

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL M.
CC

OCTOBER 1977 \$2.00

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

ABBIE HOFFMAN
ON THE FBI

VOYEURISM:
THE EROTIC ART
OF LOOKING

WASTING
TIME IN
COLLEGE

SEXY
LINGERIE:
UNDRESSING UP
FOR BED

KEN NORTON:
THE REAL
HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION?

FICTION BY
PHILIP ROTH



EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE
CONTEST: WIN WATKINS
GLEN PACE CAR

Austria 68 S
Belgium 109 BF
Denmark 20.00 DKr
Finland 11.80 FM
France 15.00 FrF
Germany 8.50 DM
Greece 160 Dr
Holland 7.50 Hfl
Italy 2800 L
Japan 980 Y

Now hi-fi big enough for your home made small enough for your car. Introducing Component Systems.™



Panasonic. The name you listen to in home hi-fi components now makes hi-fi components you can listen to in your car. Introducing Panasonic Component Systems. Hi-fi component performance. Hi-fi component styling.

Start with the Panasonic CX-1100 8-track tape player. It features a two-stage pre-amp and dual channel amplifier. Vertical head movement for precision tape performance. And separate continuous tone controls for each channel.

Or choose one of our component cassette systems: The Repeatrack CX-5100 has automatic playback once the rewind is complete. The Auto Reverse CX-7100 automatically plays the other side of the tape when it ends. They both feature individual tone controls. Fast forward/rewind/eject functions on one convenient control. And big power amplifiers.

Add our AM/FM stereo tuner, the CA-9500. It's

designed like a hi-fi tuner should be with a linear dial scale for greater selectivity. A distant/local switch. AFC. And it has an AM/FM/FM auto switch for FM mono reception—important in weak signal areas.

To make our powerful decks and tuner sound monstrous there's our Power Booster, model CJ-3510. 10 watts per channel. Minimum RMS into 4 ohms at 400Hz with no more than 1.0% total harmonic distortion. And separate bass and treble tone controls.

With all this power, you'll want speakers that pack real punch. Like Sound Pumps™ with our high-frequency equalizer. And Concert Sound, our all-new, high-compliance coaxial speakers.

Panasonic Component Systems. They might just turn your car into your favorite listening room.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

THE PRICE OF PRESTIGE: \$24,506*



At Mercedes Benz, they engineer a great car, without regard for price.

Subaru engineers a great car, with great regard for price.

For one of the lowest sticker prices around†, Subaru gives you a long list of engineering features. Like front

wheel drive, steel belted radials and our remarkable SEEC-T engine which can run on regular gas. Something Mercedes, not to mention a lot of economy cars, can't do.

You also get the convenience of over 600 Subaru dealers. Check the yellow pages

for the dealer nearest you.

Subaru and Mercedes, two of the finest engineered cars around. One sells for 8 times the price of the other.

The choice is yours.

*Plus dealer prep, delivery and taxes.
†In Cal., Total POE - not including tax, license and inland transportation is \$3,152. Wheel trim rings and rally stripes are extra.

THE PRESTIGE OF PRICE: \$2,999*



SUBARU
Inexpensive. And built to stay that way.

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

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

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



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

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

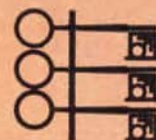
**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/October 1977

Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: ARTHUR COOPER

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

CONTENTS

PAGE

COVER	Cheryl Rixon	Photo by Stan Malinowski	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
FEEDBACK	Opinion		38
THE CHINESE CONNECTION	Comment	Thomas Plate	44
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	46
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Nicholas von Hoffman	51
SCENES		Meridee Merzer	52
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	54
WORDS		Nick Tosches	55
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	57
JIMMY THE GREEK	Article	Joe Flaherty	60
BONNIE	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	68
OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND	Fiction	Philip Roth	80
TILL DEATH US DO PART	Article	Sylvia Kronstadt	84
EROTICARS	Service		90
THE CALL OF THE WILD	Pet of the Month	Photos by Stan Malinowski	99
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		112
THE MYTH OF A PALESTINIAN HOMELAND	Essay	Moshe Decter	114
HOT ROD	Pictorial	Photos by Carl Kravats	116
KEN NORTON	Interview	Lawrence Linderman	124
CARHOPS	Humor	Robert S. Wieder	128
INSIDE THE FBI	Article	Abbie Hoffman	142
STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC	Pictorial	Photos by Stan Malinowski	146
COUPLES: HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID	Survey		163
MAID FOR EACH OTHER	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	176
PEELING OUT AT THE GLEN	Article	Mike Knepper	184
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	204

PENTHOUSE, 1977, U.S. Volume 9, Number 2. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by the Conde Nast Publications Ltd., Circulation Division, Belmont Road, London W4 5UJ. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1977. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., AFO — \$20.00 one year; Canada and elsewhere — \$26.00 one year. Single copies \$2.00 in U.S., Canada, and AFO. Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

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

*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

WHERE we come from, a car is not made to drive you to the supermarket. A car is made to drive you to ecstasy. That the ecstasy happens on the way to the supermarket is incidental.

This attitude about driving led us in our early years to build sports cars. Over the first quarter of this



century, they became a legend around the racing circuits of Europe.

And to this day, we still build sports cars. Our classic convertible, the 124

AFTER 76 YEARS OF MAKING SPORTS CARS, IT'S HARD TO MAKE SOMETHING DULL.

Spider. And our mid-engine Fiat X1/9.

But as we got into the family car business we didn't leave this attitude behind.

As a result, our sedans drive quite unlike other sedans. There's a tightness, and a quickness, and a way they sit on the road that's uniquely Fiat.

How can a sedan feel like a sports car you ask? Only one way. Build it like one.

Both the 131 Sedan and

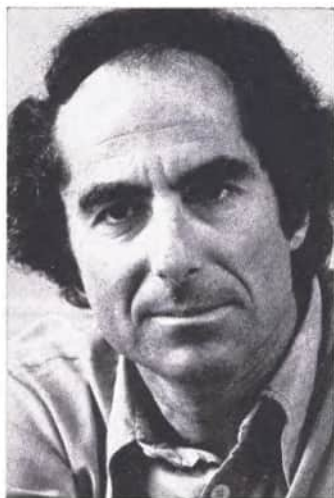
the 124 Spider have 5-speed synchromesh transmissions. Both have twin overhead cam engines. Both have double-barrel carburetors. Both have front disc brakes. And both are a very special experience to drive.

After 76 years, we don't know any other way.

FIAT

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





PHILIP ROTH



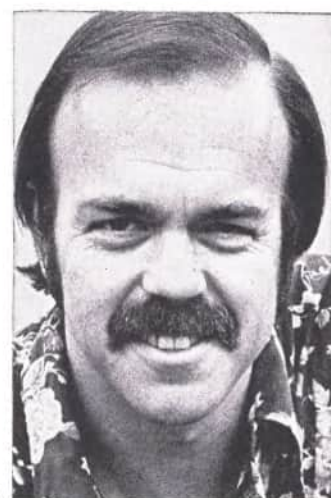
SYLVIA KRONSTADT



JOE FLAHERTY



ABBIE HOFFMAN



LARRY LINDERMAN

Glenn Bokout

HOUSECALL

With the publication of *Goodbye, Columbus* in 1959, Philip Roth was catapulted to literary superstardom. Only triumphs followed: *Letting Go*, *When She Was Good*, *Portnoy's Complaint* (the most famous of them all), *Our Gang*, *The Breast*, and *The Great American Novel*. An even greater American novel promises to be *The Professor of Desire* (Farrar, Straus, & Giroux), Roth's latest masterwork and certainly his hottest. We are proud to present "Oh, to Be in England," our second excerpt from that novel, an eroto-humorous tale of cocky David Kepesh, who is on a Fulbright Scholarship in England but seems to be earning his degree in the serious study of two Swedish girls with a preference for *ménages à trois* (page 80).

Plural relationships may now be in vogue, but historically, for Sylvia Kronstadt, they come as no surprise. For her article on polygamy (page 84), Kronstadt drew on her experiences when she was a child in Salt Lake City, where she began to notice more than a few of her classmates popping up with the same last name. Polygamy is a founding tenet of the Mormon church, and although an act of Congress outlawed it in 1864, the practice continues to be widespread in Utah and throughout the western United States. Law-enforcement officials were willing to look the other way, however, until Dr. Rulon Allred, a seventy-one-year-old Salt Lake City physician, was murdered last May. In the course of the investigation of his death, it was discovered that Allred was the husband of eleven women, the father of sixty-one children, and the leader of the largest polygamous group in the country. Was he killed by a rival polygamous group in what threatens to become an all-out religious war? Kronstadt, a former executive with the NAACP and a frequent contributor to *Penthouse*, uncovers the reality of multiple marriage, where men are "servants of the Lord" and wives are eager to serve their "lords and masters." She comes up with an eye-opening account of the secret rites, the celestial revelations, the blood atonements, and the power struggles behind the Mormon philosophy.

Nicholas von Hoffman, who is one of America's most prominent journalists and is known for his in-depth investigative reports in *Penthouse* and for his incisive, provocative writings in the *Washington Post*, admits that he has never "set foot in college" and doesn't regret it for a minute. In his "Down the Down Staircase" (page 51), von Hoffman is persuaded to take the position that college is little more than a four-year vacation for people who can't find anything better to do.

At thirty-four, Ken Norton may not have many more shots left at the Heavyweight Championship of the World, but he's not pulling any punches about wanting that title. On November 5 Norton will

meet Jimmy Young, and the winner will be promised a match with Ali. Free-lancer Larry Linderman takes his own shot at Ken Norton for *Penthouse* (page 124). A veteran of innumerable interviews with sports giants, Linderman finds Norton to be one of the few men who breaks the mold. "Almost all the fighters I've seen," he says, "with the exception of Ali, have stood outside the pale of what athletes are generally like—they tend to be much more reserved and considerably less articulate. Norton is certainly an exception to this. He is one hell of an intelligent guy and an incredibly nice one." Linderman has taken on Ali and Frazier in the past and is currently working on a book about gambling.

If you'd care to place a bet on the outcome of the next Ali-Norton bout, the person to see first would be Demetrius G. Synodinas, a.k.a. Jimmy Snyder, a.k.a. Jimmy the Greek, the self-proclaimed "odds-maker to the world." Journalistic heavyweight Joe Flaherty, an ex-longshoreman and the *enfant terrible* of the *Village Voice*, follows the "Greek's" career from rogue to respectability (page 60). Flaherty, who is a regular contributor to *Penthouse*, is currently working on a novel entitled *The Old Rugged Doublecross*. Writing about Jimmy Snyder comes easily to a man with "a fondness for sports and an overriding passion for gambling."

While we're on the subject of taking risks, Abbie Hoffman is at it again. On a recent trip to Washington, D.C., Abbie decided to do a little sight-seeing. He surfaced on the official FBI tour of the J. Edgar Hoover Building. Hoffman, known to some as the Lenny Bruce of the Radical Left, leaves no stone unturned in his unofficial version (page 142) of the history of this venerable institution. Did our fugitive from justice get to goose the ghost of J. Edgar Hoover and escape unscathed? Of course, but the question remains, Where will he pop up next?

Carhopping is a dying art, but according to writer Robert S. Wieder, it is not likely to be forgotten. In his nostalgic and humorous account of the good old days of root beer floats and "have tray, will travel" alacrity, Wieder recaptures the spirit of Wide-Load Emma, Mustang Sally, and the disappearing breed of the roller-skating, ass-flashing, hard-serving carhop. Wieder has just completed a book called *Ragtops, an Affectionate History of the American Convertible* (Dolphin). He says, unhappily: "Both carhops and convertibles belong to a vanishing American past. It's a sad day when your tray is served up by a plastic clown instead of a lovely lady, and cars have become hideaways, not extensions of a person's social being." Watch out for the skate marks on page 128.

And because October is the month of Halloween, we've dressed up our pages with the most beautiful spirits you've ever seen. Your special choice, Pet of the Year Runner-Up Bonnie Dee, will warm the nippiest autumn night when you turn to page 68. Bonnie, voted a special favorite by *Penthouse* readers round the world, reveals her winning ways and abundant beauty and gives you much to muse on in this memorable month of October. ☐

PICK A POUCH-FREE!

Imported Sail and Flying Dutchman

Flying Dutchman.

A legendary mixture of 18 elegant tobaccos for a smooth, rich, aromatic taste you can stay with all day.

OR

Sail Natural.

A sophisticated, non-aromatic blend of tobaccos from Java, Cyprus and North and South America, for a full, easy-smoking taste.

OR

Sail Light Aromatic.

Oriental and Virginian tobaccos blended with Latakia for a satisfying smoke with a gentle aroma.

OR

Sail Regular.

Fine Burley, Maryland and Javanese tobaccos mixed with Oriental tobaccos from Turkey and Cyprus in a smooth, easy-to-smoke Cavendish blend.

OR

Sail Aromatic.

Choice tobaccos from Java to Turkey, subtly blended with mellow Virginians for rich flavor and an elegant aroma.

Send us
an empty
pouch of Sail or
Flying Dutchman
and we'll send you
one of these
full pouches—FREE.

Enclosed is one empty pouch of Sail or Flying Dutchman Pipe Tobacco. Please send me a full pouch of (select one)

- ☐ Sail Regular ☐ Sail Light Aromatic
☐ Sail Aromatic ☐ Sail Natural ☐ Flying Dutchman

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

APT. _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Offer good only in U.S.A. Offer void to persons under 21 years of age. Void where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer limited to one per household. Offer expires March 31, 1978. Please allow up to 6 weeks for delivery.

Mail To: Free Pouch Offer, Box 4130B, Westbury, New York 11590

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione (chairman and president)
Irwin E. Billman (executive vice-president)
Kathy Keeton (senior vice-president)
Jack H. Silverman (senior vice-president)
Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

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

ART

Executive Art Director: Joe Brooks; Assoc. Art Director: Russ Patrick; Designer: Richard Aloisio; Staff Photographers: Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski

ADMINISTRATIVE

Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton; VP/Advertising Administration, Woody Katsoff; VP/Advertising Director, Marianne Howatson; VP/Promotion Director, Alma Moore; VP/Administrative Services, Jeri Winston; VP/Circulation Director, Tom Montemaran; Associate Advertising Director, Jay Remer; Midwest Advertising Manager, Norman Kamikow; Circulation Managers, Richard Fogel, Robert Castardi; Controller, John Holland; Production Director, John Evans; Advertising Production Director, Toni Wagner; Editorial Production Manager, John Quis; Pet Promotions Director, Eleanor Sigona; Research Director, Carole Rossant

ADVERTISING OFFICES

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

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8737 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.

(U.K. & European editions)

Dirs.: Bob Guccione (Chairman), Gordon Grimley (Managing), Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton. Editorial: Editorial Director, Alan Radnor; Art Director, David Jones; Assoc. Editor, Neville Player; Production Executive, Harriet Blaney; Contributing Editors, Kingsley Amis, Frederic Mullally, Stirling Moss

Administrative: Advertising Director, Peter Goldsmith; Director of Public Relations, Molly McKellar; Circulation Director, Jim Burns; Assistant Circulation Director, Julie Phillips; Accounts Manager, John Herbing

BUREAUS:

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

OCTOBER

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.

A long time coming

With so much attention being paid nowadays to the role of the orgasm in sex, it might be fun to reveal an alternative for the male: sex without orgasm.

Quite by accident, my girl friend and I found that our enjoyment of screwing is really enhanced by my lack of ejaculation. She's twenty-seven, brunette, with lovely dark eyes and a trim body. One evening, after a night out, we ended up in a friend's semifinished basement. Improvising quickly, we found a blue blanket, a pillow, and an old couch. After laying the blanket down, stripping, nude, and putting on a tape of Debussy preludes, we began our night of discovery.

We started by toying and kissing our favorite parts, licking a nipple here, biting a lower lip there, squeezing each other's sweaty buttocks; soon enough we were ready for coitus. We took the missionary position, because we couldn't wait. I felt that first hot pulse in her vagina when I penetrated, and off we went. It wasn't making love; it was humping. The whole couch was shaking and squeaking, and our bodies were slapping with sweat. On and on it went until it seemed that we were bathing in a warm thumping rain. She was coming into her own now, her head squirming to and fro, and as she grunted and pushed, I tried to keep the rhythm as best I could, pumping hard; but my prick seemed to have become ultrahard and free of sensation. This surprised me, because I am uncircumcised.

She was coming now, kicking her legs up and down. I love watching her come every time, and I make sure that her eyes are open so we can enjoy each other's pleasure. When the peak came, she tightened her thighs. I relaxed the rhythm. It felt good to keep fucking without ejaculating. The thing is, I did not come even once that whole night. We just continued humping and humping, kissing and sucking one another's tongue. I was slapping my balls against her ass; she was panting and squirming, and it did not stop. Half an hour. A small breather. Another forty-five minutes. Again, a small breather, then another twenty minutes. For me, this was surprising. She eventually became dry, and I also felt kind of demolished. It was quite an eye-opening night for both of us.

Now, I don't know if men time themselves to see who lasts longer, and I couldn't really give a damn what the record is. The important thing for me was that I was able to receive and give pleasure and not care if I

ejaculated! Until this occasion I was able to last only a few minutes. We figured it out the next day, and since then (three weeks ago), we have been fucking like crazy anywhere we want for at least a half hour or for as long as two hours, with rest stops of five to ten minutes here and there. I do not ejaculate even once. I love it.

Here is what I discovered: alcohol, taken in just the right amounts, anesthetizes me to a certain degree. Thus we can screw and screw, and I never come. My penis stays hard as a rock throughout. Many people say that booze can deaden your sex prowess and conk you out, but since I drink very dry white wine and nothing else, I get only half-drunk and am still quite functional sexually. After we found this out, we began to experiment.

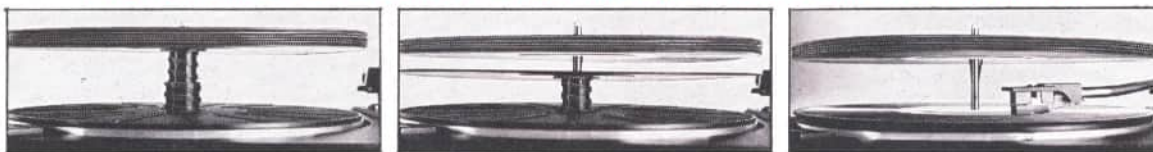
She got to levels of lust that made me want to fuck until I dropped dead. Then, when it was too much for me to take, we'd stop. After falling asleep for an hour, she would wake me up in a special way. While I dozed off, she would start licking my testicles and stomach, very gently. As I became hard, she got bolder. Her mouth traveled down my chest, brushing my nipples, licking my rib cage, biting my stomach until I opened my eyes. Then I'd feel her tongue near my abdomen, tracing lines of saliva farther on to my crotch. I would grit my teeth and curl my toes (just like a woman!) while I waited for her to reach my aching penis. But she teased me, curling her lips about in my pubic hair. She even bit me gently near the balls, taking care to lick each testicle with her tongue so that I would not feel afraid. I'd be dying now, ready for the end.

She knows me well, and her warm mouth would come down onto my cock just at the right time. I just had to start pumping myself into her face; I was out of control. Her hands went down and grabbed my ass so tightly that I nearly yelled. Up and down, up and down, her black hair bouncing, she sucked on me as I twitched all over the couch. Soon I felt it coming. I couldn't stop. I gasped out her name twice. She felt the tension in my legs and dug her nails in even harder. My ass was on fire, and I spurted into her mouth with no thought of anything. With every shot of sperm, she jabbed her claws into my buttocks, as if squeezing every spurt out of me. I kicked my knees up each moment. This is the best sex of all, for me and for her.

I don't even know if this awakening of ours is new or not, since we don't read any manuals or sex pamphlets. If anyone is

No more "plop."

The Accutrac + 6 doesn't drop records. Instead, it lowers them onto the platter.



When you play 6 records, normally they "plop" onto the platter.

Ouch!

But the new Accutrac® + 6 is computerized to protect your records: no more "plop." Instead, it lowers the records onto the platter, v-e-r-y g-e-n-t-l-y.

Ahhh.

Its Accuglide™ spiral spindle defies gravity.

Touch the computerized control key, and a platform spirals up through the platter to locate-and-lower each record. No record drop. No record damage.

But the computerized controls of the Accutrac + 6 make it more than the ultimate in record safety. It's also the ultimate in convenience.

Because with the new Accutrac + 6, what comes down must come up. Just touch the "raise record" key, and it lifts all 6 records back up to the starting position. Ready for your next command.

Which brings us to the fact that the Accutrac + 6 is also the ultimate in record control.

With its computerized programming keys you can command the Accutrac + 6 to play the tracks on each record in any order you like. As often as you like. Even skip the tracks you don't like.

And you never have to touch the tonearm to do it, because the Accutrac + 6 is engineered with a computerized "hands-off" tonearm.

In fact, once you close the dust cover you never have to touch the records or tonearm again to hear your programmed selections.

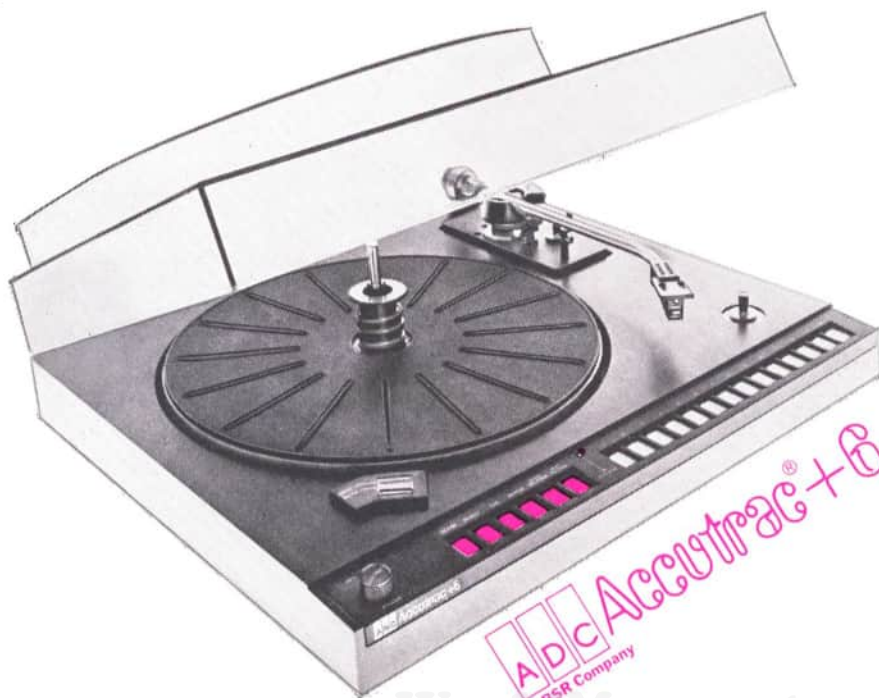
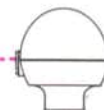
With Accutrac + 6 model 3500R, you can control everything from across the room with a full-system remote control transmitter and receiver. There's even remote volume control on model 3500RVC.

No other 6 record system gives you the record safety, convenience and control of the new Accutrac + 6. But the truly incredible feature of the new Accutrac + 6 is its low price. From under \$300* for model 3500.

So forget everything you know about 6 record systems. And remember to see the new Accutrac + 6. It defies gravity, and your imagination.

ADC Professional Products. A Division of BSR Consumer Products Group, Rte. 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913. ®Accutrac is a registered trademark of Accutrac Ltd.

*Price shown in this ad is approximate. Selling price is determined by the individual dealer.



ADC Accutrac® + 6
A BSR Company

WorldMags.net

interested in this delayed-orgasm ritual, what I would first suggest is for the male to develop a mild tolerance for alcohol. The idea is to get euphoric and desensitized but not oblivious of what is going on. Otherwise, you might as well fuck in your sleep.

Sex for us is so great now that we can get into making love for hours, and ejaculation is secondary. In other words, coming has become merely the dessert! And sometimes I pass up dessert.—A.F., N.Y., N.Y.

That's the spirit.

Book worm

Recently, I had an autoerotic sexual experience that proved to be quite satisfying. It all started one morning when I awoke with a hard-on that just wouldn't go away. Finally succumbing to the intensity of my erection, I slowly began to masturbate. At this point I got the idea that is the basis for this letter.

I took a dictionary from my bookshelf (the large, hard-bound type, mind you) and slowly began to flip through it. When I came to sexually exciting words, I would linger just a bit longer than usual before turning to the next page. This proved to be quite stimulating. When I got to the page that defines words relating to sperm, I noticed a globule of glistening liquid at the head of my penis. I took this drop and placed it on the word *sperm*. I then flipped back and did the same thing for the words *semen*

and *ejaculate*, using my distillate to "define" each word correctly. By the time I returned to the page with the word *sperm*, I was so excited that I thought I would burst. When I could no longer stand the tension and excitement, I shot my hot love juice all over the words relating to sperm and over the rest of the dictionary as well. Needless to say, it proved to be a very satisfying and fulfilling autoerotic experience for me. If this technique can prove so satisfying for one person, just think what two lovers (male and female) could do with it. Can you imagine how graphically one could define such words as *clitoris* and *vulva*? I feel it would serve as an excellent foreplay technique and suggest that the more adventuresome couples try it!—Name and address withheld

Rear-door buzzer

A few months ago my wife and I experienced the joys of a vibrator. We have used it frequently in our lovemaking since, and it has added a new dimension to our sexual pleasure.

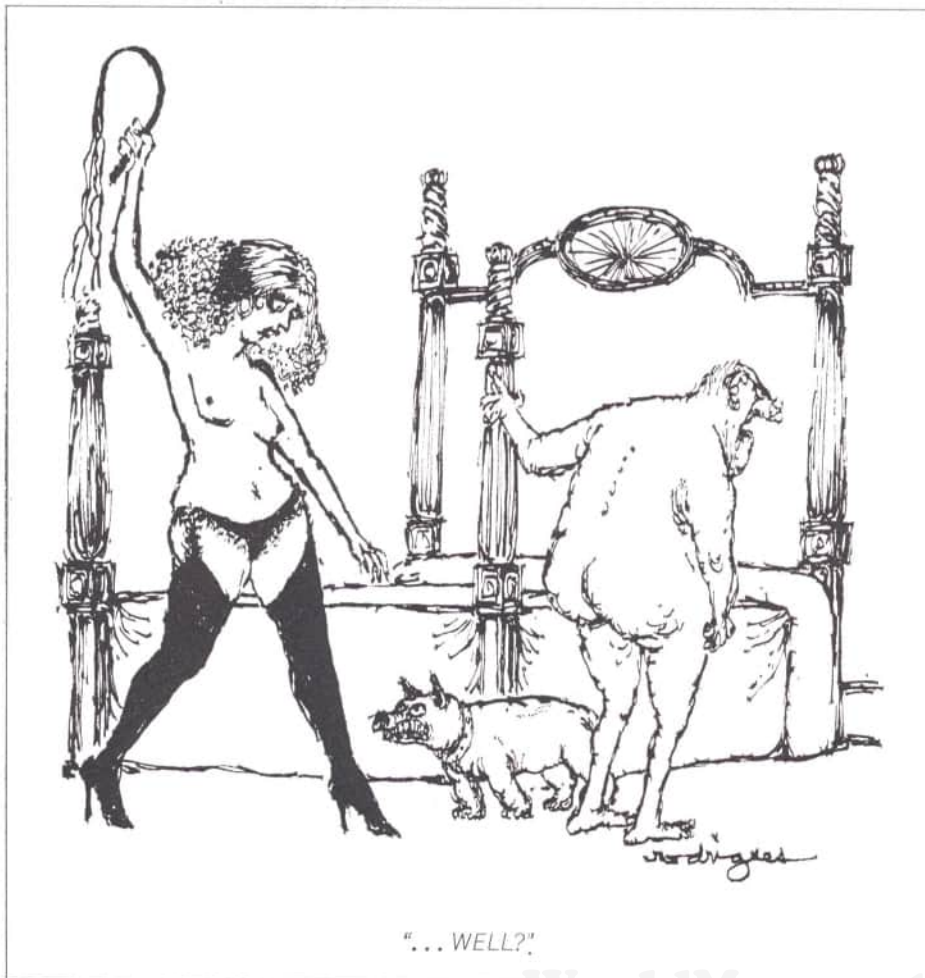
My wife had never really gotten off very much on anal sex, although I really enjoy it. The few times we have performed anal sex, she went along mostly to please me. One night last week, after we each had showered and were in bed, we talked for a while and then began kissing passionately. I began to kiss the back of her neck and shoulders, and then I had her lie on her

stomach while I teased her back and spine and my lips and tongue. I began to ease my tongue into the crack of her ass, and she asked me to stop. I replied by asking her to abandon any hangups and to enjoy what she was receiving. That eased her out of her tenseness, and she began to relax while I continued to caress her buttocks with my lips and tongue. I then spread her cheeks and licked her sweet anus very gently at first and then with a quickened pace. Because she had relaxed and was not so uptight, she really enjoyed the fantastic sensation she was receiving from anilingus. Her cunt became very wet, and she became so absorbed in the newly found pleasures of her ass hole that she came quickly to orgasm.

I then put some lotion on her anus and on my finger. Inserting my finger slowly into her anus, I rubbed her clit all the while with my other hand. She was so turned on by this that she came again. I then applied lotion to the vibrator, and asking her to kneel with her ass in the air, I slowly, very slowly, eased it into her ass hole several inches and began an in-and-out motion with it. She became delirious from the ecstasy she was feeling! Sliding my head between her legs, I then ate her cunt while the vibrator was tingling away in her ass hole. She soon had what she later said was the most intense and longest orgasm she had ever had. It must have lasted at least a minute and a half—she just came and came and came! We continued this way with my eating her while the vibrator was in her ass hole until she came again. This orgasm was almost as intense as the previous one.

After a brief rest, she asked if she could reciprocate this delicious treat. She worked her lips and tongue over my back, spread my cheeks, and performed anilingus on me, which she had done only once, hesitantly, before. This time she was enjoying the tremendous pleasure she was giving me. I then straddled her shoulders, and she inserted the vibrator into my ass hole. She then took my cock into her mouth and worked me up to a gusher of an orgasm. When I came, she said she could feel me shudder in ecstasy as my juices filled her mouth. She let some drip from her mouth and ran my still-coming cock all over her face. She then sucked me completely dry, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

She told me afterwards that she woke up about an hour later (while I was still asleep) and thought immediately of what she had just done. She then realized that she had let herself go so completely that instead of fearing or being hung up about anal sex, she had actually enjoyed it. She said she then knew what she wanted—to be fucked in the ass by her husband. She eased her head down to my cock and sucked me up hard. I woke up, and she asked me to fuck her in the ass until she came. She applied lotion to my cock while she sucked my balls, and I applied lotion to her anus. When my cock entered her ass hole, she nearly exploded in ecstasy! As I drove



"...WELL?"

Strike it Rich!

Over \$50,000 in cash and prizes.

It's the Yukon Jack Gold Rush Sweepstakes. Attached is your Yukon Jack Gold Rush map. And you can believe us when we say there's gold in them thar hills.

Check it out and find out how to stake your claim.

Who knows—today may be your lucky day.

You may already be a winner.

1 Grand Prize:

AMC Jeep®
Cherokee Chief
plus \$5,000 cash



Jeep® is a registered trademark of Jeep Corporation



Two 2nd Prizes:

Yukon Adventure
Trip for Two plus
\$2,000 cash

1,000 3rd Prizes:

Yukon Jack Backpacks



Yukon Jack®

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



"They just don't like they used to."

We build them better.

Take safety. Underneath the hood you'll find a safety feature you wouldn't dream of finding in most cars:

Holes.

They're specially designed using a computer, so the front end will help absorb energy in the event of a collision.

We also developed such things as an "independent stabilizer rear axle," which increases the stability of the car on rough roads.

And for our deluxe Rabbit, we developed special seat belts that actually put themselves on when you close the door.

Hardly a detail escaped our attention. Even the ignition key is padded for safety.

What about room? It's probably not the first thing you think about when you say "VW."

Yet today, Volkswagens actually have more combined interior

room and trunk space than most other cars in their class.

Rabbits are so roomy they're being used



as taxicabs in Lexington, Kentucky.

In fact, Rabbits have more interior room than 25 other cars you could buy. And more trunk space than a Cadillac Seville.

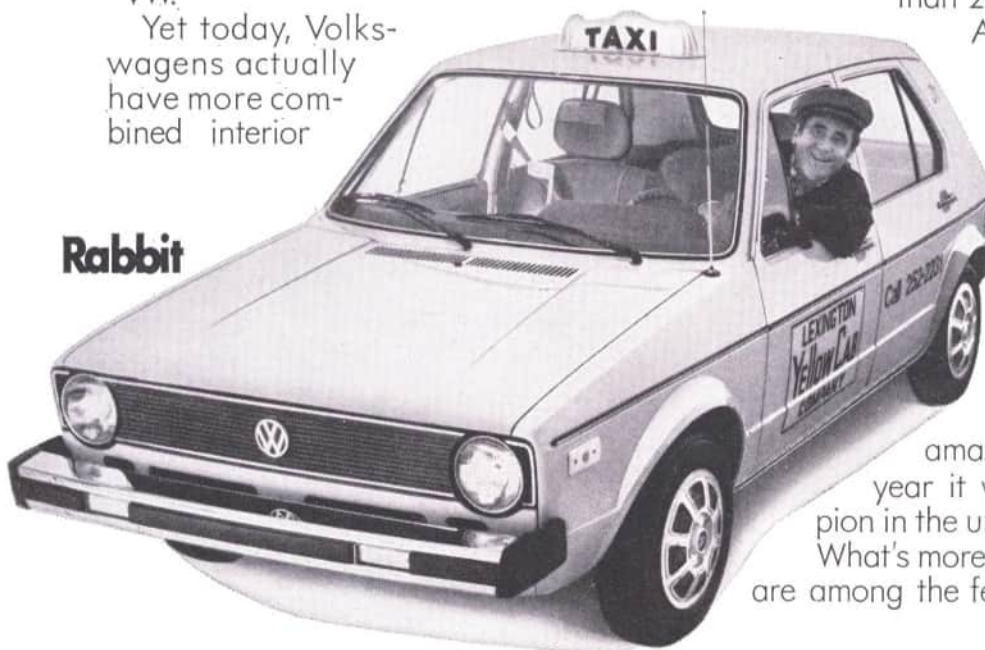
They're also surprisingly quick, with acceleration from 0 to 50 mph faster than a Triumph Spitfire.

Which brings us to another subject: performance.

Our Scirocco can take you from 0 to 50 in an amazing 7.5 seconds. And last year it was the Trans Am Champion in the under-2-liter class.

What's more, our newest Volkswagens are among the few cars in the world that

Rabbit



build Volkswagens

combine front-wheel drive (for improved tracking), fuel injection (for smooth acceleration), an overhead cam engine (for sportier performance), front disc brakes (for controlled stopping), and rack-and-pinion steering (for incredible response).

Do we still sound like the VW you remember?

Well then, take a look at our station wagon.

We never made anything like our Dasher wagon before. With more cargo room than any other wagon in its class. With a plush interior and carpeting all around.

And in our beautifully appointed 2-door or 4-door sedans, Dasher has more room than most American cars in its class.

Yet, with all the changes we've made, some things always remain the same.

We still employ 13,500 inspectors to insure the quality of every car we make.

And much of our work is still done by hand.

Like the paint. It's hand sprayed, over and over. It's hand sanded and hand cleaned. It's even checked by people wearing special mittens. And before it's

finished it's put through 29 individual steps of preparation.

There's also that familiar "jingle" you get putting money in the bank. Be-



Scirocco

cause all three Volkswagens get 24 MPG in the city. Rabbit and Scirocco get 37 MPG on the highway, Dasher gets 36. (EPA estimates with standard transmission. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment and the car's condition.)

Volkswagens aren't sounding like Volkswagens of the past.

They're sounding more like cars of the future.



Dasher



Viceroy

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

WorldMags.net



More Tobacco
& Less 'Tar'

...than
Winston or Marlboro.

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.)

deeper into her ass, she massaged my balls with one hand and rubbed her clit with the other. We climaxed at almost the same time into intense, convulsive orgasms.

We have made love in the conventional way several times since then, but last night we butt-fucked again. We both enjoyed it tremendously, giving and receiving super-powerful orgasms. So, ladies, if you are like my wife, being tense about it will only make it hurt, and consequently there is no pleasure in it. Her own recommendation is to relax completely, have enough ass hole foreplay (which is ecstasy in itself), and become totally absorbed in the pleasure you are receiving. Believe me, it is fantastic!—Name and address withheld

Boston cream pies

My friend Bob and I were tooling around downtown Boston, feeling horny and frustrated, when from nowhere two gorgeous girls drove by us and waved playfully. We, of course, drove alongside of them. They laughed and sped off, but we were right behind them. This went on for about half an hour until Bob thought that it might turn out to be a wild goose chase led by a couple of cock teasers. We pulled alongside for a last time, and they said that we should stop so they could talk with us. We did.

Their names were Carol and Gail, they informed us, and the private-club party they were going to was gay. They were straight and were just going to meet two girl

friends who were gay. They said that we could come if we wanted to and that we would not be gang-raped if we did. Well, these two girls were lovely; so we decided to take them up on their offer.

At first, Bob and I were very uptight, but the atmosphere of the club was electric. After a couple of hard drinks, Bob and I were having a very good time with the dancing and the constant chatter of Carol and Gail and their friends, Joyce and Barbara. Anyway, our conversation wandered around to kinky sex. Bob suggested that we play a game and reconstruct our kinkiest sexual fantasy. We did this for about half an hour of drinking beer and liquor. Finally, I suggested that we all go to Bob's house. Everyone agreed, and we left—two lesbian chicks, two straight chicks, and Bob and I.

Once inside Bob's house, everybody started throwing off their clothes and made a mad dash to the bedroom. It was as funny as something seen in the movies where everybody jams between the door frames and bumps into each other. Once in, though, we began to fall right into the game plan of the night.

Joyce and Barbara paired off on the floor, wasting no time in getting into the sixty-nine position, lapping at each other's cunt in a feverish attempt to satisfy their worked-up sexual frenzy. Meanwhile, Bob and Gail and Carol and I worked into our own frenzy on the bed.

Carol had the juiciest cunt I'd every dug

my teeth and lips into, and she moaned and groaned like a tigress. I twisted myself around and could feel her hot lips working up and down my turgid shaft like a piston powered by nuclear energy.

Bob had his cock working between Gail's luscious 38s, and she was playing with his balls, working them between her speedy fingers. But the sight of those two lesbians on the floor—tit to tit, cunt to cunt—drove me wild. I immediately drove my cock into Carol's wet pussy, pumping and holding on for dear life. I knew her climax preceded mine, because she almost bucked me off. I came with a gush a few seconds later, crushing her in my arms as I did.

When I regained my composure, I saw Bob and Gail next to me, a mass of intertwined flesh teeming with lust. Carol, still under me, was licking her lips and undulating her hips ever so slowly. Joyce and Barbara were still busy playing with each other's cunts. They stayed at it all night, changing positions occasionally, and the sight of them kept me going all night. Bob and I changed partners once during the night, and by morning we were really spent. All in all, it was a pleasant night, to say the least.—C.J., New York, N.Y.

A no-no

For the size of this small university town and for what goes on here, I'm sure that the readers will agree it deserves recognition.

I want to tell the story of the most exciting pickup I have ever had. It was my first in this town, and I wasn't expecting anything exciting that night. I had been here only a week and was just getting used to its ways. There are nine bars within four blocks of the center of town, and I was just getting to know the last, a bar called Tamerlane (after Edgar Allen Poe's poem).

The bar was crowded like all the others in town. I saw a lone girl sitting near some people I knew from class. So I used that as my excuse to come near her and ordered a beer. I asked if she wanted one. Her name was Joan. She was slim and quite tanned. We began talking about school; and before I had finished my third beer, she asked me the startling question, "Do you need a place to stay?"

I didn't have the heart to tell her that I had a perfectly good house to sleep in; so I said, "Sure." She winked at me, and I felt like Humphrey Bogart, leaving my half-full beer on the bar. I had to follow her in my car, and I began thinking about her little body as we drove for quite a while out into the surrounding country. She was definitely well built. I like slim girls, and she was the type who would have turned my head if she had walked by at school. I couldn't wait to find out if those firm tits had hard, little nipples. I wanted to feel those strong legs wrap themselves around my back.

I didn't have long to wait. After we arrived at her place, she put on some soft music and brought me a cold Miller while I continued to talk lamely about campus life. She sat down at the other end of the room, but I



"There's no such thing as a fun hysterectomy."

There are signs that tell you where to go
and how to go.



This sign tells you that you've arrived.

Seagram's V.O.

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

said, "There's more room over here." I held out my hand to her. She took it, and shortly I was kissing her and playing with her tongue. I remember thinking that she felt as comfortable cuddling close to me as if we had known each other for weeks. I wasn't used to doing those things described in your Forum without at least going with the girl for a couple of weeks. So I was in for a shock. I found her bra strap and eagerly unlocked it.

I won't lie to you: I am inexperienced. But I made up for my clumsiness with enthusiasm. I scratched and kneaded her back, tongued her nipples (which lived up to my expectations), and began to kiss her entire body. When my mouth reached her belt line, she was eager to rid herself of her pants. With her help I had removed them in no time. She had a tight, little twat, which still is exciting to think about. New pussy is like a new world to explore. I have never seen two the same, and I guess it's the difference that keeps me on my quest. Hers was tight and down-slanted, which is to say that she had to move her hips forward for easier access. I played with her clitoris and studied the structure of this wonderful new toy. I had been playing with her tits also while I ate her pussy but stopped that in order to hold open those scrumptious twat lips while I ate. She began to moan and murmured, "Please, be gentle."

I slowed down a moment, shed the rest

of my clothes, and asked if we could adjourn to a bed. She said yes, and I followed her to the back of the house. I lay on top of her and kissed her neck. I pressed my chest to those firm breasts and slid my hands around behind her ass. I began to squeeze those slim, muscular legs I had been thinking about for so long. I still wanted to feel them squeezing me.

With her knees up under my armpits, I eased myself into her tight, wet cunt. But as I entered, it seemed that she came out of a trance. She began screaming "No! No!" I lay still on top of her, trying to calm her. "What's the matter?" I cooed. "I can't believe we're doing this," she said. "Please stop—I can't go through with it."

I was fit to be tied. I just ignored her and started my motions again. But, "No!" she screamed. I was afraid that the neighbors would hear. I rolled off her. I never had the will to rape anyone, and the way she was resisting, I felt as though I were. She jumped up and went into the bathroom. Soon she returned, wearing men's pajamas with a nightie over them. I had never before been so frustrated. Well, I walked back to the living room and finished the beer she had given me. I was still naked when she came out. She apologized to me and explained that she was "just not that kind of girl." I remained confused. Even though she offered to let me stay the night if I put my clothes on, I just had to leave.

K.J., address withheld

TV tastes

In all the years I've read Forum, I have yet to see something about video. I am a communications student at the Evergreen State College in Olympia, Wash. I work a lot with video; so it's necessary for me to borrow the equipment for weeks at a time.

The other night I got home about ten o'clock from shooting a minor production. After bringing all the equipment into the house, I started talking to my girl friend, filling her in on the evening's activities. After fifteen minutes or so we started playing around, and I could tell that she was pretty horny. I suggested that we move into the bedroom, and we did. I lay down on the bed, and she undid my belt buckle. She slowly pulled my pants down and began kissing my inner thighs, working her way up to my balls. At this point I suggested that I set up the video camera and VTR. She said no at first, but once I had assured her that whatever we taped could be erased, she agreed.

I set up a camera and tripod on the side of the bed and plugged all the wires into the deck. Sue lay on the bed while I got the right camera angle and made sure that everything was working. While I was focusing, I noticed Sue was playing with her pubic hair. I told her to feel free to masturbate, and to my surprise she began to do just that. I slowly zoomed in on her beautiful cunt. I got such a tight shot that I could see sweet juice all over her fingers. I zoomed

Musk. The missing link between animal and man. By English Leather.

MUSK
COLOGNE
FOR MEN
"English Leather."

Earthy. Primitive. Fiercely masculine.
A wild essence that defies confinement
or capture. English Leather® Musk.
The cologne that provokes man's
instincts.

Would you believe the second greatest?



The greatest thing to ever happen in the back of a car!



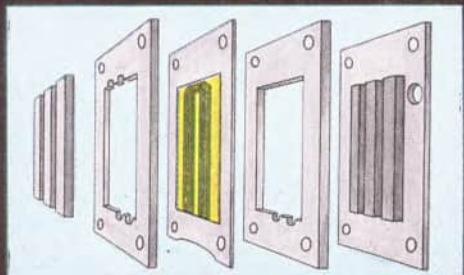
It's a beautiful night. The moon is playing tag with a wisp of white clouds. You look across the car to the girl curled up in the corner, her honey blond hair streaming down her shoulders like melted butter. You reach for her, fiddling with the knobs on the stereo as you do. You pull her towards you, and then she whispers those fatal words, "Your stereo system sinks!" Now we can't promise to improve your love life if you install a pair of

KLH Model 693 DMSC loudspeakers, but we can promise the finest sound you've ever heard in an automobile. Indeed, it would take a lot of very expensive high fidelity equipment to duplicate the sound in your home. Which makes sense when you consider that we make the Model 693 DMSC with the same fine quality components we use in our home loudspeaker systems. Like Controlled Acoustic Compliance. Woofers with 30-ounce magnets for extended bass response. Hemispherical soft dome midrange drivers (found only in the most expensive speakers). And the most advanced driver found in any loudspeaker system — The Samarium Cobalt Tweeter (an ultra thin Kapton diaphragm with "printed" voice coil suspended between the most powerful magnet material known to man — rare earth Samarium Cobalt!). The 693 DMSC can be driven nicely by the stereo electronics in most cars. (You won't believe the performance if you decide to add a quality power booster.) Now the girl will be able to hear every nuance of the music — the timbre



30 Cross Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

Not much chance of her saying "no" after that. But if she does, perhaps you're fiddling with the wrong knobs. For more information on KLH automotive loudspeakers (we also make two-way systems, additional three-way systems, and a totally new dimension in automotive high fidelity. The Headliner series), write to KLH Research & Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



The Samarium Cobalt Tweeter

Two Fingers: Man or myth?

His macho tequila may be the only clue.

The dusty, potted roads that lope across the U.S.-Mexican border have seen their share of characters.

But few have been so interesting, or perhaps so strange, as Two Fingers.

That's all. Just Two Fingers.

Oh, some say his last name was Ortega. We can't prove it, though. Everybody just called him Two Fingers because he only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

Seems all he did was drive up from Mexico in the late 30's and sell tequila. His own kind — Two Fingers Tequila.

Tequila Secret. He never cared to go into details about himself. But about his tequila, he would talk all night.

"Ten years it takes to ripen my mezcal plants. Why, with all that time I could run for el Presidente!"

Others liked to tell about his boast: "My boys and I squeeze the tequila out drop by drop. Then the real job is getting the right flavor."

How did he get that "flavor" — the thing that made his tequila so popular with depression folks hard pressed for cash?

Two Fingers never told. Neither did Honey, the woman who always made the trips north of the border with him. "None of your business," she

would say. "Just drink and enjoy."

Lost Fingers. Two Fingers kept a lot of secrets. Like how he lost those fingers.

We never could pin the story down for sure and Honey was no help. She was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Two Fingers wasn't too trusting. Especially when it came to sending his tequila with a shipper.

"Good tequila don't have to ride no steam train. It just has to be cared for by good folks."

Our sources say that he started making trips with his own truck twice a year. By the late 30's he was up to six a year.

People as far north as Tacoma, Wash., said they saw his truck.

Vanished. Then right before the end of the decade he appears to have stopped. Cold.

Nobody seems to be quite sure what happened to him. Maybe he retired a rich man to ranch in Jalisco. That doesn't seem too likely, though.

Whatever the case, Two Fingers left his mark. As strange as he was he got respect because he did things the only way he knew how. Right.

His legend is fading fast. But luckily, his tequila lives on.



©1976. Imported and Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill., San Francisco, Calif. Tequila. 80 Proof. Product of Mexico



Decisions...decisions...

PALL

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

Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Make your decision

PALL MALL



PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine
Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.



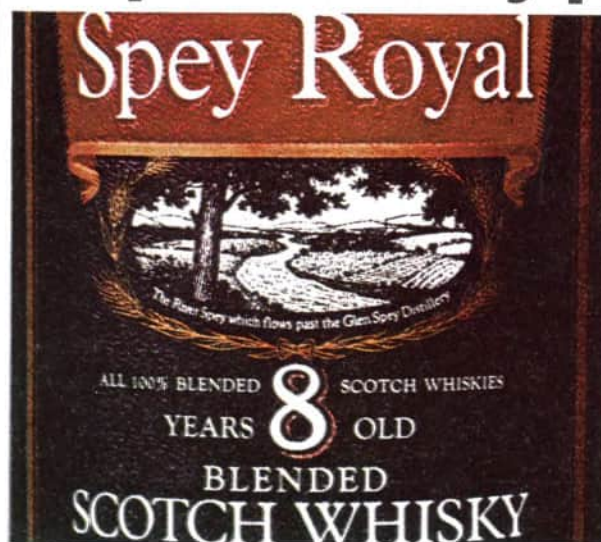
PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting
king-size cigarette...
made to taste even
milder with a filter.

Only 7 mg. tar.
Lower than all the Lights.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
Lower in tar than
95% of all cigarettes
sold. De-tarred but
not de-tasted.

If you're a Scotch drinker, you know older is better. So how come you're not drinking Spey Royal?



That big 8 on the Spey Royal label stands for the 8 years it takes to give Spey Royal its rich, satisfying flavor.

Now look at the labels on some of the most heavily-promoted brands. You'll

The best Scotch buy in America! 8-year-old Spey Royal... Aged longer, yet priced better, than the best-selling brands.

seldom find any mention of age. That's because they're less than 8 years old.

We don't know why they charge more when they're aged less. That's their business. All we know is you

won't find a better buy than our easy-to-sip Scotch at our easy-to-take price. Remember, 4 years makes it Scotch—but 8 years makes it Spey Royal.

Spey Royal 12-year-old Scotch is also available.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 and 80 Proof, Imported by and Bottled In The United States for James B. Beam Import, Corp., New York, N.Y.



out and did a smooth pan to her face, which was in a state of ecstasy. She started to moan, and I knew she was going to come any time. So I quickly got a shot from her belly button to her knees and made my way over to the bed.

I gently moved her hand away from her cunt and began sucking her fingers. I then moved down to her cunt and began licking her clit. She went crazy and started moving her hips from side to side (this means she's really turned on) and then told me to suck her ass hole while she fingered herself. She turned around, and I stuck my tongue in her ass hole and began licking her crack. She started violently thrusting and began yelling my name. (I might add that it wasn't easy to stay with her ass, but somehow I managed.) She finally came.

My prick was bigger than I've ever seen it, and she obviously wasn't going to do anything about it for a while. So I began to jerk off, and I remembered that the camera was rolling. So I lowered it to dick level and stood about five feet away from the lens. I started beating off looking right at the camera, making all kinds of erotic facial expressions. Sue crawled over to me and moved my hand to her head, and we turned sideways so that the camera could see all that was going on. It was the best blowjob she ever gave, and just as I was ready to come, she let go. I exploded all over her face and she loved it. She sucked the rest of the come off my dick. She turned me

around and told me to bend down. I felt her thick tongue enter my ass hole, and I got another hard-on on the spot. She told me to move over to the bed. So I adjusted the camera and went over. I was lying on my back. She moved up to my face and sat on it, sliding her cunt up and down my face and then moving down and sliding my prick into her warm pussy. We fucked like hell!

When it was all over, we played the tapes back and masturbated each other at the same time. Then we decided to keep the tape for further viewing. I suggest that any other students who have access to video equipment try a little production of their own!—C.V., Olympia, Wash.

You've discovered the instant fore-play.

Auld lang syne

My wife, Judi, and I have a large house in the suburbs, and for the past ten years we have been having a wonderful New Year's Eve orgy. At this time of year we invite three other couples for a swinging time. Because our friends live a distance away, this makes a wonderful time for renewing old interests.

Early in the evening the eight of us go out for a hearty meal and a few drinks and reminiscences about the past year. Then we return to our house and show a few adult movies, which gets everyone in a horny mood. Of course, a couple of feels are copped as well as a few kisses.

Then it is time to mix that special drink.

Each gal jerks off someone else's husband so that he shoots into a blender. We add a bottle of sherry and three raw eggs, with a pinch of nutmeg. A half hour later, after the second drink, the results of this mix are evident, as there are now four ready stallions with rock-hard cocks—a magnificent sight that has the girls drooling. It is now around 11:00 P.M., and we have an hour and a half to take these four fillies in any way we want. The only requirement is that each guy must make every gal.

For instance, I screw Fay (Bill's wife), on the kitchen table; Bea, who is John's wife, blows me; and I doggy Judi on the living room floor in front of everybody while she sucks Bill's cock and then eats out Joy after she is had by the others. Next we finish off a few more drinks and get the KY jelly. The girls rub our pricks and put a little around their rear ends. Then they bend over on their knees and wait. The sight of four glistening, straining hard pricks poised in front of four puckered ass holes is worth seeing. As the clock strikes twelve, four stallions mount their fillies and drive the hard muscles deep. Each of us must ride somebody else's wife and not the same partner from the year before. The object is to see who can last the longest. The winner gets to sleep with my wife and let me have his for the night. When it turns out to be Bill, it suits me fine, since I'm hot for a piece of somebody else's wife tonight. After a quick shower and another drink, we are off to the bedrooms for private sessions.

We have a late breakfast the following morning and go our separate ways—four well-satisfied women and four drained guys with happy thoughts and expectations of the next year. If you have never tried this, you should. It is really fun and adds a little spice to the new year.—E.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Stocking up

After a hard day at the office, there is nothing I enjoy more than coming home and slipping into a pair of long, sheer black nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes, garter belt or waist cincher, sheer panties, and a beautiful, sheer negligee. There would be nothing unusual about this, of course, except that I am a man.

My fiancé enjoys dressing in this manner, too; in addition, it excites her to see me this way.

We began our little adventure into the world of silk and nylon shortly after we met. We were necking one night in my apartment on the couch, and she placed her hand on my penis, and—lo and behold—she felt, to her surprise, not rough, cotton jockey shorts but her own smooth, silky, nylon panty hose and panties. "Surprised?" I asked. "Can you accept this?" And she said, "Accept what?" And that was just the beginning.

Our experimentation in this direction has been almost endless. While we enjoy making love in all the standard ways, there is an extra bit of pleasure and sensuality in view-

ing each other dressed provocatively in our sexiest outfits. It is sheer ecstasy when she runs her hands along my nylon-clad legs or, better yet, when I feel her nylon-clad legs rubbing up and down my own.

It is a special thrill for me to insert my penis into the heel of a sheer nylon stocking and, at the appropriate moment, to insert my silky sheath into my lover's now wet pussy. The sensation for me is indescribable, and for her it is immensely pleasurable.

I have found that I can sustain an erection for hours in this manner and that the sensations, visual as well as tactile, are heightened immensely.

This past summer we were fortunate enough to stumble on a shoe store going out of business and found 500 pairs of spike-heeled shoes from the fifties. I was in heaven and immediately bought the entire lot, which is now safely tucked away in my basement. Thus we are guaranteed a never-ending collection of colors and styles from which to choose.

I have what by now must be one of the largest collections of nylon stockings, waist cinchers, corsets, and spike-heeled shoes in the country. Appearing in public dressed in the clothes of the opposite sex has no interest for me. What does interest and excite me is the heightened sensuality of making love to a beautiful woman while I am dressed in sexy garments that are just like hers and are visually stimulating.—*Name and address withheld*

Mistress mine

I would like to express the superb joy that I have experienced as a sex slave over the past year. I am a shy man who fully believes in the superiority of women. My mistress is a fine, bitchy lady whom I am allowed to call either the Countess, on some occasions, or my mistress Rebecca, on others.

I met the Countess at a party when I was nineteen. She was twenty-three. About halfway through the party, she asked if I would drive her home. Since I had never received such a request, I readily agreed.

When we got into her apartment, she said that I looked like the type to fulfill a role as her slave. She required that I dress in black tights, bra, slip, blouse, and skirt. My mistress Rebecca then put lipstick, eyebrow liner, and the like on my face. Afterward she dressed herself in a full-length, black gown that made her look like the aggressive dominating woman that she is. She told me to serve her a drink. I poured wine into a glass, and she told me to wave my penis around in the glass. My cock grew rock hard in seconds, but she warned me not to come.

She then pulled my tights down so that my bare ass was exposed, flipped me onto my stomach, and entered me from the rear with a four-inch dildo. All this time, playing the role of the Countess, she pounded on my back and shouted that men are shit. Again I almost came, but she didn't let me. After carefully washing the dildo, as my

mistress Rebecca, she used it on herself and came a number of times. She then told me to lie on the floor and jerk off in front of her. The sight of her beautiful, regal body caused the sperm to fly all over in the biggest load I have ever shot. She spread my semen all over my face and rubbed my lips with it.

I do get a little upset during my mistress Rebecca's period. At that time I am required to perform cunnilingus (the only time that I am allowed to do so; and if I gag, I am tied up by the Countess, who then teases my big cock for hours without letting me come).

On a number of occasions, my mistress Rebecca has had as many as five friends over, and I am required to serve them all—even one who is in her sixties. The most painful thing the Countess does is to put a scrotum strap on me and, attaching a leash to the strap, lead me around for most of the day.

I realize that a number of men will think that this is perversion, but I feel that I have found true happiness in performing my proper role.—*K.G., Albany, N.Y.*

Sounds like a royal screwing to us.

Toeing the line

My wife and I have explored many of the things that your readers talk of in this column, but we seem to have settled on female domination as our natural sexual



ANNOUNCING A NEW GENERATION OF SLIDE PROJECTORS. AND A FREE OFFER TO SEE HOW GOOD THEY ARE FOR YOURSELF.

Bright. Sharp. Clear. That's how our new Slide Cube™ System II Projectors will show your slides. Even if you already own a projector, we want you to see for yourself. That's why we'll send you a free space-saving Slide Cube™ Cartridge, information on the system, and a special money-saving offer. Just load the cartridge with your own slides and visit your Bell & Howell dealer for a demonstration. Can you think of a better way to see how revolutionary our new projectors really are?

Send me one free Bell & Howell Slide Cube™ Cartridge. I'll load it with my slides and visit my Bell & Howell dealer for a demonstration.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip Code _____

Mail this coupon (or a postcard) to:
Bell & Howell/Mamiya Company
Dept. 8878, 7100 McCormick Road
Chicago, IL 60645
Offer expires 12/31/77 and is not available outside the U.S.

Dept. PH-189

BHMC

©1977 BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA COMPANY. All Rights Reserved. Bell & Howell and Slide Cube are trademarks of Bell & Howell Company.

THE NEW BELL & HOWELL SLIDE CUBE SYSTEM II

expression. She has always aspired to the dominant role and has managed to achieve it through her patience over the years.

Her main tool for domination is nail polish. Let me explain. My wife has always had exceptionally long fingernails, which she keeps beautifully polished. I find this very exciting, and the erotic way she uses her nails on me during bondage is a story in itself. She can bring me to orgasm in two minutes flat with one fingernail.

One night as I lay spread-eagled on the bed, she was sitting on my prick, painting her fingernails. Teasingly, she said, "When I've finished mine, I'm going to do yours." My instant orgasm betrayed the fact that I found the idea very exciting. The humiliation and the knowledge that I could not remove the nail polish easily caused an erotic reaction in me. Of course, she painted my nails that night and has done so since on many occasions.

About a year ago she escalated her domination by requiring me to keep my toenails polished at all times. Worst of all, I must paint them! She is very demanding, requiring that they are kept perfectly manicured—no little smudges, smears, or chips. I find that I must replace the polish every two or three days in order to avoid the punishment she would mete out for a less than perfect appearance. And she chooses the color of the polish—always a brilliant red.

Occasionally, she has even required me to polish my fingernails—but so far only in the privacy of our own home. Recently, she has threatened that one day she will take me out in that condition, and I suppose that when she needs to escalate her domination to another level, she will indeed do so. I'm not sure I'm ready for that.

There are many other controlling and dominant plans that she has for me, and sometimes she whispers them in my ear as I lie in her arms at night with my hands tied behind me. Each night, as I come home from work, I wonder whether tonight is the night she has chosen to escalate her dominance to a higher level. And at the same time, trying to imagine what she might have in store for me makes me shudder in anticipation.—*Name and address withheld*

Swing low

Your letters always refer to those broads who have perfect 34B chests and no bras. Well, how about a good word for those girls whose breasts look saggy bouncing around without bras? My girl wears a 38D and has beautiful, long tits with big, hard nipples. She can do things to turn me on that those girls with "all muscle" tits couldn't even dream of. It really thrills me when she enthusiastically sucks her nipples. I'd like to see a small-chested girl try that. And what makes me shoot my wad every time is having her perch on top of me, and slapping me across the face back and forth with those long, soft tits of hers.—*P.L., Chicago*

Beauty is in the mouth of the holder.

was just one of many with the pimply-faced girl. We laughed at each other's admissions and shook our heads at the wasted horniness of youth spent on young girls trying to hook husbands. The night wore on, and they started talking about some of the wilder experiences they had had in the service. They were still sowing their oats when I told them I had to get home and left. I really didn't have to leave, but the talk had reminded me of someone I used to know, and it was something I didn't care to talk to them about.

I wasn't ashamed of meeting Marie. It was one of those beautiful things that happen when you're young, if you're very lucky. I had taken a bus home from college for spring vacation in my freshman year. I

had already met my soon-to-be wife and was having a meaningful relationship. I wasn't a virgin by any means, and in fact I thought I was pretty well schooled on sex and had it all sewed up. I had read more than my share of books and had laid a few beauties in high school and college, too. But as far as Marie was concerned, it might as well have been my first time.

She was on the bus with me, and when we came to a stop in Fort Wayne for a thirty-minute layover, we just went into the coffee shop together. The woman was not young to my way of thinking—in her middle thirties—but she was dark-skinned and sexy. She had a friendly grin and the most savage, dark eyes I've ever seen. To this day that combination still sends a

jolt through my groin.

I can't say I was smitten with her beauty, because she wasn't spectacular, and her body was too heavy to be called pretty. Yet her style made you think of a woman with class. From her manner you could tell she knew men, and her gently mocking dark eyes sent quivers through me as they boldly explored my body. By the time we got back on the bus, we had already made arrangements to get off at the next stop, where she lived and where I would spend the night before going on home. She was a far cry from the girls I knew who wouldn't even give you a free feel until they had thought it over.

Once back on the moving bus again, we went to the backseat, and since it was

"I've always wanted Bose 901's, but won't I need a 100-watt amp?"

The original Bose 901® was probably the most critically acclaimed loudspeaker ever. But a lot of 901 admirers didn't buy them because they thought they'd need a big, expensive amplifier. Now comes the new Bose 901 Series III. In every dimension of sound reproduction it is superior to the original 901. Yet, due to a unique new high-performance driver with a stronger-than-steel, precision injection-molded frame and an ultra-high-efficiency voice coil, it can produce the same sound volume with a 15-watts-per-channel receiver as the original 901 with 50 watts (in fact, we suggest that any-

thing over 70 watts is simply unnecessary).

The Bose 901 Series III: the speaker you've always wanted has become a lot easier to own.



BOSE
Better sound through research.

For comprehensive literature, send \$1.00 to Bose, Dept. P10, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701. Patents issued and pending. Cabinets are walnut veneer.

Vintage years

The reason I'm writing this letter is that I'd like to tell someone about a wonderful woman I met and knew intimately when I was in college. I've never told anyone before, but I'd like to now.

Tonight, when I got off from work, I knew my wife was at a meeting and the kids were at their grandmother's. I didn't feel like going to an empty house; so I went to my favorite watering hole for a few beers. The guys were pretty well oiled when I got there and were back in the corner of the darkly lit tavern, talking about the first time they'd had sex. I downed a few quick beers and added my own story of teenage fumbling with the doctor's daughter—she was the only girl who put out in our small town, and I

Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

1. How much camera do I need?

Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best?

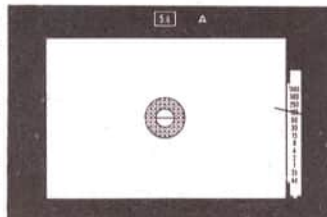
Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you. Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras offer a wide variety of features and prices.

Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder?

First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions. Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.



4. What range of shutter speeds do I need?

Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get



speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one?

The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.



6. Why is the lens system important?

Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses?

You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards.

8. How should the camera feel?

Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film wind lever. If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?



9. How should it sound?

Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.



10. How do I judge craftsmanship?

Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.



11. What is the camera's reputation?

Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.



The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

Minolta

WorldMags.net

night, we had no trouble gaining a little privacy. Immediately, her hands went inside my clothes against my bare skin and brought me to life. I can still remember the gleam of her silver rings as she pulled at my swollen organ in the darkened bus. My own hands sought to explore her ripe body, but in the cramped confines of the seats I couldn't get to her most sensitive places, and I had to content myself with running my eager fingers inside her bra. Her breasts were soft, full, and heavy, and the nipples easily went into wrinkled hardness. She didn't seem to mind that I wasn't doing much for her, as the mere feel of my body seemed to delight her. It was a real turn-on to have someone want you like that, and I could feel my own orgasm building to an almost unbearable point. Yet for the whole hour ride she wouldn't let me blow my rocks off. Her mouth came down on my hard cock, and the tip of her tongue tried to force its way inside the hole at the tip—it was as if she were trying to lick me out from the inside. Finally, she swirled her tongue around my throbbing rod and sucked so hard that I thought she was trying to suck my insides out—from time to time a sharp bite stopped me from coming in her mouth. For the rest of the trip she laid her head on my lap and nursed me while I touched her mouth, jaw, and throat, and felt them working against me.

When the bus reached the lighted station of her town, she coolly got off. I followed,

numbly holding my suitcase in front of me to conceal the bulge in the front of my pants. It seemed to take hours to get to her nondescript apartment, which was above a shop of some kind.

Once inside her apartment, Marie asked me to undress her, and I gladly freed her from her clothes. She left the lights on and pushed me back onto the bed and straddled me. She moved for both of us, and I just kept getting hotter and hotter. My hands enjoyed the pleasure of her breasts hanging over me as they swayed with her movement, and I kneaded the soft globes. I felt her skin get hot and her pounding hips quicken as she held tightly to my shoulders. I held her waist and pushed my organ deeper into her. When her climax finally came, it seemed to rip through her body painfully as she jerked and pleading gasps escaped from her open mouth. And I felt my own explosion start in my groin and spasm up into her as I stiffened with the power of it.

The next morning I called my dad from a pay phone near her place and told him I was staying the weekend with a friend and would be home Monday morning. Then I went back to her bed to lie on her soft belly. Throughout the rest of the day and night, this woman explored my fantasies and acted them out. We did things I had only read about in books before as we explored and probed every opening of each other's bodies. There was nothing we didn't try in

our search for satisfaction. Sore and exhausted, I got on the bus Sunday night and regretfully went home, never to see this wondrous woman again.

One of the last things I said was to apologize for being so clumsy. But she just grinned at me, a sad look coming to those expressive eyes. She said I was twice as smart at my age as she had been. I kissed her good-bye and wondered if I would have stayed for good if she had asked me. But she didn't, and I went on my way, trying to act as if nothing had happened. For weeks afterward, in my bed at night, I would think of the way Marie came alive under my touch, of how her fingernails would dig into my back and sides. Finally, on summer vacation I stopped at her place again, but she had gone. None of her neighbors seemed to know where she had gone, and it was probably just as well. As young and silly as I was, I would probably have wanted to spend the next year between her knees.

At the beginning of this letter, I said that I just had to tell somebody about her. But it's really more than that. This woman taught me a lot more than a few more tricks. All my young life, I had chased firm, young bodies and passed up the older ones as being over the hill. From that day on, I started giving them another look. As willing and as nice as the sweet, young things are, they fall short of matching the fire of full-blown sexuality. That simple fact has improved

Ripley's — Believe It or Not!



THE LONGEST SCHEDULED
NON-STOP FLIGHT IS FROM
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, TO SAN
FRANCISCO. DISTANCE COVERED
IS **7,475 MILES** AND FLYING
TIME IS **13 HOURS, 15 MINUTES!**



THE SHORTEST SCHEDULED FLIGHT
IS OF **2 MINUTES DURATION!**
THE FLIGHT BETWEEN TWO OF THE
ORKNEY ISLANDS OFF SCOTLAND,
DEPENDS ON WIND CONDITIONS,
SOMETIMES LASTS ONLY
69 SECONDS!

© RIPLEY INTERNATIONAL LIMITED, 1977



JIM BEAM

and tonic give rise to a
"PUDDLE JUMPER!"

POUR 1 OZ. JIM BEAM INTO A TALL
GLASS OVER ICE. ADD TONIC TO TASTE.
SQUEEZE IN A WEDGE OF LIME,
AND GET THINGS OFF THE GROUND WITH
A REFRESHING "PUDDLE JUMPER!"

Beam. Serving
the United Tastes
of America.

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

ONLY PIONEER COULD INTRODUCE A QUARTZ PHASE LOCKED LOOP TURNTABLE AND CALL IT A BARGAIN.

Today, there's nothing more accurate than a quartz phase locked loop turntable.

It's the kind of turntable they use at radio stations and recording studios. Where people are more interested in getting a great sound than getting a great price.

Well, Pioneer has just introduced the same kind of quartz turntable. Except ours was designed for people who *do* care about price.

It's called the PL570.

And like the professional quartz turntables you'll find in all those radio stations and recording studios across the country, it features a direct-drive motor that's quieter than ordinary motors.

Plus an electronic strobe circuit that lets you adjust the PL570 far more accurately than conventional strobes.

And the same kind of quartz phase locked loop technology that automatically corrects the turntable speed to account for things like the weight of the record and even

the amount of stylus pressure. So your records can always sound perfect, because they're always spinning perfectly.

But where the average quartz phase locked loop turntable offers you all this accuracy for around \$800, our new PL570 does it for under \$400*. Which, you'll have to agree, is quite a bargain. (And that's even before you find out that the PL570 is one of the few fully-automatic quartz-lock turntables available today at *any* price.)

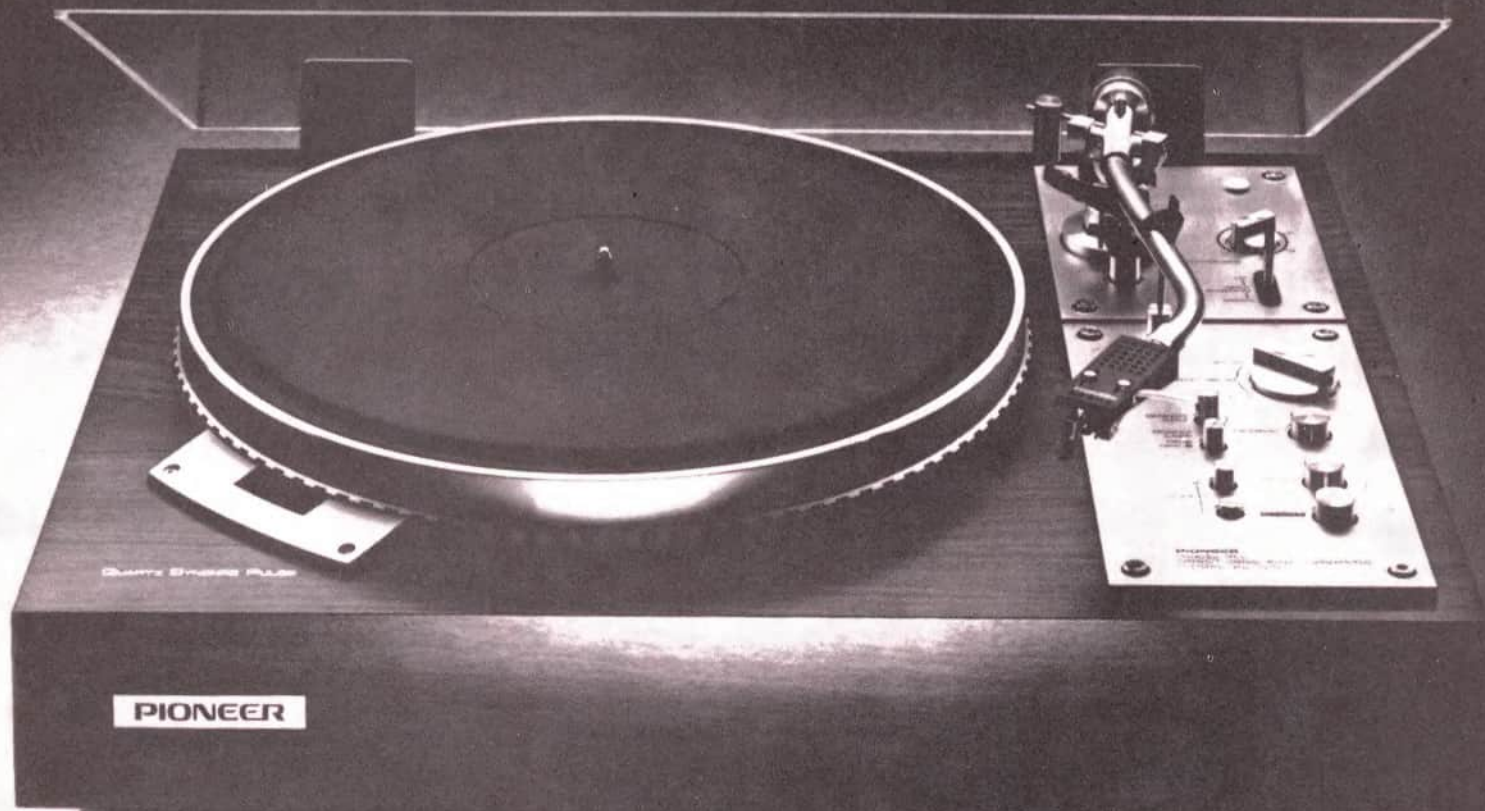
Of course, if you're looking for something a little less sophisticated than our PL570, there's still no need to look any further than Pioneer.

In all, we make eight high quality turntables. And while they may not all offer the same kind of features as our PL570, you can bank on at least one thing.

They all feature the same kind of value.

High Fidelity Components
PIONEER®
WE BRING IT BACK ALIVE.

©1977 U.S. Pioneer Electronics, 85 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074



*The value shown in this ad is for informational purposes only. Actual resale prices will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

WorldMags.net

"Vantage is solving a lot of my problems about smoking."

"You see, I really enjoy smoking. To me, it's a pleasure. But it was no pleasure hearing all the things being said against high-tar cigarettes.

"Of course, I used to kid myself a lot about giving up the taste of my old high-tar cigarette for one of those new low-tar brands.

But every one I tried left my taste unsatisfied.

"Then someone offered me a Vantage. Sure I'd read about them. But I thought they were like all the others. I was wrong.

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

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"Vantage was right.
It satisfied like my old brand.
Yet it had nearly half the tar.

"It's been about a year
since I started smoking
Vantage.
And it looks like I'm
going to be smoking them
for a long time to come."

Bernard Schoenfeld

Bernard Schoenfeld
Westchester, New York.



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

my sex life a hundred times over. I still gladly feel my eyes drawn to budding breasts; but when it comes to a fantastic roll in the hay, I'll search out the knowing looks of an experienced woman.—*Name and address withheld*

Female forum . . .

I began to do volunteer work with an ecology group about three months ago, and there I met Jack, who is—there is no other word—beautiful. He's twenty-two, rather thin, and has a full beard and lovely, lovely dark hair that reaches halfway down his back. We gradually became friends, and one day last week I stopped by his apartment to give him a ride to a recycling site where we had been working. Wouldn't you know that it would be raining (which turns me on sexually), and he had just bought a bottle of wine, which we sampled?

The wine was good, as was Jefferson Starship on the stereo, and soon we were standing in the middle of the floor, slowly (and somewhat awkwardly) trying to undress each other. When my blouse was off, his fingertips brushed my nipples until I brought his mouth to my breasts and enjoyed his tongue and lips. All the while, I stroked his hair. Soon I pulled away and looked into his brown eyes and said—à la Julie Christie in *Shampoo*—"I want to suck your cock."

I dropped to my knees and, with his help, got his jeans and underwear to the floor. I found myself looking at his thick, pink penis and lovely balls, which felt very tight when I ran my tongue over them. I licked him all over down there and then slowly worked his cock into my mouth. He kept saying how good it felt and occasionally would give me instructions while he stroked my hair. I loved it! Soon my vagina was very juicy and hot and crying for some attention. I reluctantly slid him out of my mouth and stood up to slip out of my skirt and panties. As we stood facing each other, hugging, I reached for his hair on either side and brought it over both of us. At the same time we whispered sexy, loving words to each other. Then, with his left hand around my ass and his right hand around his dick, he rubbed the head around the outside of my pussy, just slightly parting the lips to tickle

my erect clitoris and spread the moisture around. At the same time, I rubbed his chest with one hand, and with the other I pinched my nipples as we both watched. Somehow we made it to his bed, where we lay on our sides in the sixty-nine position and licked and sucked each other until I came. I loved listening to the growls of pleasure coming from his throat as my mouth worked on his beautiful cock and balls! After he helped me put a pillow under my bottom, he mounted me (I love that image!) and ever so slowly put that thick cock into my very wet cunt and rode me until I cried out, again and again.

Well, the whole afternoon went like that, and we never made it to the recycling center, but next week I'm going to stop by and

watch Benny. He told me that he wouldn't be leaving for an hour, but that if I liked I could go for a swim and take in some sun. I didn't have a suit, but he said there were some suits that I could use in the bathhouse. I thanked him and went to the bathhouse. Inside I only found two string bikinis—and quite small at that—so I returned to the house and told him that I couldn't wear them. He took a long look at me and then said that he'd give me \$100 to wear one of the strings while I was there. I suddenly realized what it was all about. He was more interested in my body than in his dog.

I was furious at first, but I knew I could use the money and decided that it wouldn't be that bad. When I put on the string, inside the bathhouse, I became very nervous as I

looked at my 36D-22-36 body in the full-length mirror on the opposite wall. I thought, *So that's what he wants to see.* But as I imagined what it would be like to walk out in the string and have Jack looking at me, I began to get a little excited.

The string's top barely covered my cherry-sized nipples and areolas, and my breasts bulged like two large melons on each side of the small, "V"-shaped patches of nylon. The bottoms covered only half of each cheek of my round behind, and a little pubic hair showed in the front. I looked around for some scissors or a razor and found a razor. The exposed hair was quickly removed, and I was ready to go. I felt myself becoming more excited at the thought of

showing myself in that way to Jack.

As I walked to the edge of the pool, my usually firm breasts seemed to bounce and shake with every movement as did the cheeks of my rear end. As I lay down, Jack came out and knelt beside me and asked me if I'd like him to put suntan lotion on me. I didn't want him to touch me and said no. I explained that I tanned well without it. He continued to look over my body and then said that he would be leaving soon and that I should watch Benny. He left and went into the house. I felt excited at being looked at. And as the sun beat down and I thought about what had happened, I became more excited. Would it hurt to give an older man a view of tits and ass? I had the desire to do a little exhibiting. I saw Jack coming out to

KONICA: 35 MM MADE EASY.

THE KONICA TC COMPACT AUTOMATIC.

THE WORLD'S FIRST INEXPENSIVE EXPENSIVE CAMERA.

Konica has been making automatic SLR's longer than any one, so we know how to make them easier to use and easier to afford. The new Konica TC sells for under \$300.

We did all the work, so it's easy for you to have all the fun. The TC is 25% smaller and lighter than traditional SLR's. It has automatic plus manual exposure controls!

The "Control Center" viewfinder makes focusing and shooting easy. It's part of the Autoreflex system, with 30 lenses and over 100 accessories.

See the exciting TC at your Konica dealer. Or write for full details to Konica Camera, Dept. 5205, Woodside, New York 11377.



Konica



give both Jack and the center another try.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . pool pet

I recently read a letter that reminded me of an experience I had. I was eighteen and baby-sitting to earn extra money. I was at the house of a wealthy couple, watching their children, when the father of the husband asked me if I would watch his Benny. I didn't think much of it, and the next day I arrived at his large house to watch Benny. Jack (I'll call him) met me at the door and showed me around the house. I met Benny at the pool. Benny was a dog.

Jack looked to be in his late forties or early fifties. I thought that his request was strange, but he was paying me well to

FISHER INTRODUCES PERFORMANCE-ENGINEERED HIGH FIDELITY SYSTEMS.

For over 40 years, Fisher has been designing, engineering, and manufacturing superb performing high fidelity equipment. In fact, we invented high fidelity way back in 1937.

Fisher is a performance oriented company. And for some time, our engineers have been concerned about a possible loss of high fidelity performance in a mixed audio component system . . . a system that uses a receiver from one manufacturer, speakers from another, and a turntable or tape deck from yet another.

Now we're manufacturing the *all Fisher performance-engineered high fidelity systems* — designed to give you the superior sound you've been looking for. The receiver, the turntable, the cassette deck and the speaker systems are all engineered for optimum sound quality in a Fisher matched performance system.

The result is superb sound that many listeners feel is superior to anything they've ever heard before.

Take the Fisher ultimate system, ACS1218. It begins with our 170* watt per channel RS1080 receiver with 1.6 microvolt sensitivity and 0.08% total harmonic distortion. Incredible power to give you sound that you can actually feel.

Then we add our MT6225 turntable with automatic arm return. It's the world's first linear motor, direct drive turntable. It comes complete with a famous name magnetic cartridge that is performance-matched to the receiver's phono input level and impedance.

Included in this system is the professional Fisher CR5120 — our 3-head, dual capstan cassette deck. It's engineered to outperform any tape deck in its class.

The system is completed with a pair of famous Fisher acoustically-matched Studio Standard ST660 speakers, designed to handle the full output of this system's high powered 170 watt per channel receiver. Each speaker has a 10" woofer, a 12" passive radiator, a 6½" midrange driver, a 6½" backfiring midrange

and two 4" dome tweeters in an elegant 29¼" x 18¼" x 13" walnut-grained vinyl cabinet.

This Fisher system will lighten up your home with exciting stereo sound. And best of all, Fisher's totally integrated* manufacturing operation brings you this superb system for about \$2000.** Other outstanding Fisher matched systems available from \$300.†

Fisher performance-engineered, matched component systems, as well as individual Fisher components (receivers, turntables, tape decks, and

speakers) can be seen and heard now at selected fine audio stores and the audio section of department stores.

*170 watts per channel minimum RMS, at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion.

†Fisher manufactures its own transistors, integrated circuits, condensers, turntables, and manufactures the world's finest speaker systems in the Fisher plant at Milroy, Pennsylvania

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual selling price determined by individual dealer



FISHER

The first name in high fidelity.



ACS1218

leave; so I got up and ran over to ask when he would be back. My entire body bounced. As I asked him, his eyes went over me. I was more excited than I had ever been before. As I talked, my chest swelled from heavy breathing; my nipples were hard and like cherries. He said he'd be back in four hours. I walked back to my blanket with a special wiggle, and as I rounded the corner of the pool, I looked back to see Jack still watching. Seeing a towel, I bent over to pick it up—just an excuse to show my rear end. I walked to the blanket more excited. At the blanket, I paused to see Jack still watching me. I quickly decided to lie on my stomach and show off my jutting rear end. As my hot pussy pressed against the pool pavement, I erupted in orgasm. I hoped Jack didn't notice.

After Jack left, I tanned for several hours on both sides and thought about what had happened. I was getting very excited when I turned over on my back and, removing my top, began to play with my nipples. After all, no one was around and Jack wasn't due back for hours. But I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I remember, I was awakened by Jack. He was smiling as he looked down upon my seminude body. He had his swimsuit on and was seated next to me.

I found it odd that I didn't become embarrassed by being almost nude next to Jack, but excited. He said I'd burn if I slept

in the sun and suggested that he put on some suntan lotion. I hesitated, but I was extremely excited, and I now wanted to *really* turn the old man on. He began rubbing the lotion on my legs, then on my stomach, skipping the inside of my thighs. It felt so good that when he moved up from my stomach and began rubbing my breasts, I just relaxed and enjoyed. But when he reached down and began to rub beneath the front of my bottoms, I stopped him and said I couldn't let that happen.

I rolled over, and he began to rub my back and whisper very softly into my ear that he would give me \$500 to let him make love to me. I was shocked. I didn't reply. He asked if I heard him, and I said yes. He just continued to rub lotion on me, now on my ass, slipping beneath the bikini. The idea began to excite me: me, a prostitute, and a highly-paid one, no less. It was terribly exciting. I could use the money. Maybe there would be more money later on. But it would be the first time I had sex all the way. I said yes, I'd do it, but that it would be my first time.

He just continued to rub, but now down my crack and back up my pussy. It felt so good. Slipping the bottoms off, he turned me over and kissed me tenderly again and again. It felt so good. I returned his kisses. We kissed, and he felt every inch of my body. He asked me to take off his trunks, and so I did, to expose a large penis, which became very erect. I began to stroke the

long shaft. He rolled over on me, and I felt it slowly work itself deep inside me. I felt as if I were going to explode. He began to plunge in and out with increasing force, and I quickly exploded in orgasm. As I lay still in ecstasy, he pulled out and moved down to begin licking my enflamed pussy. It felt so good that I again began to get very excited. I was about to have another orgasm when Jack, sensing it, stopped and got up. He stood beside me with a glistening erect cock and told me to kiss it. I did so and then naturally began to lick it. I could taste my own delicious come. He told me to take it into my mouth and suck it. I did, and he told me more things that felt good while his cock was in my mouth. I thought, *So this is what it is all about.* It was so good. It felt so good. I loved it. I was getting paid to do it. Suddenly, before I knew what was happening, Jack erupted in my mouth and I found myself swallowing every delicious bit.

He paid me \$600 that day and \$500 on many days after. But I stopped taking money after a while. I became his mistress and loved him for every moment of every day.

Things began to go sour only when he wanted me to wear the strings and other sexy clothes when business associates were around. I did at first and got some kicks out of it; but then he wanted me to seduce some of them, even offering to pay me to do it. That's when I left. It was fun while it lasted, but I figured I had to draw the line someplace.—*Name and address withheld.*

... nightie night

At my husband's suggestion, I'd like to relate an experience Ron and I had a few weeks ago. I'll disguise the other married couple involved as "Rich and Judy." These aren't their real names, because I wouldn't want Judy to find out what happened that night.

Rich and Judy arrived early at our home for an evening of conversation and drinks. The evening passed quickly, and we drank heavily. Soon Judy was sleepy. Rather than let Rich drive home in his intoxicated state, Ron suggested he and Judy spend the night. Judy said that we could stay up but that she wanted to go to bed. I lent her one of my nightgowns and put on a pair of shortie pajamas myself.

I must have been feeling my drinks, because I don't think I ordinarily would have chosen the set I put on to wear in front of Rich. It was a sheer, black set tied together in the front by one bow, just below the bust. The matching bikini pants were equally sheer. Noticing my image in the bedroom mirror, I could clearly see the outlines of my nipples showing through the skimpy top and the darkness of my pussy at the crotch of my panties. I stopped at the spare bedroom to see if Judy needed anything, but she was already in bed, snoring lightly.

My entrance back into the living room brought a loud whistle from Ron and an astonished stare from Rich. We continued talking. As more drinks reinforced my dar-



"You wanna know what sign my wife was born under?
'Keep Off,' that's what sign she was born under!"



Put a little Pepe in your life.

A lot of people have noticed our tequila. A lot of people have noticed our bikinis. So, we think it's high time we combined the two.

INTRODUCING THE PEPE LOPEZ BIKINI.

A very cheeky Sunrise.

Recipe: Pour 1½ oz. of Pepe Lopez Tequila (White or Gold) over ice in a glass. Fill to top with half orange juice and half unsweetened pineapple juice. Stir gently. Float a teaspoon of grenadine.

You might call it, the living end.

PEPE LOPEZ TEQUILA.

The Spirit of Mexico.

80 Proof - Brown-Forman Distillers Import Co.,
New York, New York ©1977.



WorldMags.net

ing behavior, I decided to give the men a real show. Leaning far forward to reach for a pack of cigarettes on the cocktail table in front of us, I unobtrusively reached up and loosened the one bow holding the front of my shortie top together. When I sat back, the front fell loose exposing my firm, full tits to the men's view. I felt my nipples harden and a blush rising from my neck to my face. Self-conscious, I reached up to redo the bow and cover myself. But to my surprise, Ron's hand stopped mine as he said, "Let Rich and me get a good look at those boobs you've been teasing us with." I flushed but found myself excited by his demand.

Ron then reached over, filling his hand with my right tit, gently squeezing its fullness. Rich had been silent, and he now reached over without hesitation to my left tit. Their gentle kneading of my breasts and fondling of my nipples really turned me on! Then, almost upon a silent command, they both bent down, kissing and covering my tits with their eager mouths. I was in ecstasy, and my body shivered with pleasure.

I was so intent on the pleasure they were giving me, I didn't feel Ron's hand at first. It had slipped past the elastic waistband of my panties and was now buried deep in the hairs of my pussy. Again Rich was not far behind as his hand joined Ron's in exploring the fur of my lush bush. I reached down and pulled the panties down over my ass;

then I kicked them off, spreading my legs wide to give them plenty of room. Lightly caressing my clit, the men's fingers became more insistent, pushing deeper into my cunt, now drenched with its juices. All the time their tongues worked feverishly at my tits.

I was going crazy with ecstasy and desire—desire for a cock. I reached out on both sides, pulled two erect penises out, stroking the swollen shafts, and pausing to caress the plumlike heads. I had never before made love to two men at once, but this seemed the perfect time to start. With a sucking mouth at each of my tits, two separate hands thrusting their fingers into my cunt, and a throbbing cock in each of my hands, I climaxed in a spasm of passion.

I relaxed, emotionally and physically drained, my head spinning from the climax. Then Ron asked, "How about us now?" He stood up and thrust his cock toward my face. As I lightly planted a kiss on the tip, caressing head with my tongue, Rich thrust his huge cock toward my face also. The head was a deep purple, and it was thickly veined. I kissed and licked Rich's huge member and alternated back and forth between the two cocks. Each time I parted my lips wider, letting them thrust more of their delicious meat into my waiting mouth. Continuing to stroke each one with my hands, I wildly sucked each cock in turn. I pulled them closer together until the tips of their cock heads touched. I licked them both at

the same time. I tried to squeeze them both into my mouth, but the hugeness of Rich's cock prevented me from giving them a double blowjob. But the rubbing of both cocks together as they tried to force their way into my mouth must have really set Ron off. He was coming, his cock shooting streams of hot come over my face. That was all Rich needed, as that huge cock jerked and started spraying me with a flood of come. I continued to jerk off both men and sucked them dry, but I don't like to swallow it; so I let it dribble from the corners of my mouth. Finishing, I felt as if I were covered with a quart of come and saliva; it dripped from my chin in long streams over my breasts and thighs. We all then went into the bathroom and showered together.

Since that night we have never repeated that scene. It was a spontaneous happening that we had experienced. Ron has hinted that he would like to try a *ménage à trois* again, but I'm afraid it wouldn't be the same and might develop into an unpleasant thing.—C.B., address withheld

... banker's delight

I work at a bank, and my boss, who is new in the job, has a strange habit that I don't quite know how to handle.

He called me in to take a memo this morning, and when I walked into his office, he was reading the paper. When he glanced up to see me walk in, he said, "I've got something to show you that I think you're really going to like." At that, he lowered the paper to reveal his unzipped pants, an eight-inch penis, and an active hand greased with Vaseline. Of course, I couldn't believe what I was seeing, although the urge to walk over to him and stroke it with my tongue was incredible.

But don't you see, I can't give into my desires, because I would run the risk of my being fired. Yet I want terribly to touch his hard, slimy penis. It occurred to me to approach him with the idea of locking ourselves in the safety-deposit vault. By the way, while he was away from his office this afternoon, I was putting a memo on his desk, and I noticed a glob of sperm on the blotter. He must be able to satisfy himself.—Name and address withheld

That's the only interest you get from a bank these days.

... Sharon and Sharon alike

Shortly before we were married, my husband confessed to me that he liked to wear women's clothes. He urged me to leave him, because he did not want to embarrass me or make me feel uncomfortable. Naturally, the initial shock nearly blew our relationship to pieces. Up until that tearful moment of confession, he had never given any hint as to his feminine desires, and as far as I was concerned, he was the most wonderful guy in the world. Deciding to stay by his side was the most difficult decision of my life. It has also turned out to be the most fortunate.

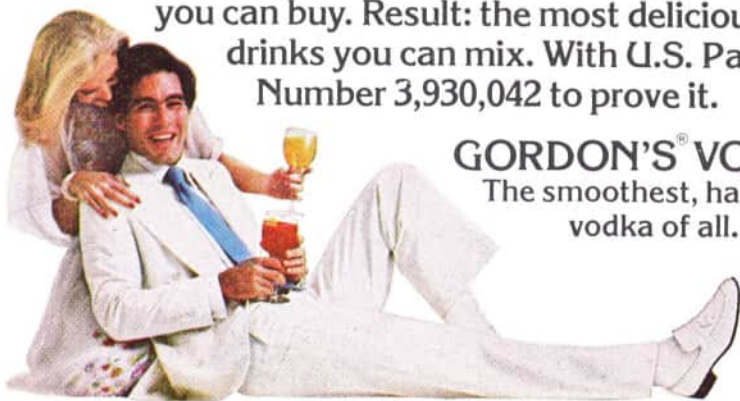
We both decided that since we could not

ALL VODKAS ARE NOT ALIKE.



Gordon's process makes it the smoothest vodka you can buy. Result: the most delicious drinks you can mix. With U.S. Patent Number 3,930,042 to prove it.

GORDON'S® VODKA
The smoothest, happiest vodka of all.



80 Proof. Distilled from grain. Gordon's Dry Gin Co. Ltd. Linden, N.J. ALSO AVAILABLE IN 100 PROOF.

Everything you'll ever need. The Scott R 376 Receiver.



The Scott R 376 AM/FM Stereo Receiver is our top of the line. It delivers all the power and performance you'll ever need to enjoy records, tapes and broadcasts. Now and tomorrow.

The Scott R 376 provides a full 75 watts minimum continuous RMS power output per channel. Power enough to drive even low efficiency speakers to room-filling volume. Both channels are driven into 8 ohms from 20 Hz to 20 kHz with an incredibly low 0.1% total harmonic distortion.

The Scott R 376 has every performance feature you'll ever need, too. Separate channel bass, treble and midrange controls allow you to adjust response to best match your speaker locations, room acoustics and listening taste. Dual tape monitors allow you to operate two tape machines simultaneously. You can record live performances or even copy tape-to-tape while another source is playing.

For three decades, Scott has been satisfying the needs of discerning listeners with the very finest in high fidelity. Today, the R 376, like every Scott receiver, continues this tradition of excellence.

For specifications on our complete line of audio components, contact your nearest Scott dealer, or write H.H. Scott, Inc. Corporate Headquarters, 20 Commerce Way, Woburn, MA 01801. In Canada: Paco Electronics, Ltd., Quebec.

SCOTT Warranty Identification Card

Warranty Number: 101102
Model: R 376 RECEIVER
Serial Number: 304 7832/662 1745
Expiration Date: September 15, 1980

Scott's unique, gold warranty card.

Individualized with your warranty, model and serial numbers, and expiration date, Scott's fully transferable, three-year parts and labor-limited warranty is your assurance of lasting enjoyment.

IM distortion (lower than 0.1%).

Provides cleaner sound and eliminates listening fatigue.

Individual low and high filters.

Minimizes turntable rumble, tape hiss, record and broadcast noise.

Center channel and signal strength tuning meters

Provides precise tuning and indicates optimum signal strength.

Phase locked loop multiplex section.

Maintains superior stereo separation.

Three position FM de-emphasis switch.

Permits proper reception of domestic, Dolbyized* or European broadcasts.

FM Muting.

Silences interstation hiss and prevents the receiver from picking up weak stations.

Loudness switch.

Boosts treble and bass at low volume levels.

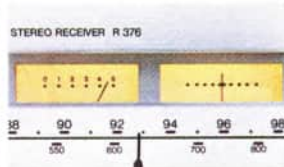
Log-linear volume control with detents.

Spreads out the volume levels over a greater portion of the knob rotation to provide finer control at low to moderate listening levels.

*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories



Separate bass, treble and midrange controls.



Signal strength and center channel tuning meters



Individual high and low filters.

SCOTT
The Name to listen to.

Receivers / Tuners / Amplifiers / Turntables / Speakers / Cassette Decks

....While Dreams of Erotica Dance in Your Head....



You'll slip into bed, rest your head and body against the creamy beige sheets with 39 impeccably rendered couples, all locked in different positions of embrace.

From across the room it's an intricate design. Approach a little closer and it's joyous ecstasy. These designer sheets and pillow cases were specifically created for the Penthouse Collection—we proudly present them for your pleasure.

Available in brown on beige only in flat sizes, twin or queen. 50% poly-50% cotton. 1 twin sheet plus 1 standard pillow case (G011) \$25.00 plus \$1.50 p.&h.; 1 queen size sheet plus 2 standard pillow cases (G012) \$32.50 plus \$1.50 p.&h.

Please send check or money order plus \$1.50 postage & handling or charge it to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge.) Mail to Penthouse Products, Dept. G.O. 909 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number (800) 223-7763. NY residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

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.

Bill Baxley

I read Peter Biskind's "Watch Out, Bill Baxley" (July 1977) about the pot-bellied deputies of Cleburne County, and I would like you to print this if you want to be fair to the people of Cleburne County.

I am a law-enforcement officer in Cleburne County. The article refers to this area as the asshole of Alabama. I personally don't like anyone calling my home such a place. In the article, you define the good ole boy as someone without education, who just rough-houses people and takes their money. Well, I guess you could call me one of the good ole boys.

I'm one of the good ole boys who spent two years in Vietnam. I started policing in Alabama, my home state, about two months after I returned from Nam. I have been to the Police Academy, P.E.I. school. I have attended college for the last four years and lack only fifteen hours toward obtaining my degree in law enforcement. Surprise, surprise! I work in Cleburne County and am damn well proud of it.

Biskind writes about Highway 78 that you have to travel to get from Birmingham to Atlanta. Well, I'll tell you what goes down that highway. Pot by the pounds, teenagers blown out of their minds on speed and cocaine, drunks that have been to Atlanta for a good time, and whores looking for a fast buck. I have apprehended murderers, drug pushers, escaped convicts, runaways, and many more. This is pure fact, because I work the highway every night.

Eighteen-wheeler truck drivers pray every time they come down 78 because it is known as a death trap. It is not a fact that we harass people, but a fact that we don't like fatalities.

Cleburne County is not the asshole of Alabama. It just has a lot of assholes coming and going through it. This county has a population of less than 10,000; so we don't have many votes, right? That's the reason why Mr. Baxley and his band come down on us so hard. There is not a politician alive who wouldn't kiss the devil's ass for a vote.

We here in Cleburne County inform people of their rights, and we abide by those rights. I don't think Bill Baxley has the right to condemn all of Cleburne County for what a few people have done. Since the article was printed, we have experienced an increase in harassment from outside people. They come here just to pick on law officers.

We people here are proud of our country. Mr. Baxley said he would love to give us back to Georgia, but he doesn't have the right to give or take anything. We are a part of the United States and really don't give a

damn what he likes.—*P.R. Heflin, Ala.*

While reading your article about Bill Baxley and Cleburne County, I looked around me and saw that it is very true. I know, because I am in the pen—Cleburne County Jail in Heflin, Ala. The smell of this place would make a dog sick. We can't flush the toilet in our cell unless we fill a five-gallon bucket with water from the shower and pour it in. It is really bad. We have asked to be put in another cell, but they just laugh. I have been here since 1975. I went to court for robbery and was sentenced to three years in the Alabama State Prison. But the Alabama Board of Corrections is filled. So I have to stay in this "asshole" until I get paroled or discharged.

Cleburne County is the biggest asshole I have ever seen, and Alabama is the red-neck state of the United States.

Thank you for that article. *Penthouse* tells it like it is. Raise hell on the red-necks and keep up the good work.—*Sam Cheatwood, Heflin, Ala.*

Blithe spirits

In Kingsley Amis's liquor article "Blithe Spirits" (June 1977), he refers to Jack Daniels as bourbon. I think that it is only proper to straighten out the facts. Jack Daniels is not bourbon but the best damn Tennessee sour mash whiskey on the market. Cheers to the best.—*David Powell, Waterville, Me.*

Updating routes

With respect to your article "Grass Routes" (July 1977), I would like to call your attention to a new law recently passed in New York State concerning marijuana. It sets the penalty for possessing under seven-eighths of an ounce of grass at a maximum fine of \$100. This is obviously an improvement over previous laws, which set the penalty for possession of one-fourth of an ounce of grass as punishable by seven years in prison. I think that this is a boon to all pot smokers.—*Name and address withheld*

I am writing this letter so that you can update your article about marijuana laws. On July 1, 1977, the maximum penalty for possession of less than one ounce of marijuana in North Carolina was reduced to a fine of \$100 for first offenders. The maximum penalty for a second conviction has been reduced to six months in jail and/or a fine of \$500.

This enlightened piece of legislation came about through the energetic efforts



Le Car Hot

Le Car, a proven success in Europe, is proving just as successful here. Because Americans are discovering what 1½ million Europeans already know. When it comes to performance, economy, comfort and engineering, Le Car is in a class by itself.

Le Car leaves La Competition behind.

About the only thing Le Car has in common with little cars like Rabbit, Honda Civic and Chevette is its size. Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, all-independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. The others don't.

All these features result in performance that is anything but standard. Le Car gives you incredible handling and cornering and tremendous maneuverability. Last year Le Car took first in

its class in 12 out of 16 races, beating Hondas, Datsuns, Pintos, Vegas, Toyotas and Fiats. In a race this year Le Car finished ahead of such high performance cars as a Datsun 280-Z and an Alfa Romeo.

Great performance, *plus* 41 MPG highway, 28 MPG city, according to 1977 EPA figures.* *Remember:* These mileage figures are *estimates*. The actual mileage *you* get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. *California excluded

The inside story of Le Car's success: comfort.

Forget the stiff harsh ride you usually get with small cars. Our engineers designed a wheelbase that is even longer than some big cars. The result is a ride that is amazingly smooth even on the roughest of roads.

Once inside you'll notice something else you don't usually get with small cars. A roomy interior with comfortable

seats. The front seat lifts up and forward so passengers can get in and out of the back without any problems.

Outside we added a touch of fun. Le Car offers an optional gigantic sun-roof. We call it a "fun roof." There's nothing like it in small cars.

Le Car is setting Renault sales records every month. Test drive one and you'll find out why it's Le Car Hot. Le Car prices start at only \$3345.† Call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In N.J. call collect 201-461-6000.

†P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Luggage rack, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West. Renault USA, Inc. ©1977

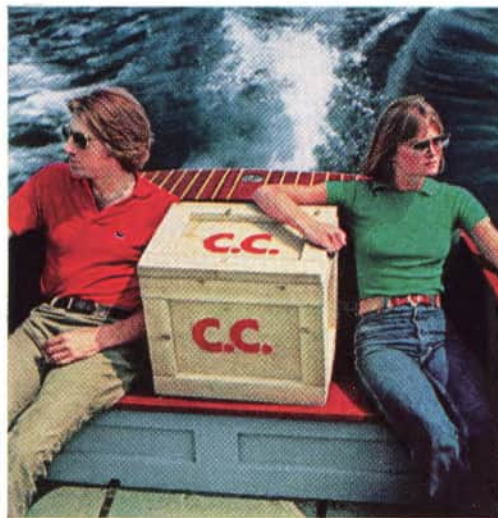
Le Car by Renault

WorldMags.net



There's a free case of C.C. waiting for you on one of the Thousand Islands.

These clues will help you eliminate 999 of them:



Scattered along the St. Lawrence River, the Thousand Islands form a speckled boundary between Ontario and New York State. Since the early 1900's they've been a paradise for millionaires and a playground for sportsmen. And on one of them we buried a case of Canadian Club.

To get that C.C. out of the ground and into a glass, start your scenic search at the Shipyard Museum in the turn-of-the-century village of Clayton, N.Y.

Steer to the starboard side of the island that looks like it's got a big arrowhead sticking straight up from it. A couple of dozen islands later, you'll pass an anchor that looks like something hauled up from the *Sir Robert Peel*, a steamer that mysteriously went down in the St. Lawrence. As you round a bend, you'll sight a water tower looming in the distance. Head straight for it. If you spot some latter-day Huck Finns swinging far out on a rope cannonballing into the water...you've gone too far!

Now reverse your course and nudge into the second deserted cove you come to. Congratulations—you're now just a good angler's cast from the lightest, smoothest whisky in 87 lands. Walk toward the middle of a field exactly 119 paces (the same number of years people have been enjoying Canada's favorite Canadian). Now...dig!

But before you set out, remember to bring a few glasses and a big bucket of ice. Because the second your shovel smacks into that buried case, you're going to want to settle down and savor some C.C. right on the spot. And if you can't make it up to the Thousand Islands to go hunting for our buried treasure, why not just head down to the nearest tavern or package store and say, "C.C., please."



Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

of State Rep. Al Adams.—*John Huggard, Attorney, Raleigh, N.C.*

Evidently, your article on marijuana laws was written some time ago, because Mississippi has since decriminalized the use of less than one ounce of pot. A similar bill failed to make it through the Louisiana State Senate. Mississippi is no longer a backwoods state filled with racists and fat cops.—*S. Pat Murphy, Jr., Bay St. Louis, Miss.*

Your article on the marijuana laws in each state was a distinct public service. However, you omitted the U.S. Virgin Islands, where hundreds of thousands of people visit and lots of young adults from the States live.

The narcs here are zealous about their work, and the legislature and courts tend to back them up. For instance, since 1971 they have initiated investigations on almost 4 percent of the entire adult population and have arrested about 100 persons a year for marijuana violations. They have also seized a number of automobiles. Informers are kept busy and hang out in the local bistros.

The territorial law is the same as the federal law; that is, a maximum of one year and/or \$5,000 for possession and five years and/or \$15,000 for distribution. The maximum penalty for an adult who is guilty of distributing to someone under twenty

years old is double that.

So take warning: anyone who visits America's paradise with the notion that the police are taking a siesta is asking for a rude awakening.—*Hans Dohm, Virgin Islands-NORML Coordinator, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I.*

Oklahoma is not the backward state that Frank Donegan believes it is. I was arrested in Oklahoma City for selling pot, and I received six months, probation. And I did not have a great lawyer. Practically everyone I know has been arrested for possession or worse, and not one of them has spent a day in prison. I understand that some of the smaller towns may be stricter on their laws than Oklahoma City is. But around here, no one gets a year.—*Name and address withheld*

As a member of the investigative staff of the Orleans Parish District Attorney's Office, I am compelled to take strong exception to the article "Grass Routes," which stated: "The word from one New Orleans attorney is that two-thirds of the assistant DA's are smoking." While the meaning is not entirely clear, I assume that the assistant DA's to whom he is referring are here in Orleans Parish, and that the readers are being led to believe that two-thirds of the assistant DA's here in New Orleans are users of marijuana. This is one of the finest examples of irresponsible journalism that I have

run across in some time.

We have approximately sixty-five assistant DA's in Orleans Parish, and I know every one of them—many of them quite personally. And they are among my closest friends. I can honestly state that I have never seen one of them use marijuana, brag about its alleged good qualities, or openly (or secretly) push for its legalization or decriminalization. Undoubtedly, there are some here who have used marijuana or still use it in moderation. However, possession and use are still against the law here in Louisiana, and the overwhelming majority of our entire staff have too much respect for the existing law to defy it merely because it may be unpopular or nonexistent in other jurisdictions.

Without a doubt, the attorney to whom this quotation is attributed is one of the attorneys here in New Orleans who is dissatisfied with the policies of this office, which has made it virtually impossible for shyster lawyers to wheel and deal and return to the streets of New Orleans those criminals responsible for the violent crimes that cause most Americans to live in fear. New Orleans is one of the few cities in the United States that has experienced a reduction in violent crimes. Much of it is directly the result of the efforts of this staff. Occasionally, users, sellers, and possessors of marijuana are prosecuted here. Not because anyone here relishes or enjoys prosecuting such seemingly inconsequential cases but because laws prohibiting use, possession, and sale of marijuana are exactly that: laws. The assistant DA's here don't make the laws; they merely prosecute those who violate them. Until the citizens change the laws, I feel certain that prosecution, when warranted, will continue. That prosecution will be conducted by some of the finest prosecuting attorneys in the United States: clear-headed, quick-thinking, unaddicted, nonsmoking members of the Orleans Parish District Attorney's office.

I am disturbed by your assault on the character of my friends and coworkers and would hope that you would endeavor to direct your journalistic efforts to more positive things.—*Gary R. Raymond, Homicide/Rape Investigator, Office of the District Attorney, Orleans Parish, New Orleans, La.*

Death in the family hour

Not even Jimmy Breslin's sideshow description of future public executions ("Advise and Dissent," April 1977) fails to obscure the enduring fact that once a murderer is dead, he can murder no more.—*Greg Trost, Porterville, Calif.*

Irving on Phelan

I don't have much to say about the James Phelan interview (June 1977). Jim Phelan is an old pro, and for the most part I thought that his book on Hughes was a crock of shit, but I was glad to see a little bread go his way. His comments about his "role in uncovering the Clifford Irving hoax," as





The Trail Driver's Shirt from Marlboro.

Before cowboys wore it moving cattle on the great trails, the horse soldiers wore it opening up the West.

The trail driver's shirt kept the weather off a man who often spent weeks in the saddle.

And it buttoned up tight when the snow blew so hard and heavy

he couldn't see the trail he was ridin'. Designed in the heritage

of the Old West, the Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt is made of

100% wool and is as rugged as a cowboy's job.

Just **\$29⁰⁰**

plus two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro.

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.



Mail to: **The Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt**
P.O. Box 7775, Westbury, New York 11592

Please send me () Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt(s) at \$29.00 each. Enclosed are two end labels from any pack or box of Marlboro, and a check or money order made out to Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt.

Mark Size(s): ☐ Small (approx. 14-32) ☐ Large (approx. 16-35)
☐ Medium (approx. 15-33) ☐ X-Large (approx. 17-35)

Name

Address

City State Zip
(necessary)

Offer available only to persons over 21 years of age. Offer good in U.S.A. only, except where prohibited, licensed or taxed. Offer good until April 30, 1978, or while supply lasts. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

PH

Clip and save. Our aim is to make sure you're completely satisfied with your order—and that you get it on time. But sometimes things go wrong. If they do, be sure to let us know. Write: **Marlboro Trail Driver's Shirt, 100 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017**

Lights: 13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine—Kings & 100's: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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

THE CHINESE CONNECTION

BY THOMAS PLATE

Much of the data that I am about to lay out for you about the new Chinese Connection is summarized in a recent federal-government report about heroin trafficking, which is therefore automatically suspect as a reliable source of information on the grounds that the government can rarely get anything right. Accordingly, I will studiously avoid mentioning most of the names cited in this report. Guilty of heroin trafficking or not, those named deserve a fairer trial than I can give them here or than they have been given in this government report. But the general impression in this report is, I believe, an accurate one, for what I know from my own sources confirms it. Surely, there is no doubt that Chinatown's recent maneuvering in the heroin marketplace is getting special encouragement from one sector of the mob in particular. This is the more avant-garde faction that is known to favor, as it has in the past, alliances for profit that cut across ethnic lines.

The name Joseph Bonanno is synonymous with this ploy, and in a sense this column is about the friends of Joe Bonanno. You will recall that underworld colleagues expelled Bonanno from New York in 1964. Since then, operating on a far less grandiose scale, he has been based in Arizona. But, recently, Bonannoism—the style of operation, if not the actual personage—seems to be on the comeback trail.

The comeback seems to be generated largely by the energies of one person. He is an organized-crime figure named Carmine Galante. Recently, he has been all over the papers (he was even featured in CBS "Who's Who") as the new Godfather; but while there is considerable doubt about that, it's clear that Galante is no Johnny-come-lately in the underworld: by the early fifties he had surfaced as a recognizable figure, serving as Joseph Bonanno's underboss and as a substantial narcotics operator. While his reputation as a meanie is enough to shake anyone out of his boots, Galante at the same time appears to have succeeded in a number of constructive missions, including a mid-

fifties role as envoy to Montreal, in the courtship of the Cotrone organization, on behalf of Bonanno. But about ten years later Galante's career came to an abrupt halt when a federal jury found him guilty of heroin trafficking, and he was shipped off to Atlanta for twelve years.

He was released only three years ago, but already, it seems, he has everyone believing that he will succeed the late Carlo Gambino as big boss of the mob. The government report, which is a classified document, is shameless in hustling this point of view, perhaps because Galante is the mob figure the narcs know most about. The Drug Enforcement Administration's optimism is matched only by my own notions about the unpredictability of individual career development in the underworld. Civil-service protections, after all, do not apply. (And despite what you sometimes read, the Mafia is still not an equal-opportunity employer.) Yet there is no quarreling with the view that Galante is a big deal in the world he inhabits, that he

has pumped new life into the old Bonanno alliance with Montreal (not to mention new life into the DEA, which seems to have convinced itself that this heroin trafficker may be the biggest fish since both Lucky Luciano and Carlo Gambino), and that he has been promoting Bonanno-style racketeering in New York with flair and evident effect. In this view of underworld activity, which attributes to one man such considerable accomplishment, it makes sense to look at the seemingly odd alliance between Chinatown and Little Italy not so much as anything new but as something old: the return of Bonannoism.

A lot of times what cops dignify with the term "police intelligence information" is just the consequence of plain dumb luck. Not long ago a New York City detective working on a murder case stumbled across something that was really quite interesting. The homicide detective was questioning a very prominent member of Chinatown's gambling and heroin establishments. The inquiry was not going espe-

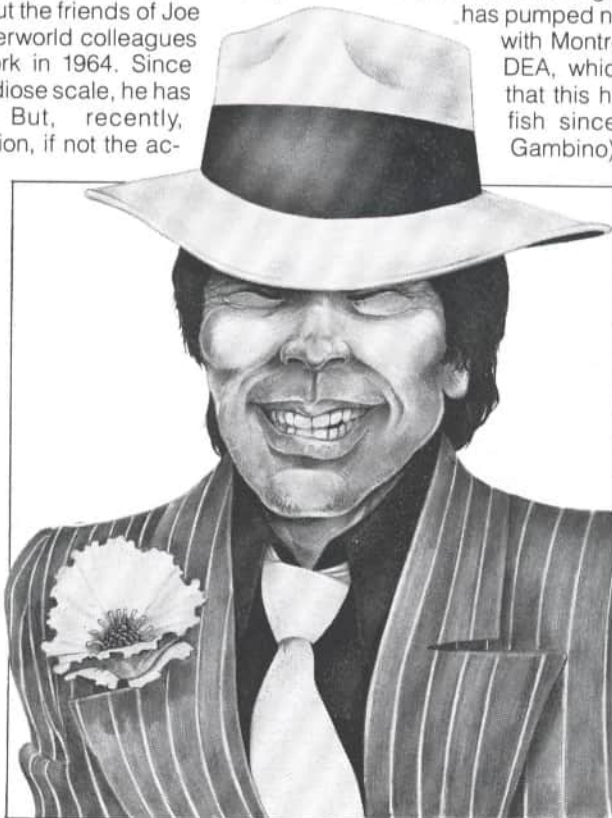
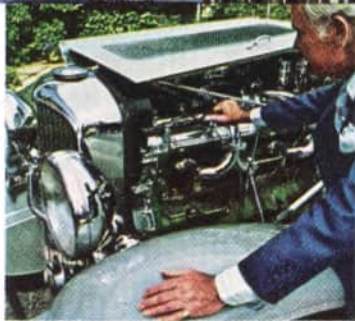


Illustration by Craig Carl

here's johnny!



Gibson
sport coat
100%
texturized
Today's
Dacron®
polyester
fabric by
Klopman.



Riviera vested suit. 100% texturized Today's Dacron® polyester fabric by Klopman.

"There's no mistaking the real thing. An 'SJ' Roadster is unlike anything else on four wheels. I admire individuality and the clothes in my new Fall Collection bring it to men's fashion. A vested suit or a casual sport coat, every item has a distinctive look. And Today's Dacron® polyester fabrics by Klopman® keep their superbly tailored lines no matter how rough the road. See for yourself how styling and craftsmanship are still thriving in the Johnny Carson Fall Collection."

 **JOHNNY CARSON APPAREL INC.**

FOR NAME OF NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO 2020 ELMWOOD AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y. 14240.
CANADIAN RESIDENTS WRITE 637 LAKE SHORE BLVD. W., TORONTO 2B, ONTARIO. ©1977

• If you're going to travel,
do it in style.
Sex on wheels is a good turn-on,
one you won't
find me running down. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

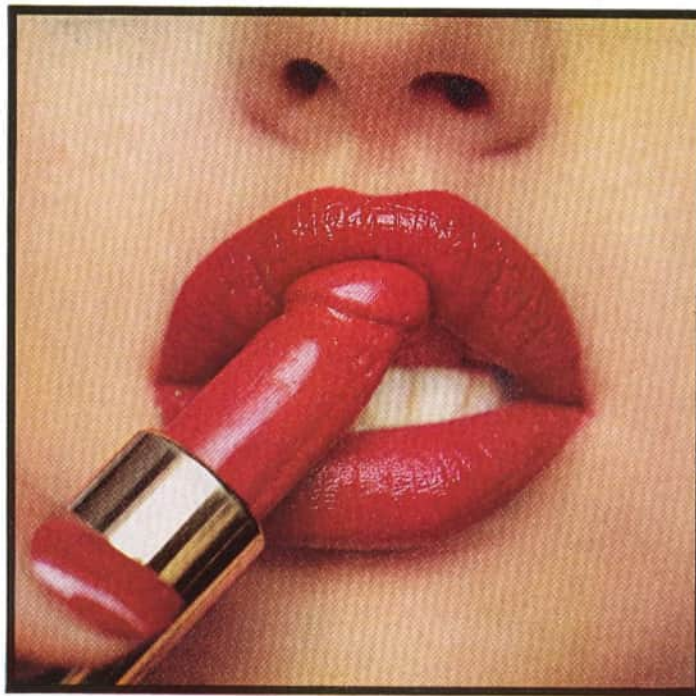
XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Several months ago in Penthouse, you asked your readers to write to you of their sexual experiences while they traveled in Europe. Well, it's taken me these several months to finally write and describe my own illicit sex experience.

Last summer my husband and I went to Europe as sponsors for a group of high-school students. Altogether there were around 300 young Americans involved in this tour. However, our group of students numbered around 20; so we were kept busy most of the time keeping an eye on our group. As you know, such tours take groups from place to place on buses. Our little group was assigned to one particular bus, and we all traveled on it for the entire four-week Continental tour.

Of course, being on the same bus every day, we all got to know and like our bus driver pretty well. He was really good-looking and exceptionally well built. I wouldn't call myself a "knockout," but I'm attractive, with an above-average body. I should point out here that although my husband and I are happy together, our sex life is not what you'd term exciting or abundant.

Anyway, our driver was German. I speak some German, and he spoke some English—enough that we could converse, using our hands for sign language. From the very beginning of our tour, I felt that the driver was watching me a lot, and eventually he began to flirt. He knew I was on the trip with my husband, but I don't think that mattered to the driver or me. There were a few times when he and I were somewhat alone (as alone as you can possibly be with 300 other people around) and were able to "talk." First, we talked about each other, getting general background information, and then we moved on to more personal areas. I think we both knew from the beginning that we wanted each other, though there didn't



seem to be any opportunities to make this happen. But whenever he had a chance to touch me, he would; and every time he touched me, I became hot for him. There were times when I knew he was staring at me, and I'd touch myself to arouse him. Sometimes the bulge in his pants was so huge I was afraid he was going to come right there. It was the most intense flirtation I've ever been a part of. And as the trip progressed, I was afraid we'd never get a chance to be together and fulfill our fantasy.

Finally, our chance came. We were staying in Paris. One evening I stayed behind at the hotel with a sick girl from our group, while my husband took the rest of our group out to dinner. By mid-evening, the girl was feeling much better; so I left her to go to my own room. I decided to stop in at the hotel

bar first, and there was the driver sitting by himself at the bar. I went and sat beside him, and we had a few drinks together.

Through our conversation he learned that my husband was gone for the evening, but no mention was made of anything happening between the two of us. I finally excused myself to go to my room, thinking, "So much for that. It would have been nice." By the time I'd gotten to my room, however, I had decided to take matters into my own hands. I went to my friend's room, hoping he'd be there. Evidently, he was expecting me, because he was nude and greeted me at his door with a drink for each of us. He said he had suspected I might come to him and would have been disappointed if I hadn't.

He undressed me slowly, and then for a long time we simply stood, embracing each other. Eventually, we began to explore each other's bodies with hands and then our tongues. (We were not speaking at all, and in fact not a word was exchanged until we had both climaxed the first time.) Then he led me to the bed and

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.

What the well dressed man is wearing.



Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne

Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co.

WorldMags.net

gave me the best tonguing I've ever had. He was expert at oral sex. Then it was my turn to eat him. Several men have told me I'm expert at giving head, but I've never seen anyone so appreciative of my skills as my German friend was. Actually, it was a little difficult for me, because he must have been nine and a half inches long. It all felt so good and seemed so natural with him. It was like we had been together dozens of times before and knew exactly what pleased one another. We came together three times that evening.

We were not able to get together again during the rest of the trip, although we continued to flirt unmercifully. I was sad not only to leave Europe but also to leave my friend.

I guess my sex with him was probably the best fucking I'll ever have. Even the flirtation and teasing were great. I'll never forget my German friend. He was the best part of the tour!—Carol

Sex on the road—you won't find me running it down. How glad I am to hear that other people like to travel in style, too. You see, in the past year I've had oral sex in an airplane, sucked off the captain of a Grecian yacht, and made love to an Israeli tour guide in the back of his bus.

How about taxi drivers, chauffeurs, and truck drivers? There must be some other readers who have interesting stories to tell about sex on wheels, air, water, or other rather unusual settings.

BALLISTIC IMBALANCE

First, I should say that I have made a wonderful discovery, thanks to a pal who introduced me to your lovely magazine. He supplied me with a copy and a note saying "Here is what a real magazine should be!" Since then I manage to get Penthouse regularly.

Though I am still a bachelor, I have known sex and practiced it. But I have never enjoyed it as much as when I masturbate with my clothes on. That really drives me erotically out of my mind.

To be brief, here is my story—or, rather, my problem.

On a warm day in summer, I attended a hall (if you can call it a hall) where various precious antiques were being displayed to the public. The antiques that were exposed, fascinating as they were, didn't fascinate me as much as the young woman who was standing just in front of me. She was a beautiful lady and was in the company of a middle-aged man. He and the rest of the crowd were thoroughly absorbed in the show. The young woman had on a T-shirt of thin nylon and a pair of short cutoffs that revealed a nice ass. I moved a little forward until I felt my body touching hers, my hard prick gently pressed against her ass and my waist against her beautiful back. Her ass felt soft and warm; I could have kissed it. She should have felt me, because she suddenly swung around and took a casual but direct look at me before

turning back. She seemed to show no real reaction.

At first I felt a little embarrassed. Then I completely lost control. I unzipped my pants and took out my upright tool and put it in between her lovely thighs. (Luckily, there was a thick crowd around us.) I felt her thighs squeezing my penis. I did not know if she enjoyed that, but she sure didn't do anything to indicate that she didn't. So, with my prick still buried there, she kept pressing her warm thighs together, with her nice ass occasionally twitching and shifting. I felt a sudden erotic sensation overwhelming my entire body. I was in such a state of unconsciousness that I didn't even care if I was being watched. I felt my hands running passionately down her smooth thighs as I felt my sperm spewing out. I exploded right into her cutoffs.

This kind of "rubbing-against" masturbation, as I said, is troubling me and making my life unsteady. Sure, it kind of gives me an erotic pleasure that flesh-to-flesh intercourse itself never did. But although I enjoy it, I find it awfully problematical, since it turns my life into a real hell of uneasiness and unhappiness. Many a time, I've vowed that I will drop this vicious habit. But I don't. I find that I'm unable to resist the temptation. I've lost confidence in myself, and I fear this form of masturbation. If it is not resolved soon, I'm sure it will affect my future sexual life and turn it into what the French call a "sexual disequilibrium."

I would welcome any comment, suggestion, or information regarding the causes of such compulsive, no-hands masturbation.—A.L.

The French also have a word for your form of masturbation. They call it *frotter*, which means "to rub."

Frottage isn't as uncommon as you may think. When I lived in New York City, I was often touched and fondled on the crowded subways. I'd feel some man rub his hard penis against my buttocks. Even in Brazil, during carnival time, where thousands of people brush up against each other in the streets, this happens all the time. Last winter, in the crowded streets of Rio de Janeiro, I remember four men sticking their erections against my body. I found it very exciting. In fact, I called it a "zipless rub." I didn't even bother to look at their faces. Of course, we never talked. It was the excitement of not knowing what (or whose) lurked under their pants that got me off. A pleasant stab in the pack, you might say.

Even though I appreciated these advances, many women do not. And I don't believe in forcing a woman into anything—no, not even sex. Your behavior, as you describe it, can easily land you in jail. If it's a compulsion, I suggest you see a doctor for help. Believe me, there are easier ways to relieve yourself sexually.

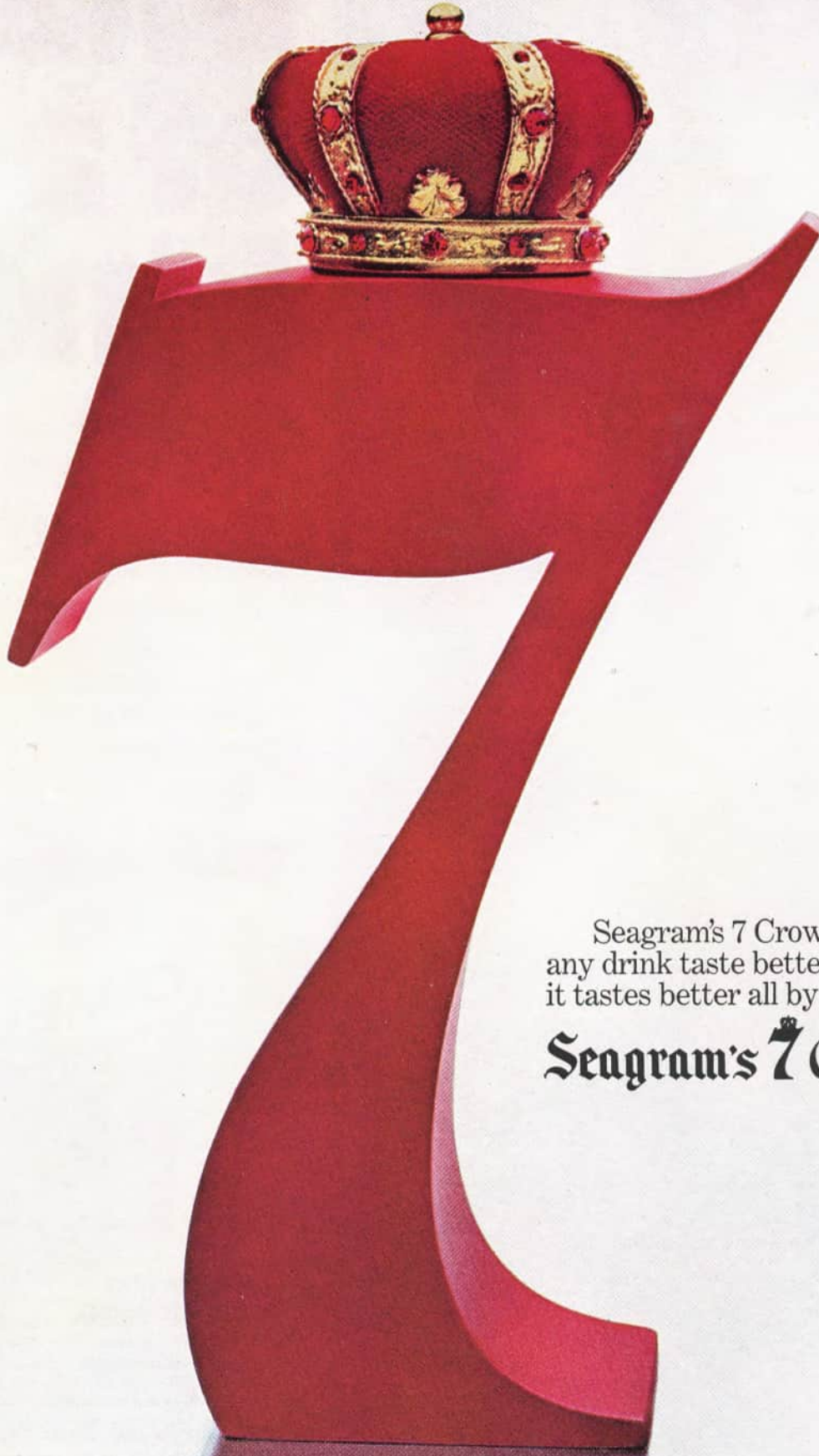
THE PICTURE-BOOK MARRIAGE

My husband, Tom, is really into heavy porno magazines, street papers, and local

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



Where quality drinks begin.



Seagram's 7 Crown makes
any drink taste better, because
it tastes better all by itself.

Seagram's 7 Crown

One of a kind.

Where others seek mere wealth, he searches for experience.

He captures it in his own distinct way.

He smokes for pleasure.

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

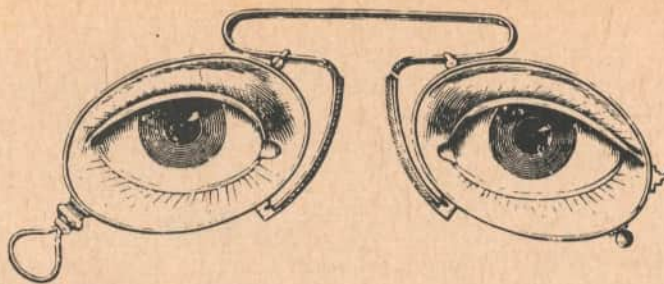
Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

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

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



VIEW FROM THE TOP

DOWN THE DOWN STAIRCASE

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

By this time every autumn, half the population, ages eighteen to twenty-two, are securely locked up for the next nine months in institutions of higher learning and are wondering why. The smarter ones know that they're still in school because they don't have anything else to do. Back in the days of the draft and the war, a male student could at least tell himself that he was enduring this idiocy to escape getting shot. Not too terribly noble as motives go, perhaps, but practical. Ask males nowadays why they're in college and you won't get much more than a stammer.

Given that life expectancy in our country is around sixty-five years, a person with a four-year stint in college will have spent slightly less than a quarter of his or her life in school. Anyone whose rear end hasn't given out from sitting in classrooms, and who goes on for the M.A. or the Ph.D. or the new method to avoid leaving school, "postdoctoral studies," can actually anticipate spending more than half his life preparing for life. Such a happy consummation is beyond the realistic hopes of most collegians, since only the best students are permitted to laze away decades, doing nothing save being a charge and a burden to themselves, their families, their school, and their society, which, in the final analysis, pays for this silliness.

They say you go to college to get an education, but there aren't ten college educators in the United States who agree on what an education ought to consist of. Should college be a sort of final remedial educational

peach-jelly smiles and tell you, "I'm looking for a job where I can work with people." Most of them get their wish and wind up being receptionists for psychological testing services under contract to the government to find undiscovered minority groups.

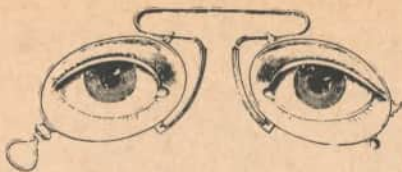
Students are under the impression that they themselves decide what they're going to major in and what they're going to be. To an extent that's so, but in large measure what field a student winds up in depends upon the choices of others. Government and foundation money is opened up or cut off, depending upon what officials in the Defense Department, HEW, and other places where national personnel-planning is done see as the country's future needs. Needless to say, national personpower planning falls several light-years short of being an exact science, so that there's no guarantee that there will be jobs for the students being channeled into certain occupations and away from others. All those engineers you read about who were driving taxis a couple of years ago were planned and cranked out at a time when the good folks in Washington had an inflated idea of what the national needs would be. The same thing may be happening to the medical profession. M.D.'s are coming out of the factory in such accelerated numbers that it's expected that America will have, in a few years, doctor-to-population ratios not seen since the early 1930s and the era of the fifty-cent house call. But don't get your hopes up. By increasing

the number and futility of medical specializations and kicking up the sums devoted to research, it may be possible to see to it that only a small portion of the doctors coming out of medical school will ever have to meet a patient.

Colleges mainly teach their students how to behave—not how to do a job. The substance of most occupations is imparted via on-the-job-training. Whether it is law, medicine, accounting, journalism, or aeronautics, older practitioners in every field agree that the training that their junior colleagues, just out of school, receive is next to worthless. However, if a school can't teach you medicine or law or journalism, it can teach you how to act like a doctor, a lawyer, or a reporter. Most schools teach social roles and social class. That's why it's so important to get into a "good" school. If you have doubts, check the executive rosters of the large corporations and the upper levels

facility—a LAST CHANCE TO LEARN HOW TO READ BEFORE LIFE BEGINS gas station on the desert edge of having to get a job? Or should it be some sort of imitation of the training given the upper classes of Western Europe in earlier centuries (Greek, Latin, math, and the other subjects in the humanities)? Certain hybrids and mixed breeds from the psychology department and the school of divinity believe that all schooling, starting in kindergarten, should be a process of self-fulfillment, liberation, creativity, learning how to relate to others, finding one's self and one's happiness. That's a helluva way to spend four years and the better part of twenty grand, but some people like it; and they don't feel gypped when they're handed a diploma certifying that the recipient is fulfilled, liberated, self-discovered, sensitive, and totally ignorant. The youths who go for that kind of curriculum have





of government. A surprising number come from the right colleges and universities. Naturally, if you're one of the rare ones with real ability, you don't need to go to Princeton. You don't even need to go to college.

Most people who go to college spend the four years feeling mildly suicidal because, at twenty years of age, they've spent most of their lives sitting at a desk, watching an older human being talk in front of a blackboard. If you are not depressed by that thought, it means you have a natural vocation to be either a teacher or an IRS agent. Some people find athletics helpful in dispelling that old inner need to blow your brains out. Another trick that helps is to remind yourself that you are a worthwhile person making a valuable contribution. You are helping to provide employment for a teacher, so that, in your own way, you are just as important to the economy as a wheat farmer or an insurance adjuster.

Actually, you may never help your society as much as a productive worker as you will as a scholastic drone. He who stays in school and out of the labor force is doing his bit to keep the unemployment statistics down.

One of the most valuable functions colleges perform is preventing people from competing for jobs. This is done in three ways. The first is the razzmatazz about how you need an education because it ripens and matures a person. Never mind that Socrates said that an education is something for one *after* the onset of maturity. He hadn't studied psychology. The second way people are persuaded to stay in school is to reverse the argument and explain that, because you're not mature, you don't have the emotional equipment to hold down a job and play at being an adult. The primary device for convincing people that they're still infants when they're not has been the invention of adolescence. A century ago there was no such thing. Instead there was a category of person called youth. A youth was eminently employable and could be seen working in farm, factory, or office. In that period college

was a place for the sons and a few of the daughters of the rich who did not want to work, not a custodial institution for those not permitted to support themselves. Then came the invention of adolescence, a pathological state incapacitating one from any form of useful or remunerative endeavor. It can be cured only by school therapy. At first only middle-class children of about the age of sixteen, whose parents didn't want them to work, caught this disease. Then it spread to the members of other social and age groups until it became pandemic. And now, in the form of "late adolescence," the disease can afflict people who are as much as thirty years of age.

The last way that millions are kept in the collegiate holding pens is through licensing. Seventy-five years ago the only criterion for deciding to give someone a job was whether or not he could do it. That's no longer the case. Today the list of occupations that you can't practice without a license or an academic degree is endless. And where are those licenses to be obtained? In college.

So you see, college is something you have to do. But, like going to the penitentiary, you have a choice: you can do easy time or hard time. You do hard time when you argue with your teachers and point out the asininity of the system of exams and credits and grade-point averages. You will have four miserable, hate-filled years. Or you can do easy time by being polite and obedient to your teachers and the academic deans and by remembering that you don't have to bother your brain with really learning any subject so long as you've learned how to pass tests. Besides, college offers one discount sports tickets and easy sex.

For those few who want education, not vacation, there's always the public library. There, instead of mediocre textbooks, you will have a chance to meet the finest minds without the intermediary meddling of a teacher. It's free, too. But you don't get a license, a union card, or a guaranteed lifetime job, only the chance to begin inching yourself up the path to wisdom.

SCENES



FILM FLAM

Of Samuel Goldwyn and Mother Goose . . .

. . . —what's the use?

Of actors who have escaped the noose

Lots of Hollywood beach refuse . . .

*Wretched victims of self-abuse
Big producers all obtuse. . . .*

In these bitter lines of nonsense verse, F. Scott Fitzgerald summed up the treatment of his art by the venal Hollywood movie-making machine. The eminent novelist found that the movie moguls treated writers like mere lackeys. They thought nothing of bowdlerizing Fitzgerald's finely crafted prose.

Fitzgerald's agonies with movie producers took place in the 1930s, but even today novelists find that the process of transforming their books into films is a near-certain path toward feeling used, abused, and righteously paranoid.

"The writer gets screwed in the movies," says writer-actress Ruth Gordon. And she should know, having cowritten such classic films as *Adam's Rib* and *Pat and Mike*.

Book writers have long gotten shafted by the smooth-talking, high-powered film moguls and their battalions of lawyers and accountants. Take the case of novelist Anthony Burgess, whose book *A Clockwork Orange* was turned into a controversial film, directed by Stanley Kubrick. The movie version of *A Clockwork Orange* grossed millions world-



Cuckoo's Nest: distortions.

wide; so it stood to reason that novelist Burgess would rake in bushels of dollars, pounds, liras, and francs. Actually, Burgess received only a flat fee of about \$250 for the movie rights to *A Clockwork Orange*. The novelist had been short on cash; so he snapped up that first, piddling offer.

Or consider the fate of Charles Webb, whose first novel, *The Graduate*, was turned into one of the landmark American films of the sixties. Webb received a flat fee of \$20,000 for *The Graduate*'s movie sale. As Webb recalls it, after the movie became a runaway box-office smash, "They gave me another \$5,000, and that was that." And so novelist Webb remains one of the few people of his generation who have never seen *The Graduate*: "I was afraid if I saw the movie, I would have a nervous breakdown."

Novelists do have a tendency to go a little crazy when their books are assaulted (that is, produced) by moviemakers. The process of novel-into-movie requires nerve-

*From *Crazy Sundays: F. Scott Fitzgerald in Hollywood*, by Aaron Latham, Viking Press, 1971.

wracking negotiations, often conducted over a period of years. "The relationship between books and movies and TV is much closer and more complicated than it used to be—'symbiotic,' in fact, is the okay word," comments Paul S. Nathan, the rights and permissions columnist for *Publishers Weekly*. "It's getting harder by the day to tell where the movies and TV leave off and publishing begins." Nathan cites *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* as "the perfect illustration of what is both right and wrong with the movies" *vis-à-vis* book writers. The right part was that devotees kept *Cuckoo's Nest*, a cult-favorite novel, alive until the millions could be raised to finance the filming.

But a lot—quite a lot—went wrong in *Cuckoo's Nest's* translation from printed page to celluloid. Right after *Cuckoo's Nest* swept five Academy Awards, novelist Ken Kesey declared that the movie and its producers, Michael Douglas and Saul Zaentz, were "immoral." Kesey slapped them with a lawsuit for 5 percent of the film's gross profits and \$800,000 in punitive damages for "breaking our verbal agreements and ruining the book." By "ruining," Kesey meant that the movie revolved around the charismatic character of McMurphy (played by Jack Nicholson), whereas the novel was really about Chief Brompden, the mute Indian. To a novelist, such supposed distortions mean as much as money.

Kesey's attorneys estimated that the Milos Forman picture grossed \$160 million in U.S. box-office receipts alone, but the novelist had to settle for a minuscule percentage. Kesey said that he and producer Michael Douglas had a "handshake" verbal agreement before the movie went into production: Kesey

was to receive 5 percent of the film's gross (half as author of the book and half as screenwriter). In addition, Kesey claimed, the agreement included "some control" over the adaptation of the novel into a film. Instead, Kesey initially got only \$15,000 for the year during which he wrote three versions of the screenplay; none was used.

Kesey's gigantic lawsuit against the film producers was finally resolved in an out-of-court settlement late last December. "There's no way you can win; that's why we settled," sighed the novelist's wife from their Oregon farm. The final settlement awarded Kesey 2.5 percent of the producers' net profits: about \$250,000, "less all their lawyers' fees, about \$70,000 to \$75,000." Even when the novelist wins, he loses.

The Kesey case became such a *cause célèbre* in the creative community that many authors began seriously reconsidering their love-hate relationship (mostly hate) with the movie studios. Erica Jong, best-selling author of *Fear of Flying*, became so highly incensed over her business dealings with Hollywood that she penned an angry essay in the *New York Times*,

proclaiming "the need in this country for a new body of law guaranteeing the artist's right to protect the quality of his creation and to profit fairly from its success."

Jong spent a year—and thousands of dollars in legal expenses—in hassling out the film treatment of *Fear of Flying*. She objected to movie producer Julia Phillips's choice of director: Phillips herself. Also, the novelist allegedly felt insulted because Phillips had turned down Jong's screenplay of her own novel as unsatisfactory. The result: a "debilitating" and costly legal battle for Jong. The film's production was stalled, though it now seems likely that Columbia Pictures will eventually film Isadora Wing's pursuit of "the zipless fuck." Today, Jong regrets her involvement in the legal maneuverings. "I wasted a great deal of money on lawyers. I now think it is more important to do new work than to fight."

Even if Erica didn't emerge victorious, she did achieve retribution against her nemesis, producer Julia Phillips. Insiders titter that the loathsome woman film producer, Britt Goldstein, in Jong's second novel, *How to Save Your Own Life*,



Alex Gottfried

King: "Read the contract."

screwed over by the moviemakers. "The only way to save yourself is to read the contract," King asserted at his Bridgton, Me., home. King's novel *Carrie* became a hugely successful occult-horror film, directed by Brian De Palma. King's subsequent best-sellers, *Salem's Lot* and *The Shining*, have both been sold to the movies, and the novelist feels he's been able to obtain increasingly favorable terms on the sale of each successive novel. For *Carrie*, his first movie sale, King received "a small percentage of the producer's profits," plus some front money; "I can't remember exactly how much—maybe \$60,000 to \$65,000. They got it cheap." But the film's release did boost paperback sales on *Carrie* to more than 1.5 million copies, and King does receive a royalty on each copy sold. "If the accountants at U.A. aren't jacking off, I'll make a few hundred thousand on my film percentage," King added, joking about the often dubious accountings of movie distributors.

By the time Stephen King's third book, *The Shining*, was sold to the movies, the novelist had enough reputation and leverage to demand a major concession: that he write the screenplay from his own book. That's a rarity nowadays. "You get the screenplay business if you twist their arms," King laughed. "As to whether or not they'll use my screenplay, I don't know. It depends on their tastes, and God knows what they are. One of the



Thomas Victor

Phillips (left) and Jong.

is a devastating caricature of Phillips. It's a case of the pen being mightier than the lawsuit.

Twenty-nine-year-old novelist Stephen King has little sympathy for the likes of Kesey and Jong, writers who feel they've been



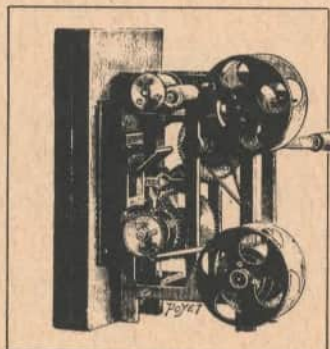
major characters in *The Shining* is a five-year-old boy. When I first went into a story conference for the movie script, I was sure they'd make me turn the five-year-old boy into a sixteen-year-old girl so that Linda Blair could play the part. They didn't, though. Some of their suggestions actually made sense."

Still, Stephen King has gotten burned by the movies in a totally unexpected way. "After the movie of *Carrie* came out, I kept getting the same fallout from the movie critics: 'King's novel was a routine potboiler, and De Palma has transformed it.' Like he'd taken shit and turned it into gold! De Palma is a very talented and original man, but the critics complimented the director for things that really came straight from the book. I felt as if the critics had swerved across six lanes of a highway, just to run me down." King's experiences confirm Ruth Gordon's theory: "The director gets all the credit for whatever the writer creates."

Miss Gordon's assumption doesn't bother Saul Bellow. He has sold two novels, *Henderson the Rain King* and *The Adventures of Augie March*, to Hollywood studios. Neither has been made into a film yet, a fact that doesn't dismay the author at all. "I'm delighted to say I've received the money for two pictures," Bellow says happily, "and the pictures were never made. It's the perfect situation."—Meridee Merzer



FILMS



rites of passage

Here is a little scene near the end of Martin Scorsese's *New York, New York*, just after saxophonist Jimmy Doyle has dropped backstage to congratulate his wife, the wife he walked out on long ago, on her fabulous singing success at the Starlight Room. As he leaves her dressing room, he notices his son, a young boy he may not have seen for years, among the crowd of well-wishers. Jimmy stops by the kid, asks for a kiss, tells him his party-going clothes look awful, gets the boy to admit he favors his father more than his mother (because who wants to look like a girl?) and then goes out—into the warm New York City midnight rain, a "studio" rain which is so expressive of certain feelings in the Hollywood musical.

Nothing much gets said in that exchange between Jimmy Doyle (Robert DeNiro) and his son, but it seems important, the single time we see them meet, if only for the shock of its tenderness and understated affection. It is a lovely moment, full of unspoken bittersweet regrets, in a movie that builds toward bittersweet regrets and that finds its deepest feelings in the things that people say with difficulty or never manage to say at all. Scorsese's *New York, New York* is a special kind of Hollywood musical. It's one that cher-

ishes its silences, and that offers, instead of rousing choruses and fine romance, studio rain on backlot city streets and an unreal, almost monochromatic austerity of color.

Of course, *New York, New York* has its traditional elements, and among other things it is a nonstop homage to them—to the big bands, to the America of the 1940s and 1950s, to progressive jazz, to Busby Berkeley, Astaire and Rogers, Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse, Judy Garland (unavoidably), Peggy Lee, Groucho Marx (I think), Harlem music, show-biz business, the Rainbow Room, even to New

mostly muted, somber moods.

Some people have compared *New York, New York* with the old George Cukor version of *A Star Is Born*, another serious show-biz musical with lots of sad times amidst the glorious songs. However, except for the fact that Liza Minnelli looks and sings like her mother, the two films have little enough in common. *New York, New York* is in fact a pair of personal success stories and, in the middle, a romance and marriage that can't stand the strain. Jimmy doesn't sink as Francine rises. He rises, too, less spectacularly but perhaps more significantly, be-



New York, New York with Minnelli and DeNiro: somber moods.

York, New York, which is not as central as the movie's title would have you think. But the sense of those elements is very strange, and anyone expecting a nostalgia trip will be—well, perhaps not disappointed, but reeducated before the movie has ended. Everything looks different, feels different. Starting with its "meet-cute" opening on the evening of V-J Day, when Jimmy picks up Francine Evans (Liza Minnelli) with a jack-in-the-box perseverance that recalls all the old Fred Astaire audacity and absolutely none of the Fred Astaire charm, the film keeps turning the musical-comedy conventions darker—not debunking them, but depressing them to match its

cause he represents a new kind of music; and he never loses his disdain, born of resentment, for the sort of thing she does as a big superstar singer.

Covering a period of about ten years, the film goes from the end of a war through the end of the big-band era to the end of an affair between two people who never stop working. There have been lots of career musicals, but nothing quite like *New York, New York*. Maybe the difference with this one is that Martin Scorsese understands the obsessive power of careers.

I'd fault *New York, New York* less for its glumness than for the problem it has in dramatizing Jimmy

Doyle as anything better than an inventive egomaniac and bad news for Francine—right up to her decision not to return to him, which ends the movie. DeNiro doesn't play his own saxophone (Georgie Auld does, and very handsomely to my ears), and you hear it only in bits and pieces. So there is nothing on his side to match the overwhelming and self-justifying presence Liza Minnelli creates every time she starts to sing. The songs, the new ones for the movie, like "The World Goes Round" and "New York, New York" by John Kander and Fred Ebb, are at least good enough to support the presentation of a superb (and superbly directed) personality who does, as she should, occasionally walk away with the film. That leaves DeNiro to act the heavy and repeatedly to bring things down—in drunk scenes, with temper tantrums—as if his major purpose in the film were to stand in the way of Liza Minnelli's singing career and baby and happy home life. I don't think that's what the movie wants him mainly to be about, but it never does adjust the disproportion that runs from beginning to end.

However, other things in *New York, New York* are so well understood and subtly realized—from the decors, hotel ballrooms, dance halls, and nightclub facades down to the fades and dissolves that connect the scenes—as to constitute on their own a kind of supporting poetics of the movie musical. In some respects this film is less cohesively "musical" than other Scorsese films, such as *Mean Streets*, *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, or *Taxi Driver*. Its logic is narrative—with music added—like a few of the 1950s musicals it most resembles. That logic allows certain high points, like Jimmy's late—too late—encounter with his son, to be quiet and deeply inward, and thus central to the kind of intellectual drama (with lots of songs and a couple of dances) that Scorsese has had in mind.

I don't know whether Lamont Johnson will ever make a great movie. His last one, *Lipstick*, didn't offer much encouragement. But he

has made some excellent minor films, and a while back, with *The Last American Hero* (1973), he seemed on the way to something major. *One on One*, about a kid who gets a college basketball scholarship and then learns how to give it up, puts him right back with what he does best as a film director. Most of the Johnson movies have to do with coming of age, with relations between a young man and his father (or somebody in authority who stands in for a father). In this case the stand-in is a head coach (G.D. Spradlin), a calculating tyrant who is not without some justification of his own.



Lamont Johnson's *One on One*: public acclaim, private virtue.

Bobby Benson, who plays the kid, also cowrote the screenplay with his own father, Jerry Segal. His role combines a blundering, semiarticulate naiveté with an equal quantity of shrewdness, determination, and an ability to speak cuttingly just exactly when he has to. His métier is basketball (except that he's too short and rather too flashy), but he has a secondary talent for telling people off that carries him through the movie and sometimes seems too satisfying to be true. Sometimes it makes him just satisfying enough, however, and the subtleties that Bobby Benson brings to his performance (and, I guess, his screenwriting) rank among the real pleasures of

this lackluster filmgoing year.

You might see *One on One* as a reverse *Rocky*. (It's really a reverse *The Last American Hero*, but who remembers that film?) It is almost as simple and almost as wish-fulfilling, but there is a wiser understanding that in the long run public acclaim and private virtue don't really have very much in common. Virtue has a lot to do with Lamont Johnson's visual style, as well as with his themes, and the good looks and assured pacing of *One on One* (photographed on the campus of Colorado State) seem to me as much a filmmaker's credo as a demonstration of technical expertise.

WORDS



PLUTONIUM PROSE

Men built fallout shelters and knew what Chubby Checker knew: Twist, for tomorrow the world and all its bongos will be a burnt Armageddon. Cold War tales of doom, such as *Alas, Babylon* and *Fail-Safe*, enchanted an America that paused between passages to sniff through the window for radioactive dust. ("It will smell like a thousand cheap stogies in the air," John Foster Dulles had warned the American public.) Then the fear, like the Twist, ebbed. Fallout shelters fell to embarrassment, and people stood in line to laugh in the dark at Dr. Strangelove.

One no longer lived in dread of waking to find the awful stogie mist creeping across the lawn like hoarfrost but instead subscribed to conspiracy theories. Lyndon Johnson's first presidential act was to buy a bulletproof limousine. Soon the common tongue had a new word, a word previously found only in scientific literature: *paranoid*. In the mid-sixties, it was a reefer word; then it spread. Soon everyone in America had been told by a friend or lover, in pique or whimsy: "You're paranoid."

Then came Richard Nixon. His limousine was reinforced with two tons of armor plate. "If all four tires were shot out," we were told by the *Times* (it, too, now paranoid, in a tweedy way), "the car could travel at 50 mph on inner, rubber-edged steel discs." Then came Reverend Moon, preaching a salvation beyond Stri-Dex, and, in his wake,

Annette O'Toole plays the boy's tutor, a college senior older than he, whom he first unsettles with a handy quotation from *Moby Dick* and then seduces with appealing efficiency until they fall in love and she replaces basketball as the meaning of his life. She is a breathtakingly beautiful redhead. After seeing her in three movies—this one, Michael Ritchie's charming *Smile*, and an overwrought TV film called *The War between the Tates*—I'd put her among the most accomplished, sensitive, and perhaps most intelligent of the fine, younger actresses for whom the motion picture industry simply must continue supplying substantial roles.—Roger Greenspun.

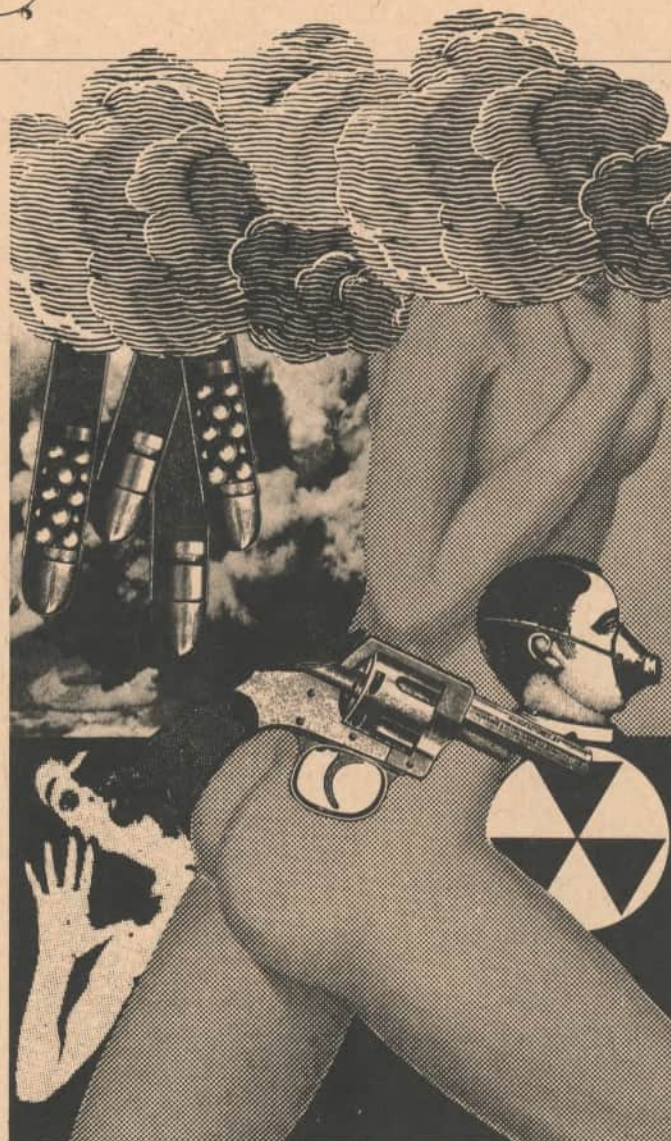


men in dark suits who called themselves de-programmers. There were hijackers ready to carry you off to the nearest banana republic. There were heiress guerrillas and their boyfriends, with names like Wambo Duji, eager to pounce on you as you waited in line to cash some measly check. There was even Legionnaire's disease, pululating like medieval miasma through the ducts and faucets of your motel room.

When James Earl Ray escaped from Brushy Mountain State Prison this past June, everyone in America was convinced he would never be found. The helicopters of conspiracy had swallowed him, carried him to that place where Jack Ruby tends bar. Disappointment: Ray was in handcuffs less than three days later. No matter: conspiracy always works in strange ways.

Chubby Checker isn't here now (he was last seen doing the Freddie, near Cleveland), nor are the fallout shelters, but the literature of paranoia is today in its golden age.

One of the best books of the lot is Joe DiMona's **The Benedict Arnold Connection** (William Morrow, \$8.95). Here are stolen nuclear bombs, a paramilitary gang called The Deep Men, and the secrets of Benedict Arnold's treason. I will not reveal the outcome, except to say that Ocean City, N.J., will never be the same. DiMona is a good writer who filigrees his story with convincing detail and lavish imagination. Near the book's climax there is a pause as a character is visited at the moment of death by a vision of Enrico Fermi, dressed to kill and singing "You Are My Sunshine." Stray nuclear bombs are also the concern of Mark Washburn's **The Armageddon Game** (Putnam, \$8.95), the tale of a former chemistry professor hired by persons unspecified to build a two-kiloton bomb. The professor suspects the Mafia wants the bomb, but he's wrong. What's more, there is an explosion. Washburn's book is not so imaginative as **The Benedict Arnold Connection**, nor is it so well written, but it is full of bomb lore, just in case you're interested in making one of your own. (Let's see some



Collage by Ben Venezia

heiress guerrilla try to fuck with you then.) And **The Dragon** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$10) is plutonium prose at its best and its worst. Alfred Coppel, a retired fighter pilot, has come up with a tale about a secret Chinese weapon in which every turn of plot is consummate but in which too many characters are merely stylized cartoons. (Several pages into the book, one encounters *The Dragon's* first "flaming nymphomaniac.") Happy ending.

Devotees of military paranoia will find much in Charles McCarry's **The Secret Lovers** (Dutton, \$8.95). The action occurs at the height of the Cold War, and the characters include an underground Russian novelist and an aging American intelligence agent

who has a homosexual crush on him. Owen Sela's **An Exchange of Eagles** (Pantheon, \$8.95) concerns a World War II plot to assassinate both Hitler and Roosevelt. It's a nice idea and Sela writes well, but there are a few glaring inaccuracies that harm credibility—the description of J. Edgar Hoover's appearance, for example. James Mitchell's **Smear Job** (Putnam, \$7.95), the tale of a very special first edition of *Das Kapital*, stars an ex-agent and a cowardly thief who farts at every sign of danger. And let's not forget the sexy junkie, Trudi von Nichts.

Warren Kiefer's **The Kidnappers** (Harper & Row, \$8.95) is a soap opera about terrorists in Argentina. These terrorists are quite bland, and they speak, all of

them, in a sort of burlesque of Hemingway. Robert Byrne's **The Tunnel** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95) is about the conflict between an engineer trying to build a tunnel beneath the English Channel and the IRA terrorists who want to blow it up. By page twenty-five the outcome is clear. Richard Himmel's **The Twenty-third Web** (Random House, \$8.95) tells of an anti-Israel blackmail scheme directed by terrorists against members of Chicago's high society. Chicagoans tell me that millionaire Himmel's book is a *roman à clef* and has created quite a controversy on its home turf. If this is true, I'd rather not meet those real-life characters who produce such utterances as "Your chutzpah is becoming bionic" and "She was a beautiful kid . . . until you fucked her up with your hippie ideas." Mr. Himmel also employs strange shortcuts in his characterization, for example, "Irving Feldman was a character from a Saul Bellow novel." If you know what's good for you, Irving, you'll get back where you belong.

Three novels of corporate-business paranoia deliver cheap, old-fashioned fun. In James Brady's **Paris One** (Delacorte, \$8.95), there is a plot to destroy all the fragrant-flower fields of Grasse, in southeastern France, and overwhelm the international perfume market with synthetic fragrances. Russell Rhodes's **The Styx Complex** (Dodd, Mead, \$8.95) concerns the scheme of an evil cosmetics-empire matriarch to dominate the world. She slinks about, implanting control-beads in people's heads; a flick of the remote-control switch and, guk! cerebral hemorrhage. A willing suspension of intelligence is not so integral to the enjoyment of Robert L. Duncan's **Temple Dogs** (Morrow, \$8.95), the most exciting and the most credible of the corporate-paranoia books. Will the international corporate-corruption plan succeed? Will Duncan ever introduce a character who doesn't order up "Bourbon neat"?

Franz Kafka would have been proud of these writers, and Chubby Checker, too.—Nick Tosches

SOUNDS



THE COURSES OF JAZZ

That was just overwhelming," said an exhausted **Dexter Gordon** as he put his shiny tenor saxophone to rest in its case and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. Outside the tiny kitchen where he was recuperating from a night's work, the club was still packed with fans; and even though it was 3:00 A.M., they were still cheering, shouting, stomping, and beating on tables with their fists. Gordon, a master of modern jazz who played with Louis Armstrong, Charlie Parker, and other immortals before he moved to Europe in 1962, was performing in New York City for the first time in five years, and every one of his appearances had drawn a huge turnout.

"What can I say?" he asked as the crowd noise outside slowly subsided. "I know there's been a renaissance of interest in jazz during the last few years. I've noticed that in Europe there are a lot of new young fans. But I sure wasn't prepared for this."

The president of Columbia Records, a bearded, avuncular jazz fan named Bruce Lundvall, was in the audience the night of Gordon's first performance, and within a month the saxophonist was back in the city recording a live album for the company. Every newspaper in Manhattan, from the *Times* to the *Voice*, had done a spread on him, and his performances were still sold-out affairs. But the people at Columbia were not recording him for a specialized New York market.

They were planning to sell Dexter Gordon albums to college students and other young jazz listeners all over America, and there was every indication that they would succeed.

Five years ago jazz was at one of the lowest ebbs in its history; a jazz record that sold 10,000 copies was a big hit. Now sales in the hundreds of thousands are not uncommon, and one recent jazz album, guitarist **George Benson's** *Breezin'*, is approaching total sales of 2 million copies.

The popularity of jazz is skyrocketing, and nobody is predicting how high it will fly before it peaks. The lion's share of the album sales and concert receipts is going to plugged-in jazz-rockers, who have been developing a massive following since the early 1970s, and to jazzmen like Benson, who allow themselves to be packaged like pop musicians, with fashionably chunky disco rhythm sections and glossy string and horn arrangements.

But musicians who prefer to play unreconstructed acoustic jazz are also doing well. There is the case of Dexter Gordon, and there is **McCoy Tyner**, a brilliant and uncompromising pianist who won a loyal audience during his years with the John Coltrane group and who was selling a healthy 15,000 copies per album as far back as 1972. When Tyner's *Fly with The Wind* album was released, midway



Raymond Ross



Benson: replacing the small-combo sound of yesteryear.

through 1976, it sold 50,000 copies during its first month in the stores.

Tyner's booking agent is Jack Whittemore, a white-haired veteran of the jazz business. When visitors to his Park Avenue apartment ask him if business is picking up, Whittemore takes a photograph of young Louis Armstrong down from his wall and points out a receipt that has been mounted in the frame. "I booked Louis into Roseland in 1936," he says. "February 12, to be exact. He had a fourteen-man band, and they were paid a total of \$150. So business is definitely picking up."

Whittemore chuckles. "Seriously," he continues, "business is much better than it was for a while. My dollar revenues have just about doubled over the past couple of years. My musicians want to do more and more college concerts—it's a more comfortable life than playing clubs—and they're getting more college concerts."

Back in the early 1960s, pianist Dave Brubeck and his quartet traveled from college to tiny college, traversing every state and methodically building a grass-roots following. Their album titles—*Jazz Goes to College*, *Jazz Goes to Junior College*—perpetuated the idea that jazz was for the sophisticated college student, the one with the crew cut and the books by Sartre. Now, with folk music and hard rock losing their grip, jazz is returning to the campuses in a big way—big enough for college entertainment committees to pay the

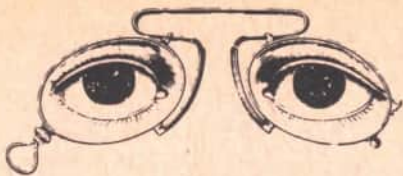
kind of fees Jack Whittemore's artists command. In part, the new fans are former rock listeners who developed tastes for jazz-rock and then for plain jazz, but many of them are jazz players themselves. In fact, there are enough high-school and college jazz musicians in the United States right now to turn a cult album into a million seller—950,000 of them, according to the National Association of Jazz Educators.

When college jazz musicians and adult pop fans like the same artist, his record sales can be astronomical. Guitarist George Benson appeals to both groups. He is a magnificent musician, required listening for any guitar student, but his albums are melodious, heavily arranged affairs that also appeal to middle-of-the-road tastes. In fact, hard-core jazz listeners would prefer to call music like Benson's pop jazz, fusion music, or, less charitably, a sellout.

"Of course, I still love to play regular jazz music," says Benson, whose sudden success, after years of dues paying, has brought him a plush new house in suburban New Jersey. His-and-Hers Mercedes-Benzes, and a grueling concert schedule. "I feel good when I'm playing jazz, and I feel good after I've played it. I just wish there was an audience for it. There are a lot of people who love it, but they won't come out and patronize it. So it's not feasible for me to play that music."

What Benson does play is a

Gordon: younger fans.



heavily hybridized form of jazz. Electronic keyboards, bass guitars, and lush string and brass arrangements have replaced the acoustic piano, string bass, and streamlined small-combo sound of yesteryear. Instead of swinging, the music thumps to soul and disco rhythms. It would be pure pop but for the fact that the slick production and glossy arrangements frame improvised jazz solos rather than pop singing (though Benson does sing on more and more of the tunes he records). Other jazz-rock musicians and groups that were once entirely instrumental—**Return to Forever**, for example, and the rising young saxophone star **Ronnie Laws**—are turning to vocals as a means of expanding their audience. And as they do so, their music becomes almost indistinguishable from pop or progressive rock.

Yet, ironically enough, successes like Benson's seem to be paving the way for musicians who are not so willing to make commercial compromises. "Fusion music like Benson's is definitely contributing to jazz sales," says Ira Sabin, who owns Sabin's Discount Records in Washington, D.C., and keeps abreast of jazz record sales and radio programming through a national newsletter he edits and publishes, *Radio Free Jazz*. "When George Benson hits the top of the charts, we call it a crossover phenomenon; the artist has crossed over from jazz to pop in terms of sales. But then the entire Benson catalogue, including the earlier albums of straight-ahead jazz, starts selling. People start buying records by other jazz guitarists. They become interested in an artist and want to investigate his roots, and their tastes develop from there."

Sabin mails *Radio Free Jazz* to 3,500 radio stations. "There are only four full-time jazz stations in the U.S. right now," he says, "but most of the college stations and many of the Public Broadcasting Service stations program jazz. More commercial stations are programming it all the time, but there's no question about it—the broadcast leader in jazz is college radio. Probably 40 percent of the jazz on

the air is played by college stations. That's straight-ahead and avant-garde jazz I'm talking about, not pop jazz or jazz-rock."

The straight-ahead jazz of previous decades is becoming available again, after years of neglect from record companies who kept it embalmed in their vaults.

Arista, a relatively young company directed by former Columbia Records President Clive Davis, is rumored to have spent several million dollars for rights to the catalogue of Savoy, an independent label that recorded Charlie Parker and other important jazzmen for three decades.

"One of the first things Arista did to give themselves a solid, really exceptional catalogue of American music was to buy Savoy," says Martin Williams, the director of the Smithsonian Institution's jazz program. "That says a lot for the importance of jazz music in this country today." Williams, a respected jazz writer and editor whose work at the Smithsonian includes the presentation of concerts and the preservation of oral histories relating to the music, is in an enviable position as far as reissuing classic jazz recordings is concerned. With the help of the Smithsonian's cultural clout, he has been able, for

the first time in jazz history, to talk every major record company into letting him reissue its classic recordings. The initial result, *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz*, is a six-record boxed set that covers fifty years of music, from Jelly Roll Morton to John Coltrane, and sets a definitive standard for future jazz reissues.

Classic and straight-ahead jazz are not the only varieties finding widespread acceptance in the colleges. Jazz avant-gardists, whose explorations of untried avenues of expression are sometimes met with incomprehension or hostility by older fans, have also been looking to educational institutions for support. The contemporary jazzman is often university-educated or conservatory-trained, and many of the leading lights of the avant-garde are now firmly ensconced as tenured college professors. Others migrate from campus to campus as peripatetic artists-in-residence.

Avant-garde jazz differs significantly from jazz of both the straight-ahead and pop-hybrid varieties. The musicians play regular acoustic instruments, but they get an unprecedented range of sounds out of them. They tend to improvise collectively rather than soloing one at a time. They are able to make

their music flow without stating a regular beat and to play coherent melodies without relying on traditional chord progressions. At first hearing, their music may sound like a furious cacophony or a carefully structured postserialist composition by Stockhausen.

Each new generation of jazzmen seems to produce a singularly important figure who is both respected among musicians and appreciated by the jazz public. During the 1960s that figure was John Coltrane. So far, the prime candidate for avant-garde lionization in the 1970s is a thirty-two-year-old saxophonist named **Anthony Braxton**. Braxton is one of the few young avant-gardists with a major-label recording contract. But although the wide-ranging curiosity and clarity of his musical thought would be exceptional in any context, he expresses puzzlement at his elevation from the ranks. "I just interpret it as a response by people who are looking for something else besides the standard thing," he says. "All I ever ask is that people listen to the music, and I don't expect everybody to like it. If I had wanted to move along more commercial lines, I would have chosen another type of music. How popular am I? Well, I have records out, and I have slowly been working more. I worked enough last year to pay my rent—for the first time in my whole life—and that indicates to me that something is changing."

Something is changing. In the past many first-rate jazzmen died from drugs, drink, and sheer neglect, and many more had to settle in Europe in order to make a living from their music. Playing jazz still isn't a white-collar career. One suspects that most of today's college jazz musicians will be selling insurance or teaching in a few years' time. But with Anthony Braxton back from a long European exile, Jack Whittemore's mainstream jazzmen working regularly, Dexter Gordon recording for Columbia, and George Benson well on his way to being a millionaire, the fortunes of jazz are definitely on the upswing—and the college campuses are providing the push.—Robert Palmer



Raymond Ross

Anthony Braxton: a jazz avant-gardist who works.

Feel the Real taste difference.

Real

**The natural cigarette.
Low tar. Nothing artificial added.**

Your cigarette enhances its flavor artificially. All major brands do. New Real does not. It doesn't need to.

We've discovered the way to keep natural taste in, artificial out. All the taste and flavor in Real is natural.

Of course Real's menthol is fresh, natural. Not synthetic.

You get a rich, satisfying smoke. Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste. So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.



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

WorldMags.net

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette, by FTC method.

A FINAL, UNPRECEDENTED, POSITIVELY LAST LOOK AT JIMMY THE GREEK

BY JOE FLAHERTY

It is fitting, since we are to deal with a Greek, that we should concern ourselves with an odyssey. Not the traditional geographic variety, though there is much of that. The passage that fascinates is more interior and peculiarly American. It is recurrent in our society: the tale of how an "outsider," the man who operates on the fringe (if his modus operandi flirts with the nefarious, so much the better) with a flair for self-promotion abetted by the Spanish fly of the media, lands in the public eye—not as an irritant but as the proverbial apple.

Our Greek is one Demetrius G. Synodinas, better known to devotees of the point spread as Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder. He also has been labeled a "K.G." ("known gambler," in police vernacular), a public-relations man, a self-proclaimed "sports analyst," and the oddsmaker of the country (or to the world, depending on the expansion of his mood).

His claim to being the global guru of equations is not entirely spurious, since he has made "lines" on every contest conceived by man, sporting or political. For instance, putting numbers on Caryl Chessman's chances of beating the gas chamber and on Nixon's staying in the Oval Office.

And contrary to popular opinion, the worst number he ever put out was not Baltimore by seventeen and one-half over the Jets in Super Bowl III, but Utah by four over Utah State in 1963. This spread was given during a casual, friendly phone conversation to a friend, a Salt Lake City mortgage banker named Jimmy Dunn, who liked to play.

Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department was looking into ties in Vegas between Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters and the Mafia when the officials stumbled upon this innocuous information, and the Greek was convicted of interstate transportation of bets and wagering information, conspiracy, and violation of the Federal Communications Act. He was sentenced to five years' probation and fined \$10,000. In short, the Feds hung a number on the Greek.

This came as a shock to Jimmy, since he grew up in fabled Steubenville, Ohio, where, in Jimmy's words, "Christ, I was twenty-five before I knew gambling was illegal." Indeed, if Snyder's account of Steubenville is to be believed, toddlers there learned their math from the racing form and carried on show-and-tell in cathouses.

So the question that should interest us is how such a beginning could prepare a man to be a weekly oracle on the nation's largest network, CBS (on the Sabbath, no less!); place him as



political confidant to the unyielding Mormon muckraker, Jack Anderson; make him listened to by most of the major politicians in the country; and have him be looked on with favor by Nixon and Ford (the latter gave Snyder a Christmas pardon in 1974 after Nixon's premature evacuation prevented the former president from doing so).

One can't take this transformation from rogue to respectability too cavalierly, and Snyder's genius should be applauded. For it was he, decades ago, before anyone else had an inkling, who guessed at it. With Zeusian insight, he surmised that when men in padded vestments formed a circle, dropped on bended knees, and muttered mumbo-jumbo indecipherable to a layman's ear, it was more than a mere game. It was goddamn religion!

But the Greek didn't hit on the notion of football right away. It was a winnowing process, one of trying many games of chance until he found one that would give him the "edge." Always, the making of money was the muse that moved him.

Garnering spare parts from a junkyard, he built a bicycle that he would rent out to neighborhood kids on a per-ride basis, making him a latter-day Tom Sawyer or an adolescent Greek precursor of Hertz. He also ran bets for the local Steubenville book, booking those he deemed burn touts himself, and thus accruing his first bankroll.

He then made successful wagers on his own and set up such enterprising deals as demanding a percentage of the action he brought in ("I was always a whiz at math," he now says), instead of accepting tips for his runner's chores. As a result, he caught the critical eye of his elders. One can only assume that this pint-sized manipulator was viewed in Steubenville in much the same way that the French Academy looked at the early Impressionists in Paris. *Mon Dieu!* What the fuck is he up to?

But true to his blood, this Greek would suffer a ghastly tragedy early in life. Indeed, as we will learn, for all the glittering coin he has collected, there has been a constant dark side. It might be said that the Greek has lost many of the bets that matter.

His first such loss was his mother, Sultania, who was then twenty-nine. She had given refuge to her younger sister, Theano (twenty-six) in her house after the breakup of the latter's marriage. Theano had left her husband three weeks earlier. He was a much-decorated war hero, but the price that he paid for his chestful of medals was a shattered nervous system, and he was prone to violent outbreaks.

It was a March evening, and little "Demetrius" was playing ball with a friend outside his father's store. His mother and aunt were going home and wanted Jimmy to join them. The boy asked if he could wait for his father, and his mother answered, "Well, why not?"

His uncle, who was waiting for his wife at Jimmy's home, shot the two women dead and then killed himself. Now, when Jimmy recounts the grisly tale, he says, "Christ, I

can still hear her words—'Well, why not?' He would have shot me surer than hell except for 'Well, why not?'"

One wonders how such impermanency—here today, gone tomorrow—could have influenced the choosing of a gambler's life.

And, as happens in most cases where a parent dies while a child is young, a childhood dies, too. Jimmy rushed toward manhood or, to be more precise, to those initiations that are supposed to usher in manhood. He lost his cherry when he was twelve—a fact perhaps bespeaking sexual dormancy by today's standards, but pretty impressive in 1932. And by the time he started high school, he was a dealer at a place called the Half Moon.

The Half Moon gig was only a stepping-stone in the Greek's odyssey. He had quit high school and made his first big bet—\$700, his entire bankroll—on a filly named Merrie Lassie at Saratoga. The filly faded in the stretch, and the Greek seemed to be

Jimmy's makeup is that
of the compulsive. He is a man
who has an itchy ass
and can't relax.

destined for a tough time with the distaff side of life.

Then, following an argument with the owner of the Half Moon, he quit in a huff. He walked out with a noisy pocket; that is, lots of change was rattling around. By fitting the contents to the action, he played the slots in a club in downtown Steubenville and hit for ten dollars, which he promptly placed with a policymaker on 807, a number he had been following.

The next day the jobless Greek collected \$6,000 when 807 was the final number in the stock-exchange volume. The Greek bid adieu to the Half Moon and chased the moon over Miami—or that part of it, anyway, that sets on Tropical Park.

His sojourn in Miami didn't prove memorable—he had a mediocre meet, and his bankroll was diminished, though not depleted. But he still had an egg of about \$3,500 when he returned to Steubenville.

The tropical sun had, however, nurtured a bloom in Jimmy's mind (or the "Greek calculator," as he calls it). At the age of nineteen, he realized, he was spreading himself too thin.

"I decided I had to hit on something that gave me the edge," he said. "A betting

proposition where I could match my information and knowledge against the other guy's. And I decided that was team sports, especially football.

"Everybody had access to information on championship fights; every paper in the country was full of them. But football was something else again. Don't forget we're talking about the days of primitive communication."

What Jimmy conceived was genius in its simplicity, the hula hoop of action. He went to the Penn Station in Steubenville, where trains came in from all parts of the country, and asked the porters on the incoming trains to pick up every newspaper that they could lay their hands on, promising a tip of fifty cents or a buck a paper.

According to the Greek, these papers from St. Louis, New York, Nashville, Atlanta, Chicago, Washington, and Pittsburgh were loaded with information on teams compiled by what he calls "solid writers." The edge he found was that he would have more information than anyone else before the season started, and it would take the handicappers several weeks to adjust the line, shading down false favorites and upgrading dark-horse clubs. Thus the Greek was able to strike when the iron was cold.

Besides the ample reading room he acquired at the Steubenville railroad station, the Greek had an extra edge going for him back in his hometown. He had part interest in a strip-mining company, and many of the college players from that vicinity of the Ohio Valley worked there during summer vacations. So the Greek had an early line on physical injuries and emotional problems.

Snyder's interest in the strip-mining operation offered another bonus. Many of the kids looked on him as a surrogate father; and when it came time for them to choose a college, they sought out Jimmy's platonic advice. So when college recruiters, usually assistant coaches, came into the Ohio Valley looking for beef on the hoof, they had to parley with the Greek. Consequently, he built up friendships with the likes of Herman Hickman of Yale, Bobby Dodd of Georgia Tech, Ray Graves of Tennessee (now athletic director at Florida), Bear Bryant of 'Bama, Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma, and many more. Snyder says that none of these men knew he was into action and that, when he socialized with them, no gamblers were present.

But the enterprising Greek had an ear for idle gossip. Many tidbits he picked up during these "social" evenings were transformed into the "edge." But it must be said that the coaches never felt used or abused, since most of them have remained warm, lifetime friends. And considering that he once lost a quarter of a million on one game (Jesus, he could have bailed out Biafra!), the gleaned info wasn't a lock.

What makes the Greek unique among the gamblers whom I have encountered is that he is equally willing to tell you about his legendary flops and his legendary scores. Of course, this candor is muted by the fact

Turner Lake, British Columbia, Canada

Canada at its best.

Share some tonight.



Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist®

IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 OR 86.8 PROOF, © 1976.

WE BUILD STEREO WE HAVE TO BUILD

The overwhelming majority of all fine stereo equipment is sold with the understanding that it will have a nice home. A house.

Audiovox, on the other hand, is sold with the understanding that home is in a car. In fact, in over 11 million cars on the road today.

So we can't settle for just great sound. We have to produce the best sound, under the worst conditions. At super speeds on super highways. In deep, dense tunnels. Over the toughest terrain. Into potholes. And pitfalls. And through heaven only knows what else.

At Audiovox, that's our turf. When others fall to the wayside, we play on.

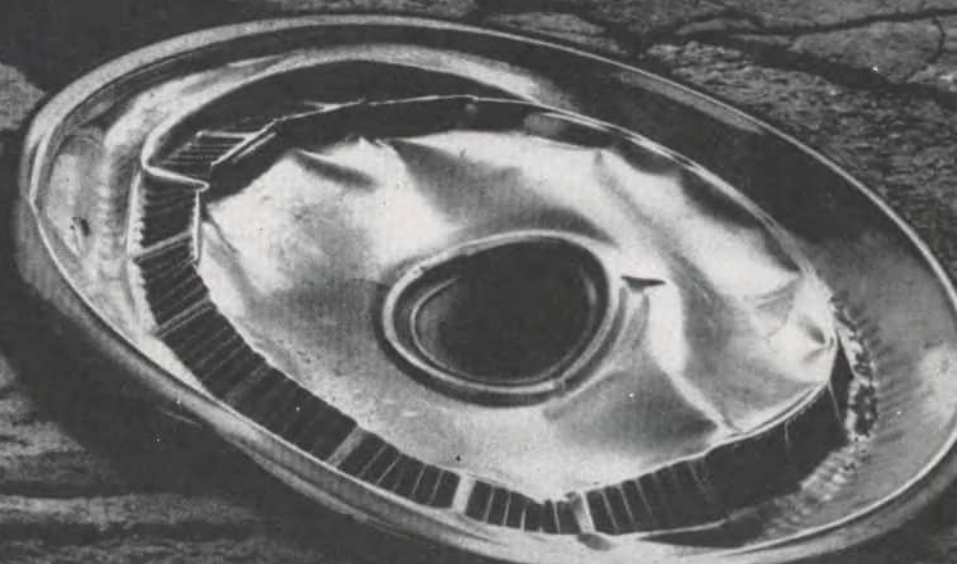
Example. Our ID-700 cassette with AM/FM stereo radio. Its advanced circuitry design gives it the same interference-free sound at 100,000 miles as at 10,000 miles. Its specially soldered and shielded wires and transistors self-protect it against temperature and humidity changes. Its special locking screws make sure the vibrations come from the clarinets, and not the chassis. Its locking fast-forward and rewind switch lets you keep your hands on the steering wheel. Instead of the stereo. And extra-strength adhesive on the tape head eliminates cross-talk by keeping the tape in line, even when you're changing lanes.

And we don't stop there. We make sure your ears hear just what the sound engineer heard when he laid it down. With our TRYVOX™ -20 three way speakers. Through a powerful woofer for full, distortion-free bass. A mid-range for total clarity in middle frequencies. And



**The ID-700 in-dash cassette
with push button AM/FM stereo radio**

GO FOR THE ROAD. BUILD IT BETTER.



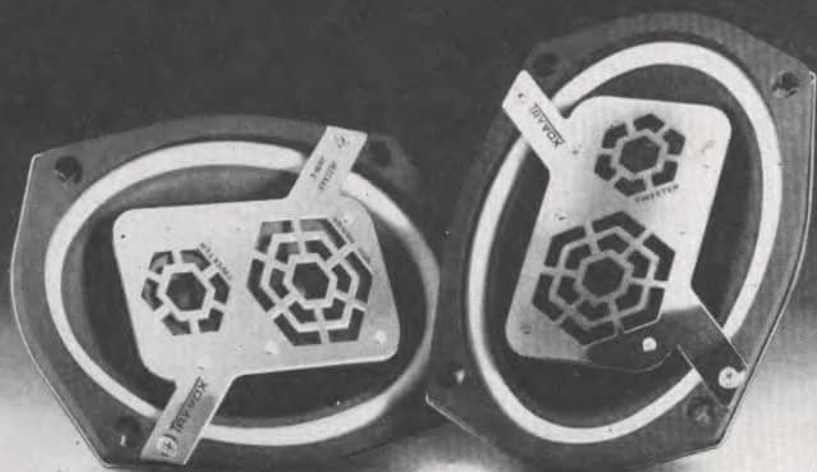
a super-efficient tweeter for clean high frequencies. And, unlike the standard speakers some cars have, ours come with an oversized 20 oz. magnet to absolutely minimize distortion. And rubber-edged gaskets to provide damping and keep the mounting virtually jounce-proof.

And we not only bench test each one of these parts. We road test them. Under conditions mean enough to unhinge the car.

If you'd like to test-listen Audiovox, drive over to one of our dealers. He'll have a complete range of our car stereo equipment.

And he'll be pleased to help you plan out a sound system that will be exactly right for your make of car.

(Incidentally, no one knows just how long an Audiovox will last. But from what we hear, owners normally junk their cars, before they junk our radios. And that's absolutely music to our ears.)



TRYVOX-20 three way speaker system

AUDIOVOX®

© 1977 Audiovox Corporation, Hauppauge, NY 11787

s.net

QUANTA



BRAINS AS WELL AS BEAUTY.

AFTER YEARS OF THINKING, DESIGNING AND TESTING, BSR PRESENTS TWO BRAND NEW IDEAS. TURNTABLES THAT COMBINE THE LATEST TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES WITH SPACE-AGE STYLING. QUANTA.

AS WELL AS THE RELIABILITY AND CONVENIENCE YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT FROM EVERY BSR PRODUCT, THE QUANTA 550 TURNTABLE INCORPORATES FUNCTIONS THAT REQUIRE NOTHING MORE THAN THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND AND OF COURSE THE RECORDS YOU WANT TO HEAR.

FUNCTIONS LIKE SMOOTH, QUIET BELT DRIVE, A PRESSED ALUMINUM PLATTER WITH STROBE LIGHT MARKINGS THAT ASSURE YOU OF

ACCURATE RECORD SPEEDS, AN AUTOGLIDE™ UMBRELLA SPINDLE, A 24 POLE MOTOR WITH ELECTRONIC OSCILLATOR SPEED CONTROL, A BIDIRECTIONAL VISCOUS CUEING, AN ADC INDUCED MAGNET CARTRIDGE, AN ALUMINUM CHanneled TONEARM, DUST COVER, BASE AND MORE.

QUANTA TURNTABLES ARE MORE THAN JUST EASY ON YOUR EARS. THEY ARE FUNCTIONALLY DESIGNED TO PLEASE YOUR EYES, TOO.

QUANTA BY BSR.
BRAINS AS WELL AS BEAUTY.

**WHERE YOU CAN HEAR
THE FUTURE TODAY**



BSR CONSUMER
PRODUCTS GROUP
RT. 303, BLAUVELT, NY 10913

that, along with Muhammad Ali (whom he considers a genius in the self-promotion field), the Greek has an unprecedented nose for public relations.

So, picking the Colts over the Jets and the Vikes over K.C. by huge spreads in the Super Bowl perversely accrued him more ink than if the favorites had won, and he was just banded together with the rest of the pundits. Think of it: would a man lose or gain cachet if he announced at a bar that he had struck out the night before with Sophia Loren because he was too drunk to get it up?

But if his boners were spectacular, some of his moves during the high-rolling days not only were brilliantly arrived at but also smacked of the dash we like to associate with gamblers. During the war years, at sensational odds, he bet Great Lakes, the naval school, over a Notre Dame team that had five All-Americans. Because of the war, Great Lakes had a host of solid players and the great Paul Brown as coach.

Jimmy's betting coup made Winchell's column (his score was ballooned) and made him an instant celebrity, starting a lifelong relationship with the IRS, which till this day tracks the Greek's progress more avidly than does any pigskin junkie.

His biggest political payoff came about during the Truman-Dewey presidential race. One night, when the Greek was dressing in front of a mirror in his home, he casually remarked that he was thinking of growing a mustache. His older sister Mary told him not to do it, because "girls don't like mustaches."

The Greek let the remark slide till he kept seeing the picture of the favorite, Dewey, appear in papers with that pathetic anchovy swimming above his upper lip. "The calculator" figured that 52 percent of the registered voters were women, and a goodly portion of them influenced their spouses on civic matters. He then hired three women to stand outside the local A&P to poll 500 women to see whether they liked hair on the species that likes to bite them.

The results showed 122 were positive, 31 said that they didn't care, so long as it was on a man; and 347 said that Miss Otis regrets. He then canvassed some key precincts in Ohio and found that they were either even or leaning toward Truman.

Jimmy bet \$10,000 on Truman at seventeen to one, and in the wee morning hours the haberdasher sneaked by the man on the wedding cake by the lack of a whisker, enriching a tonsorial tout from Steubenville by \$170,000.

Lest this tale seduce some honest burgher to chuck the rigors of nine to five to follow the sportin' life, let it be recorded that many times the Greek has been as flat as a transvestite at bedtime. Thanks to his own resiliency and loyal friends, he has resurfaced time and again. By his own account, his gambling and absence from home may have contributed to the breakup of his first marriage.

He got a divorce and obtained custody of their daughter, Vicki. He also sold his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Why Mr. Turnbull, if it's really your last one I'd be honored."



BONNIE

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

The eyes of Texas feasting upon gorgeous, San Antonio-born Bonnie Dee are not alone in their appreciation. *Penthouse* readers throughout the world voted our Texas temptress Runner-Up in the Pet of the Year Play-Offs in the closest race ever. "I love turning men on. That's what I was born to do, and that's what I most enjoy doing," says Bonnie, who, being a very well endowed 37-23-36, is eliciting universal admiration.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE







Bonnie's copper-colored body loves the sun by day and candlelight by night. "I'm a realist but also a romantic. I like to linger over my dinner, to draw out the pleasure, to savor every moment I share with a special man. I love to be courted. I guess that makes me an old-fashioned girl. Being liberated in the modern sense doesn't appeal to me," she says. "I think liberation means that you're true to yourself and your needs, and not to somebody else's idea of how women are supposed to act. If it feels good, I do it. If it feels very good, I do it a lot. The body never lies. My body is my Bible."

❧ Beautiful sex reaches down to touch the soul. You have to be willing to take risks. ❧



"I want to be all things to all men," says Bonnie in her winning way. "I aim to please. I love to respond to my man's fantasies, doing special things to enhance his excitement. There's more than a touch of the exhibitionist in me." Bonnie, who first graced our pages in the November 1975 *Penthouse*, has more than her share of the famous Texan charm and hospitality. "Relationships are terribly important to me. They're the ultimate sharing between two people. I'm a voracious lover. It's my nature to reach out and give that extra little bit. When I'm in love, there are no rules, no boundaries, only the desire to please my man. When I love, it's incredibly intense, and there's no in between. If my man asks me for the moon or more, I'll get it."



“If it feels good, I do it. If it feels very good, I do it a lot. The body never lies.”





These pictures were shot at the California Club, a "little incubator" where Pets are sent from time to time to bronze under the Miami Sun. Bonnie spent five weeks there, deepening her tan and having the time of her life. "The club is a little piece of heaven," says our tawny Pet, the sun gilding the heavenly curls of her hair.



"I favor older men, because they really know how to treat a woman. And I think that Latins do make the best lovers. But what's important is a man's sensitivity, not the way he looks. Beautiful love touches the soul. You have to be willing to take risks," says our stunning Pet. Hailing from the Lone Star State, Bonnie is every inch a star. One thing is certain—she'll never be lonely long.



WorldMags.net











The continued
adventures of David Kepesh, wherein our
hero mismanages a
semi-sado Swedish *ménage à trois*.

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND

BY PHILIP ROTH

I arrive in London to begin my fellowship year in literature after six days on a ship, a train ride up from Southampton, and a long underground ride out to a district called Tooting Bec. Here, on an endless street of mock Tudor houses, and not in Bloomsbury, as I had requested, the King's College accommodations office has arranged lodgings for me in a private home. After I am shown to my grim little attic room by the retired army captain and his wife whose tidy, airless house this is—and with whom, I learn, I will be taking my evening meals—I look at the iron bedstead on which I am to spend the next 300 nights or so and in an instant am bereft of the high spirits with which I had crossed the Atlantic, the pure joy with which I had fled from all the constraining rituals of undergraduate life and from the wearisome concern of the mother and father who I believe have ceased to nourish me. But Tooting Bec? This tiny room? My meals across from the captain's hair-line mustache? And for what, to study Arthurian legends and Icelandic sagas? Why all this punishment just for being smart?

My misery is raw and colossal. In my wallet is the phone number of a teacher of paleography at the college, given me by his friend, one of my Syracuse professors. But how can I phone this distinguished scholar and tell him within an hour of my arrival that I want to hand in my Fulbright and go home? "They chose the wrong applicant—I'm not serious enough to suffer like this!" With the captain's stout and kindly wife assisting—convinced by my coloring that I am Armenian, she mumbles to me all the while something about new carpets for the parlor—I find the phone in the hallway and dial. I am only inches from tears (I am really only inches from phoning collect to America), but scared and miserable as I am, it turns out that I am even more scared of confessing to being scared and miserable, for when the professor answers, I hang up.

Four or five hours later—night having fallen over Western Europe, and my first English meal of tinned spaghetti on toast having been more or less digested—I make for a London courtyard that I had learned

© Copyright 1977 by Philip Roth, from *The Professor of Desire*, published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

ILLUSTRATION BY DORIAN LA PADURA

about during the crossing. It is called Shepherd's Market, and it provides me with an experience that alters considerably my attitude toward being a Fulbright fellow. Yes, even before I attend my first lectures on the epic and the romance, I begin to understand that for an unknown lad to travel to an unknown land may not be a mistake after all. Terrified I am, of course, of dying like de Maupassant; nonetheless, only minutes after peering timidly into the notorious alleyway, I have had a prostitute—the first whore of my life, and what is more, the first of my three sexual partners to date to have been born outside the continental United States (outside the state of New York, to be exact) and in a year prior to my own birth. Indeed, when she is astride me and is suddenly gravity's to do with as it wishes, I realize with an odd, repulsive sort of thrill that this woman whose breasts collide above my head like cauldrons—whom I chose from among her competitors on the basis of these behemoth breasts and a no less capacious behind—was probably born prior to the outbreak of World War One. Imagine that, before the publication of *Ulysses*, before . . . But even as I am trying to place her in the century, I find that rather more quickly than I had planned—as though, in fact, one or the other of us is racing to make a train—I am being urged to consummation with the unbidden assistance of a sure, swift, unsentimental hand.

I discover Soho on my own the next night. I also discover in the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, which I have lugged across the sea along with Baugh's *Literary History of England* and the three paperback volumes of Trevelyan, that the final stages of his venereal disease finished Maupassant off at forty-three. Nonetheless I still cannot think of anywhere I would rather be following my dinner with the captain and the captain's wife than in a room with a whore who will do whatever I wish—no, not after dreaming about paying for this privilege ever since I was twelve and had my allowance of a dollar a week to save up for anything I wanted. Of course if I chose whores less whorish-looking, my chances of dying of V.D. might appreciably diminish. But what sense is there in having a whore who doesn't look and talk and behave like one? I am not in search of a girl friend, after all, not quite yet. And when I am ready for her it isn't to Soho that I take myself, but to lunch on a herring at a restaurant near Harrod's called the Midnight Sun.

The myth of the Swedish girl and her sexual freedom is, during these years, in its first effulgence, and despite the natural skepticism aroused in me by the stories of their insatiable appetite and odd proclivities that I hear around the college, I am hardly immune to the idea—and the waitresses at the Midnight Sun are said to be young Scandinavian girls who serve you their native dishes while dressed in colorful folk costumes, painted wooden clogs that display their golden legs to great advantage, and peasant bodices that cross-lace

up the front and press into view the enticing swell of their breasts.

It is here that I meet Elisabeth Elver-skog—and poor Elisabeth meets me. Elisabeth has taken a year away from the University of Lund in order to improve her English and is living with another Swedish girl, the daughter of friends of her family, who had left the university two years earlier to improve her English and has not gotten around yet to going back. Birgitta works in Green Park, collecting the penny rental for a deck chair and, unbeknownst to Elisabeth's family, collecting such adventures as come her way. The basement flat Elisabeth shares with Birgitta is in a rooming house off Earl's Court Road, inhabited mostly by students several tones darker than the girls. Elisabeth confesses to me that she is not too crazy about the place—the Indians, against whom she has no racial prejudice, distress her by cooking curried dishes in their rooms all hours of the night; and the Africans, against whom she

●

We used the
belt from my trousers
and a strap from
Birgitta's knapsack to
bind Elisabeth to a
straight-backed chair.

●

has no racial prejudice either, sometimes reach out and touch her hair when they pass in the corridor, and though she understands why and realizes they mean her no harm, it still makes her tremble a little each time it happens. However, in her compliant and good-natured way, Elisabeth has decided to accept the minor indignities of the hallway—and the general squalor of the neighborhood—as part of the adventure of living abroad until June, when she will return to spend the summer with her family at their rural retreat in the Stockholm archipelago.

I describe for Elisabeth my own monkish accommodations and do an imitation that amuses her enormously of the captain and his wife telling me that they do not permit cohabitation on the premises, not even between themselves. And when I do an imitation of her own singsong English, she laughs still more.

For the first few weeks, small, dark-haired, and (to my mind) fetchingly buck-toothed Birgitta pretends to be asleep when Elisabeth and I arrive in their basement room and pretend not to be making love. I don't think the excitement I experience when we three suddenly give up the

pretense is any greater than it was while we all held our breath and pretended that nothing out of the ordinary was going on. I am so dizzily elated over the change that has taken place in my life since I thought to have lunch at the Midnight Sun—indeed, since I subdued my fears and stepped into Shepherd's Market to seek out the whoriest of whores—I am in such an egoistical frenzy over this improbable thing that is happening to me not just with one but with two Swedish (or, if you will, *European*) girls, that I do not see Elisabeth slowly going to pieces from the effort of being a fully participating sinner in our intercontinental ménage, a half of what can only be called my harem.

Maybe I don't see it because she is in something of a frenzy of her own—a drowning frenzy, a wild thrashing about in order to stay afloat—and as a result seems often to be enjoying herself so much; that is, I take the excitement for pleasurable excitement, certainly so when we three go off with a picnic lunch and a tennis ball to spend a Sunday on Hampstead Heath. I teach the girls "running bases"—and could Elisabeth be more delighted by anything than to be caught in a screaming, hilarious rundown between Birgitta and myself?—and they teach me *brännboll*, bits and pieces of fly-catcher-up and stickball, which combine into a game they played in Stockholm as schoolchildren. When it rains, we play cards together, gin or canasta. The old king, Gustav V, was a passionate gin rummy player, I am told, as are Birgitta's mother and father and all her brothers and sisters. Elisabeth, whose circle of high-school friends had apparently idled away hundreds of afternoons at canasta, picks up gin rummy after just half an hour of watching a few games between Birgitta and me. She is captivated by the patter I deliver during the game and takes immediately to using it herself, as did I, at eight or so, back when I learned it all at the feet of Klotzer, the Soda Water King (said by my mother to be the heaviest guest in Hungarian Royale history—when Klotzer lowered his behind on our wicker, she had sometimes to cover her eyes—and a marathon monologist and sufferer at the card table). Says Elisabeth, sadly arranging and rearranging the cards that Birgitta has dealt her, "I got a hand like a foot," and when she lays down her melds in triumph, it pleases her no end—it pleases me no end—to hear her ask of her opponent, "What's the name of the game, Sport?" Oh, and when she calls the wild card in canasta the "yoker"—well, that just slays me. How on earth can she be going to pieces? I'm not! And what about our serious and maddening discussions of World War Two, during which I try to explain—and not always in a soft voice either—to these two self-righteous neutralists just what was going on in Europe when we were little children? Isn't it Elisabeth who is in fact more vehement (and innocently simple-minded) even than Birgitta, who insists, even when I practically threaten to slap some sense into her,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



**What comes
only twelve times
a year...**

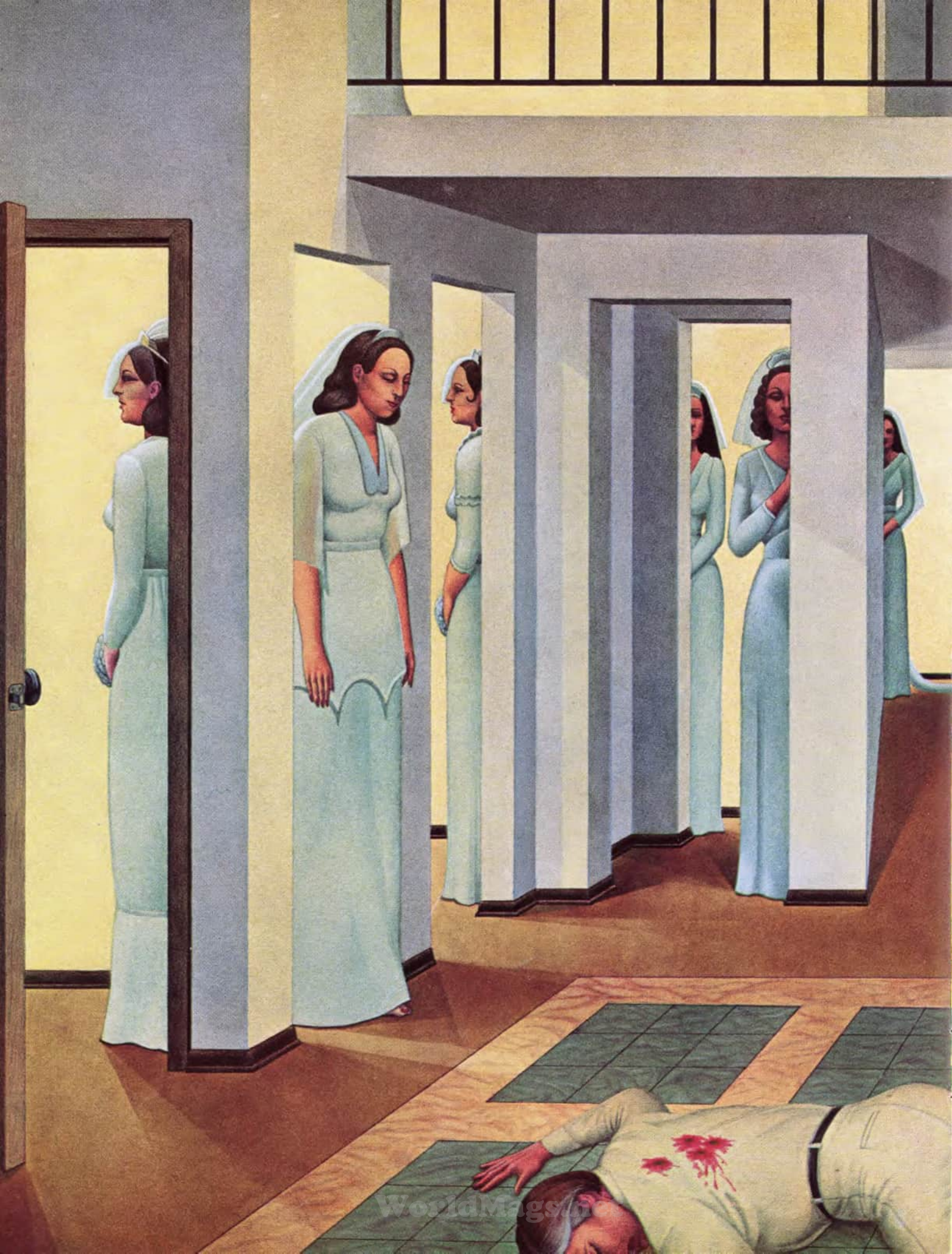
But is never
less than
Sensational?

A subscription to PENTHOUSE, of course. Provocative, topical, informative PENTHOUSE. It's the magazine for today's young man who wants facts, not fantasy, about his lifestyle and interests.

For \$20.00 a year, we'll deliver the world of PENTHOUSE to your door at a savings of \$5.00 on the newsstands rate.

Subscribe now . . . for yourself . . . for a friend. PENTHOUSE guarantees satisfaction month, after month, after month . . .

WorldMags.net



Till Death Us Do Part

Although polygamy has
been outlawed
for years, thousands of
Americans continue
to practice the Mormon
Principle of Plural
Marriage—sometimes with
deadly results.

By Sylvia Kronstadt

I shall have wives and children by the million, and glory and riches and power and dominion, and kingdom after kingdom, and reign triumphantly.
—Brigham Young

It was nearly 5:00 P.M., May 10, 1977, but as usual, Dr. Rulon Allred, a seventy-one-year-old Salt Lake City physician, still had a full waiting room. As he prepared to draw blood from a patient, two casually dressed, slightly built young women strolled in calmly, pumped three bullets apiece into him, and fled.

A routine homicide, local police speculated at first, probably committed by a couple of strung-out hippies looking for drugs. But soon the police discovered that one of the witnesses was Dr. Allred's wife and that he had at least four other wives in the Salt Lake Valley and dozens of children. The sheriff's office files indicated that Allred had been the leader of the largest polygamist group in the country. Interviews with his followers revealed that they had believed him to be "the one who holds the keys" to heaven—God's delegate on earth—and that rival polygamist leaders had threatened his life on several occasions. Assassination replaced robbery as the prime suspected motive for the killing, and what had begun as a standard investigation was soon transformed into a bizarre, circuitous exploration of the religious-based polygamy that is flourishing in the western United States. In the process an old and ever-sensitive wound was opened for the Mormon church, whose prophet Joseph Smith introduced the doctrine of polygamy to the

United States and whose leadership was forced to renounce the practice in order that Utah be granted statehood.

A full month after the murder of Dr. Allred, the only suspect apprehended was a twenty-eight-year-old woman who was charged with conspiracy in the case. But the well-hidden subculture of polygamy—with its secret rites, celestial revelations, blood atonement, and power struggles—was thrust into public view as the investigation expanded through several western states, as far east as Texas and finally south to Mexico. (There are today about 20,000 polygamists in the United States and Mexico. Before polygamy was banned, in 1894, the number was some 40,000, but later this obviously decreased drastically. There was an upsurge of interest in polygamy, however, in the 1920s, and the numbers have been increasing since then.)

Law-enforcement officials, at the time this article was written, were trying to find for questioning self-ordained prophet Ervil LeBaron, who for twenty years has worked to create a polygamous empire of sorts in the lawless, isolated desert of Mexico. LeBaron's father, also a polygamist and a seer, had instilled in his sons the conviction that they are the spiritual descendants of Moses and Christ and have the sole authority to interpret God's laws to mankind. Washington columnist Jack Anderson describes LeBaron as a "religious fanatic" who has "sent women on murder missions more bizarre than the crimes of the notorious Charles Manson family."

After the elder LeBaron's death, three of his

Illustration by Sean Earley

sons assembled dutifully in 1955 in Salt Lake City to incorporate their own religious order, the Church of the Firstborn of the Fullness of Times, and solemnly baptized each other as its triumvirate. But several years later Ervil renounced his brother Joel and established his own sect, the Church of the Lamb of God. Declaring himself in printed tracts to be the legal patriarch of Israel, Ervil claimed the right to execute any religious leader who refused to recognize his supreme authority. After several years of spats, threats, and competitive squabbling, Joel was murdered and Ervil served two years of a twelve-year sentence for the crime in a Mexican jail. Within months after his release in 1974, another polygamist leader disappeared from Tooele, Utah, with a "known LeBaron follower" and has not been heard from since. In San Diego last year, a former LeBaron follower was, like Dr. Allred, gunned down by two young women. Others, including the president of the Mormon church, have received regular death threats, some of them handwritten on LeBaron pamphlets. And, according to Jack Anderson, LeBaron threatened both President Carter and Vice President Mondale with execution. As a consequence, the Secret Service has joined the hunt for the prophet of violence.

Polygamy is today the basis of a great controversy within the rich and powerful Mormon church. Several ad hoc groups of Mormons were formed after the Allred murder, some to demand that the church reinstate its prophet's commandment of plural marriage "in spite of the wrongful meddling of the government in our spiritual affairs" and others to pressure the church and the police to beef up measures that would lead to "the destruction, once and for all, of this Satanick [sic] disease." Although church spokesmen denied succumbing to either, several church members reported that they had been "set apart" by their bishops to spy on suspected polygamists and amass evidence for excommunication trials. Law-enforcement officials were neither consistent nor specific about their future treatment of polygamy. One sheriff's deputy spoke forebodingly of "imminent religious wars" throughout the intermountain West, while a deputy county attorney characterized the Allred murder as "an isolated case of spiritual enthusiasm gotten out of hand." An assistant attorney general publicly warned, "Now that violence is involved, we can't look the other way any longer."

During the last few years, however, many people in Utah have been looking the other way. At a time when divorce and adultery are epidemic, progressive law-enforcement officers and judges feel that it is silly to prosecute someone who chooses—for religious or other reasons—to marry and support more than one woman. As Salt Lake County Sheriff's Lt. John Llewellyn put it (before the Allred murder): "The polygamists are a very inconspicuous, austere people. They mind their own business; their kinds are healthy and studious."

But the history of polygamy and the law is scarcely one of peaceful coexistence. In 1862 Congress passed the Anti-Polygamy Act, and in 1875 the United States Supreme Court determined that polygamy is contrary to the peace and good order of society and "odious throughout Anglo-American culture." The 1894 Enabling Act, providing for the admission of Utah to statehood, required that the Utah Constitution contain a provision prohibiting polygamy.

Thus polygamy went underground, acquiring the rituals, precautions, and mythologies of a secret society, and a number of factions mobilized, each with its own "God-ordained" spokesman, "true" interpretation of the gospel, weekly services, and social functions. Many polygamists fled to Mexico, where several colonies remain, or to settlements as far away as Nicaragua. Some staked out tiny communities in remote desert areas, and others dispersed their various wives all over the

“Even the man who
loves his wife can fall
in love with his secretary,”
said one polygamous wife.
“But if he believed the gospel,
he could have them both.”

West, visiting them whenever possible. Thousands, however, remained in the Salt Lake Valley, where they "were forced to sneak around like common criminals," as one of them put it. (Because of this fear, many polygamists interviewed for this article have withheld their real names.)

Dr. Allred was never one to sneak around like a common criminal. I first saw him around midnight at a gymnasium dance. The brightly lighted hall was a rousing western blur of gingham and organdy, as the slender doctor (who had scarcely left the dance floor all night) twirled a flushed, full-bosomed young blonde in a spirited waltz. Across the room, white-haired, biscuit-scented Emma waited for him to dance the next dance with her, and Karen, with whom he was to go home later that night, raised her cup of Kool Aid in a radiant salute.

Dr. Allred smiled the smile of a man who is abundantly appreciated—humble yet self-satisfied, untroubled yet compassionate—for each of these women loved him and he loved each of them. They were all his wives.

Dr. Allred's wives, in fact, were all over the room—playing the piano, dishing up

food, and keeping an eye on the ceaseless flow of children and grandchildren they shared with him. Scores of other men's wives—their demeanors evoking images of the farm and the convent—sat on folding chairs that flanked the walls, while their husbands bounded across the dance floor with still more wives. Meanwhile clusters of young girls, looking untouched and nervously seductive, awaited the upcoming "round robin," in which they were to be flung from one grinning male to the next for a two-step, a dizzying twirl, and a sample embrace.

Dr. Allred moved through the crowd with the spindly grace of a flamingo, his head held high on a sinewy neck, his eyes looking secretive and teasingly wise, his arms suspended winglike from his sides, in perpetual readiness to touse, stroke, and embrace the flock that is his family.

"There are more righteous women in the world than there are righteous men," intoned Allred, who was well known in the polygamist community for his gently stern oratory. "And every righteous woman deserves a righteous man. Plural marriage has nothing to do with lustfulness and sensuality. It is a deeply spiritual matter."

Appropriately enough, Dr. Allred described his family's dwelling as a "veritable paradise on earth." Although many polygamists ensconce their families in separate homes and even in different cities, Dr. Allred constructed an attractive, two-story complex—much like a modern apartment building—in which, as he put it, "each of my girls has her quarters."

The logistical challenges of Dr. Allred's home life must have been similar to that of Peter Jordan, an elderly Salt Lake City attorney who divides his time among eleven wives.

"Every wife is a man's favorite wife in certain respects," Jordan told me, gesturing like an old-world patriarch toward the eleven women who were gathered around him in the family room. "Each is like a jewel in a crown, with its own special color."

Although Jordan's jewels shared an assurance, even a smugness, that must come from having one's eternity in order, they were a diverse group, to be sure. Plump, whispery Nora slid her arm through her husband's and said, "We have been married for fifty wonderful years. I'd rather have 10 percent of a good man than all of a bad one. When he's away from me, he's not out with another woman, he's home with another wife. In the hereafter he'll have hundreds of wives, and we'll all have the feeling of being continually with him."

The twins, Mabel and Shirley, looked like country-and-western Olive Oyls—big-boned, garrulous, and toothy. "Even the man who loves his wife falls in love with his secretary, and they have to have a clandestine affair," Mabel said. "If he believed the gospel, he could have them both."

"And she could tell what kind of husband and father he'd be; he's been test-drove," Shirley added with a toothy grin.

Benson & Hedges 100's

what else
can I do but
smile.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

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

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

THE SHIP THAT BROUGHT AMERICA ITS TASTE FOR SCOTCH.

December 5, 1933 was a noteworthy day for Scotch drinkers. For it was the first time in 13 years that drinking it was legal. Prohibition was repealed.

Perhaps even more noteworthy: it was the day Cutty Sark landed in America. A Scots Whisky already legendary in other civilised parts of the world.

Scotch had been imported into this country before, but had also been largely ignored. Cutty Sark, however, with its particular smoothness, soon captured a large and loyal following of Americans with good taste.

Today, wherever you go in America, you will find the bottle with the famous ship "Cutty Sark" on the label. And the distinctive Scots Whisky inside.

Who would have thought back in 1933 that some-day people would be able to cross the United States without changing ships?

TTY SA




BLENDED OTS WHISK

Eroticars

Let's begin with the premise that you are a man of unlimited means. You're going to buy a car, and money is absolutely no object. Do your tastes run toward the Rolls-Royce Camargue, sticker-priced at a mere \$90,000? Or perhaps a Continental Mark IV limo (*avec chauffeur*, of course)? Or maybe a giant Bentley convertible for majestic errands? Or are you the type that would find these elegant

machines a bit too conservative, staid, downright *boring*? Are your automotive preferences a little more exotic, not to say erotic? Well, if you're a latent Andretti or a closet James Bond—the kind of guy who likes to do a little edgework when he's on the road—then the cars displayed on these pages will surely suit your many-splendored fancy (or should we say fantasy?).

These are the latest editions of the Great European Dream Machines, the cars with the legendary marques: Ferrari, Maserati, Aston Martin, Lotus, Lamborghini. These models are not only luxuriously styled and appointed but also luxuriously exciting to operate. They'll take you from zero to sixty faster than you can fasten your seat belt; you can *cruise* at 175 and take a sand-strewn hairpin with all four Michelin XWX radials firmly gripping the road. All this while you're ensconced in buckets of opulent leather, checking out the computer readouts on the electronic instrumentation panel, and digging the built-in quad system. For this Cleopatra herself would jump barge and trade in her treasured asp.

So, if you're a driver with romantic inclinations, and if, when you wish upon a car, you dream of something long, low, and sleek, you won't be able to resist the emotional charisma of these thoroughbred eroticars. 



Robert Dowling



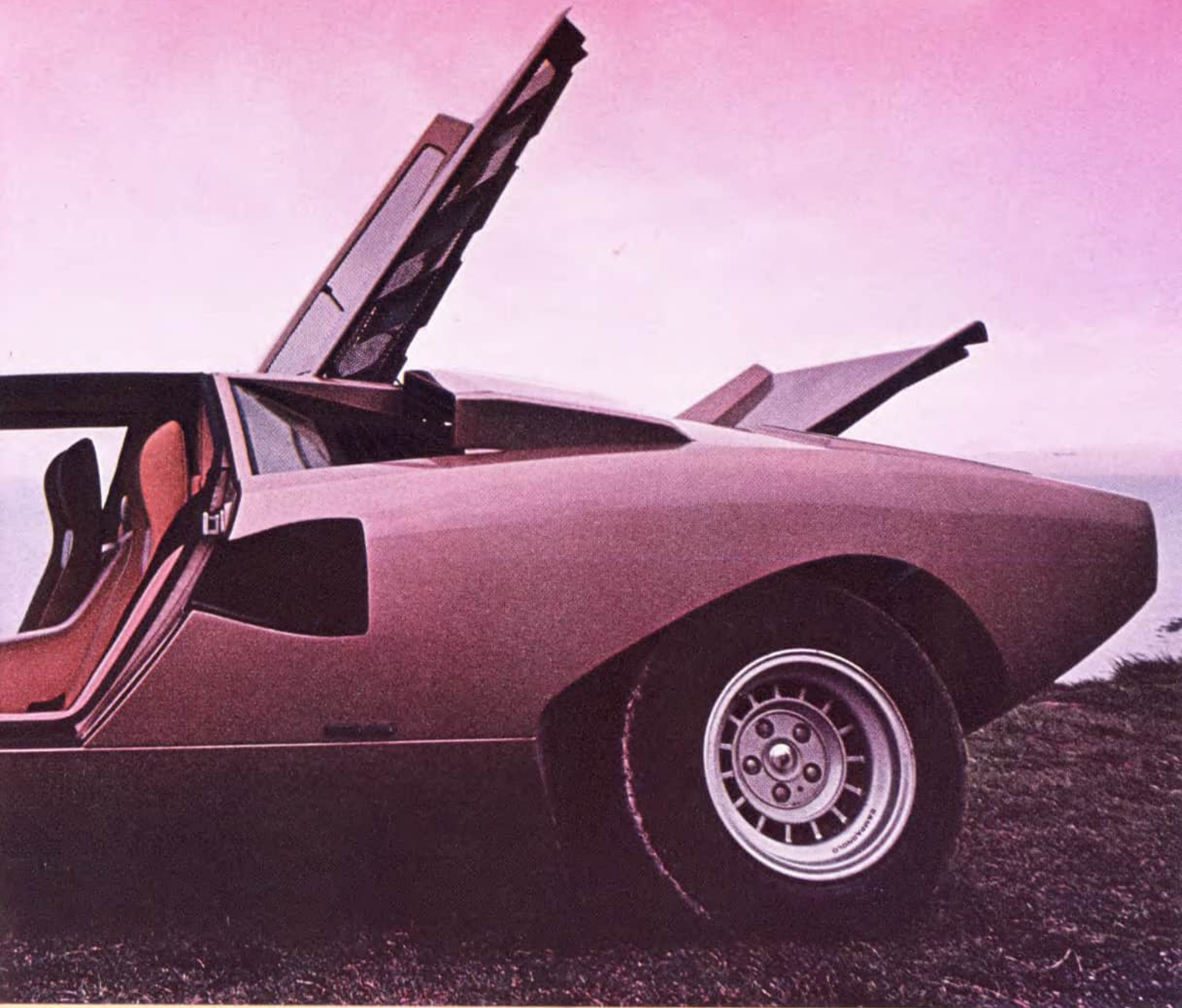
Robert Dowling

The wheeled conveyance you see flapping its wings above is none other than the fastest road car in the world—the Lamborghini Countach. Twisted to 8,000 rpm in fifth, it will top 190 with ease. Not only is it fast, but the Countach is also considered by many to be the finest road-holding and road-handling production automobile ever built. The ultimate eroticar, for just \$56,000.

For a full \$20,000 less, you can drive a Maserati Khamzin (left), the most exotic front-engine car on the road (the Countach has a mid-engine design). The Khamzin weighs in at a hefty 3,600 pounds, but its 4.9-liter V-8 puts out enough power (300 hp) to get this elegant carriage rolling along at more than 140 mph.

The Aston Martin Lagonda (right) is probably the most *luxurious* of the eroticars and certainly the most expensive (\$75,000). It features a new concept in luxury-car accommodation: electronically controlled instrumentation, incorporating graphic and digital displays and touch-sensitive switches for all functions, from the wipers to the automatic cruise control.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER
AND ROBERT DOWLING



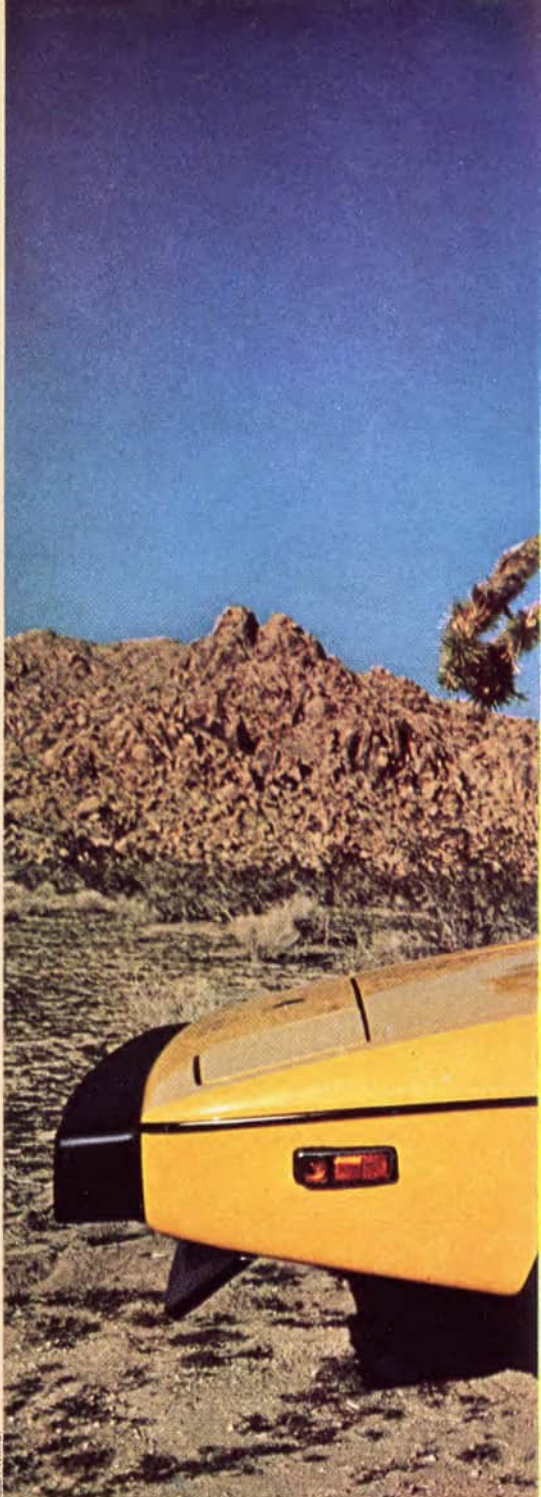
Robert Dowling



WorldMags.net



Earl Miller
Earl Miller



Robert Dowling

(Clockwise from bottom left): The brand new Lamborghini Silhouette (available in the States late this month for around \$30,000) is a two-seater featuring a removable roof panel. The newest horse in the Ferrari stable is the 155-mph 308 GTB (\$32,000), the first production Ferrari with a Fiberglass body. The Lotus Esprit is a mid-engine semiracer. It has half the number of cylinders that the Ferrari has (four) and sells for a little more than half the Ferrari's price (\$17,000). The Clenet Continental (\$36,000) is a limited-production American car that recaptures the classic elegance of the legendary touring cars of the 1930s. The Aston Martin V-8 Vantage (\$40,000), adds further refinement to the Aston tradition of exciting performance (170 mph) and distinctive styling.



Robert Dowling



Earl Miller

Till Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

Loretta, a pretty, pink-cheeked woman-child of forty-two, wore her long hair in perfect, wiener-sized ringlets and airy bangs, with a plum-colored bow—the same shade as her long, ruffled dress—on each side. She inhaled deeply and looked incessantly skyward, with a gaze that seemed intent on some cosmic dimension not visible to the masses.

"You see your husband half as much; you love him twice as much," she said dreamily. "You don't bother him with little things; you learn to take care of them yourself. You're constantly reminded that others desire him; so you stay like a new bride—always anxious to please. The competition keeps an excitement in the air."

Handsome, articulate Donna was raised on money and culture in Boston. After twenty years of marriage, her first husband, who was a wealthy sculptor, was murdered in 1972, and "for the first time, I was really alone," she said. "I began to see the hypocrisy, the shallowness, of my life. I wanted to know what the Lord wanted of me, and my search led me here, to the fullness of the gospel. . . ."

"Meeting my sister-wives was very thrilling," she recalled. "In the marriage ceremony each gave Peter to me, and each accepted me into her heart. My Boston

friends would have fainted dead away if they could have seen it!"

Jane smiled knowingly, for she, too, was one of the outsiders who had been accepted by the polygamous community. Dark and lanky, with the taut, alert physical presence of an Indian or a dancer, Jane was twenty-two when she came from Italy in search of a movie career and found religion instead.

Did she feel deprived, I asked her, being married to a man who was forty-three years her senior and had ten other wives?

"He is a beautiful man, an extraordinary spiritual leader. I would want to be his wife if he were 100 years old!"

"There probably is not a woman alive who would not prefer to have her man all to herself," she added, gazing fondly at her husband. "But our challenge is to overcome this greed . . . to fully expand our love instincts, . . . and for those who make the grade, God's promises are marvelous."

Dr. Allred's violent end has not, of course, dissuaded any dedicated polygamist from trying to "make the grade." Victor and Claudia Gordon, for example, kneel every night with their nine young children and pray for another wife.

"When there's no response, it hurts," broods Victor, a large, loping, sheepishly eager man. "Imagine, to kneel for an entire night, crying, 'Lord, I'll marry anyone you say! Anyone—no strings attached!'"



"I've always wanted a sister-wife who would love him," adds twenty-nine-year-old Claudia, whose cherubic features are lost in the swelling of her tenth pregnancy. "It's the great sadness of our lives that we're not living the Principle of Plural Marriage yet," she says with visible regret.

Kirk Reese, on the other hand, never even thought he'd get married when he was growing up in Salt Lake City—much less accumulate a plurality of wives. Today, at age thirty, the husky, baby-faced automobile dealer already has two spouses and promises to wed "as many more virtuous women as will have me."

Ten years ago, after two undistinguished years as a college accounting major, Reese went on a mission to Germany for the Mormon church. It meant two years of mandatory celibacy, during which he sought converts to his religion.

"I always thought that polygamists were just a bunch of kooks and sex maniacs, but the more I studied church writings, it just seemed obvious that they're the ones who are living the gospel," Reese says.

After returning home, he sought out the polygamist community and was tutored by one of its leaders. "Deciding to live the Principle was the biggest decision I ever made," he confides in the living room of his modest duplex. "I had to give up my old life and friends—all the parties and horsing around, the girls. This is a serious way of life. You don't take a girl to a drive-in; you talk about the gospel. I felt like I was casting myself into a monastery or something."

"I'd always been pretty religious, but I was a normal guy," he continues. "I mean, messing with girls had always been the greatest part of life. But I found this truth—this way of life that promises such unbelievable rewards. And you know what's funny? Living the Principle makes sex and romance even better . . . more intense, because you're not just screwing around. You're part of God's exciting plan."

Heber Sorensen, a vigorous, thirty-four-year-old polygamist leader, agrees. "When we are behind closed doors with one of our wives, our intercourse is of the highest order," he declares grandly. "Our goal is to raise an exalted, elect seed so dedicated to doing good that they will revolutionize the world."

Gerard Brown, who works three jobs so that he can support his three wives and thirty-one children, also has a noble calling in mind when he engages in sexual activity. "There are millions of spirits in the preexistence, waiting to be born, waiting for tabernacles to inhabit," he says. "They are so anxious for life that they're willing to be born in a brothel if that's what they have to do in order to reach this earth. As righteous men, as servants of the Lord, we have a clear duty: to create wholesome bodies for as many of His children as we're able."

It is clear that the polygamist's ultimate fantasy is not a sexual one, even though it does encompass, on a cosmic level, the power, freedom, ecstasy, and release to which mere mortals aspire, in a finite way, in



You know the day is in your hands. You're a white rum drinker.



White rum and soda

The day reflects your mood—smooth and sure. The kind of day that comes often to a white rum drinker—a person of confidence.

After all, it took confidence to move to white rum in the first place, at a time when fashion dictated drinking gin or vodka.

But you found out for yourself that white rum was better tasting and smoother.

Little wonder. All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for at

least a year, in contrast to gin and vodka which aren't aged at all.

And now that the word is out, fashion is following you.

White rum is turning up with soda, tonic, vermouth, orange juice and other mixers—in all the drinks that used to be made with gin and vodka.

Enjoy white rum, knowing that you had the confidence to discover it first.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



For free, "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-23, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019.
© 1977 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

bed. Mormon doctrine describes a hierarchal celestial kingdom in the hereafter in which the finest men are endowed with the status of gods and are provided with their own universes to govern. Each engages in celestial intercourse with his many wives (who were married to him on earth for time and eternity), producing spirit children who inhabit his domain.

Thus the polygamist's goal is, not physical orgasm, but rather the infinite and perpetual climax of godhood—a perfect union of the carnal and the sublime—and the foremost rationale for his life-style is that it provides him with a kind of earthly training ground. The more wives and children over whom he can wisely and gracefully preside, the more prepared he will be for the challenges of godhood. He is a pioneer with an infinite frontier; there are always higher levels of morality, mastery, and love for him to achieve. He must refine the art of giving quality time to the many wives and children who look to him as their lord and master. And his life-style expedites his spiritual evolution by placing almost superhuman demands on him.

"How can anyone believe in that heavenly kingdom stuff in this day and age?" asks twenty-three-year-old Marlon Snow. "I split, because it was irrelevant."

Shaggy-haired and dreamy-eyed, Snow smokes pot and is descended from three generations of polygamists. Both his father

and grandfather served prison terms for their beliefs. He grew up in a household where there were eight mothers and sixty-one siblings. Snow rejects both the religious aspects of polygamy and the features of its life-style.

"It gets to be a real hassle for the man," he says, stretching out on his Indian pillow couch. "All these women bickering, needing this or that, getting uptight if somebody else is getting more attention. There isn't any peace or privacy. There are kids you hardly know and a bunch of pompous old guys telling you when you can have sex and how many wives you're 'worthy' of."

Snow, who supports himself by means of small carpentry jobs and occasional musical gigs, has been living for two years with a winsome modern-dance student whose religion is a mixture of scientology and vegetarianism. "It takes a lot of time and effort to keep one love relationship really good," he says. "And one really good one is all I need; I'm pretty traditional."

Contrary to their orgiastic image, the true polygamists are also traditional—even startlingly puritanical—in their sexual mores. The leader of the country's largest polygamist group, Dr. Allred, preached that intercourse is appropriate only at the woman's request and that a couple is under condemnation if they do not abstain during pregnancy, lactation, and menstruation. Since the polygamists believe that the purpose of sex is to multiply and replenish the

earth, they consider birth control to be an abomination in the eyes of the Lord. They feel that a woman's sex life should be confined to her child-bearing years. Thus two of Allred's wives, who were already in their forties when they married him, never shared his bed.

Although some polygamists assert that physical pleasure during sex is of a lower, animal order and that lust is a mortal sin, Allred maintained that sexuality is "a gift from the Heavens. Like good food, it should be savored—but at the appropriate time and in moderation, with eyes cast to the Lord."

Allred acknowledged that many polygamists observe less restrictive sexual mores and admitted that a majority of recent converts were attracted to polygamy primarily by the prospect of sexual variety.

Mark Bowen, a twenty-eight-year-old with athletic good looks, agrees with him. "It's a damnable situation, but in general men are warped; they're only after one thing," he says. "Most men aren't even worthy of one wife."

Bowen, who has been worthy enough to attract three wives, lives with them and their four children in a woodsy home at the foot of the mountains overlooking Salt Lake City. Bowen's wives, all of whom are college educated, reveal a similar radiant Christian-soldier posture and purpose, laugh easily among themselves, and wear modest, floor-length dresses.

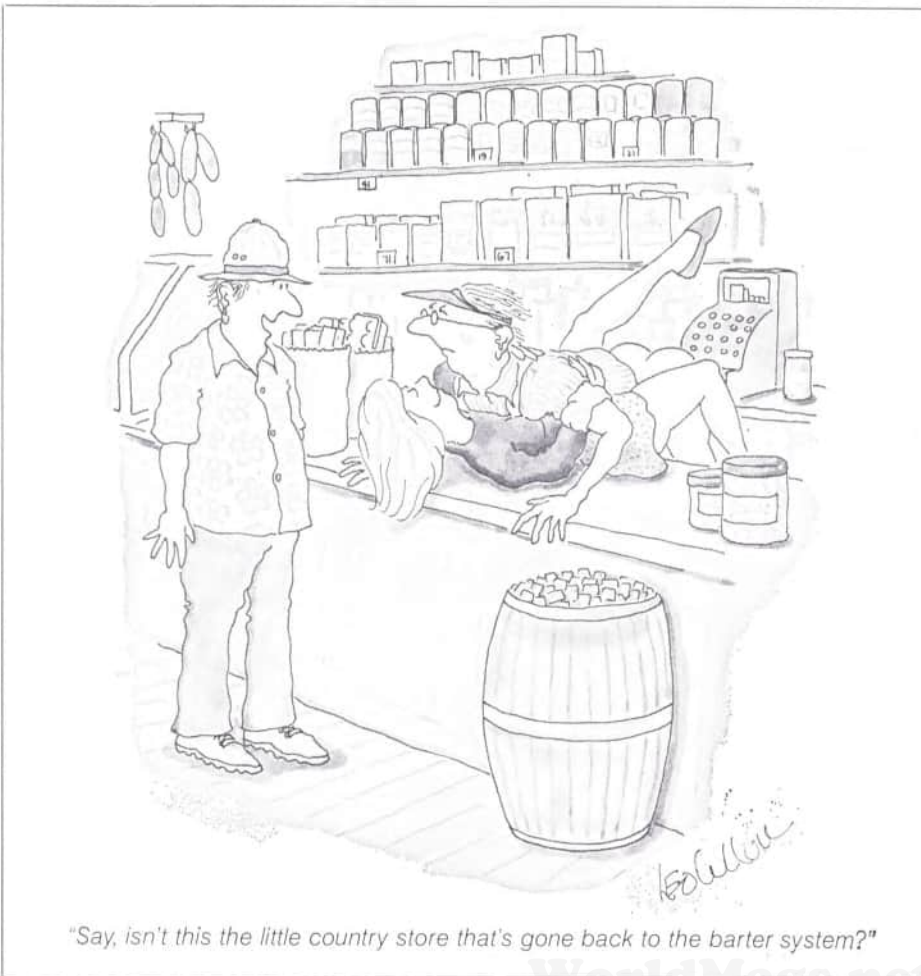
"You don't know how to give until you've had that heartstring touched, when you've shared the dearest thing you have to share," Maureen, an elementary-school teacher, says fervently. "The ultimate expression of your love is to give your husband another woman. It should really thrill you to see the stars in their eyes."

"When Mark and I were looking for someone to bring into the family, I would ask myself, 'What kind of a woman would I want to take care of my children should I pass away?'" Bowen's first wife, Rebecca, says, taking Maureen's hand. Rebecca, who was raised by the seven wives who remained after her natural mother died, recalls: "There was so much love in that family, so much striving to be sweet and humble. Whenever Dad would bring home someone new to get the wives' approval, they would pray together and say, 'Yes, we love her; she belongs with us.'"

Although many men who practice plural marriage include their wives in the process of selection—even going on dates as a group—it is not a universally observed aspect of polygamous courtship (and many dismiss the significance of this approach, since, according to Mormon doctrine, the woman who does not abide by her husband's wishes will be damned anyway).

In one faction, which is known as the Short Creek Group, a powerful council of elders arranges marriages. They are often accused of daughter swapping and of virtually enslaving adolescent girls into "celestially ordained unions."

But the Short Creek group is not the only



"Say, isn't this the little country store that's gone back to the barter system?"

Finally, tennis tops from someone who really knows women: Penthouse.



Even on the court we let you look your greatest. You'll love the incredible way these tops fit, the way they retain their clinging shape (you know we believe in staying in shape).

These terrific tops are of a luxurious 100% light weight soft spun Acrilan® knit* that's machine washable and dryable.

In rust with a beige Penthouse logo (#638) or beige with a rust Penthouse logo (#636). The logo is embroidered. Sizes S, M, L.

Whether you wear these tops on the court or off, you'll be a smash. \$14.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling.



Send check or money order or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge). Mail to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

To expedite your charge order call toll free (800) 223-7763. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

*Warranted for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

PENTHOUSE
VIVA
TENNIS COLLECTION®

Mail this coupon with your check or money order (or include required charge information) to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Please send me: _____ top(s) in size _____
(quantity and code #) (S,M, or L)

Name _____

Signature _____
(for charge only)

Charge # _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

WorldMags.net

one that dismisses courtship and romantic love as being of a lower order. The history of Mormon polygamy is filled with accounts of dreams, visions, and burning testimonies from God in which specific unions were commanded.

Although Mark Bowen has not been blessed with such dramatic visitations, he sternly repudiates the notion that men should pursue women. "My wives have urged me to get out and be more aggressive, but I believe a righteous man just goes about his business, serving the Lord," he explains. "He waits for women to come to him, saying, Let me be called by thy name."

Bowen, like a large number of other polygamists, believes that a man of God has the solemn obligation to marry any righteous woman who asks him and that unless he has a compelling reason for his refusal, he will be destroyed. "Two prerogatives a woman never loses: who is to be the father of her children and when," he says. "Since the man gets a plurality, the woman should have a choice."

However, women in the polygamous culture are bred to be subservient and restrained. Therefore, they rarely take advantage of this option, according to several polygamists. And romantic love and physical attraction are commonly—although not always—as operative in a polygamist's courtship as in anyone else's.

"You can't just be converted to the Prin-

ciple; you have to be converted to the man, too," a bright-eyed waitress from Germany says. "Grant and I have been like Romeo and Juliet ever since God brought us together."

Twenty-year-old Kathy Merrill, however, debunks such remarks. "These people tell you they're living God's law. . . . It's just hype," she snaps. "My five best friends all got pregnant and had to get married to these so-called chosen people. . . ."

Raised in a strife-ridden polygamous family, Kathy has recently left the fold, because, "I'm tired of all these old men coming up to me and saying, 'I've had this dream from God that you are to be my wife.'"

Daniel Jensen provides a perfect example of what Kathy escaped from. Ruddy, clear-eyed, and quite straight-talking at seventy-two, Jensen claims to have had unmistakable direction from God in his selection of wives. After eight years of marriage to his first wife, Jensen, who is a man of irreverent style and pious substance, was informed by polygamist leaders that he was about to receive other wives.

"I wanted this gal Maureen, because she was such a glamorous gal," he recalls. "But just as I was about to propose to her, the Lord come to me and said, 'No, she's meant for another.'"

"Gosh, I was disappointed. What a beauty! Then a vision of her homely sister came into my mind, and the spirit of the Lord said,

'She is to be your wife.' After much fasting and prayer, I proposed.

"Then I come upon another gal, a stranger, and a shock run through me, and I knew she was to be my wife. The Lord touched her heart; she accepted me right off," Jensen reminisces.

Jensen took the two young women home to his first wife, who was pregnant. "It was a hell of a shock; I wouldn't wish that on a dog," he says.

"I tried hard to hide my emotions, and there were plenty of 'em," Marybeth, now arthritic and a great-grandmother, admits. "I believed in the Principle, but I went through hell anyway . . . thought I'd die."

Today, forty years and thirty-two children later, the three women are inseparable, taking care of each other and their husband and enjoying the 191 grandchildren whom they share with him. Jensen, who years ago built each wife a house of her own but always found the three together sewing, canning, and "chewing the fat," later constructed a mammoth home consisting of three connected but distinct living areas, in which the four of them live today.

"They never quarreled among themselves; I'm the one who was always getting beaten over the head," Jensen says, grinning and kissing Marybeth's forehead. "They've been as sweet as could be."

In polygamous society, a woman's role is just that: to be sweet and submissive, to bear children, to exalt her man, who, purely by virtue of his sex, has a relationship to God that she can never achieve. She must either submit to his wishes or risk damnation. If she has been righteous, he will come to her in the hereafter, lift the veil from her sleeping eyes, and be her savior.

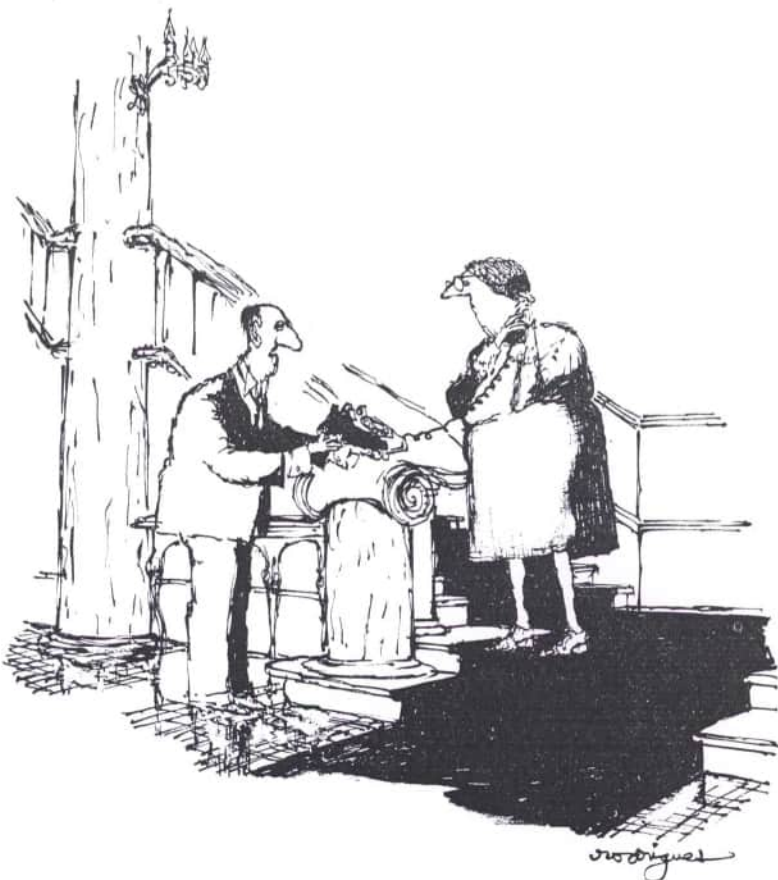
Plural marriage is commonly viewed by polygamists themselves as "God's burden on women" and as the framework within which a woman's "instinctive" jealousy, egocentricity, and dependency can be thoroughly overcome, so that she is free to give and love in a truly Christian fashion. If a woman can love the one who shares the delights of her husband's bed, it is reasoned, she must surely have saintly qualities.

Accounts of the early days of polygamy indicate that it rarely succeeded in purging women of their consuming need to possess a man of their own. Even the first wife of the prophet Joseph Smith repeatedly threatened to leave him, and she is said to have flung one of his pregnant wives into the snow. Smith's successor, Brigham Young, admitted that many polygamous women "have not seen a happy day since their husbands took a second wife."

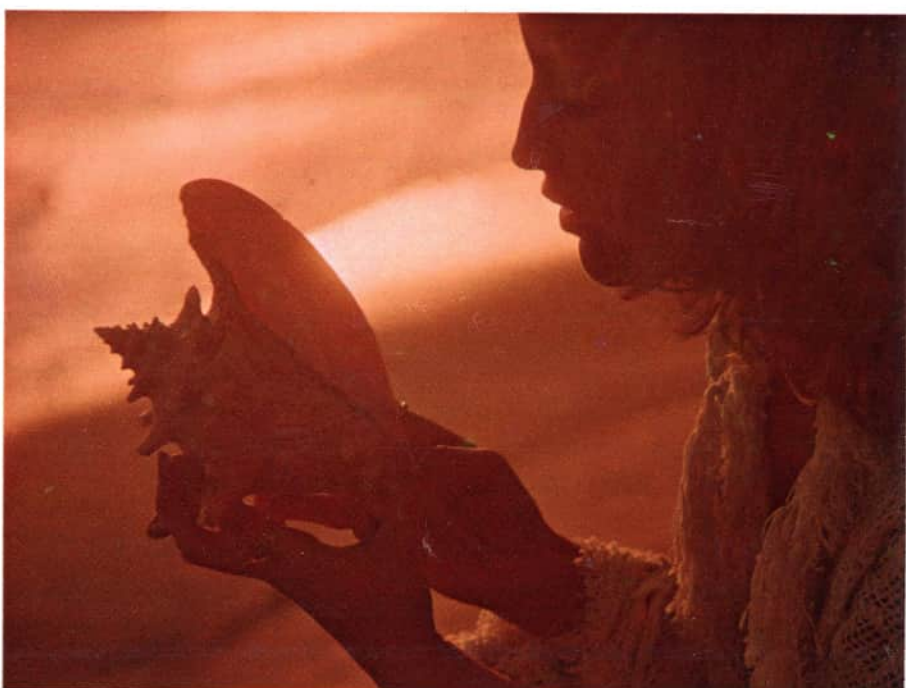
"Are you tormenting yourselves thinking that your husbands do not love you?" he demanded. "I would not care whether they loved a particle or not, but I would cry out, like one of old, in the joy of my heart, 'I have got a man from the Lord! Hallelujah! I am a mother.'"

In spite of Young's scolding, the anguish of polygamist wives has persisted. Nevertheless, out of several generations of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

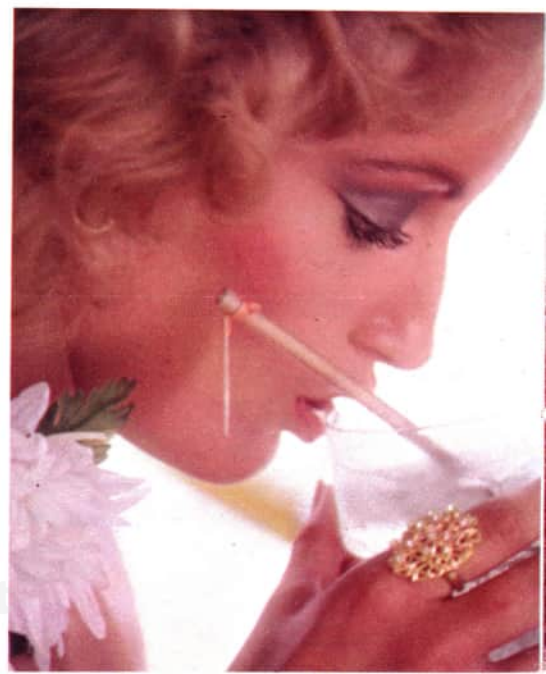
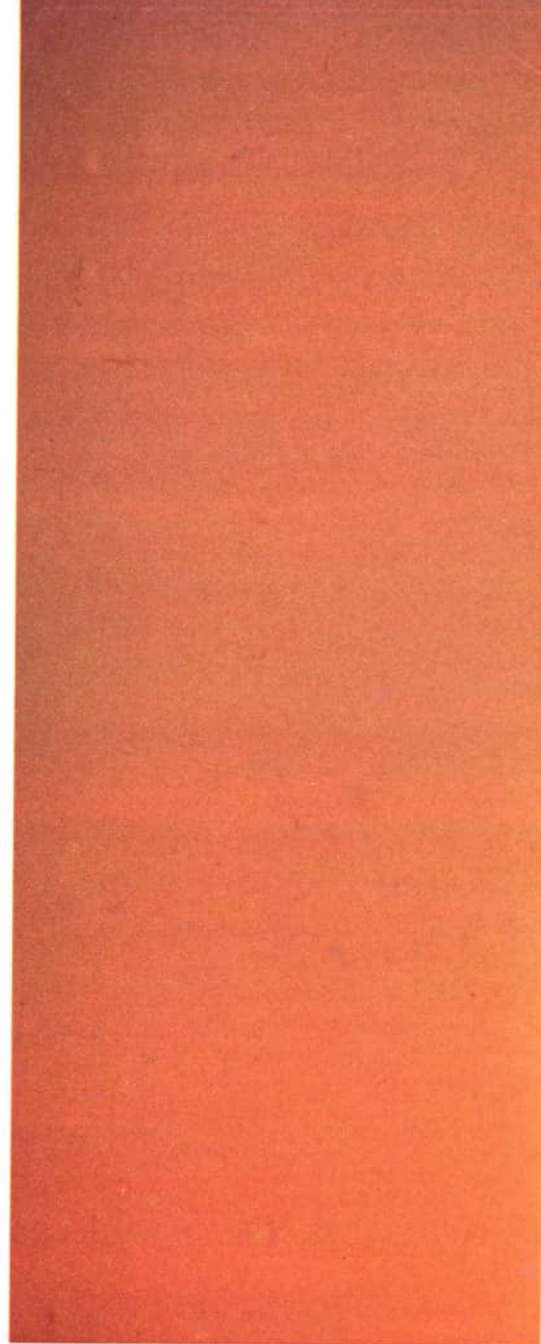


"I believe the person is employing a euphemism for madam's private parts."



CYNTHIA

WorldMags.net





THE CALL OF THE WILD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"I live to be free, to put civilization behind me and just run with the wind," says lithe, twenty-three-year-old Cynthia Gaynor, who is never more than a stone's throw from a beach. "I love sleeping next to a man who smells of the sea," says Cynthia, a resplendent 37-24-36. "I guess at heart I'll always be a California girl."



Cynthia is also a free spirit. "Currently, I'm living with a man, but I still fall prey to wanderlust. For a long time I lived on Catalina Island, and on weekends the resort would fill up with strangers. It's terribly exciting making love to a man you know you'll never see again."





"I love a challenge," she says, her brown eyes sparkling. "I'm not tempted by what seems too easily won. I like a man who's not immediately turned on to me."

Such a man must be difficult to find, for one look at this languid Gemini would put the beholder under her spell. "When a man is with me, I want him with me completely. I'll do anything to please my lover, and in return I ask to be adored."

WorldMagazine.com

●It can be terribly exciting making love to a strange man you know you'll never see again.●



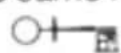
"I'm happiest in wild places. I love to be taken on a mountainside or at night under the stars. Sometimes I go fishing with my boyfriend, and when the fish aren't biting we take off all our clothes and make love. It's so silent out on the water, so private, and our bodies are free to move with the rhythm of the waves. My men have to belong in the country and remain just a little bit untamed."







The camera is as natural to Cynthia as the air. "Modeling nude is one way I express myself. The camera works on me like an aphrodisiac. It's like being with a very special man. I'm really quite shy," says this blonde beauty, "but posing makes me outgoing and gets me high." Fortunately for us, the camera has quite the same feeling about Cynthia.





MISS CYNTHIA GAYNOR/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







MISS CYNTHIA DAVNOR/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Since the last American soldier left Vietnam, more than four years ago, the Vietnam veterans have been on a roller-coaster ride of raised expectations and dashed hopes. Time after time, through the efforts of a few dedicated members of Congress and those of Vietnam veterans organizations, the Congress and/or the president have begrudgingly acknowledged that Vietnam veterans do, indeed, have special problems, and that they are encountering great difficulty in finding jobs, making use of their GI Bill benefits, and so forth. But in each case this acknowledgment has been followed by less than effective action, causing Vietnam veterans to think of themselves as outcasts or forgotten men.

The most recent example of this kind of up-and-down treatment involved the Congress's sabotaging of President Carter's Special Discharge Review Program (SDRP) by withholding benefits (from Veterans Administration funds) from Vietnam veterans whose discharges are being upgraded under the program. The reason for this denial of funding, according to Rep. John Paul Hammerschmidt (Rep.-Ark.), the ranking minority member of the House Veterans Affairs Committee, is a conviction by some that a Vietnam veteran whose bad-paper discharge has been upgraded does not deserve benefits. As Hammerschmidt has put it, "Our citizens have incurred no debt to those who turned their backs or did not perform up to the minimum standards of the service." Obviously, Hammerschmidt does not speak for the entire House of Representatives. Yet 273 of the 435 members voted to forbid such benefits.

Penthouse looks on this congressional act of vindictiveness as reprehensible and totally indefensible. The voting down of benefits suggests that the spirit of forgiveness and compassion that the president used to justify the SDRP is not shared by the Congress. One might well ask those 273 members of the House who voted to forbid such benefits what constituted a "minimum standard of performance" for a congressman during the Vietnam War. Nowadays only a precious few of the congressmen who spoke out against the

war while it was going on ever put their money—or America's—where their mouth was. This constitutes an incredible double standard by the Congress—one that threatens the nation's security far more than would removing the civil disability and stigma attached to the less-than-honorable discharges of some 400,000 Vietnam veterans.

Penthouse also suggests that one must ask why, at this late date, the Congress has balked at removing the inequities borne for so long by Vietnam veterans who received less-than-honorable discharges for less-than-adequate reasons. The president's SDRP is not designed to provide blanket upgrading of bad discharges, and its criteria were not challenged by members of Congress upon their is-

suance April 4, 1976. The answer, *Penthouse* believes, has less to do with Congress's concern about the effects of the SDRP on the military than with House concern about the federal budget. Estimates vary, but it's not far off the mark to state that if 100,000 Vietnam veterans whose discharges were upgraded were made eligible for benefits, it would cost \$100 million to provide those benefits. This is not a great deal of money in a federal budget of more than \$450 billion. However, unlike pork-barrel projects designed to help buy votes, money spent

Only a precious few
of the congressmen who spoke out
against the war
while it was going on
ever put their money—or America's—
where their mouth was.

on Vietnam veterans programs does not translate into votes. No congressman needs to be reminded that there is no "Vietnam veteran vote." Consequently, there is no imperative to equalize the treatment provided Vietnam veterans with that of veterans of other wars.

The shortsightedness of the Congress in dealing with the genuine needs of Vietnam veterans is all too obvious, but it's still not adequately recognized and deplored by the American public. *Penthouse* believes that this stance of the Congress, this barring of the use of VA funds for paying veterans benefits to those whose discharges have been upgraded, is bound to boomerang. It will open old wounds rather than heal them, and it will invite future veterans to conclude that a government that penalizes those whom it drafts to fight its losing battles is not deserving of their support. ☐

I won't settle for anything less than taste.

A lot of cigarettes promise taste.
But for me, only one cigarette delivers. Winston.
I get real taste and real pleasure every time I light up.
I won't settle for less. Would you?



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

WorldMags.net Winston King Winston 100's.

ADVISE AND DISSENT OPINION

THE MYTH OF A PALESTINIAN HOMELAND

We are about to enter a critical period of intense debate on the great issues of war and peace in the Middle East. What is obviously needed is sound judgment, lucid thought, thorough knowledge, a sense of history, and truth saying, above all. Unhappily, the international environment in which the issues are addressed has been subtly poisoned by empty, if plausible, clichés and insidiously degraded by hypocrisy.

Although hypocrisy has at all times and places played a role in affairs of state, it has never been more blatant and rampant than it is today, in the mindless rhetoric that passes for serious discussion of Middle Eastern problems. And when it is Israel's policies and actions that are being judged, the double standard reigns supreme.

There is no more revealing and characteristic expression of this debased language and corrupt thought than the cynical or mindless use of the code word *occupation*—which has become a virtually irreversible part of the accepted language, not to be questioned or analyzed—for describing Israel's presence on the West Bank of the Jordan River and in East Jerusalem, since the Six-Day War of 1967, and, in Arab nationalist ideology, for referring to the Jewish presence in Palestine altogether.

Yet it is sheer hypocrisy to speak of Israel's occupation unless one also speaks of prior Jordanian occupation of the West Bank. For until 1948 Jordan never had even a toehold there, and it was only with the concerted Arab onslaught upon newly independent Israel that Jordan conquered this territory.

In 1950, when Jordan formally annexed the West Bank, the only people who protested, briefly, were other Arab states. Thereafter no one challenged Jordan's presence there or called it "Jordan-occupied" land. For that matter, the kingdom of Jordan is itself only a very recent invention and of dubious



By Moshe Decter

Mr. Decter, for many years the director of Jewish Minorities Research in New York, is a veteran journalist who has written widely on the Soviet Union, the Middle East, and Africa.

standing in international law, and the Hashemite family and dynasty that rule the area are not even native to it.

Let us recall a little history. In the military campaign to defeat the Ottoman Turks, who were allied with the Germans during World War I, the British enlisted the aid of the Hashemites, then headed by Husein ibn-Ali, the great-grandfather of the present king of Jordan, whose family had for centuries been the traditional sherifs (princely guardians) of the holy Moslem cities of Mecca and Medina, in the northwestern strip of the Arabian peninsula known as the Hejaz. As part of an effort to rouse Arabia against the Turks, Sherif Husein in 1916 proclaimed an independent kingdom of the Hejaz. (Nevertheless, it was the British army, overwhelmingly, that defeated the Turks and liberated the Arabs from their yoke.)

The British imperial design, after the war, was to create client states out of a carved-up Ottoman Empire, installing Husein's two sons, Faisal and Abdullah, as rulers, respectively, of Iraq in 1920 and of Transjordan, the latter territory arbitrarily cut off in 1922 from the land then known as Palestine. (Iraq became independent in 1932; Transjordan, in 1946.) So the connection between the Hashemites and what is now called the kingdom of Jordan is actually the consequence of imperialist imposition of aliens upon that land.

There is supreme irony, moreover, in the fact that the Hashemite family itself was driven out of its ancient ancestral home in 1924 by the rampaging armies of Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud, the dynamic father of the present king of Saudi Arabia. In 1932 the Hejaz was formally joined to the other territories that ibn-Saud had conquered in preceding decades, and the kingdom of Saudi Arabia was proclaimed.

Is something that happened in 1920, 1922, 1932, or 1946 of

When the policies and
actions of Israel are being judged, the double
standard reigns supreme.

greater legal and moral standing than something that happened in 1967? What validates an occupation? Is it sheer conquest? If so, it must be the same rule for all, great and small, powerful and weak alike. Otherwise, the "principle" becomes a travesty—which is just what it is now. And if it is sheer conquest, then Israel is only the latest and thus the most legitimate conqueror.

Or is presence on the land validated, rather, by immemorial and unbroken religious, cultural, and national association dating back to the early stages of recorded history? If so, Israel is the land that the millennial creativity and messianic yearning of the Jews since Biblical days have invested with holiness, the land to which the Jewish people have an inalienable right.

Numerous invaders conquered that land: Assyrians, Babylonians, Syrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Kurds, Mamelukes, Mongols, Tartars, European Crusaders, Turks, Britons. But what did any of these conquerors make of the land? Only the Jews shaped a nation, built a state, created a culture, molded a world-shaking religion.

The Jewish people *never* ceased to assert their right, their title, to the land of Israel. The survival of the Jewish people, creatively and with dignity, is utterly unprecedented in world history: there has never been another instance of a people thus surviving the destruction of their political state and religious center, devastation of their land, dispersal to the far corners of the earth, subjection to mass slaughter in Crusades, expulsions, inquisitions, blood libels, pogroms, holocausts—only, after 2,000 years, to return to their land creatively. It happened that way because the survival of the Jewish people throughout those dark centuries was inextricably linked to their memory of Jerusalem and to their determination to return to their land, which remained always at the core of Jewish consciousness.

This determination never required the world's political recognition for its historical, moral, and legal validation. But as a matter of fact, that recognition, flowing naturally from traditional Christian and Moslem doctrines as well as from modern, nonreligious, moral-intellectual sensibility, was extended in November 1917. It took the form of the fateful Balfour Declaration, in which the British government committed itself to support the creation of a Jewish national home in Palestine.

But virtually as soon as the commitment was undertaken, it began to be compromised and diluted. According to the universal understanding of the time, the Balfour Declaration and the mandate over Palestine that the League of Nations awarded to Britain in 1920 clearly intended the Jewish national home to include both sides of the Jordan River—in short, the single territory of what is now the kingdom of Jordan, the state of Israel, and the "occupied" West Bank of the Jordan River, a total of some 43,000 square miles.

In 1922, as noted, the territory east of the Jordan River was arbitrarily cut off from Palestine by the British, who continued to rule both banks of the Jordan by their mandatory power. The remaining portion of Palestine intended as the Jewish national home was in this way whittled down to some 10,000 square miles.

That Palestine included virtually the entire area of the Golan Heights as well as what is now called the Gaza Strip. When, in 1923, the League of Nations awarded the mandate over Syria to France, Britain and France arranged to have the mandated territory of Syria *annex* arbitrarily that portion which includes the Golan. Thus, ironically, the Israeli conquest of the heights during the Six-Day War of 1967 actually resulted in the return of that piece of land to what had once been mandatory Palestine, intended as the Jewish national home.

Now the Gaza Strip also seems to be up for grabs: it is being considered for inclusion in a possible new Palestinian Arab state that might be set up chiefly on the West Bank. But Gaza had immemorially been part of Palestine—even part of the severely reduced area of Palestine left for the Jewish national home after its 1922 truncation. It was only in 1948, as part of the concerted Arab military onslaught on Israel, that Egypt absorbed it, even though it had never belonged to Egypt.

The Jewish national home today—the state of Israel—has a total of just under 8,000 square miles (not including Sinai, Gaza, or the West Bank), the remnant from a total of 43,000 square miles of the original Palestine that was the Land of Israel.

To speak, as many do, of a "homeland" for the Palestinian Arabs reveals an utter ignorance of the history, politics, and psychology of the region. Palestinian Arabs may well have felt a profound kinship and tie to their native town or village or to the piece of land they lived on. But never did they conceive of "Palestine" as their "homeland," and it never was.



HOT ROD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL KRAVATS

WorldMags.net



Rhonda was feeling quite auto erotic. One look at her quivering, humming racer drove her wild. She sped into motion. How she loved its taut, aggressive appearance. The motor, a finely attuned machine, was floored by her advances and responded with an exhilarating acceleration. What a pickup! Rhonda was in gear. No longer would she settle for just another dry-sump churn with the boys. She had found her little engine, and it surely could perform.





Hair and makeup by Angelini

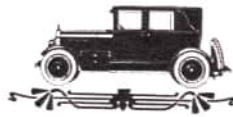




Rhonda was thrilled by her differential treatment.
She stepped on the gas and waited
for her joy ride to begin. One pump and the hot
rod fired. She was in ecstasy at its utter
flexibility and its ability to rev on forever. She just
left it on top and let it chug away.







The relentless thrust of the piston made her cry
out with pleasure. Rhonda clutched
at the universal joint, as the motor purred
beneath her hairpin curves. She rode
the fast machine until it sent her into a tailspin
that no mortal crank could spark.



Till Death

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

polygamy a sizable group of women has evolved whose commitment to saintly behavior is impressive.

"It's not that you never feel jealousy; it's just that you continuously fight it, until it becomes as natural for you to be sweet as it is to breathe," explains the fine-featured, elegantly dressed plural wife of a young and wealthy Salt Lake City contractor.

Linda Kimball doesn't even have to fight jealousy any more. "I love my sister-wife as much as I love my husband," she says. Linda and Gena Kimball are talkative, pregnant eighteen-year-olds from Pinedale, Mont., a prosperous, 500-member polygamist enclave that was started ten years ago.

"Keith is on the road five days a week," Gena says. "We'd go crazy without each other. So many married women are really lonely; but if you live the Principle, you always have companionship."

Donna Taylor has six sister-wives but little companionship. "I feel isolated," confides the young and curvaceous redhead, who is the most recent bride of a well-heeled Utah accountant. "I've been living the Principle for two years now, and I barely know most of the wives. We're civil to each other, but we never really talk. I think they resent me for being younger and more 'in the world'—maybe even for wearing lipstick or cooking fancier food than their meat and potatoes. I don't know. But I resent it."

Nick Wills, whose mother bore eighteen of her husband's fifty-two children, also resents "the con game of all time," as he characterizes polygamy. "Mom stayed with Dad (after he took three other wives) because she already had nine children, and where was she to go?" says the young Ogden, Utah, attorney, who is himself a happy practitioner of monogamy.

There was little chance for either companionship or enmity to develop among the Wills wives, since they were scattered through three western states. "But Mom was in pain most of the time; I'm sure of it," her son says bitterly. "And my spinster sister has hated every man past the age of puberty since Dad took a second wife. When Dad at age fifty-five married a nineteen-year old girl, I didn't know if either of them would live through it. I can't see why anyone should want to live that way."

But polygamy does have its rationales, which have evolved over its long history and have become more numerous than the number of wives in a typical polygamous household. The first justification for polygamy was concocted in 1831 by the vibrantly attractive Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, whom an ex-Mormon scholar recently dubbed "a sexual giant, a creative genius, and a psychopath." When his monogamous relationship to tempestuous, puritanical Emma became unbearably restrictive, Joseph simply declared

that God had appeared before him (as God often did) and revealed the doctrine of the plurality of wives. The Lord, Joseph explained, had commanded that Emma "receive all those that have been given unto Joseph" or be damned and had pointed out that numerous patriarchs in religious history—among them Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and David—had many wives and concubines given them by Him.

Other rationales for polygamy were developed as the exigencies of the time dictated. It was often stated that the church, because of its many enemies, needed to multiply its numbers as rapidly as possible in order to ensure survival and that plural marriage was an efficient, cost-effective solution. It was also maintained that in the early frontier days the church, through polygamy, sought to provide husbands and financial security for a large surplus of women. Census and church records, however, indicate a consistent preponderance

“Living the Principle of Plural Marriage makes sex even better,” said a young auto dealer. “You’re not just screwing around, you’re part of God’s exciting plan.”

of males in both Utah and the church. In fact, early Utah Mormons were soon competing for the attentions of newly arrived female converts, and a church leader chastised missionaries for "picking out the prettiest women for themselves and bringing on the ugly ones for us." To expand further the selection of women, the Utah legislature passed a law permitting girls more than twelve years of age to be married, and a revelation from God ordered Mormon males to gird up their loins and take dark-skinned Indian squaws as plural wives, producing offspring that would be "white and delitesome." A University of Utah professor, after completing a scholarly study of polygamy in 1862, concluded that "poverty as well as passion compel it."

Heavenly commands and practical needs for polygamy notwithstanding, it just seemed to make sense, the more church leaders thought about it. Brigham Young, the church's second president, who had found Smith's order to practice polygamy appalling, later concluded that polygamy is a noble enterprise, protecting female chastity and ridding society of prostitution. "Our government says that a man may ruin and destroy as many of the daughters

of Eve as he pleases, but he is forbidden to acknowledge but one as his wife," Young observed.

Young, who eventually amassed twenty-seven wives of his own, believed that by dispensing young brides to loyal followers he would renew their vitality and thus enable them to serve God with greater vigor.

"I do not know what we should do if we men of God had but one wife apiece," Young's first counselor stated in support of the practice. "A man who has but one soon begins to wither and dry up."

Another church leader scoffed at "that narrow-minded, pinch-backed race of men who chain themselves down to the domination of one woman. They ought to be ashamed of such conduct."

It did not take long for the narrow-minded race of men to strike back. Antipolygamist propaganda at the turn of the century is among the most strident and colorful political literature ever produced by this country, describing in pornographic detail the imagined excesses and ecstasies of "the vile, infernal Mormons" and "their foul conspiracy." Needless to say, these tracts reveal more about their readers and authors than they do about "those sallow-skinned devils with their swollen genitals."

Even today polygamists are thought to be odd, if not immoral, although evidence that monogamy is neither natural nor successful abounds.

Polygamy's defenders say that it provides for women who are alone, by absorbing them into existing family structures. In part because it provides an extended family situation in which members' needs and expectations are not all focused on one individual, polygamists say that they have a lower divorce rate than do monogamists.

By the time this article appears, it is likely that the uproar over the Allred murder will have calmed. In any event, it appears to be only a matter of time before laws prohibiting plural marriage are declared unconstitutional. In 1972, for example, the Supreme Court upheld the right of the Amish religious sect to remove its children from public schools after the eighth grade. The court concluded that the state had no compelling interest that could entitle it to abridge religious freedom, a principle that seems applicable to polygamy as well.

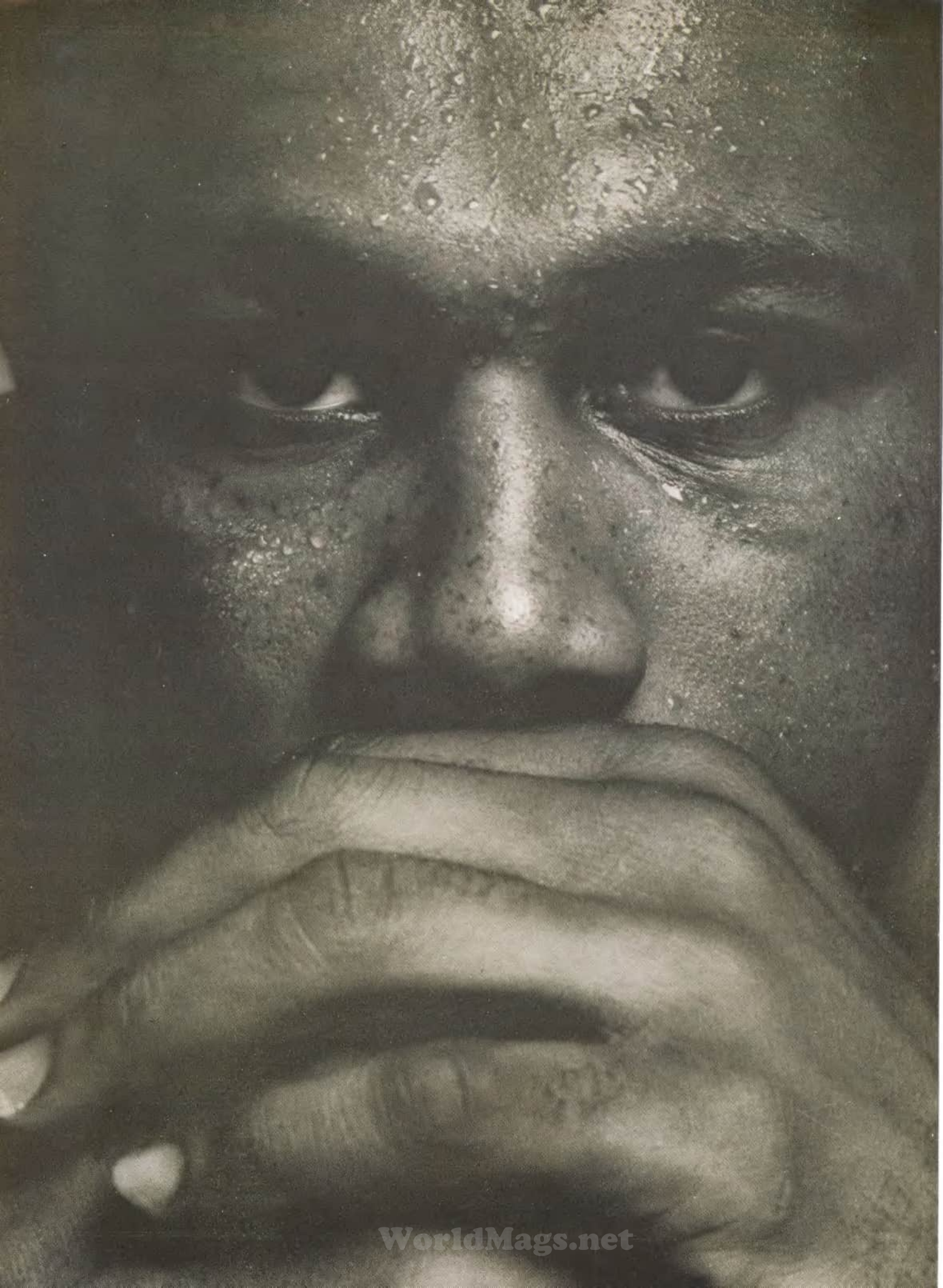
As the law retreats, the church, it seems likely, will be forced to reassess its stand. Mormon leadership has never seen fit to renounce the principle of plural marriage, since it is an integral part of their prophet's legacy, but has only—under threat from the government—"advised against" any marriage forbidden by the laws of the land."

The church has more than 3.5 million members, a sizable percentage of whom are versed in church writings, including the revelation commanding plural marriage. If and when the law is changed, serious Mormons will be hard-pressed not to embrace the life-style of polygamy. As a church writer has observed, "Either polygamy was revealed by God, or the entire fabric of our faith is false." ○—

“Ballantine’s.
Damn good
scotch.
Period.”



© 1991 Blended Scotch Whiskey, bottled in Scotland, 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

KEN NORTON

I enjoy acting, but the biggest thing in my life is the heavyweight championship. The epitome of this sport is a world title, and that's what I want.

On March 31, 1973, an unheralded heavyweight named Ken Norton registered the ring upset of the decade when he scored a convincing victory over Muhammad Ali, breaking Ali's jaw in the process. Until that night Norton had never fought a world-class boxer. By the next morning he'd become one.

Since then, Ali and Norton have fought twice more in what has become boxing's most closely contested rivalry. Ali won a split decision over Norton at the end of 1973, and in their most recent battle, held last October at New York's Yankee Stadium, Ali retained his championship by winning a decision that was unanimous only among the bout's judges. At ringside, a poll of working sportswriters revealed their choice to be Norton by a wide margin—an opinion shared by such fistic authorities as former champ Joe Frazier and Madison Square Garden impresarios Teddy Brenner and Harry Markson, all three of whom scored the fight for Norton ten rounds to five.

After spending a tearful hour in his dressing room, the disappointed challenger composed himself and told a reporter, "When you fight Ali, you're behind at the start. It's obvious you have to knock him out to win. When it's that obvious, you have to think the judges stole it."

If that was indeed the case, it probably wasn't the first instance of grand larceny in the history of heavyweight title fights. The last time a heavyweight championship changed hands via a decision was in 1935, when Max Baer was outpointed by James Braddock. While such news can only confirm Norton's suspicions, he may have gained a measure of satisfaction in noting how his earnings have skyrocketed since his first meeting up with Ali. For beating Ali four and a half years ago in San Diego, Norton received \$50,000. For losing to him last year in the Bronx, Norton was paid a cool million.

Since that night, Norton has once again established himself as the leading contender for Ali's crown. In May he disposed of previously unbeaten Duane ("The Great White Hope") Bobick in fifty-eight seconds of the first round and then signed up for an "elimination" bout with stylish Jimmy Young on November 5. The winner will fight Ali for the title in an eastern city in early 1978. Should Norton prevail against Young, he fully expects to whip Ali and at last capture the championship that has so eluded him.

But time is running out on Norton. Although he claims he's thirty-two, Norton—according to a form he filled out as an incoming freshman at Northeast Missouri State College—is thirty-four.

Born on August 9, 1943, Norton grew up in Jacksonville, Ill., a typical small midwestern town seventy-five miles

outside of St. Louis. Both his father, a police dispatcher, and his mother, a registered nurse, encouraged their only child to pursue sports, and in high school Norton excelled at football, track, and basketball. He entered Northeast Missouri State on a football scholarship. But after one and a half years, he decided he needed more adventure out of life and enlisted in the Marine Corps. Two years later, in 1965, Norton laced on his first pair of boxing gloves and promptly won the All-Marine Heavyweight Championship, a title he retained in 1966 and 1967. While still a grunt, he went on to win the Pan Am trials, as well as the Golden Gloves Championship of North Carolina and South Carolina. When he left the marines after a four-and-one-half-year tour of duty, Norton was approached by a group of wealthy San Diego businessmen who had seen him box as an amateur and wanted to sponsor him as a pro. Norton signed a contract with them in September 1967, and he's been fighting ever since.

To interview the number-one heavyweight contender, *Penthouse* sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with Norton in Los Angeles. Reports Linderman: "Heavyweight boxers are finely tuned fighting machines, but when they're away from the rigors of training camp, the great majority—by virtue of eating more and exercising not at all—puff up like pandas. Muhammad Ali, for example, weighs in the low 220s when he fights, but between bouts he toddles along in the mid-240s, fortified by a steady diet of double cheeseburgers and chocolate shakes. Ken Norton is an exception to this rule.

"Not long after he had destroyed Duane Bobick, we met at the Brown Derby Restaurant in Beverly Hills, and Norton, who's six-three, showed up in fine trim, perhaps three pounds more than his fighting weight of 221. Norton is said by many to have the finest physique in professional sports, and film producers have been approaching him with roles calling for a leading man who takes his shirt off a minimum of twenty-three and a half times per movie.

"Norton is also said to be one of Hollywood's most active studs, but since he didn't want to discuss his sexual escapades, I thought it best (for my own health) to spare him a Mike Wallace-type grilling on the subject.

"In any event, Norton, a genuinely likable guy, was in the process of discussing films deals with various Hollywood types, and over lunch (for Norton, a large glass of tomato juice and a salad) he talked about wanting acting lessons with Lee Strasberg in New York or Jeff Corey in Hollywood. Boxing, however, remains Norton's major preoccupation, and his impending match seemed like a logical subject to begin our conversation."

Photograph by Norman Seal



Photographs by Keith Williamson

Penthouse: Most boxing experts consider Jimmy Young to be the slickest heavy-weight to emerge since a young man named Cassius Clay began stirring up the sport in 1960. Do you think he'll give you a rough battle?

Norton: I have a lot of respect for Jimmy Young because he is an intelligent fighter. Jimmy was my sparring partner for about six weeks prior to my second bout with Muhammad Ali, and we've both improved since then. We've changed our styles a bit, but you can never change your basic skills. Having sparred with him and having seen him fight Ali, George Foreman, and Ron Lyle, I know what the main difference between us is: I can hurt Jimmy Young, but he can't hurt me. Jimmy's very ring-wise, but he can't punch with power—and I can. I also know that my hands are every bit as fast as his and that I'm a fairly good ring technician.

I won't say that beating him is gonna be easy. Jimmy's a spoiler; he likes to lay back and counterpunch, and he has lots of ways to set you up for his shots. But I'm a counterpuncher myself, and I have very quick reflexes; so he'll find it hard to do his thing against me. I'm going to be completely ready for him, and I've got to be ready for him, because this bout in November with Jimmy Young is the pivotal fight of my whole boxing career.

Penthouse: In what way?

Norton: If I don't beat Young, he gets to fight Ali, and I get to wait at least two years before I can have another shot at the title. If I lose, I'll have to fight all the boxers ranked below me—guys like Lyle and Earnie Shavers—until I pull myself back into a position where, if Young becomes champion, he'll have to fight me again. But really, I don't believe I'll lose to Young. In fact, I think it's totally impossible that Jimmy Young could take me in this bout.

Penthouse: Wouldn't you agree that you sound very much like George Foreman just before Young knocked him out several months ago?

Norton: Yes, but Foreman lost because he was fatigued—he was just dead tired. I think it was a case of Foreman taking Young for granted, which is why he didn't train properly: at 229 pounds, Foreman wasn't in good shape. I'm not making the same mistake. Before the Young bout, Foreman thought he was unbeatable, and I guess he still thinks he is. George has knocked out almost everybody he's fought. He has a lot of confidence in himself, and his record as

I think I'm a solid
boxer-puncher.
If I have to punch,
I can hurt a man,
and my record proves it.
I hit hard.

a fighter speaks for itself. As a man, well, Foreman had a few problems after losing to Ali, and now that he's lost to Young, he's having more problems. George has retired, and he's now into religion. But deep down I feel certain he'll get back into boxing. And when he does, I want to fight him.

Penthouse: Is that because he knocked you out in two rounds a few years ago?

Norton: Yes, and I think about it quite a bit. I'm very cocky in the sense that I don't believe I can be beaten, which is why I have to prove to myself that I can take Foreman. Ever since that fight, I've promised myself that Foreman and I will have a rematch. And when we meet again, I think I'll be the champion, both before and after our fight.

Penthouse: If you get past Young, you're going to have to beat Ali to win the title. What makes you think you won't lose a third straight decision to him?

Norton: Listen, even Ali knows there's a 99.9 percent chance I'll beat him if we fight again, which is why he's already ducked out of a rematch. If you remember, Ali offered to fight the winner of my bout with Duane Bobick. But he backed out on that after I won. When reporters asked him how come he was going back on his word, Ali changed the subject and said, "Well, Young beat Foreman, and now Norton has beaten Bobick. So let those two fight each other, and I'll fight the winner—I'm getting too old to fight both of 'em."

If Bobick had knocked me out, though, he would've fought Ali in Rio this October. Like most people in boxing circles, Ali hoped Bobick would win because that

would've set up a black-white title fight.

Penthouse: Didn't all that talk about Bobick as a "Great White Hope" strike you as a lot of tired racial hype?

Norton: Listen, I'm glad it was that way. Otherwise, I'd never have been paid \$500,000 to fight him. And that's also why Bobick got \$250,000. Believe me, without a black-white concept, with the winner to meet Ali, there's no way a boxer of his caliber would have received so much money.

Penthouse: What is that caliber?

Norton: I think Bobick has the potential to be very good, but his managers made a mistake matching him with me. It's like when you're putting up a building: you have to start with a good foundation, and then you build it one floor at a time. Well, going into our fight, Bobick had a good foundation—thirty-eight wins without a loss, thirty-two of 'em by knockout. But by having him fight me, Bobick's people skipped over the first, second, and third floors and tried to put a roof right on top of the foundation—and the roof fell in. Bobick should've had a few more bouts with boxers who could tax him more than the guys he'd been fighting. As it turned out, I out-thought the man and outfought the man. With some work, though, I think he'll develop into a good fighter.

Penthouse: Are you being honest or gracious in saying this?

Norton: Hey, I'm telling it to you straight: Bobick's got guts. When I caught him with a good shot and he went down, he could've stayed down, and nobody would have said anything about it. But he didn't. He got up and wanted to fight some more, and that says a lot for him. What Bobick's got to do now is go back to the drawing board and start from scratch. As you saw in our fight, when he got hurt he panicked and didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to counter—he didn't know how to do anything.

And on offense he's like a robot: he does the same things over and over and over. When I was getting ready for the fight, I watched films of Bobick beating "Young Sanford"—Fred Houpe—and I noticed that he never varied his attack. He'd throw the same slow jab, the same right hand, the same left hook to the body. He'd never double up on any of his punches, like hooking top to bottom, bottom to top. Even his footwork was predictable. Bobick comes straight in, and if you step to the side he has to stop and pivot before going after you

again. He should be more fluid and slide after his man, rather than having to do a kind of box step.

There were just so many things I noticed that I felt he'd have to improve 100 percent to even have a chance to beat me. I didn't feel *any* danger going into that fight, and the only thing that had impressed me about Bobick was his durability. I really didn't think he'd go in one.

Penthouse: Why did he?

Norton: Inexperience, plus getting hit with a good overhand right. In the opening moments of the fight, I threw a couple of strong punches and then dropped down to throw a light body shot, mostly to see what Duane would do. I saw his eyes follow me down and his hands drop to protect his body, which is something an experienced fighter wouldn't do. In that situation, you either crouch a bit or step back. Anyway, when Bobick's hands came down, the automatic thing for me to do was to throw an overhand right. I noticed that his left hand was ready to protect the side of his face, and I decided that if I threw the punch hard enough to smack his glove back against the side of his head, he'd feel my power and back off—which would give me the room that I wanted. So I put almost everything I had into that one shot, but his glove didn't block the punch. I caught him clean on the side of the head, and right from the beginning Bobick was on queer street. After that, he didn't know what was happening.

Later on in the round, Bobick was supposed to have been hit in the Adam's apple. But what happened, I think, is that I hit him with an uppercut under the chin, and his head snapped back so fast and so hard that he extended his throat—sort of like a reverse whiplash. I know it wasn't that first shot, though, because that landed flush on the side of his head.

Penthouse: Do you often throw haymakers that have little chance of landing in hopes of intimidating an opponent?

Norton: Only against certain kinds of fighters. If I want more room to work against a particular guy, I'll throw a punch like that; because even if he blocks it, when a man feels your power, it's bound to make him aware he'll get hurt if he makes a mistake. After that he'll be more cautious, and a boxer who's too cautious isn't as quick and aggressive as he has to be to win.

Penthouse: Is the reverse ever true? Do you sometimes lighten up on your punches in order not to frighten off a timid fighter?

Norton: Yeah, and I'll usually do that when I'm in against a guy who likes to crowd, but who'll stay away if he's hit too hard. You want to make a fighter like that keep on coming, and you can do it by hitting him with a couple of shots that are only half as hard as you can throw 'em. The guy will think, "Hey, this cat can't punch *near* as tough as I thought he could." So he comes in for more—and now you've got him set up for combinations. I did that early in my career against a very talented, ring-wise boxer named James J. Woodie. I knew I couldn't use all my power on him, because

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

Not every man can handle Metaxa.®

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

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things.

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

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



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

Get giant 35" x 22" full-color poster of "Metaxa Fistful"! Send \$2 to Box 929-MX-P, N.Y.C. 10005.

DRIVE-IN



There was a time when you could spot her walking on the sidewalk—the erect posture and quick, catlike steps, the long, graceful arms that have carried more meals than the Berlin Airlift, those saucy curls, that pretty behind—even in civvies, you knew you were looking at one of America's great noblewomen: the Carhop. But now her days are numbered. Caught like sprigs of wild clover in the spreading crabgrass of fast-food chains and drive-throughs, the carhop is an endangered species.

She has seen small independent DIs—Drive-Ins—crushed by slick franchise operations. She has seen big government and big business drain the independence from one profession after another. And now that figure in those white zipper boots or competition roller skates is one of the last incarnations of the rugged individualism which was instrumental in hacking a nation out of this land.

With her unique skills, her hard self-reliance, and her "Have Tray Will Travel" philosophy, she is our last nomad, one of our last free spirits. Indeed, the carhop is the Last American Cowgirl.

Dyna-Flo of Des Moines sits in her small trailer and winces. She has worked three twelve-hour shifts in as many days. A heating pad rests on her right arm, a mute testament to one of carhopping's countless hazards—tray elbow. Auto exhaust and highway grime have cobwebbed her face, and her back aches from years of bending and lifting. She's worked every DI from glistening Interstate spas to remote and dusty diners, from the neon Hollywood all-nighters with 120 car stalls, loudspeakers, and arc lights to windblown chophouses with no toilet and calf-high weeds in unpaved lots. But her mesh stockings have given way to support hose; and as she considers the day when she will have to hang up her order pad, she broods. "I look around today, and I'm damned if I see anybody that can fill my skates."

Mustang Sally, another old-timer, nods sagely. "We had to deal with some real creeps, the kind the walk-ins won't let in the door. We had our flashers, our masturbators, or ones who'd be balling their frozen custard when we went to get the tray. Remember how hops started switching to shorts and tennis duds in the late fifties? It was the sports car craze. Clowns were driving cars so low that they could look up your skirt while they ordered."

Carhops must constantly deal with hustlers and rolling

seducers. There isn't a line they haven't heard, from "I'm here to eat, and I don't mean lunch," to "I'll put my top down if you will." Says Sally, "If I had a dime for every ass hole that ordered 'You with everything, honey,' I could buy Idaho." She has lost count of the station wagons full of softball players who have offered her a c-note to "make the team." "Guys in campers are the worst. They bring their bed with them."

Your average carhop has seen more exposed peckers than the staff of *Blueboy* magazine has. "They wave 'em, point 'em at you, wrap twenty-dollar bills around 'em; one in Atlanta had a little Confederate flag taped to his." This is a particular hassle in hot-weather locales, where brevity of costume is a necessity. "You ever try working Friday night in Philly in August in hot pants?" asks Iron Irma, who has delivered more than one left hook along with the tab. "Take my advice and don't. You didn't dare bend over wearing a halter. Dyna-Flo, show this guy your tooth marks."

But a seasoned carhop was nobody to mess with, as Dodge Girl notes smugly. "You'd get guys who liked to play with themselves while you put down a tray, but a spilt cup of hot java did wonders for morality in such cases. With a real troublemaker, you'd just bust off his car aerial." A favorite defense against carloads of young punks was a squirt gun full of red ink. When you draw down on \$800 worth of tuck-and-roll, even Charlie Manson backs off," grins Dodge Girl. "Since I took est last year," adds Weatherwoman, "I just let the air out of their tires."

Mustang Sally scoffs at modern carhops, with their bouffant hairstyles, impractical platform shoes, and customized trays that are bedecked with everything from bicycle reflectors to American flags. "In the old days, we had our rubber-sole shoes, our slacks and blouse, and our tray. Now we've got everything from high heels to hot pants. A bunch of goddam cheerleaders, that's what."

Traditionalists also resent the introduction of scanty outfits because they have given carhops the sordid reputation for being easy lays. Says Sally, "I've never balled a customer in my career. Mixing business with pleasure is begging for trouble. You start with one, and pretty soon they're pulling up in vans. I've seen hops go into Winnebagos and never come out. There's rookies who'll screw anything with a learner's permit, but they learn in a hurry, the hard way. Traymate of Boston got gangbanged by an Impala full of frat rats who

Letterforms by Craig Carl/illustration by Richard L. Shaefer

for men who like to eat and run



Hold the food and go easy on the action.
Those women of the road are back, but their everything-to-go
service is being shelved. Lament, America!

By Robert S. Wieder

promised her six big tips, which turned out to be the tips of their you-know-what."

Still there are some veteran carhops who are just in it for quick sexual thrills. Take, for example, Lowrider of Los Angeles. "Sure, you get the ass bandits and the boozed-up cruisers, but that's where the action is, not in some Denny's full of tract-home families." She likes her sex anonymous, with no repeats and no ties—in short, variety without complications. "Most guys bore me after twenty minutes. Give me a man who's just passing through. It's even better than love-'em-and-leave-'em. They leave."

The old-timers admit that many carhops have had to peddle their muffs with the malteds now and then in order to make ends meet, but they have no tolerance for the *career* call girls who merely use hopping as a front. If such flagrant tarts as Gearbox of Baltimore and BiziBodi out in Jersey went to a straight DI, they would find themselves in the street, their makeup smeared and their fingernails broken. So they stick to a few places, like the Auto-Mat in Omaha, which are little more than curbside cat houses, with such elaborate code phrases as "doubledog raw" (a throw) and "a side of chopped nuts" (S&M). The hook-hops are a breed apart, identifiable only by their ankle bracelets and by their refusal to serve the Freeway Flyer—a state patrol car.

Oldtime hops will bend your ear for hours, recounting the rigors and hazards of the early days—the constant threats of pneumonia, coffee scalds, hit-and-rundowns, headlight blindness, and horn deafness.

But it was just such hardships that gave carhops their burning *pride*. Despite meager wages, relentless sexual hassles, and a steady flow of hustlers, Corvette-tooling fantasy-seekers, and oily lechers in Hudson Wasps and despite long, laborious hours, torturous extremes of climate, and the lurid image of the job, they stuck to their creed: *The Meal Must Go Through*.

Dyna-Flo lights a Camel and gestures defiantly. "Christ, you could get gashed by a broken mug or gored by a corn dog! Your hair got shot from the weather, and your feet were flattened on lots that were washboards in summer and swamps in winter and hell in general. But damn it. You were free. Your favorite snack was Excedrin. But God Jesus, it was worth it!"

For some carhops, however, the allure of the job was the pseudostardom of working in the harsh limelight of high-intensity, sealed-beam headlamps. Burger Queen, a tall brunette pushing forty, is as mild and reticent as a librarian until she slips into her handpainted tank top and knit stockings and steps in front of the high beams. Then the star complex hits her, and she prances like a stripper. For her, carhopping is more than a job; it's escape.

These are the "hop-teasers," whose greatest kick is a male customer with a look of hunger that doesn't involve food. Weatherwoman, a Bryn Mawr dropout who took to the stalls at nineteen, gets a hot rush by

bending low to flash a healthy cleavage at one driver and the message *come again*, sewn into the rear of her hot pants, to the others. "I admit it," she says. "I want to see tongues hanging out of those mouths."

While the hop-teasers' costumes take every motif from doughboy uniforms to nun's habits, they are universally *tight* and *small*. "Less is more," grins Burger Queen, who would wear two pickle chips and a bun if they'd let her. "Especially when it comes to tips. A lot of guys come in and leave you two bits for the Coke and \$2.50 for the hard-on." She points to her Datsun 280Z parked out back. "I like to think of that as a gift from my tits."

But with all the romance and freedom—as Wide-Load Ella from Daytona says—"inside every snotty, independent hop is a little girl playing house." Many hops, beneath their crusty exteriors, are wistful sentimentalists, dreaming in spare moments of the Ideal Man—a guy who has a good job and a convertible, and loves to cook.

A carhop screws one customer, and pretty soon they're pulling up in vans. I've seen hops go into Winnebagos and never come out.

These women may be America's last rolling stones (their first commandment is *Keep Moving*), but deep inside they're waiting for the Right Car, and any day could bring that empty coat hook, which means that another carhop has taken off with an attractive Lonesome Traveler. Many carhops believe Mr. Right will be found only in a specific make of car, and their nicknames reflect their particular fetishes: "Cuda Mama," "Chevy Chaser," "Little Deuce Ruth," "Mustang Sally," "Dodge Girl." More than one carhop carries in her kit a pillow stitched with the lyrics: "O Lord / Wontcha send me / A Mercedes-Benz. . . ." For them it is the endless wait for that mythical "One, with everything, to go."

But most carhops would agree with Legwork, of Denver: "A man's just an animal that'll pick you up at Red's Car Palace and drop you off at the Park-n-Eat." The flip side of independence is loneliness, with which hops are only too familiar.

They also know that their days are numbered. Carhops must now cope with unemployment in addition to loneliness. DIs are definitely on their way out, and the carhops see the culprit as the "chickenshit outfits"—the fast-food franchises that have


taken over the suburbs and the interstates, reducing the once-proud DI to a digestive novelty item. The Drive-In was a child of the era when people lived largely in their cars, on the move, with little time to dawdle. As America has become fat and complacent, say the carhops, the leisurely pace of the walk-ins has taken over. In fact, they see a direct parallel between the decline of the DI and what they call the decline of America.

Carhops were vital to a nation in a hurry, with no time to wait for a table, dress for dinner, or even leave the car. The jukebox was the car radio, the placemat was the dashboard, and eating had the flashy pace of an Indy pit-stop. A far cry from the breakfast-nook boredom of the modern walk-in, they sniff. Now it's been replaced by uniformity and mechanization. Such colorful order calls as "burn one and cheese it" have been replaced by the formula menus of the fast-food franchises, which treat individuality like cholera.

"It was great," says Iron Irma. "Like, a yanking motion was hold the onions, a bent finger was a 7-Up, and a fist on your chest meant add an Alka-Seltzer. Now you drive in and talk to a goddam plastic clown! Hell, girls'd hitch cross-country to work at Ziggy's Space Station in Oakland, just to say they'd been one of his Astronettes. Today who cares if you've worked for a Taco Bell or Burger Chef? A chimpanzee could handle that. I don't see how a person could work at McDonald's. The same orders over and over, just turning and serving, turning and serving, like a goddam record-changer; I'd go into a coma."

Like the pony express rider, carhops seem to be fleeting players on the stage of history as much a part of America as the peel-out, fox-tailed aerials, and stealing A&W mugs. Now they're rarities, those impish figures with blonde hair, broad smile, and long legs, majorette skirt and jaunty ass, chest high, one hand on hip, the other balancing a tray. "An era is dead," sighs Dyna-Flo, "and I hope you're happy. Can you imagine a pinup calendar with a picture of Colonel Sanders?"

"There's no future in hopping; we all know it," Legwork says, shaking her head. "But what can you do? It's all I know. Once you've got permanent ketchup stains under your fingernails and that smell of car exhaust and burger grease in your hair, there's no going back. Who'd want you back? It's a life for loners, people who don't need anybody else. That's what's dying out. The U.S.A. has sunk to a nation of *leaners*, not carriers. But screw it. I just want to pick up and deliver till I croak." She adjusts her Puma workout shoes, tightens her earrings, hair sprays up, and gets ready to hit the stalls. "You know," she adds, "nothing'll ever replace the smell of a cheeseburger and fries floating into a car off a tray. I pity the kids who'll never smell that. Poor, sloppy little bastards."

Gone are those women with carbon monoxide in their blood and hearts of hamburger; and we shall never see their like again. Lament, America. 

A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
Minimum RMS Power Output Per Channel	12 watts (8 ohms)	16 watts (8 ohms)	8 watts (8 ohms)	15 watts (8 ohms)
Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion <i>(smaller is better)</i>	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity <i>(smaller is better)</i>	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation <i>(larger is better)</i>	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio <i>(smaller is better)</i>	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity <i>(larger is better)</i>	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price <i>(Source: 1977 Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price)</i>	\$429.95	\$719.95	\$651.95	\$669.80
Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages. Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Pricing published as of April 1, 1977. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.				

So far, components have been considered the most sophisticated approach to high fidelity.

But now, after a lot of time, energy and solid-state technology, Pioneer is proud to introduce a compact stereo system with the features, specifications and audio quality of components.

The chart above shows you exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-priced audio store component packages. As you can see, you

come out way ahead with Centrex by Pioneer.

And if seeing isn't believing, then let your ears decide. Your Pioneer dealer is waiting.

For information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 21, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.



CENTREX
by PIONEER

that the war was "everybody's fault"? How then can I tell that she is not only going to pieces but thinking from morning to night about doing herself in?

After the "accident"—so we describe in the telegram to her parents the broken arm and the mild concussion Elisabeth sustains by walking in front of a truck sixteen days after I move from Tooting Bec into the girls' basement—I continue to hang my tweed jacket in her closet and to sleep, or to try to, in her bed. And I actually believe that I am staying on there because in my state of shock I am simply *unable* to move out as yet. Night after night, under Birgitta's nose, I write letters to Elisabeth in which I set out to explain myself; rather, I sit down at my typewriter to begin the paper I must soon deliver in my Icelandic saga tutorial, on the decline of skaldic poetry through the overuse of the kenning, and wind up explaining to Elisabeth that I had not realized she was trying only to please me, but altogether innocently—"altogether unforgivably"—had believed that, like Birgitta and like myself, she had been pleasing herself first of all. Again and again—on the Underground, in the pub, during a lecture—I take her very first letter, written from her bedroom the day she had arrived back home, and uncrumple it to reread those primary-school sentences that have the Sacco and Vanzetti effect every time—what an idiot I have been, how callous, how blind! "*Alskade David!*" she begins, and then, in her English, goes on to explain that she had fallen in love with me, not with Gittan, and had gone to bed with the two of us only because I wanted her to and she would have done anything I wanted her to do . . . and, she adds in the tiniest script, she is afraid she would again if she were to return to London. "I am not a strong girl as Gittan. I am just a weak one Bettan, and I can't do anything about it. It was like being in hell. I was in love with someone and what I did had nothing to do with love. It was like I no more was human being. I am so stupid and my English is strange when I write, I am sorry for that. But I know I must never again do what we three did as long as I live. So the silly girl have learned something. *Tusen pussar och kramar*"—a thousand kisses and hugs—and signed, "Din Bettan."

In my own letters I confess time and again that I had been blind to the nature of her real feeling for me—blind to the depth of my real feeling for *her*! I call that unforgivable, too, and "sad," and "strange," and, when the contemplation of this ignorance of mine brings me nearly to tears, I call it "terrifying"—and mean it. And this in turn leads me to try to give both of us some hope by telling her that I have found a room for myself (in only a matter of days I do intend to inquire about one) in a university residence hall, and that henceforth she should write to me there—if she should ever want to write to me again—rather than

at the old address, in care of Birgitta . . . And in the midst of composing these earnest apologies and petitions for pardon, I am overcome with the most unruly and contradictory emotions—a sense of unworthiness, of loathsomeness, of genuine shame and remorse, and simultaneously as strong a sense that I am not guilty of anything, that it is as much the fault of those Indians cooking curried rice at 2:00 A.M. as it is mine that innocent, undefended Elisabeth stepped into the path of that truck. And what about Birgitta, who was supposed to have been Elisabeth's protector, and now just lies on the bed across the room from me, studying her English grammar, unmoved utterly—or so she pretends—by my drama of self-disgust? As though, since it was Elisabeth's arm, rather than neck, that was broken by the truck, *she* is entirely in the clear! As though Elisabeth's behavior with us is for Elisabeth's conscience alone to reckon with . . . and not hers . . . and not mine. But surely, *surely*, Birgitta is no less

Yes, there is Elisabeth's unfathomable and wonderful love, and there is Birgitta's unfathomable and wonderful daring, and whichever I want I can have.

guilty than I am of misusing Elisabeth's pliable nature. Or is she? Wasn't it Birgitta rather than me to whom Elisabeth would instinctively turn for affection whenever she needed it most? When, depleted, we lay together on the threadbare rug—for it was the floor, not the bed, we used mostly as our sacrificial altar—when we would be lying there, a tangle of dead limbs and little undergarments, it was invariably Birgitta who held Elisabeth's head and gently stroked her face and whispered lullaby words like the kindest of mothers. My arms, my hands, my words, didn't seem to be of any use to anyone at that point. The way it worked, my arms, hands, words, meant everything—until I came, and then the two girls huddled up together like playmates off in a treehouse, or in a tent where there is just no room for another . . .

Leaving my letter half-written, I go barging out into the street and walk halfway across London (in the direction of Soho generally) to bring myself under control. I try on these Raskolnikovian sojourns (Raskolnikov, admittedly, as played by Pudd'nhead Wilson) to "think things through." That is, I should like, if I can, to be able to take this whole thing the way Birgitta

does. And since I don't seem able to arrive at that kind of equanimity spontaneously—or marshal that kind of strength, if strength it is—how about if I try to *reason* my way into her shoes? Yes, use my Fulbright fellow's brain—it's got to be good for something over here! Think it through, damn it! It's not that difficult. You didn't roll around on these two girls so as to set yourself up in business as a saint! Far from it! You didn't think up the things you all did so as to please the old folks at home! Far from it! Either go back and play patty-cake with the girls at home, or stay where you are and want what you want! Birgitta is human, too, you know! Strong and clearheaded is human, too (if strong and clearheaded it is), and blubbering is not becoming, over the age of four! Nor is the naughty-boy bit! Elisabeth is perfectly right: Gittan is Gittan, Bettan is Bettan, and now it is about time you were you!

Well, "thinking things through" in this manner, it is never too long before I wind up recollecting that night when Birgitta and I kept asking and asking Elisabeth—hounding and hounding Elisabeth—about what we had already cross-examined one another: what was it she secretly wanted most, what was it that she only dared to think about by herself and never in her life had had the courage to do or to have done to her? "What is it you've never been able to admit to anyone, Elisabeth, not even to yourself?" Clinging with ten fingers to the blanket dragged from the bed to cover us all on the floor, Elisabeth began softly to weep and in that charming, musical English admitted that she wanted to be had from behind while bending over a chair.

I found no satisfaction in her reply. Only after I had pressed her further, only after I had demanded, "But what else—what more? That's nothing"—only then did she at last break down and "confess" that she wanted me to do it to her like that while her hands and feet were tied down. And maybe she did, and maybe she didn't . . .

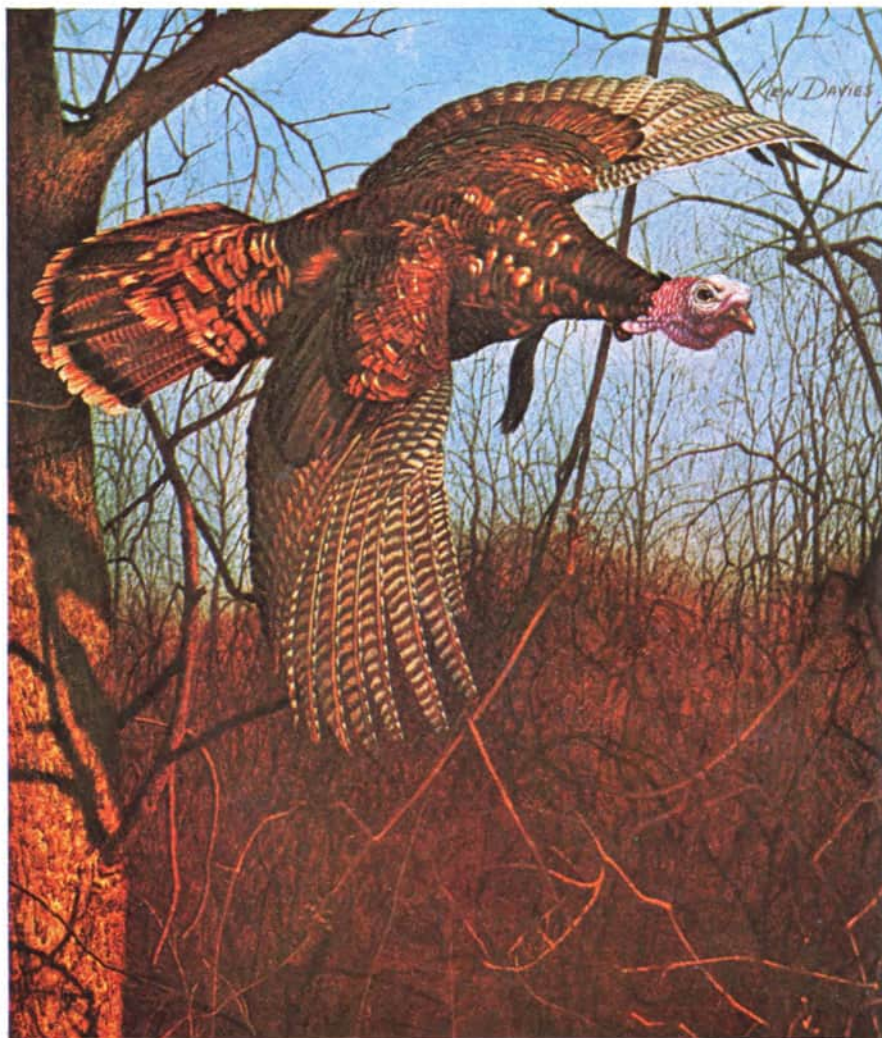
Passing through Piccadilly, I compose yet another paragraph of moral speculation for the latest letter intended to educate my innocent victim—and me. In truth I am trying with what wisdom—and what prose resources and literary models—is mine, to understand if in fact I have been what the Christians call wicked and what I would call inhuman. "And even if you had *actually* wanted what you told us you wanted, what law says that whatever secret longing one is asked to satisfy must be satisfied forthwith . . .?" We had used the belt from my trousers and a strap from Birgitta's knapsack to bind Elisabeth to a straight-backed chair. Once again the tears came rolling down her face, causing Birgitta to touch her cheek and to ask her, "Bettan, you want to stop now?" But here Elisabeth's long, trailing child's length of hair, whipped across her bare back, so vehemently did she shake her head in defiance. Defiance of whom, I wonder. Of what? Why, I don't begin to know a thing about her! "No," Elisabeth whispered. The only word she

spoke from start to finish. "No stop?" I asked, "Or no go on? Elisabeth, do you understand me—? Ask her in Swedish, ask her—" But "no" is all she will answer; "no" and "no" and "no" again. And so it was that I proceeded as I sort of believed I was being directed to. Elisabeth weeps, and Birgitta watches, and suddenly I am so excited by it all—by the sounds the three of us are making, by what the three of us are *doing*—that all trace of reluctance drops away, and I know that I could do *anything*, and that I want to, and that I will! Why not four girls, why not five—"... who but the wicked would hold that whatever longing one is asked to satisfy, must be satisfied forthwith? Yet, dearest, sweetest, precious Lisa, that appeared to be the very law under which we three had decided—had agreed!—to live!" And by now I am in a hallway on Greek Street, where at last I stop thinking about what next to write to Elisabeth on the unfathomable subject of my iniquity, and thinking, too, about this unfathomable Birgitta—*has* she no remorse? no shame? no loyalty? no limits?—who must by now have read the half-written letter left by me in my Olivetti (and which will impress her surely with just how *deep* a sultan I am).

In a little room above a Chinese laundry, I try my luck with a thirty-shilling whore, a fading Cockney milkmaid called Terry the Tart who thinks me "a sexy bah-stard" and whose plucky lewdness had, once upon a time, a most startling effect upon the detonation of my seed. Now Terry's skills go for naught. She gives me her extraordinary collection of dirty pictures to look at; she describes, with no less imagination than Mrs. Browning, the ways in which she will love me; indeed she praises to the skies the breadth and height of my member and its depth of penetration when last seen erect; but the fifteen minutes of hard labor she then puts in over this recumbent lump is without significant result. Taking such comfort as I can from the tender way Terry puts it—"Sorry, Yank, 'e seems a bit sleepy to-night"—I head back across London to our basement, finishing up as I go that day's inquiry into the evil I may or may not have done.

As it turns out, I would have been better off applying all this concentration to the excessive use of the kenning in the latter half of the twelfth century in Iceland. That is something I could, in time, have made some sense of. Instead I seem to get nowhere near the truth, or even the feel of the truth, in the prolix letters I regularly address to Sweden, while the scholarly essay I finally read before my tutorial group prompts the tutor to invite me back to his office after class, to sit me down in a chair, and to ask, with only the faintest trace to sarcasm, "Tell me, Mr. Kepesh, are you sure you are serious about Icelandic poetry?"

A teacher taking me to task! As unimaginable, this, as my sixteen days in one room with two girls! As Elisabeth Elverskog's attempt at suicide! I am so stunned and humiliated by this chastisement (especially



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

Wild Turkey Lore:

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion.

A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the finest native whiskey in America—Wild Turkey.



WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

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

coming in the wake of the accusations that I have been leveling at myself in my capacity as Elisabeth's family's attorney) that I cannot find the courage to return to the tutorial ever again; I do not even respond to the notes asking me to come talk to my tutor about my disappearance. Can it be? I am on my way to failing a course. *What next?*

This.

One night Birgitta tells me that while I have been lying gloomily on Elisabeth's bed playing the "fallen priest" she has been doing something "perverse." Actually it goes back some time, to when she had first arrived in London two years ago and had gone to see a doctor about a digestive problem. The doctor had told her that to make a diagnosis he would need a vaginal smear. He asked her to disrobe and arrange herself on the examination table and then with either his hand or an instrument—she had been so startled at the time she still wasn't sure—had begun to massage between her legs. "Please, what is it that you are doing?" she had asked him. According to Birgitta, he'd had the nerve to say in response, "Look, do you think I like this? I've had a bad back, my dear, and this posture doesn't help it any. But I must have a specimen, and this is the only way I can get to it." "Did you let him?" "I didn't know what else to do. I had just arrived three days here. I was frightened a little, you know, and I wasn't sure I understood his English. And he looked like a doctor. Tall and nice-looking and kind. And very nice clothes. And I thought maybe this is the way they do it here. He kept saying, 'Are you getting cramps, yet, my dear?' At first I didn't know what that means—then I got up and got my clothes on and I left. There were people in the waiting room; there was a nurse . . . He sent a bill for two guineas." "He did? And you paid it?" I ask. "No." "And?" I ask, wavering madly between incredulity and excitement. "Last month," says Birgitta, her English emerging even more deliberately than usual, "I went to him again. I started to think all the time of it. That's what I think of when you are writing all your letters to Bettan." Is that true, I wonder—is any of it true? "And?" I say. "Now once a week I go to his office. For my lunch hour." "And he masturbates you—you let him masturbate you?" "Yes." "Is this the truth, Gittan?" "I close my eyes, and he does it with his hand." "And—then?" "I get dressed. I go back to the park." I am craving for more—and more lurid even than this—but there is none. He masturbates her, and he lets her go. Can this be true? Do such things happen? "What's his name? Where is his office?" To my surprise, without any reluctance, Birgitta tells me.

Some hours later, having failed to comprehend a single paragraph of *Arthurian Tradition* and *Chrétien de Troyes* (an invaluable source, I have been told, for the paper now due in my other tutorial), I rush out to a telephone kiosk at the end of our street and search the directory for the doctor's name—and find it, and at the

Brompton Road address! Tomorrow morning first thing I will call him up—I will say (perhaps even in my Swedish accent), "Dr. Leigh, you had better watch out; you had better leave your hands off foreign young girls, or you are going to get yourself in a lot of trouble." But it seems that I do not really want to reform the lascivious doctor so much as to find out (inasmuch as I can) whether Birgitta's story is true. Not that I know for sure even yet whether I want it to be true or not. Wouldn't I be better off if it weren't?

When I get back to the flat, I undress her. And she submits. With what self-possession does she submit—she and submission are thick as thieves! We are both panting and greatly worked up. I am clothed and she is naked. I call her a little whore. She begs me to pull her hair. How hard she wants it pulled I am not sure—no one has ever asked such a thing of me before. "I want to know you're here," she cries—"do it more!" "Like this?" "Yes!"

We would never
be able to go back
to ordinary sex . . .
We've upped the ante
much too high.

"Like this, my whore? My filthy little Birgitta whore!" "Ah, yes! Ah, yes, yes!"

An hour earlier I had been fearful that it might be years and years before I was potent again, that my punishment, if such it was, might even last *forever*. Now I spend a night overcome by a passion whose harsh energies I have never allowed myself to begin to know before; or maybe it is that I have never before known a girl of roughly my own age to whom such forcefulness would have been anything other than an outrage. I have been so steeped in cajoling and wheedling and begging my way toward pleasure that I had not known I was actually capable of such a *besiegement* of another, or that I wished to be besieged and assaulted in turn. Straddling her head with my legs I force my member into her mouth as though it were at once the lifeline that will prevent her suffocation and the instrument upon which she will strangle. And as though I am her saddle, she plants herself upon my face and rides and rides and rides. "Tell me things!" cries Birgitta, "I like to be told things! Tell me all kind of things!" And in the morning there is no remorse for anything said or done—far from it. "We appear to be two of a kind," I

say. She laughs and says, "I know that a long time." "That's why I stayed, you know." "Yes," she replies, "I know that."

Yet I continue writing to Elisabeth (though no longer in Birgitta's presence). In care of a university residence hall—an American friend has arranged to receive my mail in his box there and forward it to me—Elisabeth sends a photograph showing that her arm is no longer in a cast. On the back of the photograph she has printed "Me." I write immediately to thank her for the picture of herself healed and healthy again. I tell her that I am making progress in my Swedish grammar book, that I pick up a *Svenska Dagbladet* on Charing Cross Road each week and try at least to read the front-page stories with the aid of the English-Swedish pocket dictionary she gave me. And though in fact it is Birgitta's newspaper that I take a stab at translating each day—during the time previously reserved for sweating over my eddas—while I am writing to Elisabeth I believe I am doing it for her, for our future, so that I can marry her and settle down in her homeland, eventually to teach American literature there. Yes, I believe I could yet fall in love with this girl who wears around her neck a locket with her father's picture in it . . . indeed, that I should have already. Her face *alone* is so lovable! Look at it, I tell myself—look, you idiot! Teeth that couldn't be whiter, the ripe curve of her cheeks, enormous blue eyes, and that reddish-amber hair that I once told her—it was the night I received the little dictionary inscribed "From me to you"—was best described in English by "tresses," a poetical word out of fairy stories. "Common" is the English word which she tells me (after looking in the dictionary) best describes her nose. "It is a farm girl's nose," she says—"it is like the thing you plant in the garden to grow tulips." "Not quite." "How do you say that?" "Tulip bulb." "Yes. When I am forty, I will look horrible because of this tulip bulb." But the nose is just the nose of millions and millions and, on Elisabeth, actually touching in its utter lack of pride or pretension. Oh, what a sweet face, so full of the happiness of her childhood! the frothiness of her laugh! her innocent heart! This is the girl who knocked me out just by saying, "I got a hand like a foot!" Oh, how incredibly moving a thing it is, a person's innocence! How it catches me off guard each time, that unguarded, trusting look!

Yet work myself up as I will over her photograph, it is with slender little Birgitta, a girl a good deal less innocent and vulnerable—a girl who confronts the world with a narrow, foxy face, a nose delicately pointed and an upper lip ever so slightly protruding, a mouth ready, if need be, to answer a charge or utter a challenge—that I continue to live out my year as a visiting fellow in erotic daredevilry.

Of course, strolling around Green Park, renting out deck chairs to passersby, Birgitta is tendered invitations almost daily by men visiting London as tourists, or men out prowling on their lunch hour, or men on

their way home to wives and children at the end of the day. Because of the opportunities for pleasure and excitement afforded by these meetings, she had decided against returning to the university after her year's leave of absence. "I think I get a better English education this way," says Birgitta.

One March afternoon, when suddenly the sun appears, out of the blue, over dreary London, I take the underground to the park, and sitting off under a tree, I watch her, some hundred yards away, engaged in conversation with a gentleman nearly three times my age who is reclining in one of the deck chairs. It is almost an hour before the gentleman rises, makes a formal bow in her direction, and departs. Could it be somebody she knows? Somebody from home? Could it be Dr. Leigh from the Brompton Road? Without telling her, I travel to the park every afternoon for almost a week and, keeping in the shadows of the trees, spy upon her at work. I am surprised at first to find myself so enormously excited each time I see Birgitta standing over a deck chair in which a man is seated. Of course all they ever do is talk. That is all I ever see. Never once do I see either a man touching Birgitta or Birgitta touching a man. And I am almost certain she does not make assignations and go off with any of them after work. But what excites me so is that she might, that she could . . . that if I proposed such a thing to her, she probably would do it. "What a day," she says at dinner one evening. "The whole Portuguese navy is in London. Fee! What men!" But if I were to say . . .

Only a few weeks later she startles me one evening by saying, "Do you know who came to see me in the park today? Mr. Elverskog." "Who?" "Bettan's father." I think: *They have found my letters! Oh, why did I put in writing that stuff about tying her to the chair! It's me they're after, the two families!* "Why didn't he come to see you here?" "He knows where I work," says Birgitta, "so he came there." Is Birgitta lying to me; is she doing something "perverse" again? But how can she possibly know that all along I have been terrified of Elisabeth breaking down and turning us in, of her father coming after me, with the police or with a whip. . . ? "What's he doing in London, Gittan?" "Oh, business—I don't know. He just came to the park to say hello." *And did you go off to his hotel room with him, Gittan? Would you like to make love with Elisabeth's father? Wasn't he the tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who bowed farewell to you that sunny day in March? Isn't he the old man I saw you listening to so avidly months ago? Or was that the doctor who liked to play with you in his office? What was he saying to you, that man, just what was he proposing that held your attention so?*

I don't know what to think, and so I think everything.

In bed later, when she wants to be excited by hearing "all kinds of things," I come to the very brink of saying to her,



Bill Adams adjusts them for rock...



Darrell and Marcia Morgan adjust them for jazz...

No two people are alike. And neither is their music. Some people revel in rock. And some find contentment with classical. While others jam to jazz. And then there are those who don't know themselves what they'll be listening to next.

The common denominator is the Jensen Lifestyle Speaker System. The uncommonly accurate speakers. Four of which feature the controls that let you customize your Lifestyle Speaker System to fit your music . . . your room . . . or your mood.

All down the line, Lifestyle Speaker Systems offer outstanding quality and features for excellent sound reproduction. Study the specs. Note the fullness of lows, highs, and midrange. Adjust the level controls. Appreciate their subtleties . . . and see for yourself how easy it is to adjust to good music.

JENSEN

LIFESTYLE SPEAKER SYSTEMS

Jensen Sound Laboratories, Division of Pemcor, Inc., Schiller Park, Illinois 60176
©1977 Jensen Sound Laboratories

WorldMags.net

"Would you do it with Mr. Elverskog? Would you do it with a sailor, if I told you to? Would you do it with him for money?" I don't, not simply for fear that she will say yes (as she might, if only for the thrill of saying it) but because I might reply, "Then go ahead, my little whore."

At the end of the term Birgitta and I take a hitchhiking trip on the Continent, looking at museums and cathedrals during the day, and then after dark, in cafés and caves and tavernas, training our sights at girls. About leading Birgitta back into this, I have no scruples such as I had in London about tempting her to visit Mr. Elverskog in his hotel. "Another girl" is one of those "things" with which we have aroused one another continually during the months since Elisabeth's departure. To find other girls is, in fact, one of the reasons we are on this holiday. And we are not bad at it, not at all. To be sure, alone neither Birgitta nor I is ever quite so cunning or brave, but together it seems that we strongly reinforce one another's waywardness and, as the nights go by, become more and more adroit at charming perfect strangers. Yet no matter how skillfully, how *professionally*, we come to maneuver as a team, I still go a little weak and dizzy when it appears that we have actually succeeded in finding a willing third and all of us get up as one to go find a quieter place to talk. Birgitta reports similar symptoms in herself—though out on the street she wins my admiration by daring to reach out and push away from her face the hair of the game young student who is daring to see what develops. Yes, seeing my partner so plucky and confident, I recover my faculties—and my balance—I give each an arm, and now, without so much as

a quiver in my voice, with my worldly mix of irony and bonhomie, I say, "Let's go, friends—come along!" And all the while I am thinking what I have been thinking now for months: *Is this happening? This, too?* For in my wallet, along with Elisabeth's picture, is a photo of her family's seaside house, sent to me just before I received my lamentable grades and boarded the boat train with Birgitta. I have been invited to visit her at tiny Trångsholmen and to stay as long as I wish. And why don't I? And marry her there! Her father knows nothing, and he never will. The whips, the police, the scenes of vengeful murderous rage, the secret plot to make me pay for what I have done to his daughter, that is all my imagination running wild. Why not let my imagination run another way? Why not imagine Elisabeth and myself rowing past the rocky shore and the tall pine trees, all the way down the length of the island to where the Stockholm ferry docks each day? Why not imagine her family beaming and waving at us when we return in the boat with the milk and the mail? Why not imagine this sweet Elisabeth on the porch of the Elverskogs' pretty, white house, pregnant with the first of our Swedish-Jewish children? Yes, there is Elisabeth's unfathomable and wonderful love, and there is Birgitta's unfathomable and wonderful daring, and *whichever I want I can have*. Now isn't that unfathomable! Either the furnace or the hearth! Ah, this must be what is meant by the possibilities of youth.

More youthful possibilities. In Paris, in a bar not far from the Bastille, where the infamous marquis had himself been punished for his vile and audacious crimes, a prostitute sits in a corner with us and while

she jokes with me in French about my crew cut, is busy stroking Birgitta beneath the table. In the midst of our excitement—for I also have a hand moving under the table—a man looms up, berating me for the indignities that I make my "*jeune femme*" submit to. I rise with a throbbing heart to explain that we happen not to be husband and wife, that we are students, that what we do is our business—but despite my excellent pronunciation and perfect grammatical constructions, he pulls a hammer out of his overalls and raises it into the air. Hand in hand with Birgitta, and for the first time ever, I run for my life.

We do not discuss what will happen when the month is over. Rather, each thinks: *Given what has been, what else can be?* That is, I assume that I will return to America alone in order to resume my education, this time *seriously*, and Birgitta assumes that when I leave she will pack her knapsack and come with me. Birgitta's parents have already been told that she may decide to go to school in America for a year, and apparently that is all right with them. Even if it weren't, Birgitta would probably still do as she pleased.

When I rehearse the difficult conversation that must take place sooner or later, I hear myself sounding very limp and whiny indeed. Nothing I can say comes out right; nothing she can say sounds wrong—and yet it is I, of course, who invents the dialogue. "I am going to Stanford. I am going back to get my degree." "So?" "I have terrible dreams about school, Gittan. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. I fucked up my Fulbright but good." "Yes?" "And, well, as for the two of us—" "Yes?" "Well, truly, I don't see that we have any future. Do you? We would never be able to go back to ordinary sex. That can never work for us—we've upped the ante much too high. We've gone too far to go back." "We have?" "I think so, yes." "But it wasn't my idea alone, you know." "I didn't say that it was." "So then we stop going too far." "We can't. Oh, come on, you do know that." "But I do whatever you want." "That's not possible any longer. Or are you saying that I've had you in my power all along, that you're another Elisabeth I've corrupted?" She smiles her fetching, buck-toothed smile. "Who is the other Elisabeth?" she asks—"You? Oh, but that is not so. You say so yourself. You are a whoremaster by nature, you are a polygamist by nature, there is even the rapist in you—" "Well, maybe I've changed my mind about all that; maybe I was foolish to say such things." "But how can you change your mind about what is your nature?" she asks.

In reality going home to resume my serious education hardly requires that I fight my way, a little helplessly, a little foolishly, through this thicket of flattering objections. No, no challenging debate about my "nature" is necessary for me to be free of her and our fantastical life of thrilling pleasures—at least not right then and there. We are undressing for bed in a room we have rented for the night in a town in the Seine




"Have you ever considered that maybe it's your lifestyle that is abominable?"

Valley, some thirty kilometers from Rouen, where I intend the next day to visit Flaubert's birthplace, when Birgitta begins to reminisce about dreams that used to be awakened in her as a child by the name "California." I interrupt. "I'm going to California by myself—on my own."

Minutes later she is dressed again, and her knapsack is ready to go. My God, she is bolder even than I imagined! How many such girls can there be in the world? She dares to do everything, and yet is as sane as I am. Sane, clever, self-possessed—and wildly lascivious! Just what I've always wanted. Why am I running away then? In the name of what? More Arthurian legends and Icelandic sagas? Look, if I were to empty my pockets of Elisabeth's letters and Elisabeth's photographs, and empty my imagination of Elisabeth's father, if I were to give myself completely over to what I have, to whom I am with, to what may actually be my nature—"Don't be ridiculous," I say. "Where can you find a room at this hour? Oh, damn it, Gittan, I have to go to California alone!"

In response, no tears, no anger, and no real scorn to speak of. Though not too much admiration for me as a shameless carnal force. She says from the door, "You are such a boy," and that is all there is to the discussion of my character, all, apparently, that her dignity requires or permits. Not the masterful young master of mistresses and whores, not the precocious dramatist of the satyric and the lewd, and something of a fledgling rapist, too—no, merely "a boy." And then gently, so very gently (for aside from being a girl who moans when her hair is pulled and cries for more when her flesh is made to smart with a little pain, aside from her Amazonian confidence in the darkest dives and the nerves of iron that she can display in the chancy hitchhiking world, aside from the stunning sense of inalienable right with which she does whatever she likes, that total immunity from remorse or self-doubt that mesmerizes me as much as anything, she is also courteous, respectful, and friendly, the perfectly brought up child of a Stockholm physician and his wife), she closes the door after her so as not to awaken the family from whom we have rented our room.

Yes, easily as that do young Birgitta Svanström and young David Kepesh rid themselves of each other. Ridding himself of what he is *by nature* may be a more difficult task, however, since young Kepesh does not appear to be that clear, quite yet, as to what his nature is exactly. He is awake all night, wondering what he will do if Birgitta should steal back into the room before dawn; he wonders if he oughtn't to get up and lock the door.

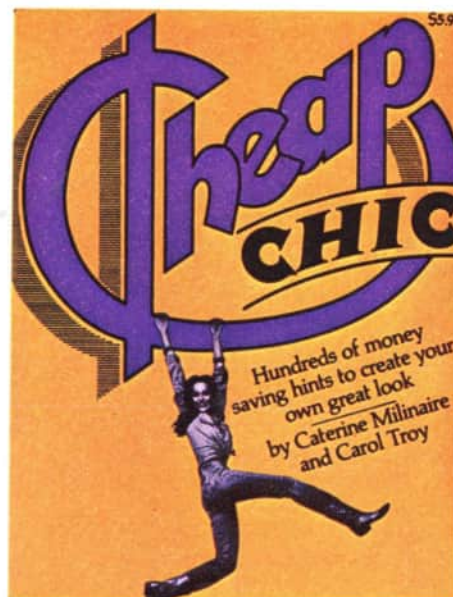
Then when dawn arrives, when noon arrives, and she is nowhere to be found, neither in Les Andelys nor in Rouen—not at the Grosse Horloge; not at the Cathedral; not at the birthplace of Flaubert or the spot where Joan of Arc went up in flames—he wonders if he will ever see the likes of her and their adventure again. 

You've earned your stripe.



Blended Scotch Whisky • 80 or 86 proof • Brown-Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky., © 1977.

Chic to Chic



With every 12 month subscription to the ultra-chic international magazine for women, VIVA, you'll get a free copy of the original \$5.95 version of CHEAP CHIC.

\$12 for 12 issues of VIVA (a saving of \$3 on the newsstand price) not only lets you witness the evolution of a new era in women's magazines but gives you—absolutely gratis—a copy of the sensational 220 page CHEAP CHIC (value \$5.95). This book, by Catherine Milinaire and Carol Troy, illustrated with over 300 photographs and drawings contains hundreds of helpful hints on how to dress stunningly without hurting your pocket.

So hurry while stocks last! Mail your check or money order for \$12 to Viva, Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 920, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737.

Another cheeky freebie from



Stretching your mind and your dollar

THE GREEK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Reynolds stock at thirty-five to cover the settlement. Ten years later, the stock, with splits, was worth about \$2 million. The Greek feels that the custody of Vicki more than evened things out.

His love for the child made him quit gambling. He feared his life-style could cost him custody; so he went into oil speculation. (Someone once said all gamblers are closet Republicans.) But his wicked ways came back to haunt him when his name was bandied about in the Kefauver Committee hearings. Besides the threat to his cherished parenthood, the hearings could have been mortally embarrassing to his friends in coaching. His affiliation with them came up, but the committee didn't pursue it, on the grounds that these prominent men would not be involved in something shady.

In 1952 Jimmy married his present wife, the former Joan Specht, whom he regards as his best bet—the lady who helped him beat the odds. The Greek continued to pursue the straight life, but his affinity for oil was similar to his buddy Dean Martin's relationship to water. Twenty-two dry holes later and \$800,000 down the pipeline, his liquid assets at the age of thirty-seven matched those of his barrels: zilch! In philosophical perspective, he says, "You can't make odds on Mother Nature."

So, in 1956, not wanting any pressure from the law, he went where the action was sanctioned—Las Vegas. After many abortive coups, he opened his own joint, the Vegas Turf & Sport Club, which was a couple of miles from the Strip. After getting underway, it handled most of the sports and turf action in town. This happy interlude lasted until RFK.

The Greek clocks his downfall to the time he was quoted as saying, "They [the Kennedys] lost in Laos, they lost in Cuba, they lost in Berlin, but they sure are giving the gamblers a beating."

The rest is history. Snyder says, "Bobby Kennedy didn't have an enemies' list. He had a shit list, and it didn't pay to get on it."

To bury what he financially calls his "rococo" (most of his followers would think that term was the name of an Argentine wrestler) image as a gambler, he began writing a weekly column for the *Las Vegas Sun* at twenty-five bucks a throw. The column contained his odds on sports and politics, and it was widely circulated outside Vegas. Thus the beginnings as oddsmaker to the world.

Today the column appears three times weekly, and his numbers are syndicated in about 300 newspapers. He says simply that the pay has improved. But the money was incidental in the first place. Like a defrocked preacher, he was in need of a pulpit, and the *Sun* offered him that. And in his drive toward "respectability" it was invaluable, since he got to meet many members of the established press; and with interest

in football running hog-wild, there were endless inquiries coming into Vegas about who Jimmy "The Greek" was.

With this base established, Snyder turned to doing for others what he had always done for himself—public relations. In 1965 he formed his own PR firm, "Sports Unlimited," and his first big account was Caesar's Palace. Through the years, he has represented STP Oil, Lum's fast food, Aurora Toys, and Toughie Mufflers, in addition to publicly speaking for Howard Hughes before Clifford Irving ever thought of it. One of his functions for Hughes was to lobby against nuclear testing in Nevada. Obviously, Howard, like Woody Hayes of Ohio State, believed in a firm-ground game.

Today, his firm is called "Jimmy 'The Greek' Snyder Public Relations" and accounts for the bulk of his income. Add to this his newspaper outlets, his speaking engagements (usually \$2,500 per appearance), and his gig on "The NFL Today," and you have a man who averages (by conser-

Jimmy grew up in Steubenville, Ohio, where, he says, "I was twenty-five before I knew gambling was illegal."

vative estimate) more than \$500,000 a year. You get the feeling the Bulls and the Bears have a different connotation for him these days.

When you raise the point that his very appearance on TV is organized football's final recognition that there is an enormous amount of betting on their games, and that he is the teaser to that lust, Jimmy filibusters like a wronged public servant. He contends that he is an "analyst," and his polls show that most gambling is done on a small scale and between friends, not with bookies. Many federal and state studies are at odds with his conclusions, but he dismisses such surveys as wrongheaded, compared with his irrefutable findings. Perhaps the Feds don't take into consideration the "intangibles."

His argument that he is only an analyst and that his appearance doesn't perk up the gambling urge is about as pithy as a dude's being caught selling Tijuana comic books in the vestibule of St. Patrick's and saying that he was testing the First Amendment.

For his relatively short air time, he spends about four days in preparation for his TV broadcasts. "This is harder than

gambling," he says. "In the old days I used to zero in on one conference, the Southeast, and choose my bets. Now, between the show and making the line for the newspapers, I have to consider nearly every game in the country. Sometimes I wonder if it's worth the money and the time away from my family."

When he complains about the drudgery of his schedule, he isn't pleading for false sympathy. In the time I spent with him, he was incessantly on the telephone adjusting his line, which appears in syndication on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. Indeed, the phone seems like an extension of his ear, like a sugar tit to the lobe.

During this time he had not seen his wife and their three children for about eight weeks and was suffering from the nomad life as acutely as had Willie Loman. His kids constantly cropped up in his conversation. His older daughter, Stephanie, works with his wife in the Vegas branch of his public-relations firm (there also is a New York office), and his two boys attend school in Las Vegas. The older one, Jamie, gets the laurel as the family genius; but Anthony, the youngest, obviously hearkens the Greek back to his own childhood. Anthony is the one who tests his father's skill at games for a little side wager, who accompanies him to the racetrack, and who collects coins and comic books with an eye to a future score. This touch of street smarts moves the incorporated Greek to say wistfully: "He's the one who challenges life." Like all fathers who have become entombed in "respectability," it's a secret joy to have the genes send him a memo of his smart-ass days.

Too, the Greek's life has left its mark. From years of gambling and oddsmaking, his mind has become monastic. Very little else penetrates the inner sanctuary. Though he has traveled abroad, that never enters his conversation. When you ask him about a book, he snaps, "I got no goddamn time to read." Indeed, his hotel room is filled with nothing but publications that will aid him in his own work. Food is taken in as fuel. He will eat salads to maintain his weight but, during the course of the day, nosh on peanuts or candy. The quality of food never seems to be a subject. He drinks and smokes lightly, but his consumption increases when he's nervous.

Jimmy's makeup is that of the compulsive. He is a man who has an itchy ass and can't relax. He suffers from congenital stomach disorder, and too much hypertension and strange beds have murdered his sleep. At the end of a day he rubs his eyes from exhaustion, but an easy sleep seems like an off-the-board bet. Also, he nervously scratches himself, like a junkie withdrawing, causing one to think that his constant movement is essential.

What's chasing him is years of putting his money and his nerve ends on the line. Dropped passes, blocked field goals, photo finishes, and numerous other elements he cannot control have meant daily survival. The bottom line on such a life is that eventually the body and the psyche

will have to cough up an exorbitant nut. And only the Greek, in the throes of insomnia, can decide whether in choosing this life he did or didn't take a sucker bet.

Last November a trip to northern Florida liberated the Greek from the confines of his hotel. It was a mixture of business and pleasure. He was to speak at three Quarterback Clubs in Tallahassee, Gainesville, and Ocala. In Gainesville, he would have a chance to visit with his old friend Ray Graves and Graves's wife, Opal. And in Ocala he was to stop at Lou Wolfson's Harbor View Farm to buy a yearling, which he plans to race in California.

With the national election drawing near, Jimmy was off on a political bender. Presidential politics is the *real* Super Bowl, he says, the one about which he loves to be right. So, while having a drink in first class on the way to Atlanta, he canvassed passengers. When they said their choice was Ford, he gloated, because the "cool" oddsmaker was wearing his heart on his sleeve. After all, Ford had signed his pardon, and this would be the first election in years in which Jimmy would be allowed to vote. He was not about to bite the hand that freed him.

He was overjoyed. The name Ford came up so frequently you would have thought we were in Detroit. But across the aisle sat a dissenter, a Carter man who claimed that the governor would bring honesty to government. In semisplayful horror the Greek boomed, "Honesty? You gotta be kidding. He won't carry the South."

The gent, a southerner, put a finger to his lips to hush the Greek, then pointed to the seat in front of him. The passenger he pointed out was hidden by the height of the seat, and the Greek wouldn't be hushed. "I don't care who's up there. I say whatever I goddam think. That rebel bastard bankrupted Georgia. He won't even carry his own state."

Mortified, the Carter supporter sank into his seat, and the hidden passenger leaned out into the aisle and glared in our direction. The look said, "Demeaning a candidate is one thing, but never, never pick on my son." The Greek will burn in hell before he ever gets a pardon from Miss Lillian.

Attending the Quarterback Club dinners, one realized the depth to which football is ingrained in our psyche. This is the South, son, and the game is serious business down here.

In Tallahassee and Ocala Jimmy drew crowds about 300 strong. These are good-ole-boy evenings. Jokes about some members using the evening out to sneak in some poontang are knee slappers. And Jew jokes are in, too. One coach spoke about going to school with a "Joop." "He was half a Jew and half a goop," he told the howling audience.

Another speaker told the crowd he didn't have a Jew joke to tell them this week; so he told them one about passing wind. Mental and anal shit are surefire guffaw getters.

At none of these evenings was there a black in the audience, although some

black coaches and honored players appeared on the dais. The Greek found himself in a sea of Ford backers. This is northern Florida, on the Georgia border—cracker country. Here Carter is perceived as a magnolia Marxist. And on a couple of occasions Jimmy read the house and played to the yahoos. Then again, what is a TV star for, if not to fawn to his public?

During his podium schtick he responded to a question about how he categorizes himself by saying, "I'll tell you what I'm not—a bookmaker or a fag." He tells them that in his gambling days he watched the spread till he could see the whites of the Jewish bookmakers' eyes and then kicked them in the balls. Love was lavished on him.

He reached the height of philistine pandering in Tallahassee, when he passed over Carter's concern about the economy. "There would be nothing wrong with the economy if those people in Dade County and New York City went to work—but ev-

“I’ll tell you
what I’m not,” says
Jimmy the Greek.
“A bookmaker or
a fag.”

everyone knows *they* don't want to work." The audience howled its approval, as a black coach on the dais sat with his head down.

Only in Gainesville, in the company of the Graveses, a warm and gracious couple, did the Greek drop his image of TV star. And the Greek is a man locked into an image wherever he goes. He is expected to expound on his exploits. Indeed, whoever is around begs him to do so. He spends money with abandon, snapping bills from a roll held by a rubber band (I've never known a high roller who carried a wallet).

Currently, Jimmy is a man whose opinion is sought on everything, and that's rough to handle. In a way, he has become like one of those "key precincts" that television is always polling. The difference is that key precincts don't know they're "key," and Jimmy is aware that he is; so he can't resist an opinion even when it's far-reaching. Projections for the Orange Bowl, the Super Bowl (Minnesota-Oakland), and the presidential race (Ford) were all wrong. His public demands opinions; and who needs an oracle who waffles?

Besides, this public attention stems from the fact that he has led a life far removed from the middle class, a class that is bored


to death. So, as is their habit, they rent the Greek the way they rent a car. "Dial an Experience." Vicariously, through him, they can enter an adventurous world as they do on evenings when they watch the latest TV phenom, the never-ending family sagas. These depict a life where nobody is ever concerned with the electric bill, putting out the garbage, or tuition for the kids. It's a world of recurring climaxes.

But in the company of Ray and Opal Graves, you get a hint of the inner man. There is talk about simple, enjoyable times spent together, shared concerns over the futures of their kids. Jimmy becomes a gentle, joking man who is fun to be around, and the bombast of the performer is laid to rest. The change is so profound during his appearance at the Gainesville Quarterback Club that he compliments Florida University for being in the southern vanguard in the use of black players. He gives kids from the school interviews in a pleasant, low-keyed fashion, and in his room at night, while sipping wine, he talks about the deaths of two of his children from cystic fibrosis.

Think of it: a mother murdered, two children dead, and another child with a serious health problem. Yet Jimmy functions admirably, surviving gambling without becoming a degenerate, making comeback after comeback. You cannot help realizing that the inner life of the man must be considerably more extraordinary than the projected one.

But the pull of celebrity, with the accoutrements of power, is heady stuff. Take this example. Julie Eisenhower's publisher at the *Saturday Evening Post*, Dr. Cory Cervas, called him, pleading that he send a telegram to Nixon telling him not to resign. Within an hour of that call, both Jack Kemp, the Buffalo congressman and former Bills' quarterback, and Sen. Howard Cannon telephoned, asking of him the same. That kind of madness is too wild even for Chevy Chase to imagine. A gambler, a convicted one at that, advising the leader of the Western world to stonewall it! Can you imagine the soccer writer at *Le Monde* calling DeGaulle and telling Charlie to hang in there at the Elysées Palace and ignore the will of France? Only in America, where football is synonymous with beatification, is such lunacy imaginable.

It is safe to say that the Greek has become a victim of corporate America. If the system can't stomp you out, it incorporates you. Schleps in the suburbs are now into tie dyes, pot, acid rock, and orgies. The Zorro of the New Left, Tom Hayden, *avec* suit, respectfully ran for the Senate. Jerry Rubin, Jimmy Carter, and Charles Colson are on common ground: they all have said "How do you do?" to Jesus.

So this engaging hustler, this plunger, this evangelist of the edge, should have heeded that cigar commercial. Not Dutch Masters, his sponsor, the other one. The one that unwittingly warns us what happens to our renegades: "Sooner or later, we're gonna getcha." 

Sometimes all you need to improve your game is the right equipment.

Like the Kosmos I Biorhythm Computer and Calculator:

You see, your body has three biorhythm cycles: Physical. Emotional. And intellectual.

The ups and downs in all these cycles can have a lot to do with how you perform in sports.

If you find that a little hard to believe, consider that a number of coaches are using biorhythms to work out training schedules, since athletes seem to be more injury-prone during physical low periods. Some coaches are even using biorhythms in planning their

lineups, starting players who are up biorhythmically.

Obviously, biorhythms don't turn a championship athlete into an amateur. Or vice versa. And if you're down biorhythmically, you can still psych yourself up to overcome it.

But that's the point.

To overcome a biorhythmic low, you have to know you're having one. And that's where the Kosmos I comes in.

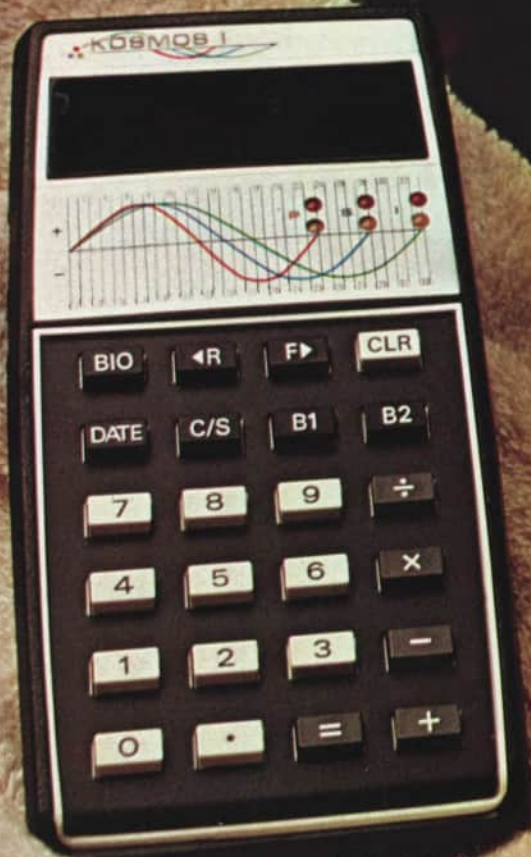
It tells you your biorhythms instantly. Its dual memory lets you compare your biorhythms to your opponent's. So if he's up and you're down, you'll know you have to play harder. And if you've got the upper hand biorhythmically, you can feel more confident about your performance.

Very simply, the Kosmos I is the best, most complete hand-held biorhythm computer made. As well as being an excellent four-function calculator:

The Kosmos I won't replace your favorite racket or putter. But it's the one piece of sports equipment that could help you use all the others a little bit better.

KOSMOS™ I

Biorhythm Computer and Calculator.



For a limited time, when you buy a Kosmos I Biorhythm Computer and Calculator at participating dealers, you get a free copy of Bernard Gittelsohn's new book, Biorhythm Sports Forecasting. If you have trouble finding Kosmos I in your area, call (800) 241-5827.

INSIDE THE FBI

BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

(OR, HOW ONE OF THE
MOST WANTED FUGITIVES
GOOSED THE GHOST OF
J. EDGAR HOOVER)

A chill sneaked up my spine as I crossed the moat and wandered up and down, looking for the right door. I wondered if I hadn't checked my brains, along with some manuscripts, extraneous identification, and other telltale items, in the station locker. A guard approached me in the middle of a heart-to-heart conversation I was carrying on with my fingerprints.

"Excuse me, I'm looking for the tour."

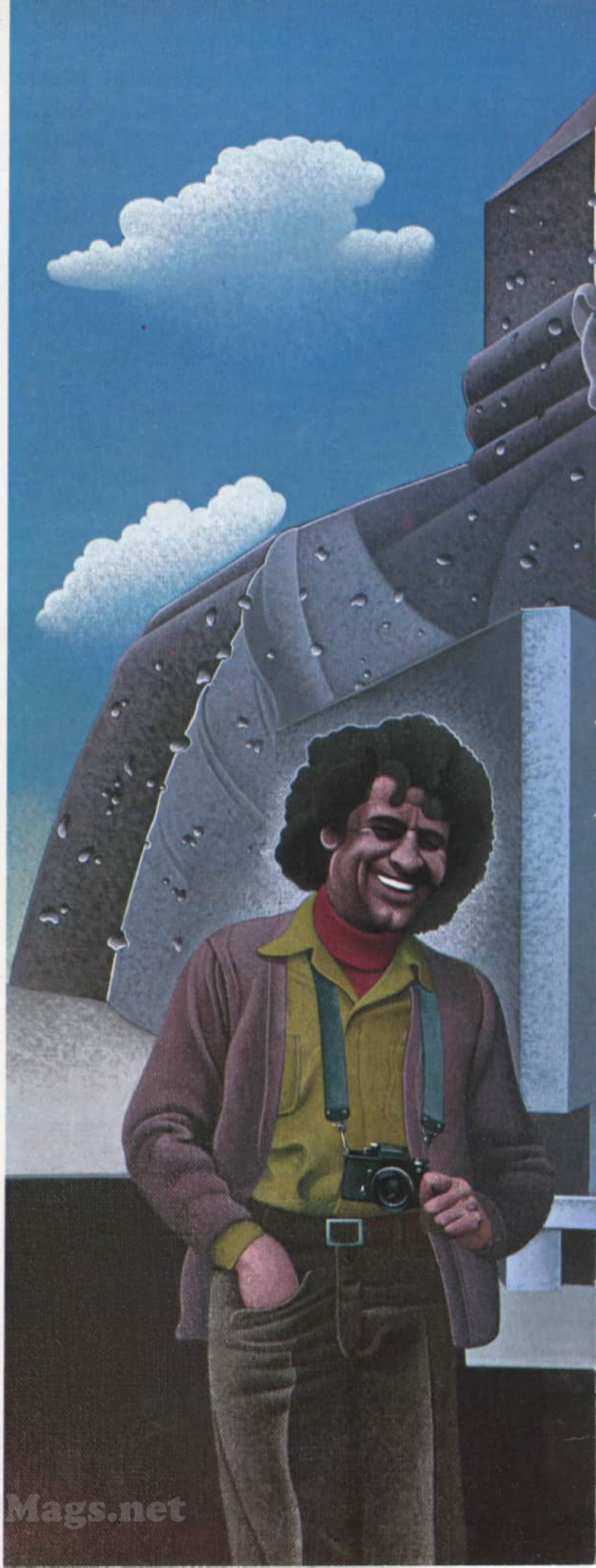
"Are you with a group?" he asked, as I searched the courtyard.

"Uh, no, I'm alone," I answered, feeling I should raise my hands in the air.

"Oh, that's okay. Generally, folks make appointments through their congressmen or come in tour groups," he said. "Just take the stairs to the left and follow the runway to the waiting room on the right. Can't miss it."

No other country in the world has idolized its secret police the way Americans have. Scotland Yard is more popular here than in England. Surêté is held in suspicion by most French people, and even the Russians regard the KGB with healthy distrust. We have been force-fed on a steady formula of TV shows, movies, books, and children's games until the fabulous Feds have worked their way into our hearts and file cabinets. Public relations was the cornerstone upon which J. Edgar Hoover built the power and glory of the Bureau. His efforts were legendary. Once determined to ensure that his ghost-written *Masters of Deceit* become a

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON McLEAN



WorldMags.net



best-seller, he managed to obtain the secret list of bookstores the *New York Times* used to determine its weekly list. He then instructed his field agents to purchase (at taxpayer expense, no less) enough retail copies to guarantee the book's success. I know the story, because at one time we shared the same publisher. Hoover not only had script approval on the TV series based on the Bureau's activities but also had security-clearance checks run on all the actors and actresses. For eight straight years we were treated to an hour a week of prime-time propaganda. Bank robbers, kidnappers, and hijackers fell beneath the Bureau's sword faster than it takes an Alka-Seltzer to dissolve. Aside from two disgruntled agents, a few pinko columnists, and bleeding-heart liberals, the FBI, chiefly through Hoover's manipulation of the media, had established itself as our most admired federal agency—an institution of integrity. In 1965 a Gallup Poll showed that fully 84 percent of all Americans held an "exceptionally favorable" opinion of the Bureau.

Nowhere else did the Director, as Hoover preferred to be called, have more control over the public image of the agency than under his own roof. The famous FBI tour in Washington was a tourist must, attracting half a million Americans each year. Most returned to their hometowns and civic classes like eager apostles, spreading the gospel of the brave G-man and his tireless,

thankless battle against a horde of criminals prowling our streets, plotting in dark cellars, and collaborating with foreign enemies. No one who took the grand tour could forget the excitement of seeing actual agents blast away at the shooting gallery ("we never shoot unless we have to"), the ghostly image of Dillinger's death mask, or the graphic spider web depicting the intricacies of the Rosenberg spy networks. The FBI Goes to War was my favorite display. There was a map of the United States with red lights blinking menacingly off our eastern shores. Here were the spots where actual Nazi saboteurs had landed, bent on wreaking their deadly havoc in the heart of our nation. Wonder Woman herself could not have foiled their plans quicker than did the Feds.

Crime never paid on the tour. The G-men always, but always, got their man. The Bureau was above reproach. Mouths agape, we nodded in unison while the heroics of our nation's most dedicated public servants were cataloged. Life-size stills acted out a living comic book. This was the real thing, the honest-to-goodness true "FBI Story." It mattered little that "the story" had more holes than a Liberian tanker. The myth overshadowed reality.

Then, in 1972, quite out of character with his infallibility, J. Edgar Hoover died. He was unaware that within the next four years, the myth it had taken him forty-eight years to construct would unravel before a host of

congressional hearings and department confessions. Critics who were formerly depicted as guttersnipes were now seen as guardians of the truth. Without the Great Protector, with his American Legion booster clubs, his direct line to the PTA, and those nasty but ever so useful secret files, the Bureau was unable to suppress the storm of protest and ridicule. Naked it stood against the chilly winds of exposure. A vendetta against Martin Luther King, spying into the private lives of congressmen, political espionage for presidents, illegal wiretapping of thousands, burglaries in New York, paid provocateurs inciting riots and bombings. Blackmail. Bribes. Black-bag boys. On and on went the charges. A solid decade of dastardly acts. Heavens to Hoover! The FBI was actually out there beefing up its own well-publicized crime statistics. The public could take CIA assassination plots. After all, war, even cold war, was a dirty business. It could take presidents who lied and congressmen on the take. Politicians were by nature not to be trusted. But the FBI, the nemesis of crime, had been sacrosanct. No revelations damaged national confidence more than those of wrongdoing within the Bureau. In 1975 a similar Gallup Poll revealed that only 37 percent of the citizenry now held the FBI in high esteem.

Of course, our beloved Director was spared all this by tapping out. The myth of perfection accompanied him to that great firing range in the sky. In this he was indeed fortunate. However, if he had managed to hang in there four more years, he would have realized his most cherished dream.

As everyone knows, the FBI operates as a branch within the Justice Department. Hoover wanted his own building more than anything else. When he locked up at night, he wanted to rest assured he had the only key. He also longed to leave a physical legacy that would match his own living legend. Rumor has it he even desired entombment in some honored spot on the premises.

There was never any doubt as to the name of the building. Upon completion, the national headquarters would be christened the J. Edgar Hoover Building. It was even called that while under construction, when the old man was still high in the saddle. Last year, after seven years, at a cost of \$126 million, it was finally finished. It is one of the country's largest public (sic) buildings and surely one of its most expensive. No other government building constructed in the past ten years has gone over \$100 million. In fact, with Hoover gone and the newly disclosed background of Bureau scandal, liberal congressmen were able to chisel away another twenty or thirty million dollars' worth of extras. A nuclear reactor here, an underground-tunnel system there. Testimony to that budget battle can be seen in the thousands of little pockmarks, peppered like bullet holes, along the wall facings. Originally, the facings were meant to anchor a granite facade. Alas, that, too, ended up on the cutting-room floor.





"Bagged this brute right here in the wife's bedroom."





STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC

This is the stuff that dreams are made of—taut, red nipples popping out of see-through bras, a flash of black lace stroking a hot pussy, snakelike garters streaming down a smoldering thigh. Old-world trappings are lacing sex with newfound landings for your lust. Out of sight does not mean out of mind. When a woman is stripped down to the barest minimum, nothing so enhances her assets like a second skin of satin, snugly fitted to her flesh. Gone are the days when bras lay burning and creamy thighs ceased to pour out of black silk stockings. The French called it lingerie, because they sought to make their pleasure linger on . . . seeing their way through to strip the night fantastic.



With just a glimpse the loins begin to burn, and the breath quickens into short, hot gasps. Perhaps that's why they call them panties. But it is from the Greek that the word is derived. *Phantasia* the Greeks called them. Fantasy. Tempting triangles of lace to float above a pubic cloud. Never was there a more prurient snare with so perfect a calling.





Hairstyling by Marcel of Cindire; makeup by Polly of Cindire; shoes courtesy of Maud Frizon

But the fun of
tying one on is
taking it off. That
is best done
slowly for the
fullest
satisfaction, one
strap at a time.
The fruits of
these labors are
well rewarded.
Bras peel away
to treat the
tongue to a feast
of ripening
breasts. Panties
glide inch by
inch down
curvaceous
thighs, already
wet with love's
juices. But
garters stay right
where they are,
perfectly placed
from start to
finish.





A smudge of color between the thighs. A ruse to capture eyes to the point of distraction. As if God, in finishing the woman, sealed the perfection with a sweeping stroke of the brush. Love's last detail. Sometimes just a little nothing of a something can be sexier than nothing at all.



For information on how you can purchase the merchandise featured on these pages, see page 172.



ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115

It must be noted that the territory of Palestine was conquered by many different armies, including those of the Arabs, although the whole of Palestine never belonged to the Arabs; and it is far from clear historically that the present Arab population is at all indigenous to the land. Palestine was never an exclusively Arab country, even though Arabic gradually became the language of the majority population after the Arab invasions of the seventh century. (No independent state with Arabic as its official language existed *anywhere* before 1914.) There never was an Arab state in Palestine, and there never was a separate Palestinian Arab nation. Palestinian Arabs never created their own self-contained unit or any form of separate political or social identity; they were not autonomous at any time. Their "nationalism" is strictly a reaction to Zionism, to Jewish settlement in Palestine, to the Jewish state of Israel.

On the other hand, not only was there the age-old Jewish spiritual and physical bond with that land, but also, despite all the invasions, conquests, and devastations, Jews never ceased living there. At the time of the first Crusades, for example, there were Jewish agricultural settlements in the land, especially in Galilee. And there were important Jewish communities in Jerusalem,

Acre, Haifa, Jaffa, Ashqelon, Ramla—and Gaza. Jewish learning, culture, scholarship, and piety rose to extraordinary heights during the Middle Ages in the Holy Land. And since 1844 the Jews have constituted the largest single group of inhabitants of Jerusalem; since 1896 and to date, an absolute majority.

With the rise of modern Zionism and Jewish settlement in Palestine, beginning in the late nineteenth century, Jews began to acquire land there, and they continued to do so until the state of Israel was proclaimed in 1948. How did they get the land and from whom?

The first vitally important fact to be understood is that the state of Israel was established on territory more than 70 percent of which had been vested in the mandatory power and, before that, in the Ottoman Imperial power, and which therefore reverted to the new state, the legal heir under international law. *This land had never been owned by Arabs*, rich or poor, under either the Ottoman Turks or the British mandate.

But for three-quarters of a century before 1948, the Jewish people had been buying tracts of land for Jewish agricultural and urban settlers to live on, doing so through such communal purchasing-and-developing agencies as the Jewish National Fund. They *bought* the land. The vast majority of Palestinian Arabs had no land to sell; most owned none, being overwhelmingly impoverished, and increasingly landless

peasants, debt-ridden seminomads, and Bedouins. Only 27 percent of the land that the Jews bought was purchased from these poor Arab peasants. The bulk of the Jewish land, 73 percent, was bought from wealthy absentee Arab landlords who lived in Cairo, Damascus, Beirut, and Constantinople. Some of these large Arab landowners actually bought up land from poor Arab peasants and then resold it to the Jews at speculative prices.

The year 1944 offers an illuminating illustration of the kind of prices that Jews had to pay. In that year Jews paid around \$1,100 an acre for poor land, mostly arid or semiarid, in Palestine. In the same year, by contrast, rich black soil in Iowa was selling for about \$110 an acre.

Most of this dearly purchased land, bought piecemeal, had not been cultivated previously because it was swampy, rocky, or sandy, or because it was otherwise regarded as uncultivable. So that was where the Jews settled, fighting malaria, blindness, famine, thirst, and locusts—on wasteland, sand dunes, malarial marshes, and swamps, which they proceeded to drain, irrigate, and farm.

The expansive Valley of Jezreel, where the Hebrew prophet Elijah trod and thundered 3,000 years ago, lies in the northern part of the Holy Land between Galilee and the Mediterranean. In Elijah's time it was part of the kingdom of Israel, but within a century of his death the kingdom was destroyed by a rampaging Assyrian army. From that day until the First World War, the country was laid waste and left barren by wars, invasions, disease, and neglect.

Between 1920, when Britain assumed the mandate over Palestine, and 1925, the Jewish National Fund spent nearly 1 million Egyptian pounds on the purchase of land in the valley of Jezreel. By 1925 more than 2,600 Jews had settled in the valley, in villages and farms, and 3,000 acres of barren hillside had been afforested. This previously uncultivated land, which was bought at highly inflated prices, became the pattern of all subsequent Jewish land settlement in Palestine.

In 1925, the British mandatory's high commissioner in Palestine reported to his superior, the colonial secretary: "When I first saw the Valley of Jezreel in 1920, it was a desolation. Four or five small and squalid Arab villages, long distances apart from one another, could be seen on the summits of low hills here and there. . . .

"About fifty-one square miles of the valley have now been purchased by the Jews. Twenty schools have been opened. There is an agricultural training college for women in one village and a hospital in another. . . .

"The whole aspect of the valley has been changed. In the spring, the fields of vegetables and cereals cover many miles of the land, and what five years ago was little better than a wilderness is being transformed into smiling countryside."

Virtually from the beginning, the British



"Say, they are cold!"

mandatory power increasingly restricted the immigration of Jews into Palestine, even during the Nazi period. And yet, despite all restrictions, hardships, and hostility, the Jews stubbornly forged ahead, settling and developing the country and the towns and cities.

And that is why the Arabs became a majority in the land!


In 1917 there were 640,000 Arabs in the whole of mandatory Palestine; and prior to the British assumption of the mandate the Arabs were actually leaving Palestine. It was Jewish settlement and development that was responsible, ironically enough, for the reversal of this trend. As Jewish agricultural, industrial, technological, and commercial enterprises thrived, the economic absorptive capacity of the little country increased rapidly; and poor Arabs began pouring in in huge numbers, from 1922 onward, from drought-stricken Syria, from Sinai, and from Iraq, Lebanon, Transjordan, and Egypt. They sought higher wages and living standards, greater economic opportunities, better education, medical care, health protection.

Between the two world wars, the Arab population of Palestine rose by 75 percent, apart from natural increase and from the decrease in infant mortality made possible by the health and medical-care revolution wrought by the Jews. Contrast this rate of growth with the 25 percent increase in Egypt, that most fecund of Arab states, during the same period. Indeed, between 1917 and 1948, the Arab population of Palestine doubled—a rate of increase vastly greater than that in all other neighboring Arab countries.

The contrast is even more striking in view of another amazing statistic. Between 1922 and 1947 the Arab population had only small increases (though still significantly larger than Arab countries) in Palestinian areas where Jewish development was absent: 42 percent in Nablus, 40 percent in Jenin, 32 percent in Bethlehem. By contrast, the Arab population increased by leaps and bounds in such cities as Jerusalem (90 percent), Jaffa (134 percent), and Haifa (216 percent).

In short, the Arab increase was largest in the areas with the most intensive Jewish settlement and development. And the Arab immigration was undoubtedly even larger than the official British statistics show, because these do not reflect the influx of Arabs who crossed into Palestine without immigration formalities.

How shallow, then, the roots of the Arab population in Palestine—and how much that population owes to Zionism.

So, in view of all the foregoing—history, religion, culture, unbroken continuity of tradition and creation and attachment for 3,000 years—when Israel is asked to give up land to the Arabs, why are the Arabs not required to recognize that the Jews were *Palestinians* for nearly 2,000 years before Arab intruders entered the areas in the seventh century? 

How Bob and Jennie saved a lot of money, their record collection and their relationship.

By reading Warehouse Sound's free 1978 stereo catalog, that's how. Bob liked folk-rock loud and deep, while Jenny liked country high and sweet. They couldn't find a stereo system within their budget that could do both. You know how silly some arguments sound when they start... Meanwhile, their old record player was slowly ruining their collection.

In the nick of time the new Warehouse Sound catalog arrived in the mail: 64 pages of information on over 100 brands of stereo components with recommendations for ear pleasing complete systems at all price levels. They found a music system that could satisfy Bob's bass desires and Jenny's high frequencies for a lot less money than they expected to pay. So far, they've lived happily ever after.

We've helped more than 100,000 people like Bob and Jenny in the seven years since the bright idea hit us: ship stereo components direct to the customer's home and eliminate the middleman's profit. The catalog is free. Our guide to stereo buying, *The How To Hi-Fi Guide*, is a dollar and worth it. So give us a try: see how many things you can save.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Railroad Square, Box S
San Luis Obispo
CA 93405, 805/544-9700



FREE

Stereo Catalog

☐ Enclosed is \$1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via Priority First Class Mail.

☐ Just zip me your free catalog via Third Class Mail.

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

zip _____

Warehouse Sound Co.

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

BA



KEN NORTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

when Woodie saw power, he'd become totally defensive. But I didn't hit him real light, either. I just used a lot of different combinations. I'd throw one to the body, one to the head, and I kept mixing them up until Woodie didn't know where the next punch was coming from. I was careful not to tag him too hard; so he kept moving in, hoping to somehow land that one good shot. Meantime, I kept jarring him, until he got busted up and finally quit in the ninth round.

Penthouse: What's the hardest you've ever hit anyone?

Norton: Early in my career, I fought a guy named Jim Gilmore in San Diego. Gilmore was much bigger than me—he weighed about 250, I think—and I caught him with a terrific uppercut. He went right to sleep. He didn't fall backwards, he didn't fall forward—he just dropped. When you land a shot like that right on the button, you feel it go up your arm, past your elbow, all the way through your body and down to your toes. I don't know if you can really call that a *good* feeling, but it's a lot like hitting a baseball and knowing it's a home run without even looking.

Penthouse: What's it like when you're on the receiving end?

Norton: When I get hit? Actually, I've become quite adept at using my body like a shock absorber. When I get hit with a punch, I roll and give with it, and that takes away some of the effect. You develop that kind of thing as you're training, and it's been very helpful to me, because I've been hit with lots of punches that might have done me in if I'd been all stiff and rigid.

You can't *always* roll with a punch, of course, and I still remember the hardest shot I ever took. It happened during my apprenticeship, when I was helping Joe Frazier get ready to defend his title against Jimmy Ellis. I'd never been in with a top-notch fighter before, and the first day I got to training camp I sparred with Joe, and he really nailed me with a left hook. I didn't go down, but I couldn't remember a thing for maybe ten minutes. I just stood there, totally blank.

Penthouse: Did that perhaps cause you to reevaluate your choice of careers?

Norton: Nope, just the opposite. After that first day, I began holding my own against Joe, and I started thinking, "Hey, why can't

Boxing experts
say I'm not violent
enough—
that I don't have a
killer instinct.

"I be champion someday?" I saw that the gap between us was very small and that I had a lot of natural ability I could develop. So I started working very, very hard, which was really the only way you *could* work with Joe. Sparring with Frazier was just like getting into a ring with him on fight night: you either protected yourself and survived, or he'd run you right out of there. Joe and I got to be the best of friends—which is why we never fought an actual bout—but we really used to bang away during those workouts. One afternoon we got down to the nitty-gritty before a couple of dozen people, and by the next day word of it had gotten around, and the place was jammed. A lot of people in boxing came away impressed by what they saw.

Penthouse: Did your sparring duties with Frazier help you in getting fights?

Norton: No, they *hurt* me. Fight managers who saw us work out would say, "Listen, we can't let our guy get in with Norton. He's too strong."

It suddenly became so difficult for me to get bouts that my managers had to pay fighters extra money or else they wouldn't fight me. If a boxer was then getting, say, \$1,000, we'd have to pay him \$3,000—that's how I got my matches with people like Woodie, Jack O'Halloran, Herschel Jacobs, and quite a few others. It was almost like being blackballed. I couldn't get work because the fighters themselves knew there was a good chance they'd get beat, and that they'd get *hurt* getting beat. Because of that, there were two or three times when I was ready to quit.

But my record was something like twenty

wins and one loss, and I was destroying everyone I fought. So I stayed with it and eventually discovered what it all comes down to: getting that one good break and taking advantage of it. Any time you're in a profession, whether it's football, boxing, medicine, or law, you need one good break to enhance your career. At the time, though, I never thought I'd get it. I'd been seen by people who knew boxing, and all they did was warn their fighters to stay away. As far as the press was concerned, I knew I wouldn't get the big win I needed to get publicity, 'cause the guys I was fighting were all has-beens and trial horses. *Nothin'* was happening for me—and then along came Muhammad Ali.

Penthouse: How did you feel when you learned you'd be fighting Ali?

Norton: I was elated, 'cause I'd watched him fight when we were both on the same card in Lake Tahoe—he beat Bob Foster, and I beat Henry Clark. I wound up feeling I couldn't do any worse than some of the guys he'd fought, and I was sure I'd do a whole lot better than most of 'em. I actually thought I could beat him. In fact, I *knew* I could. That went back to a day when he walked into the Hoover Street gym in Los Angeles, where I'd been working out. There were a lot of people around. So Ali decided to do a little boxing and picked me to work with.

It was obvious that Ali thought he'd toy with me and kind of spank me around, but I jumped dead in his booty. We boxed for two rounds, really punching away, and I hit him a good shot that hurt him. Well, Ali showed up again the next day and said, "I want Norton." Eddie Futch was then my trainer, and Eddie told him, "Listen, the next time you fight Norton, it'll be for money." That incident in the gym always stuck in my mind. Given the chance, I had come away feeling I could beat Ali. So when I was given the chance, I was happy to take it.

Penthouse: With the possible exception of Joe Frazier, you've given Ali more trouble than any other fighter he's ever faced. What accounts for that?

Norton: A lot has to do with the way I prepare for Ali. The first thing I concentrate on is keeping from being hit too often. To me, that means that you can't think about landing one big punch, because when you draw back for a big punch against Ali, he's capable of hitting you twice before you throw it. That allows him to pile up points, and you're also taking a chance on getting cut by those punches.

I also work hard on my defense, but at the same time I realize I have to be very aggressive against him. By now, Ali knows I don't fear him at all, and when he hits me with a good shot, I make a point of immediately catching him with a good shot. It blows him away when you come right back and do the same thing to him, and you can almost see Ali thinking, "Damn, look at this." That puts more pressure on him, because he always has to be on his guard—and that makes him burn up more energy than he'd like to.

Another thing about being aggressive with Ali is that you want to make him back up, because a guy who's on defense can't be on offense at the same time. If I can make Ali back up, I can corner him, and Ali has never been able to do anything when he's in a corner or against the ropes. He'll throw a few flurries or cover up, but he never really fights inside.

Penthouse: Many people believe that if you hadn't broken Ali's jaw early in your first fight, you'd have lost all three of your bouts with him. Do you disagree?

Norton: Damn right I do. As far as his jaw being broken early in the first one is concerned, forget it. His jaw wasn't broken until the last round, and I think films of the fight verify that. I caught Ali the way a lot of fighters would like to—with his mouth open—and after that one punch, he didn't do anything but protect himself. The next day Ali claimed his jaw got busted in round one, and when that didn't go over with the press, he tried round three—and this time the sportswriters bought it and began writing stories about how great Ali was to have kept fighting from the third round on with a broken jaw.

Honest, if Ali was a great defensive fighter, I might give him the benefit of the doubt on this. But I was crackin' him good with hooks and right hands *throughout* the fight. I don't care who you are: if you have a broken jaw, and somebody's pounding on it for ten rounds of a twelve-round fight, you'll do something erratic—like cover up, holler, faint, or go berserk. Ali didn't do anything like that until I nailed him in the last round, when I say his jaw was broken. After I landed a good right hand, he stopped fighting and just tried to keep from getting hit some more. I had that round won anyway; so I don't see how his broken jaw was a factor in my victory. And I *still* believe I beat him in both our fights since then.

Penthouse: No one's denying the closeness of those bouts. But if you "won," how come he's still the champion?

Norton: I don't want anyone to think I'm biting the hand that feeds me, but before our first title fight, I knew that unless I came close to knocking him out, I wouldn't get the decision. At that time, if Ali had lost, it would have taken a lot of money out of boxing, and they would have had to build somebody else up. So I knew the only way I'd win on points would be to beat him *bad*. I still think I beat him, but it was very close: Ali won by one point on a split decision. To me that meant he lost, but since it was so close,

Great Wines are never blended. Neither is Old Forester.

Wine experts know blending can improve the taste of an ordinary wine.

For example, a tart wine can be mellowed by mixing it with a soft wine. Or a light wine strengthened by adding wine with more body.

But a connoisseur still prefers the individuality, character and finesse of a wine that's the product of a single vineyard and harvest.

That's why the Great Wines are never blended.

And neither is Old Forester.

We want it to taste like no other whisky in the world.

Like Great Wine, Old Forester achieves its rich, golden color and distinctive, full-bodied flavor naturally. From the unique way it's matured in charred, white oak barrels, under exacting conditions. Not from blending.

It's a slow and expensive process.

But while we've always known blending can make our job easier, it's not going to make our whisky better.



The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.

losing that fight didn't tear me apart. Losing last year's fight did.

Penthouse: After the last bout, when the decision was announced for Ali, you broke down and cried. Did it really come as that much of a shock to you?

Norton: Sure it did. I feel that in a close fight, the champion should get the edge—that's the way it is in boxing, and you've got to go along with it. But I thought I dominated last year's fight and should have gotten the decision. I pressed the action all through that fight, and when it was over, I wasn't even breathing hard. Even Ali knew he lost—you could see it in his face and in his actions right after the final bell. I mean, there were whole rounds in that fight when I was *playing* with him. Right then and there, I decided that unless Ali and I fought again, I was through with boxing. I didn't go near a gym for more than a month, and my trainer and manager kept calling, but nothing they said could get me interested.

And then I thought back to some advice my dad had once given me about not quitting when things get tough, and I got motivated again. Even when the Bobick fight was arranged, I wasn't mentally ready to get back into boxing—and then Ali said he'd fight the winner. I was a little upset when he reneged on that, but I don't think he'll do it again after the Young fight.

Penthouse: What kind of relationship do you have with Ali?

Norton: We don't really have one, but I respect Ali for what he's accomplished as a boxer and for what he's accomplished as a man. Ali grew up in a low-income area in Louisville and became the most popular man in the world, and you *have* to respect that. You also have to respect some of the things he's done, like bucking the U.S. government on the Vietnam conflict. It took a lot of gumption for him to say, "I'm not gonna fight in the war." His title was taken away, and he was going to be sent to jail for five years, but Ali stuck by his guns and said the hell with it. Anyway, I like the man, and I think he likes me, although you'd never know it from some of the things we say to each other during our fights.

Penthouse: Are you as involved in talking to opponents as Ali is?

Norton: I don't talk as *much* as he does. But yes, I find that it's helpful to talk to most fighters, because if they're listening to me, they're not concentrating on what they should be doing, and I'll have an advantage right there. In ghetto talk it's known as "woofing," and in amateur fights we'd woof back and forth, saying things like, "I'm gonna kick your butt tonight, chump." But later on, I discovered you can use woofing almost scientifically. For instance, when a guy hits you with his best shot, if you immediately tell him, "Hey, punk, is that the hardest you can hit?" it might not get to him right then. But maybe in the eighth round, when he's starting to tire, he'll think, "I hit Norton with my best shot when I was fresh, and it didn't even *bother* him."

The difference between Ali and me is that he talks to get *himself* up. That's why

he always has his entourage telling him he's the greatest—he needs to be on a constant high. That's not to say he doesn't try to get to you during a fight, but he knows by now that it doesn't faze me at all. To me, the things he says are childish, and it's almost like he's reverting back to the ghetto talk of his teenage days. I have no trouble blanking it out, and Ali is aware of that. Still, in our last fight he tried *real* hard to throw me off and make me lose my concentration. He was saying things like, "You make oral love to white women." That was the essence of what he said—he didn't quite put it that way. I was coming back with lines that were just as stupid, like telling him, "You ain't shit, sucker."

Penthouse: What would happen if a microphone were planted in the ring and spectators were allowed to hear what's said between you and Ali?

Norton: Oh God, I think both of us would be sent to jail. I know that in our last bout the referee got annoyed at us and more than

“
Once you learn
how to
think positively,
there's very little you
can't do.
”

once told us to shut up and just fight. Don't get the impression that I was only answering Ali back, because I wasn't. In the eleventh round, for instance, I dropped my hands to my sides and let him throw punches. Some people thought I was getting hit, but I was head-rolling, and the punches would go right by. After the first one Ali threw, I said, "Goddamn, you can't even hit me, punk!" He'd try it again, and I'd head-roll another one and tell him, "You're old! You're an old man!" And then, when the bell sounded to end the fight, I shouted, "See, chump? I kicked your ass again!" Unfortunately, the judges didn't agree.

Penthouse: Aside from allowing you to swap insults, do you think such gamesmanship has any real value when the combatants are seasoned pros?

Norton: Yes, and you do it well before you meet a guy in the ring. An individual like Ali will bombard you with prefight talk, but my feeling is that one negative thought, left shining like a knife and without elaboration, does more damage. I've even gotten to Ali that way.

Penthouse: What did you tell him?

Norton: Before our second fight, I made a point of telling Ali that I was not a devastat-

ing puncher but that everything I'd hit him with would hurt him; if I hit him in the *ankle*, it would hurt. I purposely said that to make him think about the fact that I'd broken his jaw the first time we'd fought. I was well aware, of course, that his injury was more of a freak accident than anything else. I mean, how many times does a guy get hit good on the jaw and nothing happens, right? But I also knew that when his entourage wasn't around and Ali was finally alone, he'd think about his jaw—and he'd also think, "No matter what Norton hits me with, it's gonna *hurt*."

Penthouse: Supposedly, you do heavier psych jobs on yourself than on your opponents. Is that true?

Norton: It sure is, and I got into it pretty early in my career. I was undefeated in my first fourteen fights, and being a professional boxer had turned out to be a lot of fun. I was young, full of spunk and energy, and the world was a nice place—especially when I got outside the gym. So I didn't train the way I should. But then, in my fifteenth fight, I took a guy named Jose Luis Garcia for granted, and he beat me. Losing that decision really bothered me. For three weeks afterwards I pushed the world away and didn't talk to anyone. But then I happened to read a book by Napoleon Hill that deals with positive thinking, and for the first time I started getting involved in the mental aspects of life. My approach to a lot of things changed very, very quickly, and I couldn't wait to fight Garcia again. When I finally did, I dominated him completely.

And I kept up with my reading and even took a correspondence course that was all about how you can achieve success in whatever it is you do or want to do. My eyes were suddenly open to ideas that had never occurred to me before. My mind started absorbing everything, and I could apply it all to my boxing career—and that's when I really began to improve as a fighter. I was learning how to think positively, and once you can do that, there's very little you *can't* do. I believe that anything the mind can conceive, the body can achieve.

Penthouse: How does that philosophy relate specifically to boxing?

Norton: Well, to start with, Napoleon Hill advises you to put up a sign that states just what it is you want to do. So before my first fight with Ali, I put up signs all over my place—outside the door, inside the door, above my bed, in the bathroom—and they all said, "I will beat Ali." I signed them all, and every time I passed one, I'd read it out loud. "I will beat Ali" got wired into my subconscious; I thought it when I was walking, when I was running, when I was eating, and when I got ready to go to sleep. I wouldn't call it an obsession, but I tried to block off my mind with that one thought. The Hill book—*Think and Grow Rich*—also contained a poem that I read over and over. The last line says that "the man who wins is the man who *thinks* he can."

Those two things alone—the signs and the poem—were enough to prepare me mentally for Ali, but I had one other incen-

tive: everyone was saying I didn't even belong in the same ring with him. In fact, before the fight, Howard Cosell said that the bout shouldn't have been sanctioned, and that the people who govern boxing in California should all be sent to jail for allowing it to take place. I don't think Cosell had ever seen me fight, and when he wanted to interview me after I won, the first thing out of my mouth was, "What do you say now, Howard?" And I walked away. I had nothing else to say to him. I made Cosell eat his words, and I made the boxing world eat its words.

Penthouse: Do you think you're still underrated?

Norton: Sure I am, but that's only because people haven't bothered to notice how much I've improved in the last few years. When I first started out, my hands weren't as fast as they are now, and I relied mostly on power. I used to load up on big left hooks, and I hardly used a jab at all. But since I started working with Bill Slayton—who might be the best trainer in the world—I've developed one of the finest jabs in boxing. I also think I've become one of the best combination punchers around. Overall, I now throw fast, crisp punches that are shorter and stiffer than anything I threw earlier in my career. They don't look as big or as hard as the power shots I used to reach back for, but, believe me, they're shockers.

People who compare my boxing skills of

a few years ago with what they are today can see a very big improvement, but not too many people have done it. So of course I'm unhappy about that lack of recognition, but I don't let it bother me very much. I deal with it by using another Napoleon Hill concept, namely, pretending that the mind is a castle surrounded by deep water that can only be crossed by a drawbridge. You allow everything that's positive to cross the water; everything that's negative, you pull up the drawbridge and protect yourself. If you let one negative thought about yourself stay in your mind, it can grow like a cancer, and then you won't be able to accomplish anything. If you think positively, you wind up protecting your self-confidence, and being able to do that has helped me in boxing and now in acting.

Penthouse: How serious are you about your film career?

Norton: I'm very serious about acting, but I almost didn't do it at all. What happened was this: after the second Ali fight, the producers of *Mandingo* were looking for a black man who was fairly good-looking, well built, and who could act a little. They talked to Teddy Brenner, who's the matchmaker for Madison Square Garden, and he recommended me. But when they contacted me, I turned 'em down. Heck, I didn't want to act in any movies. I was making big money, and I was happy just stickin' to boxing. On top of that, I'd read *Mandingo* when I was a teenager, and while it told a lot

about slavery, it was fiction that had been spiced up so the public would buy it. I just didn't want to get involved in it.

But then I met the film's director, Richard Fleischer, and he turned out to be a warm, friendly guy. I then took a screen test, and it has to be the worst thing I've ever seen. I mean, 'I stunk, but the producers still wanted me; so I went in with the idea that I was a layman who needed all the help he could get. The people making *Mandingo* sensed that, and everybody who worked on the film was friendly and helpful. James Mason, to mention one guy, would answer all the questions I asked him. I also learned a lot just watching him work.

Penthouse: What did you learn about your own ability as an actor?

Norton: I don't like to go into anything unless I can excel at it. I don't want to be average, and I definitely don't want to be below average. I didn't want anyone seeing *Mandingo* to say, "Hey, there's Ken Norton, the boxer, trying to act." I wanted people to say, "Hey, there's Ken Norton, the boxer, and look—he's acting. He's really giving a good account of himself!" So I worked hard, and I wound up getting good reviews. I know there were a lot of things I could've done better, but *Mandingo* was a learning experience, and it was also a way to get my foot in the door in Hollywood.

Penthouse: Has that door since swung open for you?

Norton: It really has, because *Mandingo*

IF A SINGER SOUNDS NASAL ON THESE, SHE PROBABLY HAS A COLD.

Every three-way speaker tries to give you the most accurate reproduction of sound.

But most can't do it, for a very simple reason: their mid-range speakers are remarkably inefficient. And since 90% of the sound you hear is in the mid-range, those inefficient speakers make singers sound slightly nasal and applause sound like rainfall.

So when we were developing the new



LS-408A speaker system, our goal was to eliminate the nasal sound, and make sure an ovation sounded like applause instead of rain on the deck of Noah's Ark. Hear for yourself how successfully we did it at your Kenwood dealer. (He's listed in the Yellow Pages.)

The new LS-408A. The \$325 speaker that costs less than \$250*.

*Nationally advertised value. Actual prices are established by Kenwood dealers.



KENWOOD

15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248

made a lot of money. It was big in the United States and even bigger in Europe, and as a result I got about fifteen movie offers, including the part of Apollo Creed in *Rocky*. But by then I'd committed myself to doing *Drum*—the sequel to *Mandingo*—and, as it turned out, *Drum* and *Rocky* were shot at the same time; so that killed it right there. The producers of *Rocky* were very hot for me to play their heavyweight champion, but even though I liked the script, I didn't really see myself as that character. Apollo Creed was an obvious take-off on Ali, and playing him would've been sort of a put-down for me.

I'd like to get roles that are more demanding than the two I've done so far. I want parts that require real acting, and I think I'll get one this fall. Right now there are about five movie offers that I'm checking out, and I'll probably do one of them right after the Young fight.

Penthouse: Acting certainly seems like an easier way to make a buck than boxing. If your film career heats up, will it hasten your departure from the ring?

Norton: If that happens, it'll probably keep me fighting longer, because my boxing career helps my acting career and vice versa. People who have seen me fight will take a chance on seeing me act, and people who have never followed boxing at all will see me in a movie and think, "He's the number-one-ranked heavyweight? Hmm, maybe I'll go see him fight." One career enhances the other, which makes me a bigger and better

draw in both. But that'll only work out if I can do well in both, and I've got a long way to go before I become a good actor. I plan to take acting lessons this fall, but boxing is still my main shot, and the biggest thing in my life is winning the heavyweight championship. The epitome of this sport is a world title, and that's what I want.

Penthouse: If you get it, you'll be the leading figure in a sport that the majority of Americans regard as our most brutal national pastime. Yet you seem far less combative than other fighters we've talked to. Is there a hidden streak of violence in you that we haven't picked up on?

Norton: Absolutely not. I have a temper, and as a teenager I couldn't control it, but it never got me into fights—I'd just lash out

verbally. I'm *not* a violent man, and in boxing this hurts me. If you ask experts, they'll almost always say that my worst fault is that I'm not violent enough, that's the main criticism I get: that I'm not animalistic enough, that I don't have a killer instinct.

Penthouse: Does that mean you usually can't finish off an opponent after you've hurt him?

Norton: No, it just means that I think before I do it. Like in the Bobick fight, when he got up and the referee waved me in, I could've been on Duane like lightning. But I waited to make sure the referee knew what he was doing. That's a knock on me, I suppose, because most fighters would've jumped right on Bobick, feeling he'd do the same if the shoe was on the other foot. Sometimes

other bright boxers, but the real point I want to make is that fighters have *never* been less intelligent than the average person. It's just that fifty years ago almost every fighter was a kid trying to escape from poverty. Most of them began working when they were very young, because they had to help support the family; so they had very little schooling. And they also got hit with a lot more punches than today's fighters have to worry about. For one thing, the majority of old-time fighters weren't technicians—they'd just slug it out. For another, they fought too much. I've been a pro since 1968, and I've had forty fights. Hell, in the old days a boxer would've had 200 bouts over the same period. And boxers wore all those fights on their faces: scars all over the

eyes, broken noses, and cauliflower ears.

Penthouse: Did you every worry about winding up like that?

Norton: Only to this extent: I've always made my trainers promise to tell me if they ever notice anything different in my diction or in the way I act. And if they ever had, I would've quit fighting right then.


Penthouse: How much longer will you remain in boxing?

Norton: I really don't know. Right now I think the maximum is another year and a half. But if that year and a half was up tomorrow, and some dude offered me five or ten million dollars to fight—hey, I'd fight. Besides, I'm not old for a heavyweight. Jersey Joe Walcott was about thirty-eight when he won the title, and Sonny Liston wasn't a spring chicken when he won it—he must've been

close to forty. It all depends on a man's body; and if an individual takes care of his body, his body will take care of him. I take care of my body. Still, you're bound to start deteriorating somewhere along the line. Your metabolism slows down, your reflexes lose their sharp edge, and your body gets a little flabby. I just hope I'll be smart enough to recognize it when it happens to me.

Meanwhile I'm doing what I want to do. Financially, my future looks pretty secure, and I help my folks out. I have a son and a daughter, and I'm getting their futures secure. There's only one person I spend time with whose future *doesn't* look secure.

Penthouse: Who's that?

Norton: Muhammad Ali. That sucker's in for a lot of trouble! 

The Fun Machines

Take great stereo music wherever you go with JVC's Fun Machines. These remarkable, pluggable, portable 4-band radio-cassette recorders give you the wide sound of stereo FM, plus AM and two shortwave bands. Twin built-in microphones let you record your voice or tape right off the air onto the cassette.

Whether you choose model 9475, with a solid pair of 5" double-cone

speakers, or the equally versatile model RC-717, with dual rotatable microphones, you're opting for the best JVC offers.

Put some extra fun in your life with JVC's Fun Machines. Visit your JVC dealer. For the one nearest you, call toll-free (outside N.Y.) 800-221-7502.

JVC



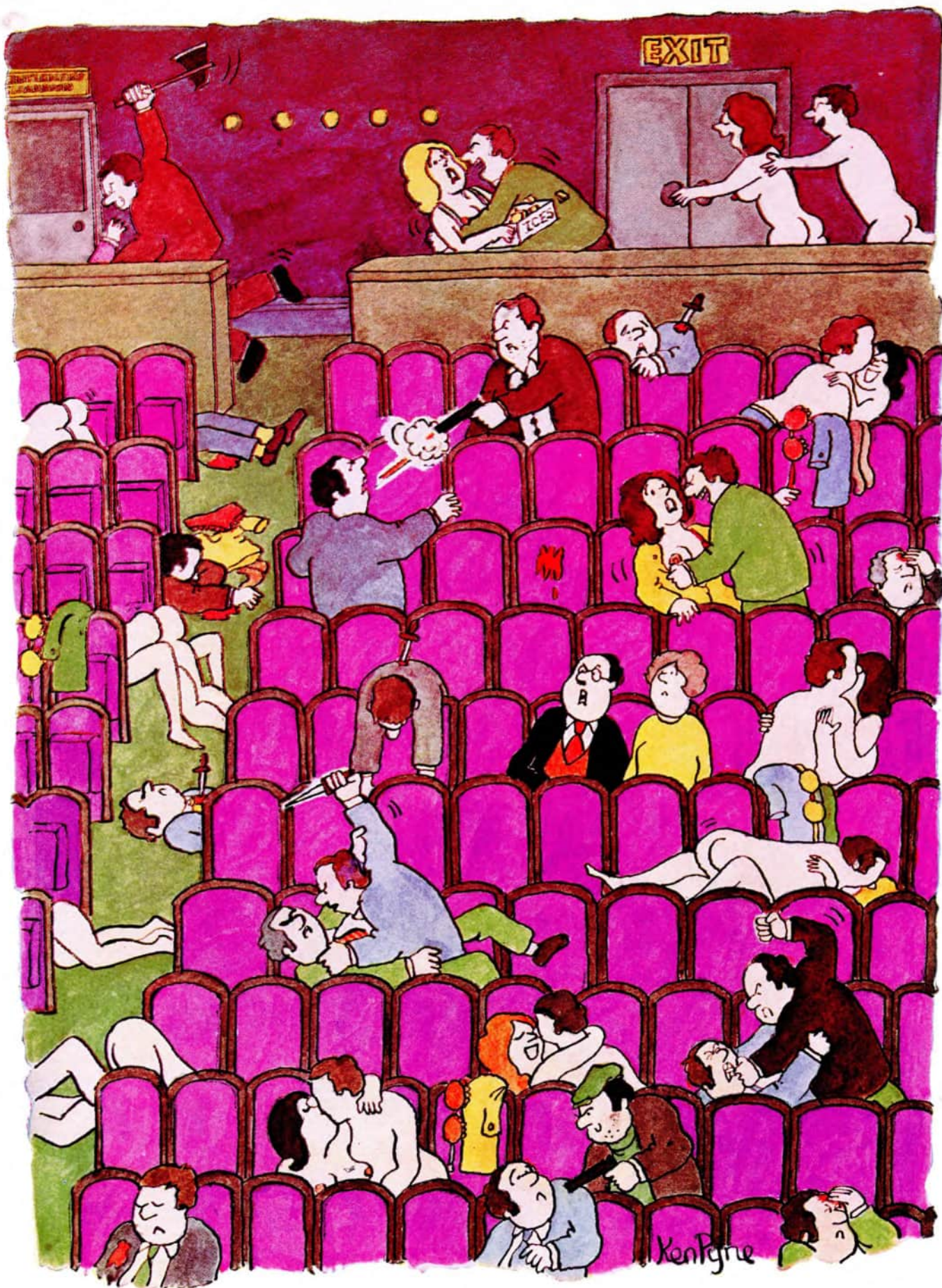
JVC America Company, Division of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378 (212) 476-8300.
Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough, Ont.

maybe I *do* think too much. That might not be good for another fighter, but it's good for me, and it's part of me—and I'm not going to change it, because I *like* the way I am.

Penthouse: Is there anything you'd like to change in boxing?

Norton: Its public image. Fighters are a helluva lot smarter than they're given credit for, and I think the stereotype of the fighter as a kind of beat-up, stuttering vegetable is being torn apart right now. I think I'm a fairly intelligent individual. Ali didn't have a lot of schooling, but he's a very intelligent man. Carlos Palomino, the welterweight champion, is a college student, and Armando Muniz, one of the leading contenders for Palomino's title, is a college graduate.

I could mention the names of a lot of

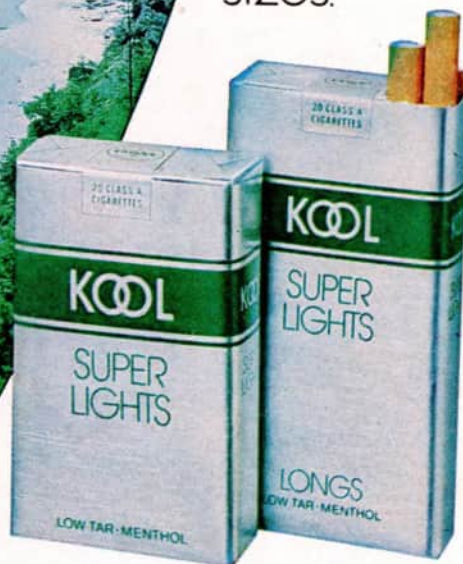


"Talk about sex and violence in the movies...."

NEW KOOL SUPER LIGHTS



Never before has there been a low "tar" menthol like this one. So refreshing. So satisfying. Yet so low in "tar." Only 9 mg. "tar" in both sizes.



KINGS

LONGS

mg.'tar' in both sizes.

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

© B&W T CO.

9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

COUPLES



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, KID

Caught in the act with another man, Colette could only lie back and enjoy. And so did her husband. Watch, don't run!





● I insisted that Colette
and Jack have sex together
almost every night.
But only if I could watch.
Today, my wife
sees about four other guys. ●

RICK'S STORY: A lot of people would get the wrong idea if they knew that my wife sleeps with other guys. I guess what really bothers me is that they might think that I don't love Colette, or that I'm not jealous and just let her do anything she wants. Nothing could be further from the truth, because I think my main reason for wanting to marry her in the first place was that it really bummed me out to think that some other guy might move in on my girl.

And even now I guess that if she made it with another man and I wasn't around, it would be a really heavy trip for me. But when I am around, that's another story altogether. Colette and I have come to a kind of understanding about sex. I'm not sure that I *understand* it, but I can say without a doubt that I wouldn't change what I have with her for anything.

I feel really strange when I think how even a few months ago I would have said that Colette and I had better-than-average, even superior sex together, if anyone had asked me. Now, of course, I know there's more to it than just doing it once a night and sometimes in the morning, too, in a good week. My old lady has always been a good lay, really fantastic, but I never knew anything like the kind of turn-on she's got me into now.

What got us started on our sexual "trip," if you want to call it that, was the fact that my uncle died and left us a house. So we got into the whole "happy homemakers" bit, which, I admit, didn't thrill me much at the time, but now I guess it's become part of my life-style. Colette can fuss with her plants—she has more than 100 different begonias—and carry on about the cats all she wants.

We fixed up the attic right away and advertised for a tenant in the local papers. As it turned out, Jack was the second person to show up. He was a nice guy, had a steady job out at the plant on Route 50, and was the kind of person you would instinctively trust at first sight. I was going to say "trust with your sister or your wife," but the way things have turned out, that's not exactly correct.

Somehow Jack seemed to fill a void in our lives. We hadn't made very many friends since we had moved to Canton from

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

Cincinnati, the city where we had both grown up, and maybe we were a little lonely. Anyway, it seemed that our home life was improving when we took stock of all the good times we started having with Jack. Things were never better between Colette and me at that time, too, and we felt pretty pleased, getting a friend and an extra income in one neat package. We got into jogging in the park whenever our divergent schedules allowed it, camping up in the mountains, and playing any kind of game we could get our hands on. I didn't even mind working my regular shifts as bartender for the tavern, because the rest of my life was such a gas. In addition, Colette and I would almost always get into a really good screwing session after we'd said good night to our tenant.

We would close our bedroom door and fall into each other's arms, and I would spread her legs wide so that I could see the glistening, wet insides of her inner pussy. I slipped it to her so hard that her ass cheeks were lifted up off the bed and her whole lower body was suspended around my dick. Colette got so carried away that she sounded like a wounded animal as I continued pushing my cock into her straining pussy. Most of the time she was able to come right along with me after three or four good, deep strokes. Then we would rest a while and start up again. Just good, straight fucking was our thing.

That's why I was really surprised that one night when Colette didn't even wait for the sounds of Jack closing his door upstairs before I felt her fingers fumbling at my crotch, right there in the kitchen. We had been drinking tea, something with lemon in it, and Jack had just left to retire. Colette and I were still sitting at the table, and all of a sudden she was trying to get the zipper down on my fly. Of course, my dick was rock hard in two seconds flat. Her finger was toying with the slit and playing along the ridges of the crown. I just let her go to it. We heard Jack's door slam upstairs by the time I had the full eight inches completely out, and that was when she knelt down in front of me

between my spread legs, squeezing her fully dressed body under the table, and opened her lips voraciously—like a sword swallower—to engulf my entire penis inside her mouth.

She took my dick in as if she were starving for it, and I felt the inner heat of her mouth, soft and wet as it wrapped around it. Colette wasn't much into blowjobs usually, and that made the situation doubly exciting. Looking down at the top of her head with all those blonde curls shaking and bouncing while she gave my rod a thorough going over made me finally give up and let go of what was building up inside me.

My orgasm came in spurts that seemed to rack my entire body, and for a moment I was afraid that there wouldn't be any strength left in me at all after Colette finished sucking my cock. *Finished?* It seemed as if she were going to go on indefinitely, because she didn't pull her head away until many long moments had gone by, leaving my cock as sticky and limp as lilac petals in the rain.

A few moments later we made our way into the bedroom, and I could hear the water running in the pipes. I knew that Jack was probably taking a shower or washing in the upstairs

bathroom. Colette passed out beside me when we got into bed. I thought that she might want me to screw her because she hadn't had an orgasm, but she said that she had what she wanted, and I could make it up to her the next day. I remember waking up and finding my hand on her cunt, as though my fingers had wandered there by themselves.

I guess I remember that night of dreamlike lovemaking so vividly because it was really the last time that Colette and I made love the way the books seem to say husband and wife ought to do it. We probably would have been a good illustration for a marriage manual, because we went through every conceivable position that night after I worked my fingers upward into that tight, little cunt of hers. We were both exhausted the next morning. She went off with a smile to her job at the real-estate office, and I felt pretty pleased with my performance as I had my second cup of coffee alone in the house. Jack always left before either of us got up so that he could make an 8:00 A.M. shift at the plant. I was the one who lounged around until it was time to open up the bar for the cocktail shift.

I was feeling so good, in fact, and so horny while I was at work, that I decided to go home early that night. I turned the bar over an hour early to the guy who comes on after me. I promised to work an hour more for him sometime when he needed it.

I was so anxious to make it again with Colette that my mind was like a pornographic film. My cock was so hard that I was in agony. I drove home in a frenzy. Anyway, I didn't see her anywhere when I walked in the door, and so I figured I would check on Jack to see if he wanted to go out for a beer. I thought he might have some clue as to where Colette had gone. I assumed she'd gone to one of the classes that she takes at the continuing-education program at the high school. Lately, she'd been taking yoga lessons.

The house was dark downstairs as I made my way up the stairs, and I was surprised to notice that the hall

light at the top of the landing was out, too. I made a mental note to replace it as I climbed up, noticing at the same time that there was a shaft of light coming from underneath the door of Jack's room. I started to knock, but something—perhaps a premonition—stopped me. Looking back on what transpired, I guess that it was the strange, vaguely sexual sounds I thought I'd heard. But at the time I wasn't sure what held me back. One thing became certain during the next two seconds, and that was that Jack was not alone in there. By all rights I should have turned and gone back down the steep stairway, but I admit I was curious. Jack was a good-looking guy, and I knew he had a lot of girl friends, but so far he hadn't brought any of them to the house, as far as I knew.

There was a rhythmic sound coming from behind the door that I could identify as the springs of the bed creaking, punctuated by a woman's soft sighs. I felt a shiver of some unidentified emotion running up my spine, and I told myself to get the hell out of there.

But instead of doing so, I stayed there rooted to the spot. I must have stopped thinking around that time, because I knew

I was upset at first,
watching my wife and Jack
make love. But that
didn't prevent me from having
my own private orgasm.

that if I thought about it anymore I would leave. More than anything else, I wanted to stay. And I wanted to get a look at what was going on. Kneeling down on the dark landing, I placed my eye to the keyhole. The house is pretty old, with those big, wide, old-fashioned keyholes that you can really look through, and I got an incredible view of the inside of Jack's room. There he was on the pulled-out sofa bed, kneeling, his naked buttocks flexing in and out as he thrust again and again between the spread-eagled legs of the woman he was with. It was my first glimpse of a real-life fuck!

I could feel my cock lurch to life as a surge of blood rushed it to an erection. The woman was moaning now, in a deep, throaty voice, and Jack was grunting over her. They moved faster and faster together, making wet, slapping noises as their bodies hit together. I couldn't tell who came first, but finally they came to a grinding halt, and Jack collapsed onto the woman's naked body. Her legs splayed out, and her hand came onto Jack's sweat-glistening back. It was then that I saw her pale blue sapphire ring and recognized it. Jack shifted his body slightly to the side, and when I caught a glimpse of long, white-gold hair, I knew that he was fucking my wife and she was tripping on it.

I thought that my head would explode, and I almost screamed out her name. There was something, however, that stopped me from running in there and killing them both: I was in the middle of a violent orgasm. I reached down to cover my cock, pressing onto it, trying desperately to stop the momentum of my climax, but there was no going back at that point. It was the most humiliating moment of my life, and yet it was the most potent orgasm I had ever had—as if I were a blown-up dam.

I know I made a lot of noise, only because Colette told me about it afterward. I myself was pretty much out of it, until the door opened and I saw Jack standing there, looking down on me. I was crumpled up on the landing. Even though I was recovering from an orgasm mighty enough

to knock me on my ass, I could feel another, distinct sensation of excitement as I felt Jack's eyes on me. Then Colette was standing next to him, and my cock was rigid again.

They were both talking in a confused way, but I didn't hear much of what they said. I just started taking off my clothes bit by bit until they shut up. They must have thought that I was crazy when I asked them to do it again. "That's right," I told them, "go on back in there and do it some more; only this time I want to be there."

And that's what happened. I watched as they started up again, first reluctantly, and then with more and more interest in what they were doing. There was this guy, supposedly my friend, screwing the hell out of my wife, and Colette was really digging it. Then there was me, hating the idea of it and the sound of Colette's wild cries as she got close to climax. Yet while part of me was ashamed and resentful, another part of me became more and more electrifyingly aroused by the sight. This part of me was slowly winning out over the other. I watched transfixed, my gaze riveted on the steady, rhythmic motions of the dick pumping in and out of my wife's cunt.

It was ridiculous, but so pleasurable that I insisted that Colette and Jack repeat the performance almost every night for the next three months that he stayed with us. But I made it clear that I would not tolerate their doing it when I wasn't around. I wasn't going to have Colette cheating on me!

Sometimes I would make it with Colette after Jack had fucked her, and sometimes, while watching them, I would have so many orgasms that I was limp as a rag and couldn't get it up again.

Colette didn't seem to mind very much when Jack moved out. His employer had him transferred to a branch office in another city, and I was glad that nothing had happened between the three of us to make the situation end. But it was only a week later that Colette told me about the guy in the office where she worked who had been coming on to her and how she wanted to screw with him. She asked whether I'd mind if she brought him home one night to have a go with him.

Then I laid down the rules that we've both stuck by since then. Colette can screw any guy she really likes, as long as I

am there, too. Of course, a lot of the guys freak out when they find out, but by and large they're so hot for my old lady's pussy that they go along with it. Sometimes they really dig it. At the moment there are three other men Colette sees pretty regularly, and that keeps both of us pretty busy and, I might add, very satisfied.

COLETTE'S STORY:

I really am a one-man woman at heart, even though there are things that I find exciting about lots of different men. I suppose that I've always been like that. I just really started thinking about it when I found one of my old diaries from grade school the other day. There was a list of boys' names in it, about thirteen of them, all of them guys I really liked, but there was only one who was really special. And I went with one boy all through high school. As a matter of fact, he was the only boy I'd ever slept with until I met Rick.

I've never considered myself a promiscuous person, which may sound funny in view of the way things are between Rick and me these days. But I've never seen anything wrong with enjoying the kind of pleasure that sex can give, and I don't understand the hang-ups some of my girl friends have about getting laid. I'm just not the kind of person to have any hang-ups about anything, particularly about sex.

I liked Rick the first time I saw him. He was a bartender, and I've always had an infatuation for bartenders, even when I was below legal drinking age and would go with my girl friends to drink stingers and get pie-eyed. I let Rick fuck me the first night we went out together, simply because if he hadn't, I would have masturbated my hand off. It was something really special for both of us, just grooving on each other's bodies without all the hassles that a lot of people go through.

Rick always used to come on as the jealous type; so once we were married, I really kind of submerged any interest I may have had in other men. I had all the sex I wanted, and Rick has always known just how to turn me on. I guess I figured it would really hurt Rick if I got into an affair with someone and he found

I felt free at last.
Rick was watching me screw
with a friend of his,
and I no longer had to feel
guilty about it.

COUPLES

out about it. I wanted our marriage to be something special.

The one time I was most tempted was just before we moved into the house. This guy named David at the office started coming on to me. He offered to help me on with my coat one day, and he managed to cop a feel in the process. He knew it felt good to me, and I couldn't really pretend that it hadn't. I have very large breasts, which are extremely sensitive to the touch; so he really got me going for a few seconds. He whispered something to me about wanting to suck on my tits, and I probably turned crimson. I think at that moment I really wanted him to.

It's funny, because that night was the first time I ever fantasized while Rick and I were making love. I've read how most women do, but somehow until David got me all hot by feeling my breasts I hadn't thought about anyone else while I was being fucked. It was the first time, but it wasn't the last. I've always gotten off on my husband's equipment, because it's so nice and big. Even when it's soft, I love to look at it. It's beautifully shaped, with a prominent, globose head, a long shaft, and enormous balls. It's wonderful knowing your man has that one prick in a million. Sometimes I'll just wriggle my hips upward and clasp my legs around his back until he goes so deep into my cunt that I seem to be revolving on an orgasmic merry-go-round.

But when I started imagining other men—people like the mailman, the corner grocer, almost anyone, really—I started getting Rick to make love with me for longer periods of time. I figured there wasn't any harm in it as long as Rick didn't know, and I always got an extra charge out of it whenever I would think that it wasn't really my husband's penis inside me, but, say, Rick's cousin's prick pounding like a mechanism gone berserk.

That's about the time that Jack came onto the scene. Rick and I had had a good time fixing up the upstairs attic so that we could rent it out to someone. I guess that we felt pretty proud of ourselves, not only owning a house like this but also making some money out of it, too. Jack was the second guy to come in answer to the ad we placed in the local paper. Somehow it seemed simpler to both of us to let a man have it than a woman. It was the kind of place that would suit a man, simple and not too frilly.

I don't think I was sexually attracted to Jack right away. He was more like a big-brother type; and since I was an only child at home, it felt good to have someone around to kid with, a man other than my husband. And it was crazy the way the three of us had more fun together than Rick and I had just being by ourselves.

I say I wasn't attracted right away, but I suppose I should say that I did notice the way his prick filled up those tight dungarees he wore all the time. I found myself wondering if he was as well hung as Rick, whether he was circumcised or not, what his body looked like. When he mentioned one of his girl friends who lived in a town nearby, I felt a sensation of jealousy, although I knew I was being silly and I had no cause. I fantasized about how she'd unzip those bulging jeans.

Then of course the night I realized I was jealous for no good

reason was the first time I imagined Jack while I was making love with Rick. Even as I was coming, in my head I was saying Jack instead of Rick, which was what my lips were saying; and for an awful second, I even thought I had said the wrong name because they both sound so similar. But Rick didn't seem to notice that anything was unusual, and I realized that the fantasy had just been a particularly vivid one, so much so that I felt completely drained of energy after my powerful orgasm. The next morning, when our tenant came down for coffee, I couldn't look him in the face, because it almost seemed as if I'd been screwed by him the night before. The line between fantasy and reality is a very fine one.

Some people might call it ESP or something like that, but I think that Jack just got my "vibrations" that morning, because he told me later that that was when he first thought about making it with me. He did tell me that the thought had often crossed his mind every time I wore one of my clingy sweaters, which was pretty often, but that he had always considered me as "hands off" until then.

Two nights later Jack got in from his job at about 6:00 P.M. Rick had just left to take over the cocktail hour at the tavern where he works. I wasn't thinking about anything much, really, but I had taken a bath to refresh myself after my own job, and I felt flushed and tingly even before Jack looked at me the way he did. He came over to where I was sitting on the couch, and I could just tell that it was going to happen right then. And it did, without too many preliminaries.

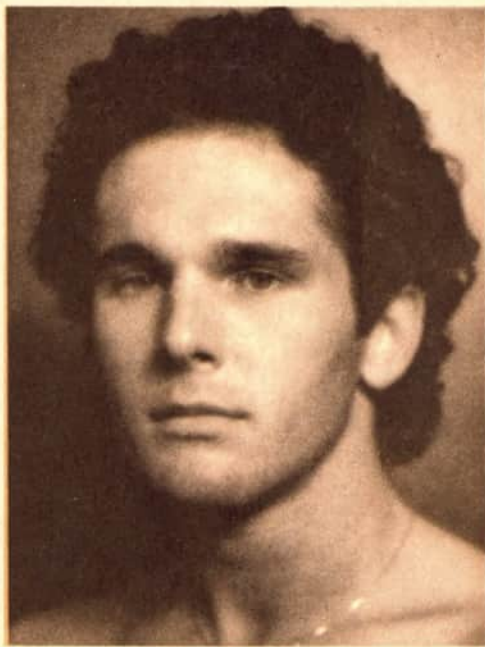
Jack has these really light blue eyes that seem to look right through you, and I knew that he could tell just how much I wanted to feel that big cock of his inside me. He would have had to be blind not to be able to tell. My gaze was glued to his fly.

We had a drink together, anyway, a special rum mix that Rick had been making a lot on the job and had started making for us at home. It had orange and pineapple in it, and it always tasted wonderful, even

though things started going blurry around the edges after I'd had only one or two of them.

Jack offered to rub my neck because he knew that it usually hurt when I finished the typing I have to do at the office. Of course, his hands made me start to shiver inside. All I knew was that I was moist down there between my thighs and that I was really ready for anything. What happened was that Jack's hands kept moving further down inside my terry-cloth robe, stroking my neck and shoulders until he moved his fingers around to cup my breasts, kind of weighing the fullness of them in his hands. I closed my eyes then and just let myself go, leaning back against him as he kneaded them, gently twisting my nipples between his fingers until my whole body seemed to turn into a white thorn of desire.

I didn't get into any guilt trips about making love with our best friend. It just seemed to be happening naturally as I lay back and he started taking off his clothes. When I saw his cock, I thought I was hallucinating. It's bigger than Rick's—the kind of cock a nymphomaniac dreams about. He was all man. I held my arms up to him, and he lay down flat on top of



me, making me think that he was going to push his prick into me right away. That would have been fine with me. I didn't want any rain check on this lay. What he did was to swirl his tongue wetly inside my ear and whisper, "I want to taste that little blonde snatch of yours."

And then he was down between my legs, splitting the hair of my cunt with his tongue and then burrowing into the soft lips with it. His hands pressed outward against the insides of my thighs, and I spread my legs as wide as I could, letting one leg drape over the back of the sofa and the other hang down to the floor. There was a marvelous hot feeling of friction as Jack slid his tongue up and down and around with a steady rocking motion. I could feel myself on the verge of coming, once, twice, three times. But each time he seemed to sense it, and he would stop the contact that was just about to bring me off.

I was groaning, about to protest, there in the darkened living room, but before I could mutter something, he was leaning back on his haunches, beginning to worm his prick into the wet slit of my vagina. I remember crying out because he pushed so hard without giving my cuntal opening a chance to open up for the girth of his penis. But then he was sliding in up to the hilt, and I was making out okay. He was touching me all the way up inside, and I was starting to release my orgasm. I was coming blissfully even before he was plunging back and forth, in and out of my spasming cunt.

All I can say is that for the first time I had an inkling of the perfect lay. I just wanted more and more of what Jack was giving me, that fabulous, big tool, that good hard fucking, his firm hands controlling my pliant body.

When Rick came home, I had showered and dressed and so had Jack. Surprisingly, I wasn't even exhausted, as I had every right to be, considering the working out our tenant had just given me. I kind of got the devil in me and insisted on sucking Rick off in the kitchen in the wee hours of the morning, because I was still so much into the whole idea of sex. And I was up to it when Rick gave me more loving in bed later. My body was like a giant orifice waiting to be filled.

I won't say that I wasn't scared when Rick caught us at it the following night up in Jack's room. I was scared out of my mind, but as soon as I saw the expression on Rick's face, I knew that he was more excited than I'd ever seen him before. I was standing there all sweaty from fucking, and this incredible fantasy was going on in my mind, that my husband was actually getting off on the whole thing. It was as if someone had handed me a paper that said, "You're free!" even though I had never realized I felt imprisoned or enslaved before. When I rode up and down on Jack's stiff prick later, I felt like singing like a bird, because my husband was there seeing and it was all right for me to be doing it.

We had months of sex between us before Jack moved on, and I do think of him sometimes and wish he were upstairs instead of the new tenant, an older guy who is not my idea of a turn-on at all. But Rick and I have done it with several other men since then. That is, I do it, and he digs the whole scene. We've thrown a couple of parties and attended a few, mostly

with people from out of town who are into unusual sex. We found a newspaper that will put us in contact with freethinkers. But I think the best sex is with just regular fellows, like Dave at the office. Somehow it's more fun. The most important part of all this is my relationship with my husband, though. I feel that I'm more of a person to him now than I was before, not just sexually, but in every other way. He does pay more attention to me now than he ever did before, and I'm sure most women don't have that in their marriages.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:


There are voyeuristic and exhibitionistic tendencies in all of us. My clinical experience leads me to believe that men are more voyeuristic than women. This is logical when one recalls that men do respond much more readily to visual stimuli than do the majority of women. Realizing this, women tend to be more exhibitionistic than most men. There are, for example, many men who are embarrassed if their partner sees their erection while they are walking around the room, but who are entirely unembarrassed if their partner sees the same erection while they are lying down. On the other hand, there are very few male strippers compared with the large number of women strippers. Likewise, there are many women who titillate by wearing the most exiguous bikinis.

As with so many sexual hang-ups, our reliptomoralistic upbringing has made us suppress our voyeurist and exhibitionist tendencies. This is more true of the Anglo-Saxon cultures than it is of the Scandinavian cultures. Despite cultural influences, however, certain sexual tendencies exist nevertheless.

In some men the voyeurist tendencies are so strong that they are pathologically compulsive. "Peepers" are usually lonely or sexually unsatisfied men, and their compulsive voyeurism is a true sexual deviation; that is, "peeping" is the only way in which they can achieve sexual satisfaction.

Rick's voyeurist tendencies are certainly strong, as evidenced by the sexually violent response they provoke. I'd hazard an opinion that Rick has probably had a lucky escape from being caught in the act of "peeping." However, since he gets such full satisfaction from watching his wife have it off with another man, there is little likelihood of his surreptitiously watching others have sex.

Colette and her partners are voluntarily cooperating in this arrangement. Obviously, the men she chooses must have exhibitionist tendencies. Colette's original need to make it with other men is a natural drive, shared by many other women. But, I do believe that an element of exhibitionism has now become part of the motivation underlying Colette's desire to make it with other men, since she knows the sexual power she has over Rick if she performs well.

The whole situation is covered by one of the basic tenets of modern sexual thinking: everyone is entitled to sexual experience, and it doesn't matter how it is achieved so long as no one is being hurt or forced to do anything that is against his or her will. 



"I never thought I would appear in a national advertisement to show off my body"

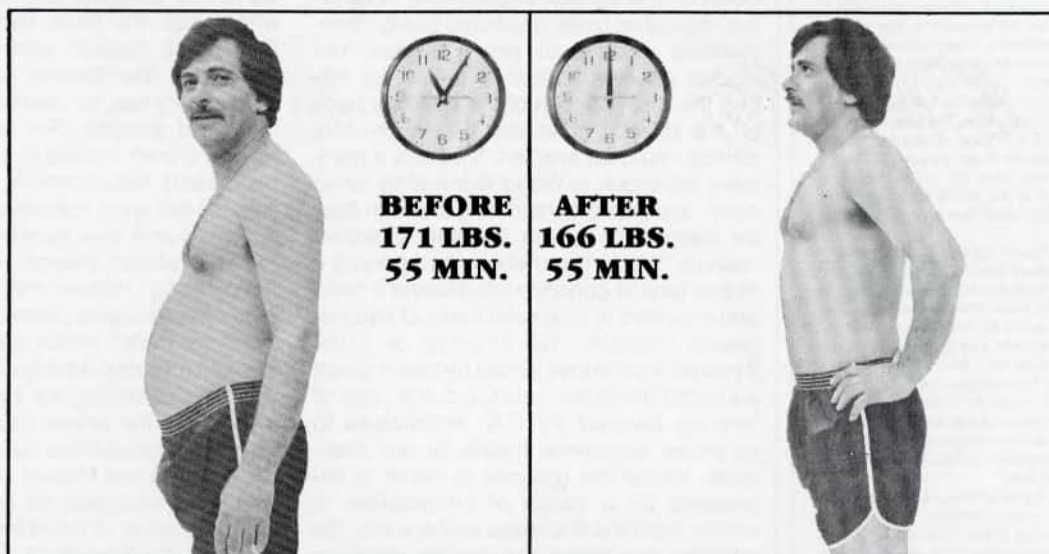


PHOTO GUARANTEED UNRETouched

"That is not until I lost an unbelievable 5 pounds and a total of 4 inches off my waist line."

"When they gave me the 55 Minute Shaper to test I never thought I would appear in an advertisement to show off my body."

"That was not until I lost 5 pounds in less than one hour without exercise or diet."

"I felt I was cultivating a fat farm under my clothes until I used the 55 Minute Shaper and lost 5 pounds and over 4 inches in my waist alone in 55 minutes. It was amazing!"

Here are a few reasons why you can start looking years slimmer in less than one hour by using the Micheals 55 Minute Shaper like Tony DeAngelo did.

1. Easy to use, plugs into any 110 household outlet. Just slip into your Shaper and lay down, relax, read a book, watch television or go to sleep. Then after 55 minutes you can actually feel pounds lighter.

2. The Micheals 55 Minute Shaper concentrates its slimming action on the parts of the body that most need reducing like the fatty areas of the hips, stomach, thighs, and knees. Helping you to burn away those calories and fashion yourself a youthful looking body in your first 55 minutes.

3. No crash dieting with the Micheals 55 Minute Shaper. In fact we want you to eat the foods you love. We suggest, however, you only eat about 15% to 20% less to maintain the new shape you will have achieved from your 55 Minute Shaper. It is all explained in the plan we send you.

4. Saves time and energy. No more exhausting exercises that make you more hungry, and can actually lead to weight gains instead of weight losses. And no more trips to health spas or reducing salons to get in shape. This easy 55 Minute Shaper you use at home leaves you feeling young and fresh all over.

WHEN YOU USE THE MICHEALS 55 MINUTE SHAPER WE GUARANTEE RESULTS. YOU WILL LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES IN LESS THAN ONE HOUR AND WILL LOOK YOUNGER, HAVE MORE VITALITY, FEEL BETTER, ALL TO YOUR SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.

Experts Agree:

Micheals 55 Minute Shaper is the most simple, fastest and easy way to lose pounds and inches. Made of a non-porous material that traps body heat and supplements it with external heat that allows you to take off inches and pounds temporarily. Now by reducing your food intake approximately 15% to 20% you can turn those temporary losses to a permanent new body. You can look slimmer after your first use of less than one hour and then get thinner and better everyday thereafter.

What kind of losses:

The kind you want or your money back. So many people get pound and inch loss in the very first use and then go on losing everytime they use the Micheals 55 Minute

Shaper until they have the fine shape they want. Although total pound and inch loss varies with the individual and with each use. If for any reason after 14 days you are not delighted with your Micheals 55 Minute Shaper simply return your shaper and instructions in good condition and receive your money back. By special arrangement with manufacturers the Micheals 55 Minute Shaper comes complete with full illustrated instructions now only costs \$19.95 plus \$1.50 postage and handling.

© Micheals 1977

Micheals 55 Minute Shaper

CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-237-0731 Ext. 333 Dept. 432
(In Florida 1-800-528-6050)

If you aren't delighted with the results you receive within 14 days we guarantee a full refund by just simply returning your 55 Minute Shaper in good condition. That way all you have to lose is pounds and inches. If you wish to charge your 55 Minute Shaper to your BankAmericard or Master Charge you save (85¢ C.O.D. charge). Please give the operator the information to meet your requirements. All orders begin processing in 24 hours. Please order by size:

(S) (M) (L)

To help expedite your order have all information ready for operator when you call.

CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-237-0731

Ext. 333 Dept. 432

(In Florida 1-800-528-6050)

IN CANADA

MICHEALS 55 MINUTE SHAPER

7536 Bath Rd.

Malton, Ontario L4T 1L2

sorry no C.O.D. orders accepted in Canada



MICHEALS 55 MINUTE SHAPER, 1200 66 ST. N. ST. PETE, FLA. 33710

STRIPPING THE NIGHT FANTASTIC

On pages 146-153 you peaked at these choice bits of lace and luxury. Here we are pleased to offer you the particulars of a private showing. Imagine someone you love to love prettily panting for romance in these frothy fineries from Viva lingerie.

Pages 146-147: bare and enticing, yet comfortably supporting Viva's sheer daisy lace. The Bra, No. LG36 (beige) or LG45 (black), is \$11 and comes with underwire support and adjustable straps in sizes 32-34-36. Matching bikini with lace inset, No. LG39 (beige) or LG48 (black), comes in S-M-L and is \$5. Lace garter belt, No. LG33 (beige) or LG42 (black), is \$7 and also S-M-L.

Page 148: the other side of midnight blue, Swiss embroidered on the sheerest Antron III® fabric. Bra No. LX41 comes in 32-34-36 and is \$10. The string bikini of teal blue with midnight blue, embroidered inset, No. LX44, comes in S-M-L and is \$7. Not shown are matching teal blue tap pants with midnight blue, embroidered, pleated side insets, No. LX47, in S-M-L at \$14. Page 149 (top left): Viva's sensuously sleek bodysuit will cause a sensation in or out of the house. Made of the silkiest black Caprilon® fabric, it features a yoke inset of Swiss embroidery on sheer netting and pants that are slit to the knee and edged with imported lace. No. LX10 in sizes 32-34-36-38 at \$40.

Page 149 (top right): flights of fancy in sheer black, butterfly-patterned nylon netting with Swiss-embroidered lace. Bra No. LX04, in sizes 32-34-36 at \$9. Matching string bikini of ivory satin with black lace front, inset No. LX07, in S-M-L at \$7.50.

Page 149 (bottom): iced blue satin perfection of Antron® fabric trimmed in beige scroll lace. Bra with sexy-front closure and adjustable straps, No. LG11 in 32-34-36 at \$7.50. Matching ice blue bikini with tiny satin bows, No. LG14 in S-M-L at \$5.50.

Page 150 (top left): something to be savored, a bra the color of rich cognac with Swiss-embroidered netting and adjustable straps, No. LX21 in 32-34-36 at \$9 (also available in luscious raspberry, No. LX27). Matching tap pants of Caprilon with Swiss-embroidered side panels, No. LX24 in S-M-L at \$12 (also in raspberry, No. LX30).

Page 150 (top right): a gown to launch a thousand and one nights, bestowing Grecian splendor when you go to sleep or when someone special pays a late-night call. Ethereal wide sweep and billowing sleeves with the sheerest, sexiest bikini underneath. No. LG04, one size fitting all who dare at \$30.

Page 150 (bottom): please don't eat the daisies edging the sheer black net of this soft bra, No. LG51 in 32-34-36 at \$8. A one-piece tap pant with detachable garters, spiced with tiny, red embroidered hearts and high-front slits edged in imported black lace, No. LX17 in P-S-M-L at \$15. Seamed black silk stockings are available through Viva products in S-M-L at \$18.50 a pair.

Page 151: a cinch to delight, this waist-cincher won't let you waste a moment before you fall prey to its charm. In black lace, with red satin beading and ties and hooks in the back, No. LG26 comes in sizes 8-10-12-14 at \$21. The same soft bra as above, No. LG51, matching black lace bikini No. LG30 comes in S-M-L at \$4.50. The same stockings in S-M-L at \$18.50 a pair.

Page 152: You'll applaud the sweet music of this wispy, fluted bra trimmed in black lace, with front closure and adjustable straps, No. LG05 in 32-34-36 at \$9. Matching fluted panties, No. LG08, in S-M-L at \$8.

Page 153 (top left): this side of midnight rivals the other when she goes out in her Victorian teal blue bloomers of Antron III®. Ruffled at the knee, perfectly fitted with tiny pearl buttons that show the barest hint of skin and bra of midnight-colored, embroidered netting, this playsuit is trimmed in teal blue ribbons. No. LX37 in P-S-M-L at \$27.50.

Page 153 (top right): the short order, best kept in bed, No. LX50 P-S-M-L at \$25.

Page 153 (bottom): sudden exposure south of the bordering of satin ribbon. The bra is open for admiration in Antron® sheer nylon with delicate brown embroidery. No. LG20 in 32-34-36 at \$12. Matching string bikini with its peek-a-boo inset delicately tied with tiny bows, No. LG23 in S-M-L at \$6.50.

When ordering, state code number, color, and size. Add one-dollar postage and handling for each item. Send check or money order or charge to American Express, BankAmericard, or Master Charge. We must have signature, expiration date, and Interbank number for Master Charge. Send to **Viva products, Dept. P077, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax.** To expedite charge orders, call toll-free (800) 593-0334. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

INSIDE THE FBI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

The building itself is enormous. It stands across the street from and looks directly down on the Justice Department. A building regulation limits structures along Pennsylvania Avenue to seven stories, but Hoover got around that restriction by setting the main section of the building back off the street. In that way an eleven-story edifice could be erected. It covers a complete city block, is World War II army tan in color, and has a certain hulk that can best be described by the German adjective "zackig." It's as if somebody had poured a million tons of concrete into Hoover's head and mounted it. One solid mass of square-jawed tenacity. No frivolity or frills. Wrought-iron fences joined by heavy gates surround the outer courtyard, the type of fencing favored by U.S. embassies in countries somewhat hostile to our presence. Inside the grounds a visitor is impressed by a sense of intimidation. It comes from the thickness of the walls, the difficulty in judging the correct entrance way, the water-filled moat one is forced to bridge, and the hanging balconies so ideal for security forces. A courtyard ideally laid out to trap and neutralize an unruly crowd. Hoover and his architects had not forgotten the time 75,000 marched on Justice, protesting the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial. It is very easy to envision tanks drawn up along the walls. Two and a half million square feet of fortified fear. It has already gained a reputation as Washington's most hideous building. That is an honor difficult to come by.

While walking down the corridor, I feel as if I am entering the Orwellian processing center, where misfits learned that two plus two equals five. On rows of low-slung black leather benches sits our group-to-be—about a dozen tourists, mostly middle-aged, Middle Americans. Three are teenagers, and one sports a National Rifle Association jacket. Two male guides busy themselves greeting tourists and searching handbags. A guide enters the room and is introduced to our group. Connie is a stout blonde halfway between youthful exuberance and tired blood. A neatly tailored blue jacket hides a waist stuffed into gray flannel bell bottoms. An emblem adorns the breast pocket. The men wear the same unisex uniforms. Connie gives us a quick introduction, cautions us against taking photos or smoking, and urges us to ask questions as we go along (I was later told there never are any). Our group develops that instant camaraderie Americans forced into close proximity are so good at, and moves out to the exhibit rooms. Large chrome letters humbly solve the mystery of the letters FBI: *Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity*. Exactly the qualities needed for good wire men and midnight burglars. Connie assures us that the 19,000 FBI employees work round-the-clock to provide us with

nationwide coverage. She points to a blowup of something I hope never to see again—the credentials of a special agent. We are told to study them carefully (as if there were a lot of people running around flashing counterfeit FBI badges). Now it's on to the Gangster Era to meet the folks who made the Feds famous: Al Brady, Baby-Face Nelson, and Al Capone, to mention a few. Behind every successful chase story lies, of course, the untold pitfalls and abuses. For example, when Hoover's men moved in on a case, they professed cooperation with local authorities but were notorious for keeping information and later ignoring or minimizing the role others played. In chasing the Brady gang, Hoover managed to get an Indiana state police captain fired for objecting to the Feds' modus operandi. In retelling the Lindbergh kidnapping, the FBI persists in overlooking the fact that Treasury agents laid the actual trap. Or that postal inspectors located the notorious Alvin Karpis only to have Hoover rush to New Orleans to grandstand the arrest personally. Even the case of the Nazi saboteurs was cracked by New York City police and handed to the Feds on a silver platter. The FBI never saw fit to share credit but rather sought to portray other law-enforcement agencies as a pack of stumblebums who always had to be bailed out by the supersleuths from Washington. Baby-Face Nelson, Machine Gun Kelley, Pretty Boy Floyd, and the other dangerous desperadoes of the thirties were in large part creations of FBI press conferences, their escapades built up and their viciousness exaggerated to heighten the drama of that final shoot-out. Dillinger, whose bloody death outside the Biograph Theater is indisputably the crowning moment in FBI history, hardly fit the "mad-dog killer" reputation that earned him the moniker "Public Enemy Number One" and express orders to agents to shoot him on sight. There is plenty of evidence suggesting that Dillinger was far from bloodthirsty. It is true he performed a host of armed robberies and daring prison escapes, but only a single murder charge was ever lodged against him, and it is doubtful that his was actually the finger on the trigger. In fact, the only federal case against him was a stolen-car rap. He hardly belonged in the category of a warlord like Al Capone, to whom more than 130 murders were traced, or of a Lucky Luciano, whose Murder, Inc., carried out perhaps a thousand murders at the behest of mobsters throughout the country. Nonetheless the myth of Mad-Dog Dillinger has been undampened by the facts.

The story of Al Capone is also told, even though it was the IRS that put him away. All the FBI could get the notorious Al Capone on was a perjury charge carrying a six-month sentence. Hoover always was reluctant to move against organized crime. Murder, Inc., Joe Adonis, Frank Costello, Meyer Lansky, Bugsy Segal, and their kind, throughout the thirties and forties, were the names most often identified with big-time

interstate crime, exactly the type of activity only a national police force could battle. Curiously, not only did Hoover rarely move against organized crime, but also it wasn't until the early sixties that he even conceded its existence. Instead, he preferred playing Sheriff of Nottingham to the Robin Hoods of the depression. The FBI's failure to move against the Mafia enabled organized crime to amass billions, infiltrate the economy, wreck unions, bribe politicians, and effectively cover its tracks.

Throughout the FBI exhibit, actual historical photos are juxtaposed with clips from *The FBI Story*. Alas, reality is only black and white, but the photos, like the story, are carefully framed. Next there is a refresher course in disguises and bank robberies, then a zigzag back to the ten most wanted list. Connie tells us the list helps focus people's attention on the hunt for fugitives. "Some have even been captured because people on the tour recognize them." We are instructed in what to do should we spot a fugitive. (I'll be damned if I pass on *that* procedure!)

Next stop, the fabled fingerprint exhibit. Somewhere behind these walls are stored 160 million prints. What our group—and yours, if you take the tour—isn't told is that 80 percent of the print records on file are from noncriminal persons. Most people are unaware that every time you give prints, say, for a job, to the armed forces, for insurance, or for license applications, a copy of them is sent to the Bureau and stored. In case you ever forget who you are, the Feds might be in a position to help you remember. The telephone is featured in several exhibits. Here we are shown how a call can be traced; later, how a bookie rigs a "cheese box" so as not to be rudely disturbing business hours.

Organized Crime now rates its own special stop. A chart shows convictions at 281 for 1965 up to 1,417 in 1975. In the land of FBI statistics everything increases. Cops and criminals always get bigger and better. This, of course, justifies the bigger, better budget, last year, of a record-breaking half a billion. Here, too, of course, the Feds are never shy about claiming victories for the work of others. The famous Apalachin roundup is discussed, but brushed aside are not only the fact that it was the result of a quick-thinking state trooper but also the fact that the FBI pooh-poohed the raid and resisted for years efforts to establish an organized-crime investigation section.

Espionage—the Silent War That Never Ends—no longer features the Rosenbergs. Other sensitive cases, such as those of Judith Coplon and Alger Hiss, where the FBI was shown to have employed shady methods, have also been dropped. Instead, we're shown the variety of "drop" systems favored, such as the sneaky under-the-counter hand-off. Connie points out the famous hollow nickel Rudolph Abel mistakenly gave to a newsboy, who turned it in to the FBI. Eternal vigilance again foils misdeeds. The tour is big on encouraging junior Federales. We're reminded that if we

keep alert, we, too, could break an important case.

John Graham, who blew up a passenger plane just to get at his mother, is immortalized in Crimes Aboard Aircraft. John was electrocuted and later roasted in a Lenny Bruce monologue. No doubt he was a friend. A replica of the bomb is on view. Bombs, we are lectured, are pretty dangerous, and we shouldn't try to disassemble them ourselves.

Surprisingly few references are made to the old chief. Gone are the life-size stills showing him as a young man blasting away with his favorite chopper. None of his old-fashioned homilies on crime and subversion are quoted. In effect, a posthumous minipurge has taken place. The tour has in a way been de-Hooverized. There is, however, one reminder. Over in a sunny corner we can view his study desk. Here he sat banishing agents to Butte, Mont., reading peek-hole reports of congressional sex-capades, and drawing sketches of the Red Menace. At the end of every working day, a special agent carefully measured all the objects Hoover left on top of this desk, noted their place, removed them, polished the surface, and returned them to their exact position.

We ride the escalator up to the lab. Behind glass picture windows we can see young technicians busy examining blood specimens. Given the plethora of new gadgets, it's a wonder any crime goes unsolved. An electronic fingerprint scanner. Neutron activation analysis, a process which can examine the composition of an object without destroying the evidence. Here are the microbe probers who can solve a case when they are given the barest of clues—a human hair, a chip of paint, a tire mark. In the Document Reference Files are stored samples of typewriting, watermarks, handwriting styles. In one section files contain a million bum checks. Another holds death threats and ransom notes. There are 70,000 file cabinets, chock-full of dossiers on people. Everyone arrested, even if no conviction results, has a file. Reporters, politicians, teachers, civil servants, writers, just about anyone who has come to the attention of the Bureau in the last fifty years. Hoover began his public career as a file-card indexer at the Library of Congress. Files were always his joy. Under the Freedom of Information Act, you can now write in and request a copy of your file. Thousands do so each day—which, by the way, if there is no file, begins one.

Then we are introduced to the extensive firearms collection. Hundreds of weapons are on display in showcases. Rifles, shotguns, revolvers, of all shapes and sizes, a cane gun, Pretty Boy Floyd's modified tommy-gun, and other weapons taken during arrests. Their wooden butts and unpolished barrels make them seem quaint in this modern scientific setting. Pity the poor lone bandit who, with one of these pea-shooters, takes on the computers. Next we pass down a hallway displaying laminated copies of historical documents, such as the

Are you getting all the music from your records?

Of all the components in your audio system only the cartridge can retrieve the music from your records. The quality and the amount of music you hear depends on its performance.

Since you pay for all the music when you buy a record, why not hear it all at home?

One stamp and the coupon below will tell you how. Send it to us with your name and address and in a few days you'll receive a full color, easy to understand brochure on getting the most cartridge, and the most music, for your money.



Send it to me, free.

Empire Scientific Corp.,
Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

We bring music to life
EMPIRE

COUNTERFEIT GUNS

FULL SIZE PRECISION-TOOLED METAL MODELS

DISASSEMBLE
LIKE
ORIGINALS

These precision tooled metal replicas of famous classic firearms CAN BE DISASSEMBLED like ORIGINALS—TOTALLY SAFE! CANNOT CHAMBER OR FIRE REAL AMMUNITION. They look, feel and weigh as originals. OVER 30 blued, hand-finished parts—DELIVERED FULLY ASSEMBLED—Ideal for display—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Send for FREE CATALOG.

SAME SIZE
& WEIGHT AS
ORIGINAL
GUNS

GOVERNMENT 45
MODEL #300

\$32.95

KENTUCKY FLINTLOCK PISTOL
MODEL #840

\$39.95

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

1851 CIVIL WAR NAVY
MODEL #400

\$34.95

w/Engraved Cylinder
Model #401

\$36.95

1873 FAST-DRAW
MODEL #100

\$29.95

SEND
FOR
FREE
CATALOG

NEW
CHIEF
REVOLVER
MODEL #109

\$32.95

SEND
FOR
FREE
CATALOG

GERMAN "P-08"
MODEL #200

\$34.95

357 POLICE
MAGNUM
MODEL #108

\$34.95

SEND CHECK, MONEY-
ORDER OR CHARGE
YOUR ORDER
BANKAMERICARD,
MASTERCARD,
AMERICAN EXPRESS,
DINERS CLUB—
(LIST ALL NUMBERS ON YOUR CARD)
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
CALL TOLL FREE (ORDERS ONLY)
24 HRS. - 7 DAYS A WEEK

1-(800) 327-1010

(Florida Residents Call: 1-(800) 432-5024)

Add \$1.50 Postage/Handling for Each Model

REPLICA MODELS, INC. Dept. PH-107

800 SLATERS LANE, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314

SEND FOR
FREE
24-PAGE
COLOR
CATALOG.
OVER 60
MODELS,
HOLSTERS &
ACCESSORIES.
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

Introducing the Ultimate Vitamin E.



You've probably heard people call Vitamin E "the sex vitamin"

Vitamin E reportedly has the capability of making a person feel healthier, more vigorous and alert

Is all of this true? Honestly, we can't be sure

All we can say is that we have made the Ultimate Vitamin E, the best one possible, produced in one of the leading vitamin laboratories.

To order a bottle containing 100 capsules send check or money order for \$4.95 (200 units) or \$6.95 (400 units) plus \$1.00 p & h to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™ 909 Third Ave., N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.™



Mayflower Compact and the Emancipation Proclamation. Connie tells us her role ends here and informs us we're about to enter the shooting gallery. We quickly enter a glassed-in auditorium, from which we can view the action. An agent dressed in a plaid suit enters, dons his ear protectors, removes his snub-nosed .38, squats down, and begins blasting away at a paper target. Pop! Pop! Pop! The paper torso moans: "Ahh G-men. you dirty rats!" It should have anyway. He adjusts the target twenty feet to the rear, working on his point-shoulder position. Some automatic bursts from his Thompson submachine gun turn the torso target into flying confetti. Rat-ta-tat-tat. Everybody cheers each round of fire. The agent joins us in the viewing room and says, "We all try to get down here once a week to keep in shape." Although last year FBI agents were engaged in fewer than twenty-five gun battles, we are on a publicity campaign aimed at blasting away critics of the big budget rather than at shooting down criminals.

Finally, it's over, and we leave the building through the courtyard. It's lunchtime, and personnel are flocking to the street. There are some agents in the garb that has resisted change for thirty years: seersucker suit, striped tie, clean-shaven neck, black shoes. Behind those two-inch cuffs lie the famous white socks, the trademark of authentic federal agents everywhere. Blacks and women can be seen in the courtyard. There's even a chance some of them are agents now that the formerly closed shop has been opened.

I breathe a sigh of relief once outside the gates. At a nearby coffee shop I collect my thoughts. It's really too bad that the *real* FBI has not been captured on this updated tour. The story behind the story deserves more exposure.

Come with us while we reenact the Palmer Raids. Hear how we harassed veterans of the Lincoln Brigade. Visit a model of a Japanese internment camp. Sit in a replica of the chair used to fry the Rosenbergs. Here are the burglar tools used to rifle the files of the Socialist Worker party and some of the chains FBI Ku Klux Klan infiltrators used to beat freedom riders when they got carried away with their assignments. Examine these forged letters sent out to embarrass critics. Listen to 5,500 hours of illegal wiretapping.

If the FBI has gone out of the thought-control business and no longer engages in dirty tricks, why not dramatize the past abuses and junk the worn-out fairy tales? Eighty million dollars are currently budgeted for domestic intelligence, and no legislation has come along to limit programs like COINTELPRO, which fostered active disruption and illegal spying on protest groups. But the fabulous Feds keep right on marching along. What's worse, the public assumes sweeping changes have taken place. All's quiet on the tour. The budget and the building are bigger than ever. The only curbs are on the sidewalk out in front. ☐

IN THE OCTOBER VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE LOVER

What does absence make the heart do? So many of today's love relationships are put to the test by the "sweet sorrow" of constant parting. But for two independent people—whose lives are fully fleshed out with or without their partners—long distance is not at all the next best thing to being there. It's better. Carol Dix reports.

ACNE

It's the scourge of adolescents—not to mention the scores of young adults who still wake up in the morning to see the horror show on their skin reflected in the mirror. Acne has been one of those agonizingly wait-and-hope brands of afflictions—until now. With the help of a genius of a cosmetician, the spots can be banished before your eyes.

GREGG ALLMAN

Life has been less than Cher-itable lately for the blue-eyed bluesman from Georgia. Is all that scandalous glop that the tabloids say about Gregg Allman really true? Did the hard stuff ruin his marriage? Did the marriage stuff ruin his career? Was the poor dude doomed from the beginning anyway? Exclusively for Viva, Allman dries out, lays back, and holds forth about all.

THE SWEET ASSASSIN

Does a killer join you at the breakfast table every morning? We mean the granulated kind, of course, not the hired kind. The doggerel of our youth used to couple sugar with spice and everything nice. But all the industry-promoted sweet talk that you hear about "sugar the wonder-upper" is a big white lie. And it is a deadly white lie, as Frank Donegan discovers.

PLUS:

How to use magic to catch the man of your dreams, warm and wonderful coat tales, the authoritative word on true bitchery, and Sara Davidson's enthralling new novel *Loose Change*.



MIXED DOUBLES FROM PENTHOUSE.

Soon our new, exclusive warm-up suits with the Penthouse logo and colors will be in the finest stores. But we're offering our readers an opportunity to be first on the courts with them.

Men's and women's. Men's sizes: XS, S, M, L, XL. Women's sizes: 6/8, 10/12, 14/16, 18/20, 22. Luxurious acrylic/polyester triple knit. Machine washable. Jacket has 2 nylon zippered pockets. Pants have stretch waist. Stripes are sewn in. \$49.95 plus \$2 postage and handling.

Send check or money order or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank # for Master Charge.) Mail to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax.

To expedite your charge order call toll free number (800) 223-7763. NY residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. Be sure to indicate desired size(s).

PENTHOUSE
VIVA
TENNIS COLLECTION®

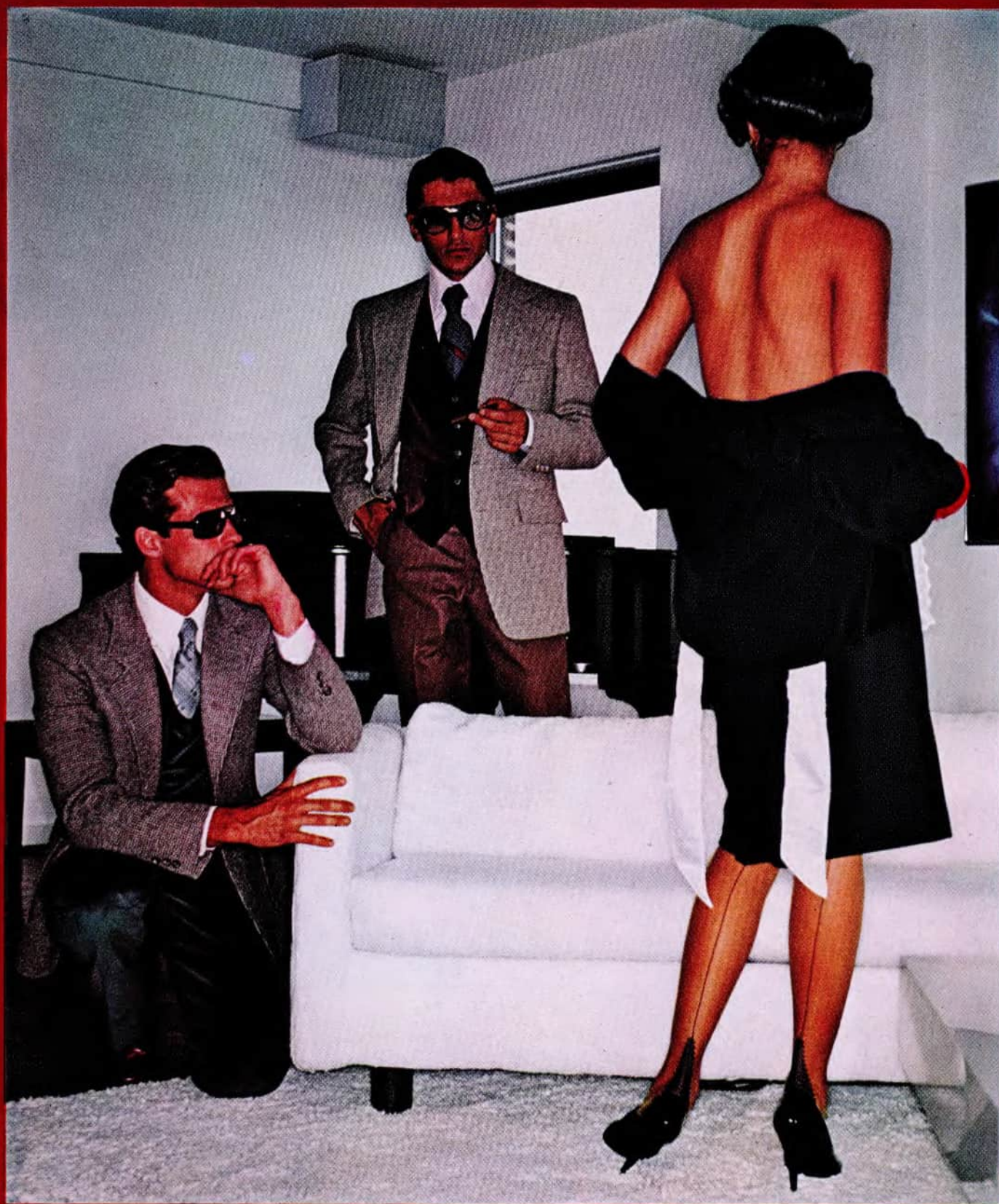


PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE SACKMAN
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

MAID FOR EACH OTHER

Velvet and tweed go together this fall
for the dramatic way to dress.

The conventional three-piece suit is dead! Long live the textured three-piece suit! Its newest incarnation—creative combinations of velvet and tweed in jackets, vests, and trousers—can provide the ultimate in versatility and elegance for your fall wardrobe. Playing one fabric against the other, as well as one color against another, will continually add extra dimensions to the clothes you wear this season. For where to buy featured merchandise, see page 182



Hair by Connie of Vidal Sassoon, The Plaza, New York.

Opposite: A black velvet jacket, tweed vest and pants (about \$275) by Adolfo for Leon of Paris. Mirrored sunglasses by Foster Grant; cigar courtesy of A&C Saber Tips. The brown velvet jacket (\$230), and beige wool-flannel vest (\$35) and trousers (\$65) are by Lebow Bros., Inc. Shirt by Sir Shirtmakers; tie by Cappuccino; glasses by Cool-Ray; cigar courtesy of Dino Gold Label.

Her shoes and stockings are at Michael Salem, New York.

This page: This three-piece ensemble with wool-check worsted jacket (about \$125) by Christian Dior; green velour sweater vest (\$18) and cotton-velvet trousers (\$30) by John Karl for Charsel. Shirt is Nino Cerruti by Sir Shirtmakers; tie by Cappuccino. Wool-check sport jacket (\$95) and wool and polyester trousers (\$45) by Larry Kane, with a brown velvet vest (\$45) by Rubin Bros. Shirt by Sir Shirtmakers; tie by Prince Consort; cigar courtesy of Capitan de Tueros.

JOB
gets rid
of the
blues



the world's finest
cigarette papers
available in
all four sizes
including our new
1•point•25.

JOB HIT KIT: Offer includes one pack new JOB 1•point•25 two packs JOB one•
point•five and one pack JOB doublewide papers (one sample a
family, please), I am enclosing \$1 to cover cost, postage and
SEND handling. I am over 21 years of age
TO: Papers, Adams Apple Dist Co, 510 N Ravenswood, Cgo, IL 60640

MR/MRS/MS
Address
City/State
Zip
Dept
PB- 1077

JOB Cigarette Papers Brought To You From France By Adams Apple Distributing Company • Chicago, Illinois 60640

cially well, because the Chinese-American gentleman didn't particularly enjoy the interrogation or even want to be interviewed by the fuzz. But Chinatown is like that, and the detective was just about to pack it in and leave when a faintly familiar figure burst into the Chinese's office.

The interloper didn't even bother to knock, or even acknowledge the presence of the detective, but began complaining to the Chinese-American that he had been to "99" and that "nobody was there." As the two men continued talking, all of a sudden the homicide detective had all he could do to keep his face from dropping to the floor, because he realized that the irritated visitor was the prominent son of a leading organized-crime figure.

The detective's mind raced like a patrol car pursuing a speeding motorist. He recalled that a narcotics cop had told him that "99" was the residential street number of a well-known Chinese-American heroin importer. Other things came to him. He knew that it was rumored that the Hip Song Tong and the On Leong Tong control a substantial portion of the gambling and narcotics franchises in New York's Chinatown. It was also known that, in the Midwest two years ago, at a convention of the Hip Song, some delegates (according to a police informer) had discussed the desirability of syndicating heroin smuggling in order to increase profits and reduce competition. All this against the backdrop of a working hypothesis in federal law-enforcement circles: that the syndication of Chinese-American heroin, with its Far Eastern sources, had to lead eventually to a hookup with what the Feds call "La Cosa Nostra." But was it happening already? And right before the detective's eyes?

As the conversation between the Chinese-American and the Italo-American wound down to an exchange of pleasantries, the smart homicide detective, on cat's feet, left. For an hour's work, he figured, he was way ahead. He hadn't gotten anywhere with the murder case, but it seemed that he had stumbled on evidence of the long-awaited new alliance in the heroin underworld.

The coming months were to provide substantiation, of sorts, that the detective wasn't simply permitting his imagination to run away with him. Good police work by Drug Enforcement Administration agents led to the sighting of a soldier in the New York crime family once led by Joseph Bonanno in conference *flagrante* with a Chinatown underworld figure. The Bonanno soldier had a reputation, according to the Feds, for being an active heroin importer, and the Chinatown figure had a reputation for representing his people in dealing with other ethnic gangs. On another occasion a major-league Chinese-American heroin trafficker was observed handing a Bonanno family

member what informants said was a sample. The league the Chinaman was in characteristically involved twenty-five-kilogram packages.

Evidently, for reasons such as these, federal investigators have developed an intense interest in the Chinatown situation. Is there a new heroin connection, involving Chinatowns throughout the United States and the national crime syndicate that the Feds like to call La Cosa Nostra? It may seem like a joke, but a few investigators have pulled out of an old file a list of Chinese restaurants across the country that were once utilized as a network chain of heroin drops. The network head was allegedly a congressional lobbyist for the Hip Song Tongs. Is there a new traffic manager? And are certain Chinese restaurants in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Chicago serving chop suey to a suspiciously disproportionate number of dope dealers? In other words, is there also a column "C"?

Frankly, I'm not convinced. I look at the Chinese Connection, not as a molehill, a tiny footnote in the annals of La Cosa Nostra, but as a mountain—a major new development. In my view Chinatown is too well connected, too well off financially, and too tight and clever to permit itself to become just another notch on the well-marked gun of Carmine Galante.

On the contrary, the evident decision on the part of some Tongs to improve their smuggling operations, such as they are, makes a great deal of business sense, no matter whom they decide to work with. Although it did not intend to do so, the recent government report on heroin trafficking, designed largely as an ode to Galante, actually was a magnificent brief for the possibilities of success in narcotics trafficking. The fifty-nine-page report may not have been intended as career counseling, but it certainly got me to thinking.

Although basically a professional piece of work, this report contains a hitch in its logic, which opens up a very difficult question that I don't believe the DEA, or any other government agency concerned with stopping narcotics, is prepared to answer. The hitch in the logic involves the implicit proposition (a) that the trafficking activities of organized crime would necessarily account for a substantial share of the available heroin; and the explicit proposition (b) that for a considerable period of time during the sixties and early seventies, when the availability of heroin had created an addiction epidemic, organized crime was *not* involved in trafficking. The inconsistency of these two propositions thus raises the unanswerable question: how come so much heroin if the big-time heavies are standing on the sidelines?

Let me illustrate, from the report, the troubling position taken by the DEA (while at the same time I sympathize enormously with the very real difficulty of trying to reconcile intelligence information with general conditions in the heroin black market—I

catch up with PENTHOUSE



FEBRUARY 77



MARCH 77



APRIL 77



MAY 77



JUNE 77



JULY 77



AUGUST 77



SEPTEMBER 77

February through August 1977 issues are \$1.50 each. All subsequent editions are \$2.00 each. Please include 50¢ for each copy ordered to cover postage and handling.

Send check or money order to:
PENTHOUSE, Back Issue Dept.
21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022



"One doesn't see much of Mildred these days."

OWN A PIECE OF AMERICA FOR AS LITTLE AS \$3.⁵⁰ AN ACRE!

BUY LAND IN THE UNITED STATES FOR \$3.50 AN ACRE!



Seem Too Good To Be True?
There still is land in America that you can buy for as little as \$3.50 an acre! For example, you'll find dozens of these carefully researched listings in just a single issue of **GOVERNMENT LAND ADVISORY SERVICE**.

Arizona parcels — \$3.50 an acre.
Iowa Rural Homesite — \$45 an acre.
New York State 5,000' Bldg. — \$12,000
Florida Seacoast Land — \$250 an acre.
Nevada Acreage — \$9.50 an acre.
Kentucky 2,500' Post Office Bldg. — \$10,000 total price.
Texas Surplus Airport — \$9,000 total price.
Oklahoma 14 Family Apt. Bldg. — \$25,000 total price.
Florida Group of 4 Stores — \$15,000 total price.
New Jersey Shore Land — \$80 each plot.
Wisconsin Gas & Oil Lease — \$1.00 an acre.
California Mobile Home Park — \$5,000 total.
Kansas 120 Acre Farm — \$3,000 total.
Idaho Quarter Acre Plots — \$80 each plot.
Connecticut Rugged Mountain Land — \$90 an acre.
Alaska Virgin Land — \$5 an acre.
New York Upstate Land — \$120 each plot.
Michigan Lakefront Land — \$130 an acre.
Florida 10 Unit Condominium — \$4,000 each.
Rhode Island 15 Room Motel — \$12,000
Colorado Valley Land — \$250 an acre.
Mississippi 8 Room Residence — \$12,000
Massachusetts Campsite Plots — \$700 each.
Utah Unimproved Parcels — \$20 each.
Missouri Vacant Stores — \$2,500 each store.
Arkansas Home and 3 Acres — \$17,000
Georgia Unimproved Land — \$65 an acre.
Nevada Abandoned Silver Mine — \$2,000
New Jersey 200 Car Parking Lot — \$4,000
Puerto Rico 30 Room Hotel — \$22,000
Washington D.C. Store — \$3,000
California Vineyard — \$150 an acre.
Idaho Potato Plant — \$12,000 total.
Hawaii Sugar Cane Land — \$400 an acre.

Why Are These Properties So Cheap? There are tens of thousands of State, County and Local Governments in the United States and each of them has the power to tax. If you are a property owner and didn't pay your taxes for a period of 2-3 years, your land would be sold for the amount of tax money due. Recently a 55,000' factory and warehouse building was sold in New Jersey for \$12,000 and a 44 room apartment house was bought for only \$15,000 — in each case the owner could not be located to pay the taxes!

A mobile home park was sold for \$2,400, some lucky person purchased an entire upstate New York vineyard for just \$3,000 and a 2,000 acre tract in Alaska went for only \$3,800 — in each instance the owners could not pay the taxes, and an auction was held in which only one or two people showed up to bid!

Recently the Federal Government sold thousands of single family houses for \$50.00-\$100.00 each because the Department of Housing and Urban Development wanted to get out of the housing business — some went for as little as \$5.00 each!

Where Are These Properties? Government land sales are everywhere... large wooded tracts, farms, lakefront lots, mountain sites, business and commercial properties, etc. They range from small residential lots to sprawling tracts containing thousands of acres. These Government land sales occur in every state — month after month, year after year. This can be your one big opportunity to strike it rich!

What Will You Find in Every Issue Of The Government Land Advisory Service? Each issue will bring you the latest information on what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. Best of all is that in many instances you don't have to even be there — we'll show you how to send in your bid by mail. You can be buying valuable land and properties for a small fraction of their real value from the comfort of your home, thousands of miles away. We compile, research and publish the details of thousands of properties throughout the entire United States. These bargains can be yours!

What is the Government Land Advisory Service? We are a monthly publication (12 issues a year) that will keep you fully informed about the thousands and thousands of properties that are put up for sale for overdue taxes; we even list surplus land auctions and disposal sales. You'll get a complete advance listing of these opportunities every month — in time for you to get in on the action!

How Much Do These Government Lands Cost? Would you believe:

40 acre recreation sites in Minnesota for just \$4 an acre! Summer homesites in Idaho, Oregon, Montana, Maine and Georgia for lease at only \$30 a year! California forest and timber land for as little as \$75 an acre! Alaska waterfront vacation cabins that still rent for as little as \$5 per day! 7,000' New York State warehouse and office that sold for just \$14,000!

The opportunities are still plentiful and the prices are still low because the vast majority of the American public is completely unaware of these bargains that still exist in Government land sales.

Many Americans dream of owning investment land, but do nothing except dream all their lives! Almost no one realizes that literally MILLIONS of acres are available from Federal, State, County and Local Governments for almost every conceivable use... farming, business, homesite, hunting, fishing, recreation and investment for a few dollars an acre.

Who Buys These Properties And Why? Most buyers of Government lands acquire property for their own personal or investment use. Some start their own business in small 2,000'-3,000' factories that they bought for \$3,000-\$5,000—some have started boutiques and specialty businesses in small stores that they bought for as little as \$1000!

Many of these bargains have a recreational, commercial and in-

vestment potential that is absolutely outstanding! Summer cottages for family fun and privacy... scenic lands for all-season retirement homes... hunting and fishing land and campsites... ideal settings for ski lodges and resorts... trailer sites... farms to work or rent out... large wooded tracts for family camping, hiking and loafing... large and small commercial buildings and factories... small and medium size stores — entire shopping centers... 10 to 100 family apartment houses... even entire ghost towns and abandoned gold and silver mines.

Why Haven't Others Cashed In On These Bargains Already? Many have and will continue to do so — but there are so many of these opportunities across this land that everyone can have an opportunity. And new land and properties are becoming available every day because of the recession, unemployment, deaths, illnesses, inflation, etc. Imagine buying \$50,000 worth of real estate through Government land sales for only \$3,000 — that's a savings of about 90%.

When Can I Start? Right now! The price for a 12 issue, one year subscription is only \$9.95! That's right—even though you can make tens of thousands of dollars on just one deal—we charge you just \$9.95 for a full one year subscription. Order now and we'll also send you a special copy of the illustrated 28 page step-by-step success report "How To Buy Land For Delinquent Taxes." This revealing publication normally sells for \$5.00. It's yours **ABSOLUTELY FREE** when you enter your subscription. Act now!

COMPLETE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

If you don't like the first issue after you get it — simply keep the issue and just tell us to cancel your subscription. You'll get a full and prompt money back refund!

© 1976. GOVERNMENT LAND ADVISORY SERVICE

GOVERNMENT LAND ADVISORY SERVICE
DEPT. P-1077, 150 East 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Subscribe Now and get a 12 issue, one year subscription to some of the hottest land bargains in the country plus your **FREE BONUS REPORT**. My check or money order for \$9.95 is enclosed. No C.O.D.'s please.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

☐ **SPECIAL BONUS OFFER**—Enclose an additional \$5.00 (a total of \$14.95) and get the one year subscription, the **FREE BONUS REPORT** and a copy of the confidential executive report on "Buying Overseas Land At Bargain Prices." Find out how you can take advantage of bargain land in Latin America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



For "where to buy" information on fashions shown on pages 176-177, contact these manufacturers or stores.

ADOLFO by Leon of Paris
46 West Twenty-third Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 255-5430

Saks Fifth Avenue—all stores
Grodin's, Los Angeles, Calif.
Ariston, San Francisco, Calif.
Field Bros., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Sakowitz, Houston, Tex.
Burdine's, Miami, Fla.
Osman's, Detroit, Mich.

LEBOW BROS., INC.
Twenty-second and Market Streets
Philadelphia, Pa. (215) 561-6666

(jacket only)
Baron's, Miami Beach, Fla.
Stuart's, Palm Springs, Calif.
Orry's Place, Hatfield, Pa.
Silver Needle, Portland, Oreg.

(vest and pants only)
Raleigh's, Washington, D.C.
Kohn-Turner, Baton Rouge, La.
B.M.T. Men's Shop, Dayton, Ohio

CHRISTIAN DIOR CLOTHING FOR MEN
36 South Franklin Street
Chicago, Ill. 60606 (312) 372-6300

Wallach's, New York, N.Y.
Baskin, Chicago, Ill.
Jordan Marsh, Miami, Fla.
Hasting's, San Francisco, Calif.
Silverwoods, Los Angeles, Calif.
Leopold, Price, and Rolle, Houston, Tex.

John Karl for CHARSEL
53 West Thirty-sixth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 594-0678

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Macy's—all New York and New Jersey stores
The Emporium, San Francisco, Calif.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.

LARRY KANE
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 582-6030

Gary's & Co., Marina del Rey, Calif.
Mays of Michigan, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Schneider & Sons, Century City, Calif.
Tailor's Bench, McComb, Miss.

RUBIN BROS.
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 586-7330

Morri's, Chicago, Ill.
Schlesinger's, West New York, N.J.
Fashion Bar, Denver, Colo.
Martini Karl, Boston, Mass.
Cuzzens, Las Vegas, Nev.

ACCESSORIES

SIR SHIRTMAKERS
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 265-0200

PRINCE CONSORT/CAPPUCCINO
350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) 564-3248

MICHAEL SALEM BOUTIQUE
P.O. Box 1781, FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 371-6877

mean, the DEA deserves credit for even trying!).

The starting point of the DEA's analysis of heroin trafficking in this report is that by the late fifties traditional organized crime had opted out of heroin, and the reason was Carlo Gambino. "Reputed *capo di tutti capi* Carlo Gambino," the report says, "de-emphasized *La Cosa Nostra* family narcotic ventures, especially because effective application of narcotics conspiracy laws and public attention that the McClellan hearings had brought were disintegrating *La Cosa Nostra* operations." But then Gambino passed away. "The outcome of realignments and barnstorming is precipitating a reversion to *Costa Nostra* syndication of large-scale heroin trafficking, principally because of the increasing influence of the Bonanno family. . . ."

The federal line of argument suggests that the Bonanno-Galante policy toward aggressive heroin entrepreneurship fills an enormous vacuum: the Gambino antihero-in mandate (as it was known). But now the mandate is as dead as the old man himself, and the rise of Bonannoism, with important, menacing implications for law enforcement, is thus a historic development.

Well, . . . poppycock! In 1971 a French heroin trafficker delivered thirty kilograms of the narcotic to an American organized-crime figure operating out of a certain well-known cheese factory in Brooklyn. That figure was a ranking member of the Gambino clan. A few years ago seventeen individuals were charged by federal authorities with operating a major heroin-distribution network in New York. One of the codefendants was a capo in the Gambino family. In 1975, while Gambino was still alive, two of his charges were arrested in connection with a series of heroin sales totaling eight kilograms. So who's kidding whom?

Incredibly, the comprehensive DEA report hoists itself with its own petard. As it admits, the Feds have "identified twelve significant trafficking groups that have distributed narcotics *since* the Gambino mandate de-emphasizing narcotics [*italics mine*]."

The operations cited in the report seem to be run in amusingly different ways—one by an FBI fugitive hiding somewhere, one by a resident of Italy itchy to return to the United States, one by a dead person (who, in the droll words of the author of the report, "was pushed, jumped, or fell to his death from an apartment in Fort Lee, New Jersey"). And the operations appear to be expanding in different ways. One operator is eager to set up a new smuggling route to the United States through Haiti (the Baby Doc Connection?). Another is working well with Hispanic traffickers, it seems. And yet another favors doing business with two wholesaling organizations in France.

But do you know what all these organizations and prime movers have in common? Until 1975 when he died, Carlo Gambino was their boss.

It is interesting to speculate on the rea-

sons behind the myth (do you remember the dramatic showdown meeting in *Godfather I*, when Brando attacked the Young Turks for wanting to drag the organization into the "dirty" heroin business?). Is it because it is comforting to believe that there are limits to evil? Is it because, secretly, in our clandestine admiration for the gangster image, we can imagine that deep down, inside, the bad guys are really pretty good guys? Is it because normal folks like you and me who are familiar with the lighter side of organized crime—the gambling, for instance—prefer not to believe that there really is a darker side? Or was it just a good PR job by the mob, as slick as any Pentagon sales promotion on yet another useless weapons program?

Whatever the reason, the "mandate" against heroin seems to have become a folk myth. But this should not be so terribly surprising, even to the Feds. For I view the federal-government report on heroin trafficking as irrefutable evidence that historians in the future will look back on the present era as the era of heroin prohibition, in the manner in which the old alcohol prohibition was viewed. This is to say that both prohibitions are and were an attempt by serious-minded, highly moral people to do the impossible.

This is what I get out of the current situation, because it can now be said, as the government report perhaps unwittingly demonstrates, that it is difficult to name any ethnic group in the United States that is not involved in drug trafficking (leave out the Quakers, okay?). The friends of Joe Bonanno and Carmine Galante today are the Puerto Rican, the black, the Cuban-American, the Colombian, the—hey, everybody and anybody who wants to do business and is willing to observe certain basic rules. Nicky Barnes, the reputed heroin "kingpin" in New York's Harlem, has done well enough, according to police, that some think of him as the black Joe Bonanno. But Barnes probably thinks of Joe Bonanno as the white Nicky Barnes. In heroin, in more ways than one, the sky seems to be the limit.

Thus the Chinese-American, in moving in the direction of Bonanno-style operators, hardly stands out like an egg roll in an Italian restaurant. On the contrary, he fits in: everybody, it seems, wants to do the heroin business. And, just possibly, there may not be any way to induce Chinatown or any hyphenated American town to stay away from the heroin trade. It's not that narcotics law enforcement has screwed up. That would be a cheap shot. It's that narcotics law enforcement is being swept away by the huge tidal waves of supply and demand.

Such iron laws of black-market economics Carlo Gambino certainly understood. You don't get to be the boss of bosses by ignoring a gold mine. This is why I say that when the late Godfather was proclaiming his much-touted antihero-in mandate, he was either winking or sleeping. ☐

GRAND PRIX PERFORMANCE.

Toyota Celica GT Liftback—Official Pace Car of the Toyota Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York, October 2, 1977.

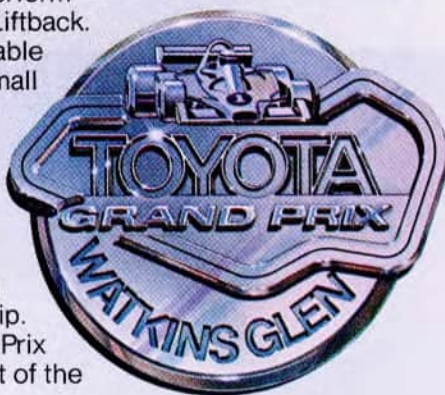
Come race time, the world's best drivers in the world's fastest cars will take their starting lap around the Glen's circuit behind our Celica pace car.

Grand performance—you got it. A 2.2 liter single overhead cam power-plant. 5-speed overdrive transmission. Tachometer. MacPherson strut front suspension. Power assisted front disc brakes. Wide steel-belted radial tires. Welded steel, unit body construction.

Quality features, all begging to perform and all standard on every Celica GT Liftback. They're just part of the reason we're able to say: If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota, buy it.

Meet you trackside. We'll be there with the Official Pace Car throughout Toyota's Grand Prix weekend. See it on display in the racing paddock, or see the street Celicas and all the other pace-setting Toyotas at your local Toyota dealership.

You'll find a little bit of the Grand Prix in every Celica. To satisfy that little bit of the Grand Prix driver in all of us.



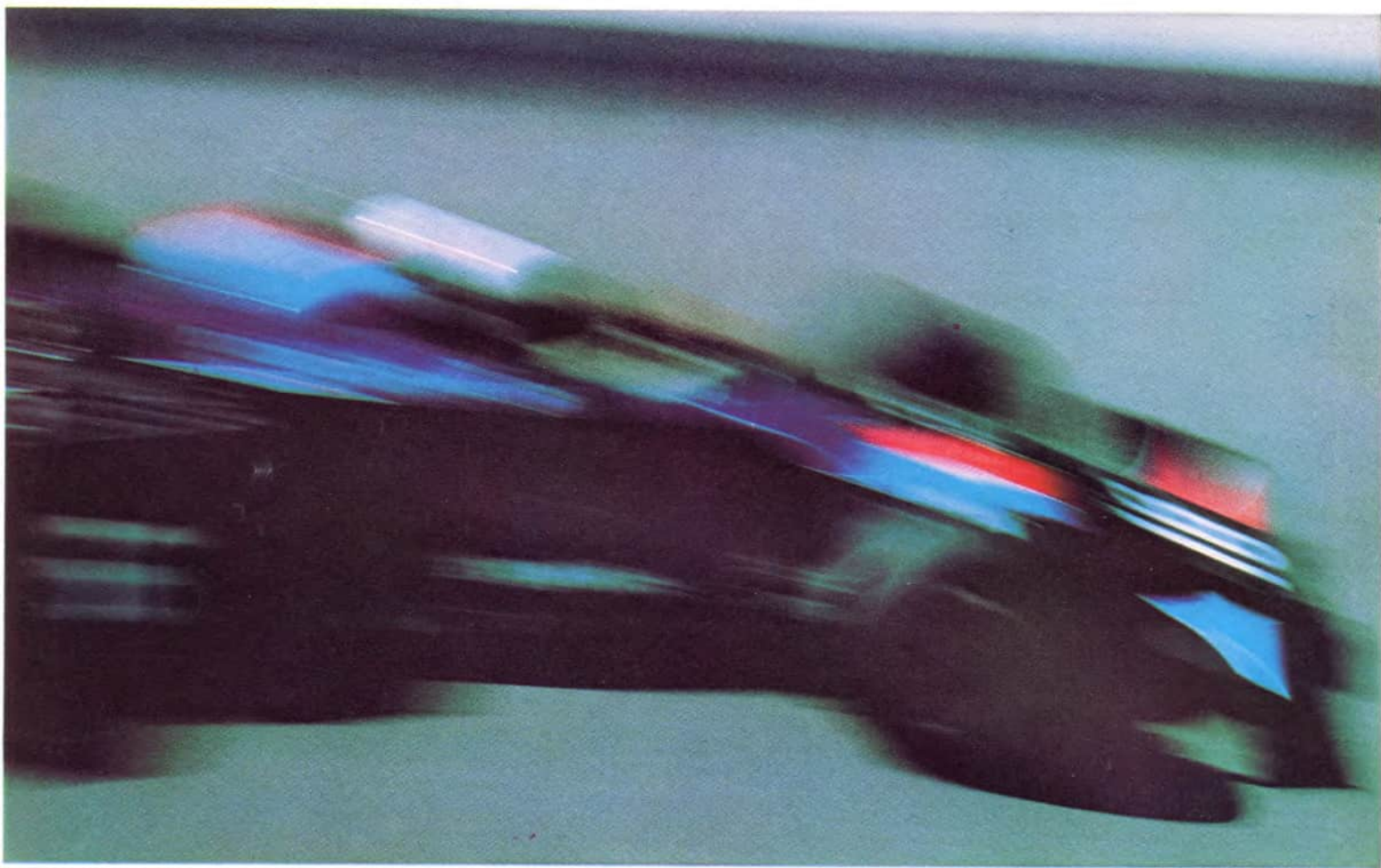
THERE'S A
LITTLE BIT OF THE
GRAND PRIX IN
EVERY
CELICA.



YOU GOT IT.
TOYOTA



David Wynter



PEELING OUT AT THE GLEN

With a bevy of Pets and its own Formula 1 Hesketh, Penthouse will help make this year's Toyota Grand Prix event very special indeed.

BY MIKE KNEPPER



David Wynter

In 1948 Watkins Glen was much like any other small village in western New York State. Nothing set it apart from the hundreds of similar sleepy, little clusters of shops and homes that dotted the area. Its position at the very tip of Seneca Lake made it easy to find on a map if you were looking for it, but Ithaca, a few miles east, was a bigger town at the tip of a bigger lake. In 1948 the people of Watkins Glen probably didn't care whether or not their town was unique. Those who live and work in sleepy, rural villages tend to like them that way.

In October of that year, however, the anonymity of Watkins Glen disappeared. The village became an official birthplace, although it was several years before the full impact of the event would be determined. Every movement of greater or lesser sig-



David Wynter

nificance has an official birthplace, and for U.S. road racing it was Watkins Glen.

By 1948 a small but enthusiastic group of moneyed easterners had already spent several postwar summers flailing their spindly sports cars around makeshift race tracks set up anyplace with enough local patience and room to allow them to get up a competitive head of steam. But the fledgling sport was little more than a disjointed occasional weekend activity. Although it had potential, it needed a coalescing factor, a catalyst, to get it moving.

The role of catalyst fell to a law student and sports car enthusiast named Cameron Argetsinger, who convinced the Watkins Glen town fathers that a road race in and around the village, in the European Grand Prix tradition, would be a good thing. Argetsinger had no intention of creating an

This page (top): Rupert Keegan at the helm of the Penthouse/Rizla Hesketh. Above: Twenty-two-year-old Keegan flanked by Penthouse Pets at Monaco Grand Prix. Opposite page (top left): Current World Champion James Hunt. Top center: Keegan taking his Hesketh through a corner. Top right: Colin Chapman, designer of the Lotus John Player Special. Center: A fan's-eye view of a Formula-one machine on the move. Below, clockwise: James Hunt checks out the track from the pits; Mario Andretti gets advice from crew member; mechanic at work on Hunt's McLaren; the burn-scorched eyes of Niki Lauda, 1975 World Champion; Andretti opening up the Lotus on a straightaway; Mario with his sights set on this year's championship; an inside look at the carbs of an F1 racer.

institution. He was simply a man with a talent for organizing and an enthusiasm for road racing. But the race that Argetsinger organized thirty years ago this fall became the foundation for Grand Prix racing in this country.

That first race, which was held on October 2, 1948, was eight laps around a course 6.6 miles long. It started in the heart of town in front of the staid, old Jefferson Hotel, went south past the hardware store and the gas station, and made a right turn up the hill past the little park and its waterfall. Then it spilled the cars out into the open countryside, where the track alternated between pavement and dirt. On the way back to town, the course crossed the New York Central railroad tracks—the daily train was flagged down for the race—and back onto the main drag via a dangerously fast, sweeping turn that offered a splendid view of Seneca Lake to those who were not too busy to look.

For those who are collectors of such trivia, Frank Griswold was the victor in the first race in an Alfa Romeo at an average speed of 63.7 mph.

The event was a success. It was repeated each fall for the next few years. However, crowd control became increasingly more difficult, and eventually an out-of-control race car caused the death of an unfortunate young spectator. The race was then moved off the streets and onto a series of farm roads.

Although the next location was safer, it was much less exciting for both drivers and spectators, whose interest began to wane. Realizing that the event would be lost completely unless dramatic steps were taken to save it, a group of supporters formed a corporation and financed the construction of an artificial track a few miles outside of town. That track, which opened in 1956, has been the site of the annual fall event every year since then. Over the years the 2.3-mile circuit, which was only remotely related to the original course, has been lengthened to 3.4 miles.

Since 1961 the Watkins Glen Grand Prix Circuit has been the home of the United States Grand Prix for Formula 1 cars, an event in the year-long series of races held to determine the World Driving Champion. And for a week again this year, from September 26 to October 2, the Toyota Grand Prix of the U.S. will transform the sleepy, rural town into the center of international road-racing activity, enabling Watkins Glen to vie with Monte Carlo, Madrid, Monza, Buenos Aires, and other international cities. The scene will be a curious combination of American Gothic and jet-set Europe.

The World Famous Traveling Grand Prix Circus is a total show-biz event. It has its superstars, an official supporting cast, and the usual retinue of groupies. The superstars of the event are, of course, the drivers. The official supporting cast is a large group including team owners and manag-

ers, the crew members who make it all work, sponsors, and the international motoring press, who spend hours ferreting out minutiae of the sport that they can report to their rabid European readers.

The groupies aren't groupies in the sense of the traditional rock milieu. Most are friends of the superstars, the supporting-cast members, or the sponsors. They're easy to recognize and constitute an interesting, if nonessential, part of the scene. The men are typically short, disgustingly trim, and given to wearing European-style trousers so tightly cut that gluteal imperfections become a matter of public record. They usually have cardigan sweaters draped over the shoulders and sleeves knotted loosely in front. The women, who may easily be the most beautiful in the world, traditionally wear second-skin slacks and loose-fitting blouses that are unbuttoned to within a hair's breadth of their navels or, as an alternative, clingy stretch tops that reveal, even in the most humid heat of early fall, startlingly erect nipples.

Although Formula 1 was the last bastion of professional racing to yield to crass commercialism, sponsorships are now a necessary part of the sport. Race winnings can be high—\$50,000 for first place at Watkins Glen—and the hosting tracks must pay the gigantic cost of transporting the circus. But the expense of competing, let alone winning, far exceeds the potential

TOYOTA GRAND PRIX OF THE UNITED STATES

Sept. 30, Oct. 1-2 Watkins Glen, N.Y.

THE ULTIMATE
Counting for the World Championship for Drivers

THE SPECTACLE OF THE MOTORING WORLD

The cream of the world's best - including ...
Scheckter, Lauda, Reutemann, Watson, Peterson, Depailler,
Hunt, Regazzoni, Laffite, Fittipaldi, Jones, Brambilla, etc.

AND MARIO ANDRETTI,
CHASING THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN HIS LOTUS ...

TICKETS AT NORTHEAST U.S. TOYOTA DEALERS

earnings, especially with many Grand Prix driver salaries now rivaling those of top U.S. sports stars.

A Formula 1 car, not including the engine, costs approximately \$70,000. The basic F1 engine, a Ford-Cosworth, goes for \$25,000, and a well-equipped team will have five engines per car per season. Engines are rebuilt after every race, which costs from \$5,000 to \$12,000, depending on their condition. When one considers the additional costs of running a racing shop, paying mechanics, buying spare parts, and so on, it's easy to see how the yearly budget for a two-car team such as McLaren or Tyrrell or Ferrari will easily exceed \$1 million. Sponsorship money makes it possible.

So now Formula 1 cars hurtling around the tracks of the world, from South America to South Africa to Europe to North America to Japan, are emblazoned with the graphics of a wide range of products: Mario Andretti's Lotus for John Player cigarettes, Clay Regazzoni's Ensign for Tissot watches, Ronnie Peterson's Tyrrell for First National City Travelers Checks, and, yes, Rupert Keegan's Hesketh for *Penthouse/Rizla*, to name just a few.

Modern Grand Prix cars may be the world's fastest billboards, but they are also its most sophisticated and efficient racing machines. While the words *Grand Prix*, French for "Big Prize," refer to the stature of the race, the term Formula 1 is derived from the technical side of the event. Racing lends itself to a bewildering number of classifications that are based on the technical specifications, or formulas, governing the construction of the cars. The current specifications—the formula—for Grand Prix cars went into effect in 1966. At the heart of the formula is the engine, limited to a maximum of 3 liters (181 cubic inches) displacement and 12 cylinders. The 3-liter formula has been dominated since its inception by the Ford-Cosworth V-8 engines (more than 100 wins since 1966). This year there are also engines by Ferrari, Matra, Alfa Romeo, and, from time to time but with little success, BRM. The Matra and BRM engines are V-12s; the Ferrari and Alfa engines are flat-12s. They all produce approximately 550 horsepower on high-octane gasoline and, hooked to a five- or six-speed transmission, can propel a 1,300-pound Formula 1 car at speeds exceeding 175 mph. Acceleration, cornering, and braking capabilities of the cars are phenomenal.

To the untrained eye, all Formula 1 cars bear a monotonous similarity. At a stock car race it is easy to tell a Chevy from a Ford or a Mercury from a Dodge. It is not so easy, however, to tell a Lotus from a McLaren and a Brabham from a Ligier. But there is a marked contrast between the knifelike lines of a Lotus and the squat angularity of a Brabham and between the pencil thinness of a McLaren and the sensual roundness of a Ligier.

The men who drive these cars are also different—not only from each other but also

WIN FOOTBALL BETS

Without Ever Risking A Cent

My name is Gary Gianni. I have discovered a method of betting on football games that guarantees you'll never risk another cent on any game — no matter what the final score is.

I'll ask you to send ten dollars and I will immediately **airmail** you my method.

And if for any reason you don't agree that my method can make you hundreds or even thousands of dollars this season alone — not to mention for the rest of your life — then just send it back anytime during this football season for a full refund.

For years I spent hundreds of hours improving ways of picking winning teams at football. I studied schedules, injury lists, win/loss records, and even the effects of different time zones on visiting teams.

My abilities gradually improved. But I made mistakes, especially on many upsets.

Then during Thanksgiving week of 1975, a friend of mine who is a former high school math teacher saw something in my approach that made the whole thing click: an infallible, sure way to bet on games with absolutely no risk whatsoever. And it works even on the wildest upsets.

What I am offering to send you is my infallible, mathematically proven method for successfully betting on professional and college football games week after week without ever risking a dime, because the method contains a built-in insurance factor which guarantees that you never lose money on any given game.

Once you have mastered the method and learned to apply it correctly, you can expect to win many, many times.

Here is the ordinary way people bet on teams of their choice: Suppose that two teams, Miami and Dallas for example, are playing this weekend, and Miami is favored over Dallas by 3 points. What do you do? Well, let's say you agree with the oddsmaker and favor Miami by 3 points. You find a friend who wants to take Dallas and 3 points, and you sit back and wait for Sunday. What happens? (Remember: you have Miami and gave 3 points.)

Let's look at the possibilities:

- 1) If Miami wins by more than 3 points, you win;
- 2) If Miami wins by exactly 3 points, you break even;
- 3) If Miami wins by less than 3 points, or if Dallas wins, then you lose.

As you can see in outcome #3, you would lose. Now, with my method, one never risks losing money on any given game. What my method does is protect you from losing as in instance #3.

You can win as much as you want to win — depending on how much the other person risks.

Last year, one person applied my method for the entire season and consistently won \$10 to \$50 every week.

Another person made a cool \$400.00 in one weekend alone!

Sure, you might say. But what's the catch? There is none. Believe me. There are no tricks or gimmicks whatsoever. My method is completely fair.

In fact, my method has been proven to be mathematically and scientifically perfect. No "hunches." No "tips." No complicated "systems."

THE METHOD WORKS EVERY TIME!

And it works with anybody.

And it takes no special skills or knowledge to understand and apply it. The entire method is simply explained in just four pages including examples.

You don't have to believe me yet. You don't even have to risk your money. All I ask is that you take a few minutes to examine my method.

Prove to yourself — like so many others have — that it works.

If you don't agree that my method is worth many, many times your ten dollars, just send it back anytime during this season for a full refund.

Send for it now. I know it'll be the best bet you ever made.

BANK REFERENCE:
Cherry Creek National Bank
1st Avenue & St. Paul
Denver, Colorado 80206

Gary Gianni
165 Monroe St.
Denver, Colorado 80206

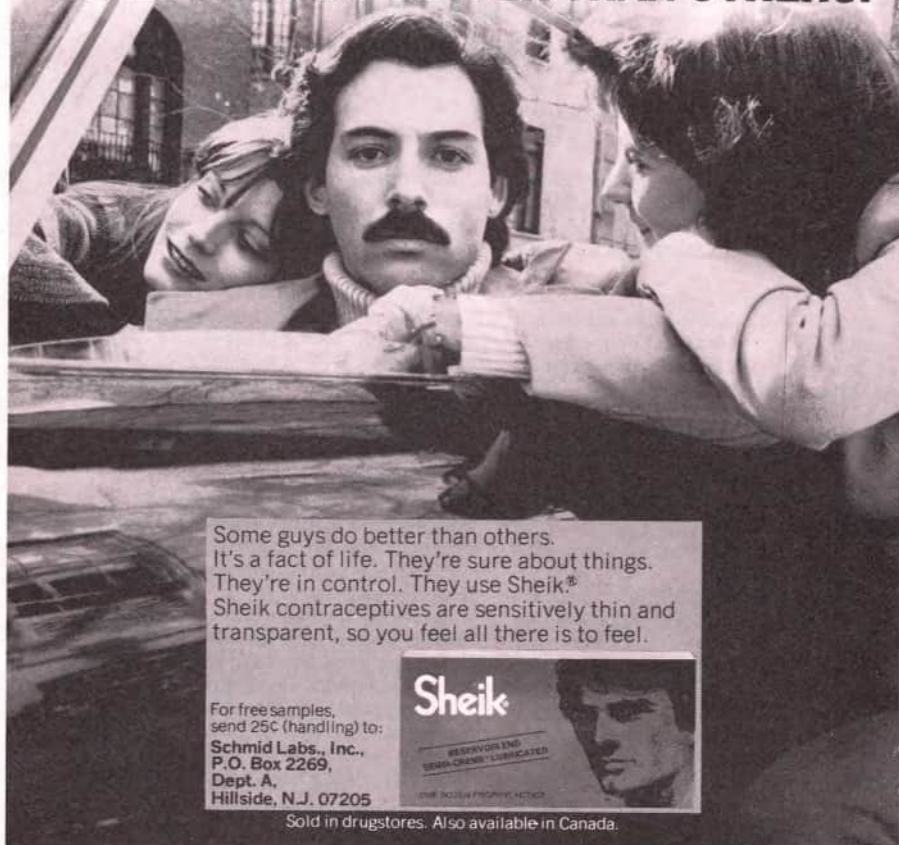
Gary, enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return your method anytime during this football season for a full refund.

NAME _____ (please print or type)

ADDRESS _____


CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SOME GUYS DO BETTER THAN OTHERS.



Some guys do better than others. It's a fact of life. They're sure about things. They're in control. They use Sheik.[®] Sheik contraceptives are sensitively thin and transparent, so you feel all there is to feel.

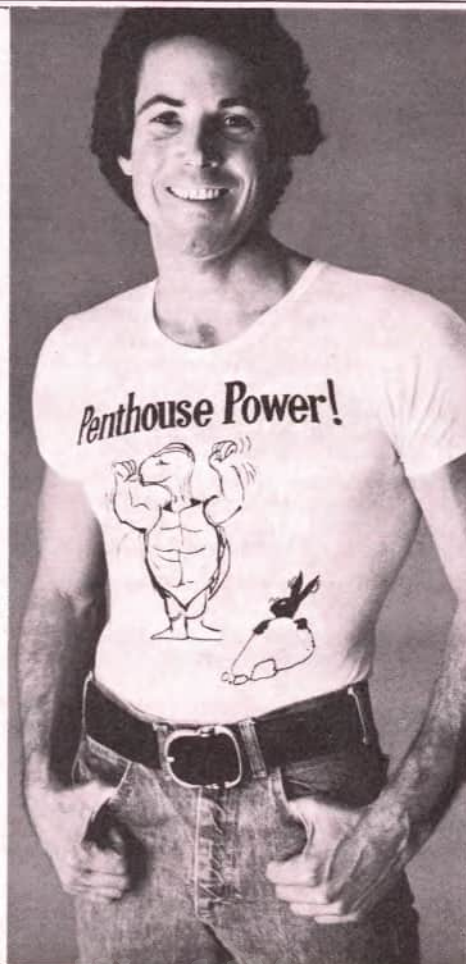
For free samples, send 25c (handling) to:
Schmid Labs., Inc.,
 P.O. Box 2269,
 Dept. A,
 Hillside, N.J. 07205



Sold in drugstores. Also available in Canada.

Q. Why is this man smiling? A. He's got **PENTHOUSE POWER!**

You can have Penthouse Power too . . . in Small, Medium or Large! (Also available in Ladies scoop neck, cap sleeves, French cut-T. Dept. T-36)
 To order, specify size and style, send check or money order for \$10 to: **Penthouse Products, Dept. T-39, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** NYC residents add 8% sales tax.



from the rest of us. Formula 1 is the most difficult and most dangerous automotive sport, and it requires a very special kind of skill to drive this car. At the top of the superstars this year are Mario Andretti (Lotus), Jody Scheckter (Wolf), Niki Lauda (Ferrari), Carlos Reutemann (Ferrari), Ronnie Peterson (Tyrrell), and James Hunt, the defending World Champion (McLaren). Emerson Fittipaldi belongs in the top group by virtue of his past record as two-time World Champion and his current record as the highest-paid athlete in the world at \$1 million a year, which is paid by a huge sugar company in Fittipaldi's native Brazil. But he continues to languish ignominiously at the back of the pack in an inferior car of his own design.

Although the list of potential winners goes beyond these top six, they are the drivers who should be watched at Watkins Glen, because they are the ones most likely to be fighting for the World Championship in that race.

Any Formula 1 race is a big event, but the race at Watkins Glen is a happening. Of the more than 95,000 people who will come to the race this year, at least 50,000 of them will be campers. They're mostly young people, who are out to celebrate with a special rite of fall before the tedium of winter and classes sets in. They'll begin arriving Wednesday morning by car, van, and motorcycle, and the happening will be under way.

For four days impromptu parties will begin at any hour of the day or night, grow rapidly in intensity, and then quickly fade out only to reappear two tents and three vans away. Indeed, the campgrounds at Watkins Glen are a movable feast, a few yards or a few feet away from which the business of the Grand Prix will be going on almost unnoticed. It is the Traveling Grand Prix show beginning rehearsals for another Sunday performance. Fortunately, by then campers will have had so much nonstop partying that they will actually take time to watch the race that brought them there. Their numbers will be swelled by race-day spectators until a crowd approaching six figures in numbers ebbs and flows against the fences, through the woods, and out over the open hills surrounding the track.

For the cast of the Grand Prix show, Watkins Glen is just another stage for a regular weekend performance. The surroundings will be different from the fourteen locations already played this year, but they will be familiar. Drivers, crew, press, and sponsors will all fall into familiar patterns of activity that are governed by the printed schedules for practicing, qualifying, and, finally, racing.

The repetition and the familiarity do not diminish the intensity of the weekend—or its importance. It's a Grand Prix race for the World Championship, and it's dangerous business. The familiar routine—the testing, the checking, the rebuilding, the replacing, the testing again—not only works to hone the car and driver into winning sharpness but also to reduce to the lowest possible

Win A U.S. Watkins Glen Grand Prix *Pace Car



Drive the Toyota Grand Prix Pace Car Home on October 2

Twenty-five words or less can put you in the winner's circle — and the driver's seat — at the Toyota Grand Prix of the U.S. at Watkins Glen. To get there, fill out the coupon, attach your entry, and send it in to PENTHOUSE. Two finalists will be selected to be our guests for a wonderful free weekend at the Grand Prix, expenses paid including transportation. Just before the starting flag drops, our judges will announce which finalist has won this *specially prepared Toyota Celica G.T. Liftback. Our other finalist will receive a selection of fabulous gifts from PENTHOUSE International, Ltd., and Toyota.

PENTHOUSE/TOYOTA GRAND PRIX
909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022

I'd love to own the Toyota Watkins Glen pace car because _____
On a blank sheet in 25 additional words or less, tell PENTHOUSE why. Complete and attach this coupon to give us a better idea of who reads PENTHOUSE. Whether you check the boxes or not does not affect your chances of winning.

<u>AGE</u>	<u>Household (family) Income</u>	<u>Car Ownership (household)</u>
___ Under 18	___ Under \$10,000	___ Domestic car (bought new)
___ 18-24	___ \$10,000-\$14,999	___ Imported car (bought new)
___ 25-34	___ \$15,000-\$19,999	
___ 35-49	___ \$20,000-\$24,999	
___ 50 or over	___ \$25,000 or over	
<u>Marital Status</u>	<u>Plan to buy in</u>	<u>Next 12 months:</u>
___ Married		___ Domestic car (new)
___ Not married		___ Imported car (new)

I have a valid driver's license in (STATE) _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

All entries must be received
by PENTHOUSE no later than
September 25, 1977

Spend Race Weekend With the PENTHOUSE / RIZLA Formula 1 Team



Our two finalists will spend the day among the drivers and crews in pit lane — where the real action takes place. Before the race, the winner will be driven around the track with PENTHOUSE's pet of the year, and then ride in the pace car. Meet and talk to world-famous Grand Prix drivers — see the action when the cars make split-second pit stops. Both finalists will be on the finish line when the checkered flag drops and in the pits for the victory celebration.

All entries must be received no later than September 25, 1977. Finalists must attend Watkins Glen Grand Prix on October 2, 1977, and must have a valid driver's license. Contest open to residents of the U.S. Entries will be judged by the editors of PENTHOUSE on the basis of originality (60%) and clarity (40%). Decision of the judges is final and the winner will be announced just prior to race time. Employees of Toyota Auto Sales, U.S.A. Inc., PENTHOUSE International Ltd., their agencies, affiliates and their respective families are not eligible. Contest offer subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. Contest void where prohibited by law.

TEXTURE PLUS™



**Not Only Ribbed
Hundreds of Raised "Pleasure Dots"™
To Stimulate Her
To Higher Levels of Sexual Excitement**

At last... a perfect blend of contraceptive and stimulator. Not like other textured condoms with conventional ribbing. This exclusive condom has ribbing and raised "Pleasure Dots" that are more pronounced... raised higher for greater stimulation. But that's not all... it's the only condom with texturing all over the condom. Eleven textured rings on the head, hundreds of embossed dots on the shaft. Texture Plus is preshaped and so thin it lets you feel like you're wearing nothing at all. Gently lubricated to work with natural secretions for extra sensitivity. It's the condom you've been waiting for!

Try our Executive Sampler, featuring Texture Plus, BOLD 45™ (world's only color condom that's textured), and more.

SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR FULL REFUND

Population Planning Associates, Dept. DPHU-9
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush me in an unmarked package:

- ☐ Texture Plus (wallet of 10 condoms) \$5.25
- ☐ Executive Sampler (30 condoms, featuring Texture Plus) \$11.50
- ☐ Deluxe 40-page catalog free with order. (Featuring clothing, sex aids, books, condoms, and more) Catalog alone 25¢

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ©1976, PPA

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, PET.



The Penthouse Cocktail Set is the perfect prelude to a golden evening of fun. No host should be without it. Includes: Six 8 oz. glasses, a 25 oz. mixer and stirrer — all handsomely designed with the Penthouse keys.

Send \$12.95 (plus \$2.00 for postage and handling) to: **Penthouse Products, Dept. DOO1, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. NYC residents add 8% sales tax.


190 PENTHOUSE

level any chance for mechanical or human error.

There are two predictable peaks of intensity during the weekend. The first one occurs during the final of three official qualifying sessions, when starting positions are determined. The second is at the start of the race. Grand Prix races are relatively short—two hours or 200 miles—and the top cars and drivers are so evenly matched that passing is sometimes almost impossible. A race can be won at the start. Grid position is all-important.

The final qualifying session is usually held late Saturday afternoon. All the cars will be on the track at the same time, with each lap time carefully recorded by the official timers and scorers. It's a frantic but nevertheless controlled period in which every driver tries to improve or protect his starting position. It is not unusual for the pole position to be decided between three or four cars locked in an all-out, white-knuckled battle with each other and the clock. Some feel the final qualifying session is the highlight of a Grand Prix weekend.

All of the Grand Prix races begin from a standing start in a painful crescendo of screaming engines. On Sunday afternoon the official starter will walk to the front of the starter's stand. He will pause there for a few moments, the flag at his side, with that noise almost deafening him, and then leap into the air, releasing \$3 million worth of racing machinery and the elite of the motor-ing world into a mad, seemingly mindless charge into the first turn.

Most, perhaps all, of the cars will emerge from the race intact. They'll quickly juggle and jockey themselves into the first of a constantly changing order. The Toyota Grand Prix of the United States will be under way, and the thirtieth year of U.S. road racing will have had an appropriate beginning. 

The sponsor of this year's race is Toyota, and the official title for the event is the Toyota Grand Prix of the U.S. The official pace car is the Toyota Celica GT Liftback. Local Toyota dealers throughout the Northeast are offering a three-to-ten-dollar discount on tickets for the race. Here's the breakdown: **General Admission**—twenty-three dollars at gate, twenty dollars at Toyota dealer; **Garage Tour** (a chance to get a close-up look at the cars)—one dollar at gate, free through Toyota dealer; **Seats**—three to four dollars (Saturday) and five to six dollars (Sunday) at gate, half-price at Toyota dealer. To take advantage of this ticket offer, just go to your participating Toyota dealer in any of the following states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, Delaware, District of Columbia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, and Michigan.

IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW TO PREVENT HEART ATTACKS

"Eating cholesterol or saturated fat is not related to heart disease," says Dr. Richard Passwater, who is the author of *Supernutrition for Healthy Hearts*. In this vitally important article, he outlines a program geared toward preventing coronaries. This is must reading for every American.

WOMEN ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR OWN ORGASMS

Sex therapist Pauline Abrams finally takes men off the sexual hook by putting the responsibility for pleasure squarely on the shoulders of the lady herself. Her straightforward approach to this thorny dilemma may help you get what you want out of sex.

BONDAGE SEX AIDS: A CONSUMER'S GUIDE

Beginners and experts alike will be interested in these ratings on the newest and most popular B&D equipment available. There are many illustrations and ideas for everyone.

SEXUAL CONTACT WITH ANIMALS

Dr. Wardell B. Pomeroy, the distinguished psychotherapist and coauthor of the Kinsey Report, provides a fascinating look at the taboo subject of zoophilia—the sexual love of animals. Don't miss this exclusive report in the October issue of *Forum*.

TRYPTOPHAN: NATURAL REMEDY FOR INSOMNIA AND DEPRESSION

If you suffer from insomnia or depression, tryptophan is a natural substance that may help you live a normal life again. Another article in *Forum's* continuing series on nutrition.

Can You Really Achieve Total Financial Freedom In Today's Economy?

More Than 100,000 People Have Discovered Exactly How

A MUTUAL CONCERN

We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom despite what economists say.

Because of this common interest, I think we can be of great help to each other. You see, recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow \$150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect - I barely got through Ames High School (Ames Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM

Now, how can we help each other? I am willing to share everything I have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves.

You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP

Contained in the work entitled **How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You** are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as \$100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put \$10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE

If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be

able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sight-seeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what **real freedom** is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put \$10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

ASSET FORMULA

These formulas of mine do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the \$10.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

FOR YOUR FUTURE

What will this \$10.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step by step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in my shoes. You have in excess of \$1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

I think you might do what I'm doing — that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similar goals as mine asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, I know, as you would know if you were in my shoes that *if I can just convince you to test my formulas you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they do for me.*



Millionaire Mark Haroldsen asks: "If hours, efforts or brains are not what separates the rich from the average guy... what is?" Haroldsen spent 4 years perfecting an answer and a "wealth formula" anyone can follow.

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple, direct approach, I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

TO ORDER, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a check for \$10.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. E795, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holaday Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can easily borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED

If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was (because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others), I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

Is a super worth 12

That's what it costs to take out a year's subscription to FORUM, the world's most liberated magazine. In FORUM, you will find everything you'll ever need to know about giving and receiving total sexual satisfaction.

Optimum Sensual Pleasure

The techniques of giving optimum sensual pleasure to a woman must be learned. They are not instinctive, are not taught in school and the sad truth is that relatively few men are aware of all the sexual subtleties and nuances that ultimately compel women to desire certain men above all others. Becoming a superb lover (like becoming a superb artist or musician) requires wide ranging knowledge and experience, two areas in which FORUM excels—sexual knowledge provided by the world's top authorities and personal experiences related by thousands of readers whose letters provide more realistic and practical guidance than that found in any one or all of the hundreds of published books on love and sex.

Secret Sex Practices

In FORUM you will read articles on how to give an erotic massage; the arts of cunnilingus, fellatio, foreplay; how to make a girl say "yes"; how to prevent premature ejaculation; masturbation techniques; how to understand and enjoy many of the so-called secret sex practices; how men can

become multi-orgasmic; male-female sexual fantasies; how women love to be loved; how to be a successful lover despite penis size; the truth about brother-sister incest; how to successfully use sex aids and where to purchase them safely and discreetly; how to increase a low sex drive; the joy of threesomes; how to make women orgasmic; the fact and fiction of penis enlargement and much, much more.

Super Lovers

For ten years, FORUM has been instrumental in providing millions of men (and women) with the knowledge and self confidence needed to become Super Lovers. So, don't hesitate, fill out the attached coupon opposite and mail it immediately. See to it that 1977 is your own special year of sexual enlightenment and success.

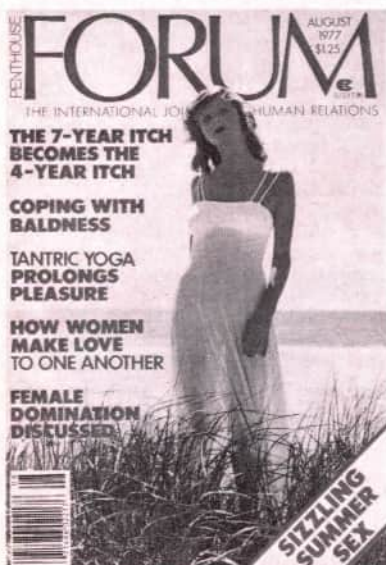
PS: Many Penthouse readers have been sending FORUM subscriptions to their wives and girlfriends because they have discovered that nothing improves a relationship faster than an open, honest, and informed attitude toward love and sex. FORUM provokes comment—tears down the barriers of guilt, fear and misinformation—creates exciting, new frontiers for sexual exploration and discovery—in short FORUM opens up and sustains the vital lifelines of communication between man and woman. Try it. You have nothing to lose but your inhibitions.

sex life dollars?

Money-Back Guarantee

After reading the tens of thousands of enthusiastic letters received by Forum during the past ten years, we are so certain that Forum will dramatically enhance your sex life that we decided to make the following unconditional offer:

**If your sex life does not
improve after reading Forum,
the full cost of your
subscription will be refunded!**



Fill in this coupon and
mail it immediately
**SEE TO IT THAT 1977 IS
YOUR YEAR FOR
SUPERLATIVE JOY IN SEX.**

Send your check or money order for
12 issues at \$12 to: FORUM Subscription Dept
P.O. Box 930 Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PF1077





Give yourself the masculine look with Bulger Undergear

Yes! Now you can have the appearance of size and power that drives women wild with desire. You'll have the same potently virile look as you've seen in Hollywood superstars and heavyweight fighters.

That's right! You can get in on the secret that the Hollywood and Madison Avenue image-makers have been using for years—the secret of "the virile look".

Remember! Bulger Undergear will enlarge the appearance of your penis, and...it will give you the degree of uplift, protrusion and erection that are the essential ingredients needed for that virile masculine look.

Bulger Undergear is effective, simple and a unique pleasure to wear. Made of 100% textured nylon, it is worn under your clothes exactly as you would wear underwear. No one will be able to know that you are wearing it, yet they will all be astounded by the difference.

Why shouldn't you have that masculine look that women notice immediately? Place your order right now for Bulger Undergear and we'll rush it to your home in a plain, unmarked package. Try it out for 2 weeks, wherever and whenever you like. If you aren't absolutely ecstatic over your new look and the reactions to it...then just return it for a full and immediate refund.

Give yourself the masculine look today for only \$9.95 with Bulger Undergear.



Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. BG-177
P.O. Box 5200
F.D.R. Station, N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:

I would like to get in on the secret of the masculine look. Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$9.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. I understand that my Bulger Undergear will arrive in a plain unmarked package and that I may return it within 14 days for a full refund if I am not satisfied for any reason whatsoever.

Name _____
Signature _____ (I am over 18 years of age.)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

skin flicks. I, too, enjoy movies that are well done, where no one is mutilated and children are not exploited. I like to see some lovely cock do what it does best: fuck some beautiful young girl.

In the beginning, before we were married, our sex life was unbelievable. We would spend hours in bed, balling and sixty-nining in every room. Foreplay was loving and gentle, with me constantly having glorious orgasms. Oral sex was somewhat new to me, but I found myself enthralled with the idea. I couldn't seem to get his cock into my mouth often enough.

Then, suddenly, after about two or three months of ecstasy, my husband began buying every kind of sex magazine and paper that was on the market. He would become very aroused and start fucking me with little or no foreplay. Tom just couldn't wait a second longer.

I've tried very hard to enjoy this reading material with him in bed before he fucks me, but he becomes so absorbed in his papers that I might as well be asleep. He sometimes reads for hours at a time, paying no attention to me, and becomes angry when I attempt a minor conversation. I feel as though I'm disturbing him.

I must admit I find it difficult to get really hot over anonymous pictures on a page, especially when I have a beautiful, warm body with a cock lying next to me.

My husband used to encourage me to give him blowjobs while he was reading, but he never looked away from what he was reading and often smoked cigarettes. After he would come, he'd continue reading, leaving me with dripping underwear. After a year or so of this, I gave up joining him while he read. But I still have to suck him most of the time until he is hard enough to fuck me—for five minutes, maybe.

I've tried to discuss how I feel after a marathon reading session and a swift fuck, but he becomes angry and says I'm an "old eighteenth-century prude" who just doesn't appreciate his choice of literature.

For the last two years I've resorted to masturbation, but somehow this is not totally satisfying. Masturbation is okay, but it leaves me with feelings of resentment for my husband. What I really need is a good fucking.

My mate assures me that he loves me, even though I know he picks up women during his regular weekend drinking sprees.

I'm still young enough and attractive enough to leave him, but I'm confused and worried that I'm a sentimental prude who never grew up sexually. Please, Xaviera, help me to understand.—C.A.B.

Before you decide on any drastic changes, you really ought to sit down with your husband and tell him that you're tired of being a head-first sperm bank. Give him one last chance to make the best of his—your—

HOW TO MAKE SEXUAL EXCITEMENT LAST

You've always wished your love making could last. Now it can, with Detane—the gel that controls a man's super-sensitivity. Detane delays the climax to prolong the pleasure—So you can hold on to the beauty of the sensuous excitement. Helps both partners achieve new sexual fulfillment. Get Detane and enjoy lasting sexual pleasure.

Detane is an unscented invisible gel for climax control. Available without prescription at leading pharmacies.



© 1977 Commerce Drug Co., Inc.
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

SOFT YET FIRM!



- Caress is softer and more pliable than any other vibrator.
- You can fondle and bend Caress.
- You can manipulate Caress to suit your own whims and desires.

Yet... Caress is firm—like the real thing. When you receive Caress, you or your lover should hold it in the palm of your hand and feel its divinely exciting texture. Gently let your fingers glide along its length.

Now, allow yourself to experience the erotic vibrancy of its potent energy. Do it! Take firm hold of Caress and discover all its beautiful secrets.

Don't permit yourself to settle for anything less. Experience "the Delicate Difference."

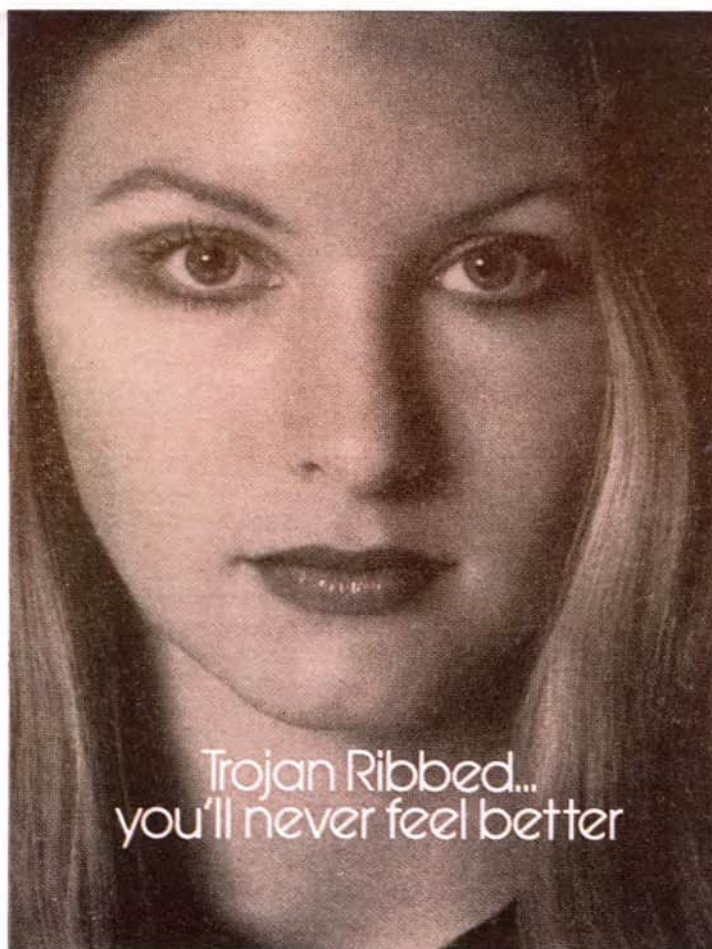
ORDER CARESS NOW!

Valentine Inc. Dept. CR-155
P.O. Box 5200 FDR Station
New York, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed please find my check or money order for \$7.95 plus 75¢ for postage and handling. Please rush me Caress—the Vibrator with the "Delicate Difference" in a plain package today.

Name _____
Signature _____ (I'm over 18 years of age)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SALE \$7.95



Trojan Ribbed...
you'll never feel better

"I love you"...you can say it in a look, a smile or in two new words...Trojan Ribbed. Now there's a condom that women everywhere are telling their men about. New sexy, golden colored Trojan Ribbed, so thin they're transparent...the condom that intensifies the joy and sensation of making love. Delicate textured ribs take her higher and higher...it's a sensation no ordinary condom can provide.

After experiencing the thrill of a lubricated Trojan Ribbed, she'll never feel the same without one.

Next time you visit your local pharmacy, pick up a package of Trojan Ribbed...they're for feeling in love.

For trial offer, send \$2.40 (check or money order made out to Youngs Drug Products Corporation) with the coupon below:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Youngs Drug Products Corp.

Dept. PHR10, P.O. Box 5, Piscataway, N.J. 08854

marriage. Fantasies are nice, but he's got a true, loving creature waiting for him at home. Nude girls in pictures are fine, but there is something else in life besides paper dolls. If he doesn't get the picture, leave him with his pictures. You've got a real life to live, and you deserve better than to be left high and dry—or low and wet.

FINDING YOUTHFUL FOUNTAINS

Four years ago, when my wife, Rita, was thirty-one, she went to bed with an eighteen-year-old high-school student in our neighborhood. After a subsequent relationship of about two months, they were discovered by the boy's mother. This ended their affair.

I am ten years older than Rita. My first reaction, when I learned about her activities, was anger, jealousy, and a feeling of inadequacy. Then, quite quickly, these negative feelings gave way to a strange kind of joy about the thrill of sharing my wife with another man. I practically begged her for details. As soon as we got into bed, I'd try to combine our lovemaking with the increasing excitement of knowing that she had turned on and had been turned on by a young man. Was the boy a good lay? Did he have a big cock? Had she taught him my techniques of foreplay? Had he eaten pussy? Had she sucked his cock?

Rita was not guilt-ridden about robbing the cradle but, rather, was quite pleased with herself for having seduced a good-

looking boy. She answered my questions but did not elaborate. I wanted more than yes and no, but she began to clam up. She wanted no part of a regular inquisition, and I had to cool it. And so our love life resumed its silent routine. Rita tolerated me, never rejected me, but wouldn't let me share her other life.

Very recently, I found some letters which revealed another of my wife's relationships. My attitude now is only that I want to be included in some way. Remembering the fiasco of four years ago, I'm reluctant to broach the subject and know that I don't again want to go through what took place back then.

How can I get her to deal me in? I don't want to join them. I only want to enjoy reports of her experiences and to know when they are together (preferably in advance of their planned meeting). I think it would be very exciting for me to know precisely the moment they are fucking. Even as a pure fantasy, this idea does wonders for my masturbation sessions. If I could bring reality into the dream, it would sweeten it a whole lot. Of course, I'd like to watch, but I know this is out of the question.

Xavier, I've read your books and never miss "Call Me Madam." I know you're a total woman and wise enough to conclude that I blew it four years ago with my confessional routine. I also think you're creative enough to give me some sound advice on how to proceed now. Please.—Hunky

Obviously, your wife prefers her secret affairs in private. Quite frankly, I don't blame her. But if you must satiate your curiosity, why don't you tell her you'll be going out of town on a business trip for a few days? Then come back into the house unannounced, when she's screwing with one of her young studs. Be discreet, and maybe even hide in a closet, where you won't be found. That should certainly give you something memorable to masturbate about for a few days.

Writing about schoolboys, I must tell you an anecdote about a recent experience of mine. A schoolboy from my old high school in Amsterdam called me, requesting an interview. Over the phone he had an innocent voice, and this turned me on tremendously. I agreed to the interview, and within the next week I must have masturbated at the thought of it at least four times. How would I seduce this schoolboy?

Luckily, the kid was handsome, but he was extremely shy and timid. He must have dropped his notebook at least four times during our one-hour conversation. Of course, each time he dropped his notebook I managed to move a bit closer to him. Eventually, I nonchalantly leaned over his shoulder to have a look at what questions he was going to ask me. At this moment it so happened that my dress slipped open and revealed my suntanned breasts. (I had just gotten back from a sunny vacation in Greece.) The boy couldn't help looking at

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.

By subscribing to the *Women's Confidential Memo*, you have a direct line to other women who, with you, will deal frankly and openly with the problems all women face. Sometimes these confrontations will be brutally spoken, often they will be uncompromising, and always they will be salient commentary on the female human condition. Through your letters and comments, and those of the editor and other women, all subjects will be discussed in down-to-earth, everyday terms that leave no room for hesitancy or embarrassment.

Don't subscribe to *Memo* if you are afraid of facing reality! Do subscribe to *Memo* if you want or need help in any area of your life. Send \$12.00 to *Memo*, P.O. Box 564, Warren Point Station, Fairlawn, New Jersey 07410, and receive twelve *Women's Confidential Memos* a year. (This is a special offer, saving you \$12.00 off the regular fee for subscribing to *Memo* from this magazine.)

Put an end to life's disappointments. Share them with other women for a new, positive view of yourself through the pages of *Women's Confidential Memo*.

my chest in admiration. Well, I slowly pushed my breasts against his arms and brushed them up and down. For a small boy, he grew a tremendous erection. Again he dropped his note pad. This gave me the opportunity to let my dress fly accidentally up around my head. Since I wasn't wearing any panties or bra, we were soon entangled together on the floor of my house.

We kissed and hugged, and I slowly stripped his clothes off. He stood there, almost embarrassed with his erect penis, covering it with his hand. He was Jewish and circumcised and clean as a whistle. His first orgasm, as you might guess, didn't end up in my mouth or in my vagina but somewhere on a pillow. He was so young and so nervous that he couldn't hold himself any longer when I started kissing his back and massaging his buttocks.

Then I took him outside into my garden. Though the trees were already in full bloom, I knew that some of my neighbors could still catch a glimpse of what was going on beneath the branches. The thought of this, of course, turned me on even more. And so, there on the grass, this schoolboy finally lost his virginity as he shot his first load into my hot and eager vagina. We spent an hour in the garden, and, three orgasms later, he finally got dressed and left on his bicycle.

Now let's see your wife top that!

THEY LUST FOR MY WIFE

I had never been sure how I would react if my wife were to make love to another man. But I found out the other day. To my shock, fear, and delight, it turned me on. I found I wasn't jealous, and I now find myself encouraging her to do it again.

I am twenty-eight, and my wife, Sally, is twenty-six. We have been married six years and have two children. Our sex life has been reasonably good. About a year ago, however, my wife and three of her girl friends went out for drinks to celebrate the sale of a house. As it turned out, a group of men tried to pick them up. One of the men, Sally told me later, was so blatant as to describe precisely what he wanted to do with her in bed. My wife refused. As she related the story to me, I found that it was turning me on rather than creating the jealousy I thought it would. My wife, who is good-looking and who can attract other men with her eyes closed, said the experience was fun and ego-reinforcing.

With my approval, Sally then went out several other times with a girl friend to go dancing. She said she enjoyed the game of flirting but was reluctant to go all the way. She also expressed concern that I might be encouraging her to do so because I wanted a justification for laying other women. I told Sally that this was not the case, that I received a great deal of sexual pleasure from pleasing her in bed, and that I've found I also receive much positive sexual feedback from the thought of another man pleasing her as well. I told her it doesn't make me want other women—it just makes me want her all the more. The fact that our sex life has improved rather dramatically of

Send \$12.00 to: *Women's Confidential Memo*
P.O. Box 564, Warren Point Station
Fairlawn, New Jersey 07410

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send check or money order.

late, I think, may have convinced her of that.

At any rate, Sally came home from a night out last week and told me she had made it with a man four times in one night. He was the first man she had had other than me in more than six years. I asked her if she felt guilty. She said no. I asked if she had enjoyed it. She said yes. I asked if she was carried away by it all and felt like running away with the man, and she said no. But Sally did say that she hoped to do it again.

I must say I wasn't entirely sure how I would react if she actually followed through with another man. But now I do know. I wasn't jealous, and I was insanely turned on to my wife.

I tell you all this with a few mixed emotions and fears, because I love my wife. Unfortunately, I believe there is a chance that I could lose Sally by having her do this. I've told her I approve of her extracurricular sex provided that she is able to separate love from sex and that she always is honest with me. She tells me she is capable of satisfying both of these points, although she says she is concerned that a woman "could get to like this sort of thing too much."

So I need your advice. Am I an incredibly peculiar person in having this type of sexual reaction to my wife's actions? Am I taking too much of a risk—that of losing her—by encouraging these affairs? I love my wife desperately and don't want to lose her. But I do like her being a sexy, worldly lady who can be pleased in bed by other men.—Joe

You're playing with fire. Once your wife is turned on to extramarital sex, there will always be the chance that she might not only like the man's body but also fall in love with him. Of course, this can also happen even when two people don't have sex, but in that case the chances are greatly reduced. Fortunately, your open approach to this one-sided swinging affair may well be to your advantage. The taste of forbidden fruit can be intoxicating, and your tolerant approach manages to avert any "forbidden" edge of excitement to your wife's activities.

But I think you'd be wiser if you didn't make it a rule that your wife have sex with other men. Tell her to do it just as a special treat, when she's really ready for somebody and something different. Also, what's good for your wife might also prove beneficial for you. Your wife has bitten the apple. Now try it in pairs.

A COPY OF THE REAL THING

During the last few weeks, my husband and I have really been getting into sex more than is usual for us. We've been talking to each other about our sex fantasies and what have you. One of the things we've been talking about is masturbation. I've never been the type who was willing to play with myself, but this just happened to be one of Mike's fantasies.

Well, last night, after a drink and a smoke



Stimula me.

Want to give me so much in bed that I ask for more? It's easier than you think. All it takes is a man who knows what I like. And I like Stimula[®], the condom designed especially to give extra pleasure to women.

You see, Stimula has 877 ribs that let you touch and caress me in ways I never dreamed possible. To add something new and different to lovemaking. And it has a special lubricant that works with my own natural secretions. So everything comes beautifully and effortlessly. Stimula is pre-shaped to cling to you like a

second skin. And made of latex so thin, we can feel each other's body heat.

When I get together with a man and Stimula, I feel super sexy. So sexy, in fact, that I want to take all you've got to give me.

Next time you're ready for this kind of sensuous excitement, make

sure you understand two little words. Stimula me. And make it an unforgettable night. For both of us.

The condom is still the best known safeguard against Venereal Disease. For more information on prevention, detection, and treatment of VD, write: Akwell Industries, Inc., Dothan, Ala. 36301. Akwell Industries, Inc. © 1977



Stimula[®] is a registered trademark of Akwell Industries, Inc.

Complete Set \$24
Twin set

share with the one you love...

REAL SATIN
Not an imitation!

SATIN SHEETS

Nationally Advertised — Now at
Manufacturer's Low Mill Price

Machine Washable. 225 Thread count with 150 denier acetate thread. 16 colors: Avocado Green, Black, Royal Blue, Bronze, Gold, Hot Pink, Lt. Blue, Mint, Orange, Purple, Red, Silver, Sunflower, White, Yellow, Pink. Entire set includes: 1 straight top sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 matching pillowcases.

Twin Set \$24.00 Queen Set \$33.50

Full Set \$29.50 King Set \$39.50

3 letter monogram on 2 cases — \$3.00

WE PAY POSTAGE

Charge your order to your credit card. IMMEDIATE SHIPPING on Credit Card and Money Orders, American Express, Mastercard, BankAmericard accepted. Include Signature, Account Number & Expiration Date.

FOR RUSH, RUSH ORDERS

Call 201-222-2211

24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.
N. J. & N. Y. residents add sales tax
Direct Retail Sales 10-4, Mon.-Fri.

Royal Creations, Ltd.

Dept. H10 330 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10001

ONLY THOSE WITH AN INSATIABLE APPETITE FOR PLEASURE SHOULD READ THIS AD.

Through this ad you can order The Incredible Sex Machine, called, appropriately enough, The PenisSizer Pleasurizer.

It's like having 5 women at once. Maybe even better.

This remarkable machine enables you to duplicate the act of oral love or sexual intercourse; or to improve on the sensations of anal sex or masturbation.

Includes the Suction-Master control module. Lightweight and portable.

To order: send check or money order for \$29.95 plus \$1.50 p & h, or charge to your BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number). Mail to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax.

To expedite your charge order call toll free number (800) 223-7763. N.Y. residents call direct (212) 593-0334. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Note: Accurate measurements are helpful. First measure penis while erect from beginning of shaft to tip of head. Also measure around the shaft (near the base). Please provide us with both measurements.

EVELYN RAINBIRD LTDTM

as we lay nude in bed, I was really beginning to get hot from talking about our sex fantasies. Mike started rubbing and kissing my nipples. I love it when he does that, and I pressed my breasts up to his face so he could get more. After a while he stopped. "You do it," he said. He took my hand and placed it on my breast. Then he began to move it around in circles, around and around. All the while he was kissing me and rubbing his body against me. When I felt my nipples between my fingers, they were hard as rock (I nurse a baby). Then I began squeezing them, and I felt my milk flowing from the excitement. Meanwhile Mike was slowly working his tongue down toward my pussy. As the milk trickled down my sides, my pussy just got hotter and hotter.

Kissing and tonguing my abdomen, Mike took my free hand and started moving it all around my body. My hips were moving every which way while he moved my hand down toward my hot, open pussy.

I felt my fingers touching my pubic hair, and by the time they reached my pussy lips, I was really getting it going. Mike was almost frothing at the mouth watching me caressing myself, and he soon had me rubbing my hand up and down my pussy. I moaned and groaned as one of my fingers entered just inside my slit. My hips started rotating—I was really getting into it. Mike watched me as closely as he could as I slid my fingers inside and my pelvis started moving frantically to "meet" them. Meanwhile my other hand, wet from my milk, was giving my tits a terrific rubjob.

By this time, I was floating away with myself and started pumping faster as Mike watched. I could feel the inside of my pussy tighten up and knew that I was going to come. I frantically pushed my fingers up as far as I could and felt the first orgasm—a "shooting pleasure." Wow! I wanted more! I'd made myself so horny that one climax wasn't enough. I saw Mike's hard rod standing straight up and knew that that was what I wanted. With my fingers I opened my labia so that he could see inside. He knew I wanted him, but he was so wrapped up in watching me that it was taking him a while to get on top of me. As he began stroking his cock, I started opening and closing my pussy lips around one of my fingers. I could tell Mike was getting ready to reach his climax; so he quickly entered me. I felt his penis pounding inside me, and he reached a groaning climax that automatically made me reach mine. Our juices seemed to slosh at each pumping stroke, and I was going wild. I could feel my warm liquid being pushed out of my system faster and faster, and I was so paralyzed with ecstasy that I couldn't even move.

I would love for you to print this in your column so that I could give Mike a copy for his birthday!—Joan

If the real thing reads anything like your copy, you should become a professional. And if that fails, have you ever thought about a career in journalism? ☺

SUPER VIBE

The amazing dual control, triple action vibrator. It can vibrate with the toughness that you desire or as gently as you require, plus...

Super Vibe thrusts up and down, and...

Super Vibe rotates round and round.

It's premium quality lifelike rubber will give you the erotic experience of a lifetime. Once you've tried it with Super Vibe, you'll never use any other vibrator. Super Vibe is guaranteed to your total satisfaction or return it within 14 days for your money back in full.

Code 457

If coupon is removed, please send check for \$24.95 to VALENTINE PRODUCTS, 880 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

VALENTINE PRODUCTS, Dept. SS-157
P.O. Box 5200, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

I've enclosed my check or money order for \$24.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Super Vibe Vibrator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name _____
Signature _____
I'm over 18 years of age
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

GREAT DIONYSUS

Words phallus.

Let's turn to a symbol. Ancient people from the Peloponnesus to Pompeii attributed magical powers to phallic symbols. They warded off bad luck and were potentially propitious.

We offer a veritable

PHALLIC CYMBALTM

a finely sculptured life-size phallus, gold-plated on cast Pompeian Pewter, mounted on genuine musical ringing brass cymbal on a hardwood base. 7 1/2" overall. A perfect gift for your favorite shrink, the friend who has everything or yourself.

Send \$90 for yours.

The Dionysian Firm, Ltd.
615 E. Jewell Avenue
Denver CO 80210 Sorry: No COD's

☐ I enclose check Charge it:
☐ Mast. Chg. ☐ Bank Amer/Visa

Card # _____
Expires _____

Name _____
Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please Print
Colo. res. add sales tax

YOURS FREE—My Gift to You!

New \$14.95 Book Reveals Great New Way You Can Make Money! Yours Absolutely Free.

My name is Alan Shawn Feinstein. I write a syndicated financial column for newspapers around the world. Examining all kinds of money-making opportunities. Some good. Mostly not.

But good or bad not a one have I seen that didn't need plenty of work or money to get started.

Until last May 23. . .

At first it was just a flicker. But crackling with promise.

I immediately went to work. Testing it, watching it grow. A few hours each week. . .

Within three months, it had brought me in over \$50,000!

And that was only the beginning. . . Never before has there been a money-making opportunity like this. *Never. . .*

Here's why:

1. **It's absolutely brand new!** Even with the best money-making opportunities, by the time they usually reach you, all the good has already been milked dry. Not this. It's completely new. Not like anything you've ever heard of before.

2. **It's fantastically profitable!** Is \$50,000 in three months good money? For a few hours a week? . . . And that was just the beginning! Wait until you see what it can make for you. . .

3. **Perfect for investment, too!** Though you don't need money to put this to work for you, if you do have money you want to make grow, you'll bless the day you found out about this.

A California man using it this way recently confessed to me he put up \$200 of his own money into this and a short time later walked away with a \$6600 profit! In cash. . .

4. **The government is helping you!** This especially delighted me. After all the years of shelling out taxes and watching inflation chew up what was left, what a joy to have the government helping ME make money for a change. As they'll now be helping you. . .

5. **It's something you can be proud of. REALLY proud!** When your friends ask what you do, tell them. And watch the respect in their eyes.

6. **Best of all—it's so simple. . .** Anyone can do it. From your own home or office. Wherever you are. Requires no special skills, training or equipment. Not even a telephone. Yet it can make you money almost effortlessly. Big money! The money you've always wanted. . .

I've put the whole story into a con-



cise book — "How to Get the Money You Want!" You can read it through in less than a half hour and put it right to work for you. Making you money faster and easier than any other way I ever found. . .

I know it sounds incredible. But here's something even more incredible. The price on this book is \$14.95 but the cost to you — Nothing!

That's right, not a dime. No cost, no obligation, nothing else to buy. . . Yours absolutely free!

Why would I do this? Why would I give away something so valuable for free? . . .

Because once you read this I think you'll buy anything I ever write again.

But more important than that . . .

You see, I've seen how much money this can make for people. What it can mean to you . . . It can do so much. For so many . . .

There are dozens of books you can buy telling ways to make money — costing \$10, \$12 or even more. But I believe you'll find this One Book, this Free Book, more valuable than any of them! That's right, more valuable than anything else you can buy . . .

And I promise you this: You will never be asked to pay one cent for this book — now or ever.

Some day, when someone asks you how you first heard about this book, I want you to be able to say: "I got it from Alan Shawn Feinstein."

Once in your life you deserve to be able to say you got something of real value, completely free.

This book is it.

I'm glad I can give it to you . . .

May this book do as much for you as it is doing for others.

May it make as much money for you as I think it will . . .

Sincerely yours,

Alan Shawn Feinstein

Attention, Please: In every one of these books is a prized collector's item. Something you can immediately use or sell, or save to sell for more money later! It will prove to you the worth of everything that has been written here . . .

How valuable is it? It is now selling for EIGHT TIMES its original cost. And it should continue to increase in value **much more** . . .

Yes, it's yours **absolutely free** in this unique book!

SEND ME YOUR \$14.95 BOOK FREE

Alan Shawn Feinstein, 41 Alhambra Circle, Cranston, R.I. 02905, Dept. PEH-10

Yes, Alan, please send me — absolutely free — your new book "How to Get the Money You Want!". I understand it is mine to keep, no cost or obligation whatsoever.

Because of the importance of this book, rather than send it the usual third or fourth class way, we are shipping every order the **fastest way possible!** Please enclose \$1.00 for immediate airmail/first class delivery.

Name.....
Please Print
Street.....
City..... State..... Zip.....

Alan Shawn Feinstein's last financial book, "How to Make Money", is a best seller and still going strong. His financial column, "The Treasure Chest", is syndicated in newspapers throughout the U.S. and in Europe, Asia and Africa. It is the most widely read column of its kind throughout the world. Mr. Feinstein also writes another syndicated feature, "My America" and is listed in "Who's Who in the East."

WorldMags.net

EROS-22

A system designed to bring loving couples to new heights of sexual gratification...

The Complete Lovemaking System. Eros-22 is not merely a book or a cream or a vibrator. It's a total system, designed by experts. **GUARANTEED TO MAKE SEX MORE EXCITING!** To achieve orgasm after orgasm every time you make love.

The Eros Guide to Lovemaking. The most explicit manual of love ever published. 70 photographs and page after page of descriptions of incredibly sophisticated sexual techniques, designed to arouse and excite even the most inhibited sexual partner.

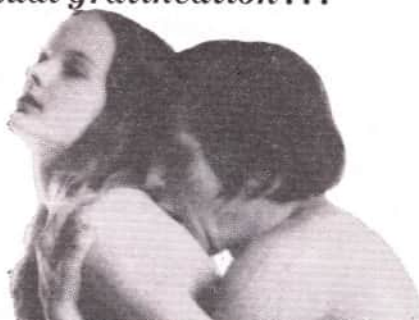
The Eros Dream Cream. Rub it on. It will release wild animal passions in both of you. You'll be irre-



sistably drawn to each other and experience sensations you have never known before.

The Eros Temptation Stimulator. Experience the world's most erotic vibrator. It not only vibrates but, flip the switch and it begins to extend and contract erotically. Wait till you see what it can do to a woman. Any woman!

The Guarantee. We know the Eros climax is the ultimate sexual experience so we want you to use it for 30 days. If you and your lover are not completely satisfied—just return the empty packages for a full refund. Order today. (All orders are shipped in plain packages.) All you have to gain is love.



Valentine Products Inc. Dept. ER-150
P.O. Box 2088 • Gd. Cen. Sta., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

Check one:

☐ Please rush my Eros-22 system to me in a plain package today. I have enclosed my check or money order to cover the complete cost of \$29.95 for the system. You will pay postage and handling and include my free subscription to the Harmony New Products Survey.

☐ I prefer not to order the Eros-22 system now but enter my subscription to the Harmony New Products Survey. Enclosed is \$1.00. I am over 18 years of age. (New York Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
Sign your name as it appears on credit card.

Interbank No.	Expiry Date	Mo	Year

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Canadian residents send orders to Valentine
P.O.B. 7050, Sta. A, Montreal, Quebec H3C3L4.

KINKY, HOT AND FUNNY GREAT SEX COMICS FROM THE GOOD OLD DAYS



Thrill to these memories of the past with this classic collection of erotic comics. These are exact reproductions of the small, crudely drawn booklets that used to get passed around in classrooms during the forties and fifties, spoofing comic heroes of the day.

- SEE Popeye, outrageously endowed, skewering a titting Olive Oyl...
- FIND OUT what Dagwood and Blondie did after the lights went out...
- LEARN the secret sex lives

of Dick Tracy, Steve Canyon, Tillie, Little Orphan Annie, and Betty Boop...

- MEET an entire gallery of hilariously oversexed characters...

Whether you're old enough to remember these masterpieces of erotic nostalgia or young enough to be curious, this rare collection is for you. The set includes three volumes, *Little "Dirty" Comics* (M38), *More Little "Dirty" Comics* (M39), and *Famous Sex Comics* (M40).

The books originally sold for \$7.95 each, but we are now offering these priceless collector's items for just \$4.95 each. Or you can save another \$3.00 by ordering all three books for the low price of \$12.00. On all orders, please add \$1.50 for postage and handling. N.Y. residents add 8% Sales Tax.

Send to **MINOTAUR PRESS**,
Dept. COM176 PH(V),
20th Floor, 909 Third Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022.
Books are not returnable.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

voiced in your interview, are, naturally, inaccurate. He bangs his own drum whenever he can. Who can blame him?—*Clifford Irving, Mexico*

Moans and groans

I just bought the August issue of *Penthouse*. I just wasted \$1.50 doing it, and I had to sneak into a little bookstore (which has them hidden under the counter) to read it. And for what?

Your fiction could do better in *Reader's Digest*, except that the readers would get indigestion. Horrible, absolutely horrible. Your claim to having beautiful women is a farce. I've slopped better hogs than that on a farm. Terrible, absolutely terrible. I quit buying *Playboy* when *Penthouse* came along some years back, but it didn't take you long to try to duplicate *Playboy*. Now I must drop *Penthouse* for *Cosmopolitan*. I mean, after you've read a few letters to Xaviera and a few braggadocio comics in "Couples," it doesn't take much to get totally bored.

The bookstore is right in hiding *Penthouse* under the counter; not because it is pornographic, but because it is smelling up the store. Goodbye, *Penthouse*. From now on I'll put my \$1.50 on a hot dog, which has a bit more sex appeal than those "oin-kers" you guys call beautiful. Good riddance to bad rubbish.—*G. Kallam*

Soldiers of fortune

Robert K. Brown (July 1977) is an insane paranoid fanatic who feels that communism is coming and threatening the whole "free" world. I can say the same for Thomas Dillon, Walter Compton, and the rest of those killers.

I must sadly agree with the comment, "We could have won the war in Nam," but how many more thousands would have died, including the old, children, and women?

I must also state that I must be one of the many millions of "pussies" that this country consists of. And I must also correct a statement made by one of the Americans, namely, that he was in Nam to fight communism. Hogwash. We were in Vietnam protecting Mr. Big Corporation and Mr. Big Business—their interests and greed.

It was the politicians who made them "give up the fight when they thought they were winning," but only after the "pussies" of this country made the country's true feelings nationally known. What we need is a world filled with "pussies," and maybe someday there will be peace. But that won't happen as long as there are people who worship death and weapons, as Robert Brown and his people do.—*W.D., Stevens Point, Wis.*

Maybe we ought to recount our fatalities after reading Joseph Treaster's exposé. It was a serious critique. Some of us World War II babies grew up and survived the GI

Joe fantasy that was served to us in war-glorifying comic books, but like thousands of other war siblings, I had to experience my own baptism of fire. After high school I took the escapist route from ghetto society and joined the ranks of the Screaming Eagles. Four months of training broke me of my bed-wetting and my fear of heights. I lost my "virginity" on the rifle range, while practice-firing a fifty-caliber machine gun—bang, bang, autoejaculation. You could feel the excitement, the adrenaline was flowing, and your cock was hard and dripping with ecstasy. It was the same experience with my first parachute jump. Fear tends to heighten all the senses, especially the sexual ones.

I continued my education, studying sociology and psychology and graduating cum laude from Stanford University. After graduation I joined the special forces of the Green Beret, receiving the commission of major. I went to Korea for extensive training and then joined my regiment at a secret base near the Cambodian border. I was to be briefed on the 1967 Cambodian insurrection.

An old friend popped up from the Pentagon. I gave him the grand tour, adding my equivocal evaluation of any Vietnam victory. I was quickly reprimanded.

Vietnam was synonymous with military politics. War is as American as apple pie. Whether a war is popular or not, colonels want to be generals, and generals want to be victorious with their grandiose stratagist war games. I was no longer the little kid living the comic-book antics of GI Joe. I fully understood the inevitable fate of the Vietnamese, but how do you prepare your own regiment for retreat and infinite failure?

In Vietnam there were not two ideologies in conflict, and communism was not the enemy. Vietnam was an exercise of American egotism, at the expense of more than 50,000 lives. The Robert Browns are living victims of Vietnam, still fighting a faceless foe: one's own soul.—M.H., Seminole, Fla.

I found Joseph Treaster's article to be fairly accurate in most respects. *Soldier of Fortune* magazine may not be the best magazine, but it is way ahead of whatever might be in second place. We have only 1,800 survivors out of our original Vietnamese Ranger advisers, but almost all of them would jump back into the fray if they knew that the United States had the nuts to really kick ass.

As for Dr. Chaim S. Shatan, he is full of shit. Combat is not, and never will be, a sexual turn-on, and the little story about the gunner with an erection discredits his every right to be represented as a medical professional. It is a nice lie, but no way!

War is exciting because it is dangerous, and there are those who need it. But the gore, filth, mud, flies, stench, and putridness will never be forgotten. It is also very difficult to put the faces of your dead buddies out of your mind.

War by itself is not important. It will never solve anything or unite anybody. It is the

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls

"Most Men Are Too Busy Trying To Pick Up Girls To Meet Any"

Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

Don is still shy with girls — but that doesn't matter anymore. Now he's meeting enough beautiful girls (in spite of his shyness) to keep him happy for a long, long time to come.

For example — in just one week out of last month, Don met six girls. Out of the six, he ended up dating five. And out of those five, he ended up sleeping with three. (Pretty darn good for a man who's half scared to death of girls!)

Sound crazy?

Maybe so. But give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to do the same. Give us half a chance, and we'll show you how to meet enough beautiful girls to last you a lifetime.

What's more — we're so sure that you will meet girls our Shy Man's Way that we're going to give you a rather "dare-devil" type of guarantee.

And here it is:

Try out our material for a full year. That will give you plenty of chance to decide whether or not it's worth the \$9.95 we're going to ask you to send us.

Then, if you haven't met enough girls to last you the rest of your normal lifetime, return the material. We'll send you back the \$9.95 you paid for our material — *plus* — we'll send along an additional five dollars out of our own pocket.

Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

On the average — he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them.)

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

And we'll show you *exactly* how he does it — the Shy Man's Way.

It doesn't require "good looks." Don looks like any other average guy.

It doesn't require a "good personality." Being bashful or feeling uneasy with girls means absolutely nothing when you use our material.

It doesn't require "money." Our material works just as good for the poor as it does for the rich.



It doesn't require "youth." We personally know a 55 year old gentleman who's getting all the girls he wants ... doing only what we taught him.

What *does* it require?

Desire. Enough to take a chance. Enough to go ahead and send for our material. Enough to put our principles into *action* once you receive them.

If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

We're not asking you to "believe" us. Just give it a try.

If we're wrong, you'll get your money back *plus* an additional five dollars from us. If we're right, you'll soon have enough girls to last you the next 50 years. Either way, you come up a winner!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-1077
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

I don't know if you're crazy or not, but you can count me in for sure. Send me the Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls. Here's my \$9.95.

I will try out your material for a year, then if I haven't met enough girls to last me a lifetime, I may return it for your special refund. If I do return your material, you will send me back my \$9.95 *plus* an additional five dollars out of your own pocket.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1977



PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS
WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS



Complete Control For The Over Eager Male
STA-POWER SPRAY
Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY \$6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You
And Delight Your Partner

ERECTION PILLS
Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the simplest of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS \$6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?

STA-POWER PILLS
For A Terrific Rise - Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS \$5.95

Do You Need Help?

INSTANT ERECTION OIL OR CREAM
Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is skillfully compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

OIL \$6.95

CREAM \$6.95

Guaranteed To Make Her Hot

INSTANT SPANISH FLY & GINSENG

Do You Measure Up? You Can. Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steingold "...if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS \$5.95

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS Dept. P-1077
Box 790 Cooper Station; New York, N.Y. 10003



friends that it makes, the problems that it forces on people, and the new assignments that are thrown at one every hour of every day that are important. One is forced to go the extra step to keep from dying and even then can lose; that is the reason why war is truly a shaper of destiny.

I can't speak for every Ranger, but enough of them realize that you haven't lived until you've almost died. We have become so weak and gutless that we are forcing the Soviets to give it a good try, and probably soon.

The Society of Vietnamese Rangers recognizes that we don't have to go to Rhodesia to fight a war. Wait long enough, and we can play one in our own backyard.

Our only fear is that "those who fail to recognize history are doomed to repeat it" and that we seem hell-bent on doing our best to forget everything we should have learned from the debacles at Pearl Harbor, TET, and Saigon.—*McDonald Valentine, Jr., President, Society of Vietnamese Rangers, Atlanta, Ga.*

Penthouse need not question the reasons why American men find a home in Rhodesia. Consider the following.

The United States has done its best to put aside the men who fought for their country in Vietnam. Unless your military record shows that you were a coward or a dope fiend, the Veterans Administration doesn't want to talk to you.

The veteran also finds personal insults in U.S. foreign policy, which condones and justifies Communist aggression while vindicating our national cowardice by throwing up the silly diversion of human rights. Where were the human rights of the 3,000 Catholic Vietnamese who were murdered by North Vietnamese at Hué in 1968?

The veteran who managed to survive Vietnam in one piece also doesn't cotton to being a second-class citizen. The government spends thousands of dollars advising employers, institutions, and citizens in general to give preference to inferiors: the physically crippled, morons, blacks, Mexican-Americans, and people who can't read or write and who refuse to educate themselves or speak English.

Since I have returned from three tours of duty in Vietnam, my government has done absolutely nothing for me. Six Purple Hearts and an Honorable Discharge don't compare with the sympathy a rat receives who spent his fathers' dollars to live in Canada and wear an American flag on his ass. I feel as alien in this country as I did in Vietnam.—*F.R. Jr., Houston, Tex.*

Dodging Reality

In response to Nicholas von Hoffman's "Dodging the Draft" (June 1977), I say bullshit! I'm sick and tired of hearing the government, society, and pseudointellectuals like von Hoffman banter the military back and forth from their armchairs, without for a moment taking a long, hard look at the people who make up the army and the conditions many of them are subjected to.

FORUM ADVISER

The Answers
To Every
Question You
Ever Had
About Sex

**NOW
ON SALE
AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND**

Or, send a
check or money
order for \$2.00
plus 50 cents
for postage and
handling to:
**Forum Adviser,
909 Third Ave.,
New York,
N.Y. 10022**

INCLUDES:

IMPOTENCE	EXTRAMARITAL SEX	ORIENTATION
GROUP SEX	FIXATIONS	APHRODISIACS
CONTRACEPTION	RAPE	SEXUAL AIDS
FRIGIDITY	SEXUAL PROBLEMS	ENEMAS
MARITAL PROBLEMS	S/M	VENEREAL DISEASE
INCEST	EJACULATION	FETISHISM
FELLATIO	LIBIDO	STERILIZATION
BONDAGE	TRANSEXUALISM	TRANSVESTISM
BISEXUALITY	MASOCHISM	PROSTATE
MALE SEXUALITY	PENIS	TROILISM
HOMOSEXUALITY	VOYEURISM	VAGINISMUS
MASTURBATION	MENOPAUSE	CLITORIS
DRUGS	MENSTRUATION	UROLAGNIA
CUNILINGUS	ORGASM	BESTIALITY
BREASTS	PREGNANCY	WIDE, WIDE
ANAL SEX	CIRCUMCISION	WORLD OF SEX

A PENTHOUSE PUBLICATION

As for the feared rebellion by an army made up of a majority of blacks, I'm sure that there are those who are genuinely afraid of such an uprising, but the unfortunate truth is that blacks make up the great percentage of the armed forces because of those same ignorant sons-of-bitches who make it so discouragingly hard for blacks to find work in civilian society.

It is a valid complaint that the quality of personnel suffers in the "volunteer army." Not, however, because the personnel are inferior individuals, but rather because the majority of them join the army during periods of extreme vulnerability. Such as minorities suffering from lay-offs and unemployment and adolescents who have never been away from home. As for the latter, the popular feeling among parents is that the army will wondrously transform their little headache into the kind of trooper that was the apple of every American girl's eye circa 1920. They divorce themselves from the reality that I face every day. Seventeen-year-old kids, to whom "scag" and "dogs" were vague terms out of a drug-abuse manual, are now being exposed to these and many other drugs openly. Oversimplified? Yes, but the combined effects of the natural insecurity that accompanies the initial break from the tit, the assertion of macho, the "we may be dead tomorrow" attitude, and the easy accessibility of drugs around every military base in the world have startled many of these "oversimplified" parents upon the return of their sons.


The bottom line is this. Between the army that exists in nationwide advertising campaigns and the army that exists in reality there is no comparison. Unfortunately, by the time that the volunteer deduces this for himself, he has committed himself to a minimum three years of purgatory.

The army is the way it is out of necessity, not choice. However, the effect on the volunteer's sense of individual integrity is catastrophic when he realizes what he has gotten into and that he alone is responsible for the choice (however deceitful the data upon which the decision was made).

I realize that this letter is somewhat broken up. Emotions don't have a great deal of continuity. I personally had some specific expectations of the service, with regard to later academic pursuits. I sought training that would augment my career and have received nothing more than skills applicable to janitorial service.

I'm married and twenty-two, my wife is expecting, and I'm facing the brutal reality that I've been taken for four years of my life under the falsest pretenses.—B.T.P., B Company 1/46th Infantry, APO New York

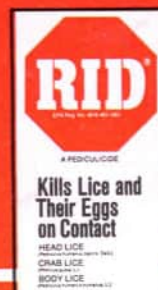
Correction

The Bose speakers pictured in "Soundings" (July 1977) on page 110 were incorrectly identified. The correct information is as follows: Bose 901 Series III—available only in pairs (including equalizer), \$765; pedestals, \$49.95 per pair (black), \$59.95 per pair (chrome). 

38% OF YOU MAY HAVE MORE THAN AN ITCH.

RID contains a natural agent that kills crabs in 10 minutes. And it works without DDT. Clinical studies show RID to be as effective as the leading prescription product. And it's available at most drugstores. But remember, 38% of the people with crabs have been found to have something worse, like VD. So if you think you may have been exposed to something more than crabs, see a doctor.

RID does it for crabs.



**INTRODUCING
RIZLA'S
OUTER SPACE VEHICLE.
ONLY \$2.00.**

SAVE \$3.00 ON THIS SPECIAL OFFER.

Whether you fancy double width or regular size or even a filter tip the Rizla luxury roller can roll a perfect cigarette in seconds. Comes in burnished aluminum and jet black plastic, plus instructions. Regular price is \$5.00*. You can have one for only \$2.00 plus five front labels of any Rizla cigarette paper packets. Send for yours today. You'll travel better with a Rizla luxury roller...and Rizla quality papers.

RIZLA

RIZLA+ PRODUCTS, U.S. 8801 Hayden Place, Culver City, Ca. 90230.
Enclosed you will find \$5.00. Please send me five front labels of any Rizla cigarette paper packets. No C.O.D.s. Offer void where prohibited. Offer expires July 1, 1978. Calif. residents add 6% tax.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____ P10

OH WICKED WANDA!

WE LEFT OUR TOOTHsome TWOSOME IN TOKYO. WHAT THE HELL IS THEIR JET DOING ON THE RUNWAY OF SYDNEY AIRPORT?

WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING IN AUSTRALIA?

THIS IS GETTING TO LOOK MORE LIKE THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE!

WELL, I'LL BE AN ABO'S UNCLE! A FAIR DINKUM SHEILA-STARKERS!

TO IRON KNOB and WAGGA-WAGGA

FLIGHT CONTROL PUSS FORCE HQ

BUT BOO'FUL - LAST THING YOU SAID LAST NIGHT WAS "HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN-UNDER?"

NAIVETE CAN GET A GIRL ANY PLACE!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS.....

LOOK OUT, THEO!

TURN ON TELEVISION AND WHAT DO YOU GET?

GROWN MEN COVERED IN KETCHUP, FIRING TOY GUNS AT ONE ANOTHER, PRETENDING TO BE POLICEMEN OR COWBOYS!

BE ENTERTAINED BY SOMEONE BEATING UP AN OLD LADY....

...KIDNAPPING A CHILD....

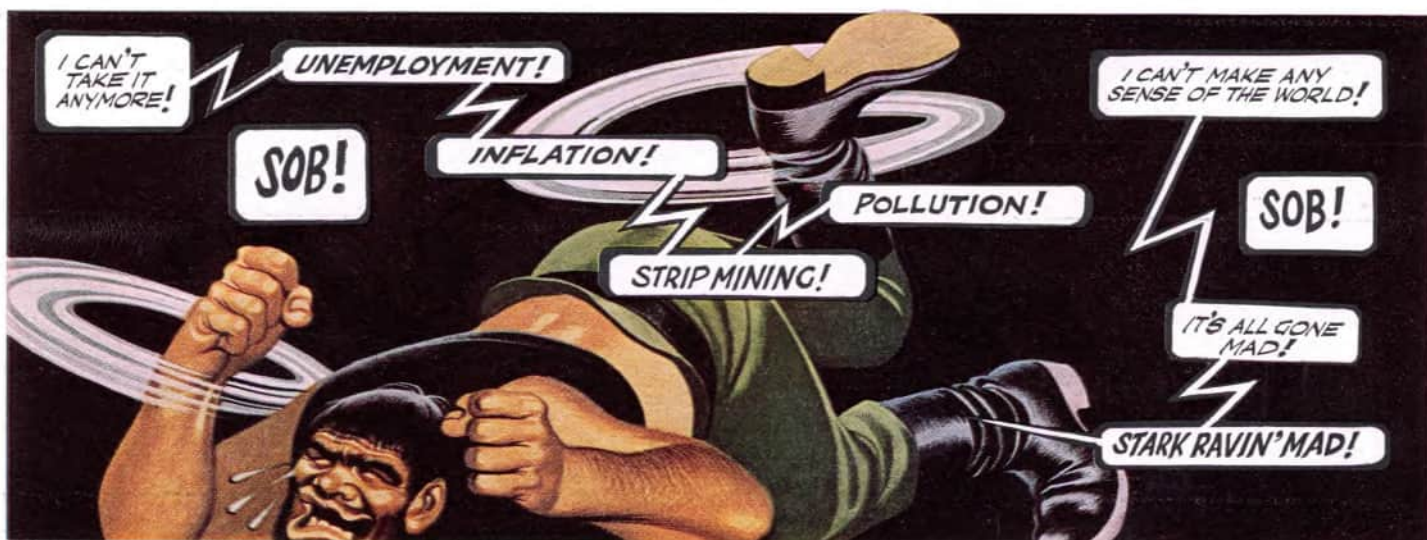
...WATCH AN AIRLINER BURST INTO FLAMES...

...ENJOY A BOMB GOIN' OFF IN A CROWDED ROOM!

OH-OH! NO SUPPER TONIGHT! HE'S IN ONE OF HIS MOODS!







SYDNEY
CRICKET
GROUND

ONE
DAY
MATCH

ATKINS'
XI
V
WANDA'S
XI

HOW DID YOU
SWING IT,
BOO'FUL?

I HAD A LITTLE
CHAT WITH
THE SPORTS
MINISTER.
AMAZING HOW
ONE LITTLE BOOK
CAN BRING PEOPLE
TOGETHER!

THE "DIGGERS" OPEN
THE BATTING.....

HOLD THAT,
DUCKIE—I'M
ABOUT TO
BALL!

BOWL!

DO YOU FEEL
FAINT?

YOU WANNA
SEE HER
GOOLIE SPINNER!

YOU MEAN
GOOLLY SPINNER!

I KNOW WHAT
I MEAN!

NO—JUST BORED
WITH THIS
RIDICULOUS
GAME!

DOES IT HURT
WHEN YOU GET
YOUR BAILS
KNOCKED OFF?

I'M ALL READY
TO GRAB HIS
STUMP!

I DON'T KNOW
THE RULES OF
THIS GAME!

IT'S A SORT OF
SLOW MOTION
BASEBALL AND
REQUIRES ABOUT
THE SAME
INTELLECTUAL
INVOLVEMENT!

WHAT'S THIS?
KERRY PACKER'S
FLAMIN' CIRCUS?

BY A COMBINATION OF GUILE AND GALL, WANDA'S TEAM DISMISSES THE AUSSIES FOR—NO SCORE!

OOOPS! WRONG BALL!

IT ISN'T A QUESTION OF WHO WINS OR LOSES—IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME!

HOW'S THAT?

OUT!

WELL PLAYED, SOLDIER!

WALLY WOOD

WorldMags.net



ENHANCE YOUR LOVING

DELUXE CORDLESS MASSAGER!

Everyone can use this cordless health and beauty aid! Gentle relaxing massage, perfect for every part of the body... penetrating spot massage.



Unique tubular shape with smooth contours relaxes muscles and relieves tension. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded.

DELUXE Model 7-1/2" x 1-1/4" Complete assortment of attachments, battery included. \$9.95 (Catalog free with order)
ECONOMY Model 7" x 1-1/2" Operates on flashlight battery (not included). \$3.95 (Catalog free with order)



SEXY Jean Panties

The in-look of tight fitting jeans, from the snap to the loops and pockets. Softly hugs the body. Washable nylon/spandex.

Sized S-M-L
2 panties & free catalog,
just \$7.95

Enjoy 1 year's subscription to our sensuous 40 page catalog for just \$2. Four issues a year chockful of provocative clothing, erotic condoms, books, and much more.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR FULL REFUND.

© 1977, PPA

ADAM & EVE Dept. DPHT-1
403 Jones Ferry Rd., P.O. Box 400
Carboro, NC 27510



Please rush me in an unmarked package

(40 page catalog free with all orders):

- ☐ DELUXE VIBRATOR (with attachments).....\$9.95
- ☐ ECONOMY MODEL.....\$3.95
- ☐ JEAN PANTIES, Size.....2 for.....\$7.95
- ☐ CATALOG SUBSCRIPTION.....\$2.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

OVER 500,000 SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

POTENT

Improve Your Performance



If busy days and nights get you down, Potent can help get you up. Order a 30-day supply of the performance megavitamin, Potent.

Performance — Dept. DM
P.O. Box 952
El Segundo, CA 90245

Please rush me _____ bottle(s) of Potent at \$9.95 each, which includes postage and handling. (California residents add 6% tax.) I enclose \$_____ check or money order. If not satisfied, I may return the unused portion of Potent within 10 days for a prompt refund. Offer good only in U.S.A.

Name _____

Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

© DPI, 1977

Pe-10-7

GIVE HOPE!

Support the AMYOTROPHIC LATERAL SCLEROSIS SOCIETY OF AMERICA

12011 San Vicente Blvd.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90049
(213) 476-6451

A nonprofit charitable tax exempt organization dedicated to funding research on the disease amyotrophic lateral sclerosis

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

afford decent psychiatric help, a reading of the latest literature about the subject might give us a direction in which to proceed. In the meantime my husband sporadically continued to cross-dress whenever he was alone. Though he never mentioned it, I could tell by the runs in my stockings, the occasional remnants of mascara and shadow on his eyes, and the scent of perfume in the air, that he had been dressed as a woman before I arrived home. Every time I suspected one of his episodes, I became withdrawn and nearly frigid. Although he never asked to make love to me dressed in feminine attire, the thought of sleeping with a man who also thought of himself as part woman repulsed me. Once in a while, I would let him wear a pair of my panties, but that was all.

Our relationship, surprisingly, was very stable. As I said, he was the most wonderful man I had ever met, despite the obvious flaw. We seemed content for most of the time; however, I must admit that our sex life was suffering on account of his desires and my dislikes. The literature and everything we could learn about transvestism only indicated that the problem, while causing emotional uneasiness, was really not that serious; and, in fact, that it was quite commonplace among heterosexual males. This information did little to ease my anxiety.

One night, after being married nearly three years, I had to make a big decision. I was superhorny. My husband was in the garage. I knew that the only way to get our sex life livened up was for one of us to give into the other's way of thinking. What can I say? I loved him too much to deny him anything. I called him into the house.

We both got a little high on martinis, and I suggested that we take a bath. When we were undressing, I gave him a hint as to what I had in mind by asking him to "go get us some clean lingerie." He came back from the bedroom with his jockey shorts and a pair of my panties for me. I looked at him adoringly and said, "Jockey shorts are not lingerie." He got the message.

After bathing, I divulged my full intentions. He was like a child at Christmas. I sat him down in front of the mirror and made him up. I put my wig on him (I'm sure he'd worn it before), and actually, he did make a cute girl. I told him to go get dressed and meet me in the living room. I left to make us a couple of drinks, not knowing what to expect when he came out. I expected the worst.

Well, when he entered through the door, I was stunned. He was beautiful. I began to giggle out of reflex, but in my heart, I knew that I was living with another woman as well as a man. Not only was he totally feminine, but also he was completely at ease in his role as my girl friend-lover. Needless to say, transvestism gave him the hots. I was still horny, and, surprisingly, his femininity had not extinguished the fires in my burn-



OUR SOAP ON A ROPE. YOU'LL WISH YOU COULD TAKE A FEW SHOWERS EVERY DAY.

To order: send check or money order for \$10.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling. Mail to Evelyn Rainbird Ltd.™ 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.
EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.™

WANDA



Leaping off the pages of *Penthouse*, Wicked Wanda, the most explosive heroine of the twentieth century, can be found for the first time in her very own "bound" collector's edition. Wry, whimsical, and wet, Wanda will whip you through her bizarre adventures and light the flames of erotic fantasies unsurpassed.

For a private look at this beautiful premier edition, send check or money order for \$2.75 plus \$1.00 postage and handling to the **Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** New York residents please add the appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for *Oh, Wicked Wanda!* to arrive.

No. 1 BEST SEXUAL SELLER!
 the Complete
PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE
 to SEXUAL INTERCOURSE
 NOW OVER **2200**
 EXPLICIT PICTURES
 NOW ONLY \$3.95

SEE and LEARN the Ultimate in SEXUAL PLEASURES
 Regain the thrills of sexual intercourse... achieve greater heights of sexual enjoyment and eliminate bedroom boredom forever! You'll find all the answers in words and pictures for a more fulfilling and satisfying sexual relationship in the new enlarged "COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE". In addition to the straightforward and honest text you'll see over 2200 explicit pictures—sensual young couples photographed in actual positions of sexual intercourse. Originally made to sell for \$12.95, this new and outstanding achievement is now available through the mail (save \$9.00 if you order now!) only \$3.95

(NOTE: add 55¢ for postage & handling)

You must state you are over 21 to receive this merchandise.

PHOENIX DIST. BOX 320-PN1077
 Murray Hill Sta., New York, N.Y. 10016



Just slip a picture in the glass. A twist of the top safely seals it between plastic. That's all you do to make your own 12 ounce personalized plastic thermal tumblers. Easily change pictures to suit any occasion.

- * Set the mood by making party glasses with your favorite pictures from this magazine
- * Make love glasses with pictures of each other
- * Give her a set for her favorite pictures too.

Dishwasher safe thermal tumblers
 Set of four \$7.95 plus \$1.00 postage
 Sent via UPS Allow 3-4 weeks delivery
 Ill res add 40c sales tax per set
 Enterprising Ideas Limited Dept P
 Box 527 Lake Zurich, Illinois 60047

CUSTOM MADE BOOTS & SHOES



Men or Women Design Your Own

Now you can get any kind of boot, shoe or sandal. Men's & women's boots: ankle, knee, even thigh-high. Heels & platforms as high (or low) as you like them (1" to 10"). Hundreds of women's shoe styles: rounded, pointed or squared toes; spike to clunky heels; sizes 4-13; straps, buckles, etc., placed where YOU want them. Elegant women's boots with buttons, zippers, laces; men's dress & sportswear boots in many colors, glove fit to loose fit. Design your own sandals, straps wherever you want them. Everything made to your exact specifications.

Send today for our giant catalog: No. CSCA \$2.00. Send to EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD. P.O. Box 548 FDR Station, New York, New York 10022.

Silk Stockings

available through VIVA PRODUCTS, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York, 10022. Send for your free catalogue today.

pussy. I didn't have long to wait, because, without making a sound, our friend had returned, closed the door silently, and begun to strip. The first evidence I had of him was his finger-fucking my already dripping cunt with deep, penetrating thrusts. After that, it was go all the way, from his bringing me to a fantastic, cunt-fucking climax (not easy for me) to he and my lover's fucking me at the same time—my lover up my ass and our friend giving it to my exhausted but still hungry vagina. It was all I had ever dreamed of, and so was "friend's" nice, long dick.

Leaving us to ourselves for some private lovemaking, number three departed, but we made the scene again the next night, at the same place. This time my now slightly jealous boyfriend went out of his mind proving himself to be the better man—coming four times. It was fabulous, and he, as always, was the better man. Number three has been banished forever.

Our next fantasy to be acted out—mine—is to make it with my lover and another woman, most likely a well-seasoned pro who can give both of us pleasure. My man is longing to see me licked and sucked by another woman, and I'm eager to see his climaxes in the expert hands of two sexy women. This plan is in the works now. Who knows what's next—anything we both may dream up to please each other. Our sex life is beyond belief and gets better every year. After all these years, we still get horny just at the sight of each other, and our fucking is perfection in motion. Perhaps some day we'll have another "friend" film our lovemaking so that we can fuck each other and watch ourselves doing it on film at the same time.—H.S., address withheld

... oral gratification

Oral sex is my favorite method of warming up to a good love session. I used to think that unless a man was rock-hard during all of our foreplay, he wasn't any good. I changed my mind in this regard during the past year and have been getting more satisfaction than ever before.

It was nearly two years ago, at a party, that I met Mr. Ed while we were refreshing our drinks. He was obviously taking a good look at my tits protruding from my low-cut gown when he said, "You are the most appetizing woman I've ever seen. You would make any man hungry." At the time I considered it somewhat of an off-color remark; and since he seemed to be about fifty years old, nearly twice my age, I just ignored the remark and joined some of my other friends at the party.

But I saw Ed at several other parties after that, and he would always say something to me like "My favorite cupcake!" and I knew that he was thinking of something—or someone—to eat. I figured that maybe that was the only way he could have sex because of his age. Everyone liked Ed. He was a good conversationalist and very pleasant.

About a week after one of those parties, I

HOTTER THAN STRIP POKER!



Consenting Adults...

the daring erotic card game for adventuresome players...

We all want to score, but don't always know how. *Consenting Adults* will not only break the ice, but is guaranteed to set the night on fire.

The pack contains three sets of color-coded cards, one set listing the parts of His body, the second showing the parts of Her body, and a third containing various Interruptions and Aphrodisiacs. By a series of advances and consents, the players are soon granting one another dozens of delightful liberties.

If you follow the enclosed instructions, in no time at all you and your partner will be scaling new heights of extraordinary pleasure. The game achieves its ultimate success when the cards are put aside entirely and the players take off in a storm of excitement totally on their own.

This unique deck designed to bring you numberless evenings of sensual stimulation, is now yours for the low price of \$6.95. Send check or money order and code (I 15) to Penthouse Products, 909 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (add \$1.00 for postage and handling; New York residents add 8% sales tax).

ran into Ed at a nearby grocery store. When we came out of the store, it was raining, so I was glad to have him drive me home. I live with my parents, and they were away for several days. When Ed carried my groceries in for me, I offered him a drink. We were having a very pleasant conversation when I realized that I had a lousy date that evening and that I would enjoy being with Ed more. A little later I called up my date and told him it was off for the evening.

I suggested that we take a swim in our pool in the backyard. An hour later, after we had dried off, I just put a robe on and then, thinking—or maybe not thinking—I called to Ed to put on one of my father's robes so that he would be more comfortable. So far he had been a real gentleman. The only time he had touched me was when he was helping me out of the pool.

I had never imagined wanting to be with or even enjoying the company of someone old enough to be my father. With Ed, though, I felt very relaxed and comfortable. It was nearly eleven o'clock and we had drunk nearly a fifth of gin when Ed kissed me for the first time. He was so gentle, and his hands really excited me, first on my tits and then when he ran one up my thigh. When he felt my buttocks and realized I had no panties on, I thought his tongue was going to go down my throat, it felt so long. We were on the living room sofa at the time, and when he opened my robe and began to caress and lick and nibble on my tits, I could hardly wait for him to move down to my clit. When he did, it was really the first time I had ever really wanted anyone to eat me out. Ed brought me to two orgasms, and I could hardly take any more of his wonderful tongue. That was when he began to slip his wonderful cock into me. Even though it was not what I consider rock-hard, it was firm and felt so wonderful. Nearly fifteen minutes later, I had had a third orgasm, and his cock seemed to grow and grow. It got rock-hard just before he came violently "into" my fourth orgasm. All that I wanted was for him to keep that wonderful, throbbing cock of his in me as long as he could.

Sometime later we had another martini. Then we went into the bedroom and just lay there, relaxing and enjoying each other. Ed's cock was soft and so very small that I couldn't believe it had been so large and wonderful a little earlier. Around 3:00 A.M., I realized that Ed would have to go home before daylight, or else the neighbors might see too much. Besides that, my parents would be home sometime in the morning. I wanted some more of Ed's cock and even though it had gotten semihard from my fondling, it was still too soft to do me any good. I was not really very experienced at fellatio. But after I decided to give him head, I found that it was a very pleasing experience, feeling his cock growing and responding to my licking and sucking. He was thoroughly enjoying it. I brought him up to coming several times, and I knew he really loved it. A few minutes later I got on top of his wonderful cock, and it was in so

The closest thing to wearing nothing at all.

Mother Nature made love one of her most joyous and tender moments. And in keeping with that spirit, we made Fourex Natural Skins the most natural contraceptive you can buy.

You see, Fourex is a natural tissue membrane with the texture and sensitivity of soft skin. They're so sensitive that every nuance of your natural warmth is communicated. And they're lubricated in such a way as to enhance that sensitivity. Fourex Natural Skins are available in the unique blue capsule or, if you prefer, rolled in the convenient foil pack.

Take your pleasure.

FOUREX™ XXXX

Sold in Drugstores.

Manufactured by Schmid Laboratories, Inc.,
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424



Turn her on with Prelude 3... She'll love you for it!

Awaken your partner to her whole range of sensual feelings. Prelude 3 helps you turn her on in ways you never thought possible.

OUI Magazine says, "For women who want instant orgasms, it's the best product on the market." The safe and effective Prelude 3 is recommended by doctors for women who wish to attain—or intensify—orgasms. Our Special Stimulator was developed in conjunction with Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of The Kinsey Report.

Your Prelude 3 Set contains:

- The dual intensity vibrator. Uses standard outlet. Noiseless, hygienic, UL approved.
- The Special Stimulator unique to Prelude 3, for intense clitoral stimulation.
- Four more massage attachments to relax and stimulate both of you.

Today's woman is ready to explore her full sensual potential. Prelude 3 can help!

What's in it for you? A lot more fun and loving.



YOURS FREE! A \$4.50 VALUE! THE MOST SENSUOUS BOOK ON SELF-PLEASURE EVER

Only another woman could explain and illustrate so explicitly the ways to liberate your woman's body AND mind. **MASTURBATION/A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK**. A \$4.50 value. It's yours FREE when you order Prelude 3.

30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. MAIL COUPON TODAY.



Sensory Research Corp. Dept. B-098
5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send _____ Prelude 3(s) @ \$29.95 ea., postpaid, and my free book, **MASTURBATION/A WOMAN'S HANDBOOK** (a \$4.50 Value).

I enclose ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for \$_____

Charge my ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I enclose \$1 for catalog only (sent free with all orders).

In N.J., add 5% sales tax.

In Canada, send \$29.95 to Sensory, Box 400, Mt. Royal, Quebec, H3P1E6.

© 1977 Sensory Research Corp., 5 Lawrence St., Bloomfield, NJ 07003

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR THE SENSUOUS



INDULGE! Now sample 30 contraceptive brands (50 condoms in all) for only \$10.

Enjoy all the nationally advertised brands you've been wanting to use . . . privately, and at major discounts.

Federal, America's oldest and largest mail order condom prophylactic firm, offers you names like Trojans, Scentuals™, Ramses, Arouse™, and Stimula. All orders shipped same day received, in plain wrapper. Don't miss this excellent opportunity . . . at these outstanding prices.



Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. PH1077 ©
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60645
Please Rush (In plain wrap)
☐ \$4.00 Discovery Sampler
5 Brands—15 condoms
☐ \$10.00 Variety Sampler
30 Brands—50 condoms
☐ \$22.00 Bonus Sampler
12 Brands—144 condoms
(\$42.75 value)
Full color catalog free with order

Enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O.
Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

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.



**Thanks to you
it works...
FOR ALL OF US**



United Way

advertising contributed for the public good.



deep that I thought it was going to come out my mouth. A half hour later I had the most satisfying climax ever, and since Ed is older than my dad, I couldn't believe he could be so wonderful.

I go over to Ed's apartment three, sometimes four times every week now. Even though I date other guys, I find that Ed has more consideration for me, and I have to admit that I love it when he performs cunnilingus. No one else has ever given me so much pleasure for such a long time.

I want to share my experience with other "Forum" readers, because it would never have occurred to me that any man over forty was good for anything except picking up the check. And if I hadn't met Ed, I would probably still be only half-satisfied by my boyfriends.—K.B., Baltimore, Md.

... experimentation

To start with, I am a twenty-seven-year-old blond with a slender figure but with very good legs and small but firm breasts. Although men consider me quite attractive, I have never had an affair in over five and a half years of marriage.

About a month ago, I was at our local shopping mall when I ran into a girl I will call Sandy. We had met in a ceramics course at our neighborhood adult-education center and became good friends, but I had not seen her in several months. Since her husband was away on business and my husband, Bill, was fishing, she suggested that we stop at her house after shopping and catch up on things.

We returned to her house and talked for what seemed like several hours, consuming almost a full bottle of wine in the process. Although we had never before discussed our romantic adventures in any detail, the effect of the wine eventually turned the conversation to sex. I casually mentioned that Bill had been after me to try a threesome, but that I was terrified at the idea of climbing into bed with a stranger, much less another woman. To my surprise, Sandy confessed to being mildly curious about the idea. But she had never pursued it either, because she considered herself a confirmed heterosexual. Looking at her, it was obvious that she could easily have just about any man she wanted. She is also in her late twenties and slender, but unlike me she has long, dark hair and beautiful, large breasts that other, less fortunate women can only envy.

Sandy was obviously intrigued by Bill's request and pressed me for more details. After several more glasses of wine and lots of nervous giggles, we agreed that the only way to find out if I could ever satisfy my husband's request was to experiment a little. Although the idea of a bisexual relationship had never really appealed to me, I suggested, almost as a joke, that we undress in front of each other as seductively as we would for a man and then decide if we were too embarrassed to go further. I thought the whole thing would end right there, but Sandy seemed to sense my nervousness and volunteered to go first.

Stimula®

The World's
Most Popular
Ribbed Condom



Now 112 Ribs Better

The original Stimula with 765 ribs on the shaft was the first condom designed to help a woman reach orgasm.

Now, there's a new Stimula with 112 extra ribs on the head. From the moment of penetration, Stimula can massage and caress your woman effortlessly in a way no man has before.

Made with a "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously, Stimula is anatomically pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70 dry silicone.

Stimula is one of five erotic condoms we offer to make intercourse more varied and frequent. They stimulate playfulness and exploration in both men and women. All are pre-shaped and lubricated with SK-70.

Hugger

Hugger keeps you harder, longer than you've been before. Hugger's unique design—having a smaller diameter—grasps your erection and locks it in place. It holds the muscle taut and firm so you and your partner can enjoy sex longer, more often.

Tahiti

Color is a powerful sexual stimulus. Tahiti lets you excite your partner with condoms in sapphire blue, coral pink, emerald green, tawny gold and midnight black.

Black Cat

Suggestive, mysterious, aggressive, black is known as the sexiest of colors. Black Cat's shape and blackness accentuate the penis, presenting it in its most virile form. Stimulates body and mind.

Conture

Anatomically shaped, Conture clings to the head of the organ. Tapered where the penis narrows at the glans—the most sensitive part—Conture moves as the penis moves, for a greater feeling of contact.

Send For a Sampler Today!

Enjoy the new sexual pleasures of Stimula or experience all 5 erotic condoms in a variety of samplers. Orders are shipped in discreet packages. Free catalog with any order.

Stamford Hygienic, Inc. Dept. PH-41
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me (check box)

- ☐ \$4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ \$4 sampler of 12 Hugger
☐ \$4 sampler of 15 erotic condoms
☐ \$10 Deluxe Assortment of 45 condoms
☐ \$25 Super Sampler of 120 condoms
☐ 7" vibrator only \$1 with any order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order enclosed

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



"...And how would you like your stake, sir?"

COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE



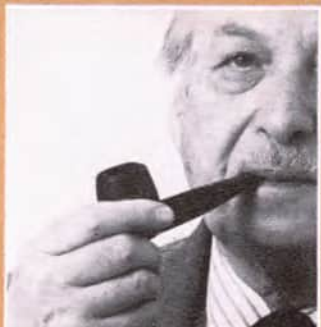
THE PASSION OF NEW EVE



WORST FOOTBALL TEAMS



SINGLE'S FILE



DR. FREDERICK HACKER



CARTERGATE


Cartergate—The president and key members of his cabinet owe their first allegiance, not to the people of the United States, but to an emerging superpower called the Trilateral Commission. Craig Karpel goes beyond Woodward and Bernstein to uncover a seizure of public power by private interests that is unprecedented in our history. The commission, which is headed by superbanker David Rockefeller, does not work in the best interests of this country. Rather, it is answerable only to the power of the international banking community and the multinational corporations that rest outside the jurisdiction of the law of the land. Is Jimmy Carter selling the country up the river in favor of the Chase Manhattan Bank? Find out in the *November Penthouse*.

Doctor of Terror—The Munich Olympics, Entebbe, the Hanafi sect's siege in Washington, D.C. Modern terrorism has become a thriving growth industry that reaps enormous returns of publicity on relatively little investment. Since the publication of the book *Aggression* in 1971, psychiatrist Frederick J. Hacker has become the world's most noted "crisis counselor" dealing with the terrorist threat. From Vienna to the Hearst mansion, the terrorized have relied on Dr. Hacker's insights into the terrorist mentality. In the *November Penthouse* Hacker talks with author David Haldane about the wages of fear.

The Passion of New Eve—A chilling prophecy of apocalyptic doom and rebirth, rage, violation, and sexual frenzy. *Penthouse* is proud to present this excerpt from Angela Carter's forthcoming novel, *The Passion of New Eve* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). It is the story of a young Englishman's surreal odyssey into a city's ravaged, darkened heart and his seduction by Leilah, the black whore who becomes the slave of his lust.

The Twenty Worst College Football Teams in America—You don't need a crystal ball to predict which teams will triumph this season, but it takes a soothsayer of uncompromising compassion, courage, wisdom, and prescience to divine which teams will topple. Larry Linderman scrapes the bottom of the barrel to bring you the best of the worst.

Single's File—Richard Price does the singles' scene. Dressed to the nines, note pad in hand, Price embarks on a search for Miss Right in all the seemingly right places, only to emerge as Mr. Lonelyhearts. He finds that a lot of people doing the Hustle are the ones being hustled into a myth that doesn't bear up on closer inspection. His banlon odyssey into the land of the swingers is a hilarious, heart-breaking tale of the loneliness of the long-distance swinger.


Plus—Barry Manilow's view from the top; Nat Hentoff takes issue with the Supreme Court's obscene behavior; Jaime Mardis lifts the gray veil for a peek at forbidden sex at West Point; cameras that will capture all your best moves; and, of course, an autumnal cornucopia of this season's crop of ripe beauties. 

She put on some music and began to ease her tight T-shirt over her head. Next, she removed her jeans and stood before me in tiny white bikini panties and a bra that looked too small for those huge breasts. By this time the wine had pretty much destroyed her inhibitions, and she removed what was left of her clothing while doing a slow and sensual dance. As she began to unfasten her bra, I surprised myself by feeling not only curiosity but also what seemed to be a pang of desire. This had never happened to me before with a woman, and to be perfectly honest, it scared me in a strange, exciting way.

Once Sandy was nude, however, my fears subsided as I realized that the female body can be beautiful to both men and women. Her body was nearly perfect, and her large, pendulous breasts, with their rosy pink nipples, were absolutely gorgeous! As her dance continued, she became more daring, caressing her breasts until I was wet with excitement. Finally, she collapsed into a chair, laughing nervously, and informed me that it was now my turn. I removed my clothes and gave her a repeat performance. But by the time I removed my panties, I was so hot that I massaged my cunt almost to the point of orgasm in spite of Sandy's wide-eyed stare. I just couldn't seem to help myself.

After my dance ended, we lay together on her living room carpet and decided that we should explore each other's body. Our movements were tentative at first. We slowly ran our fingers across each other's arms and legs. Eventually, Sandy took my hand and placed it on her breast. By that time it seemed natural, almost like touching myself (only better). Her breast was so soft and smooth, I couldn't resist stroking her nipple until it became as hard as a rock. Before I knew what was happening, we had fallen into one another's arms. Soon she slid her hand down my stomach and found my moist clit, which she massaged until I had a tremendous orgasm.

After that day I didn't think I would be able to face Sandy as a friend because of the intimacies we had shared. But a couple of weeks later she called and suggested that we should finally grant Bill his wish. She dropped by the following Saturday afternoon, and without ever telling Bill what had happened that day at Sandy's house, we proceeded to give him everything he had ever dreamed of. At first he was shocked by our aggressiveness, but he loved every minute of it and begged for more until we were all far too exhausted to think about going on.

Despite my previous fears, Sandy and I remain good friends, and Bill is still thanking me for the "gift" we gave that afternoon.—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.

Soft Drinks



Soft Whiskey goes great in orange juice. Or in grapefruit juice. (If we can invent them, so can you!)

for Adults

And how about Soft Whiskey and pineapple juice?

It's time you tried whiskey with something besides rocks and bubbles. Remember, though: Soft drinks for adults always start with

The Soft Whiskey. Calvert Extra.

AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF © 1976 CALVERT DIST. CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

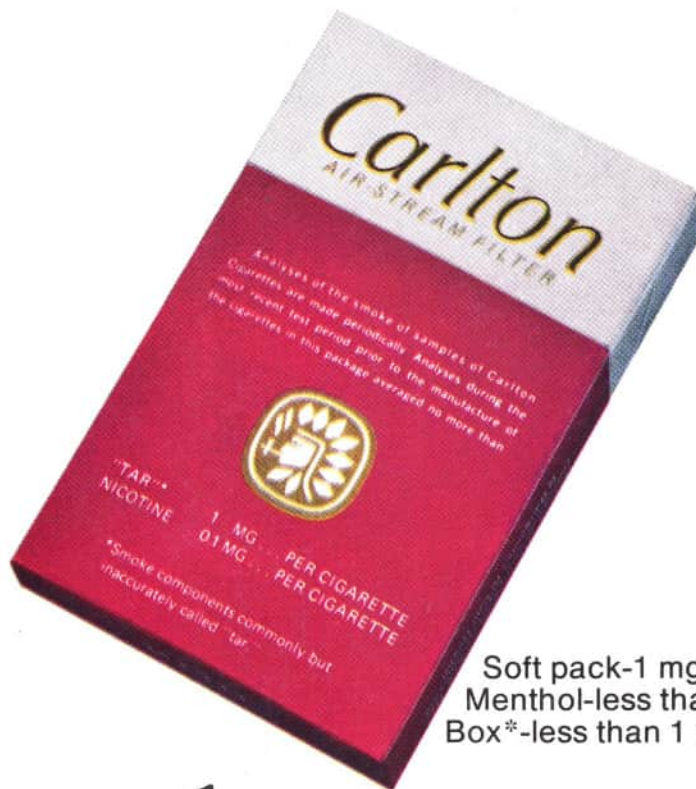
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar,
.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.