

licked me to an even bigger erection and sucked me off; and when I ate her out, she tasted like nectar. Later, in bed, we made love without haste.

Karen was a bit shocked when she discovered that a woman of thirty-seven could enjoy being taken to bed naked and tied, and Bill was astounded that I had that much imagination. I knew that someone who was forty like me must seem to be over the hill to a boy of sixteen; so I just let him think that his old man was somehow physically miraculous. Why disillusion him?

Now, two years later, Bill and Karen are graduating seniors, have dated since their hazing summer, and plan to live together in college. Anita and I are married and continue our hazing game almost every night.

I suppose that in some areas high-school hazing is still hell for those involved, but I think the new system is a great improvement. I heartily endorse women's lib and the changes those girls brought—and so does Anita!—L. R., address withheld

A star is born

For the past six years a beautiful girl has been my personal slave, and I do whatever I wish to her. Yet when she first offered herself, I said, "No way!"

At that time I was in law school at a Big Eight university. It's a very social-oriented school, and most girls who become campus leaders often come from a group I'll call "Galaxy." Each member is called a star, and to become one, a girl must belong to a male student for twenty-one days and nights. It's a rough three weeks, as an old campus saying will attest: "If you're a star pledge, and the guy says he's going to tie you up and yank out your pussy hairs, just smile, baby, and start to purr."

A star pledge is assigned to someone whom she has never dated. I hadn't been an undergraduate there; so I was asked to list my name as a pledge trainer. I did and soon forgot about it. In the next few weeks, I met Carole. We got along fine at some parties. Then I went with a friend to a creative-writing workshop, heard her read a story, and started laughing. She told me off right then and there. We met at a party later on, and she read me off again—to everyone's amusement.

More than a month later, a very apprehensive Carole stopped me after a class. I discovered that she was a transfer student, and now, at twenty, was a star pledge—assigned to me. The card, which I was supposed to sign, stated that she was my slave for three weeks, and if she disobeyed at all, I could kick her out of the group. She began apologizing for telling me off, but I waved her quiet. "I laughed at you, got you mad, and you told me off. That's okay." Then I looked at the card again. "Someone doesn't like you. You're assigned to me because they think I'll be extra tough."

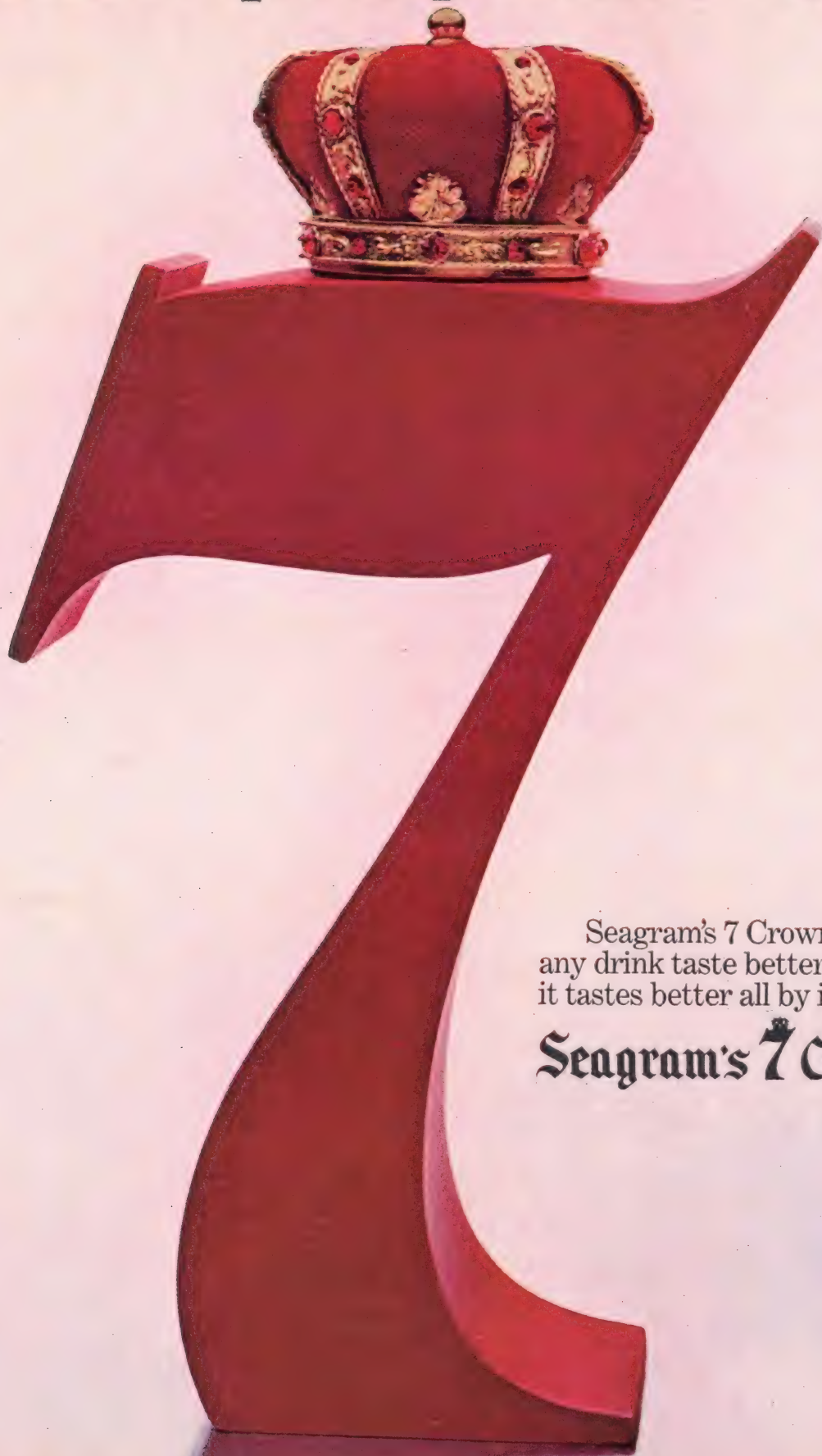
"I promise I'll obey everything!" she said.

I asked why she wanted to be in Galaxy and learned that her social-climbing mother and father would disown her if she



"Oh, I can achieve orgasm all right. My problem is that I can't seem to achieve anything else."

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failed. But I turned her down. "No way," I told her. "If I pinch your cute little ass just once, people will call it revenge. I don't want to be considered vengeful." So I handed her the card and walked off.

That afternoon she was back. I started to walk past her, and she said, "All right, be vengeful!" That stopped me; so we talked. I was taking revenge, she asserted, because if she didn't move in with me, she'd still be out of Galaxy. And was her telling me off really bad enough to make me wreck her college life? "You don't have to be my lord and master if you don't want to," she said. "But I do have a pretty face, and my figure is damn good, and I know guys get horny. All you need to do is to let me know when. I can at least do that much."

Carole's comments made me feel rather bad, but still I didn't want to act as if I were getting back at her. "My apartment has a bed and a rock-hard sofa," I said. "So we'll both be in the bed. And I sleep naked. For comfort. I don't plan to touch you at all. So just because I won't have clothes on, don't think I've changed my mind." She looked at me very coolly and said, "Don't worry. I won't."

So she moved in. We were very polite, and she cooked and cleaned and typed my papers and was no bother at all. I went around naked in the mornings, bound and determined not to alter my routine, and she didn't seem to mind. In fact, after a week, she joined me. To say she had one mighty

cute body is an understatement.

Meanwhile, my love life went to hell. A girl would call up, Carole would answer in a sexy voice and casually let it drop that she was living with me, and that was the end of the girl. Within a week I wasn't sleeping too well and was dreaming of Carole's cute body, but I struck to my resolve. One night I tossed and turned until the wee hours, but when the alarm went off, I felt rather refreshed. In the shower I discovered I had lost my load. I checked the bed for wet spots. None. Then I looked at Carole who was still asleep, and saw the strip of white crust around her lips. I was grinning when I reset the alarm and slipped off to class. For the remainder of the twenty-one days, I never felt itchy again. I just woke up relaxed each morning, and Carole had a look of bliss on her face as she slept.

After three weeks I packed her up and drove her to sorority row and decided that it hadn't been so bad. Two weeks later she called to see if I'd be busy Friday night. I had to admit that I was dateless, and she asked to come over.

A friend was with her. In a whirl of motion, they came in, the second girl whipping Carole's coat off her and dashing out the door with it, and Carole sinking to her knees before me—naked, wrists tied behind her. "What the fuck!" I exclaimed.

Carole, sitting back on her heels, looked up, smiling. "I've been accepted into Galaxy; so this has nothing to do with that.

But you deserve *something* for helping me out, and for not taking advantage of me when you could have." She bowed her head to the floor. "Now please let me be your slave."

Oddly enough, some questions swirled into my mind. "Why did you get so mad when I laughed at your story?"

"I was writing about you and me, master," she said softly. "I know now it wasn't very good, but I hated it when you missed the point. And the point was to meet you."

"And who really got you assigned to me?"

"I arranged that," she confessed. "I almost died when you turned me down, master." She sat back on her heels again. "Really, master, you must be the hardest man in the world for a girl to get in with."

"And when you were here, did you ever, well, in the morning—"

"Oh, yes, master!" Her eyes shone brightly. "Eight inches! Oh, master, I just had to! And you tasted so wonderful!"

I gave up. "Well, slave," I announced, as I unzipped my pants; "if that's how you feel, welcome home."

And she's been with me ever since.—
J. D. M., address withheld

Strictly speaking

Until last summer, I sometimes felt that an occasional letter in *Penthouse* was sheer fantasy. Now I believe every word you print, for as unusual as my own experience may sound, it is absolutely true.

I am a single male, age thirty. I earn \$35,000 a year with a large firm here in Southern California, have never lacked for girl friends, and have always believed that people should respect the rights of others.

I knew that we had special apartment complexes here for couples who prefer life in the bare. But it was only last spring when I first heard about apartment units for couples who are into domination and submission. Last summer I learned even more.

In my firm my immediate boss was a tall, lovely woman of thirty-four. Lenore's IQ was as impressive as her breasts, and she knew that I admired her ability as well as her looks. Affirmative action had opened the doors of big business to such women, and modern medicine gave them control of their own biology. Nevertheless, she belied the stereotype of such females wishing to subdue men. My own observations taught me that many such women, although having freed themselves from old hidebound rules to express their own sexuality and basic desires, still wanted to relate honestly and intensely to the men they loved.

I knew that Lenore was living with a friend of mine, but I was surprised to learn that they shared an apartment in a D&S complex. He dominated, and she was submissive. Shortly after I had discovered that, Lenore stopped in my office and asked me to meet a special girl. The girl, Sally, and I had met at some parties, and I had apparently attracted her. I remembered her as a pert, cute, dark-haired girl. So I was invited to the apartment that Lenore and Roy



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ACS1403

shared. I told Lenore what I had heard about the complex, and she smiled and said that she belonged to Roy, who ruled her completely, and that she loved it. I remarked on the woven gold collar about her throat and how I had noticed that she wore it every day. "My slave collar," she said, matter-of-factly. "I'll never take it off, not even on my wedding night."

Late Saturday afternoon an attendant admitted me to a spacious apartment complex, which was built like a hollow square with a large pool and patio in the center. Four couples lounged by the pool, the men in swim trunks, the girls nude, and one wearing wrist shackles. I saw Roy waving to me from the second-story walkway, went up, and stopped short in sudden surprise. Lenore stood at attention by the door, beautifully tanned—and naked—except for the collar and a pinch clothespin on each nipple. Roy grinned while I (naturally) looked my boss up and down; he said that she had displeased him a bit that afternoon and that her one hour of discipline was about over. We went inside and left her like that.

I'm not sure what I expected, but I found Sally in a beautiful white dress, with white shoes and purse. Roy served drinks, then checked his watch, and brought Lenore inside. Soon she was curled up nude at his feet, obviously proud to be seen as his slave. After telling us how they had met and discovered the pleasure of D&S, they went

down to join friends. The patio was off limits to nonmembers except on guest night; so Sally and I remained behind.

Sally liked the idea of belonging to a man. She saw how happy her friends were, and she realized that they were fulfilling basic desires. She had never tried submission and, simply put, I was the one man she would attempt it with. I thanked her for boosting my ego, made fresh drinks, and we explored the topic. Just looking at Sally turned me on. She was twenty-seven, with a nice figure and fine legs. She was not only successful in her field but also well liked. She had a high salary and a nice title, but she wanted to be completely female away from the job.

Then, after just having had a lovely girl ask me to dominate her, I took her, all dressed up, to a fancy restaurant for dinner—and never mentioned the topic all night! We talked about ourselves, like any other couple on a first date, and generally enjoyed each other. It seemed only natural then that, many hours later in my apartment, we should undress each other and make love slowly and tenderly without thought of home rule.

As our relationship progressed through the weeks, we tried different things. By late spring she knew the fierce caress of a studded paddle on taut buttocks and had learned how it felt to be chained spread-eagled while a man used both dildo and vibrator to make her beg for climax. At a

cocktail party, she looked vibrant and sensual in her sheer dress. I felt masterful, yes, but I also found myself relating quite honestly and openly to her. I respected her wish to give herself to me fully, and I respected her desire by training her as well as I could.

We joined Roy and Lenore on guest nights, when Sally sat at my feet. When we danced—she was nude and had her wrists handcuffed behind her—she was exciting to hold close.

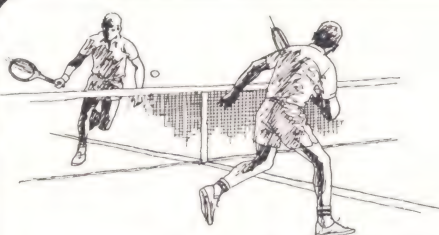
By midsummer we moved into a D&S complex and met other couples like us. The women were successful in their jobs and often earned more than the men; that fact bothered no one. As one girl put it, "Business ends when I come home. Serving my man the best way I can—ah, that's pleasure!"

Since then, Sally and I have developed a D&S relationship that allows us to realize our full love for each other. She goes nude all the time at home, is subject to strict rules, and almost weekly is subjected to a long, serious discipline session. Our sex is fantastic, and so is our entire life. Late this summer we will be married, move into our own home, and continue this wonderful relationship for all the years to come.—W. D. H., Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Female forum . . .

I finally learned to swallow a cock. I've been blowing my husband for years, but I could

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only swallow about four inches. My problem was how to overcome the impulse to gag. I decided I would teach my throat to accept his cock and overcome my reflex to gag. I made up my mind that by the time I was through with my training, I'd be able to take his whole cock down to the balls. And I came up with the perfect piece of equipment to help me with my training. Secretly, I practiced with bananas.

For a few minutes each morning I'd press a banana as far into my throat as I could. The trick was to touch and withdraw the banana quickly before my throat had a chance to react. I practiced and practiced every morning with cold bananas and warm bananas, pressing them into my throat with the curve up and with the curve down, deeper and deeper each day.

Within three weeks, I was able to suck a seven-inch banana without any gagging. I decided it was time to put my practice to work and give my husband a long-awaited, deep-throat blowjob.

The first evening that I tried I sucked his cock in my usual manner. When he was close to coming, I slowly took more and more of his cock down my throat and along my tongue, until my lips touched his balls. I finally had it all! He reacted with a moanful "Wow!" and his sperm exploded into my throat. In fact, his sperm shot so far back in my throat that I impulsively swallowed it. It was the first time I was able to swallow his love.—S.R., *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

... toe line

I thought that for as experienced a young woman as I was, there was nothing new for me to try. But I'll be the first to admit my misconception.

My usually conventional boyfriend took me to a restaurant the other night and unexpectedly turned me on to a new aspect of sexual satisfaction. The restaurant was one that was chic enough for tablecloths but casual enough for jeans and sandals.

I was wearing a skirt, enjoying my stuffed mushroom caps, when I realized that he had slipped off one of his sandals and was placing his foot beneath my skirt and directly against my furry mound. His big toe worked its way inside the crotch of my panties, and he began to massage my slit with amazing dexterity. I soon lost all interest in my meal as I began to respond to his somewhat unorthodox advances. I glanced around nervously, making sure no one was aware of the secret sex play going on in our corner. His face was passive, but his foot was certainly very busy.

I inconspicuously positioned myself at the edge of my chair to allow him further access to my now dripping pussy. I spread my legs farther, and he entered me with his big toe. It certainly was not as big as his cock, but the excitement of such daring antics was bringing me to one of the most explosive orgasms of my life. I tried desperately to keep my body from trembling too noticeably—after all there were people

around us. As I looked at him and saw the catlike grin on his face, I asked him what he had in mind for dessert.

Would you believe his answer? A toejam sandwich!—S.A.C., *Baltimore, Md.*

... Rudi the ready

During the summer of 1964, my college roommate of three years proposed the idea of backpacking across southern Europe. It was the trend then. I agreed, and in mid-June we flew to Amsterdam.

Neither Janice nor I was totally inexperienced in sex, although neither of us had been promiscuous. Along the road, we added to that experience with occasional intercourse with fellow backpackers; surprisingly, except for one Englishman who screwed Janice, all were Americans.

It was the tenth of July (I remember the date well), when we were about a day's hike out of Munich, that Janice and I rested momentarily alongside a winding dirt road. Below us was a broad, green valley, totally peaceful. There was no sign of activity anywhere, not even around the big, stone house that sat in the middle of it.

Soon two very blond young men appeared and introduced themselves as Rudi and Freddi. Both were quite tall and very muscular. We learned that Rudi lived in the stone house and that Freddi was visiting him from Munich. Janice and I told them about our backpacking while they were unabashedly running their gaze up and down our bare legs and staring at the fronts of our shirts. Both of us have nice legs, long and typically American, and Janice is quite busty and is endowed with large, prominent nipples. I'm more average in the chest dimensions, but was so turned on that day that I could feel my nipples become erect and advertise themselves through the cloth.

Rudi took the cue and suggested that, after all our travels, we might like to spend the night at the house. Both Janice and I had some reluctance, which Rudi beat down with promises of hot showers and soft beds, neither of which we had enjoyed for a long time. I made it plain that we would not exchange sex for lodging. Rudi said there would be no demands on us, but if we would play a game, there was a fifty-fifty chance that we could sleep undisturbed. If not, he assured us that we probably would enjoy it anyway. Tingling all over, I decided to satisfy my growing interest in this intriguing game.

After wonderful showers and a good, relaxed meal, Rudi took us upstairs and outlined the game plan. Taking a piece of chalk, he marked one and three on the doors to two bedrooms on one side of a long corridor, and two and four on doors opposite them. At the end of a corridor, he marked another door with an X, explaining that that would be where Janice and I would stay "between." "Between what?" Janice and I asked.

Rudi went on. He would be in one of the odd-numbered rooms; Freddi, in one of those across the hall. At the start, I was to





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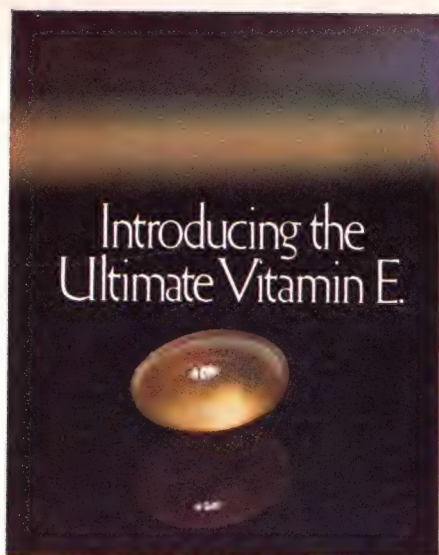
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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

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.

Reverend Doom

The article "Reverend Doom," about Garner Ted Armstrong (April 1977), was a most interesting coverage of this fast-growing quasi-Christian sect. Roger Neville Williams clearly brought out many of the "big-business" aspects of the World Wide Church of God complex that are, in themselves, not wrong. But I feel the article failed to emphasize the fact that the Armstrong empire, while endorsing many truths from traditional Christianity, embraces a vast wealth of extrascriptural teaching which makes it entirely unacceptable to the so-called fundamentalist.

Your readers should realize that the WWCG is not considered by any Bible-believing, evangelical church to be anything more than a modern sect that is leading multitudes astray. You ended your article suggesting that anyone having questions should "write for the free booklet," as Garner Ted Armstrong states on each broadcast. May I encourage your readers who have questions about the WWCG also to consult the prime authority, the Word of God, for the plain truth, which has been available throughout the entire history of the church. They could also consult their own community's clergymen.

The Armstrong empire is to be admired for all its great abilities in organization, fund raising, propaganda, interest in cultural affairs, and other secular talents, but as purveyor of God's Word the group has done the church a great disservice.—*Rev. A. Kenneth Debus, San Rafael, Calif.*

Roger Neville Williams did an outstanding job in writing about Garner Ted Armstrong. He fully unveiled this misinterpreter of the Bible. I've studied the Bible in its original Greek for thirty-five years, and I can tell you that I'm tickled to death that you have exposed this religious farce. It shows you that in this country there are many suckers to sell. P.T. Barnum was right.—*Fred L. Mueller, WCAW Radio, Charleston, W. Va.*

May I congratulate you on publishing "Reverend Doom." It is so rare to read something critical of organized religion that it was refreshing indeed to discover that *Penthouse* has the courage to take this editorial stance.—*B.A., Hollywood, Calif.*

Carter's draft-dodger pardon

Gen. Lewis Walt ("Advise and Dissent," May 1977) seeks to outrage Americans by using rhetorical language that is supposed to signal the doom of our military. He says that granting a pardon to draft dodgers and

former servicemen is a slap in the face to those who served or those who died in the Vietnam War. He speaks of a dual morality, which not only lets people desert their fellow soldiers on the battlefield because of deeply held feelings against the war but also allows them to rape, murder, rob, and assault "under circumstances in which their personal codes of conduct and values were obviously less delicate." By innuendo, he asserts that these persons could have had all rights restored by applying to President Ford's Clemency Program.

The inherent weakness in this argument is abundantly clear when one considers the following: no amount of chastisement of those who evaded death in Vietnam will bring back those who died in that conflict. Vietnam veterans are willing to forgive those who resisted the draft or received bad discharges (as evidenced by numerous polls, including *Penthouse's*) and of late have been increasingly more vocal on this subject. Even the U.S. Army, through discharge-review hearings for those with bad discharges, has shown the ability to forgive (that is, a 50 percent upgrade rate in 1976 for personal appearances).

Ford's Clemency Program was correctly perceived as a farce by the more than 80 percent who didn't apply. It offered no civilian benefits that were not already available, and in many instances it actually increased the already considerable burden that the resister carried. For instance, in a study of the impact that the Clemency Program had on employment practices, William Pearman reported that nearly half of all employers surveyed would be less likely to hire a person with a clemency discharge.

Although I respect *Penthouse* for providing an outlet for viewpoints on Vietnam veteran issues, I take issue with General Walt's allegations that we have betrayed our past and have forever threatened our future because of Carter's pardoning draft-resisters and his categorical upgrading of less-than-honorable discharges. Walt failed to mention twenty instances in our past in which presidents of the United States have granted pardons or clemency to servicemen or resisters. Those instances of clemency and compassion certainly never seriously affected our ability to raise armies when it was necessary to raise them, and I doubt that this one will affect that ability, either.—*Patrick J. Wood, Director, Center for Veteran's Rights, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I sincerely hope that you will publish this letter so that your readers may know what it feels like to be a Vietnam veteran when

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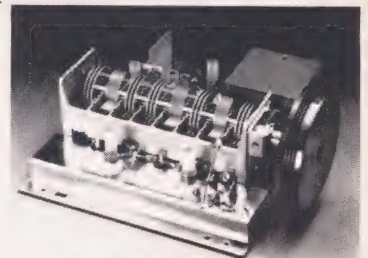
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your president has gone against you and your fellow men are not alive to express their opinions.

During my tour of Vietnam I was very confused. Because I was told to go there by my country, I went. When I arrived, I found myself wondering what I was doing there. The Vietnamese people didn't care, and we received no support from home. In fact, all we got was scorn and ridicule. Why did I fight this war? Why did I watch my good friends get blown apart? Because my country told me to go and fight for what we all believe in. There was a saying in Vietnam: "Freedom is only a word until you lose it." Most men don't realize how true that is.

In all the wars in which the United States has been involved, the returning men were praised, saluted, treated like heroes, and given parades. When I came home, all I received was a ration of shit. I had felt pride in myself, and now that feeling is gone. I have put my medals in the closet. I realize that there were those who did not agree with the Vietnam War. I'm not sure that I did. But I fought one of the bloodiest wars we have ever been in, and I watched many men die. Now I am ashamed.

The president has given a pardon to all those men who felt that it was not their duty to serve their country when she called. They *ran*. Why did I fight when I could have run and received pardon for my resistance? General Walt's "Advise and Dissent" expressed the situation very well: what will

happen when our country is threatened and all the men run?—*Name and address withheld*

General Walt's "Advise and Dissent" was beautiful! It is about time that someone spoke up, *not* for the dissenters or disillusioned, but for those who felt justified to follow the traditional call to arms and are reluctant to hang their heads in shame. I am not so qualified as General Walt to speak out or able to express myself so well. Thank God that he did and that his views were published in a widely read magazine.—*Name and address withheld*

When I was seventeen years old, I heard a speech by General Walt, who had just returned from commanding the marines in Vietnam. I listened to every word he said, because as far back as I can remember, all I ever wanted to be was a marine.

In June of 1968 I joined the Marine Corps. I did not complain during boot training. I accepted duty as a grunt with pride and joy. I then accepted orders to go to Vietnam without blinking an eye. I was prepared to march into the gates of hell if that was what my God, country, and the corps wanted. On the flight to Vietnam I swear that I felt the spirit of all dead marines and thought that it was an honor to wear the same uniform they wore as they stepped into eternity.

Within the next year, I had turned around in my thinking and felt that the U.S. troops

were no different from the Nazis who had marched into Paris. I realized that America had only its honor to fight for in Vietnam. But there was no honor, only disgrace, in the murder of civilians, the destruction of villages, the rape of an entire people and their country, the lying to the American people about why we were involved in a civil war in which we didn't belong.

General Walt, whose opinion I once longed to hear, wrote: "The next time, perhaps several years from now, when our country is threatened. . . ." He could not have been talking about Vietnam, because no one and nothing in Vietnam was ever a threat to our country. He says that by granting a pardon, President Carter "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." To many of us, it was already plain that our scars, tears, and losses were indeed needless. Walt writes of "wars we did not make but were trying to end, as decent men of goodwill." The ruthlessness with which we entered the war in Vietnam has nothing to do with "decent men of goodwill." And we were not there to end the war and the killing, but to increase it so that the news could report a higher body count.

I do not deny General Walt his right to express his opinion after forty-one years of service. But after four years of the same service, I have earned the right to say that Vietnam was a betrayal of our past of honor and glory. The lessons learned can be used as a guiding light in the future to keep us out of wars that do not threaten us. We now can learn from the convictions of those who refused to serve, the memory of those who were killed, and the scars of the living. We can make the future of our country as bright as the light at the end of the tunnel should be.—*Patrick M. Erskine, Englewood, Colo.*

Dodging the draft

I read with pleasure Nicholas von Hoffman's article on the draft (June 1977), a.k.a. the Selective Slavery System. Apparently, a lot of people are worried about this prospect—bringing back the draft. According to one Senate Armed Services Committee staff member, "There isn't even any legislation introduced or hearings scheduled, and we keep getting letters against any new draft. What are these people worried about?" The answer is in Mr. von Hoffman's article.

Those who wish to add to those letters should write to the Senate Armed Services Committee, Manpower and Personnel Subcommittee; and to Sen. Sam Nunn (Dem., Ga.), Sen. James Stennis (Dem., Mich.), and Sen. Dewey Bartlett (Rep., Okla.), as well as to senators and congressmen from your own state. (Write: U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510, or U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20505.)

Antidraft activists may wish to contact END, the Committee to Eliminate the New



"And that, my dear, is just the tip of the iceberg."

Draft, Box 94, Long Beach, Calif. 90801. My contact with END has been efficient, and they appear to be knowledgeable.—Charles Curley, Los Angeles, Calif.

Kidnapped

I would like to commend Bill Barry and *Penthouse* on their June article concerning my abduction by the UFO. It was one of the most accurate reports about my experience that I have read.

Mr. Barry did a good job of sifting through the pros and cons of the controversy. That there is a controversy is quite understandable to me. I imagine that to anyone not fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to be there when it happened, the whole thing sounds perfectly incredible. I have had my own share of difficulties in adjusting to its impact on my life.

For anyone interested in learning more of the details of what happened, or about the scientific investigation carried on by the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization, Berkley Publishing Corporation will have my book *The Walton Experience* on the shelves next January.—Travis Walton, Snowflake, Ariz.

I'm just a poor stupid truck driver, but I've been reading UFO stuff since 1959. After all the reading, research, and thinking, I'm not sure *what* to believe. But I do believe you have studiously done your homework in "Kidnapped!" My many thanks to you and your fine magazine for having the balls to print the story.

There is considerable evidence that there has been a federal conspiracy to deny and cover up the UFO phenomena. It involves the CIA, the FBI, and the USAF, just to name a few. But they are having a hard time keeping the lid on 200 million people. When a magazine as well respected as yours comes out with a serious and well-researched UFO article, it makes it all that much harder on the "men in black."

Don't be surprised if some shadowy creep tries to suggest that the First Amendment doesn't apply in UFO stories. This is precisely the enforcement of the First Amendment that *is* vitally needed. The sooner all the chaff and wheat hits the light, the better off we all will be. Then "Joe Average," like me, can make up his own mind about what is and isn't. Thanks again, and keep up the good work!—Sam A. Reynolds, Westmoreland, Calif.

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Travis Walton's alleged UFO incident. I am a great fan of science fiction. However, it was not Walton's account that I found so fascinating. It was the way Bill Barry fluently spun the yarn while he ignored the facts. Barry pushes the notion that since UFOs may exist, Walton must have had his experience. Baloney! Each individual case must be treated separately and scientifically, which means that *all* the facts must be examined. The local Phoenix press did an unusually exhaustive exposé on Walton,



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citing enough facts to put Mr. Barry to shame. Chalk up another one for fantasy over fact!—Richard Gottlieb, Phoenix, Ariz.

In your June 1977 "Housecall," Bill Barry says, "But I do believe these men encountered a UFO of some sort—there's too much supporting evidence." The column then goes on to describe Barry as a distinguished writer, who has twenty years of newspaper, magazine, and television experience.

Obviously, by the tone of his pro-Walton article, Mr. Barry is not an investigative reporter. If he were, he certainly would not have written this type of article on such a suspicious UFO case and slanted it toward the positive. If he were really interested in an objective article, how was it possible to overlook the true evidence? Apparently, Barry forgot to interview Mr. Steward, Ground Saucer Watch's personnel, Philip Klass (respected *Aviation Weekly* editor), Tom Ezell, John McCarthy, etc.

Bill Barry's effort is a detriment to the serious study of scientific ufology. By endorsing this case in the widely read *Penthouse* magazine, he has openly encouraged other UFO witnesses of this caliber to come forth with their hallucination-filled stories.

If Barry's intent in writing this article was to add a sense of humor to the serious UFO movement, then he obviously succeeded.—William H. Spaulding, Director, Western Division, Ground Saucer Watch, Phoenix, Ariz.

Bill Barry replies:

With regard to William Spaulding's statement that I overlooked the "true evidence" in the Walton case, I want to make clear that I considered all the evidence. Since a magazine article provides one with limited space, there was no way that all of the evidence I gathered and researched could be used. This will all be covered, however, in my forthcoming book, *Fallout over Snowflake*, which should be available this fall.

Women's restaurant

"The Women's Restaurant" (May 1977) is brilliantly written fiction. T. C. Boyle has a fine way with words. More, please.—B.K., La Jolla, Calif.

We're delighted that you enjoy T. C. Boyle's fiction. His short story "The Bodyguard" will be published in an upcoming issue.

Ellison Addict

Thank you for Harlan Ellison's "Hitler Painted Roses" (April 1977). It was mentioned in "Housecall" that he had sold a television series. Please advise what the story line and name of the show will be and when *Last Dangerous Visions* will be published. I am an Ellison addict and need a "fix" of new fantasms badly.

Penthouse sold me at least four extra copies this month (for friends), thanks to Ellison. I hope more of his stories will be featured in the future—Wanda Ilardi, Dallas, Tex.

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Reems for the Defense

I can't thank you enough for the concern and support you've shown me this past year throughout my legal harassment. That, coupled with the overwhelming generosity you displayed in donating free advertising space to my legal defense fund, leaves me at a loss for words to express my gratitude. I hope when I say "Thank you,"

you'll understand how sincerely I mean it.

As I'm sure you've heard by now, my legal troubles have come to an end. My conviction was reversed on March 31, and on April 14 the new federal district attorney announced that the indictments against me for both *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones* would be dismissed.

Unfortunately, however, my codefendants, eleven in total, have all been sentenced to jail terms ranging from three months to one year in the federal penitentiary, an action that clearly indicates that the forces in power refuse to relinquish their puritanical ethics and conform to society's modern way of thinking.

So the fight goes on. If you can think of any constructive way in which I can aid in

this battle along with *Penthouse*, which has so vigorously waged it over these past years, feel free to call upon me.—Harry Reems, New York, N.Y. ☐

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Mr. Ellison's book *Last Dangerous Visions* will be published by Harper & Row late this year or in early 1978. At 500,000 words, it will be a three-volume box set with 100 new stories.

Firehouse

I really enjoyed your interview with Dennis Smith (March 1977). Could you tell me how

FICTION CONTEST

Penthouse has received numerous letters and phone calls concerning our New Writers Short Story Contest. The results of the contest have been delayed because of the unexpected volume of stories submitted. The preliminary judging has been completed, and the judges are now in the final stages of selection. We anticipate publishing the winners in our December issue.



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• Your friend only says
he has ten orgasms per evening.
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is not quality. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I've had a problem with my sex life for about two months now. Maybe you can help, Xaviera.

I'm a seventeen-year-old guy who lives at home. Recently, my parents and I traveled to France for a vacation. We were staying in a lush motel right across from a public beach. The women walking around the motel were fantastic—full-breasted and tight-assed babes. Unfortunately, there was a high wall that I couldn't see over separating me from the beach and those bikinis.

One day my parents left me alone to do some shopping. As soon as they left, I got the swift idea to go to the beach and gaze at that ass. Little did I know what was in store for me.

I got on my bathing suit and crossed the street to the gate of the beach wall. When I strolled inside, I couldn't believe what I was seeing: men and women alike swimming and walking around completely nude. I almost flipped. I walked to the middle of the beach and stared at those men and women as they kissed and even screwed in the sand. I felt embarrassed, for I was the only one with a swimsuit on. Hesitantly, I spread out my towel and lay down on my stomach, constantly shooting glances at naked chicks dancing around me. I was dying and felt like jackhammering to China through the towel.

After about ten minutes of ogling around, I heard a female voice, definitely American, say, "Hi there!" I turned around, and my eyes fell upon the most beautiful naked woman I've ever seen, which isn't too many. Her breasts were large but very firm and upright. Like her ass and the rest of her suntanned body, they were brown as berries and as big as gourds. Her whole body was very shapely, and her brunette cunt hair looked soft and inviting.

She asked me my name, casually brushing a few grains of sand from her pussy hair, and from there on I knew what was in store.



She sat down beside me and we talked for a while, but all I could do was stare at those beautiful tits. She noticed this and said at last, "Why don't you take off your suit? You're the only one with one on. It'll make you feel great to run around naked." I nervously peeled off my suit, revealing my superhard cock. She looked at it and said, "Let's ball, like everybody else here." She then took my hands and placed them on her boobs. I began to caress them, fingering the nipples and cradling the sun-warmed undersides of her jugs. Her mouth went for my cock, and she began licking it, bobbing it around in the air with her long tongue. When she began sucking my balls, I shot my boiling wad. The girl quickly licked up my sperm.

She immediately asked me to lick and suck her nipples.

They were very hard, and I thoroughly enjoyed loving them with my mouth. Then she took one of my hands and placed it on her drenched pussy. I fingered her hole, and she moaned with delight. Finally, she pushed me down, mounted me, and guided my still-throbbing organ into her pussy. She was very tight, and as I came, she also shuddered with a violent orgasm.

After resting a while on the beach, the two of us ended up going to her apartment for another fuck session. (Her father was an engineer stationed in France.)

My problem is this: I haven't fucked a chick since then, months ago, and every time I think about the sex I had in France, I almost go insane. How can I solve my horniness? Should I go to a whorehouse? Would masturbation help? Can you advise me on some good jerking-off techniques? Please help!—Horny

Your problem is basically one of locating a horny girl. You were very fortunate that the girl on the nudist beach literally threw herself into

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.

your lap. Unfortunately, such pickings are usually not quite so easy for a boy of your age. The problems to overcome are many: (1) Where do you meet girls? (2) What do you say when you meet a nice girl? (3) How do you convince her to make love with you? (4) Where do you go to be alone, if you're both living with your families?

Since you are only seventeen years old, I presume there will be many fuckless nights for you. But as they say, time heals all wounds.

There are different ways for a guy to masturbate. For instance, if you're lying on some blankets or pillows, your hard penis can make a nice little make-believe hole in whatever lies underneath you. You can just rub back and forth on your stomach until you've reached an orgasm. If you prefer your hands, try using some lotions to ease the friction. It helps.

No, you won't go blind from beating off too much. However, many young men become so adept at using their hands that they have difficulty coming when they finally find the real thing, a woman's pussy. They're so used to their own tight and tense grip that a woman's vagina just isn't tight enough to get them off. (This is analogous to the case of the woman who gets hooked on her vibrator and eventually cannot climax with her lover.)

I suggest you take it easy, look around, make a pass at yourself every now and then (via your right hand), and land a girl whenever the occasion arises—which it will, with increasing regularity.

HE'S GOT RHYTHM

A male friend of mine claims to have reached orgasm no less than ten times in the course of one evening. This seems like a rather high estimate to me. What do you think?—S.T.

Yes, it is a rather high estimate. But then, some men are very highly sexed. Indeed, I've known a few male hookers who will screw anything that walks—and do! They can get it up and get it up and keep going. They're like your friend—a comer—and are supererotic individuals.

Regarding more normal behavior, however, most men between the ages of fifteen

and twenty-five can usually manage about four orgasms per night. Men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five can average about three orgasms. Over thirty-five it's about once or twice an evening. Generally speaking, even these figures are pushing the matter at hand.

I wouldn't feel too insecure. After all, your friend only says he can achieve ten orgasms per evening. And even if he's not exaggerating, quantity doesn't necessarily mean quality.

OVERLY STIMULATED

I'm trying to find out if women have climaxes and orgasms just as men do. You see, I'm only twenty-two years old and not too experienced. I'm living with my boy-

I'm a thirty-three-year-old bachelor and have been an ardent, aggressive lover since the age of fourteen. I love women for their own sake and have always considered their pleasure a prerequisite to my own. As a result, I've developed techniques which have earned me a Ph.D. in cunnilingus. I've licked labias from the Florida Keys to the Arctic Circle and am affectionately known as "the Mozart of Muff Divers." As such, I naturally assumed that I knew all there was to know regarding the lingual arts, but something happened recently which has me really perplexed.

I've established a loving friendship with a fashion model. She has the kind of body every man fantasizes about: flowing blonde hair, long legs, firm breasts, and the

prettiest pink pussy I ever laid a lip-lock on. For the past six months, our relationship has been sustained by our mutual interest: my tongue. It would be impossible to decide which of us enjoys it more.

Last week she showed up at my apartment in a delightfully horny mood. After a brief hello, she left a trail of garments all the way to the bedroom and then yelled for me to "come and get it." Sensing her urgency, I followed her into the bedroom but decided to prolong her agony for a while in order to heighten her eventual ecstasy. After removing my own clothes, I began with her neck, tauntingly licking and nibbling it. Next, I worked on her breasts, armpits, shoulders, back, ribs, ass, down the backs of her legs to her feet and toes.

And then, turning her over, I started licking my way up the insides of her thighs. By now, she was writhing wildly and moaning incoherent filth.

I knew that she was strung tighter than a banjo in an igloo, and so I rolled her on top of me into a sixty-nine position so that we could get down to the nitty-gritty. When I plunged my tongue deep into her ass hole, she began a low, animal-like growl. Then, as I licked around and into her slit, the growl intensified into a groaning plea, which, in turn, would increase to a high-pitched whimper each time I buzzed across the clitty. All in all, I was able to bring her to the brink of orgasm at least a dozen times. After an hour or so of this, she was soaked with perspiration and panting like a

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friend, and when we make out, all I know is that I feel great. When he fondles and licks my vagina, I get such a beautiful sensation that I don't want him to stop. I get very excited, and if he keeps licking me, it feels both painful and pleasurable. Even though I want him to stop, I also want him to keep going. Is that what they mean by an orgasm?

When we have intercourse, it feels damn good and unbelievably warm. Somehow, though, when he's screwing me, it doesn't feel as "painfully pleasurable" as when he's licking my vagina. Am I supposed to feel more? Am I supposed to "come" as he "comes"? Do women ever ejaculate? Please let me know. I do want to please my boyfriend.—Julie



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track runner. My tongue was getting so numb that I decided it was time for the coup de grace.

Pulling the hood of her clitoris back with my fingers, I sucked the whole thing between my teeth and worked my tongue like an eggbeater. Her whole body arched up and went rigid and started vibrating like a tuning fork. Moments later she literally "shot off" into my mouth! I don't mean that she merely flooded, flowed, oozed, or dripped; it was a very abrupt and very forceful shot. Her cunt actually gushed about two ounces of hot, semisweet liquid that tasted similar to root beer gone flat. May God strike me dead if I'm kidding! It was so unexpected, and there was so much of it, that I almost choked as I fought to swallow it all. However, once I recovered from the initial shock, the experience itself felt so fundamentally sexual and so intensely personal that I entered her and gave her a crème rinse right then and there.

Ordinarily, I'd feel silly asking you this question, Xaviera, but comparatively little has been conclusively proved about the female orgasm. Is it possible for a woman to "ejaculate"? Have you known other women who could do this? Do you have their phone numbers?—Slurpee

Women do not ejaculate as men do during orgasm. Most women just get wet and juicy, while others really do gush their love juices.

In no way is it to be compared with the regular orgasm men have. It's just a heavier degree of letting one's female juices flow.

I'm sure you're experiencing an orgasm, Julie, when your boyfriend's performing cunnilingus on you. I doubt, however, that you are achieving an orgasm during sexual intercourse. Your boyfriend obviously knows how to use his tongue much better than he does his penis. The two of you will have to work out some better positions in bed for sexual intercourse. I'm sure it's just a matter of your boyfriend's penis not having enough contact with your clitoris. Perhaps you need to show him the way.

THREE INTO ONE GOES, AND SHE COMES

I'm a nineteen-year-old coed at a Florida university. Recently, I had a job as a bottomless dancer in a high-class club in southern Florida.

One night at the club I was dancing on a table for a young lawyer-type gentleman. I was wearing only black patent-leather high heels. His eyes were glued to my snatch as I was grinding to the music. After dancing eleven consecutive songs for him, he pulled out his wallet and put a fifty-dollar bill into my right shoe. I leaned over to give him a kiss on the cheek and couldn't help noticing that his crotch was wet with come. As he thanked me, he said that he'd arranged it so that all my drinks would be put on his tab. Yes—we dancers had to pay for our

own drinks. A high-class club, but cheap.

Usually, I drank only two or three shots of bourbon a night. However, I took advantage of this patron's free drinks, and by 11:30 P.M. I was having trouble standing on the small dancing tables. Somehow I managed to keep going until 2:00 A.M., when the club closed. By then, I felt better.

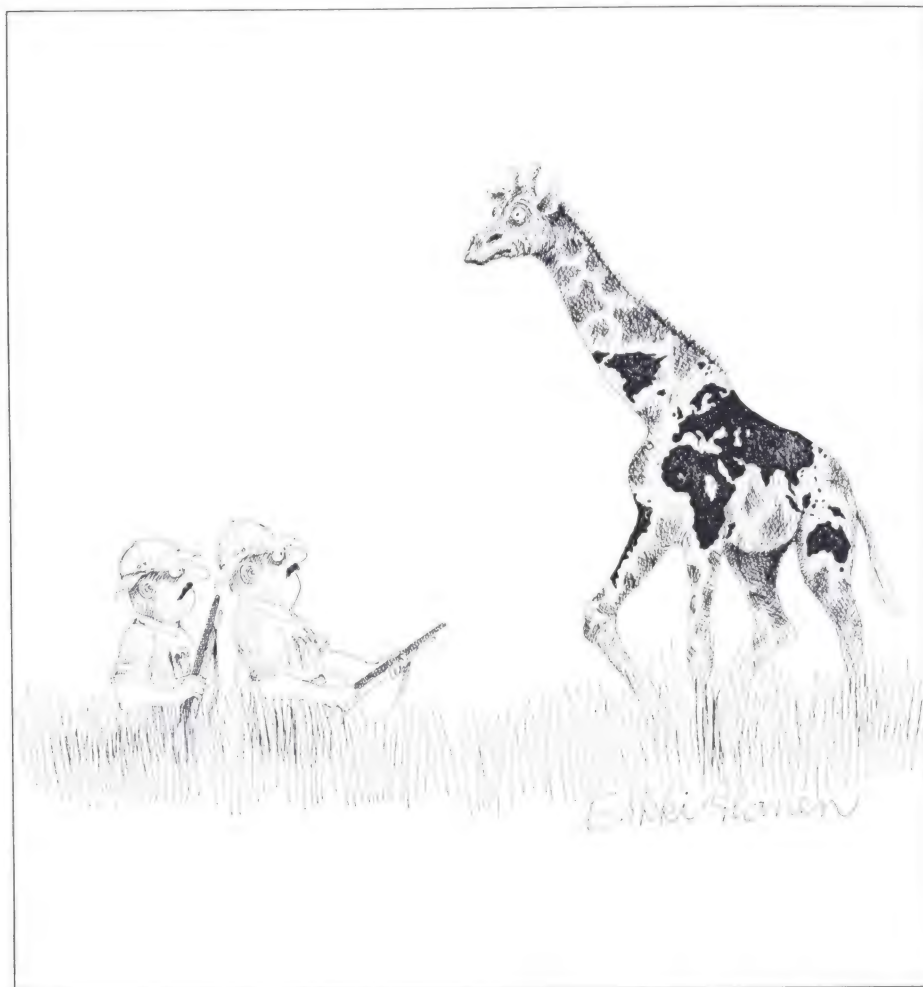
I'd only been working at the club for two weeks but had gotten to know the other girls, the managers, and the owner quite well. I'd been told by one of the managers that the owner, Jeff, had the hots for me. I was kind of hoping he'd put the move on me, since he was very handsome and sexy. I was also attracted to another employee of the club—Melissa. She was the best dancer there and made twice as much money in tips as we other girls. She had long brown hair and a perfectly proportioned young body. Rumors were that Melissa and Jeff screwed all the time, and I often fantasized about being in bed with the two of them.

After work this particular night, I overheard Jeff and Melissa talking about going out to breakfast. I took my time getting dressed. Jeff and Melissa were sitting at the bar; everyone else had left. Feeling just so high, I walked over to them and invited myself along for breakfast. They both laughed, and Jeff said, "Who do you think we've been waiting for?"

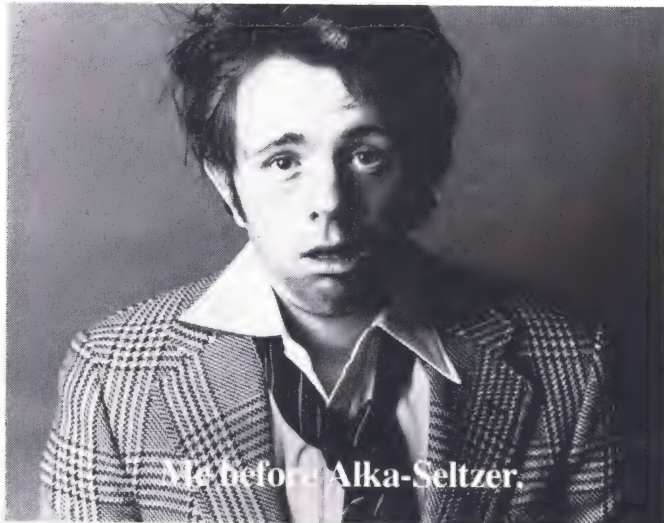
In his classy Continental, Jeff drove us to the restaurant—or so I thought. Instead, he took us to a hotel. The next thing I knew, I was back in my dancing "attire"—minus the high heels. Jeff and Melissa were nude with me on the huge bed. Melissa began licking Jeff's thighs and balls as I felt my head being gently guided by him to his crotch. Together Melissa and I sucked and licked his cock until he pulled me up to straddle his face. I knew I wouldn't come, because I had never been able to before, but I did become very excited as he sucked and tongued my pussy.

Then I felt hot breath and light kisses on my neck and back. I turned my head to meet Melissa's tongue with mine. We slid over to lie down beside Jeff, all the while sucking each other's mouths, ears, and necks. Jeff sat up and moved behind us. He rolled me over so that I was on top, face to face with Melissa. He kissed and licked my ass and thighs while I kissed Melissa's soft, warm, and sensuous mouth. Then I felt the most indescribable sensations I'd ever experienced—in one swift movement Jeff was lying on top of my back, ramming his hot dick in and out of my cunt. I screamed in pain and pleasure. For a long time Melissa and I frenched and moaned as Jeff pumped me vigorously and deeply.

I thought Melissa might be getting uncomfortable under Jeff and me, and so I slid up onto my knees, straddling her eager tongue with my dripping, hot pussy. Without missing a stroke, Jeff slipped right into her box. As he began fucking her, she got more and more carried away with eating me out. Her tongue was now thrusting in and out of me as she sucked my clit. I was shaking



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And, boy, do I remember the next morning. I remember the shaft of light that pierced my brain as I cracked open the blinds to see where I was... or *if* I was. Then I knocked my collar pin off the dresser. I'll never forget that deafening ping as it hit the floor, and, as my hands went up to shield my ears, I knew I was in trouble.



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with excitement. All of a sudden I felt my pelvis thrusting and humping uncontrollably. Streams of ecstasy seemed to shoot up from my calves to my mouth. Moans and gasps escaped from my mouth. This was my first orgasm ever, and it was the most tremendous feeling in the world. This night was also the first time I'd ever made love with another woman.

A little later Melissa came as I sucked her breasts and Jeff performed cunnilingus. He came twice—once in the deep wetness of my cunt and once all over Melissa's breasts.

We knew we couldn't stay all night. So we all took a quick shower together, and Jeff drove Melissa and me back to the club, where our cars were parked.

Xaviera, I enjoyed this experience so much that I've been desiring another woman ever since. Of course, I'm back at school now, and I sleep with my fiancé every night. I've talked to him about my experience and my desires, and he says he'd love to be in a threesome with me. But how do I find another partner? How can I begin to seduce a woman? I don't know any bisexual women. Do you think it would be better for my boyfriend to try picking up a girl and have him bring her home for the two of us? What about picking up a lesbian at a gay bar?—R.R.

Working in a bar as a nude dancer should have given you plenty of opportunity to

check out the feelings of your sexy co-workers. Generally, if a girl is into a threesome with one man and another woman, she's also into at least a degree of lesbian sex play. How could she not be? After all, with just three of you in bed together, you're all going to have to touch and caress each other at least occasionally.

I'd suggest you not try the gay bars. Those women generally would not be interested in making it with your boyfriend, not even in a three-way with you.

Why don't you and your boyfriend just go out together to cruise around? The shy kind of woman you are not, my dear. Go ahead and hunt!

A FOOT FETISHIST RESPONDS

Reading through your magazine, I've learned that there are many foot fetishists around. However, all of them seem to be male. Well, I'm a girl, and I happen to be nuts for feet, men's feet. I don't just fall for any pair of male feet, though. The feet have to be good-looking, well-proportioned, and well manicured. For me, nothing beats the sexy male combination of a great body and lovely feet.

When I was last in Los Angeles, visiting my parents—I live in Hawaii—I met a great-looking guy from New York who was on a California vacation. He was blond, boyishly handsome, clean-cut, and sexy. We spent the whole day together sightseeing and ended up that night in his hotel

room. He began undressing, and my heart was literally banging away as he took his shoes and socks off. What I saw nearly floored me, for he had the most incredibly good-looking, immaculately tended feet. I knelt down immediately and caressed his warm, pink tootsies. He seemed to like it, for he did not object. I kissed his feet and ran my tongue between each of his toes. This really aroused him, and he began to make love to me in the most delicious manner possible. It ended with a truly mind-boggling orgasm for me. Unfortunately, he had to go back east the next day. But I did take several photos of his feet to keep me company on lonely nights.

Have men's feet ever turned you on? Have you ever had any sexual experiences involving men's feet? Do you know of other women who have foot fetishes?—G.K.

With regard to foot fetishists, the following experience happened to me several years ago.

I was being interviewed by a South African journalist while I was vacationing in Holland. I was staying at my mother's house. The journalist was sitting across from me on the couch as I sat in a high swivel chair. I believe my mother was making a cup of tea for us. It was a hot summer afternoon. I was very tan, wearing a light green dress and matching, high-heeled open sandals. My toenails were painted a bright red, and so were my fingernails. While the man was interviewing me, I noticed that when the conversation stopped every now and then, his eyes would stare at my feet. I knew then that I had a foot fetishist in front of me.

He kept glancing at my feet, and so I began to make little movements with my toes. (You might say I was toeing the line.) After about ten minutes of this, the poor guy dropped his pencil and pad. He dropped to his knees and began caressing my feet. I stuck out my leg so that he could take my right foot in his hand and lick it with his tongue. It drove me pretty wild, but at that moment my mother walked into the room. She almost dropped the tray of cookies and tea, and she literally threw the journalist out of her house. Did you ever try to apologize to two sides of an argument?

Later on I told her that he was a harmless foot fetishist and that she had ruined a damned good interview. And I paid the price—or is it "footed the bill"? As it turned out, my books were banned in South Africa.

I've met a number of men with very attractive feet, though I must confess that I'm more into a man's hands than his feet. With hands, I like to see what I'm getting.

If you're into feet, however, and don't want the other person to know it, you can try taking a bath with him. Under the pretense that you're soaping his body, you can play around with his feet to your heart's content. There's more than one way to tickle a foot.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
I'm a fifteen-year-old male with an ex-



"I've just come from the dentist. I can't eat anyone for two hours."

tremely active sex life. I first noticed my problem about six months ago, when I was going steady with a girl named Karen. She's about five feet nine inches and has small but extremely firm breasts. She is a real sexpot and a fun person to be with.

One night, last winter, the two of us went to dinner and a movie. During the movie we made passes at each other, and at one point she had my cock out of my pants and was massaging it. By the end of the movie, we were both feeling rather horny and decided to go back to my house for a little homemade entertainment. Karen, I might add, was still a virgin.

Back at my place, Karen took her usual position on the bed. I then proceeded to put on a little music. I dimmed the lights, went over to the bed, and joined Karen. I went after her body like a madman. I practically tore off her shirt to get to those firm breasts and delicious nipples. I lightly circled her breasts with my tongue until her nipples were as hard as pencil points. She began to moan, and I took that as a hint and got undressed. Now I was totally naked, and I fingered her as she blew my cock. Having both come, we watched television for a while.

All of a sudden, Karen was horny again. Needless to say, we were soon back in my bedroom. This time Karen said she wanted to screw. I was dumbfounded. Several times before I had asked Karen if she wanted to screw, and she had always refused. Now the girl of my dreams was giving her virginity to me. I was so happy.

Now to the problem, Xaviera. When I took my cock out of Karen's moist tunnel, I noticed—and she did—that the receptacle end of the rubber was empty. I couldn't believe it. My first screw and I hadn't even come. I was so depressed! But now it's gotten worse. If I plan on having sex during a date, I have to give myself at least two days to store up my semen. I was so embarrassed with Karen that first time that I have since vowed that it will never happen again. But what this means is that I can have sex only about twice a week. Remember, this includes masturbation, oral sex, handjobs, and screwing.

Is this normal for a male my age? What can I do so that I can have more than one orgasm in one night? In short, is there anything to worry about?—Jim

Remember, the incident with the empty condom happened after you'd already ejaculated from Karen's blowjob. What's more, just because you didn't shoot any semen, it doesn't mean you didn't experience an orgasm. It's what we call a "dry run." Some men have told me, in fact, that their most intense orgasms have been dry runs. They say that their second or third orgasms of the evening are somehow more intense, and that their weakest orgasms are the ones they experience when they've not had sex for a long period of time: lots of semen but not much excitement.

Stop worrying. For a fifteen-year-old, you seem to be doing all right. ☐

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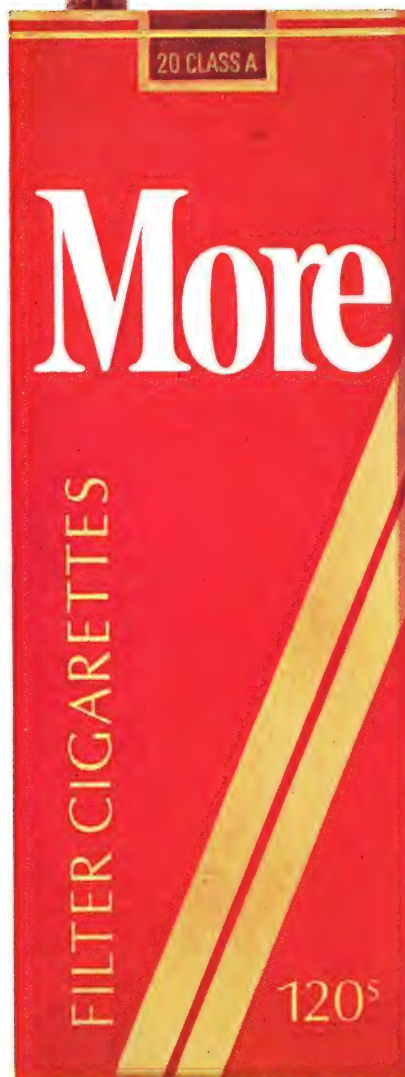
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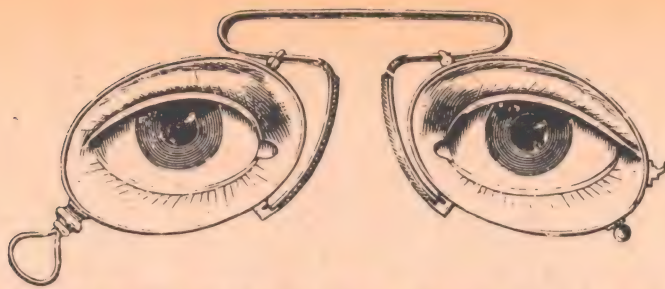
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

HIGH HOPES FOR HAWAII

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

The proposal I have may sound crazy, but I've given the matter considerable thought. Read literature. Weighed issues. Mulled and cogitated. And I've reached the conclusion that it's not just reasonable, but vital, that marijuana be established as the agricultural economic basis of the Hawaiian Islands. Embracing an idea like this requires a wrenching shift of attitude and morality in many people. But if you take the notion step-by-step and slowly, it acquires the singular characteristic of American ingenuity: it makes sense.

The first and most volatile presumption is that marijuana be not only legalized but also commercialized and sanctioned.

To begin with, we must accept its inevitable legalization without pausing to debate the virtues and morality involved. It will be legalized simply because it has to be. Estimates of its current casual use in America range from 30 million people to as high as you like. Prosecution for its possession or sale now costs us about \$1,500 per lawbreaker. Taking 30 million people to court would put us in the poorhouse.

Since we simply can't afford that many criminals, we now identify those who merely use marijuana as "decriminals," from the root word *decriminalization*. This terminology implicitly acknowledges that marijuana possession is not, properly speaking, a *crime*. Or even a *decrime*. It is a *vice*.

Turning pot over to existing private industry is important, because if you merely legalize its use, you are still stuck with the existing sales and distribution structure, based heavily on Smith & Wesson products. Given the protective tariff of marijuana's illegality, only the criminal will work it and profit from it—and pay about as much taxes on it as you do on your dog.

Which industry you give it to is obvious—agriculture. Where you concentrate it therein is also simple—where it is economically most needed, or where it grows best, or, if possible, both.

By almost omenlike coincidence, Hawaii is tailor-made.

Hawaii is in big trouble. The basis of its economy has traditionally been two cash crops—sugarcane and pineapples. The Islands' entire pineapple industry went belly-up not long ago, thanks to ever greater competition from cheaper foreign sources. The Hawaiian sugarcane industry now has one foot in the same grave.

The welfare costs will be something to whistle at.

Hawaii can be saved economically in only three ways. One way is through huge government subsidies, to prop up Hawaiian sugar. We need another huge government subsidy program like we need another Lockheed. Another way is a total commitment to tourism. This means great, broad waves of motels, gas stations, asphalt, traffic, and neon, which would destroy the beauty and culture of the fiftieth state as totally as anything the ocean could produce. The third option is the importation of a new and profitable cash crop. It is literally a matter of financial survival for the Hawaiians, and any nation that would save New York City but condemn Kauai is not well.

As to crop adaptability, there is a God. The best marijuana on earth, by most informed accounts, is some megavolt plant known in certain circles as Maui Wowee. Maui is where it is grown; Wowee is pretty much in the eye of the beholder. In any case, it's a simple fact that marijuana grown almost anywhere in the Islands not only will remove your socks but also will whack out competing strains from anywhere else in the hemisphere.

Economically, it's in a stronger position than any other agri-transplant, since its quality could not be matched by any stateside produce. Nor will it be in competition with any existing domestic agricultural industry. It is a simple solution to the major economic problem of an

entire state, a state that neither threatens nor is threatened by the economies of the other forty-nine states.

Speaking of quality, let's have a few words about quality *control*. Any product with 30 million consumers deserves serious and unbiased attention, not just with respect to its legal definition, but also with respect to its responsibility as a *business*. Right now the pot trade makes big oil look like Common Cause. Smokers are commonly obliged to pay outrageous gouge prices for weed that is only slightly more potent than old bus transfers. With federally regulated standards and labeling for THC content (much as nicotine and alcohol content are displayed), a colossal consumer market will finally have some idea what it's getting. And given publicly owned corporations, we would know, and could react appropriately to, the profit margins involved. No more exotic herbs at even more exotic prices. If we are in fact and *de jure* "decriminals," it





follows that we have the rights of any other consumers. Where's Nader when we need him?

There is finally the small matter of constitutional law and inalienable rights. No, not to smoke. To mail. All foreign matter entering the country can be legally and routinely opened by customs officials. But mail traveling within the United States—and Hawaii is manifestly one such—cannot, by the Fourth Amendment, be opened or searched without all manner of warrants, probable cause, and investigative expense.

This means that Hawaiian marijuana—can continue to be mailed to the mainland in total safety and ever more torrential amounts. Or we can spend five years en route to the Supreme Court, wrangling over whether any suspicious mail between states is the government's required reading. This period of legal wrangling would not be pretty and would be filled with injustice, which thrives amid ambiguity.

You can't lick it. You might as well legitimize it.

The hardest form of *withdrawal* is that from a sincerely held prejudice, and many people will find this audacious proposal hard to swallow. But the arguments are unavoidable and compelling. As long as it is nonmonopolistic, the industrialization of grass would do far more good than harm.

The flow of millions of American dollars to foreign pot sources, which plays hob with our balance of trade, would end. The tax revenue would be so stunning that it would impress even the Defense Department—especially the Defense Department. A nice nick would be taken out of the overall underworld profit structure, and there would be a reduction in such drug-associated naughtinesses as bribery and homicide. Marijuana would be cheap, reputable, controlled, and profitable, and it would cease to devour the time and budgets of law-enforcement agencies. We could also save one of our most priceless environmental resources—the state of Hawaii—and the economic lives of many. In sum, we would be crazy *not* to do it.

SCENES



TRENDS THAT BEND

The people who dream up the new fall menu in movies, books, plays, and television shows are always leery about predicting trends in their respective entertainment industries. With good reason. Last year they fed us revivals—sequels and spin-offs and remakes of material recycled from one medium to another. This year, their lack of decisive innovation is even more clear as two separate trends threaten to cancel each other out. And how can you really blame the producers? Who knows which wave to ride as the big special effects of *Star Wars* battle against the small-scale pathos of *Rocky*, each trying to outgross the other in the pages of *Variety*?

We've all seen the first trend

coming for a long time. Call it the "less-is-more boom," because that's essentially what it is. Whatever the form of entertainment, it costs more to make and market, and subsequently it has become larger, longer, rarer, and pricier.

In the theater, musicals have become as rare as museum treasures, the precious few being unveiled each season like golden body ornaments from some long-lost Egyptian tomb. On television, it's getting to be a real challenge to find a conventional program among all the new miniseries, anthologies, sagas, and multiple-part movies. The publishing industry is a virtual slave to its best-seller-or-bust obsession, barely acknowledging the existence of any book that hasn't been sold to the movies, serialized in a monthly magazine, bought by a paperback house for six figures, chosen as a book-club selection, and slated for a sequel. All prior to publication, of course.

As for the film industry, Universal Pictures' Jennings Lang puts it this way: "Let's face it: by 1980 there will surely be far fewer movies made, distributed, marketed, and attended. These will cost a lot more to make, and the public will pay a lot more to see them. This will make them events. Whether we try to do anything about it or not, the movie industry will be a more *eventful* business."

When industryites discuss trends, they're talking economics,

not taste. Translated, the trend toward the big event means that the entertainment industries are investing heavily on fewer, larger-budgeted products that have the greatest potential for turning astronomical profits. In television, event programming means the record \$32 million spent on program development by CBS-TV this year. In the theater, it means that shows like *Annie*, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, and *Shine It On* (the new musical starring Liza Minnelli and due on Broadway this fall) are all financed in the neighborhood of a million dollars. The film industry deems one of its own big events to be any movie that costs \$10 million or more to make. *Big-big-event* movies, such as *Apocalypse Now*, *A Bridge Too Far*, and *King Kong*, achieve their status by virtue of their \$20 million-plus budgets.

The entertainment industry's current compulsion toward event programming would probably look like just another inflationary spiral, if it hadn't happened to run smack against another opposing trend—inexpensive sleepers that come alive at the box office.

ABC-TV's profits jumped 186 percent over last year, but for the rest of the industry 1976-77 was what one former network vice-president called "a disastrous season, the pits." On Broadway, big-budget musicals like *The Baker's Wife*, *Hellzapoppin'*, and *1600*



Star Wars: big special effects, small-scale nostalgia



A musical remake of *Twentieth Century*: business as usual.

Pennsylvania Avenue flopped resoundingly (two of them didn't even make it into New York), while the audience flipped over an inexpensive, innocuous trifle called *I Love My Wife*. Moviegoers turned up their noses at behemoths like *King Kong* (relatively speaking, that is; the movie has earned \$32 million in domestic rentals so far, far below its break-even point), *Lucky Lady*, and *Black Sunday*, and gobbled up *Annie Hall* and *Rocky*. Like *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* of the previous season, the low-budget *Rocky* swept the Academy Awards and became a phenomenon in the motion picture industry.

The trouble with big events—as the entertainment business seems to be discovering—is that they demand big subjects and big treatment. Multimillion-dollar mechanical mammals, spectacular scenic effects, epic narratives, top-dollar stars and casts of thousands, Sensurround and quadraphonic sound systems—that's the stuff to convince an audience that it's getting its shrinking dollar's worth.

Perversely, we don't always respond with the proper enthusiasm. Instead of going ape over giant apes, the public seems to be switching its allegiance to sympathetic and believable characters in smaller, people-scaled forms of entertainment. In every industry, nervous executives are acknowledging a new ground-swell enthusiasm for romance, comedy, good stories, optimism, *humanism*.

"We've come away from tricks in style and adventurous experimentation in writing," says Betty Prashker, Doubleday's editorial director. From its fall publication list, Doubleday expects big action from such "old-fashioned novels" as Lonnie Coleman's *Look Away*, *Beulah Land*; Helen Van Slyke's *Always Is Not Forever*; and Richard Kluger's *Members of the Tribe*. "What we're experiencing," Prashker says, "is a return to the traditional qualities of storytelling. People nowadays want to read good stories about interesting human characters."

Terry Allen Kramer, who coproduced the intimate musical hit *I Love My Wife*, admits that she would never have brought the show to Broadway if she had listened to the fears of the theater's inside-dopesters. "Everybody told us to close the show out of town," she remembers. "It didn't have stars or spectacle. It was just a warm, funny, sweet kind of show. But we had a feeling that audiences would respond to a small-scaled, human show for a change."

The film industry's response to the two clashing trends is downright schizophrenic. As Freddie Fields, the producer of Paramount's upcoming *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, points out, "While pictures are getting bigger and more expensive to make in Hollywood, the material being written now is lighter, more charming, romantic, and humorous." Like other indus-

try executives, producers are interpreting the public's growing responsiveness to humanistic themes as a form of escapism—a clear and simple message that people want to be entertained out of reality.

From his executive-producer position at Universal, Jennings Lang is amused by his own industry. "Lots of producers in Hollywood are rushing frantically to ride the latest trend, to find the next ten *Rockys*, the next *Annie Hall*. And if my new picture, *Roller Coaster*, is successful, you'll find *Ferris Wheel* and *Tunnel of Love* coming up next spring."

Recognizing that the film industry's current passion for big-event movies may not answer the public's desire for human-event entertainment, Lang suspects television of having set up a mental block for his own industry. "Movies are afraid to compete with television," he says, "which has usurped the small-scaled human conflict of the good guy over the bad guy. The movies think they have to stick to films that are special events—the kind of things that I'm usually involved in, with earthquakes and Sensurround. What they don't realize is that size and scope have nothing to do with an eventful picture. The public will take a picture it likes and turn it into an event, as it did with *Rocky* and *Annie Hall* and *American Graffiti*."

In typical fashion, the entertainment industries are trying to resolve the conflicting trends by covering all possible bets. Books, movies, Broadway shows, and TV programs will be bigger and more "eventful" than ever, but they will be big events disguised as intimate human encounters.

Unless Broadway learns a fast lesson from the surprise success of *I Love My Wife*, the theater will be the least affected this year by the public's new humanistic impulses. Stars like Liza Minnelli (*Shine It On*), Zero Mostel (*The Merchant*), Carol Channing (*Hello, Dolly!*), Colleen Dewhurst (*An Almost Perfect Person*), Richard Kiley (*Man of La Mancha*), Anne Bancroft (*Golda*), and Jason Robards (*A Touch of the Poet*) will

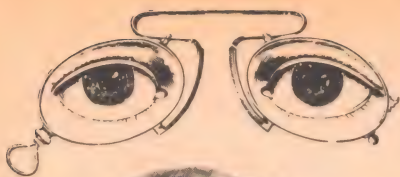
be out in force this season. Aside from the new Neil Simon comedy, *Chapter Two*, and the Liza Minnelli musical, the most promising new show looks like *Twentieth Century*, a musical remake of the 1932 play and subsequent movie about life aboard the famed cross-country train. On Broadway, then, it's business as usual.

The fall television season shapes up as a lot more fun, what with CBS and NBC frantically chasing ABC up the ratings ladder. Lucky-Pierre ABC has introduced six new sitcoms into its fall lineup and is noisily congratulating itself on having less violence, more comedy, and a higher profit-increase percentage than any other network. Second-place CBS has shuffled its forty-two vice-presidents, quietly built up a massive inventory of new series pilots, and is fighting to recapture its former image as what network president Robert Wussler modestly calls "the Tiffany of the networks."

Shooting it out with both of them, NBC has taken the dramatically daring tack of weighting its fall schedule with anthologies, miniseries, and multi-part dramatizations of popular novels. Sounding for all the world like Jennings Lang, network president Robert T. Howard has announced that "the day of the traditional network schedule is over. Success in television today develops from strong



Liza on Broadway.



MacLaine in *Turning Point*.

series combined with 'event programming.'" Evidently, he hasn't talked lately with the former CBS vice-president who calls big-event programming "a stopgap way of programming—a device for buying time to develop new concepts and look for new forms when you've had some severe programming failures."

One more thing on 'event programming': it helps to remember that many of the networks' new miniseries have been produced by the television arms of the big movie studios, and that many of the serialized novels have been purchased from publishing houses now owned by the same giant conglomerates that have acquired the movie studios. It gives a nice perspective on the bigger-and-bigger boom sweeping the whole entertainment industry. Even the Justice Department finds it interesting.

Don't look to the publishing industry for much analysis of the cozy, cooperative bed sharing that may eventually destroy it as an independent entity. Gulf and Western now owns Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books, as well as Paramount; MCA holds Putnam's, together with Universal Pictures and Universal Television; RCA's corporate holdings include three publishing houses; Fawcett belongs to CBS; Warner Communications has given WB Pictures a publishing arm.

But the publishing houses are more interested in talking about how their fall publications are more

responsive than ever to the public's new humanistic tastes. Romances are big this season, they tell us, along with a lot of upbeat, how-to-cope books that reflect the new wave of optimism; there are also celebrity memoirs, fantasy and supernatural numbers, sequels to best-sellers, and the ever popular "good reads."

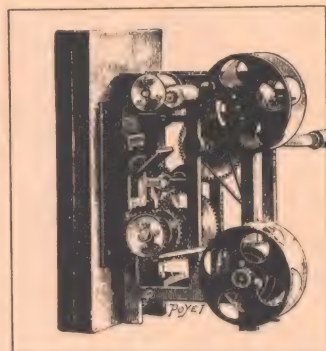
On the movie front, Paramount and Twentieth-Century Fox seem to have cornered the market on the love stories and women-oriented films. Fox, especially, has taken to describing such films as *Julia*, *The Turning Point*, *An Unmarried Woman*, and the recent *The Other Side of Midnight* as its "human-level movies," what *Midnight* producer Frank Yablans calls "people pictures."

Westerns are out, everybody agrees (*The Missouri Breaks* bombed), and movie musicals might be coming back. War movies—especially those like *Heroes*

and *Coming Home*, about "the human side of war"—are reportedly also on the upswing. Meanwhile the biggest of the big-event movies—epic productions like Francis Ford Coppola's monumental *Apocalypse Now*, Gore Vidal's *Caligula*, and Columbia's "cosmic drama," *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—are still a solid industry staple.

It's all quite clear. Recognizing the audience's need for people-scaled entertainment, the industries are working hard to inject emotional humanism into their product. And acknowledging their own needs, as industries, to grow in size and scope, they'll give us that, too. So we get a nostalgic romance stuck in the middle of the galactic warfare of *Star Wars*. For the next year at least, we're going to be fed bigger entertainment events that try to convince us they are really smaller, more human, more real.—Marilyn Stasio

FILMS



BACK STREET

The idea for this column came from May's Cannes Film Festival, though it is not on the whole about what you might consider festival films. The Festival in Cannes divides into ten or eleven different parts (depending on how you're counting); and of these the main competition, held in the Palais des Festivals on the fashionable Croisette, the Mediterranean beachfront boulevard of Cannes, has for some years now not been the most important.

On the street in back of the Croisette, the not exactly unfashionable rue d'Antibes, there are several regular movie theaters. It is in these theaters primarily that the business of the Cannes Film Festival—the buying and selling in the marketplace, the *marche du film*—gets done. And it seems that everything eventually gets to the rue d'Antibes, from *Game Show Models* and *Elsa Fräulein SS* to the latest masterwork of the avant-garde German filmmaker Werner Herzog.

The main business of the Cannes Film Festival is business—which to my mind assures the seriousness of the festival and even preserves its relevance to the artistic demands of creating film.

So it was in Cannes, rather than at your local drive-in, that you could first have seen some new movies by American directors whose work is about as far from, say, the latest Hungarian allegory of the human condition as you are likely to get. But Cannes has a place for movies



Julia with Fonda and Robards: the return to "people pictures."



Mark Lester's *Stunts*: danger amidst dreams of safety.

like Tobe Hooper's *Death Trap* and Mark Lester's *Stunts*, and that seems to me one of the real glories of Cannes.

An influential cult already exists for Mark L. Lester. I'll pass on it without comment, because I've never seen *Truck-Stop Women* or *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*, upon which his reputation is largely based. And I suspect you could have counted the serious press reviews of those two movies on the fingers of no hands.

Stunts is perhaps a little bit fancier and a little bit tamer—an action-packed murder mystery full of love, death, and PG-rated sex. It has to do with a Hollywood stunt man (Robert Forster) who takes a job in an adventure movie—which seems to consist entirely of spectacular but pointless stunts—partly to investigate the suspicious “accidental” death of his brother, who was also a stunt man; and of course partly to perform the movie's most dangerous and death-defying stunts. He is accompanied—hounded, really—by a somewhat gratuitous female journalist (Fiona Lewis), who becomes the love interest. She also adds to the film's plot idiocy with her disclosures that he taught college philosophy courses until he took up stunting and that, until this assignment, she had written mainly for literary journals and quarterlies in the arts.

But *Stunts* goes beyond this nonsense to something that is related to the unfolding of the asinine

plot, but that finally has more to do with the pace of the stunts themselves and with the group feeling among the brawny guys (and the buxom girl—Joanna Cassidy) who perform them. From time to time we hear the stunt people wishing for a day when nothing unusual will happen, when there will be no broken bones. To the unimaginative, it might seem that a simple change of jobs would do the trick.

Nothing of the kind. The point is for the stunt men to have their danger and their dreams of safety, too—so that the stunts are “fate” or, better, the inescapable condition of life, while the dream of the ordinary becomes an unreachable ideal. This does wonders for reducing the heroic-bullshit content of the dialogue, since everyone remains pretty much mute as to why he regularly risks his neck. It also gives the community of stunt men a shared air of uncomplicated professionalism as a balance to the spectacular tricks they are called upon to do. This constant, unassertive modesty helps keep the movie in line and acts as a foil to both the energy of Lester's direction and the monumentally assertive faces and bodies of all those physical types up on the screen.

Stunts manages to feel like a lot of good living, healthy, combative sex, and a share of the primal innocence that is supposed to recommend our kinds of high jinks to the world.

You could turn that around—into bad living, unhealthy, combative

sex, and primal loss of innocence—to describe Tobe Hooper's *Death Trap*, an example of southern gothic translated into American movie horror that has been entitled **Eaten Alive** for U.S. distribution. By any reasonable standard of dramatic construction, *Eaten Alive* is a mind-boggling mess. It demonstrates none of the precision of Hooper's earlier *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, which, despite its title (and subject matter), possessed an intelligent control and an almost excessive visual elegance that placed it among the most impressive first features of the early 1970s.

I've heard that Hooper had producer troubles on *Eaten Alive* and that the version I saw on the back street at Cannes doesn't represent his wishes. But it does represent a curiously effective hunk of junk; and, if only because it is a movie with ambitions to send up both *Jaws* and *Psycho* in one setting and at the same time, it is greatly worth seeing.

Eaten Alive, set somewhere in the wilds of eastern Texas, concerns a “sexually perverted homicidal maniac” (from the distributor's plot synopsis) named Judd, who keeps a pet man-eating crocodile that he feeds with occasional guests from the Starlight Hotel, where he is owner, manager, and bellboy. Now the Starlight is located in a swamp at the absolute end of nowhere. But on the night on which most of the movie takes place, it happens to have more customers than the Dallas Hilton, and the poor, sexually perverted homicidal maniac goes even crazier trying to murder his victims and dump them into the crocodile pond fast enough—until, as you might guess, somebody escapes and brings his perverted little world tumbling down around him.

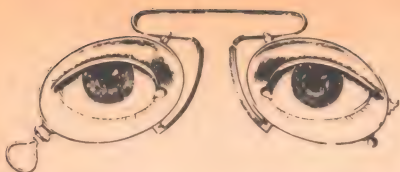
Except for one level-headed young woman (Marilyn Burns) and her fatally ill father (Mel Ferrer), just about everyone who turns up at the Starlight Hotel has psychological problems of his or her own,

ranging from nymphomania to (I think) impotency. So *Eaten Alive* maintains a high hysteria level, even when the crocodile isn't chewing up its victims. The hysteria more or less justifies the movie, which, like *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, means to set itself up as one long scream—punctuated by occasional moans for the several voluptuous girls in it.

But the film has another justification in its understanding of place or setting—the marvelously phony and theatrical setting of the Starlight Hotel and its environs, all bathed in the livid, unearthly glow of maybe a dozen studio spotlights battling through a man-made mist so dense you could cut it with a scythe. Hooper seems to take his start from the way he wants things to look in his movies. This helps produce an emotional concentration real enough that the horror rituals of *Eaten Alive* come to have a beauty and authority of their own.



Eaten Alive: southern gothic.



Tobe Hooper became slightly famous in some film circles after *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre*. *Eaten Alive* won't advance his reputation, but I hope it doesn't too much diminish it. Hooper belongs, along with Brian De Palma, John Milius, and George Lucas, among the most promising of the younger American movie talents: those whose sensational films make a kind of sense never developed by their classier, less commercial, generally more pretentious elders.

The German director **R.W. Fassbinder** doesn't belong in this company, except to the degree that he is young, that his inspiration largely comes from Hollywood (oddly enough, from the elegant "women's pictures" of Douglas Sirk, such as *All That Heaven Allows* or *Magnificent Obsession* in the 1950s); and to the extent that, scarcely into his thirties, Fassbinder has already established a career that, for sheer energy, outstrips those of most of the prolific studio-house directors in the golden age of the movies.

Fassbinder has now become a minor commercial hit in New York, and he is getting national distribution outside the universities and film societies that have been his mainstay in America. So he can be generally seen; and he should be seen with an appreciation for the superheated, slightly askew vision of the world that his films promote. Fassbinder's movies, almost without exception, parody earlier film styles. They are strange but not exactly funny. Typically, his plots end in the suicide or purposive murder of the leading character, who becomes a kind of sacrificial conscience for us all.

Fassbinder turns out several movies a year, not all equally good. You might start with *The Merchant of Four Seasons* or the more recent *Chinese Roulette*, a study in upper-class domestic decadence that is both wackier and visually more stunning than anything he has done before. Fassbinder has become the most potent figure in new European cinema. It would be worth your time to discover why.—Roger Greenspun

WORDS



COUCH TALK

Psychohistory—which is not the history of psychopaths, much less chronicles by them—is the study of historical personages from a psychological perspective.

It is often a peculiar business. The best in biography and in fiction has almost always demonstrated profound psychological insight, the work of writers having a sure grasp of the turnings of the human head. The towering characters of literature—Raskolnikov, Huck Finn, Mr. Micawber, and so forth—have usually been drawn with a breathtaking regard for the psychological verities. That is why they seem so "true," even though they get themselves into implausible scrapes.

From time to time, a psychologist or a psychiatrist assesses one or another of the great characters of literature in psychodynamic terms, thereby converting fiction into fictional case history and diagnosis. Hamlet and Alice (of Wonderland) have been particularly favored with such interpretations, which can be great fun, either because of their profundity or—when the Freudians get revved up—their tendentious farfetchedness.

For the most part, though, the shrinks are comfortable with a shakier enterprise: psychological speculations about real people. This is psychohistory or, more accurately, psychobiography; for the genre so far consists almost exclusively of essays about individuals, written with one theory of personality in full view, like the plumbing in

the house of an architect who believes that form should always follow function.

Freud himself invented the genre. In the 1930s, when he was old, tired, and waspish, Freud ran into William Bullitt, an American diplomat of sizable reputation and jilted pride. They discovered that they both hated Woodrow Wilson and decided to coauthor a book that would fix the old peacemaker's wagon. The result, *Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study*, is certainly the strangest document with Freud's name on it ever to see daylight. Bullitt provided the information and Freud the insight.

Freud thought that Wilson confused his father with God and then "identified himself with the Only Begotten Son of God"; in other words, that Wilson had a Christ complex that caused him to see himself as the savior of mankind. But Wilson had been a sissy as a kid and could not, therefore, stand up to the British and the French at the Versailles conference. There are 300 pages of this sort of guesswork and conjecture. The result is a scandal of presumption and bad feeling of vast, cautionary importance. The book shows how rotten things can get when a shrink

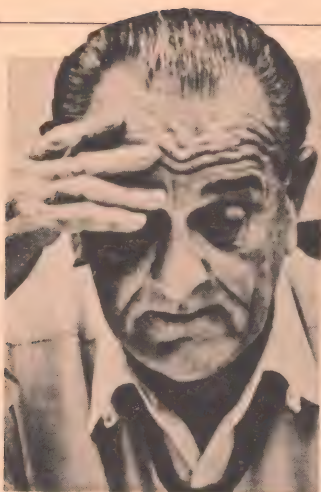
goes public with his analysis.

To be sure, Freud had some reservations about the book. "To publish the results of such a study of deep psychic mechanisms and to expose them to public curiosity so long as the individual concerned lives is certainly inadmissible," he wrote. *Thomas Woodrow Wilson* was not published until 1967, after both Freud and Wilson's second wife were dead. But Freud's reticence has not been respected by all of his followers, as we shall see.

Part of the problem with psychohistory is that modern psychology itself remains sufficiently novel to have large powers to offend and scandalize. Like his followers today, Freud considered as being commonplace and universal in the human animal many singularities of behavior that would appear to be "shocking" were they uttered aloud or explicitly about an individual—particularly an eminent one. Freudians believe that all boys are sexually attracted to their mothers, have homosexual impulses, and so forth. This is the very stuff of which psychoanalysis is made, and it often figures prominently in less traditional therapies as well. It is when such material leaves the intimacy of the therapist's office and is bruited about in public that



Barnett



LBJ: privacy for the psyche.

thorny problems invariably arise.

It is not clear to what extent these problems are transitory. That is, if the basic assumptions of psychological theory ever come to be commonly accepted, so that a man's libido will seem conversationally no more off limits than his elbow, it is possible that the gamier excursions into psychohistory will lose all power to offend.

It is possible, but it is by no means certain. For the right of an individual to the privacy of his own psyche seems likely to remain a matter of some importance, even when the individual is a public figure and hence is not protected, by the libel laws of the United States, from blackguarding.

This is the crux of the issue at present, and **Nixon vs. Nixon: An Emotional Tragedy** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.95), by David Abrahamsen, M.D., is a case in point. Abrahamsen is a psychoanalyst, but he also proves in this book to be a virtuoso reporter. He has sought out people who knew Nixon as a young boy, and he has fleshed out the well-known saga of Nixon's childhood with memories that shed a harsh light indeed on what Nixon has always pictured as a nest of love and hard labor.

"Nixon's home was joyless," Abrahamsen asserts. "His home life was dominated both by the strict Orthodox Quaker code of his mother and the tyrannical rule of his egocentric father." This contention is solidly documented, and Abrahamsen's analysis grows

from it. The analysis is powerfully persuasive. This is a careful and responsible book. One of the things it does is demonstrate the vital role that psychological insight can play in any biography. Any of the dozens of writers who have previously "done" Nixon could have used most of Abrahamsen's material to great advantage had they had the wit to look for it; and they would not have had to hang their findings on a Freudian frame to make them valuable.

Yet Abrahamsen's parading of Nixon's psyche remains deeply troubling. Almost any major public figure could be given comparable treatment, with devastating results. Great ambition is almost never the spawn of a happy childhood, and every great man is likely to seem tormented if stripped to his psychic underpinnings.

Are we entering an era when mother fixations, infantile bed-wetting, and the character of toilet training will weigh as heavily in our assessment of public men as their politics and the quality of their leadership?

James David Barber has published an expanded edition of **The Presidential Character: Predicting Performance in the White House** (Prentice-Hall, \$11.95) that suggests that we may indeed. Barber is a political scientist and an extremely shrewd man. The first edition of his book was a big success in 1972 because it did more to explain Nixon than anything else around. Barber speculated then that Nixon would come to a bad end; so Barber's stock has since risen as Nixon's has fallen. The new book offers a further summation of Nixon and appraises Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter as well.

The Presidential Character is less personal and invasive than *Nixon vs. Nixon* and psychologically far less sophisticated. Barber takes more things on faith about his presidents and seeks to reduce them all to four personality types, with activism versus passivity and a president's positive or negative feeling about his work as the controlling variables. The result is curious, for astute observation is intermixed with repeated efforts to

stuff each president since Teddy Roosevelt into Professor Barber's little personality boxes. Lyndon Johnson's need to be loved and approved gets downgraded, for example, because that characteristic isn't determinative in the box to which Barber has consigned Lyndon. A bit more psychology (or more "shameless" psychology) would have produced a better book—and so would more self-discipline. Jimmy Carter has charmed the pants off Barber; Carter's rave blurb is on the dust jacket of the book, and Barber's expansive regard for the incumbent president is expressed in his chapter on Carter.

Then we have **A Sexual Profile of Men in Power** (Prentice-Hall, \$9.95), by Sam Janus, Ph.D., Barbara Bess, M.D., and Carol Saltus. The authors—two shrinks and a writer—discovered through interviews with hookers that many politicians are into kinky sex. Not one of the politicians is named, and the book is essentially a compilation, from a classically Freudian perspective, of various S&M practices. If you're curious about golden or brown showers, for instance, you'll find a general discussion here.

Whatever the future of psycho-



history and of other writings from a psychological perspective, it does seem apparent that a revolution in literary sensibility is in the making. Psychological incompetence is no longer acceptable, and neither is the kind of reticence about individual inclinations that used to be routine in all kinds of books.

Consider, for one example, **Hermit of Peking: The Hidden Life of Sir Edmund Backhouse** (Knopf, \$10), by Hugh Trevor-Roper. Backhouse was a rich English aristocrat who disgraced his family and wound up salted away in Peking from 1889 until his death in 1944. A linguistic genius, Backhouse was also a remorseless swindler. He forged books and art objects and sold armories of nonexistent guns and fleets of phantom ships. In all, he was one of the great con men of the twentieth century.

Trevor-Roper's book about him is one of the great literary disappointments of the year. He cannot begin to explain Backhouse satisfactorily, because he cannot face up to Backhouse's sexuality. The swindler left a lengthy manuscript detailing what he said was his own true sexual history. He claimed to have had sex with everyone from the empress dowager of China to the poet Paul Verlaine. Trevor-Roper has no difficulty demonstrating that some of the liaisons were invented, but he is helpless before the claims of homosexuality in Backhouse's manuscript: "Let us be charitable. Let us treat this whole phenomenon as a morbid eruption of senility," Trevor-Roper writes.

But homosexuality is almost certainly the key to understanding Backhouse. His life becomes a complete riddle if his confession is denied, whereas it becomes generally comprehensible if his sexual testament is accepted. Everything from Backhouse's self-exile to the mysterious control over his life by a sinister Chinese servant can be sensibly attributed to sexual preference. But Trevor-Roper is too much the gentleman for such "un-charitable" hypothecation. And so his book compounds the riddle it seeks to solve.—Patrick Owens



SOUNDS



CULT OF THE BAR BAND

The minute **Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes** take to the stage in their flashy three-piece suits, gangster fedoras, and sunglasses, you know you're in for something out of the ordinary. No pancake makeup, synthesizers, Robert Plant haircuts, or platform shoes here. Just a bunch of white kids from New Jersey who are pouring their energy into recreations of the kind of get-up-and-party music that Sam Cooke and Otis Redding made famous.

Come to think of it, the Asbury Jukes are ordinary. They're not the sort of band you would expect to find headlining a national tour, but you could find a band just as good playing the same kind of music in a local bar in almost any American city or town—or at least you think you could. If you actually went looking for a bar band capable of matching the Asbury Jukes, you'd probably find that the Jukes' music is stronger and more streamlined, their tunes more carefully chosen, cleverly crafted, and ingeniously arranged, their stage show slicker. The point is that the Jukes want you to think they're an average neighborhood bar band.

Bar bands are big this year, and why not? Costumed special-effects rock, with its smoke bombs, laser lights, and deafeningly familiar music, started going downhill with Kiss and recently hit rock-bottom with Angel. You can't dance to sensitive singer-songwriters, and disco is wearing out its wel-

come among people who want to have their hearts moved along with their posteriors. Bar bands are the answer.

Bar-band music is as danceable as disco, and it's more immediate and less gimmicky. The horns sound like horns, the piano sounds like a battered old upright, the guitars aren't too loud, and the songs are usually soul evergreens or reworkings of the soul idiom. You could call bar-band music blue-eyed soul, but remember: bar-band musicians have lived their music through 1,001 bleary-eyed nights. They've earned the right to sing the blues.

Bruce Springsteen, who suddenly captured the attention of the national media last year and just as suddenly disappeared from view (locked in a legal battle with his former manager that has recently been resolved), fanned the flames of the bar-band cult by apotheosizing in his music, dress, and stage mannerisms the tough New Jersey bar circuit where he got his start. Since his period of inactivity, his old friends, the Asbury Jukes, have carried on. The Springsteen band's guitarist, Sugar Miami Steve, produces the Jukes' albums, and Steve and Springsteen have written their

most memorable material. The albums *I Don't Want to Go Home* and *This Time It's for Real* (Epic) have their faults. The Jukes bounce from 1950s vocal-group oldies to Memphis soul stylings without really finding their depth, and Southside Johnny Lyon's braggadocio can't quite hide the fact that he is a doggedly ordinary singer. But since the Jukes play bar-band music, you're not supposed to listen critically; you're supposed to feel the spirit, get up, and dance. And you do.

The English take their bar-band music rather more seriously. The widely heralded London pub-rock scene, which was at its height a few years ago and seemed to be producing a significantly gritty alternative to glitter, is in a state of decline. But several of the better musicians from the city's pub circuit banded together last year to form the **Rumour**, backup group for singer-songwriter **Graham Parker**; and the strains of soul, oldies, rockabilly, Van Morrison, and early Rolling Stones that run through their music mark it as a true pub product.

Parker's voice sounds grainy and frayed from late hours and alcohol. As a tunesmith, though, he is uncommonly gifted.



David Gahr

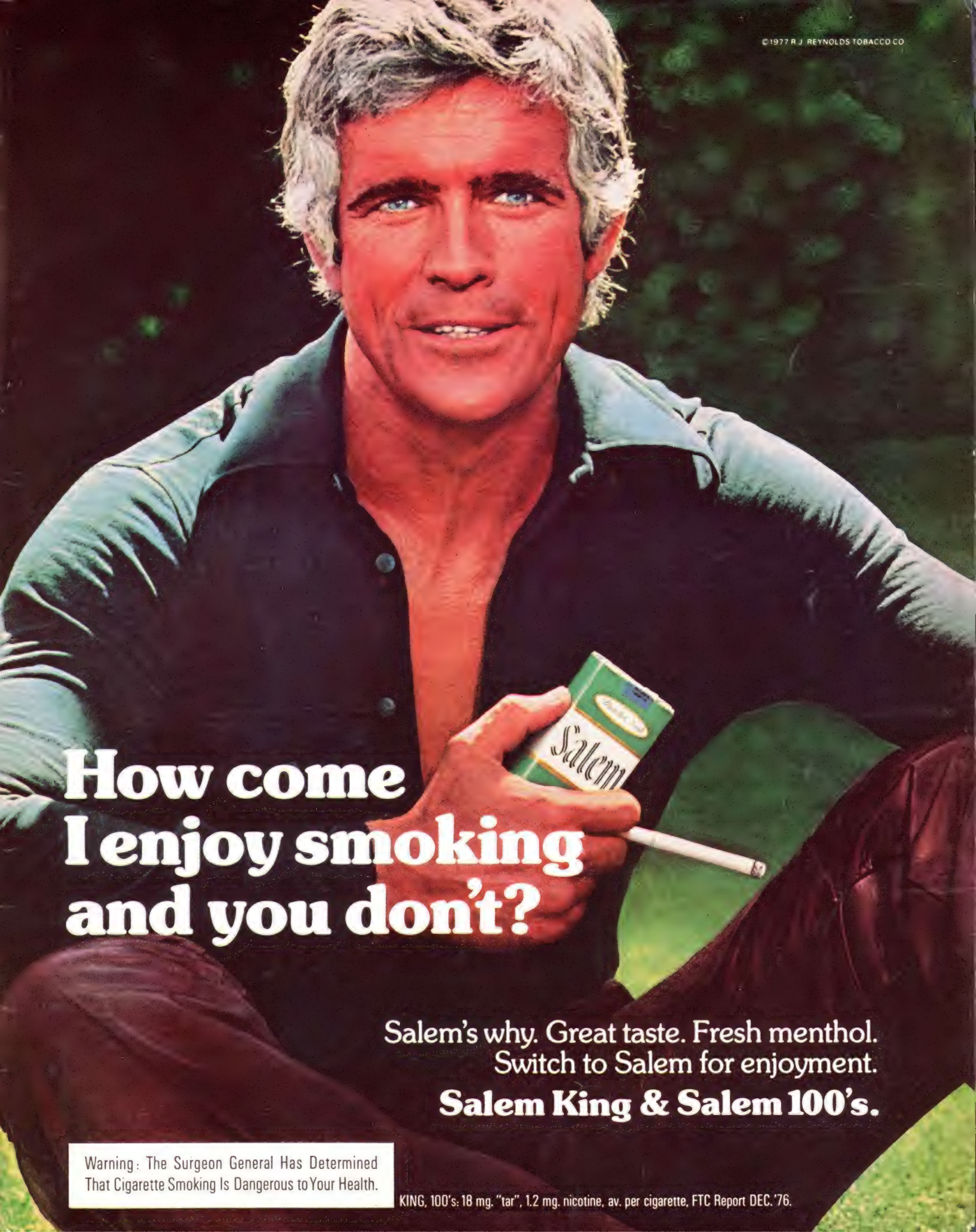
He does not stray far from traditional bar-band concerns—girls, trouble with girls, and morning-after depression—but he manages to invest them all with a gripping urgency. His music speaks to England's disadvantaged teenagers, who have little hope of obtaining meaningful jobs in a crumbling economy. But it also speaks to America's mood of retrenchment. Both Parker albums, *Howlin' Wind* and *Heat Treatment* (Mercury), continue to sell briskly here.

The performer who best personifies the bar-band spirit is **Van Morrison**. When he was a teenager, Morrison wrote "Gloria," a song on which many bar bands and aspiring young rockers still cut their teeth. Even during his jazz-influenced period, when he recorded the classic albums *Moon-dance* and *Astral Weeks* (Warner Brothers), Morrison betrayed his background as an Irish rock-and-brawler with his hoarse, shout-it-out vocal style. He fell silent in 1974, brooding, it was said, on what direction to follow and how to square his musical impulses with changing tastes.

Last spring, Morrison recorded *A Period of Transition* (Warner Brothers), his first album in three years, and from the first funky guitar notes to the last chord from the horn section, it's a bar-band album. With the help of his co-producer, Mac Rebennack—still better known as Dr. John—Morrison has combined the sounds of vintage New Orleans rhythm-and-blues, with its lilting carnival atmosphere, and contemporary soul. The songs gyrate between moods of happiness and despair, but throughout the album Morrison sings as if his very life depended on it. The sly references he scatters throughout his lyrics—quotations from "September in the Rain" and "Land of 1,000 Dances," allusions to Billie Holiday and Jimmy Witherspoon—suggest a tribute to an all-time bar-band Hot 100. These are the sort of songs and performers one has always heard in bars, and *A Period of Transition* indicates that Van Morrison wants to be counted in their number.—

Robert Palmer ○

Southside Johnny.



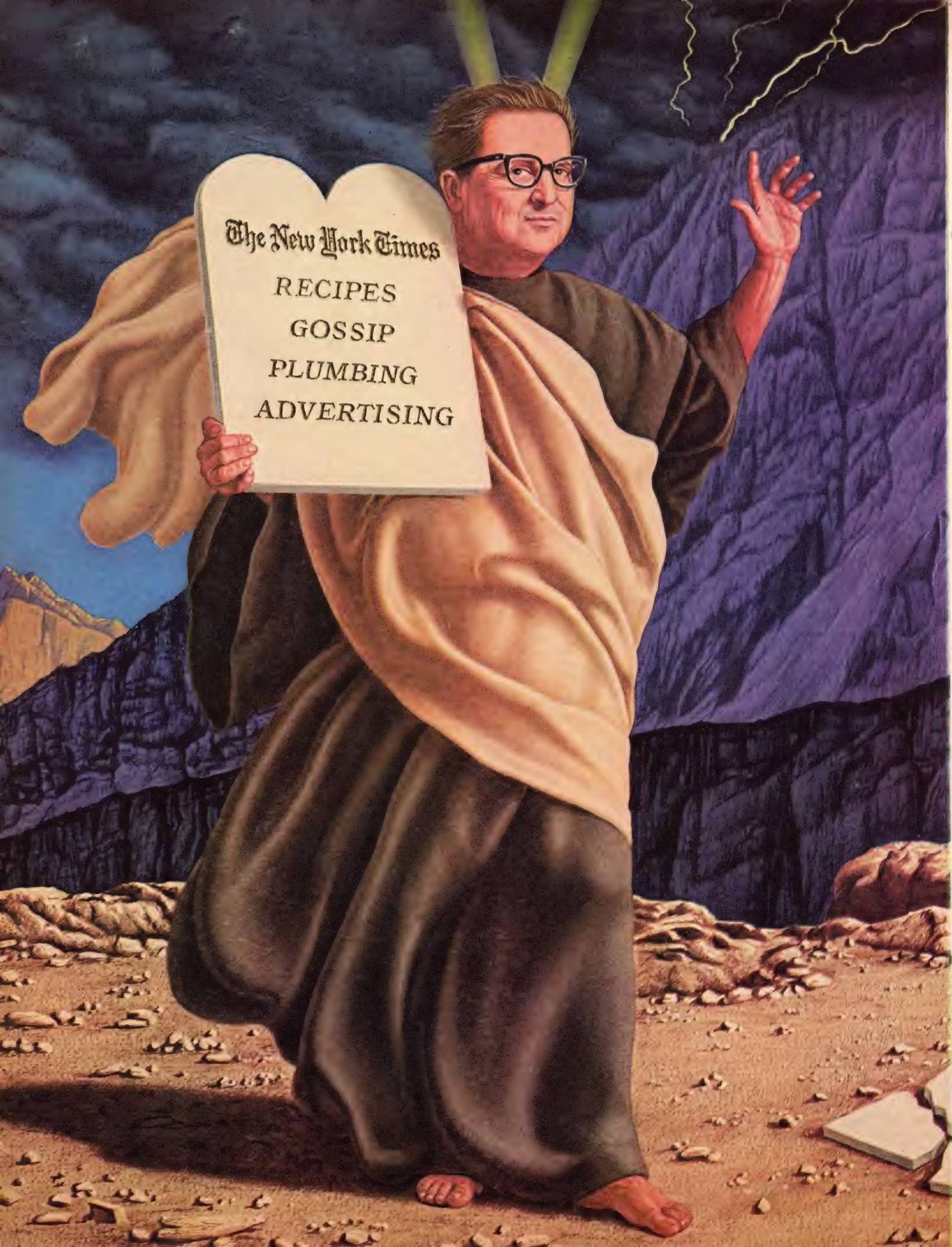
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SUPEREDITOR IGNORES NEW YORK'S DEMISE IN MAD SCRAMBLE TO PRINT SOUFFLÉ RECIPES

By RICHARD POLLAK

[The New York] Times is in many respects a sound newspaper, within the translucent mass of which one may occasionally discern the outlines of commendable purposes, fixed like strawberries in a great mold of Jell-O, and of good men struggling feebly, like minnows within a giant jellyfish.—A. J. Liebling, 1947.

Not long after A. M. Rosenthal became managing editor of the *New York Times* in 1969, several good men (and women) on the staff nervously set out to open a dialogue with their new boss. They were not a band of back-bench bitches, that breed so common to newsrooms, but some of the paper's top editors, critics, and reporters: Charlotte Curtis, star of the women's pages; J. Anthony Lukas, a Pulitzer Prize winner fresh from covering the conspiracy trial in Chicago; reviewers John Leonard (books), Clive Barnes (drama and dance), and Hilton Kramer (art); Alden Whitman, deft fashioner of obituaries, and his wife, Joan, Curtis's aide-de-camp in the women's department. There were lesser lights, too, such as reporters Paul Montgomery, Joseph Lelyveld, and Tom Johnson, one of the few blacks on the paper. And grievances varied. But however disparate the group, its members generally agreed on one point: the time was long overdue for some serious communication between management and the staff about the kind of newspaper that the *Times* ought to be—then and in the future.

Abe Rosenthal would have none of it. He had not come this far to share his power with a lot of hot-eyed left-wingers bent on destroying the paper he loved. More than once he had said

that he hoped his epitaph would read: "He kept the paper straight." He hinted broadly that participants in the group risked getting sacked. For a while, the would-be communicants were even known—rather extravagantly—as "the cabal." But after three or four months the movement collapsed, and the cabalists straggled back to their desks. "Abe regarded us as a terrible threat," recalls one, "but our movement never even had the shape of a threat. A more sensitive managing editor would have recognized it for what it was, a move by a group of genuinely concerned people to try and make the paper somewhat more sensitive to the political atmosphere of the sixties. We weren't asking that the *Times* cave in to the radical mob. We were simply asking that the paper reflect more of what was going on out there politically."

But Abraham Michael Rosenthal didn't like what was going on out there politically. It infuriated him so much that in the spring of 1968 he bolted from his editor's chair and charged up to Morningside Heights to record the student riots at Columbia University. His page-one story the next day (May 1) was anything but straight; it was an emotional defense of a beleaguered institution that pictured the students as animals with no legitimate complaints. Well into the seventies Rosenthal was still raving about the subject. In "Save the First Amendment"—a piece in the *Times Sunday Magazine* (February 11, 1973)—he wrote: "For a tightly organized, favor-trading, pressuring, make-a-buck, knife-sticking lobby that considers fairness a poor joke, there is nothing quite as busy as the anti-Establishment establishment of the left."

Abe Rosenthal fervently believes in The System—and perhaps it would be impossible for him not to. By pursuing the American Dream with talent, ambition, and hard work, he has risen from poverty and a disease-haunted childhood to what many regard as the most powerful position in American journalism. At fifty-five Rosenthal is now executive editor of the *Times*, in absolute charge of every nook and cranny of the daily and Sunday paper, excepting only the editorial and op-ed pages. Since he sent the cabalists packing in 1970, he has consolidated power as no other *Times* editor before him, surrounding himself in classic bureaucratic fashion with such long-time friends and cronies as deputy managing editor Arthur Gelb and assistant managing editor James Greenfield, or such lieutenants as managing editor Seymour Topping, national editor David Jones, metropolitan editor Sydney Schanberg, and *News of The Week in Review* editor Mitchell Levitas. All these men owe their jobs to Rosenthal; they will dispute him on occasion, but they are at heart loyalists—partly out of devotion, partly out of fear of his considerable wrath. "Abe's like Cambodia," goes one favorite newsroom barb. "He takes no prisoners." Even among many of the trustees on the staff, the mood is dark these days.

One major reason for the gloom is that Rosenthal now also presides over a sea change at the *Times*: a frantic scramble after the white, affluent readers it has lost in recent years as they scrambled for the suburbs. These days you don't get "All the News That's Fit to Print"; instead, you get "the *New New York Times*," which—a profusion of house ads eagerly reminds us—offers "a lot more than the news." Rosenthal professes to loathe the new slogan, and perhaps he does. But it's not far off the mark. For as the demoralized staff and any regular reader know, what serious journalism appears in the paper—and a good deal does—stands in danger of being overwhelmed by a spate of special sections catering to commuters or serving up recipes for crème brûlée, advice on what to wear when job hunting, and items on myriad other urgencies of the Good Life. "Shit floats," says John Hess, one of the few *Times* reporters who would talk for the record. "It's an American form of Gresham's

“Abe’s like Cambodia,”
goes one favorite *Times*
newsroom barb.

“He takes
no prisoners.”

Law. They are going to turn the paper into the *Miami Herald*." One senior reporter has gone so far as to outline a novel about the *New New York Times*. Set in 1986 in the newsroom of a prestigious metropolitan daily, the story turns on the power struggle of four reporters desperately vying for the top reporting job on the paper: restaurant critic. The gardening writer has the inside track and knocks himself out covering the annual flower show; but the opposition paper scoops him with a page-one exclusive on a new strain of begonia. He's called on the carpet, told that he won't get the restaurant beat, and banished to the Moscow bureau. "And if you fuck up there," warns the executive editor, "you're going to the White House."

Abe Rosenthal likes a good joke but probably not this one. For one thing, he would regard it as unfair, and to a degree it is. He may be engineering the trivialization of vast reaches of the paper. But, as we shall see, he has also labored to upgrade much of the old *New York Times* in the almost fifteen years since he abandoned a brilliant career as a foreign correspondent to come back to New York and edit. "You have to give him this," says one nonfan

inside the *Times*. "He's gotten the paper off its ass." David Halberstam agrees. "Right now I think they are putting out a better paper than they were four or five years ago," says the former *Times* man, a Pulitzer Prize winner who left the paper in 1967 and subsequently grew increasingly disenchanted with Rosenthal's politics. "Given the kind of interregnum the country is in now, Abe's doing a pretty good job."

The mocking novel is no laughing matter for another, more fundamental reason, however. Abe Rosenthal may have the thinnest skin of all the major media executives in the nation. Criticism of the *Times*—joking or otherwise—wounds him deeply and often sends him into frightening rages. After Grace Lichtenstein, now the paper's Denver bureau chief, had suggested on New York television that the paper might have a shortcoming or two, Rosenthal reduced her to tears in a dressing down. In 1974 Charlotte Curtis had the moxie to excerpt a *Columbia Journalism Review* piece for the op-ed page, of which she had become editor; written by Roger Morris, it sharply criticized the media's fawning coverage of Henry Kissinger, including some articles that had appeared in the *Times*. When Rosenthal finally saw the excerpt late on the night it ran, he was so enraged that he woke Curtis up at 3:00 A.M. and ranted over the phone for a half hour, accusing her of, among other things, trying to undo him. Not even Rosenthal's friends outside the paper are immune. Ira Neiger, a New York public-relations man who has stayed in touch with Rosenthal since the forties, when they attended City College of New York together, recalls how he innocently sent his friend a *Wall Street Journal* clipping that he liked and how he suggested that the *Times* might profit from the example. "He replied with a caustic letter," says Neiger. "It was incredible, given our friendship. So I wrote him back, saying, basically, 'Stick it.' The night he received my letter he called me to apologize."

Such apologies are rare, however. Insufficient reverence for the *Times* is a cardinal sin with Rosenthal. "You have to make love to this paper," he has told more than one of his subordinates. Presumably, if you do, it will love you back. Bill Burrows, a former *Times* man who now writes books and teaches journalism at New York University, was being interviewed by Arthur Gelb for a reporting job when Rosenthal interrupted and called Burrows over to his desk. "After a few pleasantries," Burrows recalls, "Abe brought up a somewhat curt letter I had written, complaining that I had felt dangled by all the delay I encountered before finally getting the interview. He said that the letter was a trifle nasty and reflected too short a temper. Then he looked at me and said, 'There are those of us who love this newspaper; and if you don't, well, maybe there's no place for you here.' It almost seemed as if his eyes were going to tear." The tears often do flow, in fact, when someone he likes is crazy enough to leave the *Times* family and strike out on his own—as au-



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thors Gay Talese and Robert Daley did—or when he is at office fetes for newly minted Pulitzer Prize winners, like Red Smith and Sydney Schanberg. “He *does* love this newspaper,” says one longtime colleague. “He’s so sentimental about it; it’s awful.”

Rosenthal's passionate embrace of the *Times* seems almost inevitable, given his background. The only son of a Byelorussian immigrant whose real surname was Shipiatski, Rosenthal was born in Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, in 1922. His father, Harry, who appropriated “Rosenthal” from a maternal uncle in London, loved the outdoor life in Canada. But the depression forced him to settle his family in the Bronx, where he became a house painter. Not long thereafter he died of injuries sustained in a fall from a scaffold. “The death of his father,” reports former *Times* man Talese in his rich book about the paper, *The Kingdom and the Power* (1969), “had been preceded a year before by the death of one of his older sisters, of pneumonia; then, while young Rosenthal was a student at City College, a second sister died of cancer that had been misdiagnosed. A third sister died during postnatal care after a hospital had released her; and, finally, several years later, a fourth sister died of cancer. Abe Rosenthal remembered the addresses of every apartment that he had lived in since leaving Canada, remembered how the apartments became smaller and smaller as there was less money and more death.”

As if a victim of some grim miscalculation in the actuarial tables, Rosenthal, too, was plagued by illness. “As a teenager,” Talese writes, “he walked on crutches or with a cane, victimized by osteomyelitis that had forced him to drop out of school for two years. The hospital to which he had been assigned in New York was a squalid, ill-equipped place where patients were all but ignored. . . . One operation on Rosenthal's legs had been done on the wrong place, and during his recovery he was told that he would never walk again. Fortunately, one of his sisters had written to the Mayo Clinic, which accepted him as a charity patient and successfully used sulfa drugs that eventually restored his mobility. . . . He was able to return to school, although he would never be an active participant in sports. Shy, skinny, and intense, he became a reader of books, a young man of quiet determination.”

At P.S. 95 and DeWitt Clinton High School in the Bronx, Rosenthal showed no interest in journalism. The star in those days was Richard Cohen, editor of both the grammar and high-school papers and a neighbor of the Rosenthals in the Amalgamated Cooperative Apartments. Both boys went on to C.C.N.Y., and Cohen, now associate executive director of the American Jewish Congress, recalls: “One day I saw Abe in the locker room of Townsend Harris Hall at the college, and I said, ‘Why don’t you come out for the *Campus* [the school pa-

per]?’” “I knew they were looking for slaves, but I thought I would give it a try,” Rosenthal has said. “[My] first assignment [was] something about the publication of a journal of social studies. I wrote two sentences. They didn’t change a word.” They didn’t change many others, either, for he soon proved a natural reporter. When his other friend, Ira Neiger, was drafted, Rosenthal (who was 4-F because of his legs) replaced him as campus correspondent for the *Times*.

That was in 1943. And once Abe Rosenthal entered the hallowed temple on West Forty-third Street, he knew that he had found a home for life. “The *Times* was a way of getting us out,” says Talese, an immigrant son who feels that he and Rosenthal shared the same sense of inadequacy when they first came to the *Times*. “Journalism gave us an excuse for overcoming our shyness.” By 1962 Rosenthal had distinguished himself, first as a correspondent at the fledgling United Nations (1946–54) and then in India (1954–58), Poland (1958–59), Switzerland (1960–61), and Japan (1961–63). When he left India, a columnist in *The Statesman* observed: “I cannot recall any foreign correspondent being given as warm a send-off. . . . Reporting on India for American readers in such a way as to satisfy both countries of the fairness and thoroughness of approach is not an easy task; the way Rosenthal tackled that task has . . . played an important role in improving understanding between the two countries.”

The Communist leadership in Poland was not nearly so enthusiastic. Rosenthal embarrassed the government regularly with dispatches remarkable for their insight into the way Poland's hermetic bureaucracy worked. Polish Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka was particularly annoyed, especially by inside stories on the resignation of a Politburo member and the dismissal of a prominent liberal and by a report that the Soviet ambassador had found Polish culture second-rate. After a *Times* editorial on the impact of Vice-President Nixon's 1959 visit to Warsaw angered Gomulka, a man from the foreign office warned Rosenthal that he was courting expulsion. Finally, on November 6, 1959, the *Times* published a Rosenthal dispatch maintaining that Gomulka had become “moody and irascible” and felt let down by the intellectuals, the economists, the workers, and the peasants of Poland. Six days later Rosenthal was ordered to leave the country for having “probed too deeply” into Poland's internal affairs. For his coverage, Rosenthal won the 1960 Pulitzer Prize for international reporting.

After his ouster, Rosenthal set down some thoughts on “How It Feels to Be Kicked Out of a Red Land” for the paper's house organ, *Times Talk* (December 1959). “Every day in a Communist country,” he observed, “there are stories that a reporter must sit on for a while. These are traceable stories and a Western reporter owes it to his friends, and to his own ability to live with



himself later, to try and avoid getting people into trouble. . . . There are foreign correspondents in Poland who will not be influenced by what happened to the *Times*. Unhappily, there are others whose livelihoods or families depend on their staying in Poland, who will have to walk carefully."

(The analogy is not perfect, but in my attempt to explore the reign of the often moody and irascible Rosenthal I have frequently found myself facing much the same dilemma.)

As the sixties began to roil in the United States, Rosenthal was far away, happily ensconced in the *Times* Tokyo bureau. He had discussed with John Oakes, the editorial-page editor, his strong desire eventually to write a signed column about Asia. But for the moment, at least, he was enthusiastically soaking up the ambience of Japan and capturing the essence of that energetic nation in typically perceptive dispatches for the *Times*. Back in New York, however, Turner Catledge was developing other plans for Rosenthal. The paper's popular executive editor at the time, Catledge had grown increasingly impatient with moribund local coverage. Rosenthal, who appealed to him "as good talent-breeding stock," seemed just the man for him to bring in as the new metropolitan editor. In the spring of 1962, during an around-the-world trip, Catledge proposed the idea. As Catledge tells it in his book, *My Life and the Times* (1971), Rosenthal "expressed a reluctance to give up his by-line, and I told him he'd learn, as I had, that as an editor he'd have not one by-line but dozens—one for each member of his staff.

"When we arrived in India a few weeks later, Abe met us and we continued our talks while he showed me around that vast country. While we were staying at The Imperial Hotel in New Delhi, I received a letter from [*Times* publisher Orvil] Dryfoos, telling me, among other things, that John Oakes had agreed to let Russell Baker, of our Washington bureau, begin a humor column. I mentioned this news to Abe, and I've rarely seen such a reaction. He almost went to pieces. His usually cheerful face was deflated like a balloon pricked by a pin. He fell into a terrible state of depression. I hadn't known Abe aspired to a column, but now I did. We both understood that if Baker got a column, no other new column was likely to be started for some time.

"Abe," I said, "columnitis is a worse disease than cancer."

"My jokes didn't help much, but in time he got over his disappointment. He didn't accept the metropolitan editor position on that trip, but after I'd returned to New York, he informed me he would."

Catledge's account is worth pondering, because Rosenthal's reluctance to part with his by-line and his dismay at being closed out of a column are important. The qualities that often make a good reporter—thirst for the limelight, fierce ambition, suspicion, even insecurity—seldom make

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a sensitive editor or good executive. His job, if he does it well, is to sit in the shadows and orchestrate a pack of overweening egos, always subordinating his own as his charges grab the glory. Both Catledge, a courtly Mississippian, and his successor, E. Clifton Daniel, an imperious North Carolinian, provided calm leadership once they had relinquished their by-lines, seldom behaving as if their offices were besieged redoubts. "Abe can be the most charming man in the world, full of warmth and directness," says an associate who has worked with him for years. "But when he's angry—which is often—he yells and screams at everyone." At a management seminar, during a discussion of his problems in keeping the paper straight, Rosenthal emotionally exclaimed to John Oakes, "I know what they [the reporters] would like to do if they could do it. That's not an enjoyable life. I know what they are feeling and saying about me: Okay, you son-of-a-bitch, this is the way you're going to run this paper. Okay, but we don't like it. And that's not very comfortable." Catledge, of course, had little idea of this boiling defensiveness when he brought Rosenthal home in 1963 as "good talent-breeding stock."

Regardless of Rosenthal's rampaging, his achievements since he returned to New York are many. As metropolitan editor, he saw New York City with a fresh eye and prodded young reporters like Talese to poke into all corners of the town and write

about what they saw with the same kind of insight and thoughtfulness that had characterized his dispatches about the people of India, Poland, and Japan. Together with his sidekick Gelb (they were known as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern), he made the city come alive with a series on neighborhoods; a running profile, by John Corry, of a block on West Eighty-fifth Street in Manhattan; and occasional investigative pieces, such as Martin Tolchin's on the sorry plight of the city's hospital system. Previously taboo subjects, such as homosexuality and interracial marriage, were given thoughtful coverage, too. But Rosencrantz and Guildenstern made their biggest splash with the tales of Kitty Genovese and Daniel Burros.

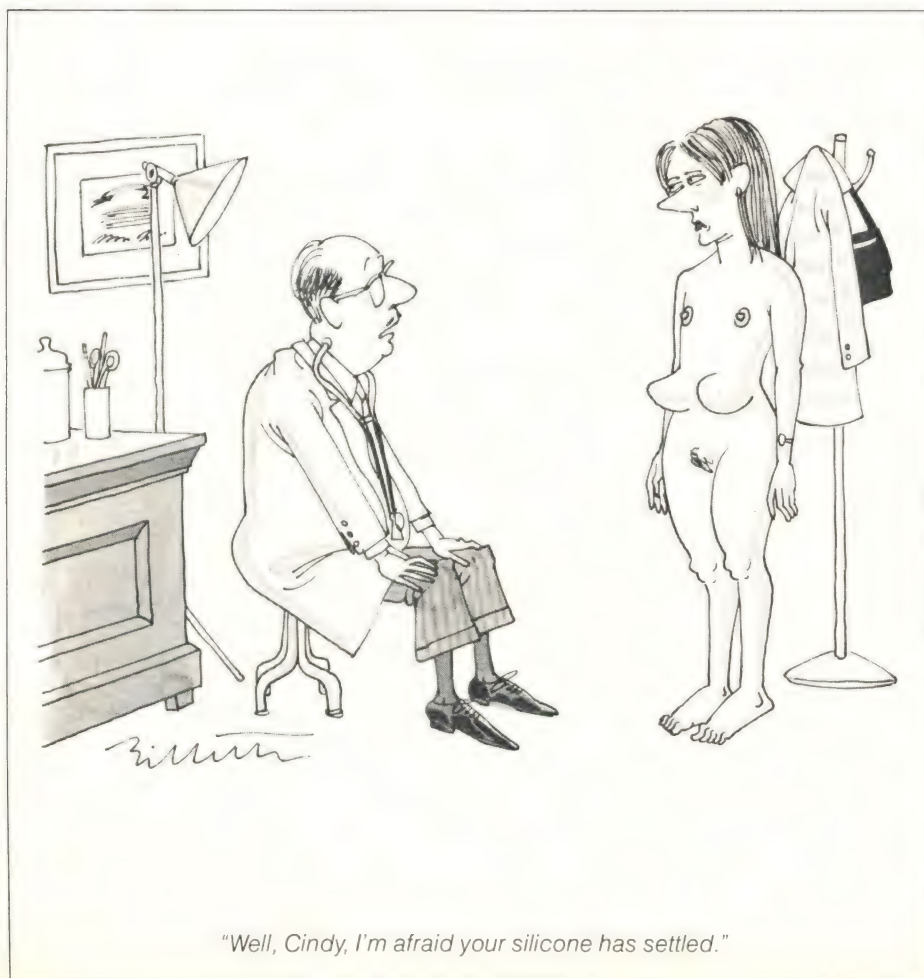
Kitty Genovese was murdered one night in Queens while thirty-eight people in the quiet neighborhood of Kew Gardens allegedly heard her screams but did nothing. Rosenthal seized the story and played it up big as a stark symbol of the apathy and fear that had come to grip New Yorkers. Rosenthal himself expanded the tale into a Sunday *Times* piece and then into a quicky book, *Thirty-eight Witnesses* (1964); in the months following the killing, *Times* reporters returned to the theme repeatedly with stories about life and death in the impersonal city. Rosenthal supporters often cite the Genovese story as an example of his gift for sensing the pulse of New York. His critics argue, with some plausibility, that the

thirty-eight-witnesses thesis was never really proved and that, even if it had been, the symbolism was at best simplistic. As the *Times* itself has often pointed out editorially, the people of New York, far from being apathetic, have done more to help their fellow citizens than has any other area of the country. "The main question for Abe after he became metropolitan editor," says one critical insider who has followed him since those days, "was one of liveliness, not of getting down to basics in a city that was heading for fiscal collapse."

The Daniel Burros story was lively, too. Here was a Jew in the most Jewish of all cities who not only headed the Ku Klux Klan locally but also was a member of the American Nazi party. Rosenthal exploded this story on page one also (October 31, 1965); and when young Burros saw himself exposed, he went berserk and fatally shot himself. The incident reverberated for weeks, with letters both praising the *Times* for exposing a menace and attacking it for plucking the obviously half-mad, pathetic Burros out of obscurity and turning him into a page-one monster he never was. Inside the paper, many—including managing editor Clifton Daniel—thought that the story had been grossly overplayed. But for Rosenthal it was understandably irresistible. Like Kitty Genovese, Burros was a symbol—this time of the ambiguities and difficulties of being a Jew in America. In *One More Victim: The Life and Death of a Jewish Nazi* (1967), a book Rosenthal and Gelb spun out of the Burros affair, they wrote: "[F]rom the moment he is aware of his Jewishness and of the history of Jews he is aware that that history is the biography of the scapegoat, the martyr, the dispossessed, the wanderer, the outcast, the tortured, the despised, or the pitied, the beaten, the murdered—the victim. . . . The Jew as the wanderer and the dispossessed longed for proprietorship but could not achieve it except on paper, and paper is made to be torn."

Rosenthal's sensitivity about his Jewishness grew not just out of history but out of facts of life at the *Times* as well. Gentiles were not the only people who could tear up the paper of proprietorship; other Jews sometimes did it, too—German Jews. For years the Ochses and Sulzbergers who ran the *Times* as a patriarchy hewed to an unspoken policy of never naming a Jew as managing editor. Too much Jewishness at the top simply would not look good. And by-lines did not read "By Meyer H. Handler," "By Abraham H. Raskin," or "By Abraham H. Weiler." They appeared: "By M. H. Handler," "By A. H. Raskin," "By A. H. Weiler." And, of course, "By A. M. Rosenthal." Abraham Rosenthal wanted the managing editorship desperately, but was it hopelessly beyond his reach? Was he in the end, like Burros, "born into a tribe of victims"?

Probably so, had Arthur Hays Sulzberger or his successor son-in-law, Orvil Dryfoos, still been publisher in the late sixties. But in 1963, the year when Rosenthal



"Well, Cindy, I'm afraid your silicone has settled."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Don't tell me, George—you've got another great idea!"





From "The Songs of Bilitis"
By Pierre Louys

PAS DE DEUX

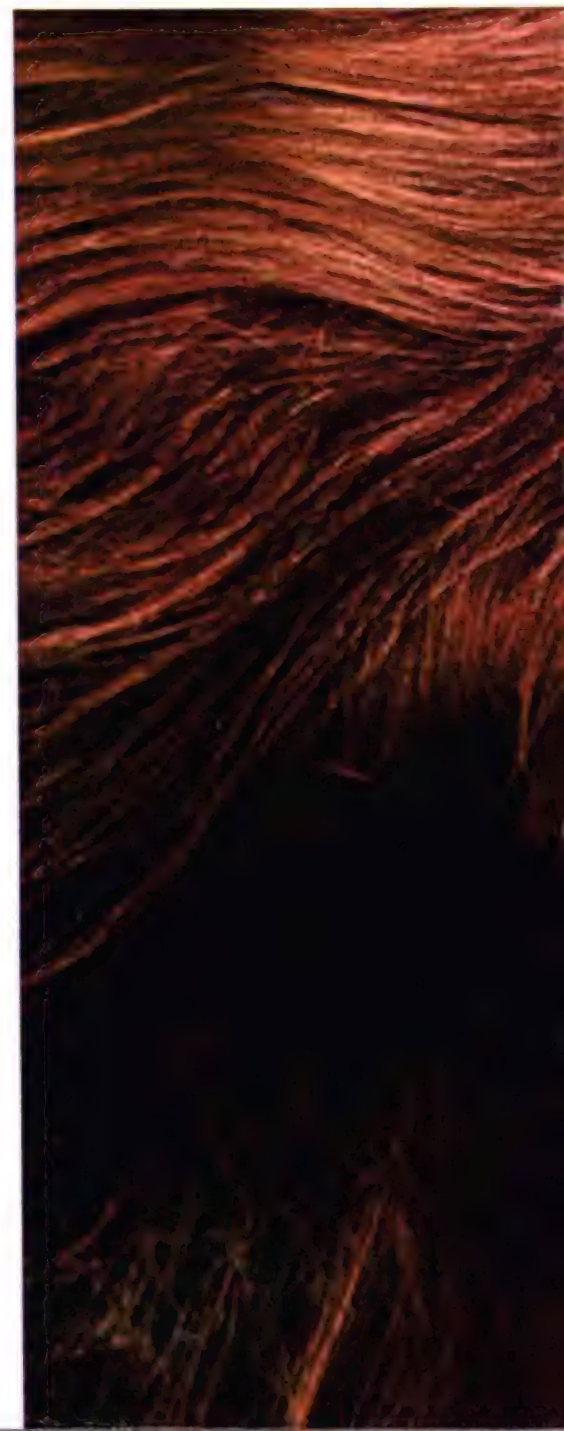
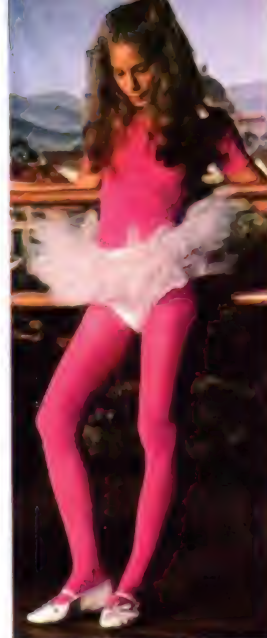
Love me, not with smiles, flutes, or woven flowers, but with thy heart and thy tears, as I love thee with my breast and my lamentations.

When thy breasts alternate with my breasts, when I feel thy life touching my life, when thy knees draw up behind me, then my panting mouth knows not how more to unite with thine.

Clasp me as I clasp thee! See, the lamp has died out; we roll about in the night; but I press thy moving body and I hear thy perpetual plaint.

Moan! moan! moan! O woman! Eros leads us in sorrow. Thou wilt suffer less on the bed in bringing a child into the world than when giving birth to thy love.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



I will kiss, from one end to the other, the long dark waves spreading from thy neck: O sweet bird, captive dove, whose heart bounds beneath my hand.

I will take thy lips within my lips as an infant takes the breast of its mother. Shudder! for the kiss penetrates deeply and suffices love.

I will move my tongue lightly along thine arms and upon thy neck; and I will wind along thy tender sides the lengthening caress of my nails.

Heat, roaring in thine ears, all the rumor of the sea. . . Mhasidika! Thy look makes me suffer. Like thy lips, I would enclose thy eyelids with my kiss.

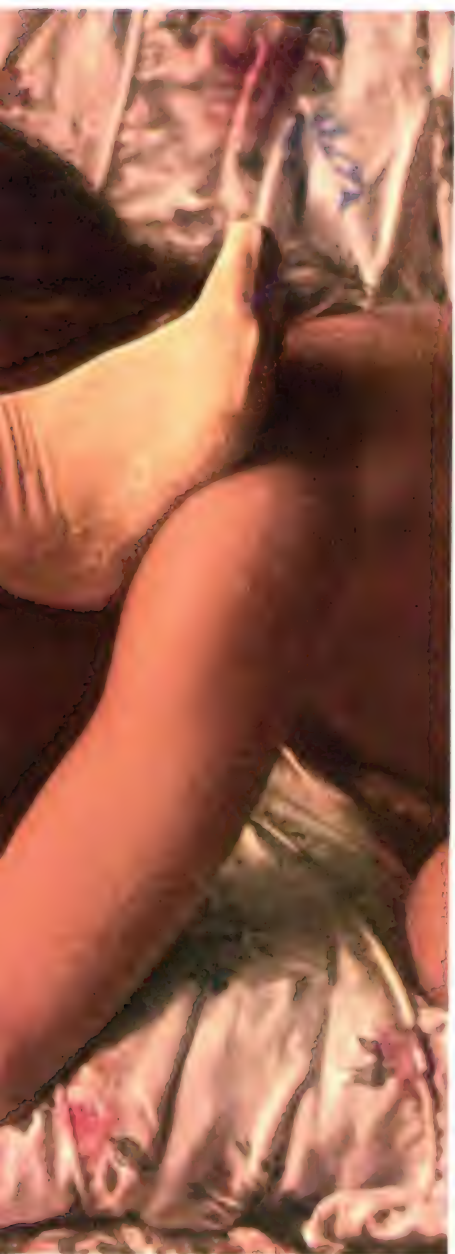


We rest, our eyes closed: the silence is deep about our couch. Ineffable nights of summer! But she, believing me asleep, lays her warm hand upon my arm.

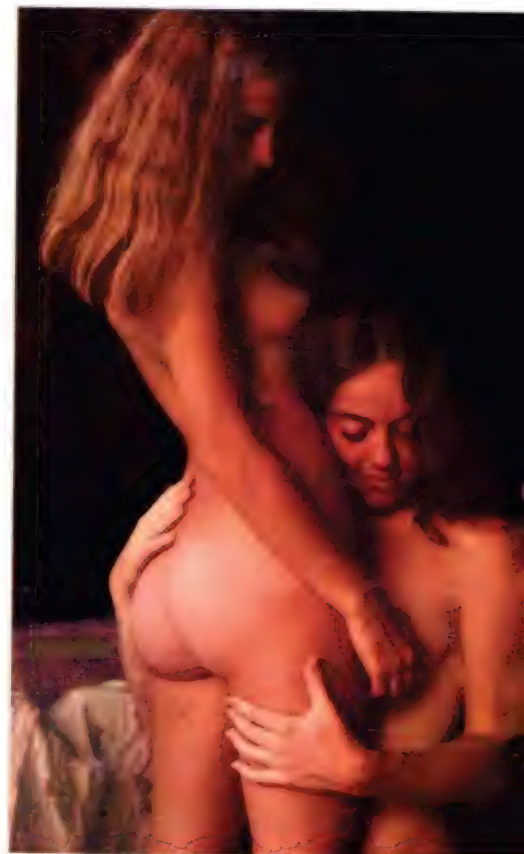
She murmurs: "Bilitis, thou sleepest?" My heart throbs, but, without response, I respire regularly like a woman couched in dreams. Then she begins to speak: "Because thou hearest me not," she says. "Ah! How I love thee" And she repeats my name: "Bilitis... Bilitis..." And she touches me with the tips of her trembling fingers.

"It is mine, this mouth! Mine alone! Is there another so beautiful in the world? Ah! My happiness, my happiness! Mine are these naked arms, this neck, this hair."









Thy lips descend upon my lips. All
thine unbound hair follows them like a
caress after a kiss. It glides over my
left breast, it hides thine eyes from
me.

Give me thy hand, it is hot, Press
mine; hold it always. Hands better
than mouths unite, and their passion
is equaled by nothing. O



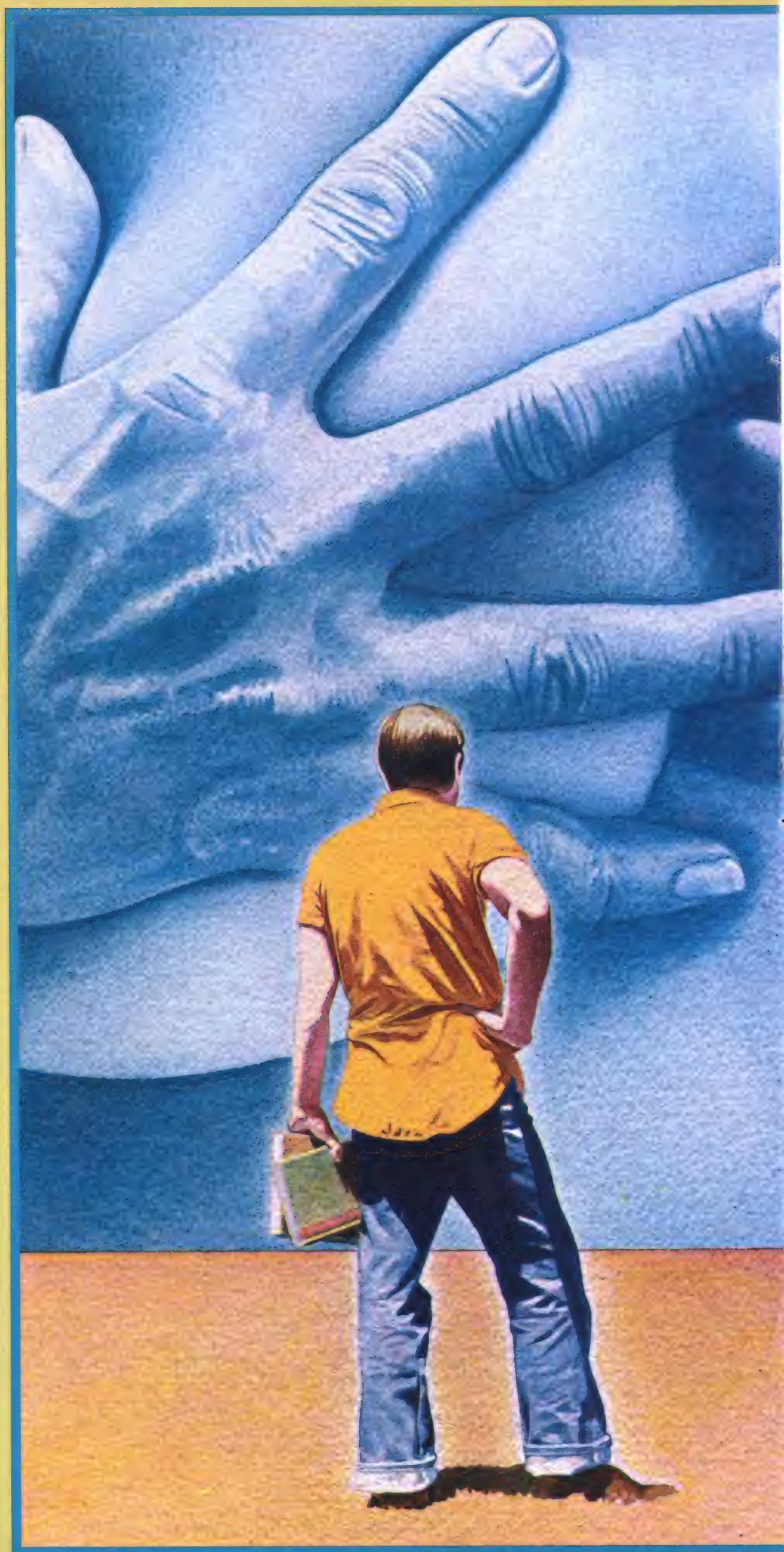


The Professor of Desire

By Philip Roth

The first of two major excerpts from the new bestseller by the author of *Portnoy's Complaint* and *Goodbye Columbus*.

Temptation comes to me first in the conspicuous personage of Herbie Bratasky, social director, bandleader, crooner, comic, and m.c. of my family's mountain-side resort hotel. When he is not trussed up in the elasticized musclemans swim trunks which he dons to conduct rumba lessons by the side of the pool, he is dressed to kill, generally in his two-tone crimson-and-cream-colored "loafer" jacket and the wide canary yellow trousers that taper down to enchain him just above his white, perforated sharpie's shoes. A fresh slice of Black Jack gum is at the ready in his pocket while another is being savored, with slow-motion sassiness, in what my mother derisively describes as Herbie's "yap." Below the stylishly narrow alligator belt and the gold droop of key chain, one knee works away inside his trousers, Herbie keeping time to hides he alone hears being beaten in that Congo called his brain. Our brochure (from fourth grade on composed by me, in collaboration with the owner) headlines Herbie as "our Jewish Cugat, our Jewish Krupa—all rolled into one"; fur-





ther on he is described as "a second Danny Kaye," and, in conclusion, just so that everyone understands that this 140-pound twenty-year-old is not nobody and Kepesh's Hungarian Royale is not exactly nowhere, as "another Tony Martin."

Our guests appear to be nearly as mesmerized by Herbie's shameless exhibitionism as I am. A newcomer will have barely settled into a varnished wicker rocker on the veranda before one of the old-timers arrived from the hot city the week before starts giving him the lowdown on this wonder of our tribe. "And wait till you see the tan on this kid. He's just got that kind of skin—never burns, only tans. And from the first day in the sun. This kid has got skin on him right out of Bible times."

Because of a damaged eardrum, our drawing card—as it pleases Herbie to call himself, particularly into the teeth of my mother's disapproval—is with us throughout the Second World War. On-going discussion from the rocking chairs and the card tables as to whether the disability is congenital or self-inflicted. The suggestion that something other than Mother Nature might have rendered Herbie unfit to fight Tojo, Mussolini, and Hitler—well, I am outraged, personally mortified by the very idea. Yet, how tantalizing to imagine Herbie taking a hatpin or a toothpick in his own hands—taking an ice pick!—and deliberately mutilating himself in order to outfox the U.S.A.

"I wouldn't put it past him," says guest A-owitz; "I wouldn't put anything past that operator. What a pistol he is!" "Come on, he did no such thing. That kid is a patriotic kid like anybody else. I'll tell you how he went half-deaf like that, and ask the doctor here if I'm not right: from banging on those drums," says guest B-owitz. "Oh, can that kid play those drums," says C-owitz; "you could put him on stage of the Roxy right now—and I think the only reason he ain't is that, like you say, he don't hear right from the drums themselves." "Still," says D-owitz, "he don't say definitely yes or no whether he did it with some instrument or something." "But that's the showman in him, keeping you hanging by suspense. His whole stock-in-trade is that he's crazy enough for anything—that's his whole act." "Still, even to kid around about it don't strike me right. The Jewish people have got their hands full as it is." "Please, a kid who dresses like that right down to the key chain, and with a build like that that he

works on day and night, plus those drums, you think he is gonna do himself serious physical damage just out of spite to the war effort?" "I agree, 100 percent. Gin, by the way." "Oh, you s.o.b. You caught me with my pants down. What the hell am I holding these jacks for, will somebody tell me? Look, you know what you don't find? You don't find a kid who is good-looking like this one, who is funny like he is, too. To take that kind of looks, and to be funny, and to go crazy like that with the drums, that to me is something special in the annals of show business." "And what about at the pool? How about on the diving board? If Billy Rose laid eyes on him, clowning around in the water like that, he'd be in the Aquacade tomorrow." "And what about that voice on him?" "If only he wouldn't kid *around* with it—if only he would sing *serious*." "If that kid sang serious, he could be in the Metropolitan Opera." "If he sang serious, he could be a cantor, for Christ sakes, with no problem. He could break your heart. Just imagine for yourself what he would look like in a white tallis with that tan!" And here at last I am spotted, carving a model R.A.F. Spitfire down at the end of the veranda rail. "Hey, little Kepesh, come here, you little eavesdropper. Who do you want to be like when you grow up? Listen to this—stop shuffling the cards a minute. Who's your hero, Kepaleh?"

I don't have to think twice, or at all. "Herbie," I reply, and much to the amusement of the men in the congregation. Only the mothers look a little dismayed.

Yet, ladies, who else could it be? Who else is so richly endowed as to be able to mimic Cugie's accent, the shofar blowing; and, at my request, a fighter plane nose-diving down over Berchtesgaden? (And the Fuehrer going crazy underneath.) Herbie's enthusiasm and virtuosity are such that my father must sometimes caution him to keep certain of his imitations to himself, unique though they may be. "But," cries Herbie, "my fart is perfect." "Could be, for all I know," replies the boss, "but not in front of a mixed crowd." "But I've been working on it for months. Listen!" "Oh, spare me, Bratasky, please. It just ain't exactly what a nice tired guest wants to hear in a casino after his dinner. You can appreciate that, can't you? Or can't you? I don't get you sometimes, where your brain is. Don't you realize that these are people who keep kosher? Don't you get it about women and children? My friend, it's simple—the shofar is for the High Holidays, and the other stuff is for the toilet. Period, Herbie. Finished."

So he comes to imitate for me, his awe-struck acolyte, the toots and the tattoos that are forbidden him in public by my Mosaic dad. It turns out that not only can he simulate the panoply of sounds—ranging from the faintest springtime sigh to the twenty-one gun salute—with which mankind emits its gases, but he can also "do diarrhea." Not, he is quick to inform me, some poor *schlimazel* in its throes—that he already had in his high-school repertoire—but the full Wagnerian strains of

fecal *Sturm und Drang*. "I could be in Ripley's," he tells me. "You read Ripley's, don't you?—then see for yourself!" I hear the rasp of a zipper being undone. Then a most enviable stream belting an enamel bowl. Next the whoosh of the flush, followed by the gargle and hiccup of a reluctant tap commencing to percolate. And all of it emanating from Herbie's mouth.

I could fall down and worship at his feet.

"And catch *this*!" This is two hands soap-ing one another. But in Herbie's mouth. "All winter long I would go into the toilet at the Automat and just sit there and listen." "You would?" "Sure. I listen even to my own self every single time I go to the can." "You do?" "But your old man, he's the expert, and to him it's only one thing—dirty! period!"

And he means every word he says. How come? I wonder. How can Herbie know so much and care so passionately about the tintinnabulations of the can? And why do tone-deaf philistines like my father care so little?

“

I must stop
impersonating others and
Become Myself,
or at least begin to
impersonate the self I believe
I ought to be.

”

So it seems in summer, while I am under the demon drummer's spell. Then Yom Kippur comes and Bratasky goes, and what good does it do me to have learned what someone like that has to teach a growing boy? Our -witzes, -bergs, and -steins are dispersed overnight to regions as remote to me as Babylon—Hanging Gardens called Pelham and Queens and Hackensack—and the local terrain is reclaimed by the natives who till the fields, milk the cows, keep the stores, and work year round for the county and the state. I am one of two Jewish children in a class of twenty-five, and a feel for the rules and preferences of society (as ingrained in me, it seems, as susceptibility to the feverish, the flamboyant, the bizarre) dictates that, regardless of how tempted I may be to light my fuse and show these hicks a few of Herbie's fireworks, I do not distinguish myself from my schoolmates by anything other than grades. To do otherwise, I realize—and without my father even having to remind me—will get me nowhere. And nowhere is not where I am expected to go.

So, like a boy on a calendar illustration, I trudge nearly two miles through billowing snowdrifts down our mountain road to the

school where I spend my winters excelling, while far to the south, in that biggest of cities, where apparently anything goes, Herbie (who sells linoleum for an uncle during the day and plays with a Latin American combo on weekends) strives to perfect the last of his lavatory impressions. He writes of his progress in a letter that I carry hidden away in the button-down back pocket of my knickers and reread every chance I get; aside from birthday cards and stamp "approvals," it is the only piece of mail I have ever received. Of course I am terrified that if I should drown while ice skating or break my neck while sledding, the envelope postmarked BROOKLYN N.Y. will be found by one of my schoolmates, and they will all stand around my corpse, holding their noses. My mother and father will be shamed forever. The Hungarian Royale will lose its good name and go bankrupt. Probably I will not be allowed to be buried within the cemetery walls with the other Jews. And all because of what Herbie dares to write down on a piece of paper and then to mail through the government post office to a nine-year-old child, who is imagined by his world (and thus by himself) to be pure. Does Bratasky really fail to understand how decent people feel about these things? Doesn't he know that by even sending such a letter he is probably breaking a law and making of me an accomplice? But if so, why do I persist in carrying this incriminating document around with me all day long? It is in my pocket even while I am on my feet battling for first place in the weekly spelling bee against the other finalist, my curly-haired coreligionist, and the concert-pianist-to-be, brilliant Madeline Levine; it is in my pajama pocket at night, to be read by flashlight beneath the covers and then to sleep with, next to my heart. "I am really getting down to a science how it sounds when you pull the paper off the roller. Which about gives me the whole *shmeer*, kid. Herbert L. Bratasky and *nobody else in the world* can now do taking a leak, taking a crap, diarrhea—and unrolling the paper itself. That leaves me just one mountain to climb—wiping!"

By the time I am eighteen and a freshman at Syracuse, my penchant for mimicry very nearly equals my mentor's; only instead of imitations à la Bratasky, I do Bratasky, the guests, and the characters on the staff. I impersonate our tuxedoed Rumanian headwaiter putting on the dog in the dining room—"This way, please, Monsieur Kornfeld . . . Madame, more derma?"—then, back in the kitchen, threatening in the coarsest Yiddish to strangle the drunken chef. I impersonate our Gentiles, the gawky handyman George, shyly observing the ladies' pool-side rumba class, and Big Bud, the aging muscular lifeguard (and grounds attendant) who smoothly hustles the vacationing housewife, then, if he can, her nubile offspring sunning her new nose job. I even do a long dialogue (tragical-comical-historical-pastoral) of my exhausted parents undressing for bed the night after the close of



"Guess who's hogging the joint."

the season. To find that the most ordinary events out of my former life are considered by others to be so *entertaining* somewhat astonishes me—also I am startled at first to discover that not everybody seems to have enjoyed formative years so densely populated with vivid types. I had not imagined that I was quite so vivid myself.

In my first few semesters of college I am awarded leading roles in university productions of plays by Giraudoux, Sophocles, and Congreve. I appear in a musical comedy, singing, and even dancing, in my fashion. There seems to be nothing I cannot do on a stage—there would seem to be nothing that can keep me *off* the stage. At the beginning of my sophomore year, my parents visit school to see me play Tiresias—older, as I interpret the role, than the two of them together—and afterward, at the opening-night party, they watch uneasily as I respond to a request from the cast to entertain with an imitation of the princely rabbi with the perfect diction who annually comes “all the way” from Poughkeepsie to conduct High Holiday services in the casino of the hotel. The following morning I show them around the campus. On the path to the library, several students compliment me on my staggering rendition of old age the night before. Impressed—but reminding me also, with a touch of her irony, that not so long ago the stage star’s diapers were hers to change and wash—my mother says, “Everybody

knows you already; you’re famous,” while my father, struggling with disappointment, asks yet again, “And medical school is out?” Whereupon I tell him for the tenth time—*telling* him it’s the tenth time—“I want to act,” and believe as much myself, until that day when all at once performing, in my fashion, seems to me the most pointless, ephemeral, and pathetically self-aggrandizing of pursuits. Savagely I turn upon myself for allowing everyone, indeed, to know me already, to glimpse the depths of mindless vanity that the confines of the nest and the strictures of the sticks had previously prevented me from exposing, even to myself. I am so humiliated by the nakedness of what I have been up to that I consider transferring to another school, where I can start out afresh, untainted in the eyes of others by egomaniacal cravings for spotlight and applause.

Months follow in which I adopt a penitential new goal for myself every other week. I *will* go to medical school—and train to be a surgeon. Though perhaps as a psychiatrist I can do even more good for mankind. I will become a lawyer . . . a diplomat . . . why *not* a rabbi, one who is studious, contemplative, *deep* . . . I read *I and Thou* and the Hasidic tales and home on vacation question my parents about the family’s history in the old country. But as it is nearly sixty years since my grandparents emigrated to America, and as they are dead and their children by and large are without any but

the most sentimental interest in our origins in mid-Europe, in time I give up the inquiry and the rabbinical fantasy with it. Though not the effort to ground myself in what is substantial. It is still with the utmost self-disgust that I remember my decrepitude in *Oedipus Rex*, my impish charm in *Finian’s Rainbow*—all that cloying *acting*! Enough frivolity and manic showing off! At twenty I must stop impersonating others and Become Myself, or at least begin to impersonate the self I believe I ought now to be.

He—the next me—turns out to be a sober, solitary, rather refined young man devoted to European literature and languages. My fellow actors are amused by the way in which I abandon the stage and retreat into a rooming house, taking with me as companions those great writers whom I choose to call, as an undergraduate, “the architects of my mind.” “Yes, David has left the world,” my drama society rival is reported to be saying, “to become a man of the cloth.” Well, I have my airs and a capacity to dramatize my choices, but above all it is that I am an absolutist—a *young* absolutist—and know no way to shed a skin other than by inserting the scalpel and lacerating myself from end to end. I am one thing or I am the other. Thus, at twenty, do I set out to undo the contradictions and overleap the uncertainties.

During my remaining years at college I live somewhat as I had during my boyhood winters, when the hotel was shut down and I read hundreds of library books through hundreds of snowstorms. The work of repairing and refurbishing goes on daily throughout the Arctic months—I hear the sound of the tire chains nicking at the plowed roadways; I hear planks dropping off the pickup truck into the snow, and the simple inspiring noises of the hammer and the saw. Beyond the snow-caked sill I see George driving down with Big Bud to fix the cabanas by the covered pool. I wave my arm, George blows the horn . . . and to me it is as though the Kepeshes are now three animals in cozy, fortified hibernation, Mamma, Poppa, and Baby in Family Paradise.

Instead of the vivid guests themselves, we have with us in winter their letters, read aloud by my father at the dinner table and with no deficiency of vividness or volume. *Selling himself* is the man’s specialty, as he sees it; likewise *showing people a good time*, and, no matter how ill-mannered they themselves may be, *treating them like human beings*. In the off-season, however, the balance of power shifts a little, and it is the clientele, nostalgic for the stuffed cabbage and the sunshine and the laughs, who divest themselves of their exacting imperiousness—“They sign the register,” says my mother, “and every *ballagula* and his *shtunk* of a wife is suddenly the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor”—and begin to treat my father as though he, too, were a paid-up member of the species, rather than the target of their discontent, and straight man for their royal routines. When the snow is deepest, there are sometimes



"At present I'm nobody's fool."

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A. MAGEE

Heroin addiction
is no longer simply a ghetto problem.
Middle America is
shooting up, and we are in the midst of an

EPIDEMIC!

 I woke me up in the middle of the night. The cat in my guts. Clawing at my belly. Digging deeper every minute. I pulled the covers over my head and curled into a tight ball of pain. My watch glared at me in the dark. Only ten hours since my last fix. No, dammit! I'm off shit for good. I ain't gonna be no junkie no more. My head was on fire. My body was soaked with sweat. My legs shook with a life of their own. My skin hurt. I groaned and pushed my knees into my chest. It wasn't even a day since my last fix!

I stumbled to the john in the dark and threw up until there wasn't nothing left to throw up. Except bitter green stuff. Then the dry heaves shook me. I crumpled on the floor, with my head hanging over the toilet. There was a brown ring around the bowl, where the water stopped, that smelled of old piss. It made me retch again and shake so hard I grabbed the bowl to hold me up. I wanted to die. I thought about sticking my head down the toilet to drown, but the stink made me pull back. My stomach twisted into a knot and exploded into retching, gurgling heaves that ripped through my guts and knocked the wind out of me. My throat was raw. My back was breaking. When my breath hit my arm, it burned into the flesh and made me shiver. I hung over the toilet. I couldn't move.

When it finally got light, I pulled myself up on the sink. My face stared at me from the mirror. It was ashy. The eyes was dead. Sunk into two deep holes. Pieces of gray skin flaked off my cheek. Vomit hung on my hair. The face scared me.

I smashed my fist into the mirror. There wasn't no other way. One fix, just to keep me from looking so bad. I slipped into my shoes and grabbed a sweater. One fix. Just to get me through this hell. And then no more. Ever again in life. I hauled ass up the stairs and banged on Bill's door. We was old friends. From back home, when we was kids. We started doing dope together. And got a habit together, too. Many a time

we'd shared our last stuff and hit the street together to scare up the bread for our next fix. Bill knew I was quitting.

"You hurting, man?" he asked when he let me in. I could tell right away he was hanging.

"I can't make it this way, Bill. Gimme some stuff. I'll pay you back later."

He didn't say nothing. Just reached into his closet and held out his tools. "Here, man. I know how it is. You're in luck. I grabbed an old lady's pocketbook with 180 bucks in it, last night. So I got a good stash for today. We'll share today and cop tomorrow."

"No, man." I shook my head at him. "I'm off stuff for good. I only need it to get me over the hump. This is my last fix."

Bill grinned, watching me make my vein pop up hard. He was my best friend, but for a minute I hated him for that grin. I took aim and shoved the needle home. It went in clean. I pushed the plunger down and then up again, jacking off slowly to make the feeling last. A small fountain of blood squirted into the barrel. I pushed it down and up again. Each time a little more blood came up and danced with the heroin, until the blood and heroin were one and slid slowly into my arm. I pulled the needle out. The spot got warm, and the warmth spread. It oozed into my fingers and across my chest. Over my belly, past my knees, and into my toes. The pain melted away. I felt good. I sank into the feeling, like into a tub of warm water. It cradled me. But it wasn't like it used to be. Once it was floating on clouds and soaking in music. Now it just took the pain away and let me breathe.

Later some of the other guys came by, and they was all glad to see me again. Nobody said nothing about how I was gonna quit. I didn't either. We shot up again. One more day wasn't gonna make no difference one way or the other, and everybody knew winter wasn't a good time to quit. I was gonna quit for sure. Very soon. But not right now. This wasn't a good time.—*Excerpts from a junkie's diary*

By Ingrid Frank and George Richardson

All across the nation—in city slums, suburban estates, and small frame houses—America's young men and women are sticking needles into their arms. Shooting shit. Taking a fix. Pushing heroin into their veins. There are more of them than ever before in our nation's history, and their numbers are still growing.

Once heroin addiction was mainly a problem of the inner-city poor. Now it is everybody's problem. Middle America has become infected, and the plague is still spreading. Heroin epidemics have already been reported in Des Moines, Iowa; Eugene, Oreg.; Jackson, Miss.; and other American "heartland" cities that had barely heard of heroin a few years before. Now small towns in Maine, Georgia, Kansas, Texas, Washington, and every state in between report local heroin problems, and it is here—in white, middle-class Middle America—that addiction is rising fastest. Today heroin hurts all Americans, no matter who they are or where they live. Whether they ever touch a needle or not!

The consequences of addiction diminish the quality of life—for each of us. It makes us fear for our children. And for our own safety. It is the reason why we spend billions of dollars on law enforcement, but crime continues to rise. It is the reason why we triple-lock our doors and are afraid to be on the streets at night and why neighborhood stores go out of business and churches no longer hold evening services. Drug addiction is the reason why we distrust strangers and are afraid to help each other. Drug addiction can destroy our society in the same way that it has already begun to destroy our cities. But the nation doesn't know that yet.

In a startling interim report that should have shocked the nation into action but received very little public attention when it was issued in February 1977, the House Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control warned that heroin addiction has doubled during the last four years. Today 800,000 young Americans are heroin addicts—more than ever before in our history. However, Select Narcotics Committee Chairman Lester Wolff (Dem., N.Y.) and others believe that even this record number is a conservative estimate.

Just as devastating in its implications is the Wolff Committee's discovery that between 3 and 4 million young men and women now use heroin occasionally. They are not addicts yet, just users. Chippers who use heroin only when they want to party or when the world seems too much to bear. But for many the partying doesn't stop, or the world becomes too much too often, and then the chipper becomes the junkie and joins that shadowy addict world outside the law, where crime becomes a way of life. It is the only way to support an expensive habit.

How many of today's users will become tomorrow's addicts? Nobody knows. But too many of those who now boast proudly, "I'm too strong; it'll never get me," will wake up one night to find the monkey on their

back. And our addict population will continue to grow.

The nation still does not know how addiction affects the fabric of its everyday life, because no national in-depth study has ever been made that discovers and measures the impact of addiction's many hidden consequences on society at large. We cannot have even a vague understanding of how great the cost of addiction is to society until we begin to examine what addiction figures really mean. To give a small overview of the nation's addiction crisis, let's take a closer look at one American city.

Newark, N.J., is not unique. It shares its urban catastrophes with other American cities, and its addiction problems are matched by those in New York, Detroit, Chicago, and other large urban centers. It serves only as an example of the pervasive social consequences of addiction, which are not yet understood by the nation. A few years ago the Newark Addiction Services Agency estimated the city's addict popula-

Although heroin addiction
has spread into
every corner of the nation,
we have found
no ways to reach the majority
of addicts.

tion to be 20,000. Had the nation understood what this estimate meant, it might have been shocked into action. But it did not understand. Out of Newark's nearly 400,000 people, 20,000 addicts were interpreted as 5 percent of the population. The general attitude was that a 5 percent figure was certainly very bad, but it was tolerable. No one understood it as terrifying. But it is.

Addicts are not young children, nor are they elderly. The vast majority of addicts, about 80 percent of them, are young men between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five. Therefore measuring addict figures by the general population gives a totally false picture. The true dimensions of the tragedy become apparent only when the addict population is correlated with the group in which it most commonly occurs: the young male population.

There are about 53,000 young men between fifteen and thirty-five in Newark, according to the 1970 U.S. Census. If 80 percent of Newark's addicts, or about 18,000 of them, are in this age group, it means that nearly one-third of Newark's young men are heroin addicts. One-third of the city's young men can be motivated by nothing

but the need for their next fix.

How much do Newark's addicts cost their city and our society? Nobody knows for certain, because the necessary studies have never been made—not in Newark or anywhere else. Because we haven't yet learned where to look and which questions to ask, we still have no way of measuring addiction's full socioeconomic costs. But even with inadequate yardsticks, the cost is staggering: a million dollars a day in Newark, according to a report by the Newark Addiction Services Agency! According to the city agency, drug-related crime, law enforcement, and treatment cost Newark \$1 million each day, \$365 million a year. Addiction costs Newark nearly one and one-half as much as does its entire annual municipal budget!

But even this estimate seems ludicrously low, in light of testimony before the Select Committee on Narcotics by Sterling Johnson, New York City's special narcotics prosecutor. He estimates that the average addict needs \$100 a day to support his habit. Not many people earn \$100 a day. If the addict does not have \$100 each and every day, his habit will soak his body with cold sweat, claw at his guts, and cramp his muscles in tight balls of pain. Only another fix can ease that pain, and crime is the only way to get money for that fix.

But goods stolen to support addiction, according to Johnson, are fenced at only about one-fifth of their real value, so that the average addict must steal 500 dollars' worth of goods each day just to support his \$100-a-day heroin habit. In a nation with at least 800,000 addicts 500 dollars' worth of crime per day, per addict, adds up to a staggering amount of drug-related crime each day.

If you have teenage children and they talk to you, you know that narcotics are available and used at their school—as they are in virtually every American school, city or country, from the junior high school level up. Youngsters spaced out or nodding off are common in many classrooms, and student drug problems and arrests are rising in schools everywhere. The head of New York City's Board of Education security force recently revealed a 97 percent increase in drug-related arrests in city schools between 1975 and 1976.

But even if we know the effects on those youngsters who use narcotics in school, we still don't understand the full role of addiction on the decline of our educational system. A little-known survey conducted by Odyssey House, a pioneer in the drug-free therapeutic approach, gives an inkling of the scope of the side effects of addiction on our school system and other institutions. Odyssey House surveyed 2,000 of Newark's 20,000 addicts and found them to be the parents of more than 4,500 children under the age of five. No one knows how many young children are being produced by all the Newark addicts, and no one has ever measured the damage done to a city's already troubled school system when it must educate a growing influx of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Low-tar with that Tareyton plus:

Flavor improved by charcoal.

Charcoal filtration is used by the U.S. Navy in atomic submarines and by NASA to freshen the air in spacecraft. Charcoal is also used to mellow the taste of the finest Bourbons. Plain white filters remove taste. Tareyton's charcoal filter actually improves flavor. That's why Tareyton goes low-tar one better.

Only 8 mg.

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"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."



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

8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



WILCOX

DAVE KOPAY

THE JOCK WHO CAME OUT OF THE CLOSET

Dave Kopay was hung over—but *stoked*, if you knew what he meant. "It's been a good week," he said. On Kopay's lap, as he put away his soft-boiled Sunday breakfast, were five pounds of the *New York Times*, a milligram of which bore the tidings that his book ("Football Player on His Homosexuality," the *Book Review* capsuled) was number nine on the best-seller list.

Kopay, who will be thirty-five in December, leaned back and stretched voluptuously, a lustrous smile furling the dimple creases of his rugged jowls. "You know, stoked," he said. Full of himself, he allowed, would be a sketchy paraphrase. David Kopay was sitting in a booth in Sherrill's, on Capitol Hill, the same booth where he had sat on December 9, 1975, and made a decision. "Homosexuals in Sport," the headline in the *Washington Star* had read that day. "Why Gay Athletes Have Everything to Lose."

It was part one of a series by Lynn Rosellini, who had interviewed several dozen athletes, none of whom would allow her to use his name. In part two Kopay recognized a man, an all-pro football player, with whom he had been to bed. In part three Rosellini was able to quote another gay football player. This quotation would be referred to as "an extraordinary self-revelation" on the jacket of David Kopay's book fourteen months later.

"Not 'amazing confessional,'" Kopay grumbled, referring to the blurb on *Cosmopolitan's* cover. "What's to confess? To whom? I didn't like the picture they used, either."

But the year was at the spring, the day at the morn, and Kopay too stoked to remain resentful. The week's book-selling adventure in Middle America had been intensive and occasionally insulting, as usual, but good things had happened, things good enough almost to make Kopay forget that his motivation for coming out of the closet had been bitchily impeached by Arthur Bell in the *Village Voice*, as commercial and therefore sordid. (In a subsequent letter written to the *Voice*, Bell's motivation for making this remark was diagnosed as "homohomophobia.")

One of the good things had happened at Dalton's bookstore in Minneapolis when Bob and Mark, whose book Kopay had autographed, wished "that you can find the kind of relationship we've had for twenty-five years."

"Then this really sexy lady, with two beautiful kids, asked me to sign a book," Kopay said. "It was Nancy Kneeland." She was the former Rose Bowl Queen who had been an item in the *Los Angeles Times* with touchdown-getter Kopay in 1964, and

now she was pictured with him in the very book that she was buying. "You could have got a better picture," she said. Man, she looked so great," Kopay said. "I was thinking . . . oh, never mind."

Back at the hotel, the balding bellman looked furtively up and down the corridor and then blurted: "Thank you for what you're doing. I've been living with the same man for eighteen years." That nervous little man recapitulated the most recurrent theme in Kopay's heavy, increasing mail:

I am seventeen or sixty-three, a hockey player or a priest. I am a virgin, or I have lived happily with my lover for twelve years. I have known for a long time that I am gay; I want to be gay, and I want to tell the world, and I will, but not right now.

Your book has inspired or overwhelmed me, and I am in utter awe of your honesty, courage, ability to be yourself, openness, or strength. I congratulate you for your candor or envy your fortitude, and I thank you for dispelling the idea that we are all hairdressers or interior decorators who walk poodles with a limp wrist. There is a nobility in what you are doing, or your guts trip me out.

I know now that I am not the only one with these emotions, and I feel that I can cope. But I cannot come out of the closet at this time, because I am a teacher or a guidance counselor or a Southern Baptist minister or an NBA basketball player or a junior executive at General Motors, which is such a fucking uptight, conservative place that nobody ever comes out. I would have to be reasonably sure that I wouldn't lose my job or my friends, who are all straight. . . . You have restored my faith in the virtues of honesty and fortitude, but I just do not have the strength to tell the world. . . . I have long been associated with ACLU re academic freedom, but I am the father of three lovely girls, and I know that public disclosure would cost my job. . . . My mother says she would disown me if I were homosexual. . . . I am making progress toward coming out, but I am active in politics and expect an appointment to a county job. . . . I've told my sister, but my parents hate to talk about any sex subject. . . . I am now happy being gay, but I'm afraid of the rejection that would follow if. . . . My father called me a sissy, and my brother's a big stud; I'm sure he'd never speak to me again. . . . You've helped me to accept myself as gay, but I have a great stake in the Establishment. . . . My bosses know, and it's okay with them, but my coworkers see me as being more effective if I don't come out. . . . I married because of family pressure. . . . I know you

BY JACK MANN

can't hide from yourself, but I doubt I have the courage. . . .

"You see, it's a beginning," David Kopay said. "They aren't ashamed of being what they are or unhappy about it. There's fear of what 'they' will say. But that can be faced; it can be handled. . . .

"I won't wear a mask," Kopay quoted, "... because I am what I am, and I have the need to be. That's where it's at."

There had been more gratifying mail during the week. A thirty-eight-year-old Jesuit priest, "liberated" for two years, quoted a Jewish survivor of a Nazi death camp: "Freedom means not having to lie about who you are."

Writing on her twenty-ninth wedding anniversary, a mother of four boys and grandmother of four more, who is "of a generation when a family that didn't come up with one nun or priest had failed," took a position diametrically opposite Anita Bryant's proselyte-or-perish theory: "If you were [my boys'] coach," she assured Kopay, "I don't think you would any more influence them to your way . . . than fly to the moon, and you would probably be a damned good coach."

"I am not heterosexual," wrote a Fort Lauderdale author who was busy on a book about his affair with a Big-Ten quarterback. "I am not homosexual. I am not asexual, not bisexual. I am, plain and simple, a sexual being."

David Kopay was hung over, plain and simple, because it had been a multifariously sexual, diversely frustrating Saturday night in Washington. As *The David Kopay Story* (published by Arbor House) ascends the lists and its author touches the bases around the talk-show circuit, he becomes eminently visible and illusorily accessible. Even though the all-night drug stores were not selling posters of him, Kopay in May had become a sort of Farrah Fawcett-Majors of the young-and-gay fifth of a nation. (The Kinsey Report estimate of a 10 percent homosexual America is far out of date, even if it was accurate at the time it was made. "About double that," seems to be today's consensus. "But if you mean just homosexual experience," Kopay says, "make it more like 40 percent.")

A considerable minority of Kopay's correspondents wonder, near the bottom line of their letters, "if you're passing through Chicago, could we meet, just to talk?" A few overtures are more direct: "The lady was right; you are foxy." The lady was in the audience in Miami when Kopay appeared on the Phil Donahue TV talk show, and her "question" near the end was Joycean.

"I think David Kopay is such a fox," she said, as Laverne might have lamented to Shirley. "It's a shame. What I mean is I guess I could share him with a man, but . . . but . . . gosh, it's a shame."

On that show Kopay was vis-à-vis Paul Hornung, the Golden Dome of Notre Dame

and reputedly the most heterosexual of the Green Bay Packers during their glorious 1960s. Though Hornung referred to Kopay's "predicament" at the opening of the show, he maintained a sympathetic, even supportive attitude. Cued by Donahue, Hornung's Notre Dame classmate, the two sex objects engaged in an esoteric discussion of one of the principal problems of being a superstud. Hornung nodded agreement as Kopay put it succinctly: "Nobody is *always* ready."

And Babe Ruth, he might have added, struck out a lot. On the lovely spring eve of his *Times Book Review* anointment as an important literary personage, with his credentials established for homo, hetero, bi, or small-group sex and his mind open for other suggestions, Adonic David Kopay had gone home with the *Washington Post* and had awakened with a hangover.

Kopay has no dull evenings, but this one began quietly, with dinner at The Foundry in Georgetown in the company of an avuncular man who had just broken off a long-term gay relationship. ("No, not a lover of mine, but that doesn't mean he won't ever be," Kopay commented.)

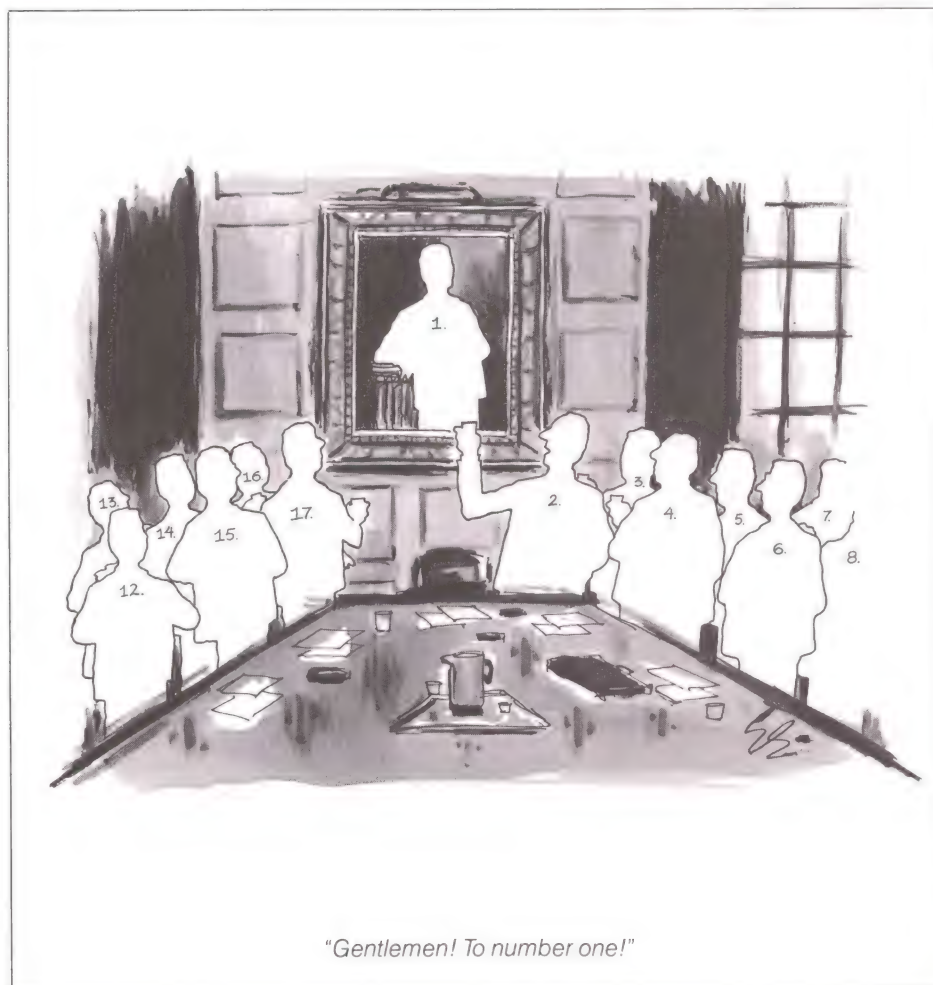
It is mildly troubling to Kopay that the word *gay* is inappropriate and inadequate for the heavy work that it does. Furthermore, after many weeks of reading his mail, all those whimpers of depression and sobs of despair from the very young, very confused prisoners of the closet, he finds that the word has an especially cruel irony. But in a culture that leaves the verb *to fuck* out of its more dignified dictionaries and offers no articulate synonym, Kopay considers the alternatives.

"Queers, in those days," Donahue had reminded classmate Hornung on the tube in Miami, stirring the tzimmes as a good talk-show host should, "were people you beat up." Hornung said that if there were many homosexuals in the National Football League, he hadn't noticed.

"You have to laugh at some of the words," Kopay said. During his good day at Dalton's bookstore in Minneapolis, signing a book for a classmate from his teenage seminarian days, Kopay heard, from a group of teenagers nearby, "What do you want to talk to that queer for?" At a Knickerbockers' game in New York, Kopay was observing a young man carrying his book when he heard his companion say, "Oh, you're reading about that fag football player."

"They're just words," Kopay said, "like *nigger* or *kike*. Most of the people who use them don't understand. So you laugh—on one level. But the words also demean and ridicule. Some people who use them are trying to take my space."

David Kopay does not like having his space taken. He defended his turf credibly enough to survive for almost a decade in the National Football League, and a generation of American males is growing bald believing that that institution is an Arthurian elite corps of hairy-assed, bullet-biting, self-interested masculinity. Kopay hasn't hit



"Gentlemen! To number one!"



BY BILL LEE



THE BRITISH TOUCH:
A new use for the North Sea oil.

Being sneaky is not reserved to presidential advisers and priapic adulterers. Cartoonists also have their moments. Bill Lee, who is our deviate in residence, throws a sneaky fast ball that will drive you out of the box of bright "sunshine sex" into the dark, kinky world of subversive, perverse delights. Come along with *Penthouse* and cop a peek (or a feel) . . . whatever turns you on. Let your finger do the walking through our mellow pages as *Penthouse* presents Sneaky Sex, a game for adults, consenting or otherwise.



Movies are
"bed-'er" than ever.



READING BETWEEN THE LINES:
Popular with the authors of
children's books and spelunkers.



BUS STOP:
Getting there is half the fun.

"I don't care who you are
or what you are, but I take
this train every Tuesday."



THE RUSSIAN DEFECTION:
Nureyev gives great plié.



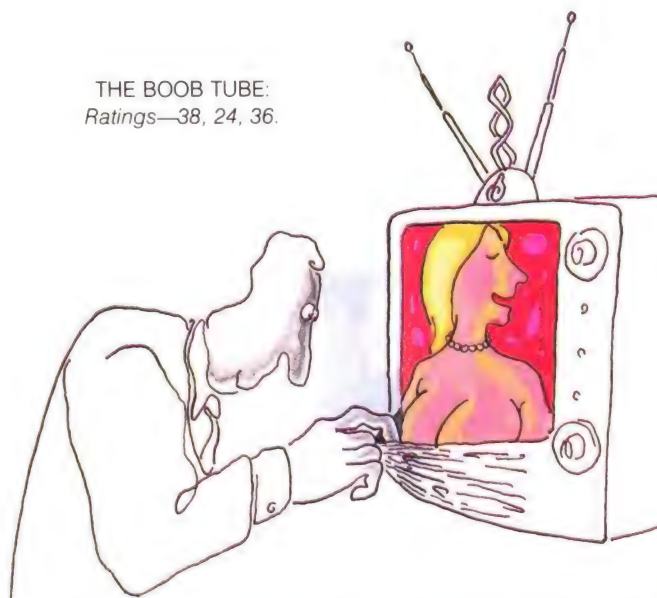
COCKTAILS FOR TWO:
a new use for tennis elbow.



PLAYING DOCTOR:
Tongue in chic.



THE BOOB TUBE:
Ratings—38, 24, 36.



THE CHEAP HIGH:
What goes down must come up.



DINER



CB TRUCKERS' DELIGHT:
"Two smokies on your tail."



DINING OUT:
... and in, simultaneously.

A close-up photograph of a man with dark, curly hair and a weathered face. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. A lit cigarette is held in his mouth. His right hand is raised, with his index and middle fingers extended in a 'V' shape, mimicking the Viceroy brand logo. He is wearing a light blue, button-down shirt. The background is out of focus, showing some greenery and a dark structure.

Viceroy

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



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...than
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Instead of using stronger tobacco,
Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco & a *lower*² 'tar' blend
than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette
with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than
Winston or Marlboro.

1. DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).
2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW 'TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR' (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR'; WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR'; MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR'; AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)

ABE ROSENTHAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

returned to New York, Dryfoos died suddenly. He had been publisher for only two years, and his death left an enormous vacuum in the fourteenth-floor executive suite. Into it stepped Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, son of Arthur Hays and Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger and grandson of the paper's prime mover, Adolph Ochs. Yet for all his German Jewish breeding, young "Punch" Sulzberger was in some ways an outsider just like Rosenthal. In fact, at the time Sulzberger became publisher he may even have been more insecure and unsure than his hustling metropolitan editor. Though good-natured, up to that point he had done little that impressed anyone. His academic record had been lackluster, he had enlisted in the marines, and in various departments of the paper his performance had been undistinguished; he proved a total flop as a reporter and seemed not to have a political thought—or much of any other kind of idea—in his head. Upon becoming publisher, he needed all the help he could get. And A. M. Rosenthal, among others, was ready with advice.

The most crucial piece of it came in 1968 and precipitated a bitter, angry struggle that Rosenthal lost but that, ironically, paved his way into the managing editor's office. The year before, Rosenthal—now an assistant managing editor—had successfully urged the hiring of his good friend, James L. Greenfield, as assistant metropolitan editor to work with their good friend, Arthur Gelb, who had moved up into Rosenthal's vacated chair. Now Rosenthal was pushing Greenfield to replace columnist Tom Wicker as Washington bureau chief. Slowly Daniel, Catledge, and, finally, Sulzberger came around. After all, hadn't they all been looking for a way to bring the long-independent Washington fiefdom to heel? Greenfield seemed a good man for the job. A former *Time* correspondent overseas and *Time-Life* chief diplomatic correspondent in Washington, he had also served as a State Department official. And in his brief months at the *Times* he had proved resourceful and had labored hard with Rosenthal on the dummy of an abortive afternoon paper that the *Times* considered launching at the time. But to the Washington bureau staff—and to Wicker and James Reston in particular—the Greenfield appointment was preposterous. My God, the man had been a flack for the State Department! And for Continental Airlines after that! Putting his considerable capital with the publisher on the table, Reston persuaded Sulzberger to rescind the appointment. Greenfield quit instantly. Catledge, Daniel, and Rosenthal were furious, the latter ranting at Reston and Wicker in his New York apartment well into the night and then waking Reston at his hotel the next morning to continue the tirade. Later that morning, however, Rosenthal saw the publisher at the paper and, as Talese re-

cords it, "in the spirit of two men who had shared a sadness, they embraced and walked together into Sulzberger's office." Catledge, too, made his peace with Sulzberger, and even Greenfield eventually returned to the paper. But Daniel, stiff-necked as always, simmered for months about the affront to his authority and barely spoke to Sulzberger. Punch Sulzberger is a nice guy. But, as he told one of his closest associates once: "I hate to have them force me into a corner; but if they do, watch out!" In the fall of 1969, Rosenthal succeeded Daniel as managing editor.

Rosenthal continued his empire building in the years that followed and continued to improve the paper, too. In 1971 Daniel Ellsberg handed Neil Sheehan the Pentagon Papers, and in June of that year Rosenthal oversaw their publication, with justifiable pride. A good number of prizes, all well deserved, flowed to the *Times*, and Rosenthal happily bounced around the country, accepting them. These cere-

“The *Times*
can break anyone,”
said one new editor,
“no matter how much
piss and vinegar you
go in with.”

monies were duly recorded the next day in the *Times*. In Philadelphia on October 20, for example, Rosenthal was awarded the Associated Press Managing Editors Association's Freedom of Information Citation. Daniel Ellsberg was on hand, too, for a panel discussion. Ellsberg's remarks, however, rated eighteen lines in the middle of a thirteen-paragraph story the next day. Rosenthal and the citation took up the first four paragraphs. On December 10 Ellsberg received the Tom Paine Award of the National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee at a dinner which 1,500 persons attended and which he spoke for an hour at. Nary a line appeared about the event, though three days later Sheehan rated a picture and eleven paragraphs after receiving the first annual Drew Pearson Award for his work. "You have to understand Abe," says one veteran Rosenthal watcher. "He dies for credit, especially the Pulitzer."

The *Times* got one for the Pentagon Papers but not for Watergate. That one went to the *Washington Post*, whose Woodward and Bernstein drove Rosenthal crazy in the early weeks of the scandal. Repeatedly, they scooped the *Times*'s thirty-five-person Washington bureau, which, like

Rosenthal himself, wasn't particularly enthusiastic about peering too closely into such a revered institution as the presidency. "Watergate was terrific for the *Times*," says Halberstam. "There was an incredible arrogance dating back to the collapse of the *New York Herald Tribune* in the middle sixties. Now, for the first time, they were competitive. They got their ass whipped." Only for a while, actually. In 1972, Rosenthal had the wisdom to hire the indefatigable Seymour Hersh; together with others he helped the *Times* score some Watergate beats of its own and brought the paper's coverage at least up to par with the *Post*'s. All the glory and romance adhered to the competition, however. Jason Robards did not play Abe Rosenthal but Ben Bradlee, already executive editor of the *Post*. "Overall," says a Rosenthal friend, "he knows he did poorly on Watergate. He would be very frank to tell you he's never going to get over it."

Having once been burned, Rosenthal now is more willing to tackle formerly sacred subjects. Hersh's presence in particular has helped give the *Times* a certain heretofore uncharacteristic investigative thrust, albeit it comes in spurts. His running reporting on the Central Intelligence Agency probed deeply into that dark maze, exposing, among many other feats of spookery, the agency's penchant for domestic surveillance. And if Hersh's series last year (written with Jeff Gerth) on the shadowy business connections of West Coast power broker Sidney Korshak failed to rake up much new muck, Rosenthal deserves credit for taking the gamble. For one thing, it cost about \$100,000, a lot of money even for a paper with an editorial budget of nearly \$40 million. The once fawning business pages have begun to show some grit these days, too. Rosenthal chose the tough-minded John Lee to replace hand-out shuffler Thomas E. Mullaney as editor and brought in Fred Andrews from the *Wall Street Journal* as his assistant. The financial section is now regularly graced with the informed writing of economist Leonard Silk and labor specialist Abe Raskin. Moreover, Lee and Andrews appear willing (and able) to take on the heavies in the business world. Even Alexander Cockburn, the *Times*-baiting critic of the *Village Voice*, labeled Ann Crittenden's two articles last March on the banking community's tax-evasion dodges in the Bahamas "[W]ithout a shadow of a doubt the most impressive journalistic effort in some time."

Abe Rosenthal became executive editor of the *Times* last January 1; and although he was thrilled by the promotion, it came as a complete surprise to him. In many ways, in fact, it was more a business than an editorial move. For years, Sulzberger and others on the business side had wanted to consolidate the daily and Sunday paper under a single leader. There was too much expensive duplication, too many baronies, too little control. As the seventies got underway, the matter took on a new urgency. The paper's audience was fleeing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

LUCIA

● What turns me on?
The sight of a naked man who
is visibly excited over me. ●



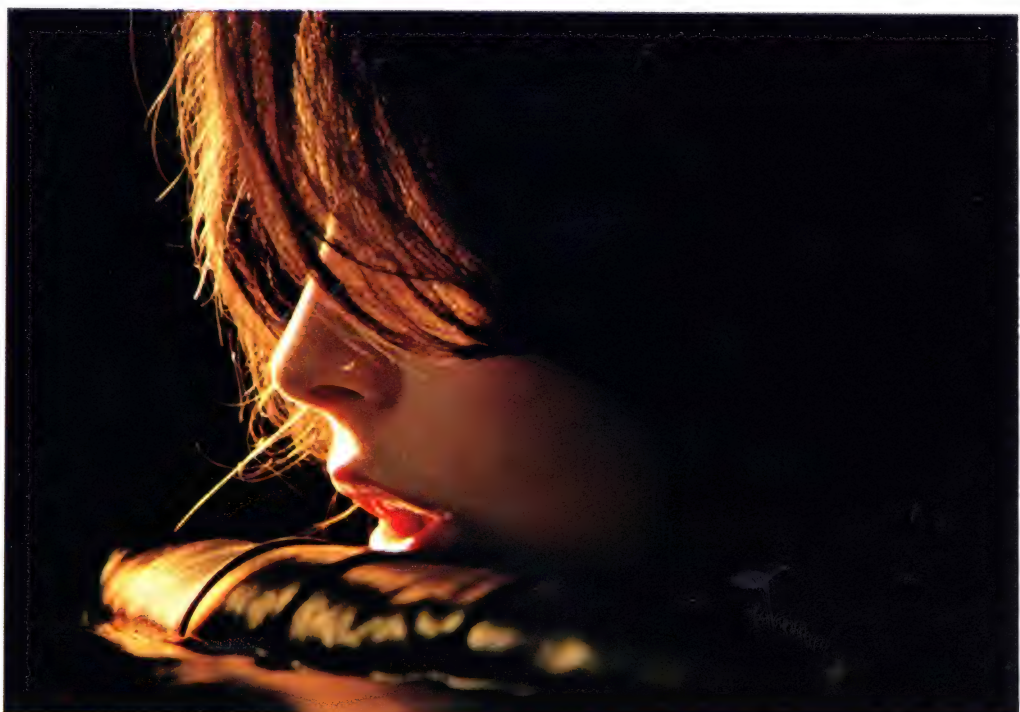
• With a man who excites me enough, I will be everything he wants me to be . . . and a little more. •

LA DOLCE VITA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER SCHMIDT

The word *romantic* comes from Rome, and so does September's peripatetic Pet of the Month. Most days, when she is not running off to France and Greece, long-legged, five foot-seven inch Lucia St. Angelo can be seen striding down the Via Frattina and the Corso on her way to model—stopping, of course, to look in the windows of the elegant shops that line the way. "I think knowing how to dress is very important for a woman," says the 35-22-36-inch beauty. "Almost as important as knowing how to undress!" she adds with the sudden laugh that sometimes breaks through her cool exterior. "My father was Sicilian," she explains, "you know, with the hot temper. My mother came from the temperate north. So my moods are a terrible combination of extremes!"

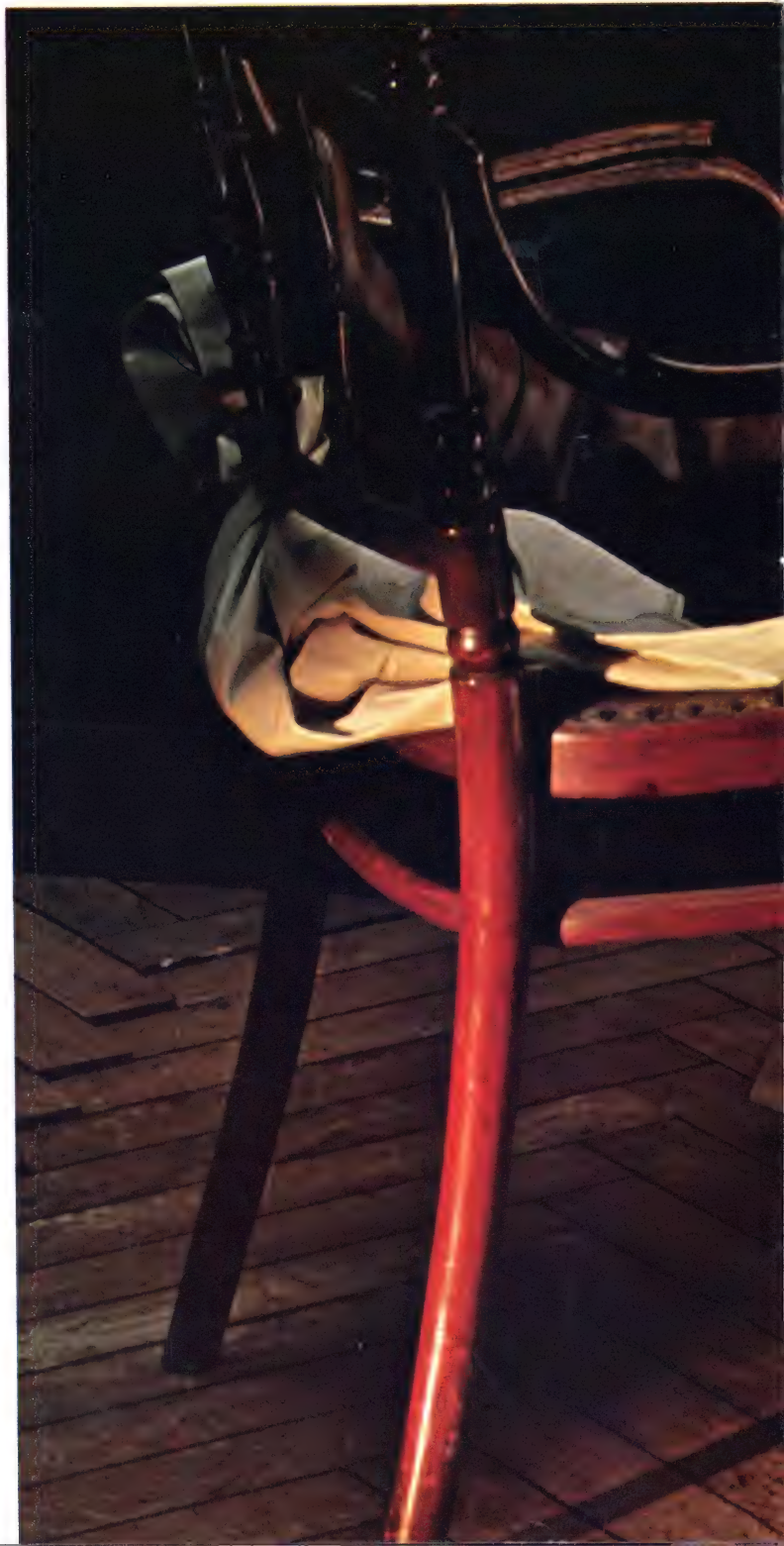




A gentle and affectionate pet once she is tamed, Lucia first meets the eye as a scratching, clawing cat. "I suppose you could say I have a fetish for boots and shoes. High boots, especially, make me feel wicked and dominating, as if I were a lion tamer. Although," this fiery Leo adds, suddenly becoming sweet, "I am the one who most usually ends up being tamed."





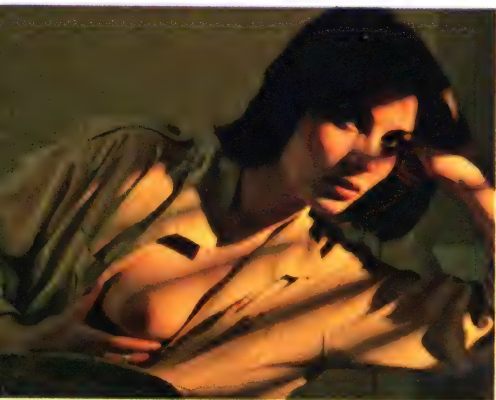


"I particularly like to make love in the afternoon, when my man comes to me to spend his long lunch hours. I close the shutters against the sun, and we lie down together. What turns me on the most? The sight of a naked man who is visibly excited by me. And with a man who excites me enough I will be everything he wants me to be . . . and a little more. I guess there is something quite pagan about my approach to sex. My favorite fantasy is to pretend I am Empress Messalina with 100 well-hung slaves. I try them all, and my man is best."






"I always know immediately when a man is going to become my lover. Our eyes meet, and there is a spark I feel inside. Like a sleeping volcano, I smolder until my fire is lit by the heat of the man I love. I begin to feel the rumbles of sexual excitement deep within me. It builds until I—we, my lover and I—erupt! Yes! We erupt together. And then the hot lava flows from us both. But do not think that one explosion ends the tremors. There is a moment of rest, and the fires begin anew. There are enough eruptions to make Rome like Pompeii."







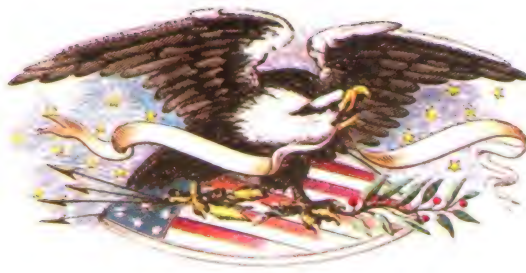
"One night my lover and I threw coins in an ancient Roman well, and later my wish came true. After racing about in his Ferrari, we stopped and sneaked inside the walls of the Forum. The warm night breeze was blowing my dress up into the air. Gian Carlo was more excited than I had ever seen him before. This made it doubly exciting for me. I felt strangely suspended. My body was moist, ready to explode, and then, right there, in the darkness, we made wild, abandoned love by the ruins of the Temple of the Vestal Virgins. That night, I seemed to be in the presence of the gods." When in Rome . . . 



MISS LUCIA ST. ANGELO/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since the announcement on March 28, 1977, of President Carter's program for the review of certain administrative discharges awarded during the Vietnam era—August 4, 1964, through March 28, 1973—the response from eligible veterans has been remarkably light. From *Penthouse's* discussion with those responsible for managing the Special Discharge Review Program, it appears that the lack of response on the part of eligible Vietnam veterans is due as much to their lack of knowledge about what the program does or does not do as to a belief that it is one and the same as President Ford's Clemency Review Program.

Penthouse has reservations about some omissions in the announced program and about recent congressional initiatives to deny automatic veterans' benefits for those whose discharges are upgraded. However, from results to date, it does appear that the review boards are exercising compassion and common sense in deciding judgment-call cases in favor of the individual veteran. At present, 90 percent of those cases not within the automatic upgrading criteria have been favorably considered by review boards.

For this reason, and because *once the door closes on this program on October 5, 1977, it is unlikely to be opened again*, *Penthouse strongly urges the individual veteran who is eligible to have his or her case considered to do so*. It costs the individual veteran nothing to request a discharge upgrade review under this program, and failure to use this opportunity can only worsen the plight of those who were unfairly discharged.

The Joint Liaison Office

To assist the veteran, The Joint Liaison Office (JLO) has been established in St. Louis, Mo., for the purpose of responding to inquiries and processing telephoned and written applications. Former service members, other than those in deserter status, may apply for discharge review simply by contacting the JLO at the **toll-free number 800-325-4040** (exception: in Missouri, Puerto Rico, Alaska, or Hawaii, call 314-423-9120). The JLO can handle fifty calls simultaneously, and the toll-free telephone number is operational between 7:00 A.M. CST and 8:00 P.M. CST Monday through Friday. Applications received by mail will be given the same consideration as telephone applications. Applications made by mail should be sent to: Joint Liaison Office, ATTN: Army/Navy/USMC/Air Force Liaison Team, USARCPAC, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

Criteria for Automatic Upgrade

After applying, applicants will be advised by letter that they may submit additional data within thirty days for consideration by the board. Provided there are no compelling reasons to the contrary, an individual who received an Undesirable Discharge during the Vietnam era will have his or her discharge upgraded automatically if he meets any *one* of these criteria:

- (1) Was wounded as a result of military action.
- (2) Received a U.S. military decoration (other than a service medal).
- (3) Successfully completed an assignment in Southeast Asia or in the Western Pacific in support of operations in Southeast Asia.
- (4) Completed alternative service or was excused from completion of alternative service under the clemency program instituted September 16, 1974.

(5) Received an Honorable Discharge from a previous tour of military service.

(6) Had a satisfactory record of active military service for twenty-four months prior to discharge.

Former service members with General Discharges also may apply for upgrading and discharge review by the board.

Individuals who have previously applied need not reapply—their applications will automatically be considered under this program.

Applicants for the review process who are currently in a deserter status that commenced during the period August 4, 1964, through March 28, 1973, must first return to military control and be processed for discharge. Members whose only alleged misconduct is prolonged absence will be discharged expeditiously by the parent service. It is anticipated that, if the individual does not request trial or board proceedings, this discharge will take place promptly at the discharge point. Any deserter may inquire about his status by telephoning collect the appropriate military department numbers: army 317-542-3354; navy 202-694-2386; air force 800-531-7500; marine corps 202-694-2180; coast guard 202-426-1317.

Eligibility for Review

Those eligible for the Special Discharge Review Program are:

- (1) All discharges except Honorable Discharges and punitive discharges as a result of sentence by court-martial (Bad

“
Once the door closes
on this discharge review program,
it is unlikely to be
opened again. Any eligible veteran
should immediately
have his case considered.”
”

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. 76
LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method

For me it's low tar, not low taste.

Most low tar cigarettes are a tasteless version of something else. Not Winston Lights. Winston Lights have low tar. But they also have taste. If you're sacrificing taste for low numbers, you're smoking the wrong cigarette.



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

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

ADVISE AND DISSENT OPINION

WILL THE REAL ANDY YOUNG SHUT UP!

Andy Young is using the U.N. as a platform for his own views of the racial conflicts of the world, and more than all the other U.S. ambassadors in that job, or even more than any other member of Jimmy Carter's Cabinet, he has a powerful political constituency supporting him. Carter could fire any other member of his Cabinet without losing any major body of voters, but Andy Young has the blacks on his side, and seems to think he can do and say what he pleases.—James Reston, the New York Times.

In his brief career as a diplomat, the Reverend Andrew Jackson Young has demonstrated the fallacy of the adage that honesty is the best policy. Honesty is no policy; it is a tactic—as our painfully honest ambassador to the U.N. has shown, by acting as though foreign relations were nothing more than coming clean. Unhappily, what Andy Young thinks is candor others consider rudeness; but since the ex-civil-rights leader and former Georgia congressman saves his most gratuitous insults for our allies, it probably doesn't matter. If you tell the English they invented racism, they'll probably overlook it.

Andy Young is as close as you can come to an honest person in politics, which explains why honesty is such an overrated virtue. Since Young first came to prominence, in the early 1960s, as a majordomo for Martin Luther King, everybody who has come in contact with him has been impressed by his honesty, his kindness, and his indefatigable good nature. But personality counts for nothing in politics, foreign or domestic. The leaders of other countries didn't have enough to say in praise of Henry Kissinger for eight years. He was



By Nicholas von Hoffman

Contributing editor von Hoffman is currently completing a book, *When Big Brother Was a Baby*, to be published by Pantheon next spring.

profound, scholarly, witty, courageous, adept, and resourceful until the day he left office, whereupon the roly-poly Teutonic hamster was nothing. Personal virtue and talent count for nil; an ambassador is his country.

By the time you read this, Andy Young may have learned this lesson or Jimmy Crack Corn may have had to fire him. Sacking is unlikely, however, because Young is the most conspicuous black person ever to hold office in the national government.

That may have been the reason why he got off with as little criticism as he did, when he allowed himself to be quoted while ruminating out loud about the possibility of a civil war, on racial lines, in America. Had any white American official of high rank speculated to the press about such things, he would have come under bombardment from everyone—including the Andy Young who used to serve a biracial Georgia constituency in Congress. Given this country's legitimate and longtime fear of con-

flict between the races, a man in Young's position has to have his head stuffed with peanut shells to indulge himself publicly in such inflammatory speculations.

Ordinarily, the U.N. ambassadorship isn't a bad place for a not overly bright but terribly sincere and politically useful person. From the mid-1950s on, the United States has avoided the U.N., preferring, as more and more nonstooge countries were admitted into membership, a world network of military treaties outside the purlieu of the organization. By the time President Jimmy Peanut had offered Young the job, Young's friends were begging him not to take it. It was, they stressed, too unimportant a post.

• Andy Young doesn't know that you don't
have to be loud to be honest, anymore than he understands
that high office isn't for self-expression. •

The organization's very unimportance also gives its ambassador a freedom that a president couldn't dare give our ambassador to Moscow. America doesn't expect to win U.N. votes. We don't use the U.N. as a means for negotiation. We don't need it for anything much. So if our man there wants to pop off, what's to lose? It's a podium, a way to address the world. But, as Pat Moynihan was the first to realize, it's also a great pulpit from which to address America (or at least New York). And Moynihan's black-baiting, pro-Israel pyrotechnics got him elected to the Senate.

Young may have realized what you could do with the job after studying Moynihan's performance. If that's why he accepted it, some of those shucked shells inside his skull may have more peanuts in them than some of us have given him credit for. In any event, he has copied Moynihan's exploitation of the job and has made himself even more famous than Pat, whose innuendos said that the time had come for us to stand up to the Commie-dominated Africans with their cannibal commissar dictators.

Since taking over the job, Young has gotten off some nuggets that would do Moynihan proud, such as the time he said that "the First Amendment has got to be clarified by the Supreme Court in the light of the power of the mass media." Even the nambie-pambies at the *New York Times* were moved to call his plug for press censorship "hasty and pernicious." In fact, it was probably more hasty than it was pernicious, because Young is a convinced believer in democracy.

He loves to wave his mouth around, however. His ministerial training could account for his well-intentioned imprecision of language. Only a preacher from one of the softer schools of theology would say of what he's doing in his job, "I am just trying to make the American people think about the world in creative terms, because we've got to be part of it." Meaningless, ministerial mush.

If he doesn't stop talking, however, he may create something more worrisome than creative-world-think. Their elevated motives notwithstanding, Young and Carter are behaving as though they can treat Africa as a safe moral gymnasium wherein they both can exercise their respective needs to act righteous. The implicit message is that while insistence on

human rights is impractical in such strategically sensitive nations as South Korea, it's safe for these two sincere spreaders of the word to gambol about the previously Dark Continent, conferring freedom on all. With the all-black countries of Africa, such a policy is reckless to the point of danger. But in Rhodesia and South Africa, where the whites are the ones who do the dictating to the blacks, the possible consequences—to us—of Young's playing John the Baptist to Jimmy Jesus are rather alarming.

Between Young's spouting off about Africa and Alex Haley's rather tainted roots—not to mention Pan Am's repeated reminders that all Americans have two countries to call home—black people on this side of the ocean are identifying with Africa for the first time. A vocal and organized ethnic minority can be next to impossible for an administration to resist. The Eastern European lobby pushed the Eisenhower administration into using Radio Free Europe and also pushed the CIA into encouraging insurrections in Poland and Hungary. The uprisings resulted in the deaths of thousands of people, because the United States chickened out when it came to supporting the Freedom Fighters, as they were called at the memorial services. The pro-Israeli lobby has achieved the same dominance over American foreign policy in the Middle East.

Young may have found himself a black-white liberal constituency to direct policy in Africa. The difficulty is that racism is real. What's going to be the reaction in Altoona, Pa., and Melrose Park, Ill., when the white folks there turn on their tubes and see an American-inspired black slitting white throats in Johannesburg?

American encouragement of the liberation movements in southern Africa makes sense morally and politically as long as it's done with circumspection and prudence, two characteristics Young has yet to display. He doesn't know that you don't have to be loud to be honest, anymore than he understands that high office isn't for self-expression, self-realization, or any of the rest of that creative-innovative garbage the gentlemen of the clergy are so attracted to. People with untapped developmental potential and unrealized selves ought not to be proffered presidential appointments. ○✚



The Professor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

as many as four and five newsy letters a week—an engagement in Jackson Heights, moving to Miami because of health, opening a second store in White Plains . . . Oh, how he loves getting news of the best and the worst that is happening to them. That proves something to him about what the Hungarian Royale means to people—that proves everything, in fact, and not only about the meaning of his hotel.

After reading the letters, he clears a place at the end of the table and beside a plate full of my mother's *rugalech*, and in his sprawling long hand, composes his replies. I correct the spelling and insert punctuation where he has drawn the dashes that separate his single run-on paragraph into irregular chunks of philosophizing, reminiscence, prophecy, political analysis, condolence, congratulation, and sagacity. Then my mother types each letter on Hungarian Royale stationery, below the inscription that reads, "*Old Country Hospitality in a Beautiful Mountain Setting. Dietary Laws Strictly Observed. Your Proprietors, Abe and Belle Kepesh.*"

Before she met my father on a vacation in these very hills—he was then twenty-one and without a calling, spending the summer as a short-order cook—she worked for her first three years out of high school as a legal secretary. As legend has it, she had been a meticulous, conscientious young woman of astounding competence, who all but lived to serve the patrician Wall Street lawyers who employed her, men whose stature—moral and physical—she will in fact speak of reverentially until she dies. Her Mr. Clark, a grandson of the firm's founder, continues sending her birthday greetings by telegram even after he retires to Arizona, and every year, with the telegram in her hand, she says to my balding father and to little me, "Oh, he was such a tall and handsome man. And so dignified. I can still remember how he stood up at his desk when I came into his office to be interviewed for the job. I don't think I'll ever forget that posture of his." But as it happened it was a burly, hirsute man, with a strong, prominent cask of a chest, Popeye's biceps, and no class credentials, who saw her leaning on a piano singing "Amapola" with a group of vacationers up from the city and promptly said to himself, "I'm going to marry that girl." Her hair and her eyes were so dark, and her legs and bosom so round and "well developed" that he thought at first she might actually be Spanish. And the besetting passion for impeccability that had endeared her so to the junior Mr. Clark only caused her to be all the more alluring to the energetic young go-getter with not a little of the slave driver in his own driven, slavish soul.

Unfortunately, once she marries, the qualities that had made her the Gentile boss's treasure bring her very nearly to the brink of nervous collapse by the end of

each summer—for even in a small family-run hotel like ours there is always a complaint to be investigated, an employee to be watched, linens to be counted, food to be tasted, accounts to be tallied . . . on and on and on it goes, and, alas, she can never leave a job to the person supposed to be doing it, not when she discovers that it is not being Done Right. Only in the winter, when my father and I assume the unlikely roles of Clark *père* and *fils* and she sits in perfect typing posture at the big black Remington Noiseless, precisely indenting his garrulous replies, do I get a glimpse of the demure and happy little *señorita* with whom he had fallen in love at first sight.

Sometimes after dinner she even invites me, a grade-school child, to pretend that I am an executive and to dictate a letter to her so that she can show me the magic of her shorthand. "You own a shipping company," she tells me, though in point of fact I have only just been allowed to buy my first penknife; "go ahead." Regularly enough she reminds me of the distinction between an ordinary office secretary and what she had been, which was a *legal* secretary. My father readily and proudly confirms that she had indeed been the most flawless legal secretary ever to work for the firm—Mr. Clark had written as much to him in a letter of congratulation on the occasion of their engagement. Then one winter, when apparently I am of age, she teaches me to type. No one before or since has ever

taught me anything with so much innocence and conviction.

But that is winter, the secret season. In summer, surrounded, her dark eyes dart frantically, and she yelps and yipes like a sheep dog whose survival depends upon driving his master's unruly flock to market. A single little lamb drifting a few feet away sends her full speed down the rugged slope—a baa from elsewhere, and she is off in the opposite direction. And it does not stop until the High Holidays are over, and even then it doesn't stop. For when the last guest has departed, inventory taking must begin—must! that minute! What has been broken, torn, stained, chipped, smashed, bent, cracked, pilfered, what is to be repaired, replaced, repainted, thrown out entirely, "a total loss." To this simple and tidy little woman who loves nothing in the world so much as the sight of a perfect, unsmudged carbon copy, falls the job of going from room to room to record in her ledger the extent of the violence that has been wreaked upon our mountain stronghold by the vandal hordes my father persists in maintaining are only other human beings.

Just as the raging Catskill winters transform each of us back into a sweeter, saner, innocent, more sentimental sort of Kepesh, so in my room in Syracuse solitude goes to work on me and gradually I feel the lightweight and the show-off blessedly taking his leave. Not that, for all my reading, un-



"Costume party, my ass."

derlining, and note taking, I become *entirely* selfless. A dictum attributed to no less notable an egotist than Lord Byron impresses me with its mellifluous wisdom and resolves in only six words what was coming to seem a dilemma of insuperable moral proportions. With a certain strategic daring, I begin quoting it aloud to the coeds who resist me by arguing that I'm too smart for such things. "Studious by day," I inform them, "dissolute by night." For "dissolute" I soon find it best to substitute "desirous"—I am not in a palazzo in Venice, after all, but in upstate New York, on a college campus, and I can't afford to unsettle these girls any more than I apparently do already with my "vocabulary" and my growing reputation as a "loner." Reading Macaulay for English 232 I come upon his description of Addison's collaborator, Steele. "Eureka!" I cry, for here is yet *another* bit of prestigious justification for my high grades and my base desires. "A rake among scholars, a scholar among rakes." Perfect! I tack it to my bulletin board, along with the line from Byron and directly above the names of the girls whom I have set my mind to *seduce*, a word whose deepest resonances come to me, neither from pornography or pulp magazines, but from my agonized and tortuous reading of Kierkegaard's *Either/Or*.

I have only one male friend I see regularly, a highly nervous, awkward, and homely philosophy major named Louis

Jelinek, who in fact is my Kierkegaard mentor. Like me, Louis rents a room in a boarding house in town rather than live in the college dormitory with boys whose rituals of camaraderie he considers contemptible. He is working his way through school at a hamburger joint (rather than accept money from the Park Avenue parents he despises) and carries its perfume wherever he goes. When I happen to touch him, either accidentally or simply out of high spirits or fellow feeling, he leaps away as though in fear of having his stinking rags contaminated. "Hands off," he snarls. "What are you, Kepesh, still running for some fucking office?" Am I? It hadn't occurred to me. Which one?

Oddly, whatever Louis says of me, even in pique or in a tirade, seems significant for the solemn undertaking I call "understanding myself." Because he is not interested, as far as I can see, in pleasing anyone—family, faculty, landlady, shopkeepers, or certainly least of all, those "bourgeois barbarians," our fellow students—I imagine him to be more profoundly in touch with "reality" than I am. I am one of those tall, wavy-haired boys with a cleft in his chin who has developed winning ways in high school, and now I cannot seem to shake them, hard as I try. Especially alongside Louis do I feel pitifully banal: so neat, so clean, so *charming* when the need arises, and despite all my disclaimers to the con-

trary, not quite unconcerned as yet with appearances and reputation. Why can't I be more of a Jelinek, reeking of fried onions and looking down on the entire world? Behold the refuse bin wherein he dwells! Crusts and cores and peelings and wrappings—the perfect mess! Just look upon the clotted Kleenex beside his ravaged bed, Kleenex *clinging* to his tattered carpet slippers. Only seconds after orgasm, and even within the privacy of my locked room, I automatically toss into a waste basket the telltale evidence of self-abuse, whereas Jelinek—eccentric, contemptuous, unaffiliated, and unassailable Jelinek—would seem not to care at all what the world knows or thinks of his own copious ejaculations.

I am stunned, can't grasp it, for weeks afterward won't believe it, when a student in the philosophy program says in passing one day that "of course" my friend is a "practicing" homosexual. My friend? It cannot be. "Sissies," of course, I am familiar with. Each summer we would have a few famous ones at the hotel, little Jewish pashas on holiday, first brought to my attention by Herbie B. With fascination I used to watch them being carried out of the sunlight and into the shade, even as they sipped chocolate drinks through straws, and their brows and cheeks were cleansed and dried by the handkerchiefs of suppliants called Grandma, Mamma, and Auntie. And then there were the few unfortunates at school, boys born with their arms screwed on like girls, who couldn't throw a ball right no matter how many private hours of patient instruction you gave them. But as for a practicing homosexual? Never, never, in all my nineteen years. Except, of course, that time right after my bar mitzvah, when I took a bus by myself up to a stamp collectors' fair in Albany and in the Greyhound terminal there was approached at the urinal by a middle-aged man in a business suit who whispered to me over my shoulder, "Hey, kid, want me to blow you?" "No, no, thank you," I replied, and quickly as I could (though without giving offense, I hoped) moved out of the men's room, out of the terminal, and made for a nearby department store, where I could be gathered up in the crowd of heterosexual shoppers. In the intervening years, however, no homosexual had ever spoken to me again, at least none that I knew of. Till Louis.

Oh, God, does this explain why I am told to keep my hands to myself if our shirt sleeves should so much as brush against each other? Is it because for him being touched by a boy carries with it the most serious implications? But if so, wouldn't a person as forthright and unconventional as Jelinek come right out and say so? Or could it be that while my shameful secret with Louis is that under it all I am altogether ordinary and respectable, a closet Joe College, his with me is that he's queer? As though to prove how very ordinary and respectable I really am, I never ask. Instead, I wait in fear for the day when something Jelinek says or does will reveal the truth



"Why don't you take a couple of days off, Lena? You've had a busy week."

about him. Or has his truth been with me all along? Of course! Those globs of Kleenex tossed about his room like so many little posies . . . are they not intended to divulge? to *invite*? . . . Is it so unlikely that some night soon this brainy, hawk-nosed creature, who disdains, on principle, the use of underarm deodorant and is already losing his hair, will jump forth in his ungainly way from behind the desk where he is lecturing on Dostoevski and try to catch me in an embrace? Will he tell me he loves me and stick his tongue in my mouth? And what will I say in response, exactly what the innocent, tempting girls say to me? "No, no, please don't! Oh, Louis, you're too smart for this! Why can't we just talk about books!"

But precisely because the idea frightens me so—because I am afraid that I well may be the "hillbilly" and "hayseed" that he delights in calling me when we disagree about the deep meaning of some masterpiece—I continue to visit him in his odoriferous room and to sit across the litter from him there, talking loudly for hours about the most maddening and vexatious ideas and praying that he will not make a pass.

Before he does, Louis is dismissed from the university, first for failing to show up at a single class during an entire semester, and then for not even deigning to acknowledge the notes from his adviser asking him to come talk over the problem. Snaps Louis indignantly, sardonically, disgustedly, "What problem?" and darts and cranes his head as though the "problem," for all he knows, might be somewhere in the air above us. Though all agree that Louis's is an extraordinary mind, he is refused enrollment for the second semester of his junior year. Overnight he disappears from Syracuse (no good-byes, needless to say) and almost immediately is drafted. So I learn when an FBI agent with an undeflectable gaze comes around to question me after Louis deserts basic training and (as I picture it) goes to hide out from the Korean War in a slum somewhere with his Kierkegaard and his Kleenex.

Agent McCormack asks, "What about his homosexual record, Dave?" Flushing, I reply, "I don't know about that." McCormack says, "But they tell me you were his closest buddy." "They? I don't know who you mean." "The kids over on the campus." "That's a vicious rumor about him—it's totally unsubstantiated." "That you were his buddy?" "No, sir," I say, heat again rising unbidden to my forehead, "that he had a 'homosexual record.' They say those things because he was difficult to get along with. He was an unusual person, particularly for around here." "But you got along with him, didn't you?" "Yes. Why shouldn't I?" "No one said you shouldn't. Listen, they tell me you're quite a Casanova." "Oh, yes?" "Yeah. That you really go after the girls. Is that so?" "I suppose," turning from his gaze and from the implication I sense in his remark that the girls are only a decoy. "That wasn't the case with Louis, though," says

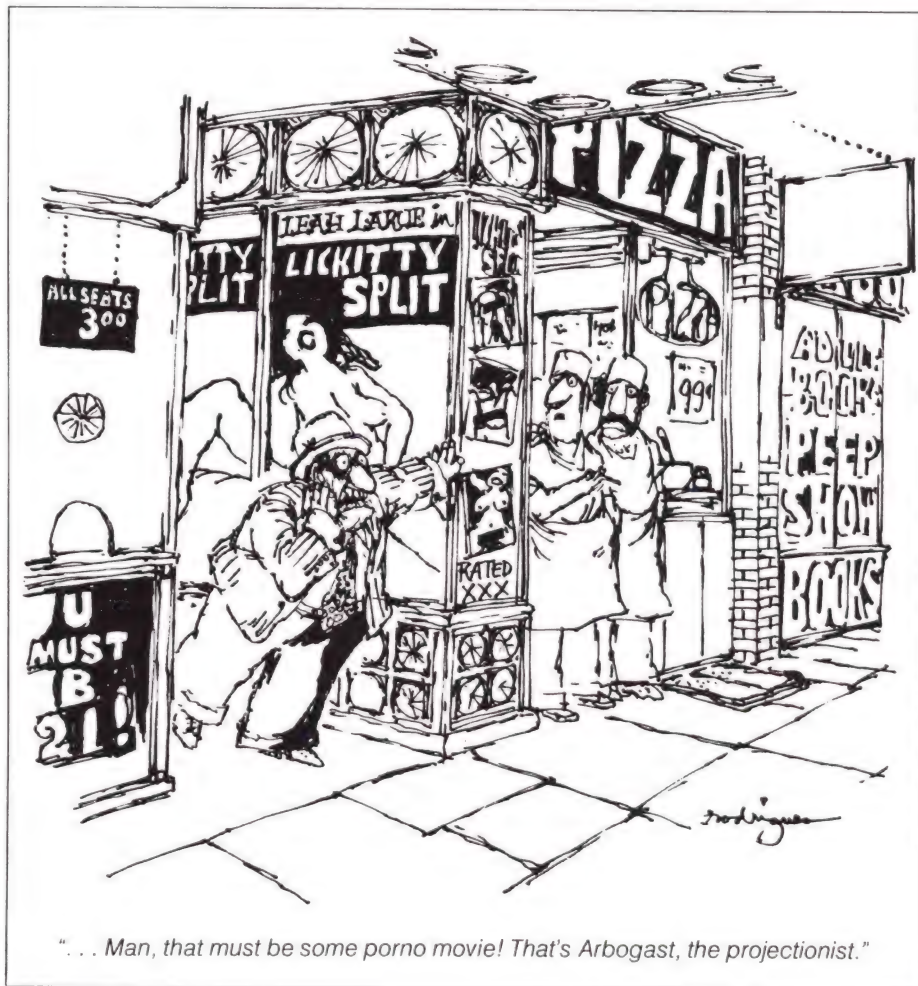
the agent ambiguously. "What do you mean?" "Dave, tell me something. Level with me. Where do you think he is?" "I don't know." "But you'd let me in on it, if you did, I'm sure." "Yes, sir." "Good. Here's my card, if you should happen to find out." "Yes, sir; thank you, sir." And after he leaves, I am appalled by the way I have conducted myself: my terror of prison, my Lord Fauntleroy manners, my collaborationist instincts—and my shame over just about everything.

The girls that I go after.

Usually I pick them up (or at least out) in the reading room of the library, a place comparable to the runway of a burlesque house in its power to stimulate and focus my desire. Whatever is imperfectly suppressed in these neatly dressed, properly bred middle-class American girls is immediately apparent (or, more often than not, immediately imagined) in this all-pervasive atmosphere of academic propriety. I watch transfixed the girl who plays with the ends of her hair while ostensibly she is studying her history—while I am ostensibly studying mine. Another girl, wholly bland tucked in her classroom chair just the day before, will begin to swing her leg beneath the library table where she idly leafs through a *Look* magazine, and my craving knows no bounds. A third girl leans forward over her notebook, and with a muffled groan, as though I am being impaled, I observe the breasts beneath her blouse pushing softly into her folded arms. How I

wish I were those arms! Yes, practically nothing is necessary to set me in pursuit of a perfect stranger, nothing, say, but the knowledge that while taking notes from the encyclopedia with her right hand, she cannot keep the index finger of her left hand from tracing circles on her lips. I refuse—out of an incapacity that I elevate to a principle—to resist whatever I find irresistible, regardless of how unsubstantial and quirky, or childish and perverse, the source of the appeal might strike anyone else. Of course this leads me to seek out girls I might otherwise find commonplace or silly or dull, but I for one am convinced that dullness isn't their whole story and that because my desire is *desire*, it is not to be belittled or despised.

"Please," they plead, "why don't you just talk and be nice? You can be so nice, if you want to be." "Yes, so they tell me." "But don't you see, this is only my body. I don't want to relate to you on that level." "You're out of luck. Nothing can be done about it. Your body is sensational." "Oh, don't start saying that again." "Your ass is sensational." "Please don't be crude. You don't talk that way in class. I love listening to you, but not when you insult me like this." "Insult? It's high praise. Your ass is marvelous. It's perfect. You should be thrilled to have it." "It's only what I sit on, David." "The hell it is. Ask a girl who doesn't own one quite that shape if she'd like to swap. That should bring you to your senses." "Please stop



"... Man, that must be some porno movie! That's Arbogast, the projectionist."

making fun of me and being sarcastic. *Please.*" "I'm not making fun of you. I'm taking you as seriously as anybody has ever taken you in your life. Your ass is a masterpiece."

No wonder that by my senior year I have acquired a "terrible" reputation among the sorority girls whose sisters I have attempted to seduce with my brand of aggressive candor. Given the reputation, you would think that I had reduced a hundred coeds to whoredom already, when in fact in four years' time I actually succeeded in achieving full penetration on but two occasions and something vaguely resembling penetration on two more. More often than not, where physical delight should be, there logical (and illogical) discourse is instead: I argue, if I must, that I have never tried to mislead anyone about my desire or her desirability, that far from being "exploitive" I am just one of the few honest people around. In a burst of calculated sincerity—miscalculated sincerity, it turns out—I tell one of the girls how the sight of her breasts crushed up against her arms had led me to think, "I wish I were those arms!" And is this so different, I ask, pushing on with the charm, from Romeo, beneath Juliet's balcony, whispering, "See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:/O, that I were a glove upon that hand,/That I might touch that cheek!" Apparently, it is quite different. During my

last year at school there are times when the phone actually goes dead at the other end after I announce who is calling, and the few nice girls who are still willing to take their chances and go out alone with me are, I am told (by the nice girls themselves), considered nearly suicidal.

I also continue to earn the amused disdain of my high-minded friends in the drama society. Now the satirists among them have it that I have given up holy orders to take on our cheerleading squad, and a far cry, that, from enacting the sexual angst of Strindberg and O'Neill. Well, so they think.

In fact, there is only one cheerleader in my life to bring to me the unadulterated agonies of a supreme frustration and render ridiculous my rakish dreams, a certain Marcella ("Silky") Walsh, from Plattsburg, N.Y. Doomed longing begins when I attend a basketball game one night to watch her perform, having met her in the university cafeteria line that afternoon and gotten a glimpse up close of that bounteous cushion, that most irresistible of bonbons, her lower lip. There is a cheer wherein each of the girls on the squad places one fist on her hip and with the other rhythmically pumps away at the air, all the while arching farther and farther back from the waist. To the seven other girls in brief, white, pleated skirts and bulky white sweaters, the se-


quence of movements seems only so much peppy gymnastic display, to be executed with unsparing energy and at the edge of hilarity. Only in the slowly upturning belly of Marcella Walsh is there the smoldering suggestion (inescapable to me) of an offering, of an invitation, of a lust that is eager and unconscious and so clearly (to my eyes) begging to be satisfied. Yes, she alone seems (to me, to me) to sense that the tame and harnessed vehemence of this insipid cheer is but the thinnest disguise for the raw chant to be uttered while a penis propels into ecstasy that rising pelvis of hers.

Oh, God, how can my coveting that pelvis thrust so provocatively toward the mouth of the howling mob, how can coveting those hard and tiny fists which speak to me of the pleasantest of all struggles, how can coveting those long and strong tomboyish legs that quiver ever so slightly as the arc is made and her silky hair (from which derives her pet name) sweeps back against the gymnasium floor—how can coveting the minutest pulsations of her being be "meaningless" or "trivial," "beneath" either me or her, while passionately rooting for Syracuse to win the NCAA championship in basketball makes sense?

This is the line of reasoning that I take with Silky herself, and with which in time (oh the time! the hours of debate that might have been spent cheering one another on to oceanic orgasms!) I hope to clear the way for erotic raptures such as I have yet to know. Instead, I have to put aside logic, wit, candor, yes, and literary scholarship, too, to put aside every reasonable attempt at persuasion—and at last all dignity as well—I have finally to turn as pitiful and craven as a waif in a famine before Silky, who has probably never seen anyone quite so miserable before, will allow me to shower kisses on her bare midriff.

Since she really is the sweetest and most well-meaning of girls, hardly cruel enough or cold enough to see even a dirty-minded Romeo, a dean's list Bluebeard, a budding Don Giovanni and Johannes the Seducer reduced to abject supplication, I may kiss the belly about which I have spoken so "obsessively," but no more. "No higher and no lower," she whispers, from where I have her bent backwards over a sink in the pitch-black laundry room of her dormitory basement. "David, no lower, I said. How can you even want to do a thing like that?"

So, between the yearnings and the myriad objects of desire, my world interposes its arguments and obstructions. My father doesn't understand me, the FBI doesn't understand me, Silky Walsh doesn't understand me, neither the sorority girls nor the Bohemians understand me—not even Louis Jelinek ever really understood me, and, unlikely as it sounds, this alleged homosexual (wanted by the police) has been my closest friend.

No, nobody understands me, not even I myself. 

(Next month: *Oh, to Be in London!*)



FLIPPING OUT

Pinball is not just a game—it is a kaleidoscopic cosmic orgasm.

For only twenty-five cents, any man can become a wizard of mental agility, a master of spiritual tranquility, and a hell of a great lay. No mantra is required. The secret is a simple exercise involving only two fingers.

This miraculous discovery works for women, too, is effective at any age, and is available at your local airport or at your neighborhood shopping arcade. As might be expected, the reason why you haven't heard about it is that there is a long-standing con-



spiracy that is being plotted against it.

A cabal of influential fanatics has suppressed the awesome potential of this exercise. Moreover, this particular road to wisdom has been deliberately bypassed and subjected to a vicious smear campaign spanning two generations: Americans have been conditioned since birth to flower into instant bigotry upon hearing the word *pinball*.

Hidden behind a gaudy façade and a tawdry reputation, reviled by puritans and the powers that be, the secret of pinball has been lurking in America's subconscious for more than a century. The esoteric teaching at its core has patiently survived war, depression, and Prohibition. The coiled power of inner pinball has lain dormant for decades, waiting for the signal to strike at our soft places.

Sex, naturally, is the real reason for all this turmoil over a mindless amusement. The bluenoses happen to be right about one thing: something primitive and lustful is indeed at the root of it. Nothing less than the future of sex is at stake, for pinball is even now parading out of the bars and invading our bedrooms.

In the 1930s a now-legendary group of designers and manufacturers in Chicago evolved a device that was similar to today's game. Almost immediately, the thriving penny-game industry fell victim to a crusade.

There was glory to be won in moral crusading in those days. Young, jut-jawed J. Edgar Hoover was gang-busting and red-baiting to beat the band, spawning a whole junior G-man culture. Harry Anslinger was proving the effectiveness of lurid B-movies and tabloid journalism in his war against the killer weed.

In the age of popular evils, pinball was an easy mark for the publicity minded. In 1942 Mayor Fiorello La Guardia of New York made headlines by bashing pre-flipper games with a sledgehammer. La Guardia and his gang buried the game so deep in the statutes that Manhattan remained free from the mechanical menace for thirty-four years. However, antipinball zealots across the country kept the flame alive.

Tommy, the rock opera and film about a pinball messiah, turned the tide of antipinball sentiment during the early seventies. In 1977 CBS took prime-time viewers into a Berkeley pinball emporium for a peek at the "latest fad." The moral degeneracy and mystical experience factions continue to argue the merits of this innocuous device, as the jingle and thump of action grows louder in the background.

The era of the sanitary pinball parlor is upon us. The granddaddy of the new-style establishments—Silverball Gardens—is barely four years old. In Culver City the new trilevel neo-plush Sega parlor is drawing the Hollywood crowd; Ann-Margret and Sally Struthers have broken the macho barrier. The tradition of the two-machine tavern is kept alive in Seattle's university district, at such places as The Blue Moon and The Eastlake Zoo.

In New York City the place to be is Special When Lit. In Phoenix the action is at Metrocenter; in New Orleans the arcade at the airport is rumored to be a testing ground for new models. Across suburbia pinball has been quietly integrated into shopping-center culture.

With the recent decriminalization of pinball in New York and Los Angeles and with the frantic global demand for new machines, pinball manufacturers were the first to note the epidemic proportions of the flipper-game revival. Even the new video games with all their bionic implication are being forsaken by consumers of coin-operated amusement. Bally, one of the pioneer manufacturers, grossed \$200 million in 1976; with a gain of 153 percent, Bally stock was the second biggest gainer on the Big Board that year.

With nearly a billion quarters a year finding their way into pinball machines, the old cries of depravity and un-American idleness are louder than ever before. For the

“If a man is a pinball player,”
says Patty Pinball,
“all the better.
They make better lovers,
no question about it.”

common good, in order to promote general sexual health and greater emotional welfare, pinballers must break their ancient silence.

One can perceive an element of addiction in pinball fascination. As a partisan and, yes, an addict, I must concede that much. I hasten to add that I have found it to be a positive addiction, a soul-soothing, even enlightening avocation. Many of us feel that flipper-game ethics would not be out of place in a Sunday school or the Oval Office. For too long, pinball adepts have guarded their secrets and disguised their special knowledge. In a world crying out for sensible values, pinballism is ripe for demystification.

Unlike *Tommy*, The Who's operatic despot, real pinball mystics aren't interested in secular power. Charisma isn't the game for these gurus. In fact, some of these wizards may look plain goofy to the lay observer. Like the members of many persecuted sects, pinball worshipers often appear abnormal to the outsider who stumbles upon their rites.

Because the pinball creed is unspoken, few people realize that pinball devotion is so intense that the sport has taken on the

trappings of a religious cult.

Pinball theology is a goulash of doctrines: a handful of Hinduism, a pinch of Calvinism, a heaping tablespoon of Freud. Pinballism embraces its own yoga, its own mysteries, and its own highly developed ethical system. For example, after one has taken an awful shot, he may have the overwhelming urge to smash both fists through the glass, reach bloody hands into the works, and personally eviscerate the infernal contraption. This type of demonstration is strictly taboo. It is scorned by competitors, by spectators, and especially by bartenders.

The correct reaction to a bad ball is to accept it without a twitch and to get on with the game. It is supremely humbling to accept the fact that a box full of lights and bells can push a civilized human being to the point of slavering rage. Emotional flexibility is the key to the pinball attitude; no other human endeavor encompasses such a wide range of feeling in such a short time. The heights of delight and the pits of despair are never more than a thumper-bumper away.

It is easy to forget catastrophe when anything can happen on the next ball. An infinite-event horizon is one of the secrets of pinball yoga. Only gravity and human fallibility prevent that silver ball from bouncing around forever. Indeed, some vital part of the collective unconscious must need the myth of the immortal ball. It is the distillation of the same thinking that got us where we are today, bounding around a mechanical maze of our own devising. This realization is what makes pinball players so emotional.

Minisymphonies of emotion surge between the player and the spectators when the ball comes to life. Spectators, however, cannot enter the central passion—the relationship between the player and the machine. On certain rare occasions, human and electromechanical rhythms fall into a deeply satisfying synchrony. Instants spin out of ordinary time, gravity and entropy stand at bay, and a sublime communion of mind and machine comes into being. Inner pinball is a difficult path and a dangerous yoga, but the reward is a new brand of bliss. A unique technological transcendence can be conjured up through the grace of the silver ball.

The rapture of pinball is related to the awe of the astronaut. Inner pinball is a high form of philosophical expression, for it answers the primary imperative of our species: it is truly a noble act to take a tool in hand and create a unity of will and event, with no purpose but the thrill of defying chaos. In the hands of an awakened player, pinball assumes a classic symbolism becoming the paradigm for our time, a non-violent alternative to the bombardiers' ecstasy.

A major shrine on any pinball pilgrimage is located in the special state of mind known as Berkeley, Calif. The portals of Silverball Gardens demand attention even in that



**You know this pleasure is going to last.
You're a white rum drinker.**



White rum and tonic

It's been a day full of joyous discovery, and it's far from over. Because you know how to make the most of precious moments like these.

That same confidence led you to become a white rum drinker long before it became fashionable.

You discovered that white rum gives you lasting pleasure. It makes a smoother, more enjoyable tonic drink than you could ever make with gin or vodka.

And now that the word is out, others are leaving gin and vodka

for the pleasures of white rum. For good reason.

White rum is made smooth and mellow by time. It ages for at least a year, by Puerto Rican law.

Neither gin nor vodka receive the benefit of aging.

No wonder that drinkers are finding that white rum enhances every one of the traditional gin and vodka drinks, from the martini to the screwdriver.

And isn't it nice that you were among the first to know.

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For free drink recipe booklet, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-22, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
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FRANÇOIS-GÉRARD MATTHYS

Like beauty, fantasy is an abstraction that exists in the eye of the beholder. For this reason, says photographer François Matthys, "It would be ridiculous to *explain* the eroticism in my photographs. I could give you ten different interpretations of each one," Matthys says, "but I would prefer the viewer decide for himself." Matthys will, however,

admit that each work is a product of his unique sensibilities—a mixture of dreamy romanticism, surrealism, and perhaps just a touch of sado-masochism. "We all want to hurt people sometimes," he says with a malicious smile. Good art provokes an emotional response; so Matthys's work pictured on these pages speaks eloquently for itself.







Born in France, Matthys (pronounced Matisse) began his photography career thirteen years ago. His feel for color, texture, and the symbolism expressed in unusual shapes soon propelled him to the heights of fashion and advertising photography. His rapid rise can be traced to his visual approach to sex: "A sexual photo must be dreamy. You can feel it without touching it."



Outrageous as one of his hard-edged photographs, Matthys moved to the U.S. four years ago, because "the French are full of shit—they have an inflated image of themselves." Despite Matthys's Francophobia, his photographs are in the tradition of Toulouse-Lautrec.

Says Matthys: "I use ugly people and perfect techniques." After "two long years" in Los Angeles, Matthys moved to New York, the city of his dreams. "I love New York," he says. "There is so much power here, I feel like I fuck this city and this city fucks me."





THE MAKING OF A PRESIDENT

HOW DAVID ROCKEFELLER CREATED JIMMY CARTER

It is touching, and plainly a healing thing for the nation, that a good old boy who swabbed cotton bolls with arsenic in his family's fields, and had his hair shorn with mule clippers, and sold peanuts bare-foot on the streets of a peanut-sized town, may be elevated by grit and wit to the White House, even when almost none of us had ever heard of him twelve months ago.—The Members of the Tribe, by Richard Kluger.

Those words are written by a fictional character in Mr. Kluger's new novel, but the sentiments are shared by millions of Americans. These people would have been very surprised to learn that years before this "obscure Georgia peanut farmer" had been selected by the most powerful people in the world—including the American foreign-policy establishment which Carter so vigorously attacked—as their candidate for president.

Even before Governor Carter first began to get presidential fever, after the 1972 election, prominent and farsighted members of the foreign-policy elite were picking up the pieces shattered by Vietnam and creating the Trilateral Commission, which has emerged as its dominant policy-formulating group.

The commission, which is the brainchild of Chase Manhattan Bank Chairman David Rockefeller, describes itself as "private citizens of Western Europe, North America, and Japan, formed to foster closer cooperation among the three regions on common problems." (Trilateral members are "suspended" from the commission while they serve within a government.) The star-studded list of the trilateral commissioners reads like a "Who's Who" of the industrialized world, including leading corporate financiers, industrialists, academic experts, politicians, and senior media executives from Europe, North America, and Japan.

His folksy, populist image notwithstanding, Carter's path to the White House parallels the development of the Trilateral Commission:



BY ROBERT A. MANNING

May 31, 1971: *Time* magazine features a cover story on Gov. Jimmy Carter and the "new South." *Time* editor-in-chief Hedley Donovan (who is now a trilateral commissioner) was impressed with Carter and not long thereafter mentioned Carter to George Franklin, then executive director of the Council on Foreign Relations.

Late Fall 1971: Carter has lunch with David Rockefeller in the Chase Manhattan Bank offices in New York City.

August 1972: At the Democratic National Convention, Carter, acting as a moderating force between the "twin evils" of George McGovern on the Left and George Wallace on the Right, backs Vietnam hawk Sen. Henry Jackson (Dem., Washington) for nomination.

Fall 1972: Carter announces candidacy for the 1976 presidential election.

Winter 1972: David Rockefeller gives a series of three speeches at Chase Bank forums in Montreal, proposing an organization to forge closer cooperation among the industrialized democracies. George Franklin, North American secretary of the Trilateral Commission, told *Penthouse* in an interview that the Trilateral Commission "was entirely David Rockefeller's idea originally. He was getting worried about deteriorating relations and growing competition between the U.S., Europe, and Japan."

Spring 1972: At the Bilderberg meeting (an exclusive semisecret group of Western corporate and political leaders that has met annually for twenty-five years to discuss global problems), Michael Blumenthal (then head of Bendix Corporation, now secretary of the treasury)—according to George Franklin—"thought things were in a very serious condition, and couldn't a private group bring together the industrialized countries?" According to Franklin, Blumenthal's repeating of

Rockefeller's idea then drew an enthusiastic response from the next eight speakers.

July 1972: A private planning conference was held at Rockefeller's estate at Tarrytown, N.Y., attended by leading foundation heads and academicians. Study and organization efforts get under way shortly thereafter for the creation of the Trilateral Commission.

April 1973: George Franklin, chief organizer of the Trilateral Commission, travels to Atlanta to meet with prospective members. "We were impressed that Carter had traveled to Europe and Japan, opening trade offices for the state of Georgia," a Trilateral spokesman told *Penthouse*.

Spring 1973: Zbigniew Brzezinski (now Carter's national security adviser) is chosen director of the Trilateral Commission.

July 1973: The Trilateral Commission is officially formed, becoming one of the world's most exclusive fraternities. Brzezinski becomes its driving force. According to George Franklin: "I don't know if it would have gotten off the ground without Zbig." Among the leading U.S. members were the heads of the Bank of America, Exxon, and the Atlanta-based Coca-Cola, along with Carter, Mondale, Michael Blumenthal, Paul Warnke, Richard Cooper, and Henry Owen.

Autumn 1973: Carter and Florida Gov. Reubin Askew dine at the Tarrytown estate of David Rockefeller. Present at the dinner is Brzezinski. "Zbig" (as he is known) later said that "we were impressed with Carter." Dr. Peter Bourne, Carter's deputy campaign manager, said that "David [Rockefeller] and Zbig had both agreed that Carter was the ideal politician to build on."

Autumn 1973: Cyrus Vance and Harold Brown join the Trilateral Commission.

October 1973: The first major Trilateral seminar is held. Out of such meetings come a series of thirteen papers on international finance, monetary reform, and politics. George Franklin told *Penthouse* that Carter "was a very active member—he never missed a meeting. I think we have had a large influence; [we've been] his principal education in foreign policy."

October 1973: In a prophetic interview, Brzezinski said, "The Democratic candidate in 1976 will have to emphasize work, the family, religion, and, increasingly, patriotism, if he has any desire to be elected."

Spring 1974: Richard Holbrooke and Richard Gardner join Trilateral.

December 1974: Before a Western economic summit at Martinique, the Trilateral Commission, George Franklin told *Penthouse*, "spent two and one-half hours with Kissinger and an hour with President Ford." As a result, "we think we reconciled the French and American position" on monetary matters.

Summer 1975: The commission releases a report entitled "The Crisis of Democracy." This report, which was published under the commission's auspices (and which was prepared with the very close cooperation of Zbigniew Brzezinski), states that there is an "excess of democracy" in the United States. Unlike "either Europe or Japan, where there still exist residual inheritances of traditional and aristocratic values," the report went on, "democracy is more of a threat to itself in the United States." There are, the section devoted to the United States concluded, "potentially desirable limits to the

indefinite extension of political democracy." In addition, an appendix entitled "Arenas for Action" advocated prior restraint of the press "in most unusual circumstances" and suggested the "courts should consider moving promptly to reinstate the law of libel as a necessary and appropriate check upon the abuses of power by the press." There is no evidence Carter publicly objected to any of the conclusions.

Fall 1975: Carter's campaign autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, is written. Of the Trilateral Commission, Carter wrote: "Membership on this commission provided me with a splendid learning opportunity, and many of the other members have helped me in my study of foreign affairs."

Spring 1976: Andrew Young joins the Trilateral Commission.


June 1976: Carter delivers his first major foreign-policy speech before the Foreign Policy Association. The speech begins: "The time has come for us to seek a partnership between North America, Western Europe, and Japan. . . . These countries already have a significant world impact, and they are prepared to play even larger global roles in shaping a new international order."

November 4, 1976: Carter wins the presidential election.

January 23, 1977: Vice-President Mondale arrives in Brussels on the first leg of a trip to Europe and Japan designed to bring into harmony the policies of the industrialized capitalist nations. Mondale says that the purpose of the visit is to "set the tone" of the focus of the new administration. Whereas the Kissinger focus was a balance-of-power politics based on the U.S.-U.S.S.R. superpower equation, Carter's centerpiece of foreign policy is to be the "trilateral alliance."

March 1977: Carter completes the appointment of major figures in his administration. Besides Carter and Mondale, the members of the Trilateral Commission who join the Carter administration include the following:

- (1) Cyrus Vance, secretary of state,
- (2) Zbigniew Brzezinski, national security adviser,
- (3) W. Michael Blumenthal, secretary of the treasury,
- (4) C. Fred Bergsten, asst. secretary of the treasury,
- (5) Richard Holbrooke, asst. secretary for East Asian and Pacific affairs,
- (6) Warren Christopher, deputy secretary of state,
- (7) Richard Gardner, ambassador to Italy,
- (8) Leonard Woodcock, head of U.S. mission to China,
- (9) Harold Brown, secretary of defense,
- (10) Richard N. Cooper, under secretary of state for economic affairs,
- (11) Lucy Benson, under secretary for security affairs,
- (12) Andrew Young, ambassador to U.N.,
- (13) Sol Linowitz, negotiator for Panama Canal Treaty,
- (14) Paul Warnke, director, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) and chief SALT negotiator,
- (15) Anthony Solomon, deputy secretary for monetary affairs,
- (16) Elliot Richardson, U.S. representative to U.N. Law of the Seas Conference,
- (17) Henry Owen, economic adviser.

Before Carter's election, his adviser Hamilton Jordan said: "If, after the inauguration, you find Cy Vance as secretary of state and Zbigniew Brzezinski as head of national security, then I would say that we failed." Well, perhaps Jordan feels that he's failed. But there can be no doubt today that David Rockefeller and his Trilateral Commission have succeeded in seizing control of America's foreign policy. 

With the advent of the survival look for young men, America's college campuses will appear like the wild, great outdoors this fall. These garments sport hoods, industrial zippers, plaid flannel linings, double-entry pockets, and a range of functional fabrics, from water-repellent, coated cotton to corduroy to wool meltons. The new silhouette is full on top and trim on the bottom, as in the hip-length blouson and the drawstring-waist parka jacket.

Bulky sweaters do more than their share to fill the room at the top in beefy, texturized knits. Completing the silhouette, pants feature a moderately straight leg in two fashion looks: one slightly dressy and pleated; the other casual, with many functional survival details, such as cargo pockets and elasticized waistbands.

When you return from your summer vacation, you will find these additions to your campus wardrobe quite comfortable. You will get the contemporary edge by the way you put them together—with wit, guts, and respect for body ecology.

TOUGH GUISE

The rugged clothes that you'll be wearing on and off the campus this fall.

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO



All-cotton interpretation
of fisherman's jacket
with adjustable side
tabs and wool plaid lining
(about \$150) by Aquascutum.
Corduroy vest (about \$20)
and cotton jeans (about
\$20) by the Lee Co.;
quilted leather boots (\$69)
by Roots Natural Footwear.


(top) All-wool, hooded coat with quilt lining
(\$70) by AKA. Denim vest (\$14) and jeans (\$20)
by Big Smith, wool turtleneck by Banff International,
glasses by Cool Ray; hiking boots (\$65) by Roots.
(below) The all-wool, hooded-blanket, plaid
blouson jacket with drawstring waist (\$70) and
pleated wool trousers (\$65) by Pierre Cardin
Sportswear. Army boots by Wolverine Boots.
Her quilted smock by Unique Clothing Co., boots by
Maud Frizon, army belt from Weiss & Mahoney, New York.



(top) The cotton-polyester khaki military jacket (\$32) and pants with elasticized waist (\$22) by Sedgefield. Velour pullover vest and plaid shirt by John Karl for Charsel. Quilted hiking shoes (\$35) by Verde; glasses by Foster Grant; knit army gloves from Weiss & Mahoney.
(bottom) Poplin rain jacket, which zips up and

reverses to navy wool-knit sweater (\$80), is by John McNamee for Visoni. Wool shirt is Foxfire by Day's; corduroy pants by L.C.L. for Bristol; leather gloves by Crescendo for Christian Dior; army cap from Weiss & Mahoney. Her overalls by More of Paris, New York; wool plaid outer shirt by Pendleton; boots by Maud Frizon.





The lamb suede jacket with wool cable stitch trim (\$145) and pleated corduroy pants (\$32.50) by Nino Cerruti Sport, division of Jayman Ruby. Calf leather boots (about \$100) by Christian Dior, wool turtleneck by Jean-Paul Germain, goggles from Weiss & Mahoney

For information on
where to buy
featured
merchandise see
page 160.

ABE ROSENTHAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

the city, and the *Times* was in financial trouble. Between 1970 and 1975 average daily circulation dropped from 908,500 to 828,000; Sunday circulation, from 1,468,900 to 1,440,104. Worse, advertising lineage during the same period plummeted from \$77 million to \$69 million. The paper's pretax net income also dropped sharply—from \$19.7 million to an extraordinary low of \$4.6 million. Something *had* to be done. The *Times* was no longer the self-indulgent patriarchy that had hired young Abe Rosenthal in the forties or even the same institution that had brought him home to edit in 1963. Once Punch Sulzberger got his sea legs as publisher, he slowly began to purge the old retainers and hacks who had permeated the business staff for years. Dancing to the martial tune of the newspaper's management whiz, Walter Mattson, Sulzberger's hard-nosed executive vice-president, in marched an increasing number of ambitious middle managers armed with marketing strategies and flow charts and eager to participate in the challenging game of management-by-objective: set goals, meet them, get more money.

By 1975 the *Times* as a historic, family-owned enterprise was dying if not dead. It was instead an increasingly impersonal,

publicly owned conglomerate with a television station in Memphis, newspapers in Florida and North Carolina, three book-publishing affiliates, and more than two dozen magazines. Most of these enterprises were comfortably profitable. But the *Times* itself was still sagging; its revenues constituted 66 percent of the company's intake but only 24 percent of its pretax profits. "If the *Times* earnings continue to deteriorate," warned business writer Chris Welles in *New York* magazine (April 12, 1976), "editorial expenses might have to be significantly reduced, which could cut the heart out of what makes the *Times* the *Times* and reduce the paper to little more than another metropolitan daily. . . ."

As a step in cinching up the newspaper, unifying the command became a top priority in 1976. Sulzberger was predisposed toward Rosenthal, but also in the wings was the ambitious Sunday editor and former Washington bureau chief Max Frankel. So the publisher held a runoff, asking each man to submit a memorandum outlining how best to merge the daily and Sunday papers. Even Rosenthal's detractors concede that his was far superior and made him a shoo-in. That, of course, left Frankel an editor without a domain. Sulzberger handled this awkwardness by offering Frankel a consolation prize: editorship of the editorial page. After a certain amount of pouting, he accepted. Thus did Sulzberger neatly dispatch his cousin,

John Oakes, whose liberal editorial page he—and Rosenthal, not incidentally—long had found too "strident" and "antibusiness" in tone.

To try to cure the *Times*'s own antibusiness problems, Rosenthal has dedicated himself to the Gospel According to Clay Felker, the creator of what Jimmy Breslin so aptly labeled "boutique journalism." As packaged in *New York*, the magazine Felker founded, it has become the most widely aped style in the nation: a blend of service pieces ("Where to Find the Best Egg Creams") and slick pandering to the upwardly mobile ("The Art of Buying a Cop"). Besides four special Sunday sections targeted at readers in New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island, and Westchester County, the paper now publishes "The Living Section" (Wednesdays), "The Home Section" (Thursdays), and "Weekend" (Fridays). All this, of course, is aimed at what the advertising salesmen call an "up-scale" audience, readers with incomes well beyond the poverty level. Thus we get page-wide headlines on such pressing matters as "The Artichoke: A Culinary Masterpiece Is in Season," followed by acres of art and type. Or a page-one layout in "The Home Section" announcing "The 70's Message: Fat Pillows." Or crushing news from France under the headline: "Perrier, the Snobs' Drink, Soon to Come in Six-Packs." The *Sunday Magazine* has been Felkerized, too. Shorter, slicker articles are now being commissioned by its new editor, Edward Klein, yet another Rosenthal apparatchik, lured over from *Newsweek*.

All this is paying off handsomely. Circulation for the Wednesday and Friday editions of the *Times*, supplemented by the *Living* and *Weekend* sections, is up some 30,000, and food and entertainment advertising has spurted, too. At the stockholders' meeting last April, Sulzberger happily reported that 1976 revenues had risen more than \$50 million to \$445,685,000 and that net income had nearly doubled over that of the previous year to \$22,327,000. And for 1977 the company reported the highest first-quarter profits in the paper's 126-year history, along with a 17 percent jump in advertising revenues over those of 1976. Says one high-level insider: "Abe has given the fourteenth floor a great big Christmas present, a fruitcake with brandy flowing all around it. It's better than they ever hoped for." A fashion section has been discussed for Tuesdays and—who knows—perhaps even one on knitting for Mondays, with a regular column by Madame Defarge.

Am I too harsh? Rosenthal refused to grant me an interview, but doubtless he would argue that the *Times* is letting its readership eat its cake and have it, too. For while serving *le paté bourgeois* these days, the paper still maintains thirty-one full-time foreign correspondents in twenty-two bureaus and sixty more around the United States, including almost three dozen in Washington. True enough, and the bureaus' work is often first-rate. Rosenthal might also submit that the new sections



"She's not a bad lay, but whatever you do, don't ask her for a blowjob."



NEW 5 SPEED
TRANSMISSION
STANDARD

NEW
WIDER TIRES

NEW LOWER SUSPENSION

NEW FRONT END
SPOILER

NEW IN IMPROVED

Motor Trend
magazine put the
'76 TR7's cornering
power in the same
league as the Lotus

Europa's and the Ferrari Dino's.

This year, we improved it. By lowering
the suspension and adding wider steel-
belted radials.

After the TR7's first year of Sports Car Club
of America competition in '76, it is a divi-
sional champion. This year, we improved the
champion with a five-speed transmission as
standard equipment.

And for those who prefer not to
shift, now we offer an optional
automatic. (Not available in Cal.)

Car and Driver said: "The '76
TR7's strong suit is comfort. The
cockpit is spacious (wider than
either a Corvette's or a Z-car's)
... every dial is visible." Motor
Trend called it: "One of the most
comfortable two-seaters we've
experienced." This year, we've

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solid brushed cord nylon with color coordi-
nated moulded pile carpeting. We've even
included a handy rally light to accommodate

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Last year, the TR7 broke all our
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improve on that, too. But that's up to you.

The New Triumph TR7. The improved
shape of things to come.

For the name of your nearest
Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700.
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TRIUMPH

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TR7

You Need Forum!

Because FORUM opens up sexual communication like no other periodical in the world. And communication is what it's all about!

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aren't entirely awash in treacle. That's a tougher position to sustain, but it is true that occasional pieces do take us beyond "The Art of Bedmaking."

Still, the accent in the *New New York Times*—in its promotional blitz and in the paper itself—is clear. In T. S. Matthew's phrase, we are getting less daily bread and more of a sugar pill. This strategy may pull in some new readers and advertisers, but the price in the end may prove exceedingly high. Most reporters I talked to and several editors as well were openly derisive of the new direction. And the local staff is particularly gloomy as Gelb and Greenfield stretch it thin to do Rosenthal's bidding.

Last spring food critic Mimi Sheraton complained that she simply no longer could turn out the reams of copy that were gobbled up each week by the "Living" and "Weekend" sections. She said that she would accept another job offer unless the paper raised her salary and hired an additional food writer. Blackmail, cried Rosenthal, who ordered Greenfield to yank Sheraton's next day's column and send her home to think about whether she wanted to work for the *Times*. Assistant managing editor Peter Millones, Rosenthal's protégé and batman, managed to patch up the situation and then talk Sheraton back onto the paper, in part by giving her much of what she had demanded. Warren Hoge was not so lucky. Weary of editing duties at the *New York Post*, he joined the *Times* last year with the clear understanding that he had been hired to write. But within less than two months, Rosenthal called him in and asked him to edit the four Sunday suburban sections. Hoge politely declined, saying how happy he was to be reporting again, and went home thinking how well he had handled the discussion. With typical overkill, Rosenthal told his cadre of editors that Hoge had said, in effect, "Go fuck yourself." Over the next four or five days, the stunned Hoge kept getting calls urging him to cave in. Millones explained that if he didn't, he might be fired or, at best, sink to rock bottom on the third-floor shit list. Hoge took on the four Sunday suburban sections and is now deputy metropolitan editor.

At a film screening last spring, I ran into an acquaintance who also happens to be a relatively new editor at the *Times*. He had no idea that I was writing this piece; but when I asked how things were going at the paper, the first thing he said was: "I've given up. The *Times* can break anyone, no matter how much piss and vinegar you go in with." I think of Mary Breasted, who wrote with a special intelligence and edge for the *Village Voice* but who seems to be swallowed up by the *Times*. Or of Les Brown, who was the best television reporter in the business for *Variety* and now regurgitates handouts on West Forty-third Street. In the fifties and early sixties, a job offer from the *Times* was snapped up with alacrity and an almost tangible thrill. Now people hesitate before accepting (Molly Ivins) or, unthinkable only a few years ago, say no (Brit Hume of ABC-TV). Moreover, good people

leave; among the more recent are Robert Wool, Jean Whitman, Nicholas Horrock, Ed Dale, Eileen Shanahan, and Joyce Maynard. And if one goes back a few years, the roster of departures becomes astonishing: Neil Sheehan, David Halberstam, Gay Talese, Robert Daley, J. Anthony Lukas, Renata Adler, Nora Sayre, Robert Lipsyte, Gene Roberts, Tad Szulc, Gloria Emerson, Richard Reeves, Sidney Zion. It would be silly to suggest that all these people decamped because of Abe Rosenthal. Some had personal reasons; others simply outgrew the constricting conventions of daily journalism (which, very much not incidentally, is the conventions' fault, not theirs). But their reasons for leaving are really less important than the fact that, under Rosenthal, the *Times* no longer encourages their likes. As a general rule, mavericks with difficult, often prickly personalities need not apply. "Somehow we have got to be set free to do our best work," Tom Wicker has observed about

One reporter's nightmare:
in 1986,
the top reporting job
at the *Times*
will be that of
restaurant critic.

journalists. But control, not freedom, is Rosenthal's passion.

So much so, in fact, that even the fourteenth-floor management has had to dragoon him into hiring more women and minorities. He is now reluctantly cooperating, largely because the two groups forced the issue by suing to redress the sexist and racial imbalance that prevails on the news staff and elsewhere in the company. Some small progress has been made on the women's front, especially in the new sections. But the journalistic staff remains almost lily white; assistant metropolitan editor Tom Johnson is the only black (or Puerto Rican) who even approaches decision-making status. Roger Wilkins, the paper's most prominent black, wielded a modest amount of clout as an editorial writer under John Oakes; but with the coming of Max Frankel, Wilkins this summer nervously moved into Rosenthal's orbit to write and report about, among other subjects, civil rights. It should be an interesting experience for a man who has observed that black reporters' attempts to record black experience is "filtered through the general racial fantasy locked in the minds of white editors. . . . A whole segment of insight and

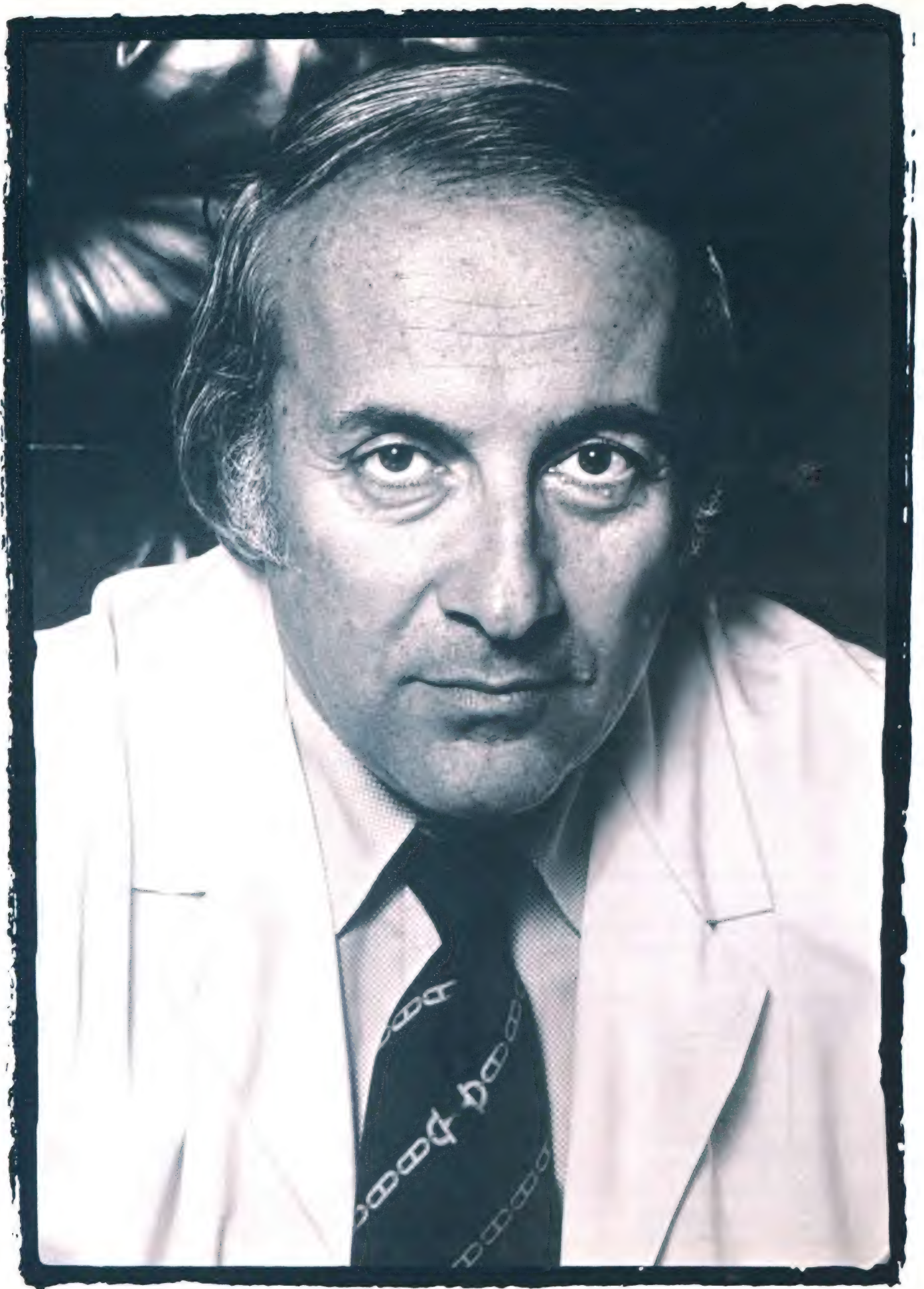
perception has either been excluded from or devalued in the process of developing information that shapes and informs news judgment." Thus, to cite just one of many possible illustrations, hundreds of column inches report the hand-wringing over pimps, prostitutes, and pornography around the paper's skirts in Times Square while Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and the South Bronx fester almost invisibly. No reporters regularly cover any of these areas; yet the *Times* spent thousands of dollars to send its science man, John Noble Wilford, in search of the Loch Ness Monster.

Abe Rosenthal came home in 1963 to cover the city. And for a while his inspired leadership produced a daily paper that vividly captured the "magnificent disaster" that is New York. But with each rung up the ladder, that original mission has faded. Now that he has a salary well into six figures and a spacious, terraced penthouse overlooking Central Park, the reeling city appears more remote than ever. That, finally, is the ultimate indictment of the *New New York Times*. In harness with the fourteenth floor, Rosenthal is publishing a paper that has all but abandoned the city—like the readers it so avidly pursues.

Yes, yes, I know about all those column inches devoted to the Municipal Assistance Corporation, Felix Rohatyn, Mayor Beame, Governor Carey, the banks, the unions, and all the other high-rolling players in the city's game of fiscal roulette. But the paper rarely—if ever—brings home the Dickensian squalor faced daily by hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers. Let them eat, not cake, for God's sake, but cheesecake! As I write this, I have before me *The Living Section* of May 18, which atop page one asks the burning question: "Is Chef Pascal's Cheesecake Lindy's Long-Kept Secret?" Almost two full pages are devoted to this matter and other assorted pastries, including a more-than-half-page picture of the smiling M. Pascal overseeing his goodies. As filler on the jump page for this exercise, a short "Best Buys" item suggests that, even though "[l]obsters are not exactly the seafare of the plebeian," dedicated shoppers can find bargains as low as \$2.59 a pound. And, after all, what's a good piece of cheesecake without lobster thermidor first?

While the South Bronx burns, Abe Rosenthal fiddles with the *New New York Times*. Writing of another context twenty years ago (*Foreign Affairs*, July 1957), Rosenthal explained: "There is a great deal of turning away in India, even more of simply not seeing. There is an explanation: if Indians reacted to all the misery they see about them and of which so many of them are a part, they would find their day-to-day lives shaken emotionally to an almost unbearable point. It is easier to shrug and turn away. . . ."

Of course it is. And we all do it to some degree. But we all don't have the influence and responsibility of the executive editor of the *New York Times*—especially an editor who aspires to the epitaph: "He kept the paper straight." ○ —



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

DR. ROBERT ATKINS

Who knows how much violence
and unrest in modern society are a result of poor diet?
The wildness of adolescence
may be in part the result of terrible food.
You can't handle problems
when you're climbing the walls with
the phony energy of sugar.

The recently announced and frequently amended restrictions on the noncaloric sweetener known as saccharin have led to a mighty outcry from diabetics, heart disease victims, and overweight people who fear a future with nothing to sweeten their lives but sugar—a food which, most nutritional experts agree, is a major contributor to all three ailments.

The attack on saccharin has been greeted with joy by the people who stand to gain the most, namely, the sugar lobby and the manufacturers of foods containing large quantities of sugar, such as breakfast cereals and innumerable packaged and frozen products.

But the sugar people's joy may be diminished by the counterattacks of such men as Dr. Robert C. Atkins, the noted nutritionist. Dr. Atkins believes that sugar is the number-one enemy of nutrition and good health. It is a high-calorie product having no food value in terms of minerals or vitamins. Sugar can make you fat. It can fill you up. But it can't give your body any of the nutrients it needs to sustain it.

Dr. Atkins's opinions are based on his research with thousands of patients whom he has taken off sugar and put on low-carbohydrate diets. He detailed his findings in two best-selling books, *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution: The High Calorie Way to Stay Thin Forever* and *Dr. Atkins' Super Energy Diet*, both published by David McKay and (paperback) Bantam.

The publicity given his books—largely by word of mouth—and his frequent radio and television appearances have led Atkins's detractors to write him off as a quack trying to get rich quick by hawking a miracle diet. They claim his low-carbohydrate theory is unscientific.

Atkins and his supporters in the medical profession

shrug off these criticisms. "We know it works," he says, "through empirical results. We've seen the benefits. No, I haven't blindfolded some patients and fed them placebos instead of vitamins so that they could stay sick and I could prove my assertions. We've just prescribed a healthy diet, with megavitamin supplements and regular glucose tests, and we've watched people grow healthier. Furthermore, I've never taken a dime to promote anybody's food products. I'm not anybody's hired hand."

His claim is significant in the light of the many "dimes" taken by other doctors and institutions that have been defending various food products and additives—and whose activities are detailed in this interview.

Robert Atkins was born in Columbus, Ohio, and is a graduate of the University of Michigan. He received his medical degree from Cornell and had four years of post-graduate training at hospitals affiliated with Columbia and the University of Rochester. He now has a private practice in New York City, where he specializes in internal medicine and nutrition.

At forty-six years of age, Atkins is a bachelor who leads a vigorous social life and who very obviously enjoys feminine companionship. His Manhattan office is covered with original oil paintings, and—symbolically, for a man who has helped so many people lose weight—there are several statues of an overweight Oriental god scattered around. "I don't go looking for them," he says. "People just give them to me."

In this exclusive *Penthouse* interview, conducted by Richard Ballard, Dr. Atkins spoke most pointedly to young men in their twenties who, he says, "are the people who generally think the least about their nutrition and whose energy levels and potency take a beating as a result."

Penthouse: You say the early twenties are a critical period for young men from a nutritional standpoint. Why?

Atkins: Because most of us, at that age, are coming off what is dietarily the worst period of our lives—the adolescent junk-food binge. Nobody thinks about nutrition during his teen years. Because of the hardness that goes along with youth, nothing hits us—then. We just go out and work off the poisons we ingest, and our bodies pull us through. A lot of that resilience is due to the fact that we're generally getting plenty of exercise.

When we hit our twenties, however, most of us convert to a sedentary life-style. And if we continue the same careless eating patterns, we're going to start feeling it. Anybody who reaches this period should sit down to overhaul his whole eating pattern, because unless he makes a conscious effort, he's going to be overwhelmed by the accessibility of these poisons masquerading as food.

Let's take, for example, most of the popular items available in supermarkets: TV dinners and frozen, ready-to-cook stuff. Guys in their twenties are usually in a hurry. They grab the quickest thing. They rush into a fast-food restaurant rather than take the time to eat somewhere better. They hit the cocktail party circuit and continue the orgy of junk.

Penthouse: What is the effect of this life-style on sexual potency?

Atkins: It has a great effect. It's incredible that young men in their early twenties, when they are at the height of their sexual powers, often begin experiencing apathy toward sex, a loss of libido. How can this be? It defies the natural order of things. I'll tell you how—diet. By that age a man should have worked out most of his hang-ups about sex. He should be enjoying himself. But often he's not. He's losing interest, getting sleepy after lunch or in the late afternoons; having just enough energy to get through dinner and then slumping down in front of the television at nine or ten, when he should be staying awake until midnight or later. He finds he needs nine, ten hours' sleep a night.

As this situation continues, it's no wonder that men are getting heart disease in their thirties. That ought to terrify any young man into changing his way of eating.

Penthouse: Are there foods that help potency? We've heard all the stories about oysters and eggs.

Atkins: I don't know that any one protein food is that much better than another in improving potency and energy, with the possible exception of certain foods that contain vitamin E or the B complex—wheat germ, brewer's yeast, liver, sprouting vegetables, lentils, for example. But really, when we can take the extra vitamins in pill form, we are guaranteed greater potency than we can get from our food.

Another advantage of vitamins is that we get noticeable results faster. I generally see people once a week, and for those who complain of a decreased sex drive I gener-

ally prescribe vitamin therapy and a diet restricted in carbohydrates. After a week or so, they usually say, "I used to have sex maybe once or twice a week, and now it's every night." I think that kind of quick reinforcement is what a person needs to know that he's on the right track.

Penthouse: What are some of the other effects of poor diet?

Atkins: If you have low efficiency and erratic concentration—your mind wandering—the chances are that it's diet that's doing it. I can tell you this firsthand, because I went through it. I had low blood sugar, or hypoglycemia, all through medical school. I had to struggle to get work done. I had to sleep even when I knew I had a big assignment to complete, and it was my low blood sugar that was doing it. You see, in this impaired mental state, the number one metabolic factor to understand is glucose, which is the primary fuel of the brain. Since glucose is the usual brain fuel, we experience mental fatigue

“
Up to a hundred
years ago
we ate very little sugar.
We've been
“palate-washed”
by the
sugar people.
”

whenever the level falls to a low point during the course of the day. The only way to change this condition is to restructure the diet completely.

Penthouse: How do you do that?

Atkins: First, the overweight young man should go on a very low carbohydrate diet, which makes the body use up that stored body fat. About 98 percent of overweight people will notice an energy pickup within a week of beginning this diet. Now, if you're not overweight, you'll have to incorporate some carbohydrates or else you'll lose too much weight. In this case you should take whole carbohydrates of the starchy varieties, such as unpolished rice or whole wheat, barley, kasha, couscous, lentils, and, interesting enough, popcorn—which is a reasonably good example of a whole-kernel food.

Really, the number-one nutritional mistake in America—after the obvious one of consuming sugar—is the refining of carbohydrates and eliminating of the nutritional elements by the milling or polishing of wheat or rice.

Penthouse: What does sugar do to the body?

Atkins: I'm convinced, from reviewing an

awful lot of scientific reports, that sugar is the single most dangerous dietary feature we have. For one thing, it's implicated in heart disease in numerous ways. First, it raises the triglyceride levels, and those are just as important as cholesterol in creating heart disease; sugar also tends to raise cholesterol levels, though not so much. Now, a high insulin level is an even greater indicator of coronary heart disease, and sugar directly raises this insulin level. In addition, a diet high in sugar contributes to high blood pressure and causes obesity; and we know it leads to diabetes. In a more subtle way, working through the mechanism of low blood sugar, sugar often causes the fatigue that leads to a decrease in exercise, which is also bad for the heart; or it provokes anxiety or stress—also bad for the heart.

Penthouse: Hypoglycemia is a seemingly contradictory thing. How can the ingestion of sugar lead to less sugar?

Atkins: Well, low blood sugar is really an intolerance to sugar. When you administer a glucose tolerance test, you are giving a person a dose of sugar, in the form of glucose, and then measuring what happens. If the blood sugar shoots up and then comes dropping down rather rapidly, that's it. The diagnosis is based on the rapidity with which the blood-sugar level drops and the depth to which it drops. Sugar is the triggering point in the test—and in life. Sugar simply makes the condition worse.

Look, as an example, at cultures where sugar has only recently been introduced. Iceland was a sugar-free culture until the 1920s, and they had very little diabetes or heart disease there. (These diseases go together, you know. There is no nation that has one but is free of the other.) Less than twenty years later, in the late 1930s, the Icelandic population began manifesting the European incidence of diabetes and heart disease.

Take another culture—the Yemenites of the Arabian peninsula. They were studied as a nomadic people, and it was found that they didn't have heart trouble or diabetes. Then, when the Yemenites moved into the cities, sugar was introduced into their diet, the only significant dietary change. And diabetes and heart disease developed.

Penthouse: Are all carbohydrates just as bad as sugar?

Atkins: Well, of course, there are differences, but they are not appreciable enough to change the basic facts. Many health food proponents, for example, recommend eating honey instead of sugar. But that doesn't circumvent most of the problems, because honey is a combination of glucose and fructose, the same as sugar. Only one-fourth of the sugar we take in is easily visible. An awful lot of it is concealed in soft drinks, in prepackaged foods, in breakfast cereals. There is a lot of sugar in ketchup, for example, which we think of as a spice, not a sweet. There is sugar in coleslaw. Children, of course, get an awfully stiff dose of it because of concentrated advertising tactics directing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172







SATIN DOLL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENRIQUE

Diana Rose Hardy has been carrying on a long-term love affair with her body. "It started when I was about fifteen," muses our sensuous Oriental-American.

"I discovered the deep pleasures I could get from looking at my body in the mirror and touching myself."





What the mirror reflects now is a twenty-two-year-old Eurasian beauty whose 36-22-35 configuration makes her one of the most sought after models in the Big Apple. She is as comfortable in front of a camera as in her own bedroom. "If you've really got it and if you love it, why not flaunt it?"



"I like to make love after I've rubbed some sexy-smelling oil all over my body. It makes my skin nice and satiny. I also wear silky-smooth lingerie, which feels so good against my naked skin! It's also nice to rub oil on my man's skin... especially his chest, genitals, and thighs."





"People might think I'm a narcissist, but I'm not. I love myself, but I love my man even more. To me, men are the most exciting of all possible creatures. I love their strong, straight, muscular bodies, and the delicious feel of a man's callused hand caressing my nipples can drive me to distraction!"





"Although I'm very selective, I will make love with any man who excites me. I think this is the most fulfilling form of self-expression. I guess that means I'll never be monogamous. But you never know! The right guy may be around the next corner." When you find him, we're sure he'll know how to express himself, too.





children from homes where lawlessness is a daily necessity and where self-control and discipline are totally unknown. We are aware of the growing failure of our schools, but we are not yet aware of the full role of addiction in this failure.

Recent official reports show both drug addiction and crime rising fastest in white suburban and small-town communities, but no in-depth study has ever been made to find addiction's many hidden side effects on the law-abiding middle Americans who live there. Only once in a while do we get small indications. Hepatitis is not a common suburban health problem, but it is widespread among the addict population, whose dirty needles spread the disease from one addict to another. Middle-aged, middle-class Americans do not use dirty needles, and in 1974 doctors in small, far-flung New Jersey communities were puzzled when an unusual number of their patients came down with hepatitis. No one made the connection between rural hepatitis and addiction in Newark until a team of investigators from the New Jersey College of Medicine and Dentistry found hepatitis-carrying mosquitoes in ten outlying county parks; they realized that mosquitoes were picking up the infection from addicts in the city and were then carrying it to people who were picnicking in their suburban backyards and rural parks. Dr. Carroll M. Leevey, head of the school's Department of Hepatology, warned that a public-health hazard of growing proportions was posed by the summer mosquito infestation and large addict populations in and around the cities.

Our judicial system is already swamped and breaking down under a growing load of drug-related cases. Retiring Essex County Assignment Judge Joseph B. Suggs spoke for thousands of judges when he warned recently that 50 percent of all the cases in his court were drug related. Police departments estimate that between 50 percent and 80 percent of all profit-producing crime is due to drugs, and in early 1977 the Wolff Committee revealed that more than half of all felony arrests across the nation are now drug related.

The nation's penal system is also breaking under the load. Our prisons are dangerously overcrowded, and rehabilitation efforts have been virtually abandoned in many institutions because there is barely enough money for the maintenance of order. A startling warning about addiction's effect on the nation's prison system was sounded, but generally ignored, in the results of a survey taken at the Concord, Mass., Reformatory last year. The survey found a root cause of the prison overload. More than 80 percent of Concord's inmates were imprisoned directly or indirectly because of narcotics.

Another sobering survey, conducted among its patients by New York's Phoenix

House, a drug-free therapeutic community, indicates the real scope of the drug-crime scourge. Phoenix House found that young drug criminals are convicted only once for every six arrests. And they are caught and arrested only once for every 125 crimes they commit.

These small new insights into addiction's real costs to American society are only the broad outline strokes of the national crisis. The price that we pay for our failure to deal with this crisis is far larger than anyone has dared to fear. It is destroying our personal safety and the very institutions that are the foundations of society.

What can we do? For the past decades our national drug strategy has relied primarily on law enforcement to stem the addiction tide. First, to stop heroin from crossing our borders, and failing that, to punish those who sell or use it. The idea behind this "supply-reduction/demand-reduction" strategy is that if we can reduce the amount of heroin on the streets, its

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Nixon told us
that drug addiction was
no longer a major problem.
It was his deadliest
cover-up.”

scarcity will drive the price beyond the reach of potential users and discourage them from getting onto the heroin scene. But that hasn't worked. The high price of heroin has not reduced the spread of addiction. It has only increased the crime committed for the price of a fix. We have not been able to keep heroin out of our country, we have not been able to keep it off our streets, and we have not been able to keep our addict population from mushrooming into the largest in our history.

The nation's first lines of defense against addiction have been its borders and ports, where customs and other law-enforcement agencies are charged with keeping illegal narcotics from coming into the country. But 8,000 dollars' worth of heroin smuggled into this country will bring its seller more than \$250,000, and there are always enough people who are willing to take risks for such great profits. Heroin is more valuable than diamonds, easier to smuggle, and harder to detect. The odds are with the heroin smuggler.

Between eight and ten tons of illegal heroin are smuggled into the country each year, according to the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. But in 1976, U.S. Cus-

toms agents were able to confiscate only 271 pounds—an infinitesimal part of the whole. Heroin is too easy to conceal. For example, a million dollars' worth can easily be fitted into the lining of a coat.

What about our hometowns? Do local law-enforcement agencies, at least, confiscate heroin when it reaches their streets? Again the answer is no. Narcotics squads have had very little success in destroying heroin, but heroin has had tremendous success in destroying narcotics squads. The famous film *The French Connection* was based on the true experiences of the New York Police Department in seizing 389 pounds of heroin that had been smuggled into the country from Turkey. The confiscated heroin was locked away for safekeeping in the office of the New York Police Department's property clerk. But the movie did not show that later it was discovered that the entire cache of "French Connection" heroin, plus more, totaling 73 million dollars' worth in all, had disappeared from the property clerk's office. Sixteen detectives from the Narcotics Division's Special Investigations Unit were immediately indicted for its theft and resale, and informed sources predicted that close to fifty of the seventy-two men in this special unit would ultimately face charges. The Special Investigations Unit involved in this theft was an elite force of seventy-two men, each member of which was handpicked for his integrity, dedication, and past performance. Each member was an experienced and highly valued police officer who was judged to be incorruptible by his superiors. But even this elite group of men was corrupted by the rich profits in heroin.

Another, more recent instance of corruption is the Penick case. In early 1977 five employees were arrested for smuggling raw opium out of S.B. Penick & Co., Newark, N. J., largest of the nation's three importers of legal opium, and for converting it into 8.7 million dollars' worth of pure heroin. The Drug Enforcement Administration reported that the scheme to siphon opium from Penick stock was uncovered after its routine audit of Penick's inventory found shortages.

But investigations by the National Committee to Declare War on Drugs show that as far back as four years ago Penick's opium was guarded so carelessly that even temporary employees were able to steal it. One former employee, who had been hired as a painter for the summer several years ago, told the committee: "The stuff was lying around, falling out of broken cartons. We'd pick up chunks and drop them down our work gloves. It was no big thing to get them out of the plant." Furthermore, the committee discovered that prior to the "routine inventory check" that uncovered the theft, Penick's opium stock had not been audited by the DEA for a full year. There is a Department of Agriculture inspector in every meat-packing plant in the nation, but the federal agency charged with protecting the public from dangerous drugs inspected the nation's largest opium

importer only once a year!

The vital questions that must be asked in this case are these: Which federal safeguards prevent dangerous drugs from leaking into the community? Why was Penick allowed to ignore these safeguards? Why did the DEA not know about, or do anything about, the company's non-compliance with federal regulations for several years? Why did the DEA audit Penick's opium stock only once a year?

Virtually every community in the nation has been scandalized in recent years by similar drug-related corruption. The amounts are not always in the multimillions, but they are enough to corrupt honest cops and to destroy the integrity and effectiveness of our law-enforcement agencies.

Society's last line of defense is our treatment programs. Have we found ways to reach and rehabilitate our addicts? Have the billions of dollars spent on treatment programs been effective? Even here we have failed. And the truth is only now coming to light.

Although heroin addiction has reached the highest levels in our history and has spread into every corner of the nation, today we still know little more than we did ten years ago about how to cure or control it. We have found no ways to reach the vast majority of addicts. And to those few we reach, we still offer no better solution than the rigorous self-discipline of drug-free therapeutic communities, or methadone programs, which substitute one addiction for another but still leave the addict a prisoner of his habit. And inadequate as they may be, there are not even enough of these treatment slots. By late 1976 virtually all drug programs in the nation were already severely overcrowded, and many had waiting lists. There is not even enough treatment room for those addicts who can be induced to seek treatment. But very few seek treatment. All drug-treatment efforts combined reach less than 13 percent of the nation's addicts, according to a September 1976 survey by the National League of Cities and the United States Conference of Mayors. And of those few who are reached, still fewer are cured and returned to society as fully functioning and productive citizens. A 5 percent cure rate is mentioned publicly, but privately many drug-treatment professionals admit that 2 percent is a more accurate estimate. Treatment efforts, our last line of defense, have also failed. Combined with the failure of law enforcement and prevention, it amounts to a national policy failure of staggering proportions. How come we weren't aware of this failure? Why didn't we know that our drug strategy wasn't working?

Because we were deceived. We were told that the nation was making excellent progress, that drug addiction was declining, and that victory over drugs was in sight. But it was another cover-up, the deadliest Nixon cover-up of all, because it has the power to destroy us.

By denying addiction's proportions, the Nixon drug cover-up has impaired our

judgment on major social policy decisions and has made us incapable of recognizing our deadliest domestic enemy. The Nixon drug cover-up has allowed the seeds of our destruction to germinate and flourish.

From 1971 through 1974 the Nixon administration was obsessed with convincing the American people that it had won a major victory over drugs. For a law-and-order candidate seeking a second term, "victory over drugs" pronouncements made valuable newspaper headlines. And there were many headlines.

In early 1972 President Nixon repeatedly assured the nation that "we have turned the corner on heroin" and "victory over drugs is in sight." In 1973 the chief of Nixon's Special White House Action Office on Drug Abuse, Dr. Robert DuPont, announced that drug addiction had declined; he predicted that "in a few years drug addiction will be down to pre-1965 levels of under 55,000 addicts."

The Department of Health, Education,

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If the nation
is to develop an effective
new drug strategy,
every concerned American
must help the
politicians reach the right
decisions.

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and Welfare had estimated the nation's addict population to be 600,000 in early 1973, but less than twelve months later administration spokesman Dr. Robert Egeberg, acting director of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse, and Mental Health Administration, declared that 300,000 was a "more reasonable" estimate. And only six months after that, in June 1974, another administration spokesman, John T. Cusak, chief of international operations for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, testified before the House Subcommittee on International Narcotics Control that the addict population had fallen to 200,000.

The Nixon administration's claim that it had cut the nation's addict population by an astounding two-thirds in less than eighteen months, was taken at face value, and its 200,000 addict figure became the official estimate quoted in all discussions of the addiction problem. It was accepted as a great victory for the administration. It was pre-Watergate, and the public had not yet learned to disbelieve its government officials.

Because the nation was convinced that victory over drugs was in sight and that addiction was no longer a major social

problem, it turned its attention to other priorities. Funding for drug research, treatment, and prevention programs was sharply cut back by federal, state, municipal, and private agencies. Hospital, university, and foundation research projects to find new and more effective ways to reach and cure addicts were curtailed or abandoned entirely. Large private corporations that had supported wide-ranging, drug-related out-reach projects lost interest and turned their time and money to other priorities. Progress stopped.

As a result, we are now out of control. Treatment modalities reach only 13 percent of our addicts and cure less than 5 percent of those they reach. Customs and law-enforcement agencies confiscate only an infinitesimal amount of the heroin coming into the country, and local police departments are corrupted by the heroin on our streets. It is a national failure of inestimable proportions.

In mid-1974, the National Committee to Declare War on Drugs was alerted to a secret government report showing that addiction was still increasing, but all efforts to uncover this report, by the committee and its supporters in Congress, proved futile. It took until October 1974, six weeks after Nixon's resignation, before the first truth was wrung from the administration. On October 1 the committee held a press conference in Washington, D.C., to demand publication of the secret report. One week later, on October 7, Dr. Robert DuPont, chief of the White House Special Action Office on Drug Abuse, quietly released the requested report at a hearing of a minor House subcommittee. It was devastating. Not only did it confirm that addiction was rising, but it also indicated, for the first time, that heroin addiction had spread out of the cities and was now rising fastest among middle-class suburban and small-town youngsters.

The following year, in an April 1976 speech to Congress, President Ford also admitted: "We have not won our war on drugs, but have lost gains made earlier. In human terms, drug abuse has become a national tragedy. It is a clear and present threat to the health and future of the nation." But despite these public admissions about the failure of our national drug policy, no administration move was made to revise its strategy or to give the additional crisis priority attention.

As of this writing, Congress has taken the first small step toward what must become a national in-depth examination of the addiction crisis by disbanding the multitude of committees, each responding for a different area of the drug problem, and by creating the Select Committee on Drug Abuse and Control, which is mandated to investigate all areas of the drug crisis. The Select Committee has proved its expertise at investigating and consolidating information about the addiction crisis, but its funding is still so precarious that it may not be able to continue and expand its valuable hearings. Congress is not yet committed to the task.

Only public demand will move it to a real commitment.

Although President Carter's election has raised new hope that the nation can tackle and solve its most pressing domestic problems, those concerned with addiction are fooling themselves if they think that the Carter administration can deliver a solution to the drug crisis by itself.

Even if the government were to develop an effective new drug strategy tomorrow, there is no way that it could impose the program on the nation unless there were consensus about what must be done and public support for doing it.

Veterans of the civil-rights and peace movements know firsthand that even official hearings and announcements lead nowhere without determined official action. But few politicians are daring enough to move far beyond where their constituents push them. Social progress is achieved only through social pressure, and social pressure is effective only when it is united and strong enough to be felt in the halls of government. Civil-rights and peace activists learned that lesson, but those active in the battle against addiction have not learned it yet.

If the nation is to develop and implement an effective new drug strategy, every concerned American must be involved through helping the politicians to reach the right decisions and through moving the politicians to implement them. This can be

done only through the coordinated efforts of aware people in each community, working to educate and motivate their own neighbors and opinion makers.

As the local activist groups of the civil-rights movement once led the nation to re-examine its social morality and as the peace movement persuaded it to revise its foreign policy, so a war-on-drugs movement can motivate the nation to reassess and reconstruct its drug strategy. The foundation for this war-on-drugs movement already exists. However, its partisans haven't come together.

There is no community in the nation that does not have one or more drug-related projects to which residents devote their time and talent. In small towns and large cities all over the nation, millions of concerned people are already involved in the drug effort through the drug-related outreach projects that are sponsored by their local churches, schools, labor unions, Lions, Rotaries, PTAs, VFWs, and a multitude of other local organizations. But there is still little contact between them, and there is no coordinated national action. Moral, ethical, and organizational differences keep them apart. Because their voices remain separate, their volume remains muted and the nation still does not hear.

Dealing with drugs is an extremely divisive issue that poses perplexing moral and ethical questions to many people. Until

these philosophical questions can be resolved, no consensual, effective approach to the drug crisis is possible. The decriminalization of marijuana remains, one of these more serious stumbling blocks to consensus.

Marijuana *must* be decriminalized before we can deal effectively with the nation's real drug crisis. But feelings pro and con are still so volatile that they cripple reform efforts.

Although the Carter administration favors decriminalization of small amounts of marijuana for personal use, Chip Carter, the president's son who was discharged from the navy for smoking marijuana, was asked to refrain from campaigning for decriminalization because the issue was still judged as "too hot to handle."

As long as midwestern, southern, and other American "heartland" legislators and opinion makers continue to believe that addiction is primarily a big-city problem, it will remain impossible to win a national priority commitment to the search for ways to cure and control addiction. To overcome this resistance, the War on Drugs Committee has developed a program that will bring groups of rural and small-town leaders into major cities so that they can see with their own eyes the end result of what is now beginning to happen in their own communities.

Having seen with their own eyes the devastation of addiction, these "heartland" leaders will be able to understand more deeply the potential effects of the drug problems that are now developing in their own communities, and they will also become more amenable to a national-priority commitment to the search for solutions to the drug dilemma.

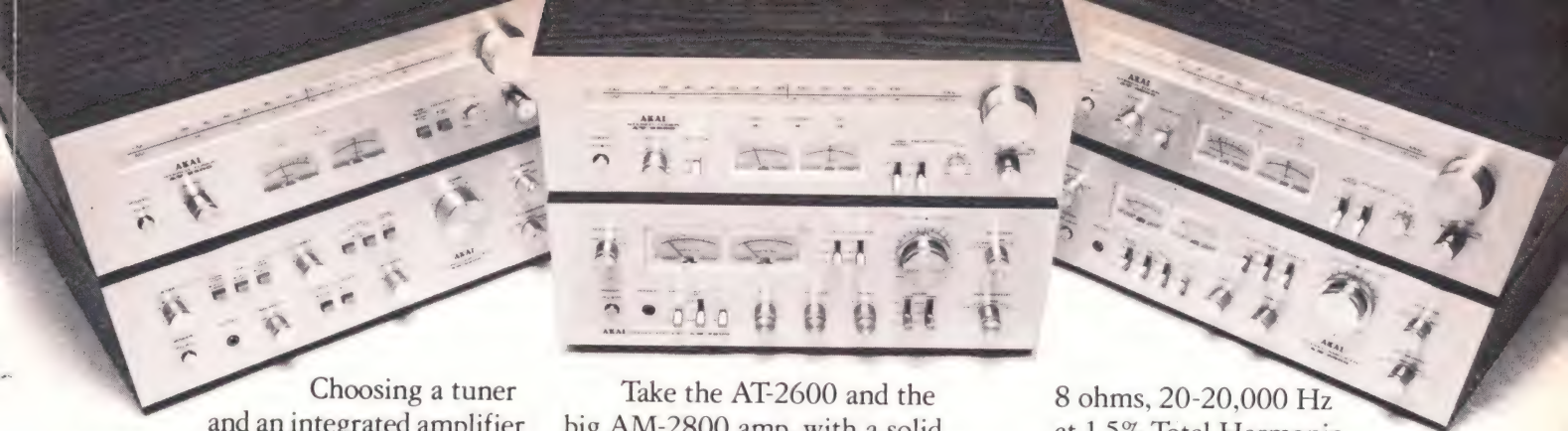
But not one of these efforts will be enough if the people are not also actively concerned. Even when leaders understand the problem, it is difficult for them to take a controversial stand unless they know that their constituents also understand the problem. The real spadework in moving the nation's decision makers to action must be done by people in their own communities. Only they can support those local leaders who understand the problem, and only they can convince those who do not. The foundation for a new, more effective national drug strategy must be laid by neighbors working to educate their neighbors.

The drug strategy that we have relied on to protect society from the growing addiction problem has failed. It has not stopped heroin at our borders or on our streets. It has compounded all our social problems and threatens the fabric of our personal lives. It can destroy our entire society, as it has already begun to destroy our cities. There must be change. There must be a new national commitment to the search for solutions. It cannot wait.

The real power to move the nation lies with its people. Without their concern and active participation, the drug crisis will continue to be "too hot to handle." O+



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High-proof spirits, which soothed our forefathers, are coming on strong this fall.

While a multitude of mild-mannered reporters go about their daily lives lusting (in their hearts) after the Lois Lanes, blending into the woodwork at cocktail parties, and accepting whatever drink is offered, a small but growing cult of knowledgeable drinkers insists on a high-proof spirit having sock and panache. These high-rollers shun the ordinary and buck all the trends—in business, with women, and in selecting their booze—leaving the mere eighty-proof liquids to the less venturesome imbibing public. For the man of confidence and redoubtable ego—and those rediscovering their macho identity—there are the “superman spirits.”

Fanatical followers of the superman spirits are known in the trade as “call brand” clients. Ordering by particular brand, they make their preferences known and their presence felt. When they “go to the well,” money is no object.

Bourbon, a native American product, has always had a religious following. No wonder, since it was first concocted in Kentucky by a Baptist minister named Elijah Craig. The venerable Craig started a still, making his whiskey from a base of corn. While praising the Lord and passing the bottle, he decided to christen it after Kentucky's Bourbon County. Bourbon became the greatest thing to hit Kentucky until fried chicken came along. Bourbon whiskey must be made from at least 51 percent corn, with rye and malt or neutral spirits making up the rest. All bourbon is aged in new charred-oak barrels for at least four years.

This use of charred oak, which gives bourbon its singularly mellow flavor, was probably discovered by accident or borrowed from the rum producers. But we really ought to toast the restive early settlers, mostly Scottish-Irish immigrants, who brought the art of whiskey making to Pennsylvania. They were the first to make liquid use of “the fruited fields of grain.”

Those wandering, rebellious pioneers drank their bourbon around the 100-proof mark, and several producers are still honoring that tradition these days. Both Jack Daniels and Wild Turkey have bucked the weaker-blend trend by keeping the proof high, with the former at 90.4 and Wild Turkey at a substantial 101; Jack Daniels is charcoal-mellowed Tennessee bourbon and Wild Turkey is smoothed out by eight years of aging. These high-proof bourbons, along with others, such as Eagle Rare, Old Fitzgerald, Old Forester, and Old Grand-Dad, have become the “in” drinks among the call buyers. Even those who still prefer 86-proof bourbons will demand certain brands, such as Ancient Age, Jim Beam, Old Charter, or Early Times.

A relatively new spirit called Yukon Jack registers at 100 proof, and it, too, qualifies as a unique spirit. A liqueur

made from Canadian whiskeys, it is similar to Southern Comfort. With its obvious macho image, Yukon Jack aims mainly for the hairy-chested set.

Scotch drinkers are just as fanatical when it comes to a favorite brand in the 86-or-higher-proof category. Scotch is essentially a whiskey made from barley, but it comes in a variety of styles, from single-malted blends, and from different regions. Why scotch can be made only in Scotland is one of the last remaining mysteries of the world. Some claim it has to do with the Scottish water or air, or maybe the angle of the kilt or the bagpipe tunes.

Scotch is still holding its own against vodka and bourbon for supremacy in the liquor market on the strength of J&B, Cutty Sark, Dewar's, and Johnnie Walker Red, all at the 86-proof level; Usher's Green Stripe and Ballantine's, too, are 86 proof and are gaining in popularity. Chivas Regal and Johnnie Walker Black are blended versions with twelve years of aging and are different in taste. Many feel that the best scotches are blends, consisting of about half Highland or Lowland malt along with some from Islay and a little unmalted grain whiskey.

However, such expert opinion can be unwelcome in the more exclusive bars, where Glenlivet fans may defend their label by converting one's teeth into something like crushed ice. Glenlivet is twelve-year-old, single-malted, unblended scotch. It's unwise to challenge or gainsay the followers of “the father” of all scotches.

And don't get too opinionated about 86-proof scotch in a crowd. There's a small but fiendish clan addicted to 90-proof Famous Grouse scotch, made by the venerable firm of Matthew Gloag and Son. It is a leading brand in Scotland and is presently making inroads in a few American markets as “the ice-proof scotch.”

Lovers of strong vodka and gin are, as a group, a little more docile and flexible, if only because they both worship at the same shrine: the dry martini. For a little variety, they pour one or the other over ice and dilute the drink with an olive or lemon.

Vodka was first introduced at 80 and 100 proof. The 80-proofs were most popular because of their smoothness and versatility. The latest development in vodka marketing has been the appearance over the last few years of a spate of domestic 90-proof varieties, designed to compete with the growing popularity of imported gin for use in martinis. Smirnoff leads the pack with vodkas in all three proof ranges; Wolfschmidt vodka, at 80 and 100 proof, is still a standby; and Gordon's offers an 86- in addition to their standard 80-proof.

The high-rolling, hard-drinking vodka audience can also turn to imports in their quest for the perfect martini.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

BY NORMAN ROBY

anybody since he took off his shoulder pads, but the defensive angers flash occasionally. In New York there was the interviewer who persisted in asking Kopay why people in the NFL hadn't detected his sexual persuasion. Kopay had made it clear in his book that a number of people had, certainly as early as 1969, with the Washington Redskins. But why, the interviewer demanded, couldn't everybody tell, because Kopay was "so soft-spoken, so . . . effeminate?"

"I wanted to hit the son of a bitch," Kopay said. "I had white knuckles under the table." Kopay was also ready for combat during a pickup basketball game on the U.C.L.A. campus last February, when the book wasn't out but Kopay was. A highly skilled athlete, in better physical condition than many who are on professional payrolls, Kopay prides himself on his basketball game. "A big black dude—he played in college—was trying to intimidate me," Kopay recalls. "'You stink,' he kept saying. 'You're ugly.' And he kept beating on me, until I asked what his problem was. 'I don't like what you been saying,' the man said. 'I'm gonna knock the shit out of you.'"

"Sometimes," Kopay said, "you have no choice but to say, 'Let's go,' and I did. Then he just called me a jive mother, and nothing happened. I was glad, of course. When you know you're capable of physical violence, the knowledge should give you a sense of control. There's nothing to prove."

Still there are the recurrent fantasies about George Allen, the Redskin coach who literally took Kopay's space away on the eve of the 1971 season. Allen performed in his own strangely devious style, congratulating Kopay for making the team on Sunday, letting him exult quietly for a couple of days, and then sending an assistant to give him the bad news on Wednesday. "I still see myself confronting him with the lie," Kopay says, "forcing him to tell another one, and then just beating the hell out of him. But I know I'll never do it."

"It's not George himself I resent, anyway. I loved everything about football—still do—but especially the equality of competition, the basic fairness. With Vince Lombardi, even if you were Hornung or Jim Taylor, you had to put on your jock and go out there and make the team, earn your job, every year. I earned my job with the Redskins, but there is none of that basic fairness with George Allen."

The orange juice wasn't doing much for the hangover. Kopay had his bicycle with him and wanted to get over to the outdoor basketball courts at Georgetown University so that he could sweat it out, "get back in shape." He still felt some guilt about the Saturday that he had spent at the bar of the Hawk and Dove, watching the NCAA basketball play-offs for about six hours. In that group was Teddy Mauck, a middle-aged bricklayer who is Dave Kopay's good

friend—despite finding out long after the fact, and having everybody else find out, that the man he had driven from Washington to Pasadena for the 1973 Super Bowl, stopping at motels along the way, was a gay football player. "At some of the places we stopped, I told Teddy I was going off to see a friend," Kopay recalled with his big, hearty laugh. "I didn't say what kind of friend."

After dinner at The Foundry, Kopay went around the corner to a straight bar and began to construct the hangover. There he met two "really dynamite" young women and a fairly foxy, six-foot-eight basketball player, whose name he filed for future reference. By way of breaking the ice, he asked the ladies whether they had been to bed with each other. "The way they looked," he said, "I could see they hadn't. And I could see they'd thought about it." During this interlude Kopay was privileged to take what mother would have termed certain liberties with the young women. "They

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Kopay's preference
for men is clear and unswerving,
but in no way
does it rule out
the delights of coed sex.

”

wouldn't get all uptight if I touched their boobs or patted their asses," he said, laughing the big laugh. "Who's afraid of a silly fairy, right?"

The license to cop feels is one of the niftier fringe benefits of bisexual existence. Kopay's preference for men is clear and unswerving, but in no way does it rule out the delights of coed sex. Girls are as interesting as they were at prom time, but no longer, so to speak, one-on-one. A troika was what Kopay was suggesting to the ladies at the bar. A triumvirate with a male majority would have been preferable, and David had tried to arrange one at the same bar three nights earlier.

The beautiful young man was the captain of the soccer team at a midwestern college of religious emphasis. The two girls came on smart-ass: "We heard rumors you're gay." "Not rumors," Kopay said. "But how about this young stud?"

One thing led to another. There was coffee at Café de Paris, and Kopay wound up at "my place" with the young athlete and the more venturesome of the two smart-ass girls. The ménage-à-trois wound up in the bed, had removed some of its clothes, and had ventured into some exploratory action

before the female member said, "Hey, I'm really hetero, you know?" The soccer captain, perhaps persuaded by the unveiling of the young lady's superstructure, decided that he was, too, and they left together.

Kopay could tell the story on himself with alacrity. Unlike some liberation leaders who have passed our way, he envisions a sexual freedom for people who aren't like him, too. About the only thing that he finds difficult to understand about sexuality in its myriad manifestations is the lack of curiosity about it. "When you've made love to a woman," he asks, "don't you have to wonder what it feels like to her?"

Of such curiosities are troikas made. Amidst Kopay's heavy mail after the publication of his book was a strictly social letter, containing greetings from the couple at the beach last summer and suggesting a get-together again soon. He was twenty-seven, a former middleweight boxer, a sometime distance runner, a cab driver. She was twenty, a college student. "They were really into oral sex together," Kopay said. "But he had never given head to a guy, and she wanted him to try. When we all got to bed together, wow! He was so into it, right away; it was the best head I've ever had. While he was at it, she was saying, 'See how good it is? You see what I've been trying to tell you?'"

However much fun tripartite sex may be, it has a utilitarian function in facilitating gay relationships that would otherwise never have taken place. "Men can be deeply attracted to each other," Kopay says, "and find it impossible to express, openly and honestly, their sexual feelings. But they can share a woman."

Kopay's mail contains striking examples of the emotional structure. Said a young man who was attracted to an NBA star: "We always had a nice, polite, and proper time . . . usually met [after a game] for a drink . . . never discussed the fact that we were sexually attracted . . . the social pressures, what the rest of the guys thought. . . . Now, he has quietly disappeared. I just hope he has not locked himself in and somebody else out."

A man whom Kopay knew in football turned out to be, out of fear and indecision, a bisexual virgin well into his sixties. Others are well on the way to that status: "I ran away from a relationship like yours," Kopay is told by a blue-collar San Franciscan in his thirties, "and regret it now. My buddy is in Montana, still single. You know something? He's the only person, male or female, who ever said he loved me. Before I die, damn it, I'm going there and tell him the same."

A woman as coital interlocutor, Kopay maintains, might accommodate any of these situations, and in the anschluss a good détente would be had by all. He has encountered the same impasse more than once. Last year, after the *Washington Star* series had illuminated him, Kopay worked out in a Los Angeles gym with a man who seemed quite interested in homosexuality

in general and emergence from the closet in particular. "He asked a lot of questions, and I gave him some literature I had," Kopay recalled. "Later I found a note in my car. He said he'd enjoyed my company, 'but I have a sense of fear. I feel you want to have male sex with me.'"

"The note went on to say that he had been pretty much able to put aside those thoughts. But if I wanted to get together with him again, 'to work out or pump iron,' that would be fine."

And the man left his phone number. Even the small portion of David Kopay's mail marked "personal and confidential" is clearly signed, with addresses and zip codes. That includes, of course, a quantity of on-the-make letters on rather outrageous stationery, accompanied by phone numbers and snapshots. ("I have dreams of you," says one supercute card on the outside; the inside reads: "and some pretty raunchy fantasies.")

"Some homosexuals do act like sissies," observed Larry McMullen, a Breslinesque columnist of the *Philadelphia News*, and Kopay told him to knock it off. McMullen had inquired about Kopay's efforts to "cure" his homosexuality, one question that angers him. Another is the suggestion of McCarthyism in alleging that "at least three" NFL quarterbacks are gay, without naming any. "The guy in New York said I was putting a 'taint' on the other quarterbacks. What's the taint? If you called me heterosexual, I wouldn't feel tainted. There may be seventeen gay quarterbacks in the NFL, for all I know. I never said there were three; the *Washington Star* said that."

The "cure" question came up in a State of Washington legislative hearing, in which Kopay testified on a bill guaranteeing civil rights for gays. One of the bill's sponsors, a physician, said treatment involves "years of intensive psychology." He backed the bill, the doctor said, only after assurance that it would not allow gays to adopt children. That paraphrased the very message that Anita Bryant said God, through Leviticus, had charged her to broadcast: "Homosexuals can't reproduce; so to survive and sustain their life-style, they must recruit our children."

David Kopay came away from that legislative hearing in a depression. With "supporters" like the doctor, he concluded, gays really didn't need Anita Bryant. "He doesn't recognize it [homosexuality] as a difference," Kopay said. "Like so many others, he considers it something 'less than.'"

But there were encouragements. Rep. Paul Pruitt (Dem., Seattle), a middle-aged, crew-cut minister, answered Leviticus 20:13 (capital punishment for the "abomination") with Matthew 6:7 ("judge not lest ye be judged"). A spokesman for the Washington Association of Churches said that his organization supported the bill, not as a religious matter, but as "a statement about civil liberties."

Leaving the straight bar, Kopay crossed Washington to The Lost and Found, which

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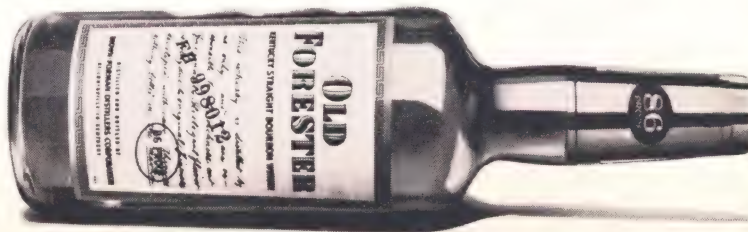
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is not a straight bar. It was there that the most constructive contribution was made to his hangover: a large, juicy drink, whose exotic name he could not remember. Nothing else memorable happened there; so Kopay progressed, as he frequently does, to Pier Nine, a gay discothèque that he mentions in his book—the place where he last saw the lover of his college days, the pseudonymous “Ted Robinson,” who kept returning to Vietnam until, in 1972, he was killed.

The way to Pier Nine from the nation's Capitol is what seems like a long drive through a hideous public-housing kind of slum to the banks of the Anacostia River, a tributary at least as dirty as the Potomac itself. There, between electric-company machinery and a repository of black-top material for repairing roads in other parts of town, stands the Pier Nine, like an Alamo nobody ever defended or attacked. Outside it is a setting altogether suitable for the ultimate shoot-out between Kojak and Baretta. Inside it is a second-magnitude gold mine. The ambience is dark and psychedelic; the music is funky and danceable.

Is there a genre of “gay music” developing? “Maybe,” Kopay said. “What is ‘Daniel’ (by Elton John)? It’s what you think it is. But the point is to get away from ‘straight’ music or ‘gay’ music, to let people be what they are. That would be a beginning of sexual freedom.”

On a Sunday afternoon in March, Kopay did a benefit book signing in Pier Nine. The books had been provided by Lambda Rising, a downtown Washington bookstore “celebrating the gay experience.” It is named after the Greek letter that was adopted as the international symbol by the Gay Rights Congress in Edinburgh in December 1974. Of each \$8.95, Lambda Rising diverted \$1.75 to the Gertrude Stein Democratic Club. Patterned after the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club that was formed in San Francisco during the sixties, the Stein club was organized “to provide a role for gays in the Democratic party of Metropolitan Washington.” In 1976 it did precisely that, contributing \$7,000 to support the campaigns of three city council candidates who seemed to be “sympathetic to gay concerns.”

Kopay’s visit to Pier Nine that Saturday night was far more social than political. He was looking for a tall, dark tennis professional with whom he had a tentative date. “No, nothing’s happened with him yet,” Kopay said over his therapeutic orange juice, “but it will. You can tell.”

You couldn’t tell yet, because the guy didn’t show. David Kopay, sex object, got a ride home from Pier Nine with a straight woman who was there to circulate a petition against Anita Bryant.

It is the price that you pay, Kopay philosophizes, for not being promiscuous. He has been obliged to proclaim non-

promiscuity many times in his travels on the book-selling circuit, despite Arthur Bell’s sarcastic counsel that one-on-one press conferences would be Kopay’s best shot: “When one’s knee is being pressed over a Dubonnet, one is likely to overlook verbal mush.” (“I got really bad vibes from that guy [Bell],” Kopay said. “I knew nothing I said was going to change his attitude.”)

But even the nonpromiscuous have their horny moments, as Kopay recalls. There was this twenty-fivish guy who hung around at a neighborhood bar on the coast and kept dropping remarks, acting as if he wanted action. It didn’t figure: he was married, had a young child, played on the bar’s softball team, observed all the rites of hairy-ass masculinity. “He was Mr. Pipeline Worker,” Kopay says.

But the guy kept screwing around. One night it seemed like a good idea, like getting tattooed, and the young man wound up in Kopay’s room. The ballplayer’s ballplayer had warmed up but decided he didn’t want to pitch. He chickened out like a high-school teaser, saying he really wasn’t that kind of guy.

“Of course, he wasn’t,” Kopay recalls. “These are the games people play, hetero or whatever.” Suddenly, the guy opened up his Adidas bag, whipped out a pair of black-lace panties, and put them on. “And then he was ready. If you put on women’s clothes, see, it’s okay to get fucked. He was being phony to his wife and kid, phony to me, phony to himself.

“I went like this,” Kopay recollected, bending his index finger to depict rapid detumescence.

In late April, Kopay and his coauthor, Perry Young, had agreement from their publisher to do a sort of “gay mystique” sequel that would get into their fascinating mail. There were a couple of movie overtures, the best one contingent on clearance from Kopay’s parents to have themselves portrayed; he preferred that one, because it would be at least some kind of acceptance—the first—from his mother and father. In addition, Kopay was negotiating with Body Works about becoming a banner bearer for their fitness chain. It was doubtful that Arthur Bell of the *Village Voice*, who was so testy because Kopay got “six figures” in front for his first book, was going to be able to handle this wave of success at all.

David Kopay said he didn’t give a rat’s ass what Arthur Bell thought or much of a shit about the whole *Voice*. He didn’t like the snotty headline they put on the story about iron-pumper Arnold Schwarzenegger: “Something like ‘The Big Muscle Man Isn’t a Fag.’ Who said he was, and what difference does it make?”

Kopay decided he didn’t care much about Schwarzenegger either. And then he amended that statement: “I’d like to . . .” he said and slapped his left palm hard against his right bicep in the gesture that was likely used by Giuseppe Garibaldi, another liberator. “He’s got a great little ass.”



COUPLES



HOOKING THROUGH HARVARD

Kent had dreams of the Ivy League,
but his Diane was in a different league altogether.
"I'm at the head of my class," she said
and gave him an education in more ways than one.





• Kent, I'm a prostitute.
I've been one since I was eighteen.
Your dad told you
I looked "classy"? Well, that's what I am.
A classy hooker. ♀

KENT'S STORY: *You're not going to*

believe it. That's my immediate thought now, and that's what I usually tell people when they ask about Diane and me. I tell them the truth, but I preface it with the remark, "You're not going to believe it, but . . ." Okay, here goes, *Penthouse*.

Right now I'm going to college full-time. Diane, the girl I've been living with for more than a year now, is putting me through school. She works. It's not a regular job, not one you can talk about very easily. We tell people she's a stewardess on a small airline here in Boston, because she's often gone for a whole day or two at a time. But if good friends ask, we'll tell them the truth. You see, Diane is a hooker.

Okay, let me start at the beginning and tell how this strange situation came about. As soon as I graduated from high school in California, I went right to work for my old man. He owns a small supermarket, and I delivered groceries. It wasn't what I wanted to do for the rest of my life. I had knocked around all through high school and never thought much about college. I just spent my time fucking any girl who'd drop her pants for me. And when I wasn't doing that, I was beating off. High school seems like one big orgasmic roller-coaster ride, now that I look back on it. I was a horny teenager.

Then one day I delivered some groceries to a house I'd never been to before. I knew most of Dad's customers, because they'd been shopping at his store for years, but this was a new address. So I rang the bell, and my cock nearly jumped out of my pants when the door was opened by a striking blonde, wearing nothing but silk panties and a bra. Duh. I took one look at her Julie Christie face and froze. I stood there like some big clod, squeezing the bags of groceries as hard as I wanted to squeeze her. She gave me a blasé look and told me to put them in the kitchen. She showed not the slightest self-consciousness about walking around half-naked. She acted as if it were nothing. I could barely walk, following her smooth form, those sweet cheeks shaking like jelly under the creamy silk. I'll never forget that morning. Then again, I wouldn't want 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.

COUPLES

I get hard just remembering the sequence of events. She told me her aunt had ordered the groceries, adding the fact that she was just staying there for a few days and was from back east somewhere. She thought she'd stop and see her relative in Santa Barbara before going back. She put the eggs in the refrigerator and then chomped on a carrot, sliding it into her mouth so suggestively that I thought I was going to come. Then she told me to "charge it" when I asked if she was going to pay me, and a liquid message in her eyes told me that I could take the payment in a more interesting way.

Two minutes later I was fucking her on the kitchen table. I had never done it anywhere but in a bed or in a car or on the beach before. On a kitchen table! I freak out just thinking about it. She just stood there, dropped her panties, and then hoisted her small frame up on the table and spread her legs. "Have you had lunch?" she purred. I hadn't. So I ate her.

Well, it was incredible. I came, and when I got off her I was still so hard that I couldn't get my cock back in my jeans. So she took care of me again. She got down on her haunches and gave me a blowjob Harry Reems would envy. I remember asking her who in the hell had taught her such a velvety technique. She just smiled and said, "I went to school nights." I wished I had known about that school. I would have offered myself as a guinea pig for their lab classes.

Well, all I knew when I left was that her name was Diane and that she was the most incredible person I'd ever met. I was dazed for days. Dad kept asking what was wrong. Why was I so charged up? Mom wondered if I was sick, because I wasn't eating. I was just sitting there with a hard dick, thinking of Diane. I knew that I'd never see her again, and I desperately wanted one more time with her—one more, I told myself.

She walked into the store three days after the initial incident. "Kent, you've got a visitor!" Dad yelled. I was in the back room. I answered, "Send him in here," thinking that it was one of my buddies who stopped in often. Well, I nearly collapsed when Diane walked in, dressed to the teeth, looking beautiful and sexy and hot. "Hi, there," she said, smiling. I nodded. "I thought I'd stop in and say good-bye. I mean, I couldn't leave without seeing you."

We stood there and talked. That wasn't so easy to do, because all the time she was playing with my zipper, up and down, up and down. "I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed the other day." Up and down, up and down. She asked how old I was, and I told her. She seemed surprised. She was three years older, but she had thought that I was her age. I felt so mature, man. She also told me that she hadn't felt so good with a guy for a long, long time. It was my day to preen. I felt like the "cock of the walk."

She was taking a plane down to L.A. that afternoon. I talked her into letting me drive her to the airport there, which would be more fun—for me. She agreed, and I took the rest of the day off, and we headed down the coast. About halfway, just outside Ventura, I couldn't stand it anymore. She had been playing with my cock since we'd left town, her hands doing a kind of dance on my glans. Other drivers on the road freaked

out when she went down on me. I pulled over and grabbed the blanket out of the trunk—my hard cock sticking out of my pants—and grabbed her hand. Then we went down to the beach and before you could say *fuck*, we were. Her skirt was up, and sand was in her long, blonde hair, and I was all the way in her, and she was holding my nuts in her hand and begging me to slide my tongue into her mouth. We fucked all afternoon and never left the beach until dark. Needless to say, she didn't make her plane.

Oh, she did leave; she had to. But reluctantly. We told each other our life stories in that little time we had, through the night, waiting for the first morning flight. She was from Brooklyn and had been working for an airline since she'd graduated from high school. Her parents were divorced, and she supported her mother, who wasn't well. I told her that I really wanted to go to college and major in business administration, because I'd been doing the books for my dad for years and I liked that kind of work. I also told her that I was in love with her.

And I was, head over heels, and for the first time in my life. I

didn't want her to leave. I made her promise to come back again soon. I told her that I'd bring free groceries to her aunt, anything. She promised, but I didn't believe her. However, I did believe what she said before she got on the plane. She said, "You will never know how special you've made me feel." She had tears in her eyes. I thought: *Man, we love each other. Why do we have to go back to our separate lives?*

Well, we did. I heard from her a few times during the following year. Each letter encouraged me about school and about doing something with my life but discouraged me from ever seeing her again. She was too confined to New York; and when I suggested my going there, she said that she was traveling up and down the East Coast with the airline and we would never have time together. But we still felt something for each other—something strong. I dated other chicks, and I went to bed with

girl after girl. Still, the only woman I really had on my mind was Diane. I could be with a blonde girl in bed somewhere, and I'd think I was with Diane on that kitchen table. My cock ached for her. No one compared. No girl could make love to my cock the way she did. No pussy was as warm and tight and exciting as hers. No arms felt so warm and feminine and yet so strong and sheltering as hers. I often found myself masturbating rather than going out, just sitting on the bed with my dick in my hand, remembering that day on the beach and how the sand felt gritty along my cock as I entered her again and again and how much more the friction had excited her.

Well, just about a year ago, I got a phone call from Diane. She was in Los Angeles, at the Century Plaza Hotel, and she needed to see me. My God! I nearly broke all speed records in getting there. She opened the door, and I gazed at an even more beautiful face and body than I'd remembered. I picked her up in my arms and kicked the door shut. And we fell to the floor, and she clawed my back, and I pounded her body against the rug, and we fucked desperately, passionately, wildly, like the pounding breakers at Big Sur.

“

Diane has brought home
to our bed
all kinds of new ideas
and positions
that she's learned from her johns.
Loving a prostitute
has its benefits.

”

And when it was over, she started to cry. What she told me amazed me. She loved me and had known it the day she met me. She wanted to be with me. She wanted to marry me and be a housewife. She wanted to make a salad and eat it with me on the beach and drink wine all day and suck my cock and watch the sun set. She wanted me to go to school, and she was sure that I would do well. She wanted us to be together and do what we really wanted to do in life and fill our days with joy. But it was impossible.

"Why?" I asked. "I want all that, too! Now! With you. Only you."

She had tears in her eyes. "Because I'm a liar. That's why."

"What?" I didn't understand. I couldn't believe her words.

"I lied to you. I don't have a sick mother. She died four years ago, and I never bothered to finish high school. I don't work for any airlines. Oh, I fly for free all right, but that's from the johns. That's what this is all about." She gestured to the opulent room. I was starting to put it together, but I didn't want to hear the answer. "Kent, I'm a prostitute. I've been one since I was eighteen. Your dad told you I looked 'classy' that time he saw me come sauntering into the store. Isn't that what you said?"

I nodded. I was unable to speak.

"Well, that's what I am. A classy hooker." Then she stood at the window, gazing out, very quiet and sad.

It was rough at first. I asked if she was kidding, but the look on her face told me that it was true. The only thing she wasn't kidding about was the fact that she wanted to be a housewife and that she was in love with me and wanted me to go to school. But every conceivable obstacle seemed to stand in our way.

I didn't know what to say or do or think. I just said that we should sleep for a while and then talk. Well, I couldn't stay, because I was afraid that the guy who was paying for the room might stop in. (That was actually unlikely to happen, since he was in the hotel with his wife and he could get away from her only during the day when she was at the convention hall.) So I slept in the car in the parking lot, until Diane came down around nine the following morning. Then we drove to the local beach.

First of all, I told her it made no difference to me; it didn't make her any less desirable in my eyes. I told her that I was in love with her and that I wanted to live with her. Then I asked her if she would give up prostitution if we were to live together. She asked how we would live and where the money would come from. I said I would get a job, rob a bank, do anything to be with her. And then she came up with a startling proposition.

She said that she couldn't live without me, but if I could handle it, we could live together and I could have my dream as well—going to school. When I graduated and got a good position, she could have her dream—being a housewife—and then the hooking would be over forever. It rattled my brain. It was preposterous. But if she could do it, be faithful to me even though her work was having sex with men, then I could handle it, too. And after an emotional two weeks of talking about it, crying and fighting and making up and worrying if it would work or not, we did it. We moved in together, in an apartment in Boston. I'd gotten accepted by Harvard—I prac-

tically flipped. And it's been working, working well. I hardly believe it myself. The jealousy was difficult to live with the first six months or so, but then I really started to think of her hooking as just a business, as though she goes to the office every day. It means nothing more to her than that. So why should it mean any more to me?

When she sucks my cock, it's as if it's the only cock in the world that means something to her. When we fuck, I'm the only man in her life—in her emotional life, that is. Our sex life is even stronger now than it was in the beginning, and I'll tell you one thing that her being a hooker has done for us—she's brought home to our bed all kinds of new ideas and positions that she's learned. It's been fantastic at times.

So I go to school. Diane sometimes goes away for a few days, but we have a lot of time together. She makes great money, and she supports us. I'm doing well in school; and when I graduate, I'm going to get a hell of a good job. Then she can quit and be the *hausfrau* she says she wants to be. Then I will pay the bills and take over. But for now, I am very

happy with the arrangement. It doesn't threaten my masculinity, as many people have told me it probably should. All I know is this: my girl is putting me through Harvard because she really loves me, and we both know it's the only way we can someday have the future we want.

Well, I told you you weren't going to believe it. Listen, look at the smile on this face. Isn't this the face of a happy guy? Wait till you meet Diane. She'll tell you that this isn't some kind of nutty fantasy. It's unique, but it's very real for us.

DIANE'S STORY:

Only once has Kent brought it up—seriously—in the last few months. I was giving him a blowjob one night, and I kept bringing him to the brink and stopping just before he'd blow. He was going crazy. I find that if I keep working a guy up to the point of orgasm and stop, the amount of semen is increased. So I worked him

up again and again until I thought that his balls were going to burst. He begged me to let him come. Then he did, and I took it all in my mouth, not swallowing a drop, as I usually did. Instead I waited until the whole load was in my mouth, and then I moved up and kissed him on the mouth and let his own semen slide in over his tongue. It shocked him and startled him and turned him on. But later he couldn't resist asking, "What trick did you learn that from?"

He was talking about my tricks, my johns. I'm a call girl, and I'm older than Kent, and we live together. The money I make supports us and is putting him through school. He's going to be a wonderful businessman someday, probably a president of a big corporation the first week after he graduates. I really believe in him, and that's why I wanted to do it this way. One day he'll be rich, and then I can give up turning tricks and settle down. After whoring for money since I was in high school, I feel as though I'm a hundred years old. Kent makes me feel young. I'm tired of tricking, but I'm never tired of making love with him.

That's the difference right there. With Kent I feel as though

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I'm making love, and with the johns, well, that's just sex. Somedays I'll have a guy fucking me all morning, and then in the afternoon he has me blow him. Then before his plane takes off, he eats my pussy while he jerks off. It's over quickly, and I'll go home and be in bed with Kent by midnight (or later, because he usually studies late). He'll start to fondle and kiss me, and I'll get turned on and feel his beautiful prick entering me. It will feel as though it's the first time I've been fucked since the last time Kent made love to me. The guy I'd been with all day doesn't even exist any longer. He didn't really count. Maybe he never really did. It's a job I do—and do well—but that's all it is.

I don't know how I got into this business. It doesn't really matter. I was always a cocksucker. I don't mean that to sound as coarse as it does, but the idea of making a guy happy by sucking his cock was appealing to me, and I first gave my cousin Jim a blowjob when I was only fourteen or fifteen. He taught me how. I was addicted after that. Cocks were like cocaine to me. One day a guy grabbed me in Central Park. I was so scared, but he said that he'd give me a dollar if I would go down on him. I said, "Make it five, and I'll do it." This response *really* surprised him. He did, and I did. When it was over, he asked if I would let him fuck me, and I told him that that gig would cost him twenty-five bucks. By no means reluctant, he agreed to it, probably because I was so unbelievably brazen and so young—a real nympho.

I never had a father, and my mom was an alcoholic. She died right around that time from the DTs. I hated school and never studied. I just wanted to live a good life—you know, the American dream, fall in love and have kids and a house in the suburbs and screw out on the patio in the moonlight. I'm a good-time girl with a penchant for domesticity. I swear I'm going to have a home one day. I'm working at that right now.

So I made good money hooking. I worked for a house in the city for a while and then out of a ritzy place on Long Island. Then I was asked to do a lesbian scene with a woman from Santa Barbara, Calif. I'd been with another girl only once, and I didn't much like all that licking scene. A rich old codger had paid us well just to watch us getting it on. We pretended mostly. So it included a trip to California, where I turned another trick in San Francisco first. I went to Santa Barbara and spent two days with the woman. I had sex with her. I liked it a little, but that wasn't the interesting part. The interesting part was that she was a marvelous artist and had lived a fascinating life. She shared it all with me, telling me stories for hours and hours, in between which we played with each other's tits and I fingered her hot pussy. She was very sensual and strong, and I have to admit the relationship was exciting. It was a new kind of trip.

But I needed a man, and one day she went out. She had ordered groceries before she left. I was just getting up when the bell rang. This is the other interesting part of the trip to California—the delivery boy. Okay, I know—it sounds like a porno film, huh? The delivery boy comes to the door, and the woman seduces him. Well, that's what happened. It sounds

ridiculous, but it happened. He was so hunky and young and horny! My God, I saw the lump in his pants, and my heart was in my mouth as quickly as you can say *blowjob*. I was snowed by his looks.

It was the first time that I was ever really carried away. I just flipped for this guy. He hadn't been set up; he wasn't a john. And he was honestly turned on to me without having to pull out a few hundred or make arrangements in advance. We just let ourselves go, and he fucked me there in the kitchen, on the table. I had never felt anything like it in the world. I like to think that that was the day I lost my virginity, because when his big cock pushed its way into me and his lips pressed mine open and he licked my nipples and I pulled at his hair, it was as though it were all happening for the first time in my life—and, certainly, the best time.

I fell in love with him. I had never believed in love at first sight before. I was cynical about all that nonsense about love. I thought that it was good, raw sex and that you took what happiness you could buy from the bread you made from it.

But I was wrong. I fell head over heels in love, and it was not only his big body and his fabulous tool. It was his mind, the sparkle in his eyes, the dreams he had, his desires for a good life someday. They matched mine, just like his cock and my cunt.

In any case, I did my best to forget about him, but whenever I'd feel lonely, I'd write to him. Often I never mailed the letters. But a few times I did. I thought of him sexually, and usually after a session with a client I would find myself wanting more, an arm around me for an hour or so, someone to cuddle, and there I was with an empty hotel bed and a hundred-dollar bill. I wanted Kent. I wanted his warmth and strength and his cock and balls and his mind and his ambition. Oh, I wanted it all.

I nearly had a breakdown. He doesn't know it, but I tried to commit suicide. I told my best friend, Janie, how I couldn't face him with the truth. It was hopeless. If I did, he'd spit in

my face and walk away. So I took a bottle of pills one night, but I was saved in time. Then I decided that I would tell him. Definitely. But I put it off and put it off. Then a john asked me to go to Los Angeles. And Kent came down to see me.

We made love almost before we could say hello. He was fucking me on the floor, and it had been more than a year, and it was as if I had been away from him forever. It was new and wonderful, and his cock was hurting me because it was so big, and he fucked me ferociously. My ass was burning on the rug, and he kept telling me how he loved me, and I think that he hadn't come in months, because his orgasm never seemed to stop. And I had the greatest climax of my life.

And then I told him the truth about me, figuring I'd never see him again. But he didn't react as I'd expected. He was hurt and shocked, but he didn't hate me. He even stayed outside the hotel all night and was there in the morning. That's when I told him my wild idea that we should live together, an idea Janie had warned me would definitely make him turn on me. "What guy's going to accept that?" she had asked, as though I were a lunatic.



I offered the only hope of a future together that I could think of. We were in love, and so we would live together. I would continue to do the work I was so good at. I made good money. So I could put Kent through college and pay our bills at the same time. Then one day he would graduate, and I could retire. And then he would be the breadwinner, and I would have my dream—the house in the suburbs and the kids and fucking on the patio.

I knew it was asking too much. What self-respecting man could accept such an outrageous proposition? How could he live with it? Well, it astounded me, but Kent answered those questions. It didn't hurt his self-respect if it didn't hurt mine. He could live with it if he knew that with the others it was nothing emotional, that it was just business, and that with him it meant something. We talked it out, over a few horrible days, rough days of tears and frustrations and very angry lovemaking, and we came to the conclusion that we loved each other enough to give it a try. What did we have to lose?

It took some getting used to. He was wildly jealous at first, though he would do his best to conceal it. But I could feel it. At first he thought that he was competing, but then he became sure of himself. He began to feel equal with me. We were both doing what we could do for our future. We would have what we wanted someday—to be married and lead a quiet, successful life—but it would take a rough route to get there. We're on that route now, and our love life seems to be getting better and ever more varied all the time.

Kent's still worried at times, still jealous. There was that line he gave me when I surprised him by sliding the come into his mouth. But he's still young, and it isn't easy for a guy to depend on a woman the way he does. He's really the most masculine, absolutely secure man I've ever known, mainly because he hasn't let a working woman cut his balls off.

On the contrary, they're very much there. Last night we were talking about graduation day, how he'd get his diploma, and how we'd take a trip to Hawaii. I'd tear up my phone and address book and toss it into the ocean in a million little pieces, saying good-bye to prostitution forever. Then we would curl up in a little grass hut somewhere secluded and have ourselves a sexual honeymoon. Kent said that he would kneel above me and drop his balls into my mouth if I promised to beat him off while he did. I asked him to fuck me dog-style, on our knees on the grass-thatched floor. We would live and love there for days, in this sensual and sexual heaven, before we returned to the real world and his new job and our new house and the plans for a wedding and children. But our life together would continue to be one of sexual fun and games.

I wonder what my tricks would say if they knew that while I'm lying there in bed with them in Acapulco, I'm thinking of my lover's big, beautiful cock, seeing the image of it in my head—the veins and the big, flared head and the drop of come at the tip—and dreaming of the day we'll be just Mr. & Mrs. Average America, living the good life, fucking each other and each other only. Funny how the truth always turns out to be exactly what people say couldn't be true.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

"The hooker with the heart of gold" is a long-established part of the psycho-historical tradition of the "oldest profession" in the world.

I have been with a professional hooker only once in my life, and it was quite a while ago. I was on my way to Ethiopia via Paris, and I dropped in at the Folies-Bergère to catch the early show. After the show I crossed the rue Richer to a little bar I knew and had fond memories of. There I encountered a woeful girl who claimed that she was a member of the Folies chorus. (From her figure one would not have disputed this claim, though I was never quite sure that she was.) She did reveal, however, that she had to be a hooker in order to make ends meet, as the pay was so *incroyable*.

She was woeful because that day her pimp, and the father of her child, had walked out on her. She didn't know what she was going to do. Since my sexual batteries were already overcharged, I suggested that she return to my studio apartment in Montmartre. I told her that I would see that she would

be taken care of financially—until she found another pimp.

From the very first suggestion, she rejected payment. She would come with me, the girl said, because she needed consoling to shut out the memories. As it turned out, the thirty-six hours this prostitute and I spent together were physically great. Why? Because between the rue Richer and my pad in Montmartre, we had discovered a mutual need and respect for one another. This woman gave herself to me as wholeheartedly as I gave myself to her. This experience proved to my satisfaction that the professional hooker not only needs respect but also needs love. The evidence of this is extensive. The fun-sex of Dr. David Reuben is not totally satisfying, however lucrative it may be. Only love-sex can make the professional hooker feel like a real person. Usually, the pimp is the one who provides this edge of reality. Most hookers fake



their climaxes with their customers; the real climaxes are the ones that prostitutes reserve for their true lovers.

What I am leading up to is this: there are two kinds of sex. One is for the release of physical urges, pure and simple; the other is for the true expression of love between two persons of the opposite or same sex. The girl who decides to use her body as a rather superior masturbating machine is a human being. She needs love and without it will have a sad existence.

All this I have written for Kent's benefit because I think he needs the most support. With her professional partners, Diane feels only what she professionally wants to project. For Kent, on the other hand, the knowledge that a number of strange cocks are exploring his beloved's cunt can be upsetting. But he must not allow it to get to him. Those strange cocks don't mean a thing to Diane. She has found her lover in Kent. Kent has got to accept this fact.

The traditional line about male sexual superiority is a whole lot of nonsense. What does matter is a mutual trust, which I think Diane and Kent have. I hope their future will be long and successful. O +



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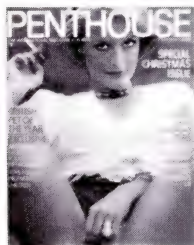


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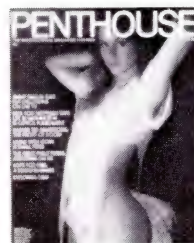
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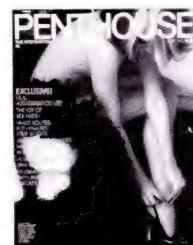
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ADVISER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

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(2) Current service members in a deserter status (except from a combat zone) that commenced during the Vietnam era.

Applicants for review in category (2) (currently in a deserter status) must first return to military control, be processed, and then be discharged. To do this, a deserter: (a) who is in the continental United States, Hawaii, Alaska, or the commonwealths, trusts, or territories of the United States should report to the nearest military installation of the service from which he or she is absent; (b) who is in a country within which the United States has deployed forces should report to the nearest military installation of the service from which he is absent; (c) who is in a territory, trust territory, possession of the United States, or country within which the United States has no deployed forces should contact the nearest American embassy, consulate, or mission.

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Coming Down the Road

OR
HOW I CHanneled MY FREQUENCIES TO A CB PICKUP

Once a week or so, I pack up my literary output and canoe across the lake to that venerable New England institution, the neighborhood copying center. In the remote hamlet where I bring my pelts to trade them for whiskey, gunpowder, and the favors of half-breed squaws, I make use of The Last of the Five-Cent Copying Machines.

There's this guy there, known as Mr. K., who's in the office-machine and citizens-band radio business and who gives copies away for less than his cost. He does this in the hope that a few of the copy-compulsives and xerox-obsessives who tromp through his trading post will eventually be made to feel guilty enough to buy an electric typewriter or at least a police radio scanner.

I happen to be Mr. K.'s best copying customer—that is, the one who costs him the most money. Every once in a while I buy a midget calculator or similar trinket to appease him. But he recently started hinting that if I didn't spring for a dictating machine or two pretty soon—something worth his time—he'd send me down the strip to the infamous fifteen-cent copying machine at the library, which would mean that I'd have to file for Chapter XI.

One day I was slaving over a hot copying machine when over sauntered Mr. K., with a big grin on his face.

"Got a clipping here I thought might interest you," he said. It was from the local Sunday newspaper's "Private Line" section, to which irritated readers can write letters without signing their names:

Dear "Private Line:"

Attention, legitimate CBers! The image you have so diligently built up is now being destroyed by garbage mouths, hookers, perverts, and the like.

Help innocent children who are being subjected to filthy language and improper suggestions that are coming over the air. Many youngsters received walkie-talkies for Christmas and find themselves the victims of filthy conversation. As a result, the walkie-talkie is taken away from the children by concerned parents, who know of no other way to stop this abuse. Should an innocent child be denied some good fun for the sake of a few sick minds?

A note to family service organizations. You ask to be informed in instances of child abuse. Start listening to CBers who call themselves mothers but act like hookers over the air. How many children are sent to bed so Mommy can use the radio for her own dirty purposes?

The latest conversations I've picked up are truly from the gutter. Women on a great number of channels pleading with anyone to hop into bed with, as well as conversation laced with filth and children's voices crying for attention in the background.

Another thing: how can welfare recipients afford CB radios? Wake up, welfare officials—start checking those roof antennas!

A Concerned Parent

"I get it," I said. "You think you can get me to buy a citizens-band radio by showing me this letter of depravity."

"Garbage mouths! Hookers! Perverts! Mommies with dirty purposes! Wouldn't your editors at that magazine you write for come in their bikini pants over that?"

"I don't know if they'd go quite that far," I said.

"Listen—you don't have to take a concerned mother's word for it. Half the CB sets I sell are to sex maniacs. The stories they tell me! There's more sex on those forty channels than there is at a Neapolitan S&M whorehouse when the fleet's in. You don't believe me?"

"Not enough to slap down plastic for a CB," I said. "But I'll make you a proposition. Be my Virgil to the inferno of citizens-band depravity. You supply me with enough dirt for a suitably salacious article, and I'll buy your glitziest CB unit. Deal?"

"10-4, Penthouse Pencil Pusher."

The following day, at lunchtime, I dropped by Mr. K.'s so that he could take me to a place he refused to tell me anything about, except that it was known to the local CB set as Highway Heaven. On the way we monitored the band for conversations laced with filth. Suddenly, Mr. K. cracked up.

"What?" I said.

"How'd you like that one?"

"How did I like what one?"

"That 10-11."

"What 10-11?" I said.

"Shh—there she goes again."

A woman's voice that sounded like a taxi dispatcher in Florence, Alabama, came over the CB radio. "Breaker one-four. This one Juicy Lucy is by for a 10-11."

BY
CRAIG S. KARPEL

MEMO

TO A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN

You've done all the right things, everything everyone has always told you to do, and still you're not happy. Life and marriage, motherhood and career are just not filling in all the gaps, are they? No, they're not. Not for you, not for most women. The question isn't "why" but what can be done about it.

Well, for starters, how about articulating some of your disappointments. Most of the time, sheer frank communication of your feelings and ideas, your hopes and dreams and, yes, your disappointments, is the beginning of a more positive you. Perhaps you know this already but there really isn't anyone in whom you can confide. There really isn't anyone who listens to you, who hears; who responds to what you say. Or at least there isn't anyone you can communicate with who won't take what you say personally and therefore be objective enough to help you.

Don't despair. We all have that problem—and it's a doozy! Only, some of us have learned to deal with it in a very positive, informative and fulfilling manner. We subscribe to *Memo*.

The *Women's Confidential Memo* is a newsletter edited and written by a woman, for other women only. It is a potpourri of letters, questions, advice, factual material garnered from experts in the psychological, sociological and medical fields, and other crucial information on every subject of interest to women: sex, marriage, jobs, child-rearing, friendships, consumer problems, health, diet, in-laws, etc. Whatever subject subscribers to the *Women's Con-*

fidential Memo care about enough to bring to the editor's attention.

The editor, who is solely responsible for getting this *Memo* to you, is a Social Psychologist, the publisher of a national woman's magazine, a married woman with a large family, and, like you, a woman who spent a good part of her life searching for a way to make "everything all right." She found it through direct, personal communication with other women and she is offering you the same opportunity.

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"So?" I said.

"Don't you know what a 10-11 is?" Mr. K. asked.

"I give up," I said.

"10-11 is ten-code for a dog case."

"A dog case . . ."

"That lady wants someone to slip it to her dog fashion! Wait a minute—listen." The radio spoke:

"Juicy Lucy, this that Oscar Meyer. I'm 10-69 on that 10-11."

"Contact!" yelled Mr. K.

"10-69?" I asked. That sounded as if it might have some prurient possibilities.

"Message received," said Mr. K.

"Oh, is that all?" I said.

"What's the matter—not salacious enough for you?"

I said, "What—do you mean to tell me CB sex is nothing but people talking in dirty numbers?"

"Affirmative, Oscar Meyer," said Juicy Lucy. "Can I have a 10-36 on that 10-17 for a 10-11?"

"Qué pasa?" I said.

"She wants him to name a time for them to meet about the dog case." He switched to another channel.

"This is Highway Heaven modjitatin' on the big one four, Q-R-Zed," said the radio in a female voice that sounded as if its owner were playing the microphone like a skin flute.

Another scramble. Then, "Double H, this Beaver Retriever," a breaker came back, sounding somewhat hot and bothered.

"Beaver Retriever, Highway Heaven—go."

"How much it gonna cost me to sit in the rockin' chair? Over."

"Rocking chair?" I repeated to Mr. K.

"That's when there's a truck in front of you and a truck in back, and you're in the middle," said Mr. K. "But that's not what he's talking about."

"You mean—"

"I mean he's talking about a human sandwich, good buddy."

"Retriever, this Highway Heaven. One hundred green stamps."

"Roger, Highway Heaven. How's 2:00 PM.?"

"Affirmatory, Retriever. Catch you later."

"Say, what are we listening to?" I said.

"You'll see," said Mr. K. "Hey, did I tell you what happened to the guy who works for me? Mr. Personal put him together with this lady breaker who calls herself Little Egypt? Likes to belly dance naked while standing on a guy's chest in stiletto heels?"

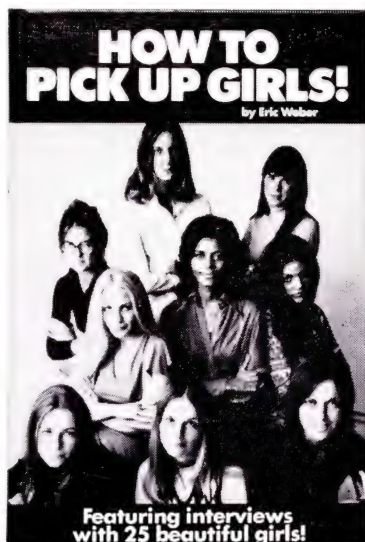
"Who's Mr. Personal?" I asked.

"You'll find out. Anyway Rob goes over to her house, right? And she's standing on his chest, jigglng to old Um Kaltum records? And he's jerking off and yelling, 'Step on my nipples so I can come! Step on my nipples so Bigfoot can come!' Bigfoot is Rob's CB handle, right?"

"Well, it so happens that Little Egypt has a CB base station in her trailer. And it so happens that the CB was on vox, which means voice-actuated transmission—which means that every time Rob yells,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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FLIPPING OUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

overamped environment. Just off Telegraph on Durant, rising above the sun-numbed, schizophrenic traffic jam that perpetually clogs the neighborhood, is a triple-life-size portrait of Tommy straddling an airbrushed silver ball that is four feet in diameter.

Tommy points up a long flight of stairs. The distant ring and clack of pinballs in motion beckons as the visitor ascends. At the top of the steps he finds an L-shaped landing, lighted only by a mirror ball. If he takes the last turn, he enters another world.

Arrayed along three walls of an airy, pleasantly lighted room are thirty-five of the finest flipper games available, at least half of them in use at any time: Captain Fantastic, Old Chicago, Bow and Arrow, Ro-GO, Satin Doll, Freedom, Space Mission, Aztec, Fireball, Star-Pool, Pinball Wizard, Flip-Flop, Knockout, Hokus-Pokus, Blastoff, Oh Boy. The best efforts of Bally, Williams, Gottlieb, and Chicago Coin are there, sparkling and fine-tuned, ready to animate at the drop of a quarter.

The jukebox blends with a chorus of bells, gongs, and buzzers. Johnny Cash and The Grateful Dead play counterpoint to the ratchet of score wheels and involuntary vocalizations of the players. No spectators are found here, only participants. Everyone in the room is totally involved. When I inquired about the owner of the establishment, the manager pointed to a young man playing Fireball.

There are wild-eyed pinball evangelists, but Byron Won, the owner and founder of Silverball Gardens, isn't one of them. In his down jacket, slightly faded blue jeans, and track shoes, Byron looks more like a standard California graduate student than a pinball entrepreneur. He revealed shrewd public-relations instincts from the start, granting me half a dozen free games on my favorite machine before we sat down to talk. His manager and his mechanic joined us at a burger stand only fractionally quieter than the Gardens.

Byron admitted that his indoctrination into flipper sports came as an unexpected result of his quest for spiritual peace: "I didn't catch the pinball bug until I went to Spain for a Transcendental Meditation teacher's training course. We sat quietly with our eyes closed all week; and when the weekends came around, the pinball machine seemed to draw us to the local bar. We didn't drink or smoke or take drugs, but the sensory stimulation of pinball was an acceptable kind of high. When I returned to Berkeley, there weren't any non-sleazy places to play pinball in the campus area. I had the idea of providing a nice, clean place, because I knew the image of the pinball player was bound to move beyond the creepy guys with the bacteria-infested hands."

All three of the Silverball crew are enthusiastic players despite their constant

exposure. As manager, John O'Donnell has been on the front lines of pinball hysteria for the past three years; he's the one who hands out the quarters and keeps the clientele in order. Tony Steffenich considers himself part of the unofficial guild of pinball mechanics, an elite subculture in the world of flipper addicts. He works for the distributor, who owns and services the games at the Gardens; so Tony spends the major part of his working time there.

Each one of the Silverball crew has a different theory about the attraction of pinball. "It's a turn-on, turn-off entertainment," Byron offered. "It's popular with students because they are working toward goals far in the future; yet they face pressures on a daily basis. They play to take themselves away from the pressure and serious thinking for five minutes or an hour. Pinball is an excellent way to attain symbolic success quickly, an instant rather than a delayed gratification."

John O'Donnell watches pinball players all day and still steps up to a free game or two himself, but he now regards his addictive period as an unhappy part of his past: "When I first came to Berkeley, I was fresh out of a boarding school for boys and weighed 230 pounds. It wasn't the most socially successful period of my life. I'd start thinking about school or girls, and I'd end up at a pinball machine. I remember a feeling of satisfaction when I beat a game, a kind of satisfaction I wasn't able to find anywhere else. It wasn't exactly sexual, but it was the most available substitute and a pretty good one."

When "Sixty Minutes" peeked into Silverball Gardens, Tony Steffenich was one of the experts interviewed. One thing he likes to discuss is the sexual component of pinball, a topic that inevitably surfaces when motivations are discussed. "You don't have to watch very long to notice that pinball players like to make suggestive moves. A lot of people tell me they like to screw and play pinball at the same time. Some of these people . . . well, you tend to believe them when you see them," Tony confided.

Tony denied having firsthand knowledge of pinball-assisted carnality, but he mentioned a character named "Pinball Patty." "I heard her on the radio last week," Byron added, "and she got pretty hot. You ought to find her. She hangs out in New York and along the Jersey shore."

New York and the Jersey shore constitute a pretty wide area for someone to search for a person known only as Pinball Patty, but fortunately the lady hasn't been maintaining a very low profile lately. Her name has been popping up in New York newspapers, her voice has been heard on West Coast radio programs, and she's been sponsoring some very strange cable-television experiments. This bizarre personage is a true multimedia, full-tilt pinball freak—by reputation and by her own declaration.

Patty Pinball is her "real" name, she insists, "but somehow it gets turned around



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to Pinball Patty." Ever since August 1976, when pinball went legal in Manhattan, she's been promoting, lecturing, public-relating, and getting the word out about the return of flipper games. Two weeks after the law changed, she and a partner opened a store devoted entirely to the sale of reconditioned pinball machines. *Fanatic* is far too mild an adjective to describe her attitude toward the game.

At twenty-four, Patty is about the same age as Byron, but her manner is more than a continent removed from Byron's soft-spoken California cool. Silverball Gardens may be a shrine, but Byron is no priest. Patty is an outspoken street priestess of the pinball renaissance, and she talks a hard, fast, raunchy game of pinball. Patty Pinball not only has all the answers but also invented half the questions.

"Pinball is definitely a happening," she told me, in tones that suggested religious significance. "It is getting the reputation in New York City as the ultimate adult toy. There are plenty of people into fun and games who can afford a machine. All kinds of people. Politicians—I could name familiar names, but I won't—lawyers, doctors, dealers, pimps, construction workers, housewives, musicians, publishers. The Who and Elton John and the Tommy film had a lot to do with it. The revival has been spread around the world by the rock 'n' roll bands. The Eagles are renting twenty machines for a party after their New York con-

cert. Richie Havens lives in the neighborhood and plays here. Bruce Springsteen bought a machine from me. He's the New Jersey champion, you know."

Like Byron, Patty believes the image of pinball will change the same way that bowling did during the fifties. The "criminal elements" charge has always been the most effective weapon of antipinball forces. The game is rooted in the nineteenth-century British resorts of Brighton and Dover, but modern pinball was born in Chicago during the depression, and its early association with Prohibition still looms large in the public consciousness.

Patty has her own answer to the organized-crime question: "I think that most people have grown to accept the mob as just another large corporate enterprise. Sure, I'd say the mob is in on it, but then so is everybody else. Where do you draw the line between gangsters and corporate executives?"

When the talk rolls around to sex and pinball, Patty leaves no doubt that she is an expert in the field. Her own frank attitude is evident from her almost scary degree of candor. Patty Pinball is definitely one of the people whom Tony Steffenich was talking about—the ones you have to see to believe.

"Playing Captain Fantastic by myself in my own bedroom with all the lights out and no clothes on leaves me feeling relieved, mentally, physically, and sexually," Patty

confessed without betraying even the slightest hint of self-consciousness.

"But what I really dig," she hastened to add, "is getting fucked from behind while I'm playing. Men tell me I make some unbelievable moves when the game gets hot. If the man is a pinball player, all the better. Pinball players are better lovers, no question about it.

"The sexiness starts when the machine begins to respond to you and you begin to respond to the machine. The game is just a projection screen for your personal fantasies. The machines used to help the fantasy along; the old games had pretty raunchy illustrations for their time. The manufacturers have cleaned up their backboard cuties lately, because they want to attract a family market. That's an old story, though. Your really avant-garde pinball sex freaks are into the pinballs these days."

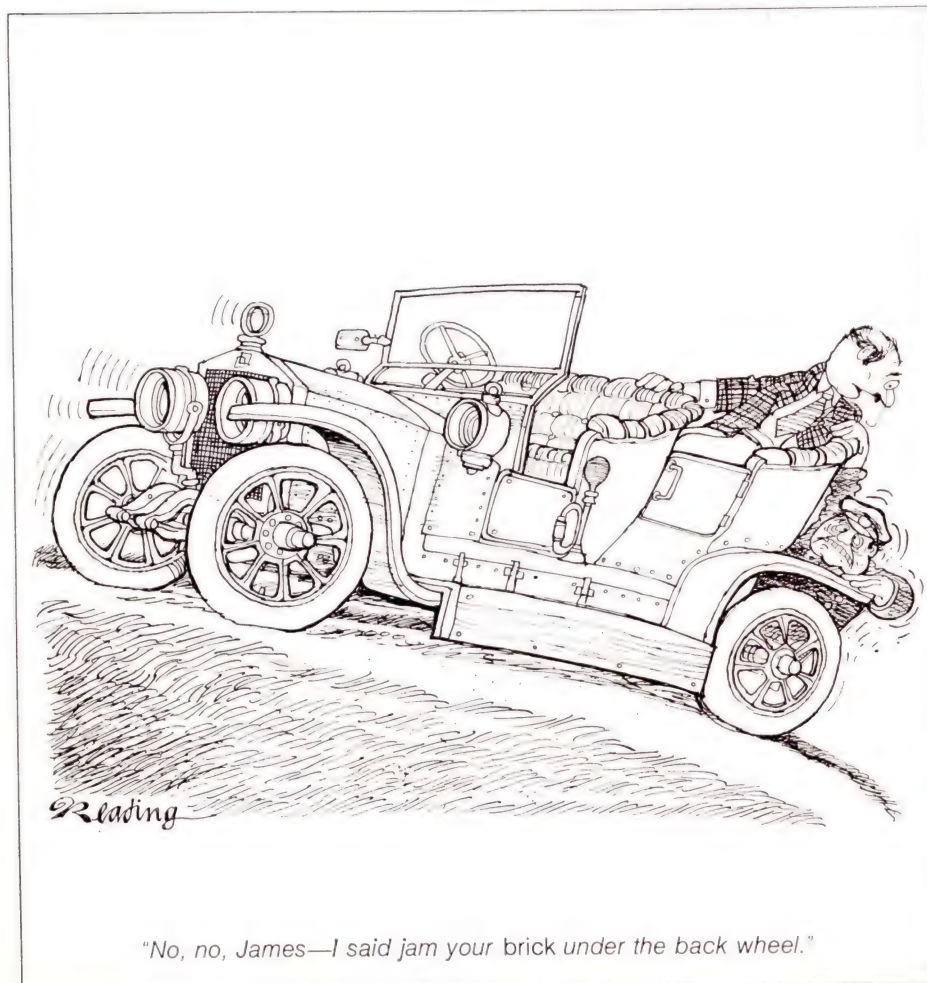
I was almost afraid to ask her what she meant by "into the pinballs," and sure enough, she confirmed my weirdest fantasies.

"Pinballs outside pinball machines can definitely be dangerous to your health, and I sure don't want to promote, you know, *abuse* of the equipment, but I can tell you that I attended a contest where the winner was chosen for maximum orifice-stuffing capacity. It sounds weird, I know, but there are people who get off by cramming pinballs in their body. That sort of devotion is a little too kinky for the general public, but there are orgasm devices they've been using in Japan for a long time. They call them *ben-wa* balls, and they aren't exactly the right size for pinball, but they work on the same principle. Don't laugh. Someday soon we'll have machines you can put your organ in for extra added thrills."

Patty Pinball suggested hands-on research in the area of pinball eroticism, a suggestion I'll pass on to the reader with my highest recommendation. A little fieldwork can do your sex life a world of good. To the practiced eye, a woman's pinball form can say a lot about her sexual style. Even strangers reveal their most intimate proclivities to anyone who knows how to translate the language of bodily movement. I can testify that extensive observation supports the claims of aphrodisiac effects.

Sandy, a woman of wondrous and varied talents, clued me in to pelvic pinball not long ago. I've been into Sandy's pelvic action for years, but recently we decided it would be fun to play pinball before we hit the waterbed. She is an exceptionally energetic young lady, a bucking bronco at bedtime. You have to be alert to stay in the saddle with this cowgirl. On our first game of Eager Beaver, I noticed that she plays pinball exactly the way she plays men.

Sandy takes a wide stance, crotch closed, then grabs the machine by its hips and slams her pelvis hard against the device with a familiar rapid-fire tempo, her middle fingers flicking the flippers at spasmodic and utterly random intervals. All the hip-slamming, finger-twitching,



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fanny-wriggling, tit-jiggling body language is accompanied by primal grunting, ecstatic squealing, and highly provocative moaning. She often builds up quite a respectable score before the machine prematurely blows a relay. Both at pinball and in bed, Sandy simply doesn't give a damn if something tilts.

It was a minor insight and a major kick watching Sandy buck a box of solenoids into submission, but it was an undeniably erotic experience watching cool, unattainable Elise turn into a Neanderthal huntress the first time she put a pinball machine between her legs.

Elise eluded my best-laid plans for months. I had tried champagne, cocaine, multiple porno, and sensory overload. As it turned out, all I really had to do was to drop a quarter in the slot and rock off a game.

Like Sandy, Elise instinctively used her crotch as a fulcrum, but she stood back from the machine instead of rubbing up against it. This procedure had the effect of transmitting her pelvic pulsations through her arms and, coincidentally, through her breasts. The muscles that operate the flippers are connected in some ingenious manner with the pectoral muscles, which makes for anatomically pleasant audience participation. There is no better time for a close visual checkout, you can be sure she won't take her eyes off the ball.

Before I managed to obtain first hand raw data on Elise's sexual-response pat-

tern, I made some accurate guesses by watching her play pinball. A half hour of Flip-Flop succeeded brilliantly with Elise whereas all my previous amorous machinations had failed. All night long she kept shouting "Double bonus!" and "Same player shoots again!"

It's easy to repeat my experiments and quite pleasant. Take your date to a pinball machine before you take her home and you'll have an unbeatable advantage over the dude who only took her dancing. It's amazing how the juices start to flow after five minutes of pinball. The physiological reactions to pinball are indistinguishable from sexual stimulation: rapid breathing, flushed cheeks, increased glandular secretions, suggestive grunting.

Once you dig below the surface, the sexual and spiritual benefits of pinball are self-evident, but what possible claim can be made for mental improvement? A very good case can be made for flipper sports, according to an experimental psychologist whom I encountered in the pinball lounge in San Francisco State. He was writing his doctoral thesis on the "split-brain" phenomenon in humans, I was researching pinballism, and we were both waiting for one of the fifteen machines to open up. He called it "cross-brain coordination," and it has to do with the discovery that the right and left sides of our brains think in completely different ways.

"One side is analytic, sequential, logical,

and thinks in terms of numbers and symbols; the other side is holistic, simultaneous, intuitive, and thinks in terms of images and feelings," was the way he explained it. Scientific and artistic expression, for example, characterize the different approaches of the two halves. Most people are dominated by one side or the other, although we all switch back and forth between both sides. One side controls sex; then the other side takes over if we want to do a crossword puzzle.

In pinball the functions of both hemispheres are brought into play and woven into a coordinate pattern of logic and intuition, reflex and strategy. Awareness is forced to shuttle back and forth across the connecting nerve trunks during a hot game, synchronizing both sides of the brain. The immense difficulty of coordinating our own brain functions is the reason for the intense concentration that epitomizes the pinball devotee.


For those of us who aren't about to shell out a thousand dollars for a bedroom model, the current geniuses of pinball technology offer hope for the future. Ever since January 1977, Manhattan Cable Television viewers have been able to play pinball from the comfort of their own homes, courtesy of the Experimental Television Cooperative and inventor Dan Fodor.

The first episode of "The Game Show" established an instantly successful and technically mind-boggling format: viewers with touch-tone telephones are invited to dial the number displayed on the screen; the randomly selected caller chooses a pinball game, which is shown on the screen; the home viewer then plays the game by operating the flippers with the buttons on his telephone.

Prophetically, the first large-scale experiment with interactive television was almost an afterthought of the pinball quest. Those are some pretty sophisticated systems that are being used for bouncing around a metal ball.


Dan Fodor, who designed the interface connecting the telephone, the television, and the pinball machine, is well aware of the implications. The national television audience is going to be aware of them soon enough.

"The Game Show" has already attracted a large local following, and the media biggies are looking into it with undisguised interest. The first national television call-in game show isn't that far away, and I'm willing to bet on which game will be played. Then somebody will manage to come up with an electrode interface for our heads, and our minds will become the only moving parts in the utopian electrovideo pinball palace.

The imaginations of the pinball legions must be soaring at the prospect of nudging an entire global communications system. If you want a glimpse of what tomorrow will bring, study the youngest flipper fanatics. The starship commander of the future is practicing at this very moment, down at the arcade. 

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No one really expected automakers to produce a car that gets 50 miles to the gallon before 1982—but the Volkswagen diesel Rabbit has beaten those expectations by five years. EPA figures for the new Rabbit indicate it can get 52 mpg on the highway and 39 mpg for stop-and-go driving. That's another way of saying that a full tank gives you a cruising range of over 550 miles: the distance of a round trip between Washington, D.C., and New York City, with another hundred miles thrown in for sightseeing. It also

means that four people can drive this VW from New York to San Francisco for about \$35 worth of fuel. Best of all, the price of the diesel Rabbit is only \$170 over the cost of the gas model—which comes to approximately what you will have to pay for a decent AM-FM car radio these days.

With your first acceleration, one characteristic of diesel energy becomes apparent—lots of power at low engine rpm, or, in practical terms, less shifting in slow city traffic. The Rabbit's thrifty habits are most obvious on the highway. As the driving speed climbs past 45 mph, you'll find that it takes very little pressure on the accelerator to keep up with traffic. At 60 mph you need a feather foot to keep your Rabbit from creeping up the back of the car ahead.

Starting the VW diesel is simple: just turn the ignition key clockwise until the red preheating light on the dash goes on. Hold the key in that position until the light goes out; then turn the key all the way. In very cold weather, a little knob on the left side of the column is pulled out to keep the engine running smoothly; in any weather, the cold-start knob is pushed in as soon as you start rolling. During the first few minutes of the warm-up, you can hear that you've got a diesel under the hood because of the clatter of moving parts. Not to worry; all diesels sound that way when cold—even Mercedes-Benz's \$20,000 models. (Beetle owners will feel right at home, since their air-cooled engines were notoriously noisy.) And as the engine warms, the sound dies. Once the car is warmed up, there'll be no need to go through the preheat routine after you've stopped. Just jump in, twist the key, and go. You'll have a fabulous trip.

The extra notch on the ignition lock and the cold-start button are the primary differences in driving a diesel Rabbit. Once the VW starts rolling, the same old pep is there. It's the



light and lively feeling that helped convert generations of dedicated drivers of Detroit's big bombs into avid Beetle fans. VW turned the trick by taking a new approach to diesel engine design for the Rabbit. Instead of scaling a big, slow truck engine down, they started with the basic gas engine—the block, flywheel, bearings, and crankshaft are straight from the gas engine.


Most diesels operate at low speed and accelerate slowly, but VW's oil burner zips up to 5,000 rpm at about the same speed as a gas engine. For the

diesel, Volkswagen added new wrist pins and pistons and an aluminum cylinder head. Best of all, the diesel eliminates the whole electrical ignition system and carburetor. A belt-driven injector system gets the fuel into the cylinders, and the diesel's high compression ratio of 23.5 to 1 handles the ignition nicely.

As an added bonus, the Rabbit's diesel meets all the emission-control standards without that rash of power-robbing devices generally tacked onto gas engines.

If you're worried about the availability of diesel fuel, relax. Every major highway with truck traffic has stations with diesel fuel, and most towns of any size have at least one source. If you're nervous about getting stuck on weekends, stash a five-gallon can of diesel fuel in the corner of your garage; this will give you 250 miles of cruising to get you started. Best of all, diesels burn fuel so efficiently that very little residue is left. One result is a clean engine, with reduced carbon deposits and less sludge. This means more miles between oil changes—7,500—longer engine life, and less time in the garage. You can forget periodic ignition and carburetion tune-ups but have your dealer check the injection system every 15,000 miles.

Our test car was the two-door custom, and the price sticker is \$4,249. For a penny-pinching diesel, this price is rock bottom—less than half the cost of any other diesel around. The savings don't end when you buy; they add up, mile-after-mile.

Stop by at your Volkswagen dealer's and check out a diesel. If a test drive impresses you as much as it impressed us, put your name on the list. There will be a list—since VW is bringing in only a mere 10,000 of these remarkable diesel Rabbits this year. 

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DR. ATKINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

them to eat all kinds of junk loaded with sugar.

Penthouse: Should everyone, without exception, avoid sugar?

Atkins: Perhaps so. The current estimate is that the population divides up about fifty-fifty between sugar-susceptible and sugar-resistant people. I see a preponderance of sugar-susceptible people because they have the complaints—obesity, fatigue, psychiatric problems—generally associated with sugar. But in any case, what's the point of consuming a "food" that has absolutely no vitamins or minerals—of adding this to our already marginal nutritional state?

Penthouse: You've used the term "sugar addict." How would you define that?

Atkins: If you take a suspected addicting substance away from somebody and, upon reexposing him to it, find that he cannot resist it, then you may assume that he is addicted. So, if you've been on a diet and somebody bakes you a birthday cake, and after one taste you find you must have more—or you must rush home to eat sweets, or you have great difficulty getting back on your diet—then you're a sugar addict.

We'd recognize the addiction if it were alcohol, wouldn't we? But since sugar is generally—and, to me, incomprehensibly—regarded as something acceptable in our diet, the addiction pattern is simply not recognized or regarded as serious. Yet I estimate that one out of every ten people is sugar addicted. I've actually had to hospitalize some people to get them off sugar. I've seen some sugar addicts climbing and clawing the walls. But total abstinence and a recognition of one's addiction are what works best. You must replace the addiction with the right diet and then embellish it with vitamins that can markedly reduce the addictive symptoms.

Penthouse: Can sugar get people high?

Atkins: Well, take a bunch of kids the day after a holiday. Those who aren't sick and throwing up the junk they've stuffed in are so damned hyper that they're running, jumping, fighting. Or notice how high they get after lunch if they've stuffed themselves on sugar.

Dr. Thomas Szasz, the psychiatrist, has said that we shouldn't be giving cops these so-called high-energy snacks of sugar doughnuts and soft drinks while they are involved in something like riot control. He's right: they have a hell of a lot harder time staying calm and cool when their blood-sugar levels are being bounced around by all that sugar.

Who knows how much violence and unrest in modern society are the result of poor diet? The wildness of adolescence may not be so much a result of natural energy and the juices of puberty as the result of terrible food. You can't really handle the problems of puberty when you're climbing the walls

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with the phony energy of sugar.

Penthouse: Did you yourself have a weight problem? Have you been a sugar addict?
Atkins: You can never refer to a weight problem in the past tense. I have a weight problem. I'll *a*lways have it. I must contend with it every day. But with the right diet, it's very possible to win. You can go on eating, and eating well.

Penthouse: The Sugar Association says that sugar serves a purpose in that it makes foods that have vitamins, minerals, and fibers more palatable.

Atkins: Nonsense! Saccharin makes things palatable, too. But beyond that, up to a hundred years ago we ate very little sugar. We ate meat, vegetables, and unrefined cereals, and we liked it just fine. Tasted great—still does. We've been "palate-washed" by the sugar people.

Penthouse: You attribute many problems to bad nutrition. How do you feel about psychiatrists who claim a psychological basis for these same problems?

Atkins: Too many doctors are making psychosomatic diagnoses because they fail to understand that they are dealing with a biochemical problem most of the time. So many people go to a doctor and say, "I'm tired. I'm just plain, damned worn out," and the doctor gives them a rather perfunctory examination. Now, if he doesn't include a glucose tolerance test, he won't often get the answer. If he skips the test and finds nothing else wrong, he's apt to say that the patient is just tense or uptight about something. He tries to deal in a psychiatric way with what he thinks is anxiety or tension, when the real problem is diet.

Of course, there are many people who do have psychiatric problems. But in the overwhelming preponderance of cases, I find nutrition at the root of things.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the saccharin decision of the Food and Drug Administration. The latest proposal is that saccharin be made available over the counter for people to add to their foods, but with the proviso that it first be proved of use medically.

Atkins: God! If it's proved of use? What a damned fool statement! It's been of use for years in the treatment of diabetics and heart patients. There are millions of people whose life spans would have been shortened if they had not been able to kick the sugar habit and still enjoy life with non-sugar sweeteners. Sweeteners are not drugs; they are alternatives to sugar. To prove them beneficial, one should merely have to prove that sugar is harmful. But the FDA doesn't want to see it that way.

We are now faced with the possibility that people who are living at some risk from sugar and who are managing with saccharin will be forced to resume their sugar habits. If that happens, it will lead to millions of premature deaths from hypertension, diabetes, coronary disease—all the panoply of diseases I've mentioned. Now measure that against the possible increase of cancer caused by saccharin. Even assuming that there would be some slight

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increase of bladder cancer among humans, how can that compare with the millions who will die too soon if they resume the sugar habit? I'm not going to take the stance that saccharin is totally harmless. But let's put it in perspective.

Penthouse: Saccharin was banned because of the Delaney amendment. What's wrong with this law?

Atkins: It's a law that must be repealed. The amendment doesn't give federal agencies any flexibility, since it requires that anything that is shown to produce cancer in animals, to even the slightest degree, must be removed as a food additive. It only affects additives. The FDA's mistake was to call sweeteners "additives," thus taking away all flexibility.

Penthouse: How does the sugar lobby work?

Atkins: Well, when I became interested in the ban on cyclamates some years ago, I read everything I could find on the subject. I found, for example, that a public-relations man for the sugar industry had boasted that "we got cyclamates off the market," meaning he and his employers. Millions and millions of sugar dollars were put into the campaign to discredit cyclamates.

There are also connections between sugar money and various professors and university nutrition departments involved in defending sugar. Harvard University's Department of Nutrition, for example, received approximately \$2 million between 1971 and 1974 from companies, which included Amstar (sugar), Carnation, Gerber's, Kellogg's, the International Sugar Research Foundation, and the Sugar Association.

Penthouse: What about Dr. Fredrick Stare, who headed the Harvard Department of Nutrition from 1942 until very recently? He said that the world needs food so badly that we will someday have to increase our production of sugar, since it gives more calories per cultivated acre than we get from raising animals for protein.

Atkins: Calories aren't the only yardstick of nutrition. Vitamins and minerals seem to be more important.

Dr. Stare has been on the board of The Continental Group, a major food-packaging outfit, for about twelve years. He has also testified on behalf of cereal interests at congressional and Food and Drug Administration hearings. He has said, "Breakfast cereals are good foods." During the three years after he first made that statement, his school received approximately \$200,000 in grants from Kellogg, Nabisco, and related corporate foundations.

And there are others. Dr. E. M. Foster, director of the Food Research Institute at the University of Wisconsin, told Congress that he had little sympathy for consumer advocates. He said, "We in the Food Research Institute shall continue to do all we can in the interest of truth and sanity." Well, one of the things he has been doing is sitting on the board of the Stange Corporation, a leading manufacturer of flavorings,



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colorings, spices, and other food ingredients. His colleague, Dr. Alfred E. Harper, told an FDA hearing, under oath, that he gets 20 percent of his income from consultant fees from such outfits as General Mills, Pillsbury, and General Foods.

And then you've got Prof. Theodore Labuza of the University of Minnesota's Department of Nutrition and Food Science. From the Congressional Record you can read that he said, "Let's face it: the food industry has to make a profit. Otherwise, it will not be able to keep providing us with food." Well, Labuza is apparently helping them do that. He has accepted fees from General Mills, Searle Biochemics, Pillsbury, Hunt-Wesson, and Quaker Oats.


Of course, I'm not saying that these men take money with the understanding that they will defend certain products. There has been no direct connection proved. But doesn't it raise the question of conflict of interest?

Penthouse: Your opponents claim that you haven't scientifically proved your theories with double-blind tests, under controlled conditions. What's your response to that?

Atkins: I can't really convince my colleagues, because they simply don't want to be convinced. They'd be happy if I ended up completely discredited. You just can't talk to people coming from that direction. They don't want to learn or to improve their skills for helping the patient. They want only to squelch. The problem is that it's difficult to evaluate a group of symptoms as subjective as fatigue, anxiety, and depression by asking, "How do you feel?" So, when I say that 80 percent of my patients report feeling better, my detractors invariably say, "Oh, that's the placebo effect of the doctor-patient relationship." There's no way that I can factor that out.

Furthermore, the doctor whose only patients are those who pay him their hard-earned money is not in a position to withhold treatment—to keep some patients as controls by treating them with sugar in their diet, or to give them blank vitamins to prove something that is already apparent.

Anyway, look at how effectively the Hoffer-Osmond results with schizophrenics treated with megavitamins were squelched. The American Psychiatric Association put out one of the most unscientific, trumped-up reports imaginable, in which it tried to discredit these findings, claiming that Hoffer and Osmond did not do a "double-blind" study. The incredible truth here is that so-called double-blind studies were virtually unheard of in the field of psychiatry until Hoffer and Osmond's original paper.

In short, the pioneers of nutritional medicine, in every subspecialty, are having a particularly frustrating experience persuading the closed-minded majority of the profession of the remarkable results they are getting. This contrasts sharply with the attitudes of those doctors who want to learn what they can do to improve their practice techniques and who have benefited greatly from their new knowledge. 

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P9

OH, WICKED WANDA!

EN ROUT TO TOKYO.
OUR RAVISHING HEEL-
RAISERS NIPPON A
BOAT, TO KEEP ABBREAST
OF JAPANESE WOMANHOOD

THE IMPERIAL
JAPANESE ARMY
WILL NEVER
SURRENDER!

FOUR DAYS
FATIGUES! JUST
FOR BEING IN
THE WRONG BED
AFTER LIGHTS
OUT!

THESE CURL-DIVERS
ARE SOMETHING
ELSE, WANDA
DARLING!

PEARL-DIVERS.
YOU DOPE! AND
IT'S A DISGRACE
THE WAY THEY'RE
BEING EXPLOITED!

ADMIRABLE REARS,
DON'T YOU THINK,
REAR ADMIRAL?

VERITABLE
WONDERS OF THE
DEEP, BO-SUN-SAN!

OIL.
SEWERAGE.
DETERGENTS!
I DON'T
KNOW HOW
I SURVIVE
AT ALL!

HAVEN'T YOU
HEARD-THE JAWS
JOKE IS AS DEAD
AS MUTTON?
YOU'RE TOO LATE!

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LIFE!

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MULLALLY
and
RON
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???







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...HISTORICALLY HE HAS HAD A DOMINANT ROLE, BUT WITH THE DAWNING OF THE 20TH CENTURY THAT ROLE HAS DIMINISHED...

...ON THE WHOLE HE IS LESS INTELLIGENT THAN WOMEN. HE SOMETIMES HAS CERTAIN PHYSICAL ADVANTAGES, BUT HE CAN BE REDUCED TO QUIVERING HELPLESSNESS BY THE SIGHT OF THE FEMALE FORM!...

...AND THEREFORE HE IS EASILY ENSLAVED...

...IT IS OUR PURPOSE TO BRING ENLIGHTENMENT TO THOSE BACKWARD PARTS OF THE WORLD WHERE MAN STILL MANAGES TO CLING, PRECARIOUSLY, TO HIS DOMINANT ROLE.....

...NOW, IF YOU WILL TAKE YOUR SEATS, GIRLS, AND ADJUST YOUR COMPLEXES! MY ASSISTANT AND I, AIDED BY THE PUSS FORCE, WILL BEGIN WITH A LITTLE PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION ENTITLED "WHO NEEDS MEN"?

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LET'S SEE! LET'S SEE!

LOOK AT THAT AUDIENCE REACTION!

AND WE'RE ON NEXT!

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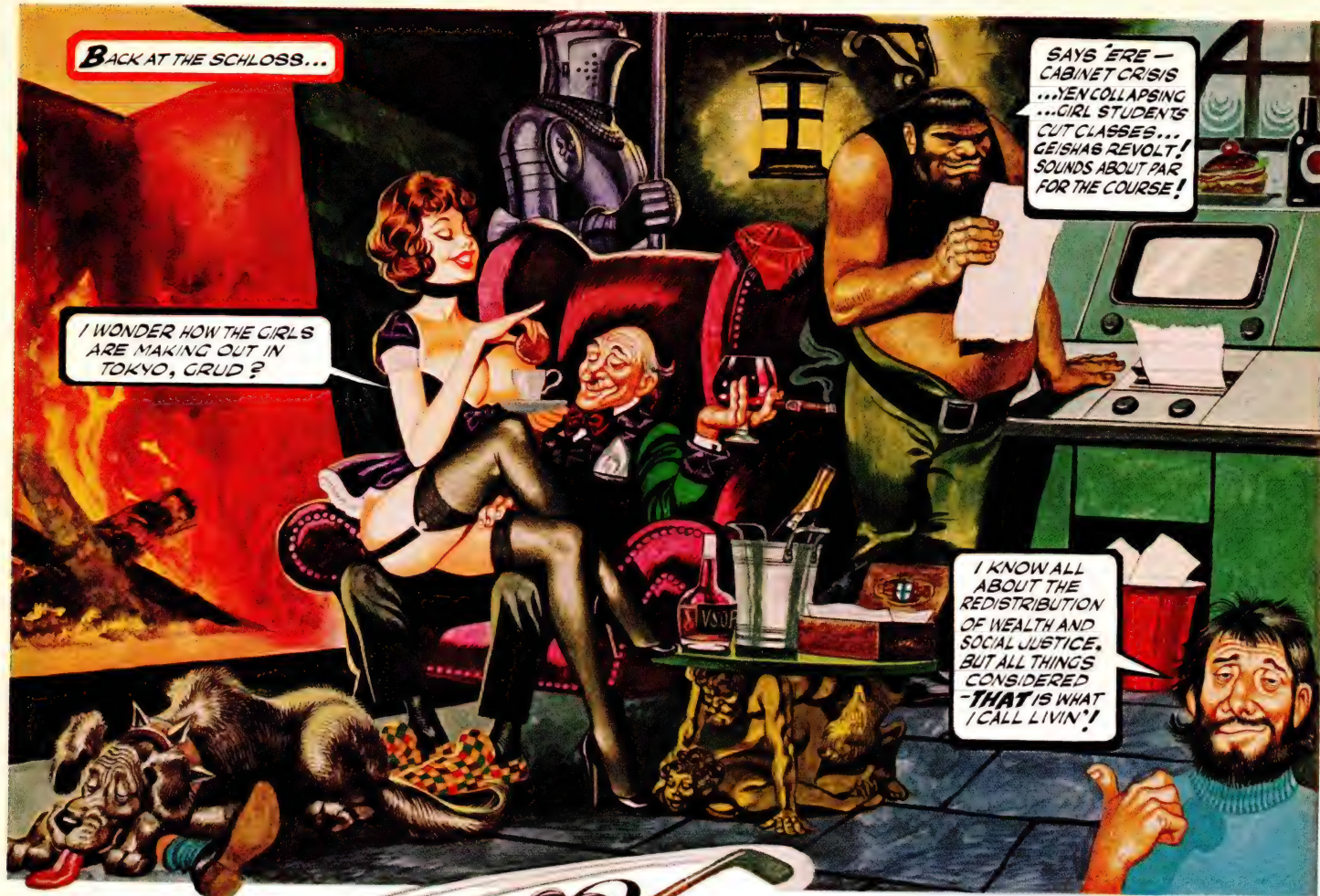
SO I'M SMALL!

WHAT DOES THAT PROVE?





BACK AT THE SCHLOSS...



I WONDER HOW THE GIRLS
ARE MAKING OUT IN
TOKYO, GRUD?

SAYS 'ERE —
CABINET CRISIS
...YEN COLLAPSING
...GIRL STUDENTS
CUT CLASSES...
GEISHAS REVOLT!
SOUNDS ABOUT PAR
FOR THE COURSE!

I KNOW ALL
ABOUT THE
REDISTRIBUTION
OF WEALTH AND
SOCIAL JUSTICE,
BUT ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED
—THAT IS WHAT
I CALL LIVIN'!

HEY, BOO'FUL—WANNA
KNOW WHY THEY CALL
IT "THE LAND OF THE
RISING SON"?



TELL ME LATER! A LITTLE
BIRDIE TELLS ME IT'S
TIME TO SAY "ONARA"!

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Coming Down

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

'Step on your Bigfoot's nipples so he can spurt hot goo,' it goes out over the air. Now, as luck would have it, Rob was expected home for dinner, and his wife was worried: so she turned on *her* base station. And what do you think she heard?"

"No!" I said.

"Yes!" Mr. K. said. "Not only that, but every CBer in town who was monitoring heard their pal Rob screaming, 'Step on the other one! Step on Bigfoot's other nipple so he can spermate!'"

"Whew," I said.

"Okay—here we are."

Mr. K. pulled into the parking lot of the Arbor Dale Nursing Home, which I'd always driven by without giving it a second look.

"This is Highway Heaven?"

"Notice something funny about this extended-care facility?" asked Mr. K.

I looked around. There were dozens of semitrailers and big vans in the lot. "Awful lot of truckers making deliveries here," I said. Mr. K. chuckled.

"Let's go inside and see if you can spot anything unusual."

There was nothing unusual about the reception area of the Arbor Dale Nursing Home, unless you'd consider unusual the fact that the walls were covered with black vinyl and the floors with thick orange shag. Unless you'd consider track lighting and a deluxe sound system—playing George Benson records—unusual, or the fact that a receptionist is wearing nothing but a black lace garter belt, red stockings, and a black lace bra with holes for the nipples unusual, there was nothing particularly unusual.

"K.! What the hell?!"

"Now do those conversations we heard in the car make sense?"

"A CB whorehouse, as I live and breathe."

"You ain't seen thing one yet," said Mr. K., as he pinched the receptionist's clit on our way into a room that looked like Air Traffic Control at O'Hare International Airport the day before Christmas. There were ten young ladies, with nothing on but white athletic undershirts, sitting at consoles, wearing little earpieces with tiny microphones, like the guys who talk to the astronauts. Each of them had a clipboard on which she was busily making notations.

"This is Highway Heaven—bye for traffic on channel 23."

"This is one Highway Heaven on channel 11. Ten-niner, please, Cherry Picker."

"Here we have the dispatchers' room of Highway Heaven," Mr. K. said, "where the services of ninety-four of the most pulchritudinous pavement princesses in America are orchestrated to meet the needs of the contemporary motorist. We furnished all the radio equipment for this installation—it's the most advanced communication system of any CB cathouse in the Northeast."

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I stood there with my jaw knee-deep in the shag.

"Pavement princesses equals dresses for sale equals trollops equals ladies of the evening—only it's 1:00 in the afternoon. *Capisce?*"

"I gathered as much," I said. "My mouth isn't hanging open because I don't understand. My mouth is hanging open because I *do* understand."

"There's somebody I want you to eyeball," said Mr. K. He led me down the hall. We passed several semi drivers coming the other way, zipping their flies and buttoning their shirts. Then we turned the corner and walked into a high-ceilinged room, where a trucker was being attended by a team of princesses. He was licking out one of them, and another princess was cornholing him with a strap-on dildo while he was balling a third. The room was done up to look like an automobile repair bay—tools on the walls, a tune-up oscilloscope, and a Bear alignment sign. The girls were naked except for Texaco hats and had little, embroidered name tags stuck to their chests. One said "Bionic Bitch." Another said, prophetically, "Wet One." The princess who was stirring the truck driver's fudge climbed off and came over to us. Her tag said "Service Adviser."

"How you doin', breakers?" said Service Adviser.

"Great," said Mr. K. "S-A, I'd like you to meet my good buddy, *Penthouse* Pencil Pusher. He's doing a little research on CB sex. *Penthouse* Pencil Pusher, this is Service Adviser, queen of the pavement princesses."

She had a gigantic frizz of red hair, pubes dyed to match, and lip gloss on her nipples. "The madam?" I offered.

"Affirmatory," said Service Adviser. "But we don't use turkey talk like that around Highway Heaven. Everybody speaks CB here. Like, for instance, all the girls are called YLs, and they all have handles, like Non-Dairy Creamer and Hefty Bag. We don't call that thing Tennessee Stud's getting his lube job on over there a bed—we call it what it is: a 'snore shelf.' When a breaker wants to be on top he says, 'Keep the shiny side up and the greasy side down.' If he wants to be on the bottom, he says, 'Keep the tin side down and the rubber side up.' If the stud there wants to watch two YLs sock it to each other, he says, 'Can I have a 10-12, visitors present?'"

"Yeah," yelled that Bionic Bitch, who was now sucking the driver's fuel injector. "And if the guy can't get it up, we call it a 10-92—quality poor or weak!"

"You've come a long way since Pantyhose Junction," said Mr. K. to Service Adviser.

"A definite 10-9 on that," she said.

"Translation?" I said.

"You can say that again," said Mr. K.

"I mean, what's Pantyhose Junction?" I said.

"That's what CBers call truck stops," said Service Adviser. "It refers to the fact that a

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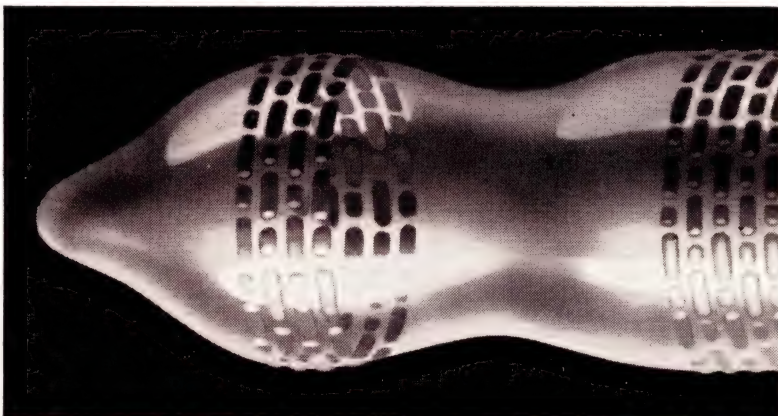
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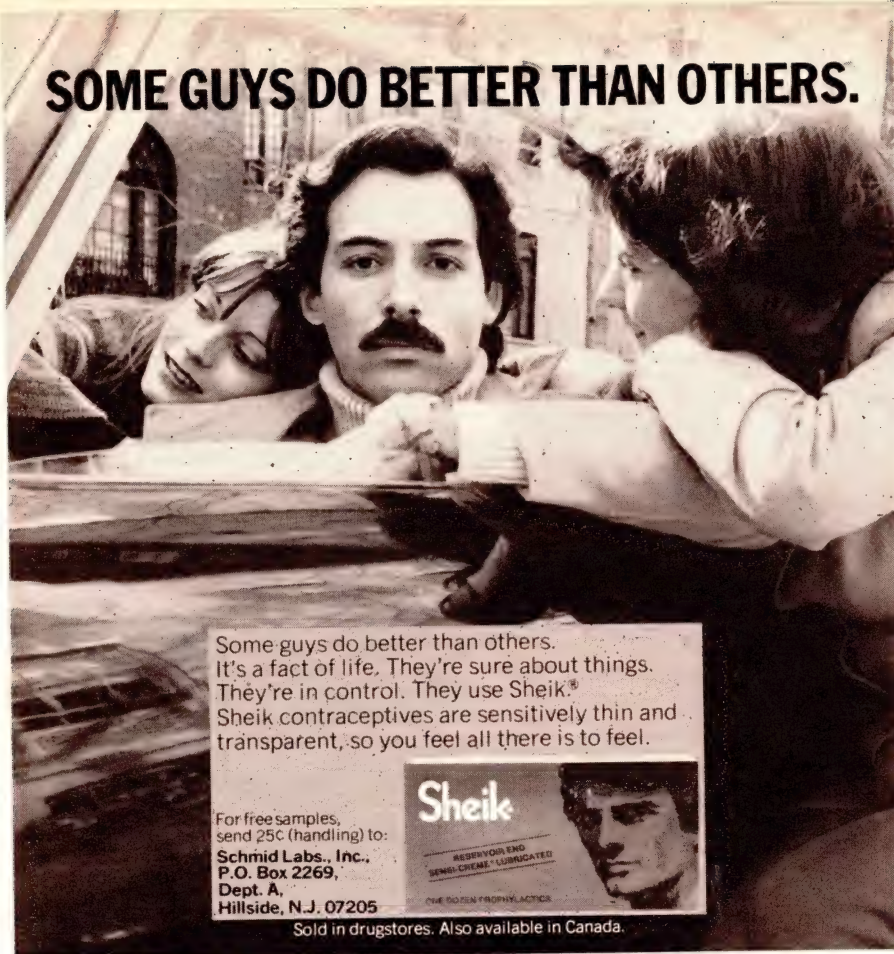
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lot of big regional truck stops have little rooms for truckers to cop a few z's in," she said. "Only, in practice, not too many z's get copped—the truckers are too busy balling the pros who hang around the truck stops, hustling the drivers. That's what I used to do—just another highway hooker, playing the pinball machines, waiting to get my clit pinched by some chicken-choker pilot."

"Translation?" I said to Mr. K.

"Poultry truck driver," he said.

"One day I started thinking about CB radio," Service Adviser went on. "I'd heard about those pavement princesses, swinging the bead bag on the air, and I said to myself: why don't I do them one better? Why don't I open up my own truck stop? With CB, you don't have to be right on the highway, where the rents are sky-high. Instead you can give out directions over the radio. I was lucky enough to run into Mr. K. here, who let me have ten souped-up base stations with no down payment, and I was in business. That's why Mr. K. is the only breaker on the band with a lifetime free pass to Highway Heaven . . ."

"Fantastic," I said to Mr. K. as we drove back toward town. "That Highway Heaven is the lowest-down place I've been in since a certain nightclub in Juarez, in 1962, whose starring act was called 'Pedro y Maria.' Maria was a thirteen-year-old girl, and Pedro was a thirteen-year-old donkey—"

"Shh——" said Mr. K. "Listen—it's time for 'The Mr. Personal Hour.'"

"What's 'The Mr. Personal Hour'?"

"Listen . . ."

"This Mr. Personal comin' at you. Do I got any breakers?"

"This one white male, forty-five years young. Likes that classical music. Gourmet cook. Lookin' for a dominant mama well versed in English arts. Over."

"Breaker, you white male. What's your handle?"

"Mr. Personal, this one Bullwhip Bellboy."

"Bullwhip Bellboy, what you mean, 'English arts'? This ain't no uptight newspaper classified section. This the free country of citizens band. You don't got to use no euphemism. You want to get your hot cross buns whipped, just yell it right on out there! Come again, Bullwhip Bellboy."

"This Bullwhip Bellboy thanks you kindly, Mr. Personal. What I'm lookin' for is a lady that'll make me crawl around on all fours to fetch her newspaper and her slippers, then whack my fanny with a Ping-Pong paddle till it's down to the raw epidermis while I hump the mattress. If she'd give it to me up the old bazoo with a chocolate Tootsie Roll pop, I'd be rightly obliged, too. Over."

"Lord, have mercy, Percy. You ain't easy to please, but this Mr. Personal is gonna surely do his better than best. Any ladies on channel one-niner that would like to get dirty with that Bellboy, gimme a big break."

"Breaky break-break, Mr. Personal. This Miss Pooty Power doesn't have a Ping-Pong racket, but if that Bullwhip Bellboy will supply the hardware, I'm good for the software. Over."

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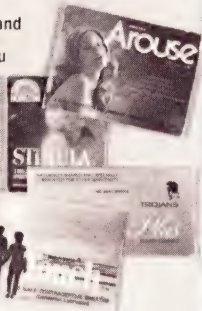
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"Roger, Miss Pooty Power. Bullwhip Bellboy, you read that?"

"Five by nine, good buddy. Miss Pooty Power, this is that Bullwhip Bellboy. You got a cat-o'-nine-tails?"

"Affirmative, affirmative. Also, I got one of those old-fashioned carpet beaters, a curling iron, suction cups, handcuffs, wrist twisters, and a family-size jar of Vaseline."

"Okay by this Bellboy."

"Bellboy and Pooty Power, this Mister Personal, askin' you to 10-27 on down to channel 15 so you can arrange to meet, greet, and beat each other's meat. Any more classified traffic on this channel? This Mister Personal's bye on one-nine."

"Incredible," I said.

"Mr. Personal, this Peewee Peckerwood."

"Peckerwood, this Mr. Personal. What gets ya through the night?"

"Mr. Personal, Peewee Peckerwood. I got a John Thomas the size of a midget gherkin, and I'm looking for a pair of seat covers with glory holes to match."

"Pair of seat covers?" I said.

"Two girls," explained Mr. K.

"Okay, Peewee Peckerwood, this Mr. Personal on one-nine. Any munchkin breakers out there? We got one Peewee Peckerwood standing by for you."

"Mr. Personal, this Tiny Tina."

"Go," said Mr. Personal.

"Mr. Personal, my vagina's so minor I can't hardly get a swizzle stick into it."

"Okay, Tiny Tina, 10-23 if you please. Peewee Peckerwood, you copy or you need a 10-5?"

"Negatory, Mr. Personal. This Peckerwood reads that Tiny Tina loud and proud."

"Okay, both of you hold the phone for a short short, and Mr. Personal see if he can make you a threesome."

"Hey, catch that!" said Mr. K.

"Catch what?" I said.

"See that car on the other side of the road? The one where the guy's taking off the flat tire?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Let's pull over to the side up ahead and watch."

Mr. K. reached into the glove compartment, pulled out a pair of Leitz prism binoculars, and focused them on the disabled car.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

"That guy's got twin mamas—two CB antennas on his roof. I want to see whether he got on the emergency channel and radioed for help. You've heard of the CB Samaritans, haven't you?"

"What's that—one of those nationwide organizations that you can call if your car breaks down?"

"You got it, only this one happens to be all-female. There are some rumors about those girls I'd like to check out. I'll bet this guy put out a call, and they're usually the quickest to respond. Whoa! Wait a second—there comes one now!"

A pickup truck with an amber rotating light on its roof pulled up behind the jacked-up car. It had a camper cap, on the

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side of which was a big orange decal that said "CB Samaritans International." A woman dressed in orange coveralls got out and walked over to where the guy had taken off the wheel. She talked with him for a few seconds. Then she went back, got some flares, lit them, and stuck them in the pavement behind her truck.

"Oh, boy, get a load of this," said Mr. K., handing me the binoculars.

The CB Samaritan had opened the back door of the camper and was motioning the driver of the car over. Next thing I knew, the two of them had climbed in and shut the door behind them.

"Holy moley!" I said.

"Looks like those rumors are true. The guys in REACT all say the Samaritans are nothing but a bunch of horny housewives who monitor channel 9 day and night, looking for an easy score. Come on, let's set up the big ear."

"The who?" I said.

Mr. K. leapt from our car, shot around the back, opened the trunk, and pulled out a thing that looked as if it were for cooking chop suey. He set up a tripod, stuck the wok on top of it, pointed it in the direction of the camper, unrolled the wire hanging off, and got back in the car. At the end of the wire was a small black case containing a speaker—with voices coming over it.

"Come on, wet it with a little spit," said a woman's voice.

"Okay, here goes," said a man's voice.

"Oh yeah!" said the female. "Whack it to me!"

"You're kidding," I said.

"The big ear," said Mr. K. "I always keep it with me. A parabolic microphone so sensitive you can hear a worm burp through a brick wall from a hundred yards away."

"How's that?" said the driver.

"Uh . . . baby!" said the CB Samaritan. "Fold me, bend me, spindle me, mutilate me!"

"Thank you, Jesus, for channel 9," groaned the driver. "Thank you, Jesus, it was you that was monitoring 9 and not some guy from REACT."

"Don't knock those boys from REACT," she said. "They come pretty fast. Matter of fact, sometimes they come too fast. I remember one came so fast that he shot it all over the floor before I could even get my Samaritan suit off. Come on, baby, ring my bell!"

They began to grunt in unison, louder, faster, until both of them yelped like stuck piglets, heaved one joint, shuddering sigh, and subsided.

A few minutes later the two of them climbed out of the camper. We could hear her ask the guy whether he needed any more help. He replied that all that he needed was the flares; he didn't need any help with the tire. "Well, it's been nice modulating with you," she said. She jumped in her pick-em-up and peeled out. Then the guy got down and started putting the tire on the car.

"Hey, wait a minute!" I said.

"What?" said Mr. K.



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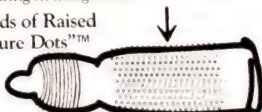
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"I don't believe it," I said.

"What? What?"

"The guy's putting back the same tire he took off!"

"No!"

"Yes! He didn't open the trunk, did he?"

That isn't his spare; that's the tire that was supposed to be flat."

"You know what CBers call tires?" said Mr. K.

"Can't say as I do."

"They call them baloneys," he said.

Mr. K. had produced above and beyond the call letters of duty, and a few days later I made good on my offer and had him install a Cobra 138XLR in my lovingly restored Triumph TR3. Not only does the damned thing give you forty channels of single side band; it also answers your phone and does your income tax.

The first night that I had it, I had to drive to the Canadian chalet hideaway of a former Nixon administration official who was going to spill the frioles on the real reason for the Watergate break-in—something about Big Man having been on the take from Mao Tse-tung. Thanks to my new CB, I'd been able to dodge the bears and cover 175 miles in two hours. I had my pedal to the metal so hard that the mile markers were looking like a picket fence. Plus I was getting to say all kinds of official-sounding things in my best Texarkahoma trucker twang.

"Breaker 1-5. Any bears in the woods tonight? Over to ya, whoever you may be."

The New Hampshire darkness answered immediately: "This one Funky Monkey, and I got a county mountie in the grass south-bound at the Kileyville mixer. Son of a mother's in a Tijuana taxi. Bye."

"I thank you, guy. I'll hammer back to that double nickel when I get that far up the boulevard. This Penthouse Pencil Pusher's on the side. Let the channel roll."

The Kileyville Interchange, where the sheriff's deputy in the marked police car was snoozing, was a good five miles up the highway. So I was holding steady, at 95 per, when all of a sudden I drove into a jar of marshmallow topping.

At least that's what it looked like from inside the car.

I snapped on my fog beams and voilà: quartz-iodide-colored marshmallow topping. I got on the horn and asked for a weather check.

"Breaker 1-5 for a 10-13."

This guy came back 3 by 7: "Mnff bnff nfff like pea soup with hot dog chunks for fifty miles grfff dnff six-car pileup vnf znff if I was you I'd pull off the slab and cop a few z's. This Colt 45 is on the bye."

Thanks, pal. Colt 45 has apparently never tried to sleep in a TR3. At which point the E-layer dropped like a guillotine. I turned off the squelch, but all forty channels were dead. All alone, inside a block of styrofoam at three o'clock in the morning. I was about to commit hara-kari—which I figured would be less painful than sleeping in my Triumph—when my scanner lights stopped on channel 9.

"Breaker break, 9. Is there any traffic on this channel? This is the Pink Pussy lyin' by."

What a voice! It sounded the way Farrah Fawcett-Major's teeth look. It was warm honey dripping down a hot thigh. It was the sound of salty breasts moving in a wet t-shirt on a summer beach in slow motion. Lyin' by? I lunged for the microphone.

"Pink Panther, this is Penthouse Pencil Pusher. Over."

Nothing.

I squeezed the button and yelled.

"I SAY AGAIN, PINK PANTHER! THIS IS PENTHOUSE PENCIL PUSHER COMIN' AT YOU. DO YOU READ?!"

"Yo! 5 and 9, double-P. Hey, I'm a double-P too, aren't I? Maybe we were made for each other."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Lord, have mercy, Pink Panther, am I ever glad to hear you! You a base station?"

"Penthouse Pencil Pusher, that's a definite 10-4, and this Pink Pussy's thanking the Big Breaker in the sky that she is. You out on the superslab on a night like this? Air out there's as thick as a gob of cold come. Why don't you drop over to my rest-em-up and let me fix you a hot cup of muff juice?"

Her voice—I swallowed hard. Her voice was as inviting as a hot Jacuzzi by candlelight overlooking the surf at Malibu.

"Penthouse Pencil Pusher, you still out there? Why don't you beat the bushes to my nap trap and let's 10-35 till the ground clouds lift. Over."

10-35. I grabbed the ten-code guide Mr. K. had given me: "Confidential information which cannot be discussed on radio." As they say in CB lingo, mercy sakes!

"You got a great big 10-4 on that, Pink Pussy."

"Penthouse Pencil Pusher, you have anything to do with that Penthouse Magazine?"

"Oh, boy, do I ever."

"My favorite reading," said the Pink Pussy in the voice of a lioness stretching. "You want to hammer on over to my home base for a hairy eyeball?"

"Affirmatory! Affirma-cotton-pickin'-tory!"

"You can hold my mud flaps," she said. "10-39."

"You can bring it up to my back door. . ."

"10-20?! 10-20?!"

"You can jump my bumpers," she said.

"Want me to give you directions? Okay, listen. You pull off at Hanford. Go up to the stop sign and make a—"

Whomp! "PENTHOUSE PENCIL PUSHER, THIS IS MOTHERS FOR MODESTY UNIT 12." Some clown had walked over Pink Pussy's transmission with what sounded like a thousand watts. "THIS IS MOTHERS FOR MODESTY UNIT 12, DO YOU READ?"

"And then I'm the last house on the right, the one with the plaster elves on the lawn. You copy?"

"Pink Pussy, pick it up again," I said. "You got stepped on."

"Okay. At the stop sign you turn—"

"BACK OUT, PENTHOUSE PENCIL

PUSHER! THIS IS MOTHERS FOR MODESTY UNIT 12. YOU'RE 10-7 FOR THE NIGHT, BUSTER. WE PARENTS AREN'T GOING TO ALLOW THIS KIND OF TRASH ON THE AIR ANY MORE. YOU'RE 10-30! I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE FRIENDLY CANDY COMPANY!"

"Report me!" I shouted. "Report me to the Author's Guild! Now stand by! This is a 10-33! Pink Pussy, I'm 10-2 on this channel. Let's 10-27 to channel 10." I snapped the switch. "Okay! Pink Pussy, this is Penthouse Pencil Pusher. 10-20, please!"

"Roger, Pencil Pusher. Those Mothers for Modesty are a bunch of channel-hogging ratchet-jaws that are trying to turn this band into a church social. Anyway, as I was saying: stop sign, turn right, up to the first light, hang a—"

"PINK PUSSY, THIS IS MOTHERS FOR MODESTY UNIT 12. YOU SHUT YOUR TOILET MOUTH AND GO 10-100. YOU GOT A COPY ON ME? YOU BACK 'EM DOWN OR YOU'RE GONNA NEED A 10-38. DO YOU READ? WE'RE GONNA PULL THE BIG SWITCH ON YOU, LADY. YOU'RE THROUGH CORRUPTING OUR KIDS!"

I tried to break and ask her what her children were doing listening to the citizens band, at three in the morning.

"YOU'RE THROUGH CORRUPTING OUR HUSBANDS, YOU PAVEMENT PRINCESS! DOUBLE 88's ON YOU, SISTER! HAVE A FINE DAY TODAY AND A BETTER DAY TOMORROW. BECAUSE THIS MOTHER FOR MODESTY UNIT 12 IS CLEAR, BUT SHE AIN'T GOIN' DOWN."

And with that, the modest mother hung up her mike but left her carrier on—to keep us from talking. Okay, I figured—so we'll switch to another channel. I turned to channel 11, gave the Pink Pussy a long shout, and waited for her to come back.

"DON'T YOU GOT YOUR EARS ON, GOOD BUDDY?" said the channel. "YOU'RE DOWN FOR THE DURATION. THIS IS M.F.M. UNIT 8."

I again tried to raise my CB sexpot on channel 12.

"THIS IS M.F.M. UNIT 3. WE GOT OUR LAND-LINE TREE IN ACTION, PENCIL PUSHER. THERE'S A MOTHER FOR MODESTY ON EVERY CHANNEL! WE'RE WALL TO WALL AND TREETOP TALL—GOOD NUMBERS ON YOU, SUCKER. HAVE A SAFE TRUCKIN' TRIP."

As I write this, I've got the upholstery welts of a lovingly restored Triumph permanently tattooed in pink on the rear surface of my aching bod. The fog didn't lift until late in the morning. And when I finally got to the snitch's chalet, the place was padlocked. All his stuff was gone, and this note was taped to the front door, "Sorry, C.S.K.—had to pop off to Saipan in the Marianas for a few decades. Hang by your thumbs!"

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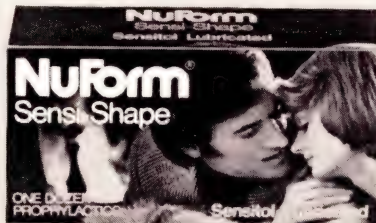
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THE OUTER FRINGE OF SEX

(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!

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

leave the X-marked room and choose one of the bedrooms to enter, and Janice was to pick one of those across the hall. If we selected one in which there was no man, we would be free to curl up and go to sleep. Otherwise, we were to have sex with the man in that room. That was to be repeated until each chose a room which was unoccupied, alternating from one side of the corridor to the other.

Admittedly, I had my fingers crossed when I finally walked out of room X and turned the doorknob on room three. Janice took a deep breath and opened room two. I looked around the edge of my door, and there was Rudi, nude, and with his penis already at full staff in anticipation. He walked to me and said the only words I was to hear from him in English: "You won't need these." And he pulled down my shorts to expose my muff, kicked them to one side, and ripped the buttons from my shirt and took my nipples between thumbs and forefingers. When he squeezed, it was an excruciatingly painful hurt, but one that I didn't want to stop.

Rudi then pulled me toward him, with his prick upped between our stomachs, and with his left hand pulled my head to his for a lip-crushing kiss. His right hand went under my buttocks and two fingers into my cunt, while he forced his thumb into my bung hole. No one had ever been there before. I had my first orgasm of the night. I had two more before Rudi stopped fucking me up against the wall and then on the bed.

I almost reeled my way down the corridor to room X, where there was no reason to ask Janice if she had found a vacant room. She looked a little worse for wear and tear. There would be no problem, she assured me, for she had left Freddi in worse condition. But, when I opened room four, it was occupied with a Freddi, who stood feet apart, hands behind back, and had a pole which pointed some eight inches straight at me. We had a deliciously good fuck. So had Janice with Rudi.

As the night became not much older, Janice and I became suspicious. We never found an unoccupied room. I even looked for trapdoors or folding wall panels, much to the amusement of Rudi and Freddi. Each of them, on one occasion apiece, upon my arrival and finding a flaccid penis, said to wait while he splashed some cold water on his wilted organ. And each time Rudi or Freddi returned, he would be ready. Eight times each Janice and I were fingered, licked, and fucked; by daylight I felt I had at least a quart of come inside me.

Janice and I slept until noon, when Rudi called up the stairs for us to come down to breakfast. Don't worry, he said, about taking time to dress, so we didn't. As we padded down the stairs into the dining area, we realized we had been had; perhaps pleasantly had, but had. Sitting at the table were two sets of grinning twins, each identical

enough to confound some horny females. The breakfast was great; eggs, sausages, black bread, and a thick Bavarian beer. They had us for dessert, and we had them. I learned to fellate that day.

Janice and I stayed for three days, until the four brought in two *fräuleins* and cut our fun by 50 per cent.—*Name withheld, Pensacola, Fla.*

. . . closet onanist


My husband used to be a closet reader of *Penthouse*. What I mean is; whenever he wanted to look at your luscious mag, he would take a flashlight and go into our giant attic closet. When I realized he was doing this, I felt jealous and hurt that other women's bodies were able to turn him on.

One night I pretended to be asleep when he went into the closet. I waited until I thought he'd have a firm erection and would really be excited. I pulled open the door to the closet, and there he was, sitting on the floor masturbating while looking at a centerfold. I then quickly turned off the light, closed the magazine, and then straddled him while he was still on the floor. And we had one glorious fuck. Since then we *both* enjoy your magazine.—*Name withheld, Oceanside, N.Y.*

. . . magnificent obsession

For the past two months I have had this obsession to perform fellatio on men that I don't know. Nothing is more exciting than having my lips, lubricated with saliva, stroking the shaft of some guy's dick. To be able to feel the sticky, sweet liquid squirt around my mouth and under my tongue is the greatest turn-on to me.

I always begin the evening by masturbating my clit and slit in the shower to get my juices running. I then slip into some very sexy lingerie—black lace bikini panties, bra, and garter belt. Next, I don a short dress and some heels, and I'm on my way, made up, dressed up, and ready to give some head.

After picking up some sucker at a bar, I get him outside to my car. I then take out his penis and play with it for a while and tease it a bit. But then I really get to work. I put the throbbing muscle into my mouth and suck it way down my throat, moving up and down the shaft with my hands. When I'm ready for my shot of semen, I gently squeeze his balls and slide a slender finger up his anus to tickle his prostate. At this point they always come, and I make damn sure that I don't miss a single drop of that come; I usually stay sucking on the head for a while to milk the last drops out of the prick. I can usually get between five and ten tricks in an evening, and believe me, that is a load of come, even for me.—*Name and address withheld* 

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.

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 alot 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	Start-ing	LENGTH End-ing	Change of	Start-ing	GIRTH 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						
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.

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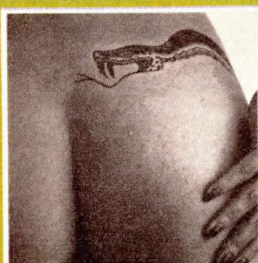
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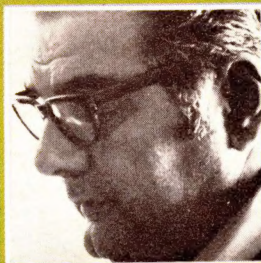
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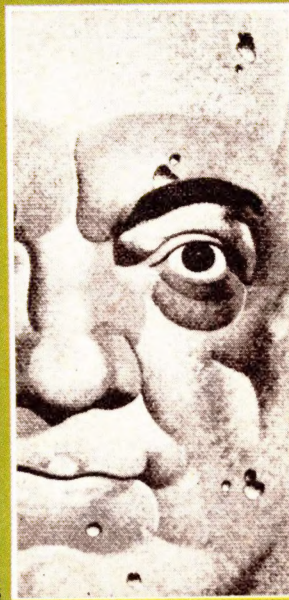
OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND



TATTOOS



JIMMY THE GREEK



ABBIE HOFFMAN'S FBI TOUR

The Professor of Desire—This month brings you the first excerpt from Philip Roth's forthcoming novel, *The Professor of Desire*. In next month's excerpt our hero, David Kepesh, will go to London, where, instead of pursuing his studies in literature, he finds himself pursuing two beautiful Swedish girls with a penchant for a *ménage à trois*. This is Roth at his eroto-humorous best.

Mother of Mercy, Is This the End of Jimmy the Greek?—Millions of Americans who follow the sporting life on television hang on every syllable—and often put their money where Jimmy's mouth is—uttered by Demetrius G. Synodinas, a.k.a. Jimmy Snyder, a.k.a. Jimmy the Greek. Performing the last few years as CBS's sports oracle has made Jimmy recognizable and very rich—and it has helped foster the image that The Greek is an incorrigible gambler who simply can't turn down a bet, any bet. But, as Joe Flaherty reports, the smart money knows that Jimmy has joined the Establishment and is now more concerned with public relations than perfectas.

My FBI Tour—Abbie Hoffman—who is the victim of 144 wiretaps—has an incredible sense of humor. During the sixties he was known as the Lenny Bruce of the radical Left. The latest antic of this fugitive from justice is to march flagrantly, nice as you please, right through the front entrance of FBI headquarters, where he and a dozen other citizens took the official FBI tour. Having escaped unscathed, Hoffman has written his pungent observations on this venerable institution.

"Servants of the Lord"—Although polygamy, the bastion of the Mormon religion, has been outlawed since 1862, hundreds of fervent religionists still practice what Brigham Young preached. Salt Lake City is today a veritable hotbed of polygamous activity, and polygamous enclaves reach as far afield as Nicaragua. Male polygamists consider themselves "servants of the Lord," and their wives are eager to serve their "lords and masters." But there is trouble in paradise. Last May two young women gunned down Dr. Rulon Allred, who had eleven wives and was the leader of the largest polygamist group in America. And the police, who have long tolerated polygamy, are warning: "We can't look the other way any longer." Sylvia Kronstadt spent several weeks in Salt Lake City in order to prepare this eye-opening report on a well-hidden subculture: those who follow the Principle of Plural Marriage. After reading it, you, too, may decide one wife is not enough.

Tattoos—America's newest form of self-expression these days is the tattoo. Everyone's getting one, reports Mark Jonathan Harris after covering this year's International Tattoo Artists Convention for *Penthouse*. The individual reasons that people are flocking to tattooists are as fascinating and as various as the colorful and often elaborate tattoos themselves. Tattoos, Harris found, are seen as emblems of sexuality and rebellion—and as a means of self-expression. You won't want to miss learning about today's latest fad. ○—

FIREBRANDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147

Stolichnaya comes from Russia with love; Finlandia is from (where else?) Finland; Poland offers the unpronounceable Polmos Wyborowa; and there's even an entry called Great Wall from (you guessed it) Mainland China. The vodka imports are noted for their distinctive flavors, and all of them should be available at any classy bar.

As the greatest success story in distilled spirits last year, rum is likely to stick with a good thing by continuing with the 80-proof, easily mixed style. Yet every year, around the major holidays, bizarre sales patterns are noticed as the few high-proof rums (as in the 151-proof category) experience a high of their own. Bacardi, Don Q, and Ronrico are the three major brands offering these powerful rums, any one of which will give your holiday punch its Sunday punch. You might plant a few ounces in a planter's punch or add a dollop to "float" on a mixed drink. In the Caribbean, the locals frequently pour high-proof rum over some food and then torch it, but most of the alcohol goes off in flames, demonstrating that the proof isn't always in the pudding.

So, if you can't stand the heat, let's retreat to the world of the martini again, only with gin. Gin is mainly neutral grain spirits steeped in botanicals, usually juniper berries. So simple. Yet—once again—it's so easy to get into an argument when you're talking about high-proof imported gins. Beefeater, at 94 proof, is currently the biggest seller in this exclusive division, with Tanqueray, at 94.6, second. The strong-minded members of the Tanqueray brotherhood enjoy the more fragrant botanicals that their brand offers, while Beefeater is the standard of London dry gin.

But if you have yet to achieve nirvana in your martini glass, let me suggest a few other possible courses—Booth's, Boodles, and Gordon's, all London-distilled dry gins. They may sound like characters from a Dickens novel of middle-class life, but the three are actually ultrarefined, gloriously distinct, supermartini gins. The choices in all distilled-spirits categories are wide, and there will certainly be at least one to please your individual palate.

Moving up fast as a specialty drink is Metaxa Five-Star from Greece. Though its proof is only 84, its aroma, unique flavor, and appeal are incomparable. Even the U.S. government, not always quick to recognize distinction, places Metaxa in its own, uniquely defined spirits category. Smooth from long aging, Metaxa strikes me as a grape brandy with some citric overtones and a slightly sweet taste. It's powerful and different. For added clout, one can move up to Metaxa Seven-Star, which is 92 proof and is only for the man who can handle it.

All in all, the superman spirits, give or take a cube or two of ice, are finally putting new life into that honored old phrase, "a stiff drink." ○—

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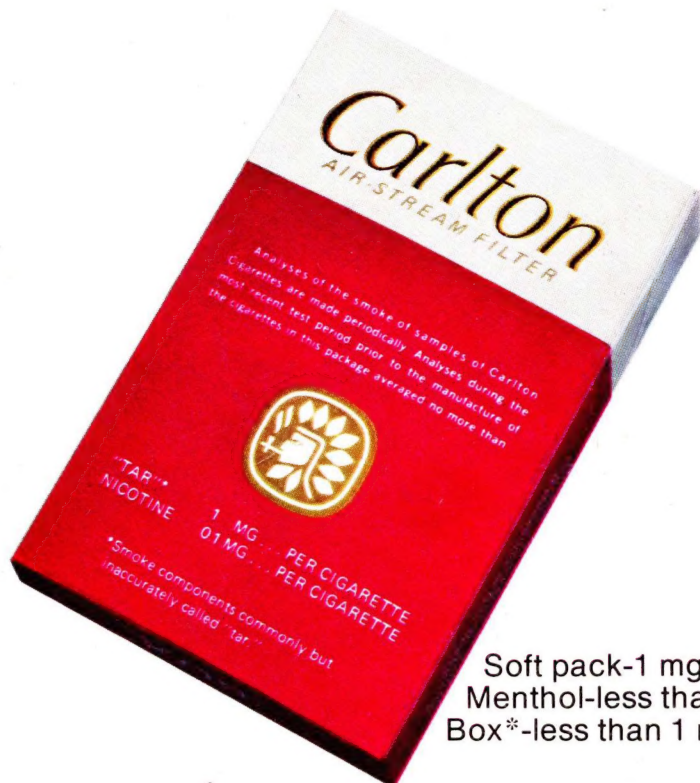
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	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.

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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.

