

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1978 \$2.00



**IDI AMIN:
AMBASSADOR
BREAKS SILENCE
ON AFRICA'S
ABOMINABLE
BLACKMAN**

**STEVEN SPIELBERG:
EXCLUSIVE
ENCOUNTER
OF THE BEST KIND**

**THE INFLATIONISTS:
BLEEDING AMERICA DRY**

**RACHEL ENGLISH
(HER REAL NAME):
MY FIRST 500 MEN**

**SENATOR ABOUREZK:
THE ISRAELI
PROPAGANDA MACHINE**

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PENTHOUSE

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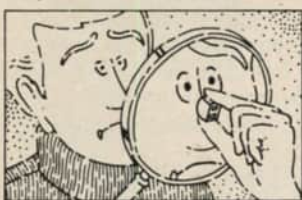
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HOUSECALL

Inflation affects society like a cancer—fester and spreading until its victim dies. In this case the victim is you, and inflationitis is the malignant economic climate in which you live.

As part of our continuing Cartergate series, *Penthouse* takes a hard look into both the nature of the disease and its perpetrators. "Inflation doesn't just happen; someone is *making* it happen," says series author **Craig S. Karpel** in his introduction to "The Inflationists" (page 44). Free-lance writer **James Davidson** then presents portraits of five inflationists—an international banker, a soft-drinks executive, a municipal labor leader, an oil company president, and the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—who have dedicated themselves and the full powers of their respective fiefdoms to making your money worthless. If you are making a yearly income of \$17,763 today, the amount of money that the inflationists will have taken from you by the time you retire at age sixty-five is \$299,985.16. James Davidson is a regular contributor to *Penthouse* and the author of *An Eccentric Guide to the United States* (Berkeley). His articles have appeared in *Playboy*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Washington Post*.

Yet another cabal, united by youth, talent, and enormous commercial success, is forming in Hollywood, and Steven Spielberg appears to be its leader. Spielberg, thirty, is one of the industry's hottest directors, sharing the prodigy status with such equally gifted friends as Martin Scorsese, Brian de Palma, and George Lucas. Spielberg's third major motion picture, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, is having the same kind of early box-office response as his blockbuster *Jaws* had, making him one of the most successful directors in history. In this exclusive interview (page 100) with West Coast Editor **Herb Margolis** and Assistant Editor **Craig Modderno**, Spielberg reveals his own feelings about his success, his films, and the UFO phenomenon, and explains why he believes that *Close Encounters* will lead experts and laymen alike to the inescapable conclusion that "we are not alone."

Editor Margolis has had his own "close encounters" with the film industry. He has created and brought to fruition a number of successful projects for movies and television and currently serves as a senior vice-president at Penthouse Films International. Modderno has been a free-lancer for *Rolling Stone* and a staff member of the *Oakland Tribune*.

Since 1971, when Idi Amin Dada seized the reins of power in Uganda, he has turned this African republic into a chamber of

horrors by slaughtering more than 150,000 people. The analogies with Hitler's Germany are terrifyingly exact, and Amin, once dismissed as a mere comic figure, sadist, and madman, is finding a place in history for his regime, which rivals in its tortures and genocide the Third Reich. The last U.S. ambassador to Uganda, **Thomas Melady**, and his wife, **Margaret**, were witnesses to this African tragedy—the savage tortures, bloodlettings, castrations, mass executions, and disappearances that decimated all strata of Ugandan society, leaving no one safe from Amin's bloodlust. Their long-awaited chronicle of this modern-day Hitler (page 62) calls for action in a world that is tragically and historically content to sit back and watch.

Israel has long enjoyed a special relationship of sorts with the American government, but Sen. **James Abourezk** of South Dakota takes an apostate's view of Washington's seeming partiality in "The Rentless Israeli Propaganda Machine," this month's "Advise and Dissent" (page 90). It's Abourezk's opinion that Israel's American lobby is enlisting support for the Israeli side in a manner that may well jeopardize the best interests of the United States.

Abourezk is not one of your typical everyday senators. He has been an engineer, a bartender, a rancher, a nightclub owner, a used-car salesman, a surveyor, and a blackjack dealer. Of late, he has been dealing blows on the floor of the Senate—his most recent victory being a filibuster that he and Sen. Howard M. Metzenbaum of Ohio managed to keep going throughout the night against attempts to end federal price regulation of natural gas. But no matter what the issue, this maverick senator remains his own man.

Now if the armies of Cairo and Tel Aviv had the likes of **Rachel English** on their side, no one would have time for war. In this excerpt (page 68) from her first novel, *My First 500* (Dell), the lusty Miss English takes you stroke by stroke through her Olympian sexual past—from number One, a determined fellow Englishman who reveals a curious tongue in the backseat of his car, to number Five hundred, her babysitter's boyfriend, with whom she romps in her husband's bed. Please note that this is Rachel English's *first* 500. We can but guess at the second.

Rachel English was born in England but migrated to California at a tender age. She currently makes her home there in the company of "two beautiful children, eighteen Great Danes, two cats, one pet rat, two pet mice, one turtle, one parakeet, three white doves, one bunny rabbit, one chicken, one hermit crab, a handful of lizards, and four boa constrictors."

We trust that along with the ovarian odyssey of Rachel English and the uncompromising beauty of our Pets, there will be enough spirit and passion herein to incite a heat wave on even the coldest of winter nights. ☐

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Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
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Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.

Convert yourself.

Instead of automatically ordering a vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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PENTHOUSE

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FEBRUARY

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.

Peep show

I thought that I'd write and tell about something that happened to a couple of friends and me while we were attending a large western university. This particular university was very religiously strict; so our sex lives were almost killed. My two friends lived on campus, but luckily I had secured an apartment in the basement of a house close by. It was the only place we could watch TV and read the latest edition of *Penthouse*.

One weekend, when my friend and I left for a sojourn on the ski slopes, we left the keys for my place to a friend, whom I'll call Pete. He told us of a girl he had met on campus and was taking to a local dance. He needed a place to take her and try to break his imposed sex fast. We skeptically left, and when we returned a few days later, we found him all smiles. The story he had for us could have come from your pages. Hiding our hard-ons, we told him not to put us on. He then made a bet with us, and we set up a plan for the following weekend.

He invited this girl over to watch TV. When they both arrived, I and my other friend informed them that we found TV a drag; so we were going out for coffee. No sooner had we left than we ran to the window. The curtains had been arranged earlier and the TV left on for light. The show had already begun. After taking off her shirt, she stood up and very slowly undressed for him (and us). Then she pulled him up and stripped him slowly. By this time we were hard, and so was he. We could see her take his shorts off last, and to her pleasure and our surprise, out popped a ten-inch cock. It was so big around that she couldn't get her hand around it; she had better luck with her mouth, swallowing a good part of its length and stroking his huge balls and what she couldn't fit in her mouth. She was so talented that it almost brought me off just watching. Then they settled into a very good sixty-nine position about five feet from us. This was the first acknowledgement he gave us. From between her wet and swollen pussy lips he smiled, waved, and mouthed the words, "I won." I didn't even care, and what followed was one of the best fuck sessions I have ever witnessed, or been a part of.

Finally, when he started to come, she climbed off and told him to fuck her between her huge tits, and for the finale he dumped his load between her knockers, up her neck, and all over her face. When she finished licking the drops off his dick, she lifted each breast and licked off what

come she could reach. Then with her fingers she gathered every drop and savored it as if it were honey.

After allowing them about ten more minutes, we strolled in. They all went home, and I finally got to masturbate. I'm happy to report that a few weeks later I got my turn with her.

Oh, the pleasures of a basement apartment!—D.H., Harbor City, Calif.

Female dominant

Several of your letters concerning female domination have encouraged me to share with your readers my relationship with my wife. Neither one of us is into pain or heavy degradation. We have (or should I say she has), however, found an exceptionally stimulating method of satisfying my submissive streak while making the household easier to maintain.

Although she is generally responsive to my sexual overtures, she occasionally has an exhausting day at work and is in no mood for either a sexual workout or housework. So she elects to handle the evening's activities as follows.

First, she makes it quite clear that she is tired and is in no mood to do anything but be catered to. This statement, which usually follows several glasses of good sherry, is all I need to start feeling the submissive pangs of my own sexuality. As soon as the warm glow of the wine appears in my eyes, she instructs me to remove all of my clothes and stand in front of her as she reclines on the couch. I am then told to entertain her by playing with my prick until it gets good and hard. Once the tempo of my hand play becomes more rapid, she demands that I stop playing with myself and forbids me to touch my prick without her express permission. By now I have completely surrendered to my submissiveness and am willing to follow her instructions to the letter.

Before I start my housework, I must first get her a pillow, a copy of the latest *Viva*, a fresh glass of wine, and anything that she may want to eat. Then, as she reclines comfortably in her most elegant full-length nightgown, she quite simply states, "This house is an absolute mess, and you're going to clean it. You'd better start with the dinner dishes. Don't forget to clean the sink when you're done." This kind of directive gives me a rock-hard erection, which she casually looks at. She laughs irreverently and says that I must return to her as soon as the kitchen chores are done.

When this job is completed, I again ask her for permission to jerk off. She informs



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VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



me that my evening of servitude is just beginning, but I can ask again after the bathroom has been entirely cleaned. As I'm obediently heading for the bathroom, she offhandedly adds, "While you're in there, do all the laundry." By now, to her amusement, my prick is perpetually hard, my balls are aching, and I am completely in her control. She occasionally will come into the bathroom to make sure that I am doing a satisfactory job.

Once the bathroom and laundry have been done, I must attend to her wishes in the living room. She will telephone a friend and just talk and laugh while I'm standing with a hard-on right in front of her, ironing the clothes that she will need for the next day. (She has on occasion tied a piece of string around my balls and held the other end so that she can give a sharp tug if she is displeased with the way I am ironing her panties. She doesn't like to be disturbed while she is on the phone.) After the ironing is done, I am required to remain in the living room, dust, paint her nails, brush her hair, and do anything else she might require of a personal servant.

By now I am trembling with desire and would do or say absolutely anything to jerk off. This situation is one she excels at taking advantage of. With the housework now done and the laundry and ironing finished, she rolls over and tells me to eat her. Within minutes she has an earthshaking orgasm. After sucking all the juices from her, I must

give her a genital sponge bath, followed by a powder rub and a tall, cool glass of wine.

By now I am literally at the point of tears and am shaking uncontrollably. I am told to kneel directly in front of her and *slowly* jerk off. My climax fluids that flow from my prick I must wipe off with a finger and eat. She now tells me that she wants to hear some genuine, sincere begging. She generally makes me promise to do something for her before I'm allowed to climax. Her favorite demand is to make me promise that the following day, whenever she wants me to, I must at her command pull down my pants and jerk off for her. (She never forgets a promise.)

For any of your readers who might feel this kind of relationship odd, remember that no one gets hurt, the wife gets a welcome respite from housework, and both partners have satisfying orgasms. You women should see if your lovers or husbands are receptive to this. Once they try it for the first time, you may find that you both love something that makes housework fun.—*Name and address withheld*

Let us know whether you make house calls. We know of a lot of people who would be interested!

Would-be incubus

Before Jean and I got married, we both lived with her best friend, Sue. Jean has a pretty nice body, and I must say that she is

also great in bed. But Sue has a body so perfect that it's too good to be true.

She has light brown hair and a figure like a model's. She never wears a bra, and when she walks, her firm, well-rounded tits bounce very nicely and her erect nipples point upward. Seeing her is an intense turn-on for me. When she wasn't wearing tight pants that subtly revealed her sweet pussy and the crack-of her ass, she was parading around the apartment in a pair of tights that snapped at the crotch.

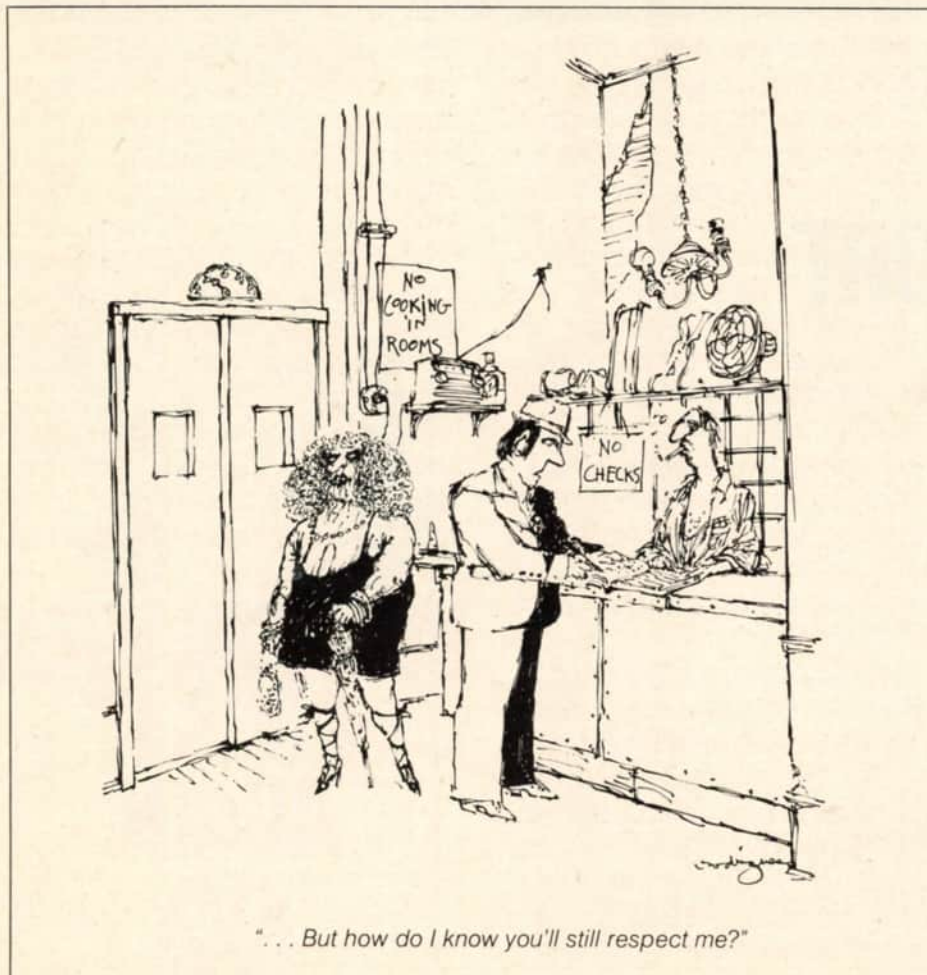
One night, after Jean had gone to bed early, I was up watching TV and smoking a joint when Sue came home looking half loaded. She said hello and then disappeared into the bedroom. About ten minutes later she returned to the living room, with a pillow in her hand. She was wearing those enticing black tights. She lay down on the couch with her legs spread so wide that I could see her entire crotch; the tights were pushed up into her cunt, and her pubic hair was peeking out the sides. I had a first-hand look because I was sitting on the end of the couch that she was lying on. As we talked, I just couldn't keep my eyes off her crotch and proceeded to grow an enormous hard-on.

Soon she fell asleep, and I became increasingly horny. I felt that I had to come, and the thought of seducing her crossed my mind. She usually sleeps pretty soundly; so I daringly decided to look straight into her pussy and get myself off. I leaned over and sniffed her sweet aroma with my nose only a quarter of an inch from her cunt, meanwhile jerking off my throbbing cock. I decided to go one step further: very slowly and carefully I unsnapped her crotch strap and uncovered the most dynamite pussy and ass hole that I have ever seen. By now I was about to shoot my load any second; so I positioned myself between her legs and started to pump like crazy. As soon as I was ready, I noticed that there was some juice oozing out of her pussy and all of a sudden she exclaimed, "Please stick it in me quick!" Though I was surprised, embarrassed, and scared all at the same time, I did just what she told me. My cock sank into her to the hilt, and my index finger went up her ass hole, and my tongue went down her throat.

I was thrusting my cock in her with such force that my balls were banging against her wet ass and making an exciting kind of slapping noise. She began to moan and dig her nails in my ass cheeks, and I knew that she was coming along with me. Suddenly, my come filled her hot, juicy pussy, sending shivers up and down my spine.

Then I just lay there, still inside her, kissing and fondling her breasts. But we did a foolish thing: we fell asleep in each other's arms, with my soft cock in her. Luckily for us, I woke up around 6:00 A.M., an hour before Jean got up.

Since then Sue and I have had a few sessions, including a couple of all nighters at a local motel. She now lives by herself and is due to come home for two weeks around Christmas. I know by our phone



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conversations that she misses my cock just as much as I miss her sweet snatch. For some strange reason, I seem to have more sexual excitement with her, and my cock always seems harder. I'm in the middle of living out a marvelous fantasy, but I do know that I love my wife and would never leave her.—*Name and address withheld*

Sneaking a snack

I never would have believed the letters in your column until I had this experience a few days ago. My girl friend and I both work for a magazine publishing company. Although we keep things pretty quiet around the office, I have to admit that we occasionally sneak away to grab a quickie in one of the conference rooms when no one is likely to notice.

Last week we were both assigned to man an exhibit booth at a large convention in town. We had not had a chance to get it on for a few days, and I was feeling pretty trigger happy. I thought she was, too, but I had no idea to what extent.

My girl friend is tall and slim, with legs that go on and on, and up and up. She was wearing a maroon skirt with slits up the front and back that opened practically to her cunt when she sat down. That day she sat next to me in the booth in the exhibit hall, and as we talked to passersby, she crossed her legs repeatedly, providing tantalizing glimpses of her other ample slit through her filmy, almost nonexistent pant-

ies. After this display had gone on for some time, I was forced to move my chair in under the table so that our visitors and business associates wouldn't see what was happening to my very hot rod.

The curtain around the bottom of the table hid my state from everyone but my girl friend. She moved her own chair closer to mine and let one hand stray casually to her side and then to the inside of my upper thigh. I was straining against my fly when her hand moved quickly to liberate my cock and her fingers captured my steaming flesh. I could barely contain myself now, and I forced my own hand high up through the slit in her skirt and under her panties. She moaned softly and swayed almost imperceptibly toward me. My fingers slipped and thrust without mercy, back and forth over and into her pulsating pussy. I had to use every ounce of will power and concentration to hold my load while I was pushing subscriptions to the magazines. I knew that what we were doing was ridiculous and that we should stop, but I was feeling too good to really care.

Her hand was rhythmically massaging my balls and teasing my cock. My own fingers relentlessly stepped up their frenzied pace against her clit as I went uncontrollably higher and higher.

A pink flush crept up her long, lovely neck, and her breath came in short, rapid gasps. I knew that it would be only a matter of moments for her. She arched forward

against the table and stifled a soft gasp. Her clutch on my own organ tightened deliciously, but then, after she came, I was left hard and hanging.

She paused for only an instant before she boldly announced that she was climbing under the table to open another carton of magazines. In a flash, her warm, moist mouth was around my bursting shaft. She had never taken me so deeply before; all eight inches of me were being sucked and licked. As my heavy rod rammed deeper, I lost all sense of my surroundings. I clutched her to me and, with one last thrust, shot my wad down her throat right then and there under the table.

She surfaced several moments later, looking like the cat that had eaten the canary. I had barely caught my breath when our boss arrived on the scene, asking her if she'd like to join him for a snack. She smiled sweetly and replied, "No thanks, I've already eaten."

That evening, when we got home, we had a good laugh and a fuck, which, she said, rated fifty on a scale of one to ten!—*Name and address withheld*

Orientation fornication

Last summer during college orientation I had a crush on Gerry, a beautiful, buxom resident assistant. One day my whole dorm was invited by another dorm for a swim at a nearby lake. When we arrived, everybody but me jumped into the lake. Well, when Gerry took off her shirt and revealed her supreme beauty barely concealed by her yellow bikini, my cock quickly went on the rise and I was only vaguely aware that someone had pushed me into the lake. But because there were so many people around, I fought off my urges and stayed away from her.

On the way back, however, Gerry sat on my lap, and I could control my dick no longer. Shortly after she sat down, it was erect again. Too nervous and scared to say anything, I wondered if she had noticed. That night I found out.

When we returned, I showered. Since there were three other guys showering alongside me, I decided not to masturbate. It was a good thing that I didn't. When I got back to my room, there was a note from a "secret admirer" under my pillow. It said, "Want the time of your life? Put on your sexiest bathing suit and go out to the little beach in front of the lake at 9:00 and lie down in the sand."

Not knowing exactly who the writer was, I did exactly as the note said. Sure enough, at the appointed time along came Gerry, in a bathrobe. When she reached me, she removed her robe and showed off her yellow bikini! The bulge in my bathing suit could be spotted a mile away. She got down on her knees beside me and bent down and kissed me. As I trembled with delight, her hands slid down to my nipples and she caressed them before mouthing them sensuously.

She then moved her hands down my chest to my navel, showing more cleavage



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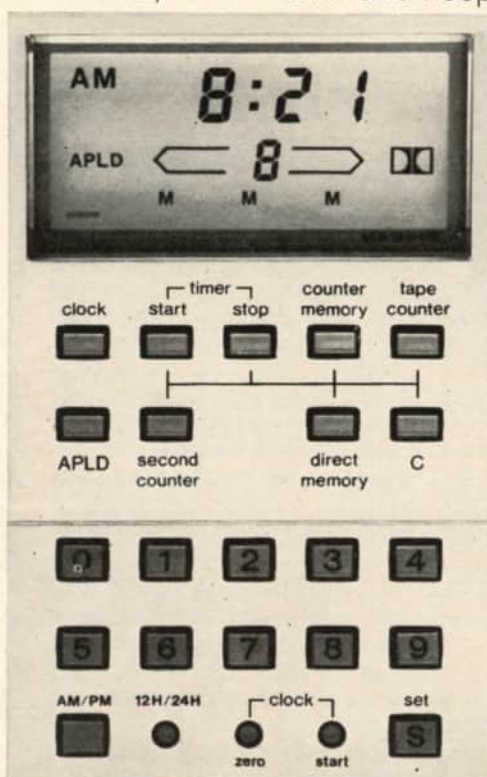
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every second, and fingered it playfully. After a French kiss there, she massaged my crotch area. Then she turned me over, massaged my ass, and then pulled away my bathing suit, sliding it down my legs until it was off. She massaged my ass again, followed by a half dozen more French kisses. She turned me over again, caressed and sucked my bare balls, and then presented me with the orgasm of my life by sucking me off. When I came in her mouth, she swallowed every drop of come, seductively and lovingly. This *had* to be heaven!

That wasn't the end of it, either. She got up and did the sexiest and most seductive belly dance possible, at the end of which she shoved her huge and shapely ass in front of me. Now it was my turn. I slid the bottom of her bikini down until it was off and did to her rear what she had done to mine. Then she turned around, and I sucked her off. I was really flying!

After I had finished her cunt and navel, she bent down again. I reached around, unfastened the hook, and, trembling as I had never trembled before, removed her top. What fantastic tits! Gerry then gave me a double thrill; while I caressed and kissed and sucked and licked her breasts and heavenly nipples, she straddled me and her cunt came down on my cock. Within thirty seconds our crotches had become as one. The excitement of it all so exhausted me that I fell back. Gerry went

with me, and we held each other until six the following morning, at which time we returned to our rooms.

I hope to God that I'll run into her again soon.—S.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

Unexpected pleasure

Lynn and I are a couple happily married for six years and swinging for four of those years. We are in our twenties—she is twenty-four, and I'm twenty-eight—and we have restricted our swinging to those in, or near, our own age group. Until last month, that is.

In early summer we placed an ad with a photo of us in one of the national swingers' publications, stating that we were both bisexual and interested in similar couples or in single bi women, but we didn't specify any age limitation. Within two weeks of the magazine's publication, we received a total of seventeen responses, all but a few from people who were living too far away or who were too far-out in their sexual preferences.

One reply was sent by a fifty-two-year-old woman who wrote that she and her fifty-four-year-old husband were interested in meeting us for a look-each-other-over drink. Enclosed were two sharp color photos of them totally nude. Moreover, they lived less than five miles from us, both were bisexual, and their time was quite flexible.

My first reaction was to drop them a "no thank you" note, but after gazing at the woman's lovely and very youthful body and

noting what a fantastic cock the man had, plus the fact that they both looked like professional models. I had a discussion with Lynn. We agreed that it would be interesting to meet them, if nothing else.

The following day I sent them a short note with our phone number and a request that they call as soon as possible. That was on Tuesday, and Thursday evening the woman called. Lynn spoke to her. She set a date to meet them for cocktails at seven o'clock Saturday evening in the lounge of Charley Brown's at Marina del Rey.

The couple, Glen and Evelyn, were pure British gentility. He was in the import business, and they had come to the United States eight years ago, with the intention of staying no more than six months. Once they had experienced the California weather, however, they had decided to remain and planned to become citizens. Lynn and I were greatly impressed by their manner and speech and found them to be even more attractive than their photos had indicated. After downing two rounds of Scotch and soda, the four of us left in their car and in twenty minutes were in their lovely condominium.

Glen put a tape on the stereo, Evelyn fixed the highballs, and we sat down to drink and chat. There was no pressure brought to bear by any of us, nor were any overt advances made until Lynn commented how much she had been impressed by Evelyn's photo and I added a remark concerning Glen's genital endowment.

"Perhaps seeing the genuine article would be more satisfactory," Evelyn said, rising from her chair. "Come, Glen, let us disrobe and be completely immodest about ourselves."

The two disappeared into their bedroom and returned in a few minutes, stripped to the buff. "We're rather candid about nudity," Glen explained. "We find it ever so much more comfortable and always go about the place like this in the evening and on the weekends."

Limp, his cock hung to a length of an honest six inches, and I felt certain that it would swell to a size close to eight inches. Evelyn had her pubic hair cropped quite close, though not shaved, and the lips of her cunt were plainly visible. Lynn's eyes were directed straight at Glen's cock, and she began removing her clothes. Once I had feasted on both fantastic nude bodies for another minute, I also started to undress.

Evelyn made the first move by grasping my cock gently and offering her mouth to mine. My right hand went to her cunt, my left to her breast, and we tongue-kissed fervently for a full minute, my cock rising to full erection immediately. Then Glen knelt in front of my wife, pushed her legs apart, and tongued her clitoris lightly, his hands caressing her tits lovingly. Evelyn leaned down to take my cock into her mouth and with fine ability had the head right down in her throat with no apparent problem. Lynn was moaning softly, her hands pressing



Glen's head into her crotch, and in another minute she went into the ecstasy of a violent climax. It lingered on for no less than ninety seconds, and then Glen took her hand and led her to the bedroom.

Evelyn ceased sucking my cock and suggested we follow. Once we were in the bedroom, our orgy got into full swing. Glen mounted Lynn, she guiding his pulsating cock to her cunt, and he was soon fucking her with a steady rhythm. Evelyn asked me to lie on my back, and when I did, she impaled herself on my cock, which penetrated her snug vagina right to my balls after a few lubricating strokes. I swear that she was as tight as Lynn and that the sensation I felt in fucking her was tremendous.

Being a considerate gentleman, Glen made certain that Lynn enjoyed a solid orgasm before he exploded his come into her body, and the sight of her in a state of such intense gratification brought my own discharge gushing into Evelyn's vagina, as she grinded down onto my groin to drain every last drop from my cock.

Moving off my body, the woman bent down to kiss Lynn lightly on the mouth, and then she slowly kissed her way down my wife's body until her face was between Lynn's legs. Tenderly, Evelyn licked the moist flesh for a few moments, and then she sucked the flesh into her mouth and was obviously retrieving her husband's come by strong suction, which was implemented by Lynn's bearing down to force the fluid into Evelyn's mouth.

Glen and I sat quietly watching the lesbian scene. When Evelyn swung her body around to get into a sixty-nine position with Lynn and my wife began sucking the proffered cunt hungrily, my cock began rising slowly and was soon as hard and stiff as a ramrod. Glen, too, was beginning to get erect, and as if by prearranged signal, we reached for each other's cock and were quickly into a frenzied fondling session. Our eyes met intensely and in mutual understanding we silently arranged ourselves on the bed, facing cocks to mouths, and we ardently gave each other head.

Both Lynn and Evelyn were having multiple orgasms, their bodies in a state of frenzy with each release, and the stimulation this sight afforded me brought me to

ejaculation after Glen had been sucking my cock for ten minutes. Just as my spurtings subsided, his warm come splashed onto my tongue, and with his huge, thick, cock filling my mouth, it felt as though he had discharged a torrent.

Except for the women having one more brief cunt-eating party, during which Evelyn sucked and tongued Lynn deeply, that ended our first visit with the Britishers. On the way home we agreed that we had both been more satisfied by our affair with Glen and Evelyn than we had been with the majority of younger people in the past, and we vowed that we would expand our age limitations to include those wonderful, incredibly sensual, totally considerate "older people" from then on.

wasn't all the "spending" that we shared.

I checked the ride board, which is a service for students who need rides or riders, and found one note that stated, "Two girls need a ride to East Coast." What better way to travel, I thought, than with two girls? I might even get lucky and they could be gorgeous and interesting.

I contacted them the next day, and we decided to leave on Friday afternoon, since the ride would take twelve hours. I picked up the two girls, Susan and Diane, at their dormitory, and they were both beautiful and had great bodies. What luck! During the drive we had several conversations ranging from college to politics, but the tenor leaned increasingly toward sex. I found it very easy to talk about sex with the

girls. As you can imagine, the topic of conversation led to a magnificent bulge in my pants. Susan, who was sitting closer to me, saw the bulge, and suddenly she proceeded to massage my prick and balls, surprising me beyond my wildest dreams. Diane, who was also sitting in the front seat, noticed what Susan was up to and asked for her turn. I couldn't believe what was happening to me; this was something that I thought happened only in novels.

Diane massaged my stiff cock and proceeded to unzip me and pull out my bulging, stiff rod. She grasped it and put her moist lips around its throbbing head. The feeling of her darting tongue prompted me to pull the car to the side of the highway, for fear that I would lose control of it. Then all three of us proceeded to the backseat.

I fondled Susan's right breast—or was it the left?—and began to stuff the gorgeous globe into my mouth. Meanwhile, Diane worked her way down to my prick and proceeded to give me a thorough sucking. I couldn't hold back much longer; so I decided to sock it to Susan first, because she was the one who started the whole thing.

Susan helped me guide my cock into her tight, dripping pussy. As we screwed, Diane began to nibble at my ass. This was too much for me, and I started ramming my cock up Susan with renewed vigor. When we were done, my cock was limp as a noodle, but Diane wanted her hot, juicy pussy fucked and proceeded to suck me

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We've partied with Glen and his wife three times since that night and have also become acquainted with another middle-aged couple, Collier and Janet. Our advice to other young swingers is this: don't sell older people short; you might be missing the most beautiful sex experience of your lives!—Name and address withheld

Traveling companions

I would like to relate a fantastic experience I had one weekend. I am a college student at a large midwestern college and live on the East Coast. One weekend I decided to go east to visit my family. Since it would cost too much to go alone, I decided to look for some students who would share the expense of the trip, and as it turned out, that

off again in order to get me hard. I soon had another hard-on, and I put my throbbing organ between Diane's thighs and slid it up her while Susan sucked and licked my ass hole and balls.

This incident lasted for about half an hour, all told, and then we got back in the front seat and began to head east again in a euphoric state.—M.B., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Now that's traveling in style.

Conciliatory gestures

I've seen some letters in "Forum" from people who have had affairs with their mothers-in-law, but not from one who screwed his sister-in-law. That's my story.

Early this summer my wife, Maggie, was hospitalized for a couple of weeks. I packed the kids off to stay with their grandparents, and my time was pretty much taken up with holding down my job and visiting my wife in the hospital. As though these worries weren't enough for me, my wife's older sister, Karen, came to stay for a few days to see how she was doing. Maggie insisted that Karen stay at our house, a demand that didn't please me much because I've never gotten along with Karen, and the feeling is mutual. However, I've always tried to hide my animosity from Maggie.

Aside from being eight years older than her sister (and six years older than me), Karen is very different from Maggie. Where Maggie is tall and blonde, Karen is quite short and has dark hair. They both have the same slim build and fair skin, though. Karen never thought that I was good enough for her sister, since I didn't have the sort of high-class job and large income that her husband has.

Karen stayed longer than I had expected she would, much to my irritation, and after a week I was quite ready for her to leave. She showed no signs of doing so. And on a Saturday, when I was stuck in the house with her, I was glad to go out and do something because it got me out of her presence for a while. When I got back, I could see from the driveway that she was in the backyard, using the pool that she didn't think we could afford. Since it was a hot day, I thought a swim would be a good idea, even though it meant that I would have to put up

with Karen in the pool. So I quickly went into the house and changed into my trunks.

I was never so surprised in my life! When I stepped onto the back porch and looked out at Karen in the pool, she was stark naked! Now that wasn't much cause for worry, because the yard is well sheltered by trees and a fence, and I knew that the neighbors weren't going to get a look at her. But I did, and I guess that was her idea. I just stood there, speechless, while she swam toward my side of the pool. Even though I disliked her, I was certainly aware that she was an attractive woman. And when she raised herself up on the edge, with her short, wavy hair framing her face and her tits sticking out, I almost got a hard-on right there.

After all, no one will see except me. And I'm family, right?"

"Right," I said, "but—" She suddenly grabbed the waistband of my trunks and pulled them down. I turned around, protesting, but as I did, I stepped out of the trunks.

"Much better," she said, standing only a few inches away from me. "You know, you've got a nice ass." And she smiled, one of the few times she had ever done so in my presence. Looking at her, I couldn't fight back my desire any longer, and my penis began to rise. It stiffened quickly and brushed against her belly. "Mmm," she murmured, "and a great cock, too. So this is what Maggie sees in you." With that she put her arms around my neck and kissed me. She pressed hard against my body, rubbing my prick with her smooth stomach.

I couldn't help myself. Neither of us had had sex for quite a while, and I didn't waste any time in getting into it. We left the pool and lay in the grass. She rolled me onto my back and straddled me, inserting my penis into the tight slit hidden by the little triangle of dark hair between her legs. It was terrific, and we both came very quickly.

When it was over, she confessed that she had had a yearning for me ever since she had known me. She praised my physique while she fondled my cock, and it soon grew hard again. Karen then gave me the best blowjob I've ever experienced, and I brought her off manually.

She stayed another week, during which time we had

sex at least once a day, and I was honestly sorry to see her go when my wife returned from the hospital. It is interesting to realize that I still dislike her, and she dislikes me. The only place we can get along is in bed, and we fuck up a storm there. In fact, each of us agreed that we were perfect sexual partners. Maybe the hostility makes for more excitement.

At any rate, I no longer dread Karen's visits. The only problem is finding an opportunity to fuck—and avoiding all other social contacts with her. I guess in-laws are always a problem.—J.L., Northampton, Mass.

Resident assistant

I consider myself a man of the world, but I



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"Come on in," she said. I still didn't move, and she climbed out of the pool, standing with arms akimbo. "What are you waiting for? You've seen a nude woman before, haven't you?"

I wanted to say that I had indeed, but not her—not my thirty-four-year-old sister-in-law, looking both good and provocative. I just nodded and walked slowly to the side of the pool away from her. I tried not to think about her as I slipped into the water and began a slow lap around the pool. She went back in, too, and I didn't see her for a minute. Then, as I was standing in the shallow end, I felt her presence behind me.

"You want something?" I said.

"Just wondering," she answered. "Wondering why you need those trunks in here.



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

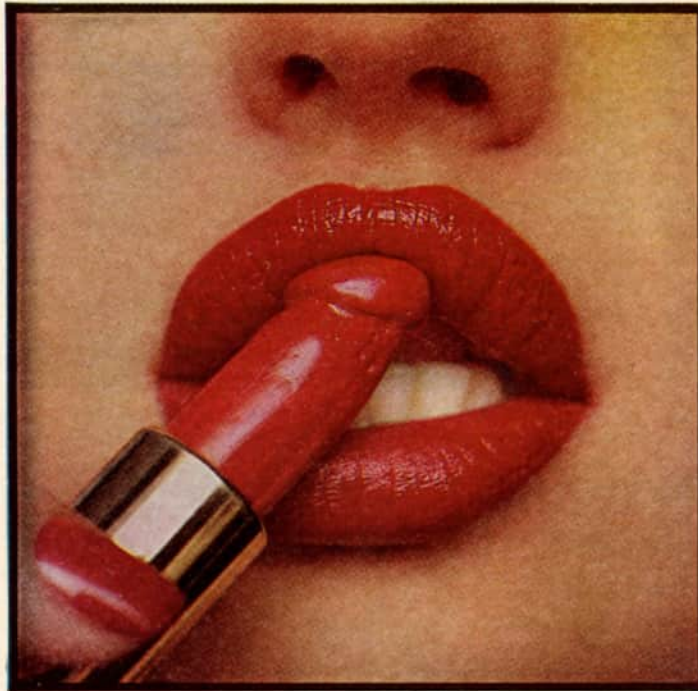
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I just finished my first year in college. Before I went home for the summer, my roommate for the past year asked me to spend a week or so at his home, visiting with him. We get along great, so I agreed. We arrived on Friday evening, and, after I had met his parents and gotten settled in the guest room, Bob and I spent that evening just relaxing. Bob made several calls to set up dates with his high-school girl friend. She arranged a date for me for Saturday night.

But before we were supposed to go out on Saturday, Bob got a call from his girl saying that the date set up for me was off; something had come up, and the other girl couldn't make it. Bob called at least eight or ten other girls, but it was too late to set up a short-notice date. I told him to go ahead, that I would just relax in the den and watch TV. After Bob left, I settled down in the den. About thirty minutes later Bob's mother came down and told me she was sorry that I wasn't going out and asked if I would like a drink. I told her that I didn't drink alone, and she said that she would have one with me. Meanwhile, Bob's father had gone to a retirement dinner for one of the men at his company.

For about two hours we sat and talked and drank. She asked me all about school and what the kids of today did for fun. She commented about how things had changed since she was in college. Soon we were both giggling and laughing at things we did in school. She asked me how kids kissed, necked, petted, made love, etc. Before I realized it, she was sitting very close to me and patting me on the leg. I noticed that her dress was almost up to her hips. She suggested that I show her how the kids of today warm up their girl friends. We kissed a few times, and we were both becom-



ing excited. She said that she was going to change into something more comfortable and mix another round of drinks. When she returned with the drinks, she was wearing a black negligee that you could have read a newspaper through. She was completely nude under it. I could see the nipples on her huge breasts and the pubic hair between her legs.

We drank another round, and when I reached to put my arm around her, I realized that it had gone beneath the negligee—I was feeling her naked body. I tried to withdraw my hand, and when I did, Mrs. O'Neal pressed it firmly against her breast. Then she started darting her tongue in my mouth, and her hand came up my leg and gripped my cock, which was about to burst my pants. She

unbuckled my pants, opened her negligee, and lay down on the couch. She guided my cock into her sopping wet cunt and took the entire length on the first stroke. We screwed for about an hour. I came twice. The last climax that she had must have been a violent one. Mrs. O'Neal jerked and clawed and gasped and moaned and half-scared me, since I had never seen this type of reaction before. Afterwards, she lay there exhausted. I got up and looked at her nude body. She had the biggest tits I've ever seen. I left her and went to my room, regretting what had happened and wondering what repercussions would come from this adventure.

The next morning I was awakened by the shower running next to my room. A short while after it stopped, Mrs. O'Neal came into the room in the same black negligee. I pretended to be asleep. At the bedside she dropped the negligee to the floor and slipped into bed with me. I felt her perfumed, naked body next to mine. She began to run her hands all over me as I still pretended to be asleep. She moved the covers back and began kissing my chest

and stomach. She fondled my cock, and soon I felt her warm mouth as she took it into her mouth. She sucked me until my cock was hard as a rock. I couldn't stand it any longer; I was so afraid someone might come in, but Mrs. O'Neal told me that her husband was playing golf and Bob was asleep. She then proceeded to straddle me, guiding my stiff rod into her cunt, which was dripping wet. We screwed for about an hour, in many different positions. After my second orgasm, she immediately went down on me and sucked my dick until it was hard again. After my third ejaculation, she went back to shower again.

Mrs. O'Neal must be in her late thirties, but she has a well-built body and loves to screw. She said her husband didn't pay any attention to her and that he was straight and wouldn't let her suck him. Still, I became so uneasy over the whole situation with this woman that I told Bob I had to cut my stay short.

Since returning home, I've had three letters from Bob's mother. In the first two she told me of her plans to visit our school at least once a month to see Bob—but also that she would stay in a motel and that I should plan to spend the entire night with her. I had to hide the third letter—it was so sexy. She wrote ten pages, telling me how she loved sucking my cock, how she could feel it deep inside her, how we would screw for hours without stopping, and how her body was mine to enjoy. So I just don't know

what to do next fall, if she starts coming to the college.

To be honest, I had had sex with only one other girl before meeting Mrs. O'Neal. I think I screwed this other girl about four times during the three months I dated her. It was all straight sex, with no variations, and I had never had oral sex until Bob's mother went down on me. However, I loved it and would love to have her continue sucking me and to keep on screwing her. My girl just lay there when we had sex, but Mrs. O'Neal would go wild and do most of the work. Besides, I loved those huge tits! However, I feel that if this continues, and if I stay out all night when she is in town, Bob will somehow find out about us. He may even find her letters, with the details of how she loves to suck my cock. In her last letter she stated that she wanted to feel the sensation of her mouth being filled with my semen, to know that she had fully satisfied the sexual urge behind my huge cock. I don't want to make her mad, but I don't know how to get out of this situation and keep from messing up my friendship with Bob. On the other hand, I hate to give up this arrangement, since she is one hell of a woman, who truly loves sex.

One more thing: she sent a picture of herself in her last letter, in a bikini that leaves nothing to the imagination. I don't know where to hide it.—L.W.

It is obvious that you are under the spell of this older woman, who is teaching you the

ropes. It is entirely up to you whether you want to continue seeing her or think it time to spread your wings and find yourself a young girl, one who suits you better and causes less problems in the long run. Maybe—if you have gained enough experience with Mrs. O'Neal—it might be somewhat of a thrill to you to initiate a younger girl and teach her a few new things as well—spread the wealth, so to speak.

It is not to be recommended that you stick to the mother of your friend. At least take a look around at other women, screw around a bit, see what else is happening. If you really get hung up on this woman, it may well be that you'll develop a mother complex—and then where will you be? You may never like young girls again.

Her fanatical love letters are obviously a sign that she is desperately hung up on you. She is working on your mind with these letters. If she didn't possess you in this way, keeping your mind occupied with her communications, I'm sure that you would soon wander about on your own, in search of new horizons.

As far as the riskiness of the letters and pictures is concerned, maybe you should go to the nearest bank and get yourself a safe-deposit box, or leave them with a reliable friend in a sealed envelope. Or burn them. If you want her correspondence to cease completely, then write back to her, leaving off your name and address. Thank her for your education and then describe what you would like to do to her. This will put her in your present position, because she won't want her husband to find your letters (he'll never know it's you, since there will be no identification; in fact, sign it with your initials only and mail it from another town). Mrs. O'Neal's teaching degree should be revoked if she plagues her students.

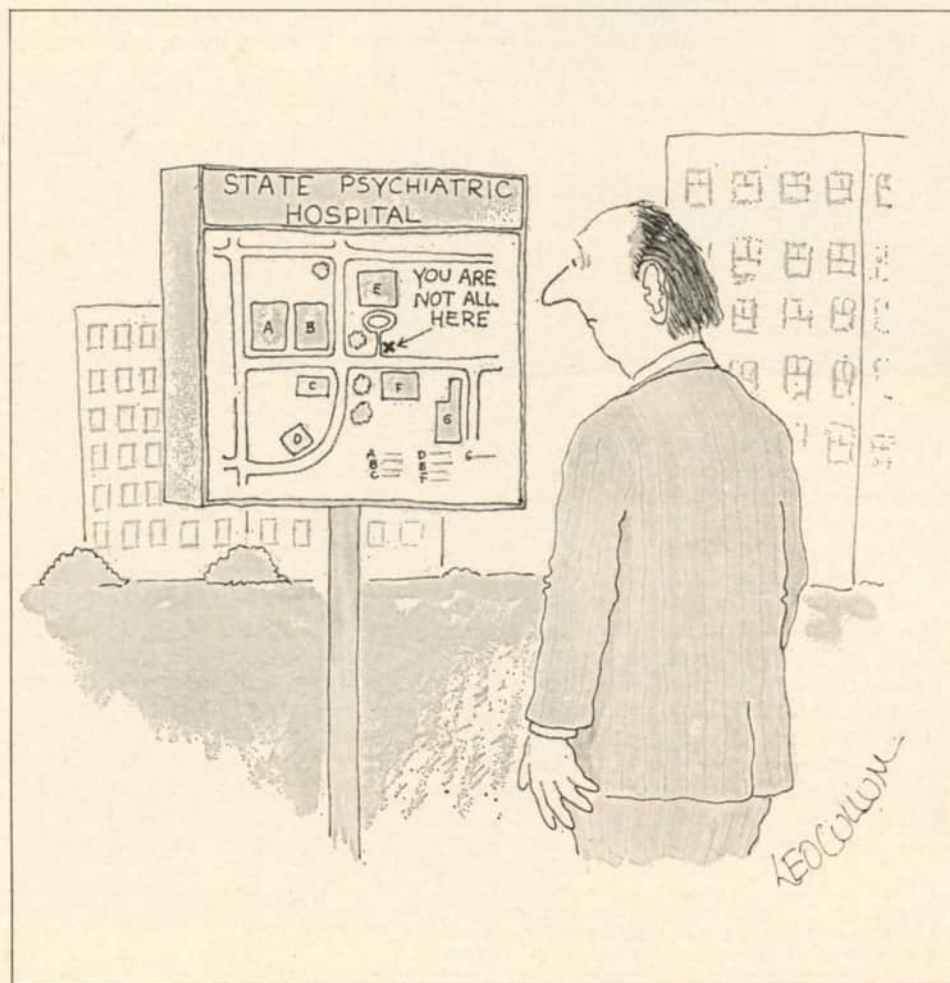
UNHAPPY HOOKING

I'm a hooker like you, and I have this problem: I have a pimp whom I love very much. I give him almost all my money, so I have almost nothing to show for the long hours I work. What should I do? I don't know whether to leave him or stay. I am tired of taking his beatings. Should I try to go straight, with a straight guy?—T.M.

Men like yours enjoy victimizing women like you. You have to be pretty strong-willed to get out from under the smooth-talking, velvet tongue of a pimp, especially if he knows every step you take, what bars and discos you go to, and who your friends are. One solution is to disappear quietly and not notify anybody—not even your best girl friend—where you can be found. You might even try going back home for a while to cool out and get your head together. After you've gotten yourself together a bit, you can decide what to do with the rest of your life.

WORSHIPS THE WHIP

I am five feet eight inches in height and 120 pounds, and people tell me I am very at-



tractive. I live with my boyfriend, and we have a pimp-prostitute angle in our relationship. We make the most of it in our sexual fantasies.

I am a regular working girl, but every Friday night, after work, I work as a whore for the evening. It is not mainly for money that I do it but rather because I get turned on by the fact that I work as a whore. I usually turn a few tricks. Since I am very attractive, it doesn't take me very long to land customers.

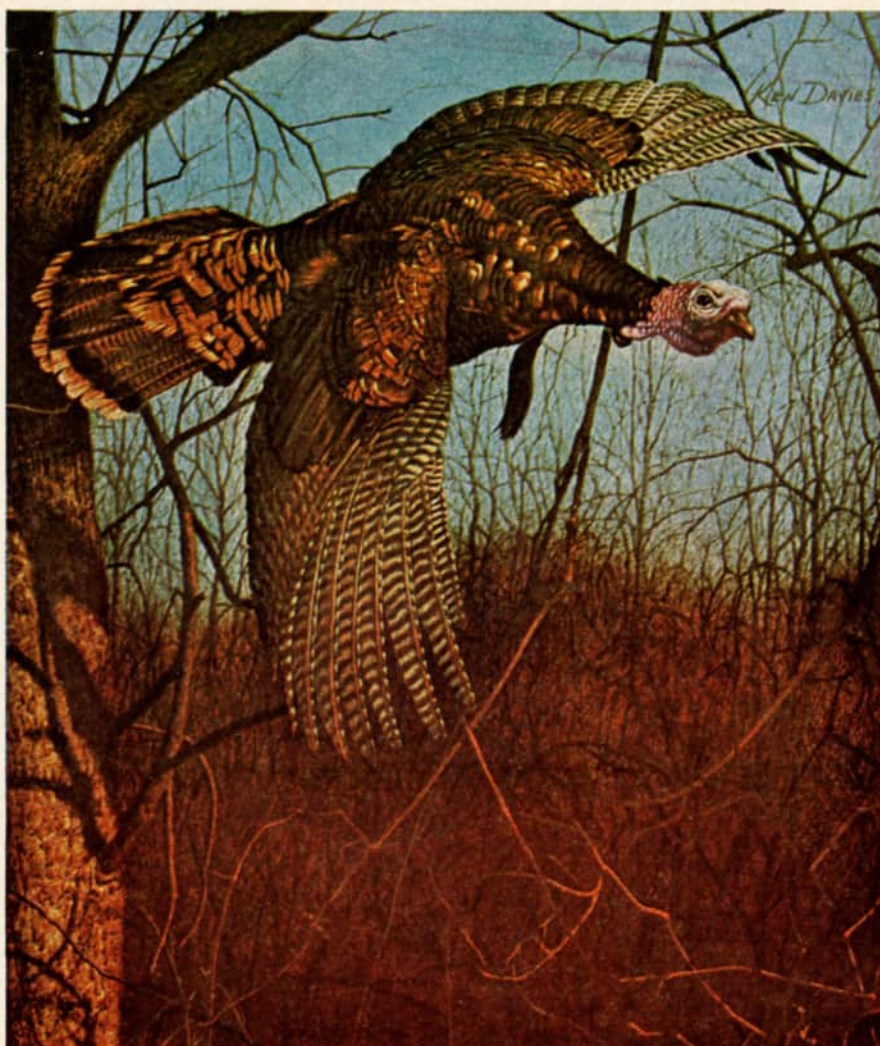
When I come back to our apartment afterwards, my boyfriend is there, waiting for me. He asks for the money that I earned. I hand it over to him except for ten dollars. He accuses me of holding out on him. I deny it. He then slaps me hard on the face a few times. He also beats me. He keeps on beating me until, finally, I break down and confess. Then I hand over the remaining ten dollars. He decides to teach me a lesson. He removes all my clothes and takes me on his lap (he is quite big and can easily flop me down over his legs) and spansks me on my ass until it turns red. After that, he orders me to lick his ass and ties me to our bed. He usually ties my hand and feet with ropes and takes a belt or a whip to beat the shit out of me. All this gives me a fantastic turn-on.

By this time, his cock is hard and bulging out of his pants. He unties me, and I take his huge cock in my mouth. When he comes in my mouth, his load is so big that it takes me a while to swallow it all. If I keep sucking, he stays hard so that he can fuck me up the ass and in my cunt. Since my ass is already smarting from the spanking, it hurts when he fucks me between the cheeks. But I love it! We go on fucking and sucking each other all night long.

Sometimes he asks one or two of his friends to join us. They usually wait in the living room while I get my whipping and blow my boyfriend. I always take on two at a time, one in my ass and one in my mouth. I have tasted the semen of many guys, but the semen of my boyfriend is utterly delicious. Of course, I like taking in the semen of any man.

Now my boyfriend is asking me to become a full-time whore for him. I have only one objection. If I work as a whore full-time, I will miss the whippings. My boyfriend will not beat me as often as he does now (since he obviously will want my body to be free of any whipping scars for my customers). I really enjoy those beatings and whippings. I am fully aware of the consequences of becoming a whore for a pimp. Please guide me, if you can. —B.B.

You are certainly one of the purest physical masochists in the field. You are smart enough to realize that if you become just another common, seven-days-a-week whore, the fun of being whipped and spanked and forced to do what he and his pals want might just wear off fast. He has to be more careful with your body. Rather than let his friends fuck for free, he might get greedy and tell you to work seven nights a



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week and not to give it away to anyone but himself.

Honey, you are in this game so far for the fun of it. But as you've already observed, your boyfriend seriously wants to turn your fantasy into hard reality. I hope you make the right decision: either stop this fantasy game altogether and invent some other game (whereby he has to punish you) or keep on doing what you've been doing so far. Or else leave your boyfriend.

The real pain (not physical—unfortunately for you!) will be that he'll become unbearably demanding in the long run, and it will eventually become more and more difficult for you to escape from his grip.

MP IN THE PM

Being stationed in Germany as an army MP, I am quite accustomed to pulling an assortment of duties. One night, while my partner and I were on guard duty, we happened to meet our company supply officer, who was working late that night. Yes, she was a delight to anyone's eyes. She was five foot three, about 110 pounds, with long blonde hair and dazzling blue eyes. Well, it was quite cold outside, and as I hadn't any gloves on, she noticed that my hands were a bit raw. To my surprise, she promptly insisted that I wear her gloves until she had finished her business inside her office. She then asked my partner and me if we needed anything else. I was amazed when my partner grabbed his crotch and said, "You can guess what I need."

More amazing, she took one look at him, smiled, and dropped to her knees to give him a blowjob. I watched in utter bewilderment. After several minutes, my partner exploded into her mouth, and she gulped down all but a few drops of his come. Then she turned to me and asked if I had the same "need" that my partner had. Before I could finish saying yes, she was kneeling before me, sucking and licking away. It took just a couple of minutes before I shuddered and exploded into her mouth. She swallowed most of my come and licked the rest off my throbbing cock.

She got to her feet, licked her lips, smiled, and said, "Aside from the mission, the welfare of the troops is of prime importance. Good night!" She proceeded into

her office, and we walked away, smiling and laughing happily. We can't wait to pull guard duty again.—B.T. and O.P.

So there really are hot-lipped ladies in the army! I wonder if any other readers have interesting stories about army adventures?

FORMERLY FIRM

I have a sad and serious problem. My husband and I are happily married. My figure isn't the greatest, but it's acceptable, except for my breasts. I've always been a 34 B and used to have nice, firm breasts.

After I had my first child, I made the greatest mistake of my life: I squeezed the milk out with my hands, because I didn't know how to get rid of it. (The doctor never

Fortunately, we live in an age in which a plastic surgeon can change just about any unattractive spot on the body and remodel it. I spent the month of February in Rio de Janeiro this year, and I met a number of plastic surgeons (Brazilians are supposed to be the best in the world). One of them showed me some pictures of the miracles a plastic surgeon can perform with sagging, flabby, big, or small tits.

I would recommend that you see your family doctor and have him refer you to a plastic surgeon, who can determine whether you need an uplift (no silicone implant) or maybe the removing and transposing of the nipples to higher spots on the breasts. Yes, with a bit of money, some spare time, and the right address, nobody

has to suffer from ugly breasts anymore. Good luck, and please write me if and when you have this done.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Being a musician of almost thirty years of age, I have enjoyed many sexually fulfilling relationships. However, I am now a house husband, and I have a wife who is so self-conscious about her weight (she's five foot seven, 205 pounds) that we have problems, and she is beginning to dissatisfy me sexually.

She is the best fuck I've ever had, completely open-minded and absolutely astounding in bed. We enjoy oral sex, we masturbate together—she watches me and then I watch her—and we wind sessions up with a fantastic fuck of one or two hours. It's

come after come in our round bed with red-satin sheets.

But all this is enjoyable to her only if the lights are out. She closes the bathroom door when showering, closes the bedroom door when dressing. And when I walk in unexpectedly, she rushes furiously to grab something to throw around herself.

Repeatedly, I have explained to her that this is sheer nonsense. She insists that the sight of her body will turn me off. She has a great neckline, a beautiful face, and breasts of voluptuous proportions. From the hips down she is obese, but I don't mind at all. I understand fully that she is a compulsive eater, and I know that she constantly tries to diet. She arouses me more than any other female I have ever screwed.

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told me that the milk would dry up by itself.) I really blew it, because ever since then my breasts have sagged. They look sort of like Oreo cookies. When I look at myself sideways in the mirror, I have no breasts at all, only big, brown nipples, like big suckers, pointing down. This is really upsetting to me, since having my breasts played with by my husband is the biggest turn-on for me sexually. I used to get turned on from just looking at them in the mirror. Our sex life is fairly normal, but now, even when my husband fondles my breast, it must feel to him like he's fondling some handicapped woman. He doesn't go at them like he used to, and I don't feel sexy anymore. I feel literally deflated. I'll do whatever you tell me, Xaviera.—W.H.

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As for blowjobs, I didn't know how alive my cock could feel until I was sucked by her.

How can I convey to her that she is, in fact, appealing to me, whether she is large or small? She is so ashamed of her body that at the sight of a slim female, she immediately becomes depressed, believing she is ugly. We can't even watch TV anymore. I feel that I may develop a complex from this if things don't change. I want to see skin once in a while, not play tag in the dark.—E.R.

Well, that was a helluva nice letter—nothing kinky to that one. You are just a great guy who loves his wife no matter how she looks. Which I think is fine. And if more fat women in this world had husbands like you, there would be a lot fewer frustrated females.

It is my belief that once a woman starts to gain weight, she becomes more self-conscious about her appearance, and out of pure frustration she will eat more to console herself. It becomes a vicious circle. But in your wife's case, she shouldn't feel frustrated, for you love her very much and dig her voluptuousness. Maybe you should tell her that you'll leave her if she loses weight.

But in the meantime, why don't you settle for the following solution? Make her promise to show more skin, while you promise to put dimmers on all the lights. This way you'll still be able to see her but in a softer light,

and she may lose her inhibitions. You could also try candlelight or colored bulbs.

Maybe she would consider going to a health spa. Within a few weeks she would lose a substantial amount of weight. It would be a trifle expensive but well worth it. After all, too much fat is also damaging to one's health. Diabetes, heart disease, maybe even a stroke, are dangers to be reckoned with when overeating becomes a compulsive life-style.

THE DOUBLEHEADER

My girl friend Kay and I were talking over coffee one day, and we started to discuss the different ways in which we made love to our men. In no time at all we became very, very horny. I told Kay that I had a rubbery, double-headed dildo and said that we really didn't need our men in order to get off.

Kay took me seriously and said, "Lock up the house and let's give it a try." So without any hesitation I locked up, and we proceeded to the bedroom. After getting the dildo from a drawer, we removed our jeans and panties. After we got down on our hands and knees, ass to ass, Kay inserted the dildo into her slit and so did I. We both laughed, as the dildo kept falling out. But soon we got our rhythm going together, and our giggles turned into hot and heavy breathing. We jammed that dildo far up into our cunts. I managed to balance myself on one hand, and with the other hand I massaged my clit. After about ten minutes of

this, we both reached tremendous orgasms. Then we lay on the floor for a few minutes, completely exhausted. I said that from now on, whenever we were both horny and our men were gone, we could always just use our make-believe man.

The following Saturday we were drinking coffee again, the men were out of the house, and the subject of the dildo came up. Kay said that she'd like to see my make-believe "husband" fuck me. In return I said that I wanted to see her make-believe "boyfriend" fuck her. Well, we came up with an idea. We took the mirror off the dresser and set it on the floor against the wall; this way we could both watch each other being fucked silly. We removed all of our clothes and got down on all fours for another round of fucking with the double-headed dildo.

Shortly after we started our little fucking session, I looked into the mirror. God, I could see the dildo sliding in and out of my pussy as well as Kay's. Suddenly, excitement stormed over me. Seeing that dildo up Kay's cunt and seeing her juices dripping down onto the carpet, I realized how really lovely her cunt was. I was losing control as I looked into the mirror. I couldn't hold myself back any longer. I pulled away from the dildo, turned Kay on her back, and removed the dildo from her hot love tunnel. Then I just buried my face in her pussy. I couldn't believe how hot, juicy, and delicious her cunt was. Kay didn't object one bit. She only spread her legs farther and farther apart as I ate away. Then she pulled me away from her crotch and kissed me on the mouth. Now, this was no ordinary sisterly kiss. Kay kissed me heavy on the mouth, sliding her tongue into me. Kay then turned me all the way around into a sixty-nine position—and we were at it. Her tongue in my cunt did wonders, things I thought no woman's tongue could do. Together we buried our faces in each other's crotches and sucked and licked until we each had super orgasms.

Needless to say, perhaps, we've been doing this for some time now, but the last two times we've almost been caught. Kay and I are in a delicate situation. You see, we love our husbands and need a man's cock in our cunts once in a while. We also love a man's muscular body. What should we do? Should we continue making love to each other and take the risk of being caught? Or should we tell our men the truth and take what's coming to us?—Dee Dee

Instead of telling your men the truth, why don't you show them the truth? No, I don't mean that you invite your husbands in for Saturday morning coffee, whip out the double-headed dildo, and do it to each other on the kitchen floor while the two men watch. Instead, why don't you suggest that you all have a little four-way? Almost all men find lesbian sex a horny turn-on, and I'm sure your husbands will be no different. Of course, you must reassure them that you lust for their male organs above all else. Believe me, doubleheaders work better in doubles. ☺



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Karpel's Cartergate

I would like to take issue with Craig S. Karpel in regard to his sensationalistic article "Cartergate: The Death of Democracy" (November 1977).

The picture that Mr. Karpel paints of the members of The Trilateral Commission is one of sneaky, evil men, secretly plotting to deliver the free world into, if not slavery, at least legal servitude, with their only driving force that of blind greed. If this line of reasoning were followed through, the same thing could be said about the Girl Scouts trying to take over the cookie market.

It is the basic right of every man in this country to receive profits from his efforts. The farmer doesn't grow food because he's concerned about people getting enough to eat. I don't sell televisions in my store because I want people to be entertained. *Penthouse* didn't publish this article for the informational benefits of its readers.

I see The Trilateral Commission as a group of businessmen who have banded together to protect what they and their ancestors have worked long and hard for. I do not condemn them for their actions any more than I condemn the farmer's son who tries to maintain control of the family farm in the face of inheritance taxes.

The so-called Third World nations and the OPEC countries are out to get whatever they can. I see nothing wrong in this. Nor do I see anything wrong with the people who have what they're after trying to prevent it from happening, as long as no laws are broken in the process.

The single biggest problem that we have in this country now is government interference with business. If the government left business alone, things would go much smoother and would be cheaper for everyone. We could abolish the huge bureaucracies set up to control our private lives and probably abolish income tax at the same time. Let me remind you that there were no income taxes before the mid-forties.

Interference with free trade, whether it be from governments or unions or wherever, only serves to drive up the cost of doing business. And that cost is paid by you and me and David Rockefeller and Craig Karpel.—W.R. Keaton, Lake City, Fla.

The editors reply: We certainly did publish "Cartergate" for "the informational benefit" of our readers. While we are, of course, very happy and gratified that Penthouse makes a profit, we feel that the facts presented by Mr. Karpel are vitally important to our readers—and to all the citizens of the United States.

With regard to the article "Cartergate" by Craig S. Karpel, I would like to express my utter disgust regarding the continuing and obvious blundering of the Carter administration and the banking policies and principles of David Rockefeller.

It seems strange that the administration's policies and actions coincide with those of The Trilateral Commission, until one learns that 70 percent of the people appointed to posts in the administration belong to the commission.

Laws that restrict the press and the media as to what they print and when they print it are the first signs of government manipulation of the people. And it is close to insanity to assign \$3.2 billion to a world bank that would in turn distribute the money as aid to less-developed countries so that they may continue to pay back already defaulted loans. To think that my tax money indirectly ends up back in the pockets of Chase Manhattan and the like really excites me about filling out my 1040 this year.

This is democracy?—J. DeMarco, Concord, Calif.

Well, I really didn't think this would happen so soon. "Cartergate" is the first real and specific outline of what is actually happening along national and international lines.

I'm glad to see that someone in the media is intelligent enough to realize what is really behind this antisocial (or should I say antifreedom) activity—activity that many groups have been nibbling away at for years, but only attacking the symptoms, not the cause. I thought that it would be years before anyone would look beyond the agreed-upon image of government to see the most suppressive group of human beings ever to evolve on this planet.

My hat is off to Mr. Karpel and to *Penthouse* for being bold enough to take a first step in exposing a menace that, if allowed to, could and would swallow us all. I look forward to the continuation of this exposé of the powers behind our leaders.—Dave Vernon, Los Angeles, Calif.

I had feared that the multinational corporations were trying to run our government by sacrificing public interest for their own profit. But, until reading Craig S. Karpel's revealing article, I had not realized the extent of their influence and the frighteningly systematic nature of their campaign for subjugating public interest and curbing freedom of the press. I look forward to further enlightenment from Karpel's pen.—David Kanagy, Coos Bay, Oreg.

I plunked down two dollars for Craig S. Karpel's article "Cartergate" (rather than for the pretty—uh—faces), and reading it, I am particularly interested in Karpel's observations on the bill he terms "Son of S.I."

I'm not surprised at the Trilateral involvement. Did you ever compare the people on Nelson's "Critical Choices" group with those "linked" to the events, post-Watergate, leading to Nixon's resignation? Heads, it's Nelson; tails, the other. As for me, how do I get to be a Trilateraler?—D.Z., Bronx, N.Y.

The Trilateral Commission is not a "membership" organization. To become a member of The Trilateral Commission, you must be invited and then voted on by the commission. You can, however, be placed on the mailing list of the organization by calling or writing it at:

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I think that Craig S. Karpel's "Cartergate" should be required reading in every university and college campus in North America. I further believe that *Penthouse* is performing an extremely important public service by publishing his continuing series.

Your readers may be well advised, though, that The Trilateral Commission is not a new thing. It's just that the plotters have decided to be brazen enough to come out into the open. And now they have handpicked one of their own to be the president of the United States. If anyone doubts what I'm saying, I suggest that he read Taylor Caldwell's book *Captains and the Kings*, which fully exposes the threat that the international banks and industrialists pose to the entire free world. Although the book is fiction, the author includes a full bibliography so that anyone can check out the data for himself.

I imagine that most people who read Karpel's article will not believe it. I hope that he will reach enough who will rise and protest loudly against the abuses to their political system. If not, America is doomed and with it the rest of the free world.—Chris O'Neil, Ontario, Canada

So what's new? I think that it was Joe Stalin who said, about fifty years ago, that the government of the social democratic state is but an upper committee of the capitalist society. I'm still for the Carter brand of it, since that's the choice.

If you really want to inform the public, just publish the extent of American corporation investments in various areas of the world by name. Show the full circuit of our "foreign aid" money from the taxpayer to the coffers of the American multinational giants and their hangers-on.—Francis R. Walton, Daytona Beach, Fla.

The twenty worst

Having cheered the Vanderbilt University

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football team for fourteen seasons now, I am embarrassed for Lawrence Linderman, for not including it in "The 20 Worst College Football Teams of 1977-78" (November 1977).

Surely one cannot write of the twenty worst without considering the 1-6 Commodores. Their stunning 3-0 victory over Wake Forest has marred an otherwise perfect record, including a 36-7 rout at the hands of Tulane, which placed sixteenth in Linderman's list. Only a chance win over the Air Force Academy (fifteenth) could prevent the Commodores from being the worst of 1977.—*Thomas Hardesty, Houston, Tex.*

When I read "The 20 Worst . . ." I wondered why my school was left out. Cal State Fullerton, a member of the PCAA in all sports, has not fielded a winning football team in quite some time, and we are a Division I school in football.

To date this year, the Titans are 2-4, the only victories being against Cal State at Northridge and Northeast Louisiana, both Division II schools. Doesn't this performance indicate that the Titans are also extremely crummy? Next time you cover this subject, make sure that you include all the truly lousy football teams.—*Gary Van Zandt, Fullerton, Calif.*

Just who do you think you are, Lawrence Linderman? Are you supposed to be an expert? I think that your article about the twenty worst football teams stunk! If you're so smart, why aren't you a coach instead of making this attempt to be a writer?

I happen to be an alumnus of Iowa, and I'm very proud of the Hawks. They had a 5-6 record last year, and I can guarantee a better record this year. The Hawks are quite capable of beating anybody in the league.

I think an apology is in order, not only to Iowa but also to the rest of the teams.—*Timothy Ferch, Charles City, Iowa*

I'm not trying to be critical of Lawrence Linderman's wisdom, but I think he should have done a little research on football at the University of Florida before he placed it on your "20 worst" list.

The Gators have one of the fastest defenses in the nation and a defense that is working on keeping the points down. I

realize that I may not have as much knowledge of the subject as Mr. Linderman does, but I feel that Florida deserves better. I think you will be surprised at the year-end record.—*Jon Surrency, Lakeland, Fla.*

Mr. Linderman replies:

I have written numerous articles on football not only for Penthouse but also for several other men's and sports magazines. Although I will admit that Florida was a long shot, I stand by my list.

Formula 1

I really enjoyed the article on Formula 1 and the Watkins Glen Grand Prix (October 1977). It was a refreshing change from the football and baseball jock stories appear-

"FBI" by Abbie Hoffman (October 1977). The FBI has outlived its usefulness. This country would be much better off if the organization were abolished. The last thing we need is thousands of spooks running around the country, sticking their noses into everybody's business.

After all, most of the violent crimes are solved by the local police. The crooks that the agency should worry about are right in its own hometown, Washington, D.C. When the FBI is gone, we can start to work on the CIA and the military.—*T.G., Fairbanks, Alaska*

Defining the First Amendment

I found "How the Supreme Court Is Violating the Constitution" by Nat Hentoff ("Advise and Dissent," November 1977) very interesting and informative.

However, I must take exception to one point Mr. Hentoff makes. He writes: "Their thumbs go down on the basis of whether, as a juror in the Reems trial said, they find the material 'revolting.' Where, in the First Amendment, is 'revolting' speech declared criminal?"

He missed the jurors' point. They are concerned mainly with pictures and movies, not with speech. This distinction presents a difficult problem, because visual pornography is, more or less, a product of the technological age. Therefore, the Founding Fathers did not take that into consideration when they wrote the First Amendment. If they had, chances are that there would have

been a clause prohibiting visual pornography.

We will probably have to live with censorship until the sexual revolution comes of age. One must remember that these judges come from a time when "the air was clean and sex was dirty." They are good ole country boys who have probably never had sex with the lights on; so they are naturally shocked by explicit sex. They are old men with older morals.—*Neal Walker, Houston, Tex.*

Hacker interview

God spare us from the incompetent slop of Dr. Frederick J. Hacker (November 1977). David Haldane, interviewing Hacker for *Penthouse*, asked whether many terrorists

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ing in many magazines. It's about time that road racing got the coverage it deserves.

I race Formula Fords and someday hope to make it to the top like Rupert Keegan, driver of the *Penthouse*/Rizla Hesketh. Because of my involvement with the sport, I can really appreciate any sponsor who helps out. I hope that other companies will see the potential this sport has and that I will be able to land a sponsor myself.

Incidentally, I attended the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen. How the Hesketh mechanics were able to work on the car with the *Penthouse* Pets in the same stall is beyond me.—*Bob Coury, Lowellville, Ohio*

The FBI

I totally agree with your article "Inside the

Images of Woman



Robert Farber

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are trained by the KGB. Hacker dismissed this excellent question with the casual remark that "it is a total myth." In support of his reply, he cited the Hanafi incident. Yet this incident refutes only the complete generalization that all terrorists have KGB connections. This generalization was not advanced by *Penthouse*; so Hacker's reply really misses the point.

As I take it, the *spirit* of the question was that many internationally significant acts of terrorism, such as those of the Japanese Red Army or Black September, receive KGB support. Hacker totally ignores such groups, even when their weapons come from the Eastern bloc. And may I ask who trained Carlos? Was it the Boy Scouts?

Like most liberals, Dr. Hacker simply won't face up to the ugliness of communism.—David Hume, Vancouver, Canada

Palestinian homeland

I have just read "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" by Moshe Decter ("Advise and Dissent," October 1977) and would like to offer my opinion.

It is obvious to anyone who knows something about the subject that Decter left out all the information which would prove that Palestine belongs to the Arabs. The land was given to the Jews by Britain in 1917, when the British foreign minister, Balfour, promised the land of Palestine to the Jews on the basis of sympathy. That land was given to them by someone who didn't own it, and at the time the Arabs were not militarily strong enough to fight Britain for the land.

I also disagree with the premise that the Arabs started claiming the land only after the Jews had turned it into a good agricultural area. Because of the wars that had taken place there, the land wasn't in very good shape then, but if its people had been permitted to stay, they would have improved and cultivated the land the same as the Jews did.

I strongly feel that if one is attempting to prove who owns a country, he must have more than an opinion. The facts must be examined more closely.—Gary Holden, Stillwater, Okla.

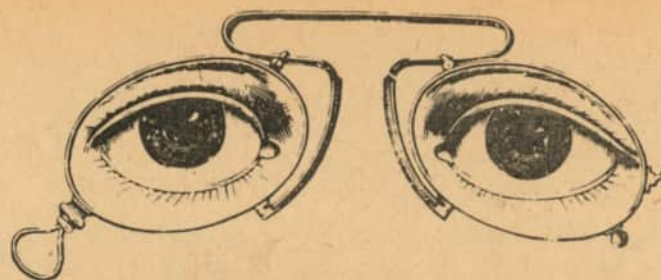
I am writing in regard to the article by Moshe Decter about Palestine. I think that it is about time someone from the left-wing black community spoke up about this subject.

Mr. Decter writes as if the Jews have suffered more than any other people. Let us not forget that we blacks were kidnapped from our homeland, subjected to mass genocide, and, during the last 400 years, reduced to either chattel slavery or various forms of economic and cultural repression.

It is our opinion that Zionism is just a high and mighty word for racism and that Israel is actually a police state, bent on destroying Islam and black nationalism in the Union of South Africa.—F.S., Springfield, Mass.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE CASH 'N' CARRY AWARDS

BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

scars, Tonys, Emmys, Grammys, Golden Globes, and *Photoplay* Gold Medals; awards for American music, country music, rock music, and entertainer of the year; TV Critic's Circle and People's Choice awards; the M.V.P., Heisman Trophy, and Hickock Belt; Misses America, Universe, and World; Prizes Pulitzer and Nobel—we have made a veritable industry out of honoring ourselves. New awards ceremonies are springing forth like lawyers around a collision, complete with mediocre talents praised like the Salk vaccine, with rituals that would try the patience of a macaw, with gaudy make-work projects for choreographers, and all with the biggest salvo of hype since Lindbergh.

This booming proliferation of self-reward is appropriate for a media culture in which recognition has become less a matter of actual performance than of titles. Media honchos—critics, columnists, reporters, broadcasters—are our culture priests, and they thrive under the age-old imperative: maintain viable gods or die. The quickest way to do this is to portray otherwise mundane souls in heroic dimensions, odd superlatives, and towering metaphors. *Newsweek* entitles a Jasper Johns profile "Super Artist," knowing that's the surest way to get people to read the piece.

TV, especially, fattens up by methodically manufacturing new "personalities"—Fonzie, Farrah, Chevy Chase, etc. Alas, fame isn't just carnivorous but insatiable, making quick snacks of instant idols. The First Law of Fame is that today's superstar is tomorrow's relic, and the media observe this law like they'd gotten it from Moses. Supplying enough "names" to fill some sixty-five hours of weekly, prime air time is no snap; thus more and more of those hours are filled by trifles—celebrity game programs, talk shows, TV-star "olympics"—that do little more than create and sustain personalities.

The celebrity angle in media is so box-office—from *People* to Rona Barrett to "The Tomorrow Show"—that *Newsweek* did a "celebrity gap" article, chiding the media for consuming personalities so voraciously that they must be mass-produced. Unfortunately, this gulf between supply of and demand for genuine talent produces dim-witted media clowns, on whom are squandered our limited reserves of admiration and respect. Gabe Kaplan is both amusing and unbearably cute, but if he's a superstar, I am Trigger. Bruce Springsteen's greatest artistic achievement wasn't his music but the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. And who is Florence Henderson to pop out of the tube at us twice a day?

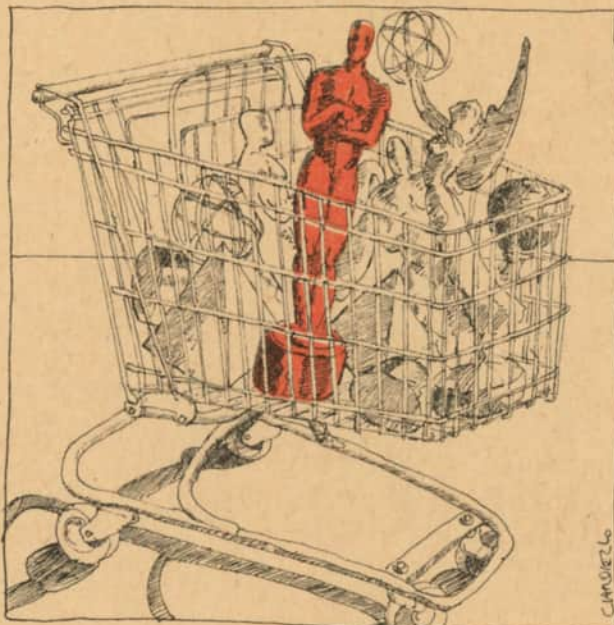
The simplest and most direct means of establishing somebody's stardom is to just arbitrarily bestow it. Thus the media maintain a handy woodpile of celebrities by invoking awards as the insignia of Instant Excellence. Merit is no *prima facie* concept; human beings decide what it is, and isn't. Most awards for it are based on little more than crowd appeal. And even when they're determined according to fixed canons of professionalism, this produces tyranny as often as objectivity.

The West Coast has such a lock on the movie unions that a U.S.C. drama major will get a film-editing Oscar before a New York cutter does. But twelve guys in Manhattan determine excellence in American journalism, call it the Pulitzer Prize, and we eat it up. The New York Film Critics pick the best of cinema, but who picks the Film Critics? The Swedes can't get us to buy Saabs, but they've sold us the idea that their Nobel Prize is the ultimate standard of beneficial intellectual achievement. Sportswriters, whose taste and impartiality rank with Mussolini's, decree national standings and bestow 80 percent of sports' individual honors. Phew.

Awards competitions get more air time than Carter, because to many of us they're more important. The sports boom is solid evidence of our ravenous hunger for escape—from the cruel ambiguities of real life—to nicely definite outcomes, however irrelevant, which can be known, scored, simplified. The antidote to vague reality is simply being able to see How Things Came Out. And we care not who determines life's outcomes, so long as *somebody* does.

Our eager acceptance of arbitrary rankings boils down to a simple but pervasive desire to know who's the best. The category isn't so important as the simple resolution of debate. Great acting, pitching, or science are arguable matters, but the Oscar, M.V.P., and Nobel are *faits accomplis*. What The Best are best at—from punting to gag writing—may be stunningly frivolous in terms of the real world. So what? Most of us will never know who's tops at whatever we do—there are no awards for plumbing, cab driving, or accounting (yet). Why not at least know who is the number-one sprinter, physicist, or new rock band?

The "people's choice" gambit is effective here. Fans have few things of value to bestow, but their opinion is one of them, and they take it very seriously. There's no more authoritative source than ourselves, whether or not our tastes are artistic, intelligent, or literate. Who needs taste when you have numbers?





TV is the prime flywheel in this fame factory, thanks to network programmers, whose approach is not *What is entertainment?* but *What isn't?* Ratings are everything, and to a TV exec a thirty-four-share sounds better than his own heartbeat. The Oscars, World Series, and Miss America pageants repeatedly drew such audiences that programmers needed oxygen. As a result, we're up to here with the Tonys, the People's Choice, the Super Bowl, Miss You-Name-It, et al.

Awards ceremonies are prefab big events, star-studded contrivances designed to build ratings. Barry Manilow, for example, was given a Tony largely to get him on the show. *In extremis* this commercial coronating produces such rot as *Photoplay's* "Greatest Entertainer of All Time," whose nominees included, not Shakespeare, Babe Ruth, or even Walt Disney, but Lucille Ball and John Wayne. The only talent being honored here is the talent to beef up the audience.

And this celebrities-on-parade ploy pays two-for-one: each award means not only a winner but also a

presenter, who's often billed higher than the award itself, and who needn't even be in the trade. Nowadays persons with all the credentials of passersby commonly proffer the honors. Norman Mailer may be our primo essayist, but what qualifies him, besides his drawing-power, to hand out Best Screenplay Oscars? And what were *Star Wars'* Darth Vader and R2D2 doing giving out Don Kirshner's Rock Music Awards? Or, for that matter, Don Kirshner? There's so much bullshit in this business, you could plant crops.

Our contempo Barnums have discovered that it is those activities involving clear winners and losers—sports and elections—that are the gigantic draws. With the war, the revolution, and TV violence all in decline, our conflict habit is now fed by these and other surrogate confrontations—TV Superstar Olympics, Miss Teen America, the Golden Globes. Also, we're instinctive heap-climbers, who, given the limited number of available heaps, tend to heap-climb vicariously by fying with people lucky enough

to be scaling the more conspicuous or glamorous heaps. America's leading patriotic chant is "We're Number One!" and that means us—winners by association, if not for real.

Beauty queens, shortstops, actresses, musicians—stars—are generally misunderstood ciphers who symbolically act out everyone else's fantasies. Celebrities make especially good fantasy selves, since we all figure we could be doing whatever the hell they do and as well. These awards shows don't spotlight performance or even real competition, but personalities. It's *us* up there, being touted like the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Incarnations of our fantasy selves are called heroes. Create one that bowling-alley America can identify with, and you create the key to the mint. Fortunately, heroes exist, not in reality, but in the mind, a fantasyland wherein ink is the magic fluid, and where invention can easily whip up a contest, from Miss World to the Southern Division Play-offs.

But awards create more than heroism; they create *marketability*. By manufacturing the silk-purse superstar from the sow's ear of the merely talented, they make the mediocre performer suddenly worth his/her weight in coffee. Awards are the fulcrum that agents use to exert leverage in salary-contract negotiations. In an area as subjective as talent, any form of accolade becomes hard data. If the Best can do nothing else, at least they can *charge* more. One's creative peak now comes, not via the stage or studio, but when one signs a gigantic contract with Revlon or Buick; and a good agent, given a bit of "official excellence," can put you on easy street faster than an inheritance.

If the land of media becomes an Oz of confabulation and absolute irrelevance, it is basically because that's how we and the media want it. Burned out from a decade of relentless cultural input, we now seek relief in mindless diversion. And diversion we will get, as long as it remains a vital public service. That is, as long as it sells soap.

SCENES



THE MERCHANT OF MENACE

Tobe Hooper is ardently discussing a film he is making with Dick Clark called *The Dark*, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to pay attention to what he's saying. "It's about evil," he grins through tightly clenched teeth, diffusing his subliminal sentiments with a billowing, psychopathic chuckle.

That word *evil*—it hangs menacingly in the dreary Universal Studios director's bungalow, a swirling emission, a portent, from this unassuming little man. It's not the word so much; it's the way he so frequently expresses it: slowly, textured, with considerably more relish than one would evince in describing a Cézanne landscape. "Eeee-vil." He laughs again, this time more congenially, as if to say, in his patented, West Texas bear growl, "Hey, man, I'm only foolin' with ya." But the disparity is unsettling enough to cause the spirit of Peter Lorre to rise in protest.

Tobe Hooper insists it's all in good fun. "My God, you've got to have a sense of humor toward your work," he says, sliding a Sherman from a gold cigarette case and twirling it delicately between thumb and index fingers as though it were a lethal weapon. "As a director, I have to see the humor in horror movies to create that unexplainable madness that surrounds my work." Like creating a box-office sensation out of a Black & Decker single-blade rotary saw—which is kept well-oiled by a fleshy assortment of human limbs—as he so



Oscar with an admirer.

facetiously did in the cult classic *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres*?

"Exactly. In *Chainsaw* I didn't try to explain the madness and even had the opportunity to get a bit ludicrous with the proceedings. People laughed when they saw the ads for the film, and that's a . . . a healthy reaction."

Healthy? Here is a euphemism for the \$33 million gross the film accumulated in a little more than two years, and if anyone's laughing now, it is being done along that famous Hollywood hegira: all the way to the bank. Tobe Hooper has made his name, and it's paying off in spades. Universal has anointed him with a five-picture, nonexclusive deal under the aegis of talent-exorcist Billy Friedkin, and outside offers are pouring in almost daily. He is undoubtedly the newest star of the silver scream, but to Tobe Hooper that's the rub.

"You see, I don't really want to make horror films for Universal," he admits frankly, "but they don't know that yet. I can't really afford to get into that, because I'll get the reputation of only being able to make frightening pictures, when my real goal is eventually to adapt novels and do some comedy. But I'm rapidly becoming known as Mr. Fright." This newfound reputation has, at times, been a heavy cross to bear. "Hell, when you make a picture like *Chainsaw*, you pay the price. I've been associated in print with the movement to kill the Easter Bunny. But really, in my heart, I hope he's still alive and hopping around out there."

A half hour later, after rationalizing his slight income from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres* even though he held a generous share of its points ("The distribution company just simply never kept a set of books," he says, disclosing the *real* horror story with mock amusement), he is still flirting with the notion of smoking. The sun has begun dramatically to edge below the Hollywood Hills, bathing the room in somber opalescence—the perfect ambiance for an obvious question: how does one conceive of film like *Chainsaw*?

"Well, one day I was walking through a department store and



Filmmaker Tobe Hooper.

saw a chainsaw display and a lot of people around," Hooper begins, resuming a fiendish snickering. "I said to myself, 'My God, what's to keep someone from revving one of these damn things up and winging it into a wall of people?' I mean, it's almost every day that things as gruesome as that happen in isolated areas across America."

Listening to his lurid description of bizarre killings, one recalls Hooper's own history and is suddenly struck by a chilling premonition, like listening to an account of a fire on the radio only to discover it's your house that's burning. "I know what you're thinking," he says, "and you're right: I was on the campus of the University of Texas when Charles Whitman was puttin' people away from his place on the tower." A rush of ice-cold reality sweeps through the room. "Then I took an old Wisconsin story about a fellow who skinned people and made furniture—chairs and lampshades—from their bodies. *Chainsaw* is an amalgam of all these things, of watching the news on TV and just generally observing how bizarre the real world is. That was the beginning of it, and it was also a matter of making a horror movie and pulling out all the stops, letting the audience have what they want."

There are those who would say that exploitation on this scale is the chief cause of spiral-eyed schizophrenia, that TV-poisoned Ronnie Zamora was a misunderstood martyr with a bad case of public rela-

tions. "Well, I've heard of *Chainsaw* causing people to throw up," Hooper concurs, "but I haven't heard of even one chainsaw massacre occurring since my picture opened."

Hooper now lights his cigarette with conviction, pausing to consider his next statement. "Listen, if you want the truth, the fault lies with Hollywood—the film industry, the moguls. They are geared up to answer the question: how can we shock the hell out of an audience? It's not a case of their wondering how they can shock horrifically, but rather of how they can blow people's minds. They are interested in drawing that 'fragile' audience element to the theater, those who watch violence on television but feel they can't get a very good view of the blood and guts."

Hooper's rotary-blade epic was the target of scores of self-righteous critics, who saw *Chainsaw* as a threat to the humanist tradition of cinematic art. Classic hyperbole. The same critic who praised the virtues of *Taxi Driver* called the entertaining *Chainsaw* "a degrading, senseless misuse of film and time." Hooper takes this criticism

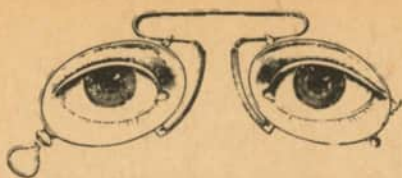
with the same, characteristic sense of humor he utilizes in directing the hoisting of a woman in the film onto a meat hook. "Listen, beauty is in the eye of the beholder," he muses. "The Japanese thought that *Chainsaw* was an erotic film, for many of their pictures are founded on blood and sex. I guess their reaction has something to do with bondage."

"Up until a few years ago, film people didn't want to become involved in horror films, because horror was considered a low-budget, B-feature line of cinema. They were failing at it because their idea of frightening images—corny stuff like *Godzilla*—doesn't really make it in today's world. There are so many of these so-called horror films that really don't apply, because they don't touch on the one and only *real* monster—the Grim Reaper. If a filmmaker cannot make that aspect very personal to the audience—touch on the things that really haunt people in their dreams—then it is very hard for a horror film to work."

The dream is an integral component of the Hooper Scare Inferno, an intangible plateau to which his



Directing Marilyn Burns in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacres*.



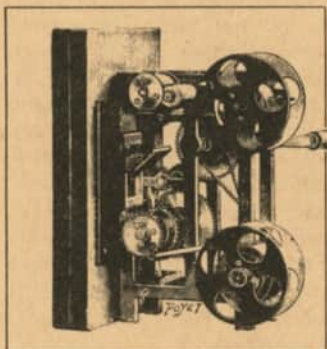
audience is first transported and where they then must learn to fend for themselves. "I dream quite a bit," he admits. "I've studied Jung and Freud and have played with my dreams. And what I've learned from them is things that would ordinarily frighten other people. Symbols like falling and flying—I try to utilize them as allegories. But I don't die much in my dreams. In fact, in some of my nightmares, dying would be a release." His peculiar laugh is an unrestrained arpeggio, a mad, Poe-like testimony to his participation in the creation of personal-encounter motion pictures, horror style. What did Hooper call it—the celebration of madness?

"I've taken a lot of these allegories and have incorporated them into a film I'm currently planning, called *Screamers*. It will take place within the dream syntax but will be an extended scream. The heroine—who will be played by Marilyn Burns, who starred in *Chainsaw*—will be both the aggressor and the victim. As the story unfolds, the audience will already have parachuted into an ongoing situation; they'll have woken up in a nightmare. The story taps on those closed doors, and in some it will have kicked them wide open, into areas that we sense are there but that we really don't want to enter."

Tobe Hooper is tuned in to a responsibility to his audience. But to him there are other intrinsic considerations at stake, artistic qualities that he feels are worth the risk in bringing his films to the screen.

"Sure, my films cause nightmares," he allows emphatically, "but that's okay with me." He smiles and immediately clears the air of any undue allegations. "What they are *not* are collections of quantitative violence—blood, guts, brains, and eyeballs. But if a horror film is to be effective, you have to tap those realms that are really accessible for the viewer. I just want to really please the audience. And if the audience wants to take that ride into fantasy and take the *real* one at the same time—to become frightened out of their minds—well then, I say, 'Climb aboard!'" —Robert Stephen Spitz

FILMS



MORE ABOUT WOMEN

Not so long ago, if you had punctured a film critic, the chances are that out of him would have flowed an essay on how there were no more decent women's roles in movies. Not just the standard desperation piece the critic writes when there is nothing to write about (though it would certainly have served), but rather a reasonable response to dozens of films cast with maybe ten men and a girl, or maybe three men and no girls, or maybe five men with Helen Hayes in a cameo role playing somebody's gutsy grandmother.

Those were the days of "male bonding," which is obviously different from "female bondage," and which stands apart from gay liberation in that the men involved might have liked women—if they thought about sex at all.

Now, as you may have noticed, things have changed. I don't know why. It may be that, years late, the movie business has finally caught up with the women's movement—like the way the studios released 1968 student-protest films in 1972. Or it may be that somebody out there noticed what an incredible resource all those underworked actresses were.

In any case, there have rather suddenly appeared a lot of roles for women. Some are in conventional boy-girl movies, such as *First Love* or *The Goodbye Girl* (neither of much interest, except for Marsha Mason's vigorous performance in the latter). Some are in such unconventional boy-girl

movies as Bunuel's brilliant *That Obscure Object of Desire* (about which more in the future) or Truffaut's *The Man Who Loved Women*. But most of the roles turn up in a whole slew of girl-girl movies or in movies about women alone—in which men retreat into guilty, and not always graceful, subservience.

The tenderness I used to feel toward the lone woman among all those otherwise-occupied men in movies a few years ago I now begin to feel toward the men hovering in the background of the new women's films. Thus Jason Robards, as the slightly extraneous Dashiell Hammett, is altogether the most appealing figure in Fred Zinnemann's none-too-appealing *Julia*. And Richard Gere, as the semipsychotic stud Tony, almost steals the show from Diane Keaton in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*.

Actually, nothing steals the show from Diane Keaton, who is superb and who comes close to redeeming that messy movie both by being so competently beautiful and by playing not so much against her part as against her destiny. I'm

sure everybody (except me) read Judith Rossner's *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* long before there was a movie, and so everybody knows the story of how bright, attractive, Catholic Theresa Dunn winds her way down from the Bronx to New York's East Village in the 1960s to a succession of singles' bars and one-night stands, until finally she picks up and brings home the young drifter who murders her. The film more or less keeps the story but drops the location (in favor of some composite city) and ignores the decade—and so loses half the sense of its character's decline and fall. It does come up with explanations. And with Diane Keaton, who brings such spirit and grace to even her deepest degradations, it's hard to believe she's doomed. The characterization suffers. Her Theresa Dunn seems at each moment too well integrated ever to be undone by simple sex. But the pathos is increased, as is the shock effect, and some sort of humanity is infused into the assorted tics and cheap shots of Richard Brooks's movie.

Not even Jane Fonda and Vanessa Redgrave can salvage Fred



First Love, featuring William Katt and Susan Dey.



Diane Keaton with Richard Gere in *Mr. Goodbar*: simple sex.

Zinneman's direction of *Julia*, nor can Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine rescue Herbert Ross's *The Turning Point*—though I prefer the sentimental kitsch of the Ross film over Zinnemann's fashionable seriousness. *Julia* follows quite faithfully one part of Lillian Hellman's *Pentimento*, a collection of remembered portraits from the author's past. Julia (Vanessa Redgrave) was a rich girl who, in the 1930s, went to Germany to spend her money and finally her life in a futile struggle against the rising Nazis. Her friend Lillian Hellman (Jane Fonda), though committed to her own developing career in the American theater and to her long, sometimes uneasy relationship with Dashiell Hammett, becomes involved with Julia's cause and—in what is the centerpiece of the memoir (and the film)—even agrees to smuggle a secret fund of Julia's money from Paris to Berlin. This adventure provides the movie with its best moments and Fonda with her best acting—though it really is an adventure, rather Hitchcockian, and not part of the film's self-proclaimed exploration of a deep personal relationship.

The trouble in *Julia* is partly that the relationship as such scarcely exists, not going much beyond mutual admiration and a few key meetings over a dozen years. That doesn't hurt Hellman's sketch, but it does cripple the movie, which tries to invent an intimacy through flashbacks that seem forced. But a deeper trouble lies in Zinnemann's

ham-fisted direction, a compilation of overemphatic clichés standing for "love," "nobility," "fear," "joy," "sadness." At a very rarefied level, this is cartoon movie-making, undone by its own elaborate simplifications.

Nobody would accuse *The Turning Point* of needless complexity, this story of how a great ballerina (Anne Bancroft) now facing retirement, while coming to terms with her own declining career, also has it out with a dancer (Shirley MacLaine) who was formerly with the same ballet company and is now a wife, mother, and midwestern-small-city dance teacher—because years before Bancroft had more or less tricked her out of her chance to star. The two enemies really are the best of friends, and they also are a marvelous blend of acting styles. Putting them together is the major excuse for the film.

The Turning Point also has a lot of dance-celebrity guest appearances, a style that recalls the fancier Deanna Durbin musicals of the 1930s. Thus we have a chance to watch Mikhail Baryshnikov dance, a real pleasure—not quite cancelled by also having to watch him make love (with Leslie Brown, as MacLaine's aspiring-dancer daughter) in what may be the tackiest poetic fuck sequence in the history of the movies.

Nevertheless, *The Turning Point* is more fun to deal with than *Julia* or even than Agnès Varda's *One Sings, the Other Doesn't*, a

good-natured, very equitable account of two young Frenchwomen on the way to personal liberation. Varda's film has been attacked by some feminists for not going far enough (her heroines love both men and babies), and in a way I think they may be right. It wants to attach itself to issues but without working into them. With its gentleness and its mildly militant didacticism, it has a half-way or opportunistic air: a movie playing with a theme.

Claude Goretta's *The Lacemaker* goes the other way, submerging theme in portraiture, the picture of a shy young French beautician (Isabelle Huppert) who falls in love with a college student (Yves Beneyton) and then, when the affair breaks up, retreats into a quiet semimadness for which she is institutionalized and from which she may not recover. Goretta, who is Swiss, has so far specialized in the superdelicate, small-subject movie of private frustrations—*The Invitation*, *The Wonderful Crook*. *The Lacemaker* signals no change, though it is his loveliest work so far and the first to make me think that he must be

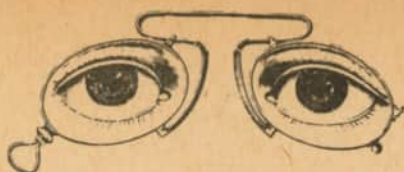


Baryshnikov in *Turning Point*.

taken seriously as a filmmaker. More than anything else—above his sense of place, the ease with which he tells his elegiac tale—Goretta has provided a context for his leading actress, who must rank among the major discoveries of the year. With her beauty, her intelligence, her extraordinary presence, Isabelle Huppert takes a role that might have produced mere pathos and turns it into a calm triumph of silence and ambivalent acceptance.—Robert Greenspun



The Lacemaker, with Beneyton and Huppert: elegiac.



WORDS



LOVE AMONG THE ADVERBS

In the world of romance, no one lives in Cincinnati. No one lies in bed, thinking about pizza, listening to the small, droning glare of Bert Convy's soul. In the world of romance, few come of age without having had intimate relations with a swarthy person in the family employ. You have trysts with destiny, as those in Cincinnati have dental appointments.

Women claw your back with febrile lust in the Chichén Itzá dawn. Your brother, a former Golden Gloves champion and now president of a television network, comes at you with a knife. You know no fear, but only truth, and that truth must finally be told.

"If you kill me, you'll be killing the father of your only son."

High above Mayfair, you gaze into the night and ponder the meaning of it all: your brother killed by his own hand, the woman of your past locked in a home for the sweetly insane. You sip the fine Armagnac, watching passion pull at the face of the Countess. She grasps your arm. You look into her eyes and see something that words could never express. She speaks, and the sound of her voice makes you think of the Aegean and that night in Kasandra—how many years ago was it?

"I'll let you be in my saga, if you let me be in yours," the Countess says. She seems more

vulnerable, yet more beautiful than ever before. "I know we would be simply sprawling together."

The earliest novels, such as the ten-book *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus, written in the third century, were romantic sagas, lavishly plotted tales of love and adventure. In 1800 the Marquis de Sade, age sixty, announced the fall of the romantic novel, for it was becoming "merely monotonous." But fifty years later, in his preface to *The House of the Seven Gables*, Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most respected American author of his day, defended the undying genre in philosophical terms.

The romantic novel is still the most popular breed of literature, although it no longer commands the devotion of our better writers. (There are exceptions. John Barth's *The Sot-Weed Factor* is one.) It is hard to imagine Hawthorne coming to the defense of a literary type that has devolved into *Gone with the Wind*, *Peyton Place*, and *Roots*.

This season has brought a handful of Sweeping Sagas or, if you prefer, Powerful and Dramatic Sagas. Robert Elegant's *Dynasty* (McGraw-Hill, \$10.95) tells the story of one woman's life in China, from 1900 to 1970. There is much here of Chinese history and culture (the author is a former Hong Kong bureau chief for the *Los Angeles Times*), but the heart of the matter is romance, and the sneaky sex of *Dynasty* would have wet the inscrutable panties of Pearl Buck. Like most journalists who turn to fiction, Elegant seems unwilling to give us a noun without an adjective: "The spare figure gnarled by great age was cocooned in cashmere shawls against the chill of the crystalline winter afternoon." Very nice, Mr. Elegant. And tomorrow we'll do adverbs.

Christopher Nicole's *Black Dawn* (St. Martin's, \$10.95) is the third volume of what promises to be an interminable saga of the West Indies. For the author of *Black Dawn*, nineteenth-century



Stephano Massimo

Patriarchs of the soap-saga: Sidney Sheldon and Irwin Shaw.

Jamaica was a place of voodoo, rape, big black bucks, and, foremost, *groins*, which lumber toward the reader copiously: "her groin pulsing on his," "her buttocks in his groin," "to search the dampness of that groin." See, sagas are classy. No cocks or cunts here. *Groins*, that's the stuff!

Speaking of interminable sagas and big black bucks, *Look Away, Beulah Land* (Doubleday, \$10.95) is Lonnie Coleman's sequel to his successful *Beulah Land*. The Civil War is over now, but things are not calm in Beulah Land, where rape, shooting, and interracial groining are the order of the day and night. Lonnie Coleman is a very skillful writer, but what he is doing in *Beulah Land* is a mystery.

Westfield (Crown, \$10), by Roderick Thorp, covers a century in the life of a New York family, a century filled with murder, nymphomania, alcoholism, true love (as opposed to mere groinness), adultery, and more murder. And, most of all, *coincidences*. Indeed, among contemporary romantic novelists, Mr. Thorp seems to be the leading exponent of *coincidentalism*, that literary movement that seeks to break the shackles of realism imposed by, say, "As the World Turns." Thorp spent four years writing this book, a fact I wouldn't advertise.

Only slightly less sweeping than the sagas are the Romantic

Adventures, an adventure being a somewhat briefer unit of time than a saga. Here there is less groiniloquence, more intelligence, and often a very good book. Graham Shelby's *The Cannaways* (Doubleday, \$8.95) impressively breathes life into late-seventeenth-century England and into the story of Brydd Cannaway, an apprentice wheelwright with a passion for money and finely wrought coaches. The romance is set around the intriguing doings of seventeenth-century highwaymen, gamblers, and tradesmen, and the sex and violence transcend the usual genre stuff.

Another nice surprise is *Black Orchid* (Dial, \$8.95), by Nicholas Meyer and Barry Jay Kaplan, a romance set in the late 1800s in Manaus, on the Amazon, the only place in the world where rubber is grown. Two soldiers of fortune are sent by the Royal Geographic Society to steal rubber-plant seeds and thereby shatter the South American monopoly. Death, malevolence, and much jungle humping ensue.

Set in modern-day Iraqi Kurdistan (turn right at Beulah Land) is Christopher Kean's *The Heir* (Morrow, \$8.95), a tale of oil-company assassins, Muslim nooky, and money.

In *Cry Wolf* (Doubleday, \$10), Wilbur Smith presents three stock characters—Jake, the humble individual with a dream; Gareth, the English gentleman;

and Vicky, the sexy genius—then has them run about, caressing one another's adjectives and rescuing each other from evil tribesmen in Ethiopia. As for Thomas Gifford's *The Man from Lisbon* (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95), I will say only that the writer has succeeded in creating something even more boring than French surrealism. Evelyn Anthony's *The Silver Falcon* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$9.95) will satisfy all of us who enjoy horse racing, introspective sex, and mixed metaphors.

Many romantic novels are mere soap operas. Howard Fast's *The Immigrants* (Houghton Mifflin, \$9.95) is an absorbing but forgettable story of transplanted Europeans in San Francisco. Of course, the son falls in love with Fen Wo's daughter (no black bucks in S.F.). The best passage is one describing a Chinese meal; the worst is one describing the San Francisco earthquake—if there be such a thing as literary stock footage, this is it.

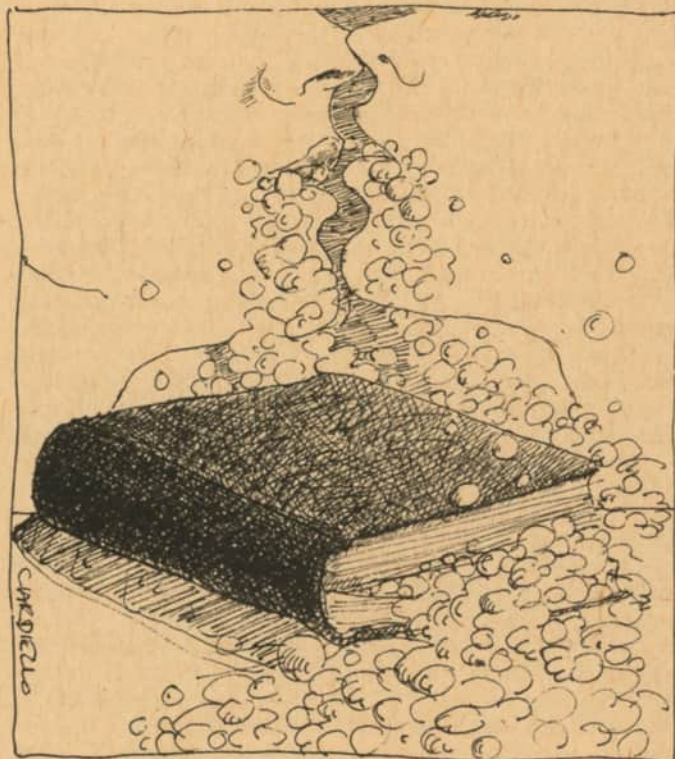
The Lorimer Line by Anne Melville (Doubleday, \$8.95) is a

sort of new-wave romance, very mizzy. The story here develops in sudden, soapy coughs. Our heroine is deprived of her lover, so decides to become a doctor—and so it goes.

From the author of *The Other Side of Midnight* comes another sticky opus called *Bloodline* (Morrow, \$9.95). This time out Sidney Sheldon has peopled his book with a sordid family of sexual blanks and insatiable studs. Sheldon's novel brings to mind Nazism. Which doesn't reflect well at all on Nazis, I'm afraid.

Beggarmen, Thief (Delacorte, \$9.95) is the sequel to Irwin Shaw's celebrated *Rich Man, Poor Man*. Shaw is one of the patriarchs of soap-saga, and there is a perverse sort of beauty in his work, which does not demur from giving us characters who are alone in crowds. He is like a Hemingway who doesn't give a fuck. "Many brave men asleep in the deep. Tom now among them." Heap good sentences, Irwin.

Perhaps the Marquis de Sade was right. But then, he'd never been to Cincinnati. —Nick Tosches



SOUNDS



PICKING THE GUITAR

The sound of acoustic and electric guitars dominates American popular music so completely that most people never stop to ask why. "They just accept it," says George Benson, a jazz guitarist who has sold 5 million records in the past two years, "like a man who has lived with a woman for a long time. He doesn't analyze why he's there any more. That's his woman."

Analyzed or not, a guitar fever is raging in the land. Almost 11 million amateur and professional guitarists are picking and plucking away, and in 1976 alone they bought 115,755 electric and 157,475 acoustic guitars, at a total cost of approximately \$100 million. It was not always so. Before the arrival of hip-wiggling, guitar-strumming Elvis Presley, most pop singers did not play their own accompaniments, unless they happened to tickle the ivories. Guitar playing was reserved for backup musicians or for blues singers, country cousins, and other ethnic minorities. Elvis made it possible to play the guitar and be sexy at the same time. When the Beatles came along, they finished the job. Guitar sales skyrocketed, and the saxophone, once the principal rock-'n'-roll instrument, faded into relative insignificance.

But why the guitar? Why not the piano or the xylophone? It's true that there are some 20 million pianists in the U.S., but for the most part they are of the parlor variety. They take lessons and play the

classics. Guitarists are different. They are rebels. "Educators have found that most of the students who take guitar are kids who wouldn't be taking music otherwise," says Bob Bishop of the American Music Conference. "A quarter of all the high schools in the country now offer guitar instruction as part of their music programs, and most of these programs were started after 1970, because of the increasing popularity of the guitar as a solo instrument."

Bishop offers a cogent reason for the instrument's popularity among students. "It's one of the easiest instruments to pick up and play," he says, "although it's also one of the hardest to play well." George Benson, who is probably our greatest living jazz guitarist, feels that there is more to it than this. "The guitar is more versatile than a piano or saxophone or set of drums," he reflects. "It can be played so that it sounds like piano, vibraphone, a trumpet, a sax. And it has found a niche in so many different categories of music that no matter who's playing it or what kind of sound he's getting, there's going to be a certain bloc of people



Coryell: fast and flashy.

Raymond Ross



Raymond Ross



Tal Farlow: virtuosity and an endless flow of inspiration.

who are lovers of just that type of guitar playing."

Increasingly, the style of guitar playing that young musicians are turning to is rooted in jazz. In part, this is due to the burgeoning popularity of jazz itself, but one suspects that professional rock and pop guitarists and guitar students also have a great deal to do with it. According to jazz saxophonist Ornette Coleman, who recently broke a long-standing commitment to acoustic music by forming a band featuring two electric guitarists, "Most rock guitar playing is coming from a southern blues thing. But if you ask any young guitarist to talk about guitar music in terms of quality, he'll name you Charlie Christian or Django Reinhardt." These are virtuoso jazz players, and Coleman is correct. Even the crudest heavy-metal guitar bashers tend to seek out quality players, and outside the classical field, quality guitar means jazz.

Guitar Player, a mass-circulation slick magazine, tells the tale. Though it is geared largely toward students and rock and folk players, most of the articles tend to be about jazz or jazz-related musicians. A double album put together with the magazine's blessings and also entitled *Guitar Player* (MCA) features jazz guitarists exclusively—unless one refuses to accept B.B. King, the jazziest of bluesmen, in the category. It is a splendid introduction to the art, all newly recorded, with King and Larry Coryell sharing honors with

such venerable masters as Barney Kessel and Joe Pass. Since the album is by and for guitar pickers, the picking is fancy indeed.

Coryell, who was one of the first guitarists to successfully bridge the gap between jazz and rock, usually works in a heavily amplified context. *Back Together Again* (Atlantic), by the Coryell-Alphonse Mouzon band, is a furious rock-'n'-roll album, although the group's energy is best experienced live. On *Guitar Player*, though, Coryell plays sensitive acoustic jazz, including a warmly attractive interpretation of the standard "Autumn in New York." His work with jazz giant Charles Mingus on Mingus's recent *Three or Four Shades of Blue* (Atlantic) falls somewhere between these two extremes. In this more easygoing context, Coryell often sounds overly fast and flashy. The guitar solo honors on the Mingus disc go to Philip Catherine, a young French guitarist in the Django Reinhardt tradition, whose stunning finger vibrato recalls the master himself.

It seems remarkable that young guitarists entering an already overcrowded field are still able to synthesize their varied influences into styles that are demonstrably original. Perhaps the most original of the young breed are Pat Metheny, who was already playing with the Gary Burton group at the age of nineteen, and Monnette Sudler, a twenty-four-year-old woman who is from Philadelphia

and has an astonishing technique and a promising singing voice as well. Metheny's two albums, *Watercolors* and *Bright Size Life* (ECM), project a strikingly mature sound, rich, multi-textured, and languorous. Sudler's debut LP, *Time for a Change* (Inner City), is a complete contrast. Her playing, lean, incisive, and hard-driving, is showcased in a program of original compositions.

Of the most established jazz guitarists, two whose virtuosity and apparently endless flow of inspiration have commanded unstinting admiration from their fellows are Tal Farlow and Pat Martino. Farlow, a semirecluse who occasionally emerges from his New Jersey hideaway to dazzle a new generation with relaxed swing, perfectly articulated phrases, and crystalline harmonics, is heard to advantage on two recent reissues, *The Red Norvo Trio with Tal Farlow and Charles Mingus* (Savoy) and *Second Set* (Xanadu). The Savoy album chronicles the output of the influential group led by vibraphonist Norvo during the early 1950s and is an invigorating example of intimate ensemble interplay at its most refined. *Sec-*

ond Set is a privately recorded session from 1956; Farlow solos at satisfying length on four standard tunes. Pat Martino, a lithe, thoughtful improviser with polished-steel tone and voracious speed, has been playing heavy-handed electric music with his touring group of late, but his album *Exit* (Muse) finds him crafting exquisite melodic statements in the company of a top-notch jazz rhythm section.

Pioneers of the Jazz Guitar (Yazoo) and *Fifty Years of Jazz Guitar* (Columbia) offer a welcome overview of the music. The Yazoo set concentrates on the vintage recordings of jazz guitar's originators, including a sampling of the brilliant Eddie Lang—Lonnie Johnson blues duets and work by figures who are equally impressive but more obscure. *Fifty Years* ranges from Lang and Johnson to the present, with characteristic performances by Django Reinhardt, Charlie Christian, George Benson, and John McLaughlin long the way. Most of the tracks have not previously been issued in the U.S., which makes the album a must for guitar fanciers and guitarists, amateur and otherwise. —Robert Palmer



Jazz giant Charles Mingus: quality guitar means jazz.

Raymond Ross

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

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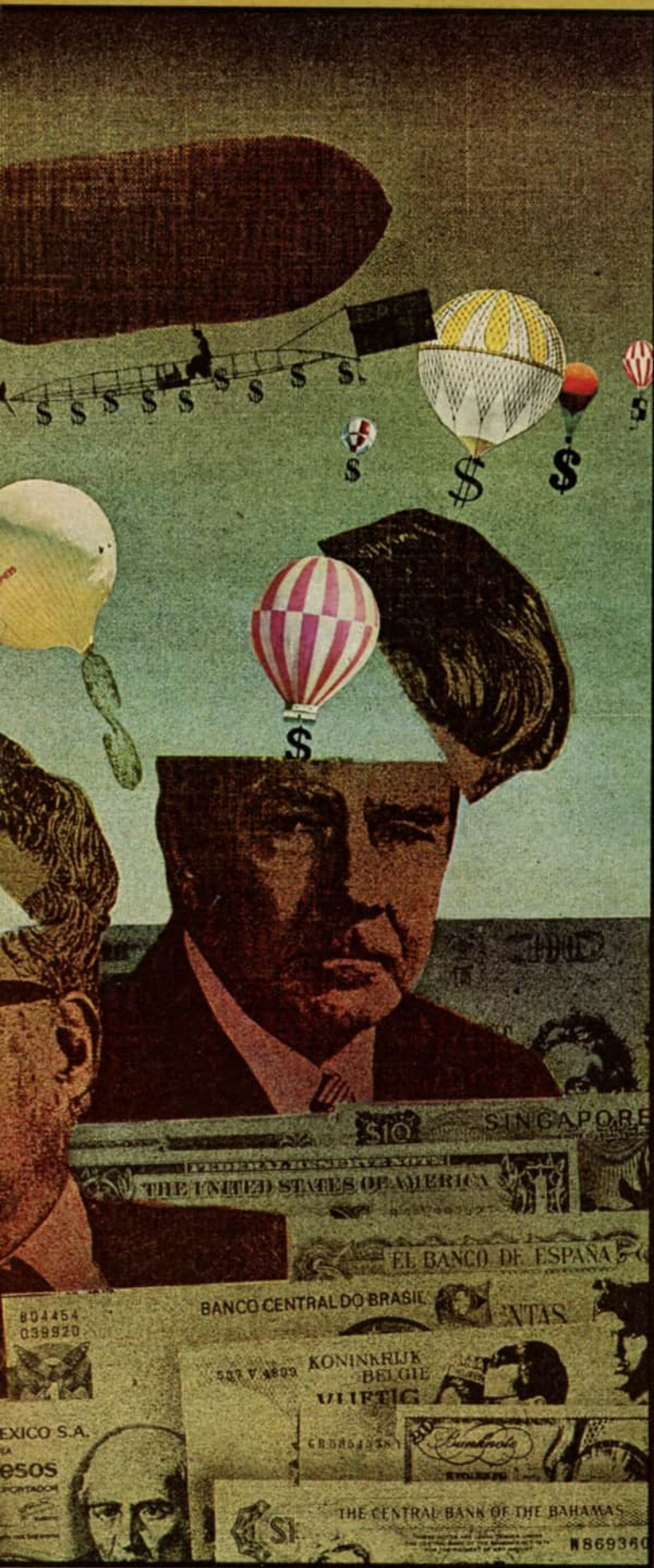
One of a kind.

While others follow maps, he follows his instincts. And he never goes wrong. He smokes for pleasure and satisfaction. He gets both from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters. Do you?



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





CARTERGATE IV

Inflation is destroying our way of life—
and it's not just an accident of history.
Here are five Americans
who want it that way.

THE INFLATIONISTS

Introduction by Craig S. Karpel
Profiles by James Davidson

The most dangerous menace confronting humanity at this moment isn't war. It isn't communism. It isn't imperialism. It isn't liberalism, and it isn't conservatism. It isn't excessive poverty, and it isn't polychlorinated biphenyls. It isn't fluoridation, and it isn't Laetrile. It isn't busing, it isn't abortion, it isn't homosexuality, and it isn't gun control.

It is something that makes everything worse. It makes socialism worse, and it makes capitalism worse. It makes a world with many wild rivers worse, and it makes a world with few wild rivers worse.

The greatest threat to civilization today is—inflation. Inflation is a bed of shifting sand under all human relationships. It is a dry rot that eats away at decency and morality and compassion. If money is going to be worth less tomorrow, you'd better grab as much as you can today and the hell with everybody else.

Every social problem is just a mask for inflation. Consumer safety? Inflation forces manufacturers to cut corners on their products in order to keep their prices affordable. Pollution? Inflation makes it too expensive for companies to find clean ways of getting rid of wastes. Abortion? When a winter jacket for a two-year-old costs thirty dollars, no wonder people are afraid of having kids. Energy crisis? In reality there's a glut of petroleum on the world market, and the only crisis is the effect of inflated oil prices on the global economy.

Behind every bumper-sticker issue today is inflation. Inflation causes all of them and then makes the bumper sticker cost two dollars instead of one dollar. Inflation makes fighting for whatever you believe in,

Illustration by Fred Ornes

fighting against whatever you don't believe in, cost that much more of your precious time.

The luncheon menu of New York City's Dorset Hotel recently listed four specials. There were scrambled eggs with chicken livers, \$5.50. There was broiled supreme of turbot, \$7.50. There was corned beef, \$6.95. And, lastly, there was fresh California asparagus, \$6.95.

The essential question of our day is this: how do we come to be living in a world where a plain green vegetable, which every sane person knows is either an appetizer or a side dish, comes to be listed as a main course at a price that, as recently as seven years ago, represented the equivalent of one-fifth of an ounce of pure gold?

Most people today have the idea that prices naturally go up. Inflation is simply a word that describes this natural escalation, which is somehow woven into the very fabric of reality.

It's fascinating, however, to look at a chart of wholesale prices from 1770 to 1970. For 160 years of American history, there was only a minor upward trend in

prices. Then, from 1930 onward, prices begin to climb higher, higher, and still higher, until, on one fateful day, the food-service manager at the Dorset Hotel in New York City reluctantly determines that the lowest price at which a plate of asparagus can be profitably purchased, prepared, served, cleared, and cleansed is equal to three weeks' income for the average resident of Haiti. And so, not only does he inflate the price of asparagus in his dining room, which is his sacred privilege, but, unpardonably, he attempts to inflate the meaning of asparagus.

For a thousand years in the Dolpo, the remote border district of Nepal, high among the snow-crested, cloud-wreathed Himalayas, the rates of trade—yak butter of the nomads for the barley of the villagers—had remained constant. During the past five years, the price of barley has tripled.

Inflation is not a fact of nature. The social utility of yak butter has not suddenly changed. Prices do not simply float up by themselves, although they may appear to do so. Someone has to put the helium in the balloon.

In 1957 there were 2.823 billion human beings on earth. In 1975 there were 3.968 billion. In 1957 the amount of paper money on earth, including funds in checking accounts, was equal to \$254 billion. In 1975 it was equal to \$1,106 billion.

In eighteen years the population of our planet went up 1.4 times. In the same period the amount of paper money in circulation went up by more than four times. The amount of money in the world thus went up three times as much as the population. This increase means that there is three times as much money per resident of the planet as there was before. It is the printing of this vast torrent of intrinsically worthless paper money, outpacing any increases in human productivity, that results in inflation. And money does not print itself.

Inflation doesn't just happen. People—actual, individual human beings with names and addresses—make it happen. These people make inflation happen, not to hurt others, but to help themselves. They promote inflation because it is in their interest to do so, and because it is not in their interest not to do so. They fight for more

How the Inflationists Are Going to Rob You of \$300,000

How much will inflation cost you?

If you can consider that question calmly, you don't know the answer. On the other hand, if your pulse has started racing and your throat is drying up, gulp, you may have an idea of the fantastic losses that inflation will impose on you.

Suppose that you are a typical reader of this magazine, about twenty-three years old, with an income of \$17,763 in 1977. Your typical taxable income would be \$11,563, with a federal income tax of \$2,167. According to calculations by economist Ira Artman of the National Taxpayers Union, inflation will raise you into higher tax brackets and, if all else remains the same, cost you \$43,916 in additional tax payments by the year 2000—when you will be about forty-five years old. If your income increases so as to keep exactly "even" with inflation, the higher "inflation tax" caused by progressive income-tax rates will take an ever-larger bite from your real disposable income. You can see the exact figures in the following chart:

Year	Income	Taxable Income	Tax	Tax in Real Dollars
1977	\$17,763	\$11,563	\$ 2,167	\$2,167
1980	\$21,336	\$15,136	\$ 3,041	\$2,532
1985	\$28,959	\$22,759	\$ 5,267	\$3,228
1990	\$39,305	\$33,105	\$ 9,124	\$4,123
1995	\$53,348	\$47,148	\$15,634	\$5,206
2000	\$72,407	\$66,207	\$25,634	\$6,289

So you will lose \$43,916 in constant dollars by the year 2000 just because of the tax effect of inflation. That's an average loss of more than \$1,900 annually. But that is only one aspect of your loss. Inflation also takes wealth from you by reducing the value of each year's income. Since we are assuming here that inflation will continue at the same average rate-percent prevailing since 1970—6.3 percent—you would lose, typically, 3.15 percent of the purchasing power of each year's income. You would also lose 6.3 percent of the value of all

insurance policies, bank accounts, or any other assets. But, again, to make things simpler, we'll ignore that loss of yours in this calculation.

Since you'll lose the same percentage each year, your loss in constant dollars will be \$560—at a minimum—for each year until the turn of the century. In toto you'll lose \$12,880.

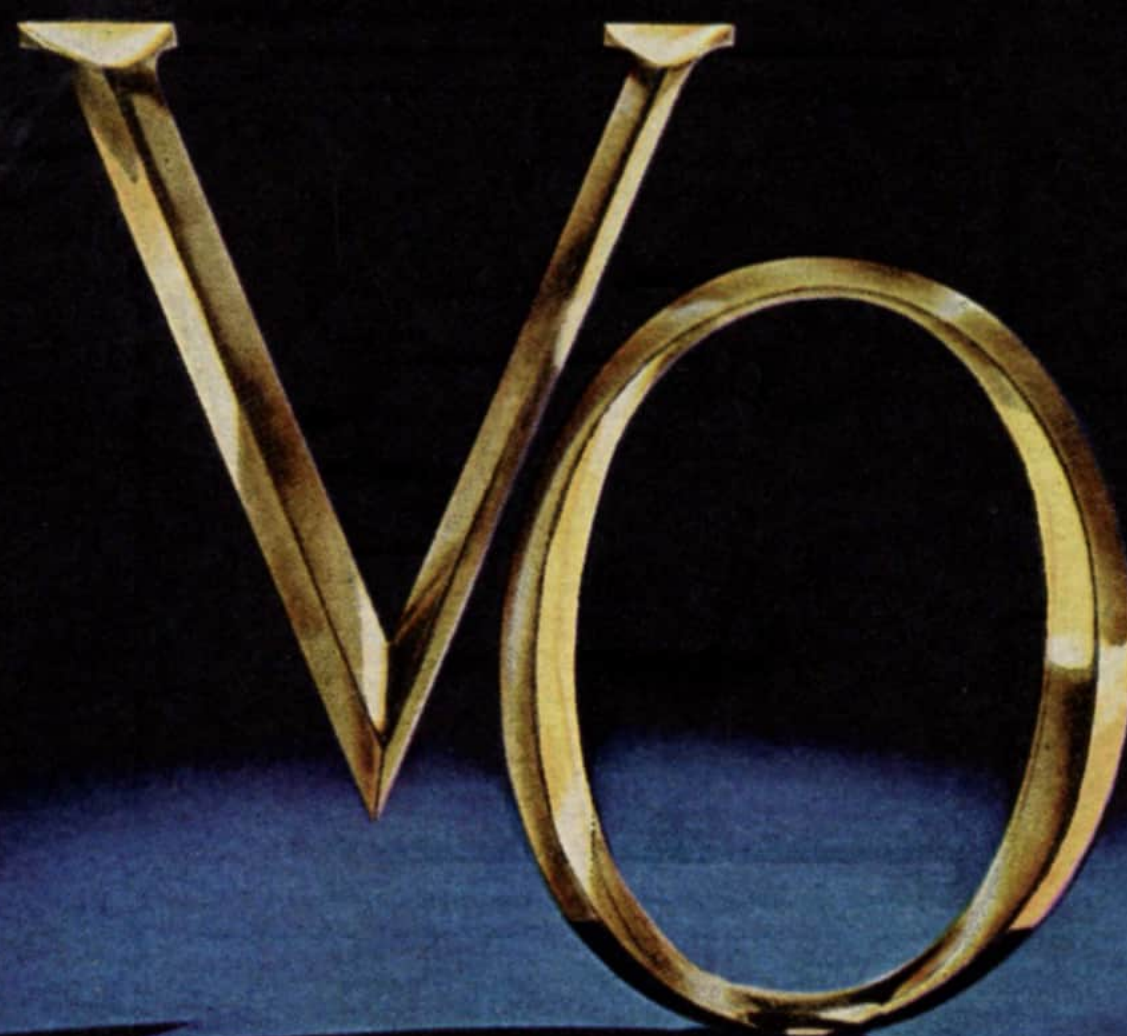
So you lose to the tax effects of inflation	\$43,916
plus, from current purchasing power	12,880
for a subtotal of	<u>56,796</u>

But that's just the beginning. Because inflation will constantly lower your standard of living, you won't be able to save as much for your retirement. Instead of your receiving the full value of your earnings, much of that value will be redistributed to the inflationists, so that you will have less capital to supplement your income or to support you when you retire. Instead of losing that \$56,796, you should have received interest on it at the rate of at least 6 percent per year. If you take that into consideration, your real loss in constant dollars will be \$99,149 by the year 2000.

Unfortunately, it doesn't end there. Even if a massive change in policy succeeded in eliminating inflation completely after the year 2000, your losses would continue to be compounded for another nineteen years until, let us say, you're retired at age sixty-four. By that time, if there had been no inflation, the value of the wealth the inflationists are taking from you would be about \$299,985.16. That would be enough to provide you with an annual income in real dollars of about \$18,000 for the rest of your life—without ever touching the principal. You could leave an estate of \$300,000 and, subject to the tax laws of the next century, give your wealth to whomever you wished.

But that won't happen, because the inflationists want to take that \$300,000 and use it for their own purposes, not yours. Luckily, however, this is not something that must happen. It is only something that will happen if everything continues as it is tending today. If inflation were halted now, you could reasonably expect to have that \$300,000 and live more happily ever after.

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inflation because if prices were to stop rising, if the amount of money in the world were to stabilize or drop, the institutions for which they are responsible would suffer. These people are in favor of printing more money. They want prices to rise. They are for inflation. We call their ideology "inflationism."

To explore the nature of this destructive, subversive doctrine, let us focus on five Americans who are from various walks of life and function as influential and effective proponents of inflationism. We call them the inflationists.

DAVID ROCKEFELLER

Rockefeller, who is sixty-two, has been chairman of Chase Manhattan Corporation, the nation's third largest bank holding company, since 1969. Multinational corporation and international banking executives consider this youngest and most powerful of the Rockefeller brothers to be their spokesman and chief political operative. In 1973 he founded The Trilateral Commission, the group of some 200 financiers and businessmen from Europe, Japan, and the United States that has placed one of its members, Jimmy Carter, in the White House with the goal of "renovating" the world economic system. As leader-by-consensus of an international economic network designed to sustain the highest manageable rate of inflation possible, Rockefeller has the dubious honor of being the world's most influential inflationist.

The basic weapon that inflationism uses to subvert the economy is the constant creation of more and more paper money. When you consider that bankers are in the business of storing, transferring, and renting a certain product, it will be clear that the faster that product is being manufactured, the more of it there is for them to store, transfer, and rent. The main job of international bankers is to work for policies that will result in a constant, rapid, reasonably predictable increase in the amount of money printed. As the bankers' banker, David Rockefeller fights cunningly and effectively for inflation on many fronts.

Since the Arab oil cutback of 1973, U.S. banks like Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan have made loans of more than \$77 billion to eighty-six less-developed countries in order to allow them to pay their oil bills. Chase Manhattan itself admits to having lent \$3.9 billion to the LDCs. This amounts to a healthy chunk of the assets and the earnings of the big banks. There's no way the LDCs can pay this money back out of their income, which is by definition low; otherwise, they'd be *more*-developed countries. The only way they can meet their loan payments is to borrow yet more money, which gets them still deeper in the hole. As the LDCs have gone further and further on the cuff of the U.S. banks, financial circles have begun to whisper about what would happen to the U.S. banks if for some reason the LDCs stopped making payments on their loans, as Peru almost

did in 1976 and Zaire actually did last spring. If the LDCs are having a hard time paying debt service of \$24.5 billion during 1977, a year of economic recovery, what will happen during the next worldwide recession, when both the oil bill and the loan payment will be higher? On top of the worry about default, at talks in Paris last spring, the LDCs demanded across-the-board debt moratoriums and cancellations.

The problem is that there's no way the Chase Manhattan Bank can repossess Brazil. So David Rockefeller and his colleagues are using two methods to make sure that the LDCs keep tearing those coupons out of their payment books and sending them in with a check or money order.

First, international bankers support inflationary policies in general, because if dollars are worth less, the LDCs will find it easier to pay off their loans. "To date," says a report by a prestigious stock-brokerage firm, "only a very limited number of LDCs

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In 1957, the amount
of paper money
on earth was equal to
\$254 billion.
In 1975, it was equal
to \$1,106 billion.

●

have experienced difficulty in servicing their external debts, at least in part because of the impact of continued inflation on debts previously incurred." The banks figure that it's better to be repaid in cheaper dollars than not to be repaid at all.

Second, Rockefeller and his fellow bankers want the federal government to bail them out by contributing to a special unit of the International Monetary Fund that will lend funds to the LDCs (and other countries with balance-of-payment problems) to enable them to pay back the billions they owe the banks. Last March, in a speech before the elite Economic Club of New York, Rockefeller said that "an adequate supply of public international credit . . . becomes a key prerequisite." Rockefeller made these proposals: "First, enlargement of existing public credit lines or guarantees. This may mean adding to the resources of international agencies such as the IMF and World Bank. Second, increased public credit flows to each of the major classes of borrowing nations." After Rockefeller spoke, IMF chief Johannes Witteveen took steps to set up the special LDC fund, known in the trade as the "Witteveen facility."

There's only one way for the United States to come up with its contribution to the Witteveen facility's bank bailout operation—by printing more dollars, the essence of inflation.

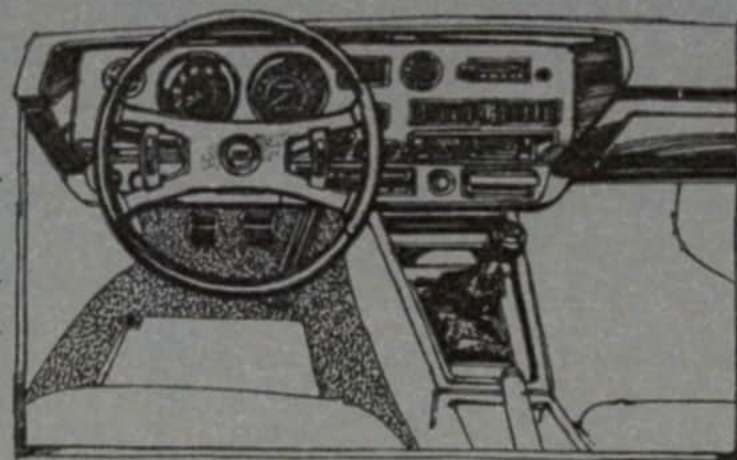
Another way Rockefeller promotes inflationism is by encouraging the United States to run a balance-of-trade deficit. One of the main goals of his Trilateral Commission has been to put an inflationist at the head of the Treasury Department, thus making sure that the United States trade balance runs in the red. Rockefeller's theory is that the trilateral economies of North America, Western Europe, and Japan should act as "locomotives" to pull along the weaker countries by importing more than we export. Treasury Secretary and former Trilateral Commission member W. Michael Blumenthal has allowed the U.S. trade deficit for 1977 to escalate toward an unprecedented \$27 billion. As a result, last summer the exchange rate of the dollar against foreign currencies took a nose dive. Blumenthal said that the United States did not mind the dollar's finding a new level, and he did nothing to cut the deficit or protect the dollar. West German bankers charged that Blumenthal's nonpolicy will mean higher prices for imports like oil—and an increase in the rate of inflation. But David Rockefeller wants West Germany and Japan to join us as we wallow in red ink. In his Economic Club speech, he criticized them for having "failed to . . . show a willingness to incur deficits in their own current accounts."

Both the increased role of the International Monetary Fund and the trade deficit serve another of David Rockefeller's purposes—eliminating the worldwide use of the dollar in international trade. The U.S. voter still has some say concerning how much the dollar can be cheapened. Rockefeller's goal is to replace the dollar with a global paper currency that international bankers can inflate at will, without having to worry about Americans writing their congressmen. His idea is for the IMF to issue "Special Drawing Rights," a paper currency similar to John Maynard Keynes's "Bancor," which would be used in international commerce. Bancor and SDRs are an inflationist's dream—Monopoly money that can be printed up without having to pass Go. If the bankers play a bad game but still want to buy Park Place, all they have to do is to run off a few tons of Bancor.

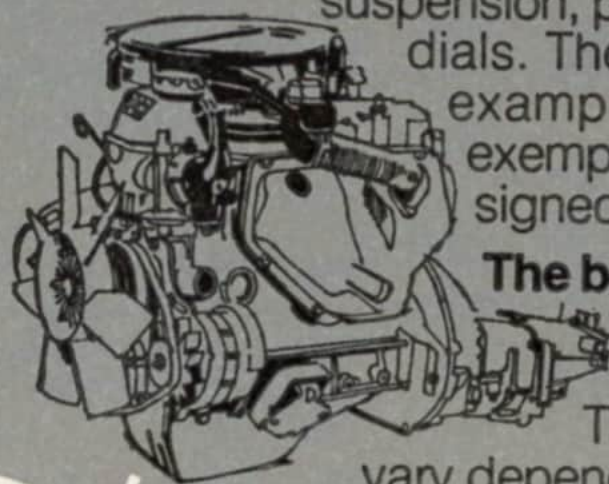
As a result of the dollar's decline, the Arabs have begun demanding that the price of oil be quoted in Bancor rather than in dollars. Nothing could suit David Rockefeller better.

Rockefeller's efforts on behalf of inflationism aren't restricted to the international arena. Right in New York the Chase Manhattan bank has been one of the biggest buyers of city bonds. This line of credit has allowed New York to spend more than it takes in from taxes and has encouraged the city to sign inflationary wage agreements with municipal employee unions. Even after the fiscal crisis, the

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Chase still owned \$700 million in New York city and state securities—more than any other bank owned. The city's main source of revenues is the real-estate tax, which is based on the value of land and buildings. So David Rockefeller has a vested interest in seeing real-estate prices rise, so that enough taxes will be thrown off to service the bonds. And since the value of real estate largely depends on how big a mortgage a bank like the Chase will write on it, Rockefeller has the perfect lever to pull to keep inflation—and the banks' bond income—steady.

Inflationists like Rockefeller don't want too much inflation. If Americans had to load up the trunks of their cars with \$100 bills in order to buy a package of Hostess Twinkies, as Germans did in the 1920s, loans to LDCs, cities, and real-estate developers would get paid off in worthless money. What David Rockefeller works for on the seventeenth floor of 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, on the rubber-chicken circuit, and through The Trilateral Commission's control of the Carter administration is nice, friendly, high one-digit inflation that will keep those payment coupons coming in. You've got an inflationist at Chase Manhattan.

ARTHUR BURNS

Arthur Burns, who is seventy-three, has been chairman of the board of governors of the Federal Reserve System since 1970. That makes him the lord high wizard of paper money, the man who flips the switch on the printing press and sees that the other inflationists receive the maximum possible gain from their monopoly over money and credit. He does his job well. His work at the Fed illustrates the great importance of obscurity and confusion to the inflationist cause. Burns has understood that only a small segment of the public pays the slightest heed to his role in creating money. He has capitalized on that fact by constantly denouncing inflation at the same time that he personally supervises its creation. In one speech after another, Burns has spoken out against the evils of inflation, thus creating the false impression that he is trying to restrain the growth of the money supply. In fact, as long as he remains Federal Reserve chairman, he will be one of the key inflationists (he may not remain much longer—there have been reports that Carter may be replacing him soon). He is the single most important individual in the organization that has ultimate, proprietary control over 99.9 percent of America's inflation. Burns decides how much checkbook money the banking elite may create at your expense.

If you are to grasp what Burns does, the first thing you must understand is that you are not meant to understand. Some of the highest-priced experts that funny money can buy have given their finest efforts to making the whole process incomprehensible. And for a good reason—as far as the inflationists are concerned. If the majority of Americans understood how the banking

system defrauds them by the abracadabra creation of money, the political pressures to stop this rip-off would be irresistible. To avoid or diminish the prospect that you will catch on, the operation, the composition, and the functions of the Federal Reserve Board are draped in secrecy. You can't just call up one of the Federal Reserve Banks and ask who has profited from the latest issue of printing-press money. And although the Fed is supposed to be a government agency, your congressman knows little more about it than you do.

Arthur Burns, however, knows all there is to know. Back in 1960 Burns put his knowledge to work in a visit to Richard Nixon, who was then vice-president. Burns knew that Nixon intended to be the Republican presidential nominee. He also thought that Nixon would lose. He told him so. It was Burns's theory that President Eisenhower, who was strongly opposed to inflation, had been pressuring and influencing the Federal Reserve so much to reduce credit that

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These people are
in favor of
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They want prices
to rise. They are
for inflation.

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the money supply was actually declining. Instead of inflation, there was deflation. Burns predicted that Nixon would lose the 1960 election unless Eisenhower could persuade William McChesney Martin, then Fed chairman, to create more inflation—which would in turn create an artificial prosperity in inflationist industries. Of course, Eisenhower did no such thing, and Nixon was narrowly defeated.

Nixon remembered Burns when he became president. The notion that inflation, in its early stages, can create political benefits for incumbent politicians appealed to Nixon. As history would later show, any trick to win an election, as soon as a vacancy arose, appealed to him. So, in 1970, he appointed Burns chairman of the Federal Reserve. Burns knew what he was there to do and did it. Upon taking over the Fed, he abruptly started increasing the money supply at a 5 percent annual rate. As the 1972 election approached, he created inflation even faster. The funny money Burns created gave people the false impression of prosperity. And this helped boost Nixon's majority. Only later, in 1973, did the public suffer the recession and dramatic cost-of-living increases caused

by printing more money.

But Richard Nixon was not the only one to profit by Arthur Burns's inflationary reign at the Fed. The large banks that literally "own" the Federal Reserve have handsomely benefited also.

To better understand how the system works, consider the story of the Bank of England, upon which our "central bank" was modeled. In the late seventeenth century, a big-time banker named William Paterson had a bright idea. He figured out how he could obtain a 139 percent return on his money each year. His method was quite simple. He collected 72,000 pounds in gold and silver coin, formed a bank, and printed paper-money receipts for sixteen and two-thirds times the value of his coin. He immediately lent the funny money, 1,200,000 pounds, to the king of England, who used it to finance a war. Since the king paid interest of 8.3 percent, Paterson received 100,000 pounds annually in interest on an actual capital of 72,000 pounds. It was a great deal for Paterson and a great deal for the king. But it wasn't so great for everybody else. Since Paterson actually had only 6 percent as much gold as he needed to redeem the notes, he was clearly defrauding the taxpayers, whom the king obligated to retire Paterson's inflationary loan. When people started grumbling, the king simply granted Paterson a monopoly privilege to print paper money. Thus the Bank of England was established and, along with it, a principle that inflationists have clung to ever since: the best way to bring paper money into circulation is to finance government deficits.

This is how the Fed operates today. The inflationists use their combined political power to build a huge government budget deficit. Then they turn around and make a killing by financing the deficit. If it is \$65 billion, the Fed covers it by buying government bonds (whatever cannot be sold to the public). But unlike anything in normal experience, Dr. Burns's organization spends money that never existed before. It creates brand-new checkbook money and deposits it with the banks. The banking system as a whole is then privileged to create six times as much money in loans. This is inflation. If the Fed completely monetized a deficit of \$65 billion, the banks could end up lending and collecting interest on \$390 billion.

Burns supervises the whole process. It is his job to keep inflation at the optimum level, which he does by juggling arcane regulations that control interest rates and margin requirements. He wants to be sure that the inflationists do as well as possible. His role is like that of a dealer, in a game of poker, who can surreptitiously create new chips at will and dish them out to his favorite player. The dealer has to be reasonably conservative about it, or the victims will become disgusted and quit. The art is to create just enough funny chips so that the favorite player wins and pockets the largest possible pot. And this requires that the dealer and player stay in fairly close



Thoroughly Modern Millie

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. SHAW

Totally liberated Millicent Ann Palmer believes that every woman has the right to set her own priorities. At twenty, Millie has a goal: to forge a successful career as a designer of women's clothes with her own name on the label. "I'm on my way," she says proudly. "I am now 'second' — junior assistant to one of the very best fashion designers in the country — and I love it."



But there's more to 35-23-36 Millie than meets the needle's eye. She is a closet athlete who plays tennis and swims at every opportunity. At night she studies sketching and composition, and on weekends she manages a Madison Avenue boutique.

When queried about her love life, Millie answers with the kind of smile that makes "no comment" a pleasurable experience. Unless the men in this world all need hormone shots, the likelihood of Millie's ever being lonely is quite remote.







Men play an important role in Millie's life, though career comes first. She prefers to be accepted as an equal and demands the right to be involved with more than one man—if it suits her. Ultra-sophisticated men leave her cold, because she feels that they are usually too self-centered to provide the respect a genuine relationship is based on.

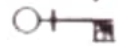




Stretching like a cat, Millie admits to being proud of her radiantly healthy body and works hard at staying beautiful. "Exercise is the only way to keep your body in shape," she says. "I strip and spend ten minutes every day working out in front of a mirror. It's a great ego builder to know that I don't need clothes to attract a man."



As for men in her future, Millie says it's too early to tell. Right now she's totally involved in learning the fashion field and doesn't worry about men. "Finding the right man is like buying a new dress. Just as the right dress has to fit perfectly and make me feel beautiful, the right man—for me—has to be closely tailored to fit my needs. When I find the right dress, my mirror tells me—and when I find the perfect man, my head will know."







A firsthand account
of the butcher of Africa by America's
last ambassador to Uganda

Idi Amin Hitler

By Thomas and Margaret Melady

Thomas Melady served as the last U.S. ambassador to Uganda from 1972 to 1973, when the American Embassy was closed on his advice. Melady is a writer and educator, with a special interest in Africa. When he and his wife, Margaret, arrived in Uganda, Idi Amin—despite growing reports of his atrocities—was “regarded by many as merely another dictator. We finally . . . saw by late 1972 his total commitment to torture and death as a routine means to perpetuate his regime.”

What Ambassador Melady was quick to see has finally been reported to the world. In 1975 and 1976 the International Commission of Jurists was given testimony similar to this statement by a prison supervisor in Kampala: “I had to give little jobs to the prisoners as well as smashing heads and loading bodies: things like cleaning the blood from the vehicles, supervising picking up eyes, teeth, and broken parts of heads, and making sure the blood was covered with dirt. We used to make a small hole just behind the toilet for the eyes, teeth, and broken skulls and cover it up.”

Despite the murders of hundreds of thousands of Ugandan citizens, in 1973 Ambassador Melady was shocked to learn that some people in the American government were more concerned about Idi Amin's attacking Richard Nixon over the war in Vietnam than about his brutal regime. Melady argued that “our embassy should eventually be closed and our ambassador be withdrawn, not for Amin's statements on Vietnam, but rather to show our disapproval of his ongoing genocide.” However, when Melady was recalled to Washington, a State Department spokesman said that the reason was an “entirely unacceptable” statement of Amin's regarding Vietnam. As Melady concluded: “Our efforts to have Amin's ongoing genocide serve as the main reason for our withdrawal from Uganda were unsuccessful.”

The Ugandan people live in fear.

Day after day come reports of disappearances, arrests, torture, and brutal killings carried out by members of Amin's special killer squads. The police are powerless to do anything. There is no safety in the country. No one is immune from the whims of the soldiers.

In the beginning, those who had been associated with the former President Obote by profession or tribe were listed for elimination. Then, those of certain other tribes with an education were marked. Now, even the barely literate peasant is harassed and hunted by Amin's henchmen.

We had been to Uganda several times before we arrived on diplomatic assignment in 1972.

It was a favorite African attraction for many people because of its excellent climate, its beautiful countryside, its kingdoms with their long history, its wealth of wild animals, and the special flavor of its capital, Kampala, built, like Rome, on seven hills.

For us it was all of these things and more. Uganda had a special place in our lives, for it was through Ugandan friends that we first met each other in 1960. These friends had studied in the United States and had since returned to their country. As we prepared to arrive, we grew anxious to see these friends with whom we had remained in contact for more than ten years.

When our plane touched down at Entebbe airport in Uganda, it was early morning. The mist from Lake Victoria was clearing as the heat of the day began to soak up the moisture from the swamp grasslands bordering the lake. Members of the U.S. Embassy in Kampala, Uganda, were on hand to greet us as well as officials from the Uganda protocol office.

As we walked through the group at the airport, we noticed an African priest, Father Clement Kiggundu, who was then editor of *Munno*, the only Catholic daily in Africa. He was extremely enthusiastic about seeing us, and we were equally pleased. We had no idea at the time that he had only a few months to live.

In January 1973 Father Clement Kiggundu was found dead in a burned car on the road from Kampala to Jinja. The government tried to pass off his death as an automobile accident, since the Jinja road was notoriously dangerous for motorists. However, an autopsy was performed, and the results, publicly announced from the pulpit of the Rubaga Cathedral, confirmed that the priest had been found shot. Subsequently, the doctor who had performed the autopsy disappeared as well.

We were shocked not only by the ruthless killing but by the bold and crude methods which the government used to deceive the people. We had known Father Kiggundu only a short time, but we were impressed by his competence. It was a difficult enough task to be committed to accurate reporting without incurring the wrath of Amin. Kiggundu evidently became too much of a threat to Amin when he decided to publish a report on a women's conference that had taken place in Kampala in November. At this meeting the women called for an investigation of the disappearances of innocent people and criticized the Ugandan government for not controlling the continued violence in the country.

The massive bloodletting that occurred in Uganda involved other very good friends of ours whom we had known as students in New York in the early sixties.

The fate of Joseph Mubiru was a particularly personal tragedy for both of us, for Joe had, in fact, introduced us to each other at an international student meeting in New York in 1960.

On the morning of our arrival in Kampala in July 1972, a message of welcome from Joe was waiting for us at our residence. We planned a reunion dinner with the Mubirus and some other friends for the next week.

At the dinner all were cautiously critical of Amin. Their main criticisms fell into two

categories—Amin's refusal to take advice from technocrats on the running of systematic government and the fear that there would be an anti-Christian movement. Joe Mubiru had served as governor of the National Bank of Uganda under President Obote. Mubiru continued at the bank after Amin's coup in 1971, until Joe's fiscal policies began to be thwarted by the erratic decisions and actions of Amin and his top people. Amin criticized Mubiru, and Joe answered by publicly printing a rebuttal to the criticism along with his resignation. Mubiru then decided to leave politics completely and go into business. He was doing private consulting at the time we arrived.

To us as Americans, accustomed to a parliamentary democracy, Joe Mubiru's posture was a normal and everyday occurrence. He recognized that he was not in power but believed he had the right to mildly criticize Amin or defend his own policies. He hoped that by making his

“
We were reluctant
to believe the almost
incredible—that
someone would actually
declare his admiration
for Hitler.
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criticism public—and indeed this criticism was merely on financial policy—he would be able to avoid being suspected of secretive plotting. However, we knew that in many developing societies today free and open criticism is impossible. Even the relatively insignificant criticism of Joe Mubiru would not go unnoticed by Amin, who would be continually suspicious of Mubiru's independence and following. We probably would not have been at all surprised if Joe had been arrested or detained under house arrest by Amin, but instead he was brutally murdered.

Joe Mubiru's fear of action against Christians particularly interested us, but we were not willing to take it seriously enough at the time. Amin had already thrown out the Israelis and had begun an anti-Zionist line similar to that of his new patron, Colonel Gaddafi of Libya. Amin had also emphasized his Moslem religion but up to this point had not attacked the Christians. In fact, he seemed to go out of his way to show his support for religion in general and to encourage all the faiths.

Joe Mubiru was also a member of the Buganda tribe. Christians in Buganda experienced bitter and cruel purges carried

out by their *kabaka*, or king, in the nineteenth century. The Bugandans were heavily Christian now. We thought that maybe Joe's fears were exaggerated and unfounded.

The last time we saw Joe Mubiru alive was in the office of Emmanuel Nsubuga, the Catholic archbishop of Kampala. We had gone there to make a standard courtesy call. Joe Mubiru had just finished a fund-raising meeting for the Catholic newspaper. We had not made contact with him for some time. A few days previously I had been warned privately by a Ugandan government official that it would be dangerous for us to continue seeing Joe Mubiru and some of our other old friends who had studied in the United States.

As we greeted Joe briefly that day, Margaret lingered behind a few minutes to convey to Joe the difficulty we had in seeing him and to somehow warn him of possible trouble. There was an immediate understanding on Joe's part. He had always been highly politicized, but now he appeared resolute and perhaps foolishly courageous. Only a few weeks passed after that meeting when news reached us of Joe's disappearance. Somehow we vainly hoped that Joe had really disappeared and would show up at some time outside of the country.

It was useless. There was no doubt that he, along with others, had been killed. Only months afterward did we know the full horror of how Joe had met his death.

Before Joe had been arrested, Amin had threatened that he would be detained under cold water—this referred to a method of torture in which the victim is held under cold water for hours. Mubiru was taken to Makindye Military Police Barracks, located just outside of Kampala, along with many others who disappeared at the time. While we do not know the full details of how he finally met his death, we know some of the cruel methods used on others in the same prison. Amin's threats have often been carried out. It would not be surprising if he had ordered his threat to be carried out on Joe Mubiru.

No chance was even given to have a decent funeral for Joe. No one dared to have a memorial service. His wife and children left the city and went into hiding.

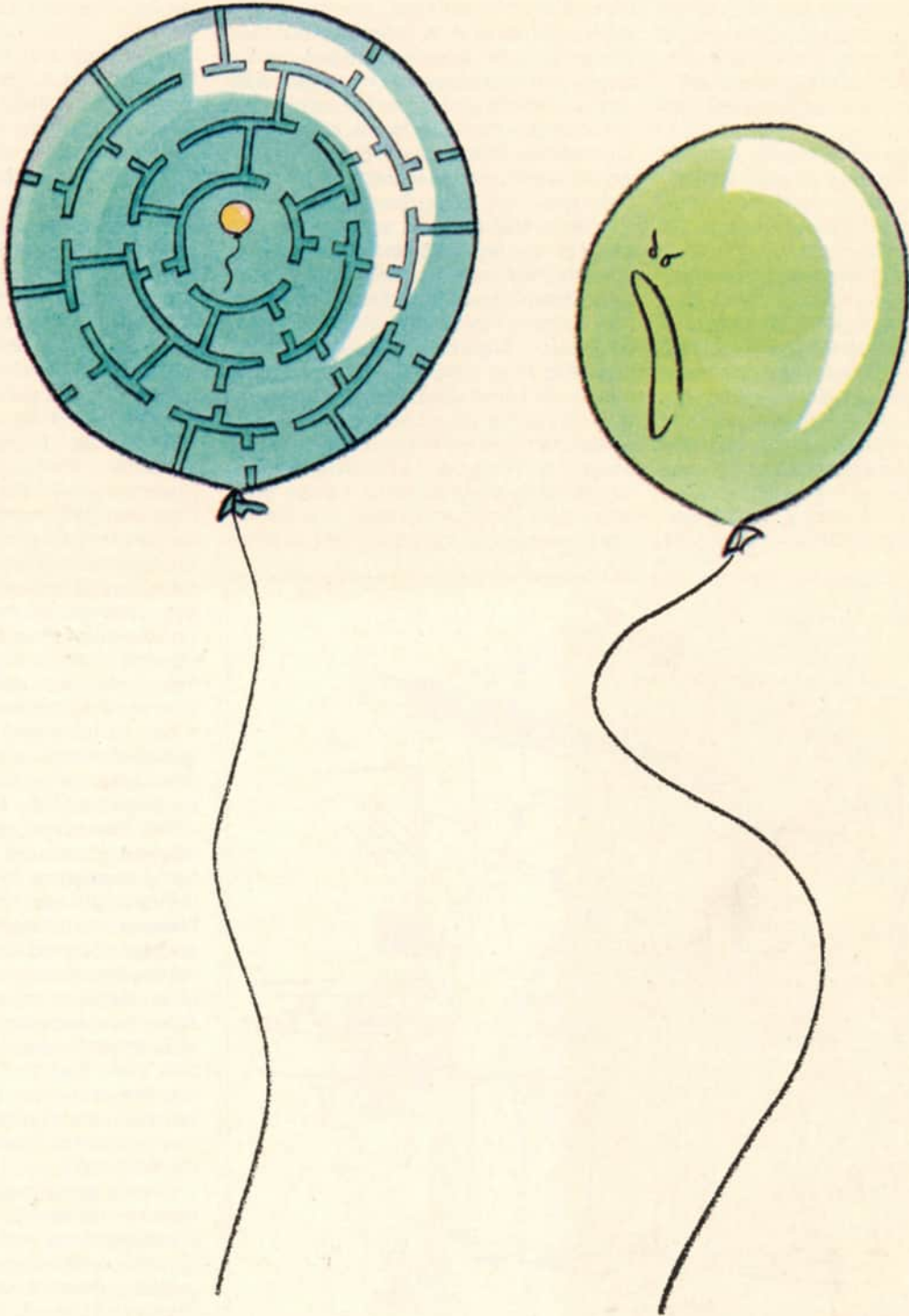
We were both sickened by Joe Mubiru's death. He was no ordinary man. During his studies for his doctorate in the United States he had suffered a nervous breakdown and was forced to abandon his studies and return to Uganda without the degree. We had worried that he would become bitter over his failure, but instead, in a few short years, he became head of the National Bank of Uganda.

Despite the fact that he was out of the government when he was killed, Joe Mubiru was still contributing in positive ways to the development of Uganda. His death proved a tragic loss for his country and a frightful waste of so many years of effort and training.

The story of Joseph Mubiru illustrates

Ballbonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Your trouble, Ralph, is that no one can reach you."

what has happened in Uganda. There are many more like Joe—lawyers, doctors, teachers, students, priests, bishops, and the chief justice—many people who met death at the whim of a cruel tyrant and his henchmen. The country of Uganda has been deprived of the services of many able and dedicated men and women.

When our Ugandan assignment began, we had read of the killings that had already taken place after Amin's coup. We were aware that many political scientists had classified these killings as the usual purge that occurs after a change in power. American, British, and French specialists in African affairs believed that things would settle down as soon as Amin consolidated his power.

At his first press conference in January 1971, President Amin contended that the coup that thrust him into power had been bloodless. It was true that it was relatively bloodless for the first few days. But thereafter his regime was marked with blood and violence.

When the coup took place, the army was dominated by soldiers from the Acholi and Lango tribes of northern Uganda. Some estimate that they made up about 40 percent of the military force. President Milton Obote had been a Lango, and many other Ugandan officials had been from the Lango and neighboring Acholi tribes.

In the year that followed, about two-thirds of the Lango and Acholi soldiers in the

army were killed. On the very day of Amin's first press announcement, the two army officers who had attempted to counter Amin's coup had been beaten to death. Afterward a pattern of systematic routing out of the Acholi and Lango from the military occurred. Large groups of these victims were taken to Makindye Military Prison.

A witness described the scene when thirty-six officers were brought to the room. Some of them were crawling and crying in pain from broken legs and arms. Three or four soldiers moved into the room and started shooting. After a few minutes they stopped, and all that could be heard were the groans and screams of the wounded. The bodies were dragged out, and those who were still alive were killed with machetes or shot to death. The next morning the witness and several other inmates were given scrubbing brushes and pails and were told to clean up the cell. The blood on the floor was almost a quarter of an inch thick, and pieces of skull bones, teeth, brain tissue, and flesh littered the room where the horrible massacre had taken place. After the first barrage of shootings, the army decided to devise other means of eliminating their prisoners to conserve bullets. A witness tells that forty Acholi and Lango soldiers were taken to one cell and bayoneted to death. Another reports that bayonets and knives were used to cut throats and behead the prisoners. This went on night after night as more

and more Acholi and Lango were brought into the camp. After each killing, the bodies would be loaded on trucks and taken away for burial.

Hundreds of Acholi and Lango soldiers who were based at Mbarara were separated from the other troops and taken to a nearby farm in June 1971. Their throats were slit. Similar incidents occurred throughout Uganda at various military barracks. In Jinja the violence spread outside the barracks to villages of Acholi families in which even the children were killed.

In the beginning, news of the large-scale massacres of these tribesmen who had formed the nucleus of Obote's political base did not filter out to the people. The Amin government used various means to cover up any suspicious evidence. For example, to explain the killings that took place with the explosion in a military barracks just outside of Kampala, a spokesman for the president's office said that there should be no cause for alarm. The army was destroying a damaged bomb. In effect, thirty-two senior Acholi and Lango officers had been packed into a room at Malire. Explosives were put into the room and detonated, killing all of them.

As the news finally began to leak out to the public, other explanations were used. President Amin suggested that Chinese experts from Tanzania were involved in the outbreaks of violence that had taken place in Uganda. He also charged that there had been border attacks. There had, in fact, been attempts on the part of Milton Obote to launch training camps outside of Uganda, both in Tanzania and in Sudan. The Sudanese venture ended abruptly, when Amin's loyal troops from the Anayana tribes in northern Uganda thwarted a group of Acholi and Lango on their way across the border to Sudan. All were killed by orders of Amin.

The resistance movement in Tanzania, however, continued because Obote was being supported by Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere. During this period, however, the killings of Acholi and Lango soldiers occurred almost exclusively in the military barracks and were carried out by other members of the Ugandan military. Amin, however, used the Obote presence in Tanzania to fool the people into thinking that there had truly been heavy border clashes between Uganda and Obote followers crossing from Tanzania. In truth, only two minor clashes at the border occurred in 1971.

The killings spread to include some civilians and police officers. Michael Kaggwa, president of the industrial court, a tribunal to settle labor disputes, was tied to the steering wheel of his car, which was then burned. Mathias Omuge, formerly of Ugandan television, was driven off in a car with several unidentified men and never seen again.

At the end of December 1971, a large number of police officers, members of the General Services Department (an elite



"Mind if I have the last few shakes?"



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My First 500

A random sample of the *first*
500 men in the sexual history of Rachel English

NUMBER ONE

"Why do you want to kiss me *there*?" I asked incredulously. We were engaged in our usual Friday-night wrestling match at the "Passion Pit," a more fitting name for the local drive-in movie theater.

"Why not? You love me, don't you?" This was One's standard ploy to break down my resistance.

We had been dating for three or four months. He was, in fact, the only guy my mother would let me go out with. His family had emigrated from England just as mine had, and my mother was convinced that only a fellow Englishman would respect my much-prized virginity.

"You are too young to go out with American boys," my mom always told me. "They are too forward."

She should've only known how fast this guy was!

I had been raised with the ironclad rule that sex was a no-no until after the wedding vows. One obviously held no such belief at all, and apparently thought he'd best get all he could before it went out of style. Defending my virtue was a constant battle. Still, he was a date, and a way out of the house, and by this time we had become emotionally involved. I was in love. I thought about him constantly, and I had that yucky feeling in my stomach. My heart skipped a beat when I saw

him, and I felt all the pangs of sorrow and joy that go along with the emotional condition that is called love.

"Well, if you love me, then why not?" One persisted. My closed-leg position was becoming increasingly difficult to defend.

"But why would you want to kiss me *there*?" I couldn't understand. I suppose I considered the genital area unclean, unattractive, and unappetizing.

"I know you'll like it," he argued.

"Let's watch the movie." I tried to change the subject. The Passion Pit was a regular stop, and I heard many great movies there but saw only fleeting glimpses of them because I usually kiss with my eyes closed. I enjoyed the hugging and kissing, and I loved the feeling of his hands on my breasts. I had thrilled to the touch of his fingers reaching my clitoris, although I had fought him all the way. I felt obliged to resist his every advance, but I put up an artless defense.

"Let me do it. You'll like it; I know you will," he insisted as he continued trying to pull my panties down while I hung onto them at the waist with all my might. "Okay, then," he said, finally giving up. "How about if you do it to me?"

He undid his pants and pulled out his penis. It was the first one I had ever seen with an erection. In fact, it was practically the first one I had ever

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

seen period, unless you counted the four-month-old baby down the street. I have sisters, but no brothers, and I had never had the occasion to see an erect penis before. I was shocked and repulsed.

"It's ugly," I exclaimed.

"It is meant to be functional, not beautiful," he told me patiently. "Kiss it for me, please, would you?"

"Kiss it! I don't even want to touch it," I exclaimed.

He put it away, and we went back to watching the movie. He put his arm around me, and I laid my head on his shoulder. He told me that he loved me and kissed me. I loved him, too, and I kissed him back. He fondled my breast. Hugging and kissing me, he slowly moved his hand inside my panties and down to my clitoris. My passion rose again, and despite my principles, I couldn't resist the craving for physical pleasure that welled up inside of me as he kissed my breasts and caressed my clitoris.

"I love you," he said as he moved his head downward, kissing my belly. Slowly and gently, he pulled down my panties. I didn't struggle. My pulse quickened, and I was breathing heavily. My body quivered with excitement as his lips touched the sensitive area of my groin. Then he kissed me *there*! The delight and joy of my ecstasy overwhelmed and overruled all my previous conditioning. My mind opened to new sensations of pleasure. He was right! I liked it! In fact, I loved it! How could anything so good be harmful? It was truly difficult to think of this as a no-no . . . And yet I uttered the words "No, no . . ."—though barely audibly, for I didn't really mean it. I didn't want him to stop at all, and thank God he didn't! I wanted to tell him that I loved what he was doing to me, but I couldn't; I was too embarrassed. After all, wasn't it wrong? Weren't we indulging in sex before marriage, and wasn't that the ultimate no-no?

His mouth on my pussy. I couldn't believe he would even want to do it. My mind wrestled with this as I lay completely still, lest he should move from the spot, and I let my physical consciousness be enveloped in a new ecstasy—cunnilingus, the warm and delicious wet feeling of his tongue on my clitoris. Soft. Unbelievably gentle. His mouth on my pussy brought me pleasure such as I had never found before with my fingers.

Cunnilingus became our main entertainment at the drive-in movie theater for several months. I buried the guilt that I felt as he buried his face between my legs. I refused to consider it sinful. How could it be wrong? It felt so wonderful that I wouldn't give it up for sin. It had to be good; nature wouldn't play a nasty trick like that. Clearly, I had been misinformed about sex.

Often, on Sundays, One and I went to the beach. We always chose a deserted location where no one could witness our petting sessions. If the weather was cool, we huddled under a blanket. One was undaunted in his constant efforts to seduce me, and

one day, after several hours of heavy petting, in the heat of passion, I welcomed his desire for fulfillment.

My senses whirled in exquisite rapture. Penetration. Unendurable pleasure indefinitely prolonged in the space of a few seconds. Words cannot describe the sensation, between pleasure and pain, that engulfed me, a feeling with the magnitude of the splitting of an atom. Apart from and complete with the universe. The unity of a circle, the silence of an explosion. I was no longer a virgin! His semen ran from my vagina, sticky between my legs. I had been fucked!

I remember my first impression of the meaning of the word *fuck*. I was ten years old at the time, playing in the street with other children of about the same age. They were teasing me because I didn't know anything about sex or where babies really come from. When they told me about intercourse and described the act, I was shocked. *Oh my gosh!* I thought. My parents must have

“
Words cannot
describe the sensation,
between
pleasure and pain,
that engulfed
me. I was no longer a virgin!
I had been fucked!”
”

done it at least twice! Once for me and once for my sister! Then, when I was twelve years old, my mother announced that she was pregnant. Oh my gosh! They're still doing it! I was flabbergasted.

And now I had done it, too!

"My God, what does it do to you?" I had wondered. Unvirginal. Does it mean in some way spoiled or soiled? Unvirginal. The impact of the word caused a turbulence in my brain. Now what have I done? And I'm not married! Suppose I'm pregnant? Will I walk differently?

Someone had once told me that you could tell which girls weren't virgins by the way they walked. I certainly felt different, sort of stretched. It was hard to believe he could get all that into me; but he had. We had been joined together by his penis! The emotional impact was as strong as the physical one. Did I now belong to him? We had shared such an important act that I felt committed to him for life. I loved him with all my might. Would he marry me? I was only fifteen; I knew I was too young to marry.

Once a week we had intercourse, usually on Sundays at the beach or in the car. Once we did it in the parking lot of a church, and I remember feeling it was proper to do it

there because I felt so much in my heart, more than I had ever experienced in my life; I felt that because of the love, our act of expressing it by fucking was sanctioned by God.

NUMBER FORTY AND A

When we arrived, everyone was fully dressed and it appeared to be a regular cocktail party, which actually was a bit of a bore. We were into grass, not booze; so we felt out of place. Conversation was lagging; so we wandered out onto the balcony to admire the view. It was there that we met Forty and A.

She had beautiful, long red hair, a very pretty face, and a nicely curved body. He was very attractive also, with black, curly hair that was prematurely graying. He was from New York, as was my husband (Thirty-nine); so they hit it off right away, reminiscing about their home state. Our friendship was really cemented when they offered us a joint.

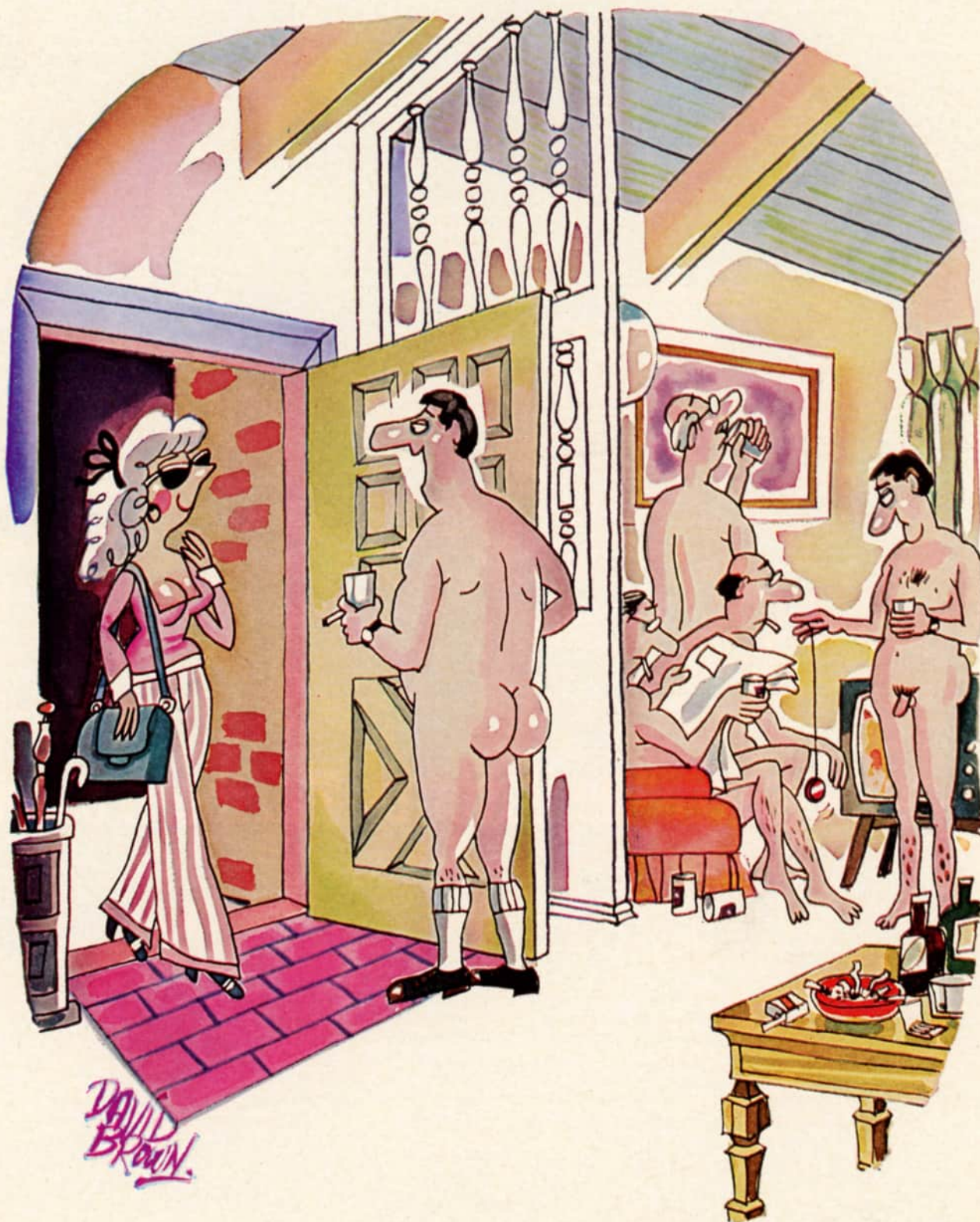
They were swingers, as were most of the people at the party. While we were still out on the balcony, a policeman came knocking on the door to protest the illegally parked cars in front of the house. Police uniforms have an unnerving effect on those who smoke grass, are high, and have a couple of joints in their pockets. We split without further ado.

Our next meeting with Forty and A was in the more comfortable surroundings of their living room. Thirty-nine and I had discussed and rediscussed the possibility of swinging and had decided to give it a cautious try. We felt secure in our love for each other and didn't think a single fling at a swing would be harmful. The idea of a mass bash did not appeal to us, but an intimate swap with a couple as attractive and contemporary as Forty and A did tickle our fancies.

We sat smoking pot, discussing how good it was. Gradually, our conversation turned to sex, as many stoned conversations do, given enough time. Sex was indeed the subject most on our minds. We exchanged glances all around as we talked. I caught myself staring at Forty, wondering what kind of a sexual partner he would be. I was attracted to him. *If I wasn't married*, I told myself, *I'd be interested for sure*. And here I was, married and interested, and it was okay with my husband. I could hardly believe it.

Forty showed us a magazine article on wife-swapping. Yes, we wanted to do it, we told him, and we all moved to the bedroom.

The room was richly decorated with velveteen-flocked wallpaper and, of course, a large, king-size bed. A turned down the bedspread, and we all undressed and climbed onto the bed. I couldn't help looking at their genitals as they undressed. As I looked at Forty's penis, I saw it gaining an erection and a twinge of desire raced through my body. I looked at A. She had completely undressed, revealing a beautifully curved body with lovely breasts just a little larger



"Thank goodness you've come, Freda . . . the orgy was dying on its feet."



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than mine. I saw her glance at Thirty-nine and followed her glance to see him sporting a full erection and staring back at her.

Suddenly, I felt it in the gut, like a lead weight—apprehension. As though he had read my mind, Thirty-nine turned to me. His eyes told me that everything was all right, and he gave me a hug. I felt safe again and relaxed a bit.

Forty and A seemed completely at ease. It wasn't their first time at a swap, and they were quite patient with us. They didn't try to rush us but waited until we got it together mentally so we could all get it together physically.

I reclined on the bed. That was the cue that started the balls rolling. Forty lay down beside me. Gently, he pulled me to him and started caressing my breast. His hands were warm and experienced, and I succumbed to the natural desires that he aroused in me. I wanted him. I knew he wanted me; he had a huge hard-on to prove it. I temporarily forgot all about my husband and relaxed in the arms of a new partner. I wrapped my arms around him and buried my face in his neck. He smelled good—clean and masculine. His kisses increased my desire, and I spread my legs to entice him and to accommodate his entrance. I was wet from the excitement of the occasion, and he entered me easily. His penis was larger than Thirty-nine's, and I responded with pleasure to his agile movements. His rhythmic thrusts urged me to orgasm, and he climaxed after I did.

As I lay in his arms in postorgasmic rapture, I became aware of Thirty-nine and A lying next to us. They were still fucking and appeared to be enjoying themselves thoroughly. *Suppose he likes her better than me?* I asked myself anxiously. No. I pushed the thought from my mind.

When I heard Thirty-nine climax with his usual roar, I felt the bitter pangs of jealousy in spite of my rationalizations. He turned to see me watching him, and he kissed me while he was still on top of and inside A. Then all four of us embraced, and a feeling of warmth for one another enveloped us, binding us in unity.

We all relaxed and smoked a joint, talked for a while, and then, realizing how late it was, Thirty-nine and I dressed to go home. We made arrangements to meet Forty and A again soon.

We became fast and close friends. We shared many interests besides getting stoned and having sex together.

A was bisexual. I didn't really know then what that meant, but I was to be enlightened one evening when we were all curled around one another on the bed. A reached out for me and caressed my breast. I was surprised and withdrew from her. Thirty-nine embraced me and told me to relax. I was still hesitant as A continued her advances.

Her hands were soft. With an incredibly light touch, she manipulated my breast in the most gentle manner I had ever experienced. I yielded as my body flooded with new sensations. She moved her body

against mine. I could feel the soft, silky texture of her skin touching mine. She placed her thigh between my thighs and kissed me full on the mouth, her tongue searching out mine. I had never felt a kiss like it before; her lips were so much softer and smaller than a man's. As she kissed me, she ran her fingers gently through my hair. Then she kissed my neck, shoulders, breasts, tummy, as she moved downward until her mouth found my clitoris. And what she did there! I can tell you I had never felt anything like this feeling before in my life. As her tongue coaxed my clitoris to new heights of sensation, I gave way to the passion of the moment. Her attentions to me erased the apprehension and jealousy I had previously felt about her and Thirty-nine. I was flattered, knowing she desired me physically.

R

We were at an orgy at One-hundred-eleven and O's house. I had just noticed R. She

A fantasy fulfilled—
I was fucking a
black man! I had dared to
satisfy my curiosity.
And satisfied I was; he
was overwhelming.

looked at me and smiled, walked over to me, took my hand. She introduced herself and kissed me behind the ear. She was tall, with short blonde hair and a supple, well-tanned body. Her aura was definitely masculine. As she put her arm around my waist and pulled me to her, there was no doubt in my mind that her feelings were like those of a male. She wanted me, and I could feel it.

I returned her embrace, and then she led me by the hand to the bedroom. I sat down on the bed and looked at her. She stared into my eyes and ran her fingers through my hair. "Very pretty," she said, and then, as her fingers curled through my hair, she grabbed my head in her hands and kissed me with such ardor that my whole body quaked with an awareness that she was male and that she wanted to satisfy me. My mind did not question the responses she evoked in me. Her hand went down my spine, causing my body to arch into the curve of hers. Her mouth was hot and sensuous on my neck. I squirmed as her lips found a sensitive spot between my neck and my shoulder. Her strong hands firmly traced the form of my body.

"Pretty," she murmured, and I felt glad that I pleased her. She cupped my breast in

her hand as she sucked the nipple into her mouth. Her body pressed against mine, slanting so that her hip rubbed in a steady, rhythmic motion against my pussy. She sucked on my nipple in a way I had thought only a baby could. Perhaps she had learned how to use her mouth from watching a child at the breast.

She stirred me. Senses and emotions crossed barriers as my hand searched for and found her breast, and I began to play with her nipple. She had no time for it. I persisted. I like playing with nipples, men's or women's. She moved downward—her hands ran down the sides of my body, stopped at my hips, and, holding me firmly, she tilted my pelvis so that the lips of my vagina rose to meet her warm mouth. Her tongue instantly located my clitoris and tantalized it—but only for a few precious moments. Then she stopped!

I almost screamed with desire. She lunged forward, placing her body on top of mine, her pubic bone pressing against my clitoris. Her hot, moist mouth nestled into the sensitive spot between my neck and my shoulder. I squirmed away. Her lips moved to my nipple, and her strong hands manipulated my breast. As my hands slid across her back and up into her hair, I was aware of the masculinity of her form as well as of her spirit. Her hand reached down to my pussy, and her fingers pushed into my vagina. Penetration! Holding her fingers rigid as she moved them in and out of me, she easily simulated the action of a penis. Her mouth went for my clitoris. I held my breath as her tongue found its mark, and she continued to work her fingers in and out of my vagina as she sucked my clitoris. My body writhed in fits of frenzy. Feeling ruled all consciousness as excitement rose to an explosive level. She possessed me, and I could feel orgasms approaching in my body and my mind, which she had mastered so artfully. She gave me a total orgasm.

She was unlike the bisexual, swinging-type ladies with whom I usually had sexual contact. She was far more earnest in her demand for my satisfaction, and she maneuvered my body with authority. Her lithe body was taut, less pliable than that of a more feminine soul. There was not the feeling of frivolous gaiety that I had always felt with the other ladies I had encountered. She provoked an emotional tie. My psyche was definitely affected by her manner and personality. She had me in her control. My desire was subservient to hers. She consumed my being; her pronounced masculinity took me in tow. She was master; I was maid.

NUMBER TWO-SIXTY-NINE AND GG

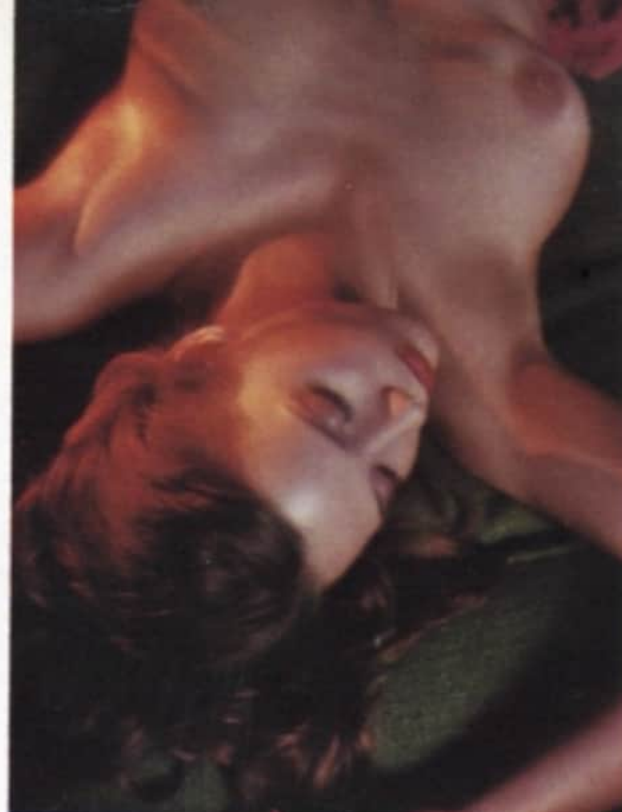
We met at a 6/9/69 party. It was a huge sex orgy celebrating the delightful numbers of the date June 9, 1969. More than 100 couples showed up. There were people I had never seen before as well as friends I had met at a nudist camp and at swinging clubs and parties. I was standing in the hallway with a nudist friend, discussing the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

LAURA

“Once
I dreamed
about
having fantastic
oral sex with
a super guy.
Two days later
there he was,
Mr. Super,
just as I had
imagined him.”





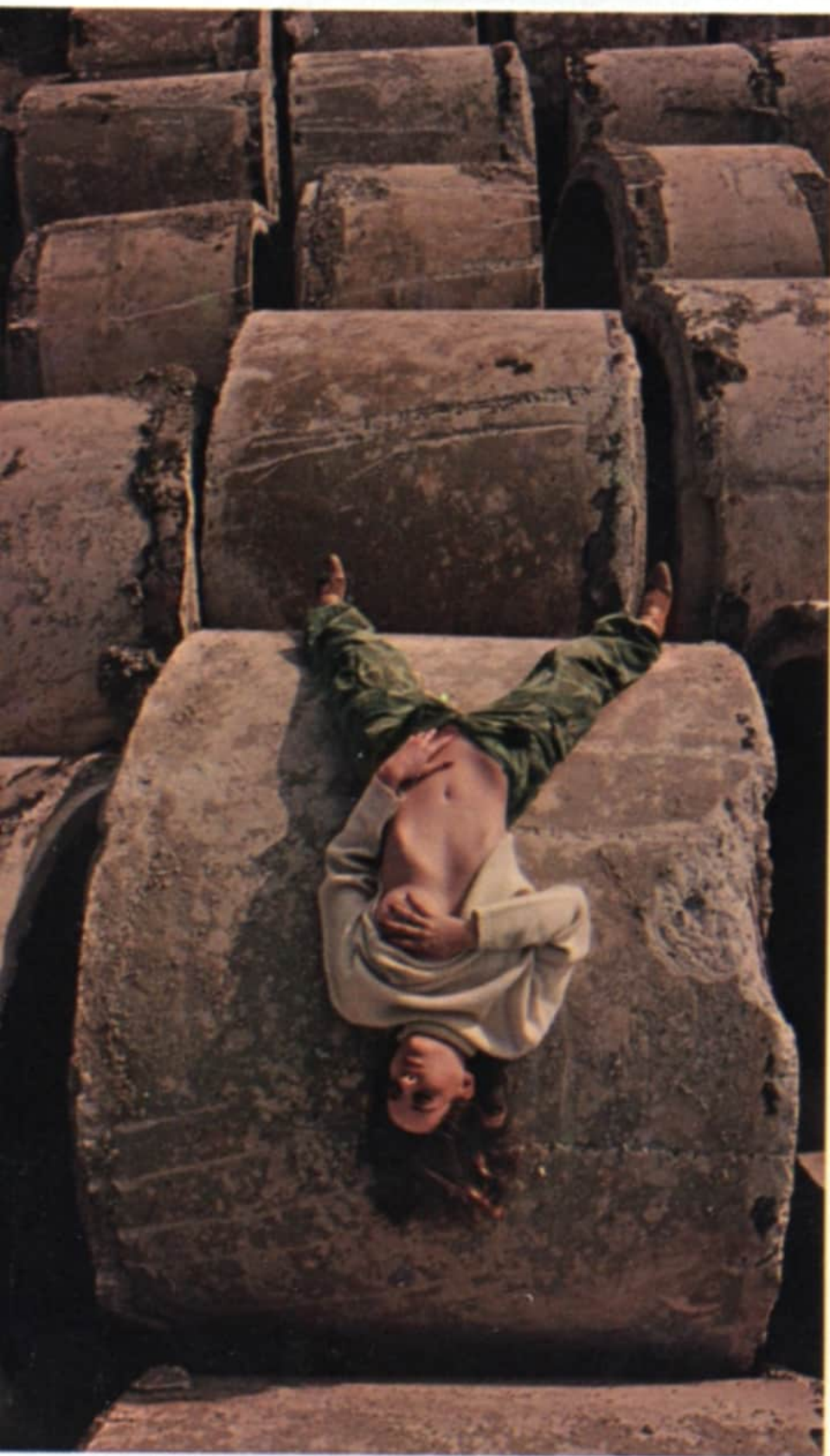
STORM WARNING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Amateur painter, actress, and film buff extraordinaire, Laura Storm has a deep emotional involvement with life. Her preferences in literature and films and her choice of profession give some clues to her true feelings. Laura admits Jean Genet and William Burroughs fascinate her, as do

Mean Streets and *Privileges*. A driving urge for a career in motion pictures is her motivation for becoming an actress. And it's a necessary step toward her final goal—to direct. She took a very active part in the selection of locations, props, and poses for her Pet-of-the-Month pictorial.





Lingerie by Glydon's, L.A.; Clothes by Strip Thrills, Eclectigaria, and Putt'n on the Ritz, L.A.; Shoes by Right Bank Company of Beverly Hills.



“Going to bed with a man you’ve just met can be a terrifically exciting experience.”

“I’m totally possessive when I’m in love. I don’t want to share my lover with anyone. When we’re together, there’s nothing better than a foggy night and a long walk on the beach. Fog, wrapping us in a protective blanket, blocks out the rest of the world. And when I’m protected by the fog, I’m free

to give my lover everything he needs or could ever desire from a woman. I always wake at dawn and rouse my lover while he’s still half asleep. My reward is usually a long stretch of lazy loving that leaves me with a great appetite for breakfast and more for the same man.”

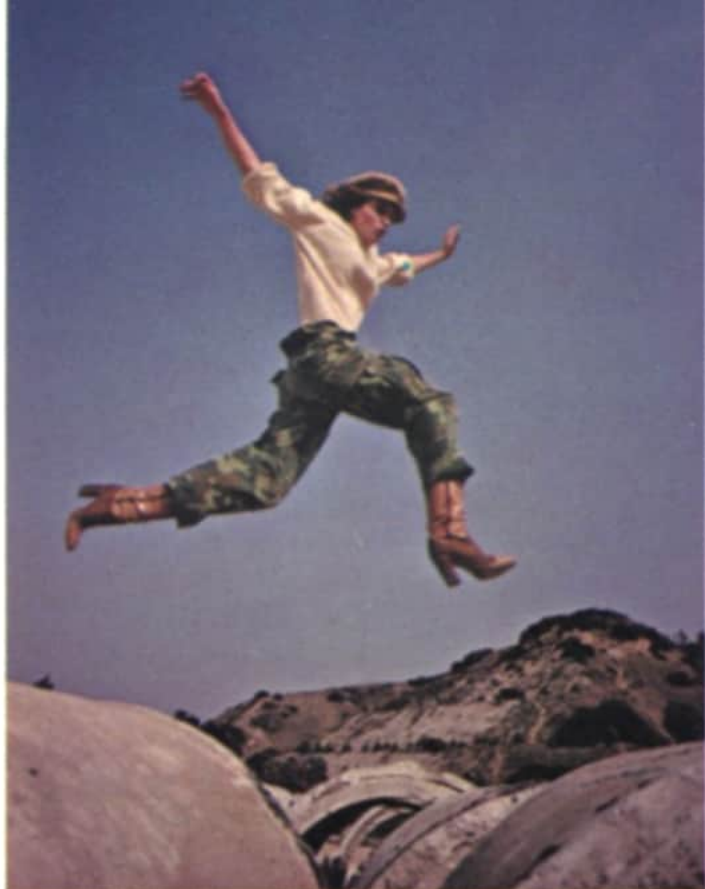


“I’m always surprised at the amount of pleasure my body gives to a man—and to me.”

“Some people think I’m shy and not a very warm person, but the men in my life would laugh at the idea. I’m very emotional about anything as intimate as sex—even with someone I’ve just met. When I go to bed with a man, I’m totally involved and I’m going to do everything I can to make the

experience something to remember,” says 37-24-36 Laura. “If anything, you could say I’m an aggressive lover and proud of it. While I’m not into kinky sex, I’ll try anything that increases my man’s pleasure. I want every man I make love to to remember me as a very special woman.”





“When I connect
with a new man, the
first time we make love
leaves me feeling like
Wonder Woman.”



"When I was only a kid, I dreamed about men all the time. Now that I'm nineteen, I still like to dream about them. Dreaming about the men I've had as lovers is fun. But it's thoughts of the men in my future that really turn me on. Sometimes I feel that my dreams give me a glimpse into the future.

Once I dreamed about having fantastic oral sex with a super guy. Two days later there he was, Mr. Super, just as I had imagined him. We practically fell into bed, and the sex was far better than my wildest dreams. My only complaint is that I never dream about millionaires."





"'Bitchy' is the best way to describe my moods when I'm between men. Without a man to absorb some of my emotional electricity, all my wires get tangled. When I do connect with a new man, the first time we make love leaves me feeling like Wonder Woman. But the poor guy must feel like he's

been pounded
by a heavy surf.

Afterward I
shower him with
tender, loving
care. I enjoy
pampering a
man if he's
earned it. As
long as we're to-
gether, I give him
everything he
wants—in bed
or out—
whenever he
wants it. My re-
ward is knowing
that few men
have ever had it
so good."





MISS LAURA STORM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





MISS LAURA STORM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

From discussions with Vietnam veterans and their families, with persons administering veterans' psychological and rehabilitation programs, and from reading mail to *Penthouse*, it is clear that the earlier psychological-adjustment problems of Vietnam veterans have remained largely unsolved—and that many veterans have become burdened with additional ones.

These earlier problems, which were covered up by the "PVS" (Post-Vietnam Syndrome) rubric, included symptoms of depression, explosive aggressive reactions, sleep disturbances, and traumatic nightmares. In his book *A Rumor of War*, journalist Philip Caputo, who was a marine combat officer in Vietnam, describes yet other symptoms. They include "an inability to concentrate, a childlike fear of darkness, a tendency to tire easily . . . an intolerance of loud noises—especially doors slamming and cars backfiring—and alternating moods of depression and rage that [befell the veteran] . . . for no apparent reason." The war, for some, continues.

Although these symptoms are treatable in a clinical environment, the Veterans Administration's data indicates that only a small percentage of those Vietnam veterans estimated to have been so afflicted have sought the VA's help. This is less an indictment of the VA than one might suppose. At the height of the war, little was actually known about the PVS or—as it is now categorized—a "traumatic post-stress disorder." Today these disorders and their treatment are better understood by psychiatrists and psychologists, but this is little comfort to those veterans who suffered PVS agonies in the sixties and early seventies.

In recent years, most legislative efforts to provide additional psychological services to Vietnam veterans have foundered on the mistaken beliefs that the problems are overstated, that the Vietnam War was not really "different" from other wars, and that such help is no longer needed.

Each of these assumptions has had its own curious logic. Thus those claiming that the veterans' problems were exaggerated alleged that the affected veteran was only experiencing a kind of existential "jet lag," and that this would go away shortly after he returned home and picked up the pieces of his life just where he had left them. The idea that the Vietnam War was different was rejected by most politicians because they could not bear to admit their own responsibility in having allowed it to continue and in refusing to question its effects on those called upon to do the fighting. Finally, the fact that most Vietnam veterans *seemed* to be coping reasonably well in civilian life has been used as an excuse to avoid dealing with the serious underlying psychological problems of the combat

veterans and to avoid determining whether the assumed coping was more apparent than real.

The grim consequences of these mistaken beliefs can be seen in a detailed psychological study of Vietnam veterans begun in 1974 by psychologist John P. Wilson of Cleveland State University. After conducting in-depth interviews with 400 Vietnam veterans, Wilson and his staff found that 41 percent reported having problems with alcohol, that 45 percent had serious marital and family problems, and that 59 percent of the blacks and 67 percent of the whites had problems with drugs. Furthermore, Wilson's study showed that many Vietnam veterans held a "profound mistrust of authority, institutions, and political leaders." Another study, carried out by Charles Fighley, head of the Consortium on Veterans Studies at Purdue University (which used detailed information from 906 Vietnam veterans in the East St. Louis area), yielded results almost identical to the Wilson study findings. Both

studies underscore the fact that, although the Vietnam War is over, its damaging aftereffects are still being felt by those who fought it.

Unfortunately, in spite of a growing body of valid scientific information, there is little public or official concern over the past, present, or future psychological problems of Vietnam veterans. Today it is no longer a simple matter of helping an individual to "forget" his experiences or of tranquilizing a distraught veteran to keep him from running amok. Rather, the problems involve the necessity for each

veteran's coming to grips with the war, with his total life experience, and with his future role in society.

This search for meaning and personal identity is one that has been extremely painful even for apparently adjusted veterans—because most Americans have turned the war into a "non event" or come to regard it as a mistake to be disavowed by not talking about it. The public's self-induced amnesia about the war is a curious phenomenon. It has left the individual veteran unable to make any sense, to himself or to others, out of his part of the war. As a consequence, he is in a state of emotional limbo.

Further, there is increasing, manifest distrust of governmental institutions and programs, as shown by lack of participation in public and private veterans-aid programs, by rejection of conventional roles, and by a general turning in and away from American society. As one Vietnam veteran, writing to *Penthouse*, summed it up: "The country is going downhill, and everywhere I go it seems that people don't care any more about what's happening than they did about the war and those of us who fought it." O+

Americans' self-induced
amnesia about
the Vietnam War has
left veterans
in a dangerous state of
emotional limbo

Smoking is one thing. Taste is everything.

For me, it's taste or nothing. That's why I smoke Winston. Look, whether it's Winston King or Winston 100's, taste is everything in a cigarette. And Winston is nothing but good taste all the way.



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

Winston King, Winston 100's.

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY SEN. JAMES ABOUREZK

The author has represented South Dakota in the Senate since 1972. He is not seeking reelection this year because, he says, "nothing ever really changes. It's the system itself."

THE RELENTLESS ISRAELI PROPAGANDA MACHINE

The periodic flare-up of the Arab-Israeli conflict is a matter of no small consequence to the United States. To those people who have an emotional or political interest in the Middle East, the struggle there takes on the dimensions of an Armageddon. To the majority of the American people, what appears to be modern tribal warfare serves only as a minor irritant each time the shooting begins. Why, it is asked, are the Arabs and Israelis fighting over purely desert land? How can Israel, a nation of some 3 million people, hold military superiority over some 100 million very unfriendly neighbors?

The struggle in the Middle East is of greater significance to Americans than most realize. What happens there will determine for us the shape of our own future—whether or not we will be embroiled in war or confrontation with the Soviet Union, whether or not the price and supply of oil will bankrupt the Western powers, including the United States, and whether or not we can maintain our moral position against one nation's taking another's territory by force of arms.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EASTERN CONFLICT

In 1894 the Arab world was in the final 20 years of what was to have been 400 years of military occupation by the Ottoman Turkish Empire. The Arabs, who had contributed so much to art, medicine, and science during Europe's Dark Age, were themselves experiencing a dark age under the stern heel of Turkish rule. The year 1894 was the year an Austrian Jew, Theodor Herzl, first gave expression to the theory of Zionism, the hope that Jews would find a homeland, ending the historical abuses against them by host countries throughout the world. The Zionist movement grew, considered a variety of different locations for the homeland, then eventually agreed on Palestine. Palestine had been the center of the Jewish tribes 1,800 years earlier and seemed the logical location to the Zionist leaders. One major problem existed. Palestine was populated with Arabs who had lived there virtually from the beginning. However, Zionist leaders totally ignored the Arab presence there and moved with total and single-minded concentration toward the establishment of an exclusive Jewish state.

At the outset of World War I, British and Arab leaders agreed that if the Arabs rose up against the Turks (then allied with Germany), the Arabs would be granted their independence after the war. This was the period of the new "Arab Awakening," and the alliance was readily agreed to by Arab leaders. The exploits of Lawrence of Arabia provided some interesting stories resulting from this alliance.

But at the same time the British promised independence to the Arabs, they were making other deals inconsistent with these promises. In 1916 a secret British-French agreement was made to divide up the postwar Middle East between Britain and France. Political connivance did not stop there. In the next year British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour promised the Zionist movement that Palestine would become a "homeland for the Jews," provided that the rights of the Arabs living there were not adversely affected. In 1917, of those living in Palestine, 96 percent were Arabs and 4 percent were Jews.

The Zionist movement used the Balfour Declaration as a basis for the immigration of Jews into Arab Palestine following

6 Israel's critics are always accused of anti-Semitism, a charge that serves to silence even the mildest questioning of that country's policies.9

the war. When the Arabs saw the full effects of their betrayal by the British and the obvious intentions of the Zionists, they protested, often violently, but without noticeable effect. In 1922 the Balfour Declaration was written into the League of Nations mandate, and continued Jewish immigration into Palestine became official British policy. Immigration and protest led to riots and killings until 1939, when Britain, threatened by war with Germany, became anxious to ease the pressure building in Palestine and reversed itself. Although under limited quotas after 1939, Jewish immigration continued, especially during the war years, when Jews were attempting to escape Europe and Hitler's genocidal policies. Jewish terrorist groups, most notably Menachem Begin's Irgun, and the Stern gang, formed to retaliate against Arabs, now turned their terrorism against the British, the goal being eventually to drive the British out of Palestine. After World War II an exhausted Britain had had enough of the conflict raging in Palestine and announced that on May 15, 1948, it would withdraw its forces and end its mandate over the area.

The world Zionist movement had by then shifted its political focus to the United States, the new world power, a strategy that was to produce excellent results. In November 1947 the U.N. General Assembly voted to partition Palestine between Arabs and Jews. To understand the extent of political chicanery used by the Zionist movement to achieve its ends, and the anger of the Arabs, one must consider the proposal voted on by the United Nations. Although Jews constituted only 30 percent of the population, much of it by illegal settlement, the U.N. plan proposed for them a 56 percent slice of Palestine. Arabs, who made up 70 percent of the population, were to get only 44 percent of their own homeland. In 1947 outright Jewish ownership of land was no more than 5 percent.

The General Assembly vote so outraged the Arabs that riots broke out as far away as the southern tip of Aden. As a result of Arab protests, the U.N. Security Council never got around to voting on ratification of the partition plan, and the United States delegate began working on a U.N. trusteeship plan for Palestine. But unknown even to him, the issue of a Jewish state was being plunged into American politics. Harry Truman was in deep political trouble as he approached the 1948 presidential elections. He could not afford to lose the support of American Jews, because of both votes and money. Thomas Dewey, the Republican candidate for president, was making much of the establishment of a Jewish state, threatening to strip Truman and the Democrats of their traditional Jewish electoral support. As terrorism by the Irgun and the Stern groups escalated in Palestine, in Washington, D.C., Truman made preparations to support the creation of Israel.

On May 14, one day before the announced British withdrawal from Palestine, Israel declared itself to be an exclusive Jewish state. Eleven minutes later, against the counsel of his foreign-policy advisers, President Truman extended U.S. recognition to Israel. Thus, thirty-one years after British promises of independence for Palestine, the Arabs witnessed the ultimate betrayal—the establishment, in their midst, of a new colony by the world's big powers, controlled, not by Middle Eastern natives, but by Europeans. Hundreds of thousands of Palestinian Arabs who had lived in peace on

their own land were destined never to see their homeland again. What had begun as the Zionist movement's clever manipulation of American and British politicians ended as a mechanism for the death and suffering of countless numbers of human beings in the Middle East.

Although Israel's claim was that of a socialist democracy implanted amidst the monarchies and dictatorships of the Arab world, no public expression was given to the question of how such a democracy could also be an exclusive Jewish state while the Arabs held a numerical majority within the new boundaries. The question was soon resolved without debate and without the necessity of a vote.

The genesis of that resolution began in April 1948, in a small Palestinian Arab village called Deir Yassin. Amid general fighting between Arabs and Jews, the terrorists of the Irgun and Stern groups decided to attack Deir Yassin. It is claimed today by Israeli historians that the attack was only intended to put the villagers to flight. Whatever the intent, the action changed the entire demography of the Middle East, resulting in the status existing today. As the terrorist attack began and Arab defenders of the village returned fire, the Jewish terrorists moved from house to house, blindly spraying the interiors with automatic-weapons fire. Then dynamite was thrown into the houses, with Irgun and Stern gunmen shooting down anyone who escaped the dynamite. No one was spared, whether defender or women and children. Any Arab who moved was shot, even those who had already surrendered. The terrorists then tried to burn the bodies. They stuffed some bodies into a well in an effort to hide them from the International Red Cross representatives, who came on the scene the next day. Later 250 bodies were buried, and a few dazed survivors were loaded into a truck and unceremoniously dumped in Jerusalem.

Word of the Deir Yassin massacre spread like wildfire throughout Palestine, and as the fighting continued through 1948, the fear engendered by the words "Deir Yassin" and a general fear of being caught in the fighting eventually drove more than 700,000 Palestinian Arabs out of Palestine. After that, Jewish terrorists had only to repeat the name of the village to drive out the Arabs.

By the end of 1948, Israel had a Jewish majority. The ill-equipped and poorly trained Arab armies, both regulars and irregulars, had lost. Three quarters of a million Palestinians, who had once had their own homes on their land in Palestine, found themselves homeless, living in the inhumane squalor of refugee camps. Israel has never allowed them to return.

Thus were the seeds of eventual world conflict sown. Barely three years after the big powers had formed the United Nations—for the purpose, they said, of putting an end to war and the taking of territory by war—they became openly committed to supporting, in the case of Israel, an exception to their rule. In searching for reasons for their action, one cannot dismiss the feelings of guilt held by the big powers because they had refused to provide a haven for Jews attempting to escape from Hitler. But the question asked to this day by the Arabs is: Why should they be made to pay for someone else's sins? Although both guilt and sympathy played a part in the events leading up to the establishment of Israel, political

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*“I find whips beautiful,
with all the
power and grace
of snakes.”*

Clothes by Strip Thrills; Jewelry by Aleris, L.A.



WILD IRISH ROSE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Spirited, twenty-one-year-old Coleen McCaffrey is a quintessential wild Irish rose. A former native of Dublin, Coleen lives and works in San Francisco, where she specializes in promoting and repping young artists, photographers, and designers with a flair for the new and surprising. To grace her own curvaceous, 36-23-35 frame, Coleen favors a look that's a cross between Moll Flanders and Barbarella, with a bit of Irish milkmaid thrown in for spice. "I love what's soft and feminine," says our beauty from the Emerald Isle, "frills and fur and tiny bits of lace." She also has a flair for the exotic, including antique guns and whips. "Please don't misunderstand about my whips," she says. "I've never used one. But the idea is really quite sensual."



"Whips are terribly misunderstood. I think they are lovely for teasing and caressing, but never, never for doing bodily harm to another person. I find whips beautiful, with all the power and grace of snakes." Coleen has more than forty in her cache, and she's always on the lookout for a new acquisition. "I think people are a little taken aback when they first view my collection, especially because my image is of someone very gentle and soft. Maybe I'm attracted to whips for just that reason. There's a whole other part of my personality that's never come to the surface. But I think my whips turn men on. They seem to impart an unusual and thrilling kind of excitement, which *does* fit in with my nature. My softness has many serpentine surprises."





That nature is also inquisitive and kind and extremely giving. "I believe a woman's first priority is pleasing a man. My own pleasure always comes from giving pleasure to another. I want my man to look at me and think, "Wow, what a woman." Our pretty Irish lass also has an unexpected old-fashioned side. "I live in an early American farmhouse, at the edge of the city," she explains, "and I try to preserve as much of its original flavor as I can. I still keep a butter churn and grow my own vegetables, and I even have a mini-windmill for power. I find that to be a very beautiful way to live." And we, of course, find Coleen to be a very beautiful person to live with. ○✚



various sizes and shapes of the bodies around the house, when one of the most gorgeous hunks of human flesh I had ever seen in my life walked toward me. He was black-skinned, tall, firmly muscled, and sexually well-endowed.

"I want some!" my mind screamed inside me. "I have never felt a black man's hands on my body," I continued thinking as he stopped in front of me.

"I'd like to draw you," I said. "You have a perfectly proportioned body."

"Whenever you're ready," he answered.

We stood there, making small talk as our desires mounted. The magnetism that flowed between us was becoming unbearable when he simply and gently put his arm around me and led me to a bedroom. He locked the door.

"Please, I want you," I whispered.

"I want you, too," he answered as he kissed my belly. His huge, black hands ran down the sides of my body, grabbing me at the waist as he nestled his head between my legs. I wriggled like a fish out of water as his tongue darted in and out of me and over my clitoris. He knew exactly what he was doing, and he was good at it! Ecstasy flowed through me. My body yearned for the fulfillment I knew he was capable of giving me.

"Penetration!" my mind pleaded. "NOW!" I was engulfed with desire. Softly, I begged him, "Please fuck me . . . please?"

"Yes," he answered, "now I think you can take me. You are soaked with passion," he whispered as his lips met mine.

Penetration! My mind reeled ecstatically. Slowly, he pushed his way into my grateful body, filling me completely. I felt virginal, as if I were sixteen and this was my first union. Amazingly, I accommodated all of him. His big, black cock pulsed inside me as, slowly, we began to build our rhythm.

"Oh, oh, he's going to come!" my mind screamed. "No, not yet, please wait!"

"Don't come," I whispered in his ear.

"Don't worry," he whispered back.

"He can handle it!" my mind rejoiced, and I relaxed. We moved in perfect unison, our passion mounting with each stroke. Suddenly, I became aware of someone knocking on the door.

"Who's in there?" a voice asked. Another voice answered, giving our names. "Oh, so those two have finally met. Well, they deserve each other," the first voice replied. "Come on, there's another bedroom down the hall. We'll use that one." The sounds of the people went away.

I returned my attention to the glorious pleasures of the moment. We had not missed a stroke. I kissed his neck and moved my fingers to his nipple. He quickened his rhythm, responding to my touch; so I reached my lips to it and sucked on his nipple like a baby. I felt his body tense as he held back an ejaculation. My passion rose, and I released it in a flood of ecstasy. Thank

God I am a woman and can come many times in one union. I returned from the heavens of passion. Looking up at my partner's face, I saw it contorted with ecstasy. I kissed his full, soft lips and slid my hands across his strong shoulders, feeling his muscles ripple as I hugged him tighter. He rolled over on his back, positioning me on top of him. In this position he penetrated me more deeply, but I was able to take it, especially since I had just come. He put his big, black hands on my breasts; now my mind was off in a jungle somewhere, and I lost all track of time and space. Feeling was my universe, and touch my master. As I looked at his black skin next to mine, my excitement rose again. I was in a position to control the rhythm. I slowed the pace, rising up and then slowly easing down as his huge, black cock sank deeply inside me. I reached my hand down behind me and gently caressed his balls. He quickened the rhythm. Grabbing me by the waist, he thrust himself deeper inside me.

His white, supple skin matched the purity of his youth, but his body moved with the mastery of an older man.

"Honey," he murmured, "if you keep doing that to my balls, I'm gonna come."

"Don't let him come!" my mind screamed. I wanted more. Instantly, I stopped caressing his balls. Placing his powerful arm around my body, he pulled me closely to him as he rolled us over again. Then he started fucking me seriously.

He started with a slow, easy rhythm as he bent over in a semikneeling position. One magnificent arm encircled my body, supporting my back as he held me up into the curve of his body; the other arm extended to the bed and supported our weight. I clung to him with one arm around his neck and shoulder, my lips kissing the back of his earlobe. My other arm held onto his body, and my hand was spread out on his strong, muscular back.

His strength and power were interwoven with his gentle, caressing manner. The essence of masculinity! I let my body melt into his. He penetrated me to the depths of my soul, and I was engulfed in ecstasy. His movements became purposeful; with each stroke I could feel his mounting desire for an orgasm. Yes, I was ready. He had brought me to the height of passion, and

now I wanted him to feel the pleasures of satisfaction such as he had given me. I wanted him to come.

"Come, baby," I whispered in his ear, and his body surged into mine. As he started to build toward his climax, he used the entire length of his ample, black-skinned penis, sinking it in to the hilt and then pulling it all the way out again. Our bodies undulated in synchronized movements of compatibility. His penis was rock hard. I pulled my legs up to my chest with my knees bent. His massive arms were on both sides of me, supporting his weight. I ran my hands up his arms, feeling the strength in his bulging muscles. My sun-tanned hands looked white next to his dark skin. I put my legs over his shoulders. The difference of our skin colors excited me.

I was coming all over the place. A fantasy fulfilled—I was fucking a black man! I had dared to satisfy my curiosity. And satisfied I was; he was overwhelming. He looked magnificent—earthiness refined by sophistication. His energy matched mine, and his strength took over when mine gave out.

He held my hips in his powerful hands and rotated them in unison with his movements. I was almost exhausted from my many orgasms when he let out a low moan. "He's going to come!" I thought. My mind alerted my body to newfound energy.

"Come, baby," I encouraged him. "Give it to me!" I could feel his balls slapping against my ass. I cupped them in my hand with a gentle, massaging motion. They felt big and smooth, their soft skin like silk in my hand. I put my lips to his nipple and sucked on it hard. With my free hand, I manipulated his other nipple between my fingers. Both nipples quickly became firm and erect. His moan increased in volume; then, with a yowl that should have shaken the earth, he reached his climax, and I experienced a consummation of unprecedented magnitude.

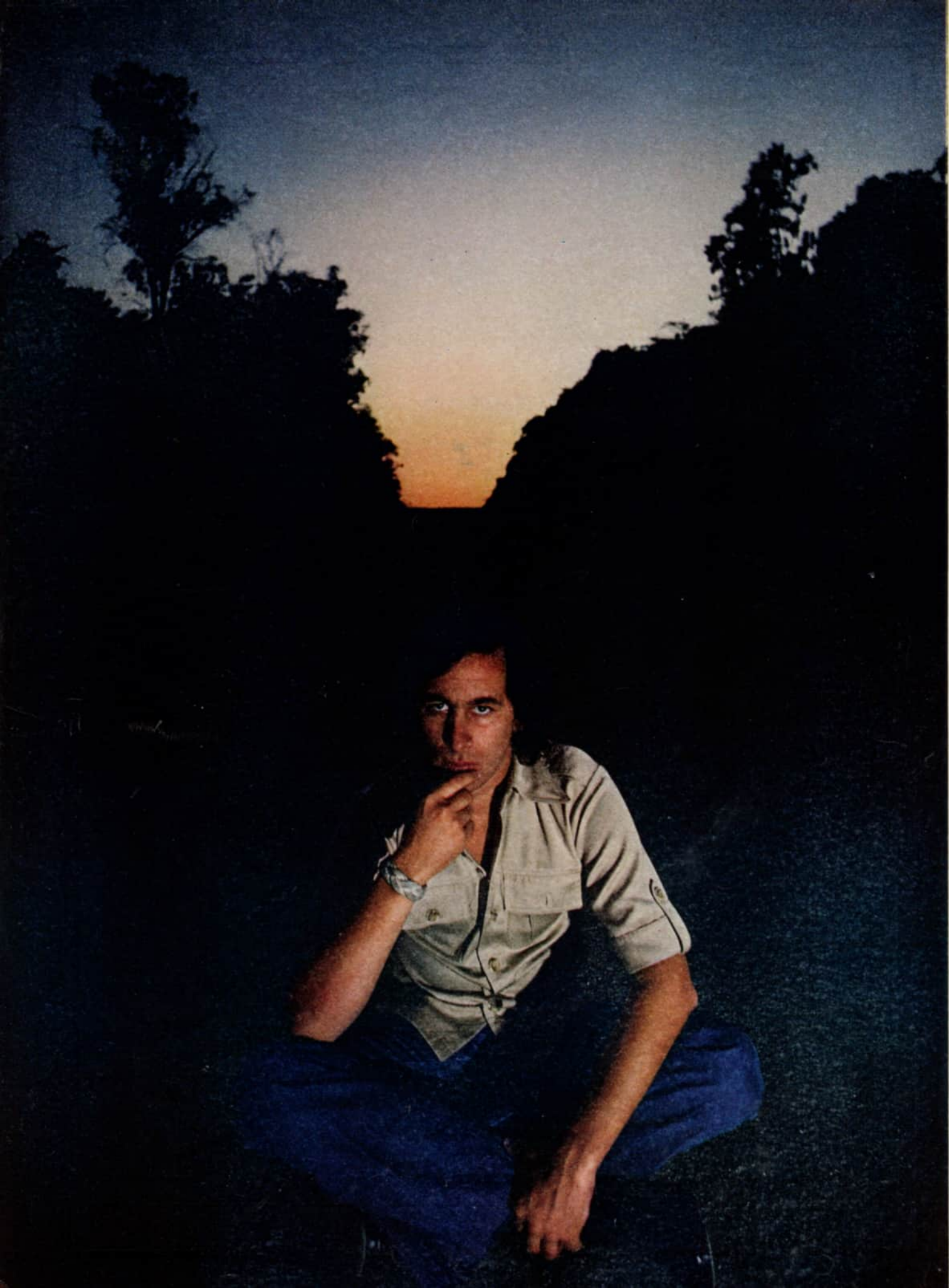
I rejoiced in his orgasm. He looked majestically beautiful as he towered above me and let out his wail of ecstasy. A moment of glorious transcendence, then a building awareness of our immediate surroundings as my mind tuned in to the sounds of voices and loud knocking on the door. Slowly, he withdrew his organ, and as though he was experiencing a temporary loss of power, he moved to the door, opened it, and then leaned his back against the wall and sank slowly to the floor. I lay motionless on the bed.

Thirty-nine, One-hundred-six, and GG came in and sat on the bed. "You've been in here for hours—everyone has gone home. Are you all right?" they asked.

How was I? I was enraptured, exhausted, exhilarated, satiated, and totally absorbed in bliss. Two-sixty-nine dragged himself into the adjoining bathroom. From my position on the bed I could see him standing in the shower. His grand, statuesque body glistened in the water, and I was uncontrollably attracted to him. Thirty-nine seemed annoyed. I obviously didn't have



"The cabin boy sounds good."



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

STEVEN SPIELBERG

The government has been concerned about the UFO phenomenon since World War II. I think the CIA knows whether we have been visited by other worlds.

At thirty, Steven Spielberg is a member of a very small band of young, ambitious, inventive, and commercially successful Hollywood directors. Spielberg joined this "club," which includes George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, William Friedkin, and Francis Ford Coppola, with his second feature film, *Jaws*, which became the screen's all-time box-office champion, grossing more than \$200 million to date. For thrill seekers, financiers, and critics alike, Spielberg captured the seemingly impossible on film—in this case by using a nineteen-ton mechanical shark with four-foot fangs. While manipulating the monster, Spielberg gained a reputation for versatility and flexibility, rewriting the script every day on the set on advice from actors, always seeking human characters that audiences could identify with.

Now Spielberg has found a new subject for his explosively climactic, all-too-convincing mode of moviemaking: UFOs and extraterrestrial communication. Recognizing the enormous market for a UFO film in America—where, according to UFO authority Dr. J. Allen Hynek, there are 100 sightings reported within every twenty-four hours—Spielberg began writing the original screenplay while editing his first movie, *The Sugarland Express*, and preparing *Jaws* for release. Five years of rewriting, directing, and editing have resulted in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which opened nationally this past December.

The film, starring Richard Dreyfuss as a highway utility repairman obsessed with UFOs and French film director François Truffaut as a world-traveling UFO investigator, received a record advance of \$24 million in exhibitors' rentals. Interest heightened when Spielberg banned reporters from the film's location sites in Alabama, Wyoming, California, and India, where security guards tossed out anyone who wasn't wearing an ID badge.

A sizable portion of the \$18 million budget was allocated for fantastic special effects. The film utilizes totally new technology in photography, lighting, opticals, and special effects. Visual coordinator Douglas Trumbull, who created the special effects for *2001: A Space Odyssey*, built an entire movie studio in Los Angeles with printing, developing, and editing rooms, electronically operated control booths, and a wood shop, metal shop, paint shop, and miniature-set construction shop.

Born in Cincinnati in 1947, Spielberg has been wielding a movie camera since his early youth; in fact, when he was

sixteen, he made a two-and-one-half-hour, eight-millimeter film, called *Firelight*, about scientists investigating strange lights in the sky. He studied English at California State College, making films for industrial companies to pay his tuition. During this time he borrowed \$10,000 to make *Amblin'*, a twenty-four-minute short about two young hitchhikers that so impressed Sidney Sheinberg, now president of MCA, that he signed Spielberg—six weeks before the director's twenty-first birthday—to a Universal contract. "What I initially noticed about Steven, besides his talent, was his ability to listen and observe," Sheinberg remembers. "Steven's concern for humanity allows him to create films that are easy to relate to and are extremely commercial."

Spielberg directed the first show of the hit television series "Night Gallery," in addition to episodes of "Marcus Welby, M.D." His television movie *Duel*, with Dennis Weaver, was highly praised and prompted producers Richard Zanuck and David Brown to hire Spielberg to direct his first feature film, *The Sugarland Express*, starring Goldie Hawn. It received rave reviews but barely broke even at the box office. Spielberg then asked the *Sugarland* producers if he could direct a film based on a book he had stolen off their desk prior to publication. Referring to it now as "that shark movie," Spielberg is still "personally disappointed" that he did not receive an Oscar nomination for best director of 1975 for the film.

Herbert Margolis, *Penthouse* West Coast editor, and Craig Modderno interviewed Spielberg at both his Hollywood film lab, while he was dubbing *Close Encounters*, and the director's Laurel Canyon home, which he shares with Amy Irving, the twenty-three year-old actress who played Sue, the "nice girl," in Brian DePalma's *Carrie*. Margolis and Modderno report: "With his Prince Valiant hairdo, Levi's, blue pullover sweater, and aviator glasses, Spielberg looks like a college student still trying to sneak onto a studio lot. Shy, handsome, and remarkably intelligent, Spielberg maintains a low profile, almost as if he fears that too much media exposure will jeopardize his recognition as a serious filmmaker. He is polite and somewhat reserved with strangers, tending to sit back and let them play their hands before he gambles on opening up to them. Once he does, one has to feel a healthy respect for the cool, sincere manner in which he conducts himself and for his lack of show-business pretension."

Penthouse: Where did you first get the idea for *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: The real origin of the idea goes back to when I was a five-year-old kid in New Jersey. One night my dad woke me up in the middle of the night and rushed me into our car in my night clothes. I didn't know what was happening. It was frightening. My mom wasn't with me. So I thought, "What's happening here?" He had a thermos of coffee and had brought blankets, and we drove for about half an hour. We finally pulled over to the side of the road, and there were a couple hundred people, lying on their backs in the middle of the night, looking up at the sky. My dad found a place, spread the blanket out, and we both lay down.

He pointed to the sky, and there was a magnificent meteor shower. All these incredible points of light were crisscrossing the sky. It was a phenomenal display, apparently announced in advance by the weather bureau. My dad had really surprised me—actually, he'd frightened the hell out of me! At the same time, though, I was tremendously attracted to the source, to what was causing this. Years later we got a telescope, and I was into stargazing.

When you're looking at stars and the moons around Jupiter and Venus and trying to spot the polar caps on Mars, your mind begins to explore and go out much, much further, thinking about other solar systems around other suns, other life forms. Looking at the sky at night is probably the greatest stimulation for anyone's imagination.

Penthouse: When did you begin thinking of extraterrestrial phenomena as a subject for a movie?

Spielberg: About three years ago. At first I was just going to do a documentary. I wasn't even going to try to re-create reported sightings but just interview people who said they had seen UFOs. But then, never having made a documentary before and finding that I really wasn't in control, except in the editing room, I decided that maybe the best thing to do would be a drama about UFOs.

Penthouse: Have you seen UFOs?

Spielberg: No. I've vicariously relived experiences that other people have had. While I was making *Close Encounters*, I had several very strange dreams that I turned into scenes in the movie. The dreams seemed as real as being awake, and they always involved the same thing—my bedroom window and something in the sky. The dreams weren't telling me anything—I didn't have the feeling they were coming from a force that was telling me how to write the script or giving me dialogue or scenes.

But somehow those dreams gave me a living experience of what it would be like to have a real UFO experience. They set a mood, a tone if you will, for my film. Each dream—or encounter—was more vivid than the one before, and each was very seductive. I would wake up angry that what had happened was simply a dream, because it seemed so real; and when it

stopped, I wanted to know so much more. **Penthouse:** What happens to people after they've seen a UFO?

Spielberg: Usually, they choose anonymity, because in the past UFO sightings have been pooh-poohed and debunked. Those who have reported them have often undergone social humiliation. For every reported UFO experience, ten go unreported. That's a hard statistic. Most people don't want a reencounter of the first, second, or third kind. They are so taken aback by the experience, which is usually so unsettling to all the forces of logic that they never really want to experience it again. There are others, however, who are compelled to visit the location of their encounter again and again. They go back and walk around and wait for it to happen again. It rarely does.

Penthouse: Is this what happens to Richard Dreyfuss, the lead in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: In certain ways. He's more of an exception to the rule. He doesn't just report

When you succeed in
Hollywood, it's like getting your
Master Charge renewed.
The more successful you
become, the more
rope you're given to hang
yourself with later.

his experience; he becomes obsessed by the hope of reliving it.

Penthouse: People are making comparisons between *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars*, especially in the innovative use of special effects. Do you see any connection?

Spielberg: The movies are very different, and so are the effects. You've got to remember that *Close Encounters* has been three years in the making, and the final edit was done about the time *Star Wars* was coming out. As for the public's response, I can tell you, if *Star Wars* had been a bust, it would really have hurt *Close Encounters*, because it would have shut the lid on science fiction as a film genre. The films are quite dissimilar, though. *Close Encounters* is an earthbound movie. Its roots are in the familiar routine of suburban life. *Star Wars* is a beautiful, enchanting space opera—a fantasy. Those who walk into *Close Encounters* expecting to see the sequel to *Star Wars* will be disappointed.

Penthouse: Are the special effects spectacular in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: The story doesn't necessarily need special effects to succeed as a dramatic narrative. The special effects that we

used are successful to the degree that they fit naturally into the picture—most of them will go unnoticed. They were expensive, though! Doug Trumbull supervised the effects. He built the first sixty-five-millimeter front-projection machine and the first sixty-five-millimeter matte stand for *Close Encounters*. He actually built his own *Close Encounters* lab in Marina del Rey.

One difficult thing we had to do was to create the effect of night, since about 65 percent of the film takes place at night. There is no film fast enough to photograph night and show it as our eyes see it in the country or the city. So, all our night effects had to be created, had to be synthesized. It works beautifully; and I think that when you look at a night scene in the movie, you won't be aware that every night shot is a special effect.

Penthouse: What is the overall effect you're trying to achieve with *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: I want people to walk out of the theater with more questions than they had when they walked in. I want them to consider the probability that we are not alone in the universe, that the stars are not simply a kind of nocturnal wallpaper to be viewed indifferently. People should enjoy looking up at night, exercising their imaginations a little more.

Penthouse: Will you do for UFOs in *Close Encounters* what you did for sharks in *Jaws*?

Spielberg: That's up to people who see the film. There has always been something frightening about the unknown. Both films explore the things around the corner that you can't see. You didn't see much of the actual shark in the first hour of *Jaws*—you saw only the ocean line. We created a surreal fear of the unknown, a fear of water. In *Close Encounters*, when the camera cuts to the sky—all black with stars—a sense of mystery should evolve.

Penthouse: How do the extraterrestrial beings communicate with the humans in *Close Encounters*?

Spielberg: By music. They use the twelve-tone scale. They give us the first five tones, and we are able to take those notes, return them, and signal our willingness to meet. It has to do with the science of dividing sounds up into parts. This is a constant natural law that any intelligent life form can relate to. We also try assigning to these sound frequencies different hues or shades, and suddenly we are communicating in light and sound. There is no "Take me to your leader," no telepathy.

Also, I can tell you that when we do make contact with the aliens, nobody gets eaten.

Penthouse: Are the visitors in the film threatening?

Spielberg: If you mean aggressive or hostile, with intent to do us bodily harm, the answer is absolutely not. But the dangers of contact are certainly conceivable, both bacteriologically and sociologically. I mean, how can we interact with an extraterrestrial race when we can't exchange ideas and customs peacefully with different races from our own planet? We can't leave

"Smoking. Here's what I'm doing about it."

"I like the taste of a good cigarette and I don't intend to settle for less. But like a lot of people I'm also aware of what's being said. And like a lot of people I began searching for a cigarette that could give me the taste I like with less tar.

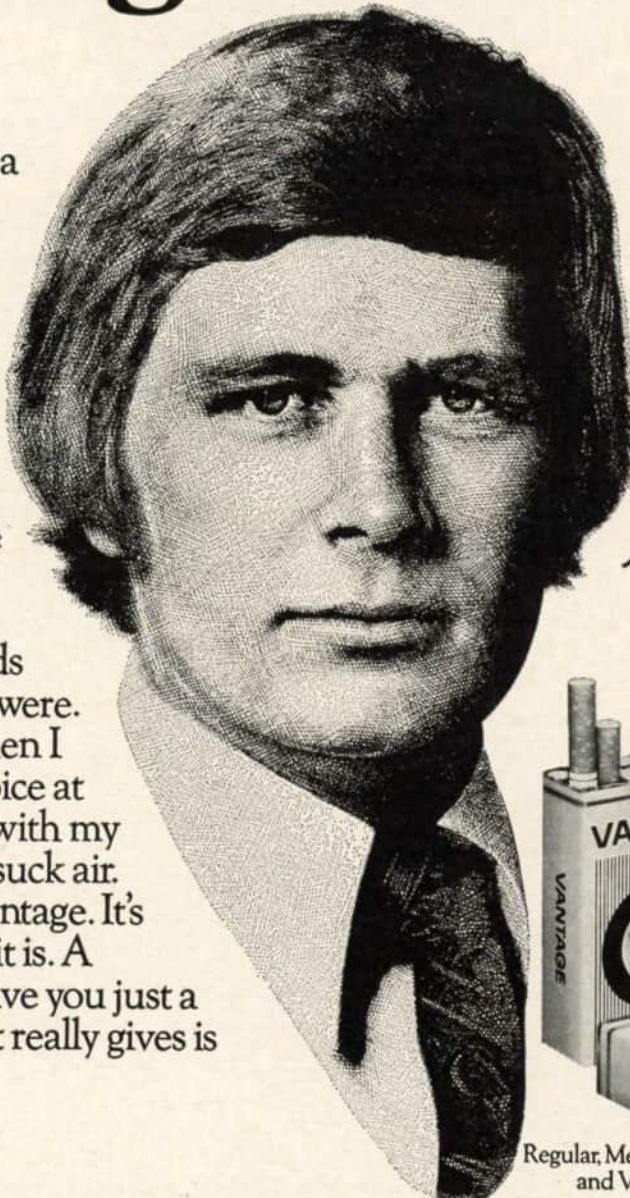
"I thought there would be a lot of brands to choose from. There were. Until I tasted them. Then I knew there was no choice at all. I either had to stay with my high-tar cigarettes. Or suck air.

"Then I found Vantage. It's everything the ads say it is. A cigarette that doesn't give you just a lot of promises. What it really gives is

a lot of taste. And with much less tar than what I'd smoked before.

"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G. S. Cooper
G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



Regular, Menthol,
and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

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

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Idi Amin Hitler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

1,000-man presidential bodyguard that also gathered intelligence), and the remainder of the Acholi and Langi soldiers were transferred from a civilian prison to the army prison at Mutukula near the Tanzanian border. The prisoners were told they were taken there for a court-martial. In fact, each day a group of them were tied together and taken out to be killed. Some were told to run with their hands tied behind their backs and were shot while running. Out of the more than 500 marked for death, only a handful escaped to tell the gruesome details of how those who did not die after being shot were beaten on the heads until they died.

In February, Radio Uganda—the government radio station—broadcast a statement from Amin, saying that a minor incident had happened at Mutukula in which fifteen remaining detainees had attempted to escape. He told how they fled to Tanzania, were arrested by the Tanzanian Security Forces, and were handed back to the Uganda army. Amin expressed his personal gratitude to the Tanzanians at the border for having apprehended the escapees.

People in Uganda were subjected to these lies every day, but gradually the truth filtered to some by word of mouth. The diplomatic community in Kampala, however, in 1971 and 1972 was prepared to excuse these outbursts of violence and killings as an aftermath of a coup.

In 1972 the killings in the military barracks died down. The Acholi and Langi members had been virtually eliminated. The civilian disappearances, however, continued sporadically. William Kalema, minister of commerce and industry under Obote, who had been outside Uganda during the coup, decided to return, believing that there would be no reprisals against those who had served in the Obote government. He was driving in his car when another car approached and forced him to stop. He was never seen again.

A district commissioner and a hotel manager were arrested after a dispute with army officers over the payment of a hotel bill for drinks. They both disappeared. Three employees of the Coffee Marketing Board disappeared. A prominent Asian lawyer was arrested by two men identified as members of the State Research Department. Another Coffee Marketing Board worker vanished. These and other disappearances, arrests, and killings were carried out by the military police, the Public Safety Unit (a special police force), and the State Research Bureau (an intelligence unit).

In June 1972, a month before we arrived, George Kamba, a former ambassador to India and West Germany who served in the Amin government as director of the East African Posts and Telecommunications Corporation, was arrested while attending

an official cocktail party at the International Hotel in Kampala. A witness told that Kamba, after leaving the hotel at about 10:00 P.M., came running back, screaming for help. Three men with dark glasses followed him in and dragged him off. Kamba pleaded for help, shouting that they were going to kill him. Many leading personalities, including ministers, witnessed the seizure, but none could help. The men were armed and were believed to be part of Amin's State Research Department.

The official reaction of the government to these murders followed a pattern. First, the government acknowledged the disappearance and ordered an investigation. The investigations usually revealed nothing, concluding that the people involved were missing and their whereabouts were unknown. In the case of Kamba's arrest, the official statement indicated that he was arrested by "unknown persons" and that extensive investigations had revealed nothing. Many people, unfortunately,

One witness to the
murder of Uganda's chief
justice said that
his ears, nose, lips, and
arms were severed
from his body.

believed these government explanations.

In Uganda there are roving bands of robbers called *kondos*. Many Ugandans and foreigners have been victims of their attacks. The Ugandan government under Milton Obote had tried to crack down on these criminals. In 1968 the punishment for robbery with violence was raised to that of a capital offense. With this severe punishment Ugandan officials hoped to frighten *kondos* into refraining from violence. Some claimed that the severity of the law encouraged hardened criminals to be even more violent since they would be more likely to kill any witnesses to a robbery.

The existence of bands of criminals in Uganda made the atmosphere ripe for the soldiers to carry on their arbitrary arrests and killings under the guise of *kondoism*. The government issued two decrees in March 1971 that gave the military wide powers in searching and arresting. The decrees were described as a method of stemming the rampant *kondoism*. In effect, they legalized the killer squads of Amin and also transformed some soldiers into *kondos*. Realizing that they had become the law, many soldiers found this an easy

way to amass a small fortune. The police were rendered ineffective. Therefore, the soldier would not be held accountable for his actions. He was, in essence, the instrument of the law. He possessed weapons and could easily demand from the citizenry what he wished. Cars, watches, jewelry, money, and even wives were soon considered fair booty for the marauding soldiers.

A favorite item to steal was automobiles. Going down a lonely road, especially at night, one risked meeting a group of *kondos*, who would force the driver to stop and give up the car. After several months, *kondoism* by Amin's squads became even more prevalent. Cars would be stopped in broad daylight, often by another car carrying three or four armed men. Most diplomats gave the advice to their fellow countrymen to give up the car without a struggle rather than risk one's life. The automobiles that were stolen were hardly ever retrieved. As the law and order of the country deteriorated, police did not dare lift a finger to find the suspects, for they never knew if the evidence that they would uncover would implicate the military. If their investigation did lead to the military, it was as good as committing suicide. The police officers involved would quickly be listed as having disappeared. Those making complaints to police regarding stolen automobiles often were advised to forget about retrieving the car and to claim the insurance.

There are indeed other societies in which the military have assumed police power. In some there has been sufficient military discipline to stem the temptation of the military to brutalize the citizenry for the sake of personal gain. In the case of Uganda, military discipline had already begun the process of deterioration as early as independence. Amin himself had avoided being court-martialed at least twice. Discipline to him meant mere loyalty to one's commander and little else.

Amin shrewdly veiled his killings by soldiers and masked the elimination of certain civilians and military officers under the guise of *kondoism*. The people were fooled, for it was easy to confuse civilian-dressed soldiers with bands of *kondos*.

Amin, however, was not able to continue this charade. The people finally realized that certain branches of the military had been charged with killing their own countrymen. In September and October of 1972, large-scale disappearances took place. The government continued to give the same insufficient answers, and by then the people comprehended the full horror of Amin's regime.

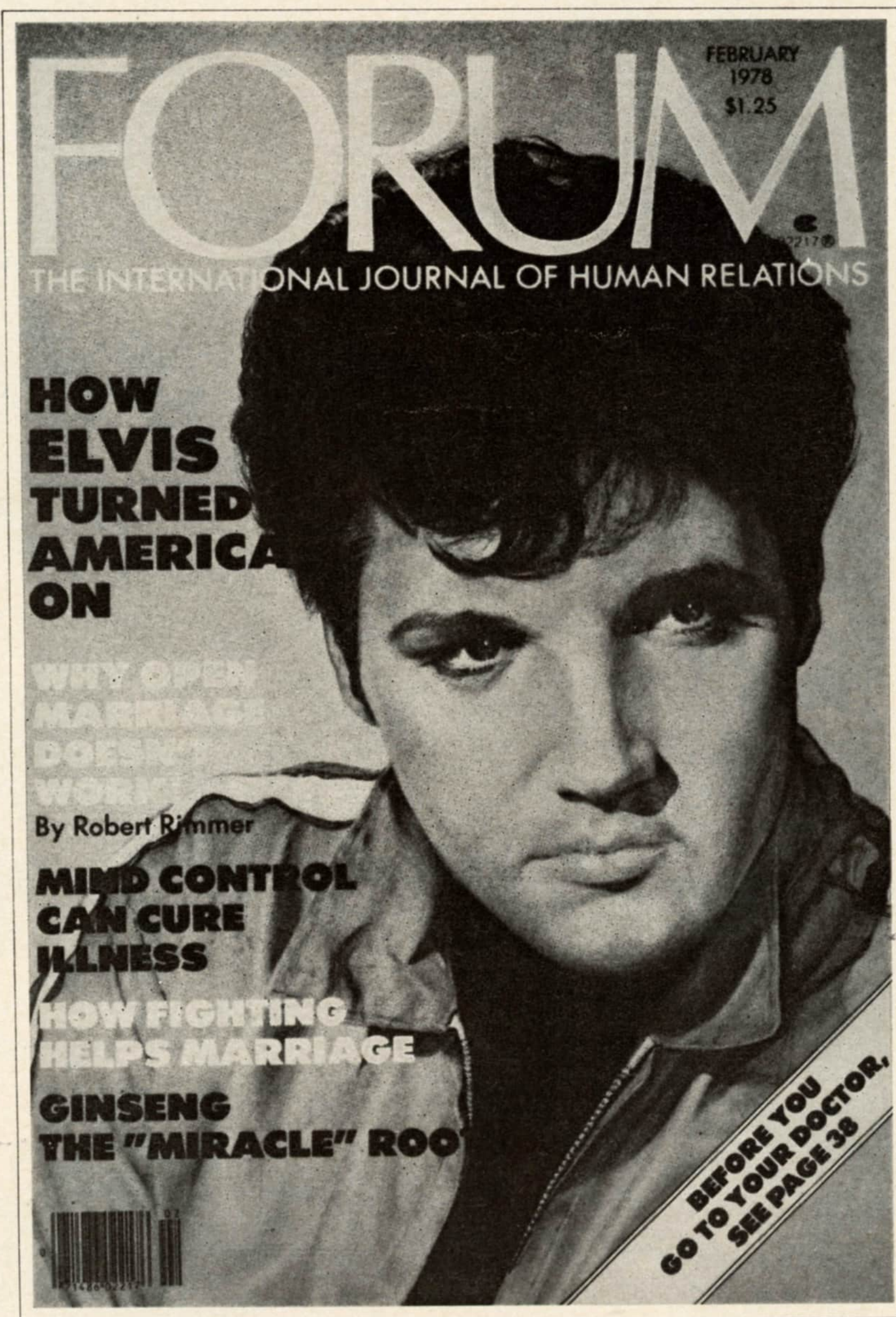
On September 17, 1971, about 1,000 supporters of Obote crossed the frontier in an effort to invade Uganda. They managed to enter Uganda easily; but as they moved north, they were quickly repelled by Ugandan forces. Amin was furious. He ordered his planes to drop bombs on the neighboring Tanzanian town of Bukoba, and he unleashed his wrath on countless numbers of



"It's good, but what does it say?"

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Ugandans whom he suspected to be potential enemies of his regime.

We have analyzed Amin's statements as well as testimonies of various Ugandan government officials who have defected. We have read the reports of the International Commission of Jurists and other groups that have submitted material to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights. Finally, we have listened to the stories of many Ugandans now in exile. We believe that the names of those who disappeared in the latter part of 1972 were already listed for elimination before September of the same year.

The pattern regarding the murders of prominent people is so similar that it could only be executed according to plan. Amin had made critical statements regarding a number of officials or former officials. He therefore had decided already to eliminate them. The invasion of the forces from Tanzania only provided an excuse for his ruthless attack on several segments of the Ugandan society.

Much of the attack at the end of 1972 was centered on intellectuals. Amin feared them, because they could easily see through his brutal actions. He knew that they mocked his unschooled manners and crude methods. Most of all, he felt threatened by them. His other threat came from government officials. They were next.

On August 21, 1972, the daily newspaper, the *Uganda Argus*, reported that Amin had attacked high officials in the Masaka district—a stronghold of the Buganda tribe. He particularly singled out one who held a very high position in government, and who was dividing the country on a religious basis and claimed that the government had already lost confidence in him as a result of his "dirty activities."

There was no doubt that he was referring to Benedicto Kiwanuka, who was then serving as chief justice of Uganda's high court. Kiwanuka, the country's first prime minister, had been a staunch Buganda Catholic. He had been imprisoned by Obote and released by Amin. After that he had made some very courageous decisions that went against the government, declaring that the military had no power to arrest. At a cocktail party Kiwanuka remarked, "I am expecting them to come and take me soon. There is nothing to do but wait."

As Ugandan troops were mopping up the remnants of the invasion force of Obote supporters from Tanzania in September 1972, armed soldiers burst into the high court chambers and took Kiwanuka, whom they handcuffed and slapped. He was taken away in a waiting car. Many people in the court and outside were witnesses to the arrest, but the government's official statement claimed that the men who had kidnapped the chief justice had posed as security men. They claimed no knowledge of the affair. In the meantime, Wanume Kibedi, a brother-in-law of Amin who was serving as foreign minister, heard of Kiwanuka's arrest from Amin himself. On

the very morning of the arrest, Kibedi claims, Amin said to him, "The boys have got Kiwanuka. They had to pick him up at the high court because he knew he was being followed, and he was very careful about his movements."

The International Commission of Jurists have published that Kiwanuka was later seen by a witness in Makindye Prison. It was reported that he was killed with a sledgehammer. Another report claims an even more gruesome death for the chief justice, which David Martin, a British journalist, quotes in his book *General Amin*: "I was given to understand that his ears, nose, lips, and arms were cut and severed from his body. I also understand that he was disemboweled and his private parts cut and pushed into his mouth and he was finally burnt." Another witness claims that he took two hours to die.

Another victim, first smeared as an Obote spy and then eliminated, was Frank Kalimuzo, vice-chancellor and virtual head of the University of Makerere. The university had been founded fifty years previously. With an excellent reputation, it had a distinguished faculty including many scholars from all over the world. Amin accused Kalimuzo of being a spy for the neighboring country of Rwanda, charging that he wished to replace the vice-chancellor with a "real Ugandan." In September 1972, he was arrested and then released. One day, while Kalimuzo was at-

tending a wedding, Radio Uganda announced that he had disappeared. Learning of this announcement, he refused to flee and was arrested the following day at his home.

On October 7 all diplomats were invited to be present at the University of Makerere's graduation ceremonies. Amin, in his role as chancellor, appeared in full academic robes. Kalimuzo was conspicuously absent, but not a word was said. The diplomatic corps took their seats reluctantly, for many felt that they were in the presence of a man responsible for the murder of the institution's respected leader.

The university has since been on the verge of collapse. Many of its professors who were foreign nationals left. Many of its Ugandan professors also fled. Students were harassed and killed. In fact, in 1976, the students of the university staged one of the only public protests against the Amin regime. They were courageous and perhaps rash, and they suffered as a result.

Perhaps one of the most horrifying episodes during the host of disappearances that occurred in the wake of the September invasion was the killing of Francis Walugembe, the former mayor of Masaka. On September 22 the former mayor was taken by Lieutenant Colonel Maliyamungu to the Tropic Inn in Masaka. They called for drinks, and then the army officer began to verbally abuse Walugembe. The former mayor was taken outside and stripped



naked. It was morning, and there were witnesses around the small hotel, which is located on a major highway. The victim's hands and ankles were tied together, and as he stood in front of Lieutenant Colonel Maliyamungu, a soldier slashed off his penis and held it in front of his face. Walugembe screamed in agony and was thrown into the back of a vehicle.

Masaka was a sleepy little market town on Lake Victoria. Situated in the heart of Buganda, it was the center for many of the large landowners whose farms produced an array of vegetables and other crops. Only eighty miles from Kampala, it was a pleasant day's trip, which took the traveler across the equator at about 4,000 to 5,000 feet. The town also had a large Asian population, which, by September, had already been thinned by the order of expulsion. The horrible scene that took place at the end of September 1972 gripped the Bugandan people in fear. The Buganda had suffered under Obote, and Amin, as army commander, had led an attack on their king's palace.

At the time of the coup, Amin had sought the Buganda as allies, releasing many of the political prisoners, including Kiwanuka, whom he named chief justice. Yet, a year and a half later, Amin turned on the Buganda, criticizing and threatening their leaders. The plans laid by the invading force from Tanzania had set two geographic goals—Masaka and Mbarara. Amin used the threat of this invading force to carry out his plans against the Buganda; Kiwanuka, Walugembe, our friend Joe Mubiru, and many others became victims of Amin's bloodthirsty rule.

Part of the troops of the invading force crossed over the Tanzanian border and headed toward the army camp at Mbarara, which they almost succeeded in penetrating. After the abortive attempt, Amin was furious with the people of the region of Mbarara, some of whom were said to have cheered the insurgents. Many of the Acholi district where Mbarara is located were arrested and killed. Basil Bataringaya was dismembered alive, and his head was displayed in the Mbarara barracks at the end of a pole for all to see the savagery of Amin's henchmen.

In Kampala the diplomatic corps heard with dismay about the numerous disappearances. Within Uganda the people were informed constantly that various persons were missing and that the government was unable to trace their whereabouts. However, the people whispered of the deaths and the cruel methods of killing. Large numbers fled Uganda in fear across the borders to Kenya and Tanzania.

About twenty countries maintained and housed diplomatic missions in Kampala. Diplomats from these missions were constantly barraged by exaggerated tales, and while in Kampala, one could not be sure of the accuracy of these accounts. These stories were not fully accepted until refugees from Uganda independently gave the same basic accounts.

In October 1972 a meeting was called at our residence for all Peace Corps volunteers to discuss the dangerous security situation in Uganda and the evacuation of Peace Corps members.

During the meeting Margaret was called down to the front door, located on the ground floor of our residence. Standing in the hallway was a Ugandan man, trembling with fear. He was dressed in pajamas, with unkempt hair and scratches on his arms and face. In between breaths and swallows, he managed to tell Margaret his name and where he had worked. He kept asking to see me and insisting that he was seeking asylum. The man was practically hysterical with fright. Margaret moved him upstairs to a private room, where she was able to piece his story together. He had worked in a Ugandan government office, where I had recently met him. The night before, soldiers had come to his home, looking for him. Luckily, he was able to slip out of his house and climb a tree. He stayed

“
After one of Amin's
massacres, the blood
on the floor
was a quarter of an inch thick
and flesh
littered the room.
”

in the tree all night, waiting for a safe moment to come down. He did not return to his house but continued to hide until he finally came to our residence. We did not know if he had been followed, and we had to assume that someone working at our residence was being paid to inform the Ugandan government of the comings and goings at our home. I slipped out of the meeting long enough to convince our Ugandan friend to leave our residence in the company of an embassy officer. Contact was made with some of his friends, and he managed to cross the border to Kenya.

The experience had brought us even closer to the anguish and terror of living in a country where one's life was held precariously in the hands of a cruel tyrant and his undisciplined soldiers.

The fear that gripped the nation—the terror, the bloodthirsty killings, and the obvious planned elimination—made us believe that Amin's regime was approaching a tyranny similar to that of Hitler. There are so many comparisons to be made between the Amin regime and Nazi rule—the cruel tortures, the killer squads, the anti-intellectualism, the reprisals, the aggressive


war posture, and, above all, racism. By October Amin's expulsion order against Asians was already well on the way to being carried out. Amin's attitude against the Israelis had developed into openly anti-Semitic statements and, furthermore, an embrace of Hitler and his actions.

Diplomats, including ourselves, were beginning to see the full implications of Amin's statements and actions. We were reluctant to believe the almost incredible—that someone would actually declare his admiration for Hitler. We would have liked to pass it over as a sadistic joke or excuse Amin by declaring his inability to comprehend what he had said. But we were gradually realizing that Amin was, in many ways, a man of his words. One could never believe his exaggerated and boasting remarks or his cover-up attempts. One could never believe his promises for safety or fairness. But one could always take his threats seriously.

The International Commission of Jurists published its report on Uganda in 1977. This distinguished nongovernmental lawyers' organization has, over a twenty-five-year period, established a reputation for objectivity and impartiality. In its report on Uganda, the commission conservatively estimates that the number of victims of Amin's brutal reign of terror has passed the 100,000 mark. We know that the number is much greater, because many people, and even entire families, will never be accounted for.

There are those who have escaped; but now they must live with scenes of horror for the rest of their lives. They tell of bodies floating in the Nile River, of bones scattered in the forests and hanging from trees. The once magnificent beauty of the country of Uganda has been defiled by the bloody and diabolic rule of Idi Amin. Many of the gruesome and brutal tortures and murders have been carried out under direct orders from Amin. Many other cruel killings have been done by officers and soldiers of the Public Safety Unit and the Bureau of State Research—units of the police and army that Amin specifically created for the sole purpose of carrying out the task of elimination. The tyranny continues, and with each death and torture, the regime slips further and further into the depths of hell.

The evil practiced by Amin and those associated with him in these endless crimes only breeds more and more evil. The cancer continues to grow to obscene proportions. The tale of the Amin regime reads like a fictitious horror story. If we had not been there and had not known both those who escaped and those who were victims of such horror, perhaps we, too, would have believed that the reports were exaggerated and unobjective.

If anything, the reports of those who saw and experienced the suffering reveal just a fraction of what has really occurred in Uganda: for the full evidence of the cruelty rests in the silent and decaying bodies lying in the remote forests and swamps of Uganda. 



Blachon

WOMEN IN LOVE

*“Use me with your soul and with your blood-beat,
as I use you with my mouth and my sighs of pleasure.”*

Baby, I love the way you look—so punk and tough, so wanton, like a curious bitch-child. Now lick me, touch me, make me hear electric guitars. Adore my body with abuse. Exploit me for your pleasure and mine. Take me away from everything that isn't you, me, us, this irreverent love we know together. Use me, not with the mundane trappings of romance, not with pretty artifacts or ersatz glitter, but with your soul and with your blood-beat, as I use you with my mouth and my sighs of pleasure. When your flesh—so like mine—melts against my skin, when the strobes of our psyches merge, when you proffer your taut breast, then my sex, my tenderest parts, cannot be more mated to yours. They are yours. We are each others'. Waste my passion extravagantly. It is here for your expenditure. The music will fade, the dawn will come, but nothing, nothing, diminishes this longing, this needful aching within me.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAJDA







“Look behind my eyes . . . see this taken terrain that is my body and know you are the conqueror.”

Seize me, rock me, hold me. Look behind my eyes, into the core of my being. See this taken terrain that is my body and know you are the conqueror. I am a mad woman of chemical components, a latter-day Ophelia, festooned with garters, not with garlands. I am a child of Rimbaud who cannot abandon the pain and ecstasy of womanhood. Mine alone is not enough. I must have your pain, your ecstasy, as well as mine. It is poetry to live, this yearning that I feel within your belly, that prenatal, sensate mass soon to be born to us, an unholy child that only we can know and nurture.









The dark, foggy caves where they play our songs, not melodies but rhythms, intense beatings, assaults that are caresses because we understand their meaning. Only we who ride on waves, climactic sea swells surging in our groins, orgasmic peaks of pleasure that no one knows who is not you or me or us. There is winter all around us, it is the time of cold seasons, the age is insistently sunless. It is for us to simulate the blazing orb of afternoon, to feel its flame burning in our breasts. No more moons aloof and pale, casting shadows over the darkened cityscape. It is that golden planet, our sun, that must burn into our thighs, be issued from our wombs, spring hot from our languishing flesh.

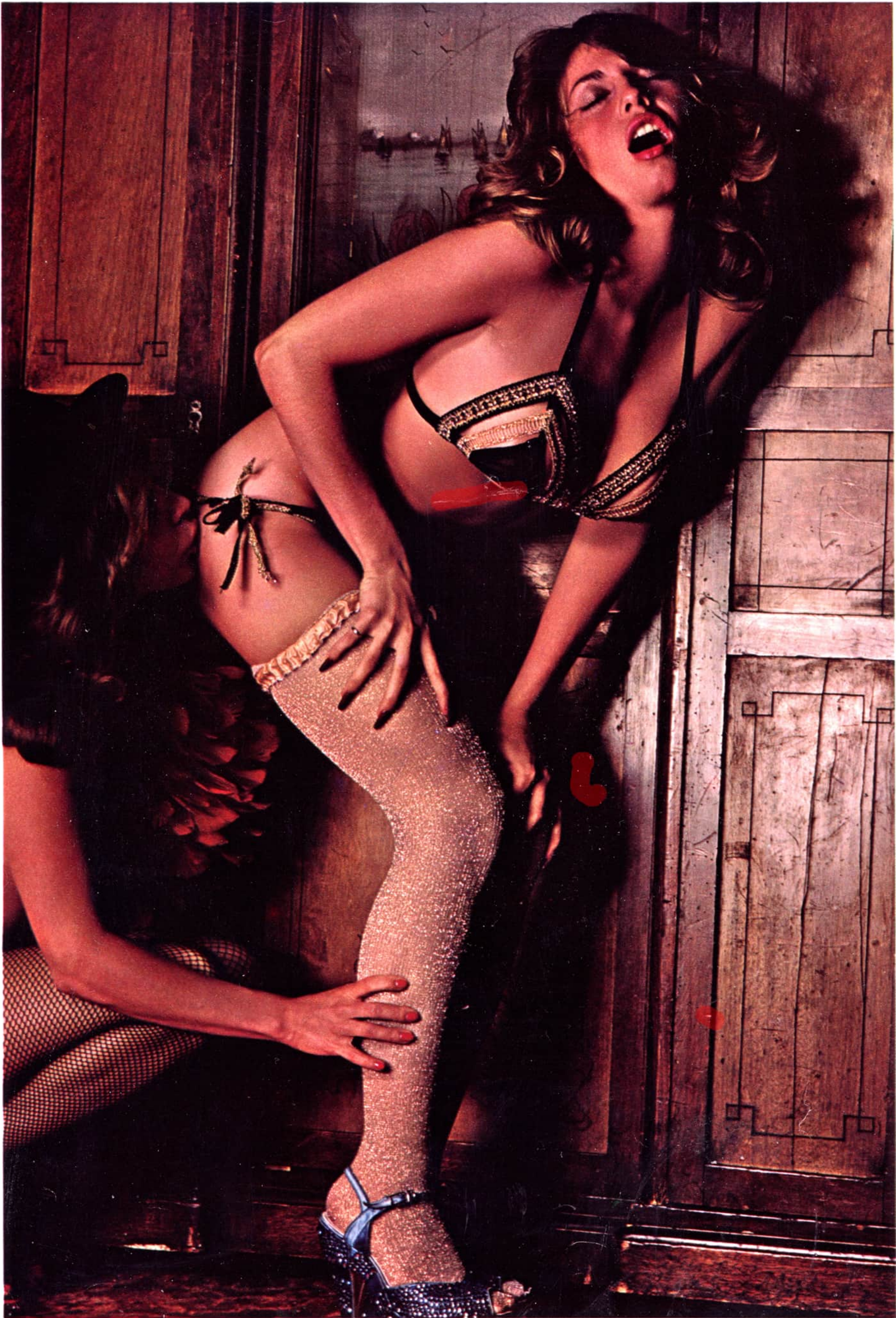
“We will
consume every
moment, as you
and I drink greedily of
each other's juices.”



It is our private season, this passion here inside this room. And we will consume its every summer moment, as you and I drink greedily of each other's juices, masticate the tender flesh of nipple, lip, and fingertip. Your place, hot and wet, comes close. I feel it against the part of me that is so like yours. I crave the culmination of these pressures. Press me harder! I will not cry "enough." I will not cry at all or make any sound that you do not taste first inside your mouth.



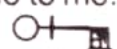






I feel you enter
me to take
possession of
all that is mine
within. Your soul,
the semen of
your passion,
belongs to me
now. It feeds
and fertilizes
every

impulse coursing
through my hips,
into my loins,
centering there
where my mind
cannot
intercede. I have
come to you,
and you have
come to me.



• American Jews want desperately to help Israel; so they
rely on the Israeli lobby to tell them how. The lobby takes its orders
from Israel and then lays down the party line to them. •

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

chicanery provided the grease for the skids on which Israel rode to its creation.

Israel proved that, under certain circumstances, crime pays! And with the precedent established in 1948, Israel has continued to rob the Arabs of their lands, with both the approval and the active support of the U.S. government.

ISRAEL'S LOBBY IN WASHINGTON

One well-known axiom in political circles is that the noisiest wheel gets the most grease. That old saw is especially true when it refers to Washington's attitude toward the Middle East. U.S. policy on the Mideast is virtually directed by Tel Aviv. So long as the public ignores U.S. government actions in the Middle East, Israel will continue to dictate our policies there. When a politician gets no message from his constituents on a particular issue, he is completely free to vote and act as he chooses. Thus the only real pressure on politicians concerning the Middle Eastern question comes from the Israeli lobby. Always capable of raising money for political campaigns, the lobby enlists the active aid of American Jews in every state of the Union. It takes its orders from Israel and then lays down the party line to the American Jewish community in a variety of ways—newsletters, community newspapers, and synagogue speeches. American Jews want desperately to help Israel; so they rely on the Israeli lobby to tell them how. Highly organized, smart, and constantly alert, the Israeli lobby uses political intimidation if everything else fails.

If a member of Congress should be so foolish as to withhold his support from an issue desired by the lobby, telegrams and phone calls immediately start pouring in from contributors, campaign workers, and others expressing their concern. Few politicians can hold out for long under such pressure. Liberals are made to feel guilty about not supporting the needs of a "small nation surrounded by hostile Arabs." The worst kind of intellectual terrorism is reserved for those politicians who dare to question Israel on its policies. Israel has so wrapped itself in its state religion, Judaism, that any criticism of its politics is immediately branded as criticism of its religion. Thus the critic is accused of anti-Semitism, a charge that has served to silence even the mildest questioning of Israel's policies. In fact, it has become much easier for American politicians to criticize their own government than to criticize Israel or its policies.

The Israeli lobby has neither qualms nor scruples when the objective is to silence an

effective critic. It has used direct threats of political reprisal on recalcitrants. It has contacted Jewish contributors, warning them that the politician in question does not deserve the support of American Jews. It generates hate mail to target politicians, and even bomb threats have been used to prevent speeches critical of Israel from being given.

Politicians ordinarily courageous on such issues as the Vietnam War, busing, abortion, or what have you are reduced to meek puppets in the face of a threat from the Israeli lobby. Many of the seventy-six senators who signed the lobby's letter to President Ford in 1975 privately complain about the tactics to obtain their signatures on the letter. Such private grumbling has changed nothing publicly, however, since those same senators have renewed their public support for Israel.

THE UNDERDOG IMAGE AND THE AMERICAN PRESS

The notion advanced by some that American Jews own the press is a racist canard and should be rejected as an argument. But it is clear that for various reasons, a great many members of the press are sympathetic to Israel, providing the ease with which propagandists for Israel are able to maintain their point of view, exclusive of all others.

It has been fashionable from the beginning to write stories favorable to Israel and unfavorable to the Arabs. Israel was depicted at the outset as an underdog, and Americans will by nature side with that particular role. With exceptions, journalists will write only what is fashionable, fearing that different concepts boldly stated will subject them to ridicule. Author Timothy Crouse has described this phenomenon as "pack journalism," and former Sen. Eugene McCarthy has likened most American journalists to a flock of blackbirds sitting on a fence. When one flies away, the rest will follow. Although times are changing, stories about a "good" Israel are still in vogue, and those who write anything to the contrary are suspect.

Thus the optic through which Americans view the Middle Eastern struggle is almost exclusively Israeli. That overly one-sided point of view would not be possible without the generous help of the American media—newspapers, television, radio, and the movie industry. Some of the most glaring examples will demonstrate the distortions that exist and the subsequent ease with which the history of the struggle has been revised to make Israeli aggression appear to be self-defense.

If we are to realize how consistently the

drums of Israeli propaganda have beat into our consciousness, the comparison must be made between our image of the Middle Eastern conflict and its reality. The propaganda foundation upon which Israel's house of cards has been built is that the United Nations created Israel. When that lie is repeated again and again and eventually accepted as truth, apologists for Israel can successfully appear righteous, especially with the generous cooperation given to Israeli propagandists by the American press.

The fact is that the U.N. vote in 1947 was nonbinding. The fact is that Israel created itself while sighting down the barrel of the gun. But the myth of U.N. creation has been repeated so often that even high-school textbooks have picked it up and repeated it. This "big lie" technique has been used very effectively to stand the truth on its head, making the Arabs look like aggressors and Israel beleaguered defender.

THE AMERICAN PRESS HAS FAILED THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Americans, I am convinced, are the most fair-minded people in the world. Given both sides of any story, they will almost always make a fair and just decision. But the American people have heard only one side of the Middle Eastern story. The result has been to make it easier for American politicians to support Israel's objective of expanding deeper and deeper into Arab territory. The critical importance of American political military and financial support is not lost on Israeli propagandists.

Incredibly, once it was made to appear that the 1948 war was only the fruit of Arab aggression, continued land grabbing became no problem. Consider the familiar Israeli argument that the Golan Heights is "vital" to Israel's security. Following the truce in 1948, the Huleh Valley, just below the Golan Heights, became neutral territory, awarded to neither side in either the fighting or the truce agreement that followed. It was populated with Arab farmers. Unable to defend themselves, they became immediate targets of Israel's expansionism. Israeli military forces removed the Arab farmers from the land and replaced them with Israeli farmers. Syria reacted to the provocation by periodically shelling the valley from the Golan Heights. Few Americans heard about the land grab; however, all of us have been led to believe that because of the so-called barbarity of the Syrians, the Israelis were justified in conquering and holding the Golan Heights.

It is understandable that Americans would not object too strenuously to the furnishing of arms to Israel, since the Ameri-

● The Israeli lobby uses threats of political reprisal.
It generates hate mail to target politicians, and even bomb threats are
used to prevent speeches critical of Israel from being given. ●

can press has led us to believe that such arms are only for self-defense. But if you happened to live anywhere near Israel and happened to have something Israel wants, such as land or water, your feelings about arms for Israel might change.

Following rejection of a U.S. plan for delivering water from Lebanon to Israel, in 1965 the Lebanese began construction of a dam to irrigate farms in arid southern Lebanon. Israel's air force summarily bombed the construction units, preventing the building of the irrigation project. No mention was ever made in the American press of this clear act of aggression.

Although Americans were treated to week-long newspaper headlines and lead stories, on the network news, of each Palestinian terrorist raid into Israel, the national shame of the news media was its total blackout of coverage of Israel's five-year-long campaign of terror bombing in the south of Lebanon. The networks occasionally treated us to the reading of verbatim Israeli military press releases issued following a raid, but real news coverage was nonexistent. From 1970 to 1975, U.S. jets with Israeli Air Force markings dropped napalm, phosphorous, and antipersonnel fragmentation bombs, the most destructive explosives, on civilian villages and Palestinian refugee camps throughout southern Lebanon. Hundreds of innocent men, women, and children were killed, and each time the American press reported the raids as "a search for terrorists." Some 400,000 Lebanese civilians moved into camps surrounding Beirut to escape the bombing. In fact, this campaign terror served as the major catalyst for the Lebanese civil war, which took 55,000 lives.

News coverage of acts by Palestinians has been delivered into American homes with deadly efficiency. Without exception, we all have been sickened at the sight of Israeli deaths. But where was the coverage of the destruction rained on Lebanese peasant villages and on refugee camps overflowing with innocent women and children? The clear implication carries the most vicious racist overtones—that the life of an Israeli child is far more valuable than the life of an Arab child.

In 1975 author Noam Chomsky nominated the people of southern Lebanon as "non-people" of the year, a grim accolade arising from the total lack of press and government interest in their slaughter. Sadly, many of the same Americans who marched in the streets and who went to jail to protest identical American bombing in Vietnam cheered each time they learned of Israel's destructive raids. But the bombing of southern Lebanon was not all. During that same period of time, Israel's commandos

destroyed all the civilian aircraft they could find on the runway at Beirut airport; sent an assassination team into Beirut and murdered four Palestinian intellectuals; shot down "by mistake" a Libyan civilian airliner, killing all 104 persons aboard; and, again "by mistake," assassinated a diplomat in Stockholm. All of this committed in the name of democracy and self-defense? If you read only the American press, of course, you would believe it.

And if you have oil within reach of Israel, your luck will most likely run out. The press cooperated by remaining silent when Israeli gun boats prevented Egypt, in 1976, from drilling for offshore oil in Egypt's own territory in the Red Sea. Even the U.S. State Department's mild protest of such an open violation of international law was barely reported in our press.

One of the most outrageous recent examples of press malfeasance was the *Washington Post's* story of CIA payments secretly made to King Hussein of Jordan. The story caught on nationally and led the news for nearly a week. But the fact is that while Jordan was receiving less than \$10 million over a twenty-year period, *Israel was given some \$80 million by the CIA*. Of all the press coverage reporting Jordan's payments, only the *Wall Street Journal* carried a small item reporting the payments to Israel. The *Washington Post* admitted that it knew of the payments to Israel, but the excuse for not reporting the story was that they "seemed to be under different circumstances."

The *Washington Post* had a different reason for totally blacking out the massive *London Sunday Times* investigation and report of Israel's torture of West Bank Arabs. On inquiry, the *Post's* foreign editor said that the story had been done by another newspaper, and it was not the practice of the *Post* to use stories from other papers.

A majority of the U.S. press has not only blacked out the reports of torture but also virtually ignored Israel's beatings, imprisonment without charges, forced relocations, and deportation of Arabs in the occupied territories.

The U.S. government might bring itself to protest the establishment of Israeli settlements on the West Bank, but the protests ring hollow when we, at the same time, deliver yet another shipment of sophisticated weapons to Israel.

CAN OUR MIDDLE EASTERN POLICY CHANGE?

Only the United States has enough leverage on Israel to bring a halt to its territorial expansion, a prerequisite to bringing

peace to the area. The Arabs are now willing to concede to Israel all the territory taken from them prior to 1967, but national pride and the question of a homeland for the displaced Palestinians require that the territories taken by Israel in 1967 be returned. There is something to be said as well for adherence to the U.N. principle against the taking of territory by force.

Americans should examine more closely just what it is we are supporting when we send billions of tax dollars to Israel. By doing so, we give our stamp of approval to a nation that arrogantly acquires land from other nations by force, steals water resources and oil resources, has consigned hundreds of thousands of refugees to a subhuman existence in squalid camps throughout the Middle East, kills by bombing or assassination anyone whom it thinks stands in its way, and sells armaments to such nations as South Africa, Bolivia, and Iran. Is this the standard of human rights the people of the United States should adhere to? Obviously not.

The Middle Eastern conflict began with the Palestinian refugees and must end with them. In view of his own history as a terrorist, Israel's Prime Minister Begin must find it difficult to hold a straight face when he refuses to deal with the Palestinian Liberation Organization (PLO) on the grounds that its members are "terrorists." But, again, Mr. Begin's self-righteous lectures have been faithfully repeated in the American press, with hardly a questioning tone.

With virtually the entire U.S. press corps acting as Israel's propaganda machine in America, U.S. government policy is not likely to change much in the future. With its continued U.S. military, financial, and political support, no matter how much America's interests are endangered, Israel will continue its grab for territory.

If and when the day comes that our oil supplies are shut off or we find ourselves in nuclear confrontation with Russia or we are forced to send American troops to the Middle East, it will be difficult for the public to find who was responsible for a generation of foreign-policy mistakes. The press will, of course, disclaim responsibility for itself. The politicians will, as always, point their fingers elsewhere. But this is one crisis Americans can avoid before it happens. The American public can easily influence the direction of our foreign policy in the Middle East. It can do so by demanding that Washington use the leverage it has to bring about a settlement of the Middle Eastern conflict. The decision must be based on what is in the interest of the United States, not on what is good for Israel. But nothing will change unless the public demands it. ○✎

THE LATEST SKIN GAME

Spring leathers and suedes are loose and easy.

Active sportswear is the theme in lightweight leather-and-suede fashions for spring. The world's top designers are showing suedes this year in cool, speedy styles, inspired by sailing jackets, big military-look overshirts, joggers' pullover sweat shirts, golf jackets, and Marlboro cowboy gear. All the suedes are sensual skins in full silhouettes that softly caress the body with a feeling of complete comfort and total ease of movement. This exhilarating sense of freedom wasn't possible with the second-skin, body-tight leather fashions that have corseted men in the past.

Lightweight natural antelope and goat, often referred to as "silk" suedes, are the skins that allow a new comfort in leather and a rumpled, chic look. At the forefront of the move to soft chic is the hip-length blouson and drawstring waist pullover with larger armholes, and occasionally even drop shoulders. The uninhibited drape and fold of these suedes lends an elegance to this casual style. Sportswear detailing, such as shirt cuffs (to roll up), zippered sides (for easy entry), and big-buttoned pouch pockets, add to this casual look.

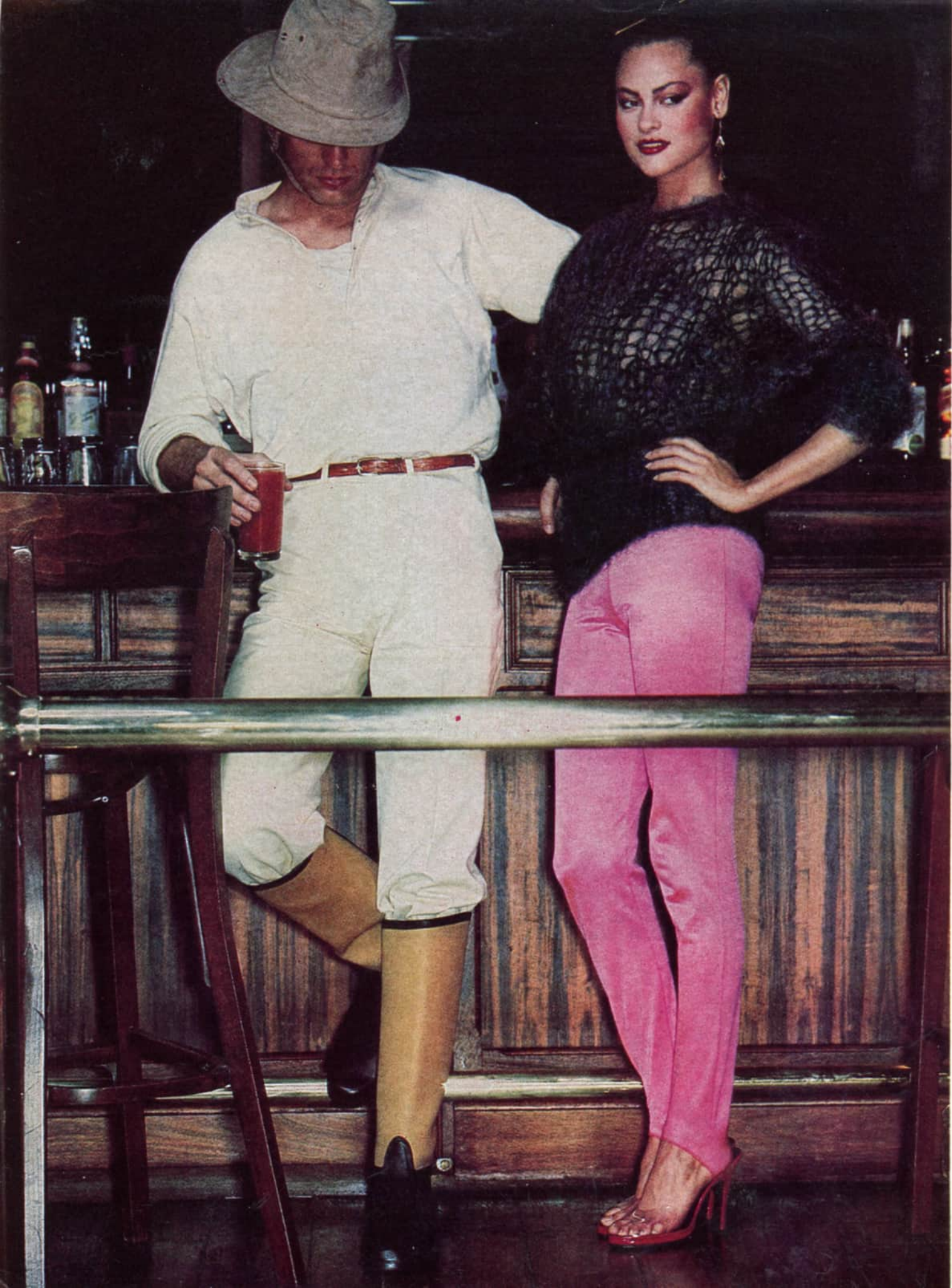
When you wear leather clothes this spring, accessorize them with lightweight military khaki and chino trousers, slick sailing pants, hunting boots, and fishermen's overalls—all in the fashionable fuller sizes. On top, under the leather shirts and jackets, can go sporty, colorful T-shirts or slightly rumpled, light-cotton V-neck pullover sweaters.

So heighten your sense of style this spring with an exotic suede outfit. Then go disco-dancing and lose your head, as our fashionable group has, to this year's "disco-diva," the fabulous Grace Jones (shown opposite), who will rip you up with wild rhythms from her new smash Island Record's album "Portfolio." You can lose your head, but your sense of style will remain intact. *For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see page 156*

(left to right) The Argentine nappa-leather jacket with zip-front pouch pockets, when folded, becomes a small carry-all shoulder bag (\$150) and is available through Penthouse Products, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Cotton-polyester, zip-pocketed khaki pants by David Leong for George G. Graham. Military boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The pullover calf-suede boatneck sweat shirt, with white knit-collar trim, cuffs, and waistband (\$240), is by Pierre Balmain. The lightweight yellow-rubber sailing pants (\$23.50) are by Macbean; the blue-rubber foul-weather boots (\$25) by Dunlop are all for George G. Graham. The pullover blouson, antelope-suede sweater shirt, with zippered sides and hand-crocheted knit trim (\$275), is by Al B. Arden. The cotton olive-drab pants, with cargo pockets (\$60), are by Helfer for Barney Sampson Co.



The zip-front shirt jacket of antelope suede and beige-linen panels down the sleeves (\$300) is by Brecos for Barney Sampson. White-cotton drawstring pants by Wrapid Transit from Wrangler. The banded-collar, zip-front, eggshell-colored, lamb-grain leather jacket (\$230) is by Gil Truedsson for Ericson of Sweden, worn with yellow-gabardine pants (\$50) also by Gil Truedsson for PMI. Yellow-mesh drawstring T-shirt by Wrapid Transit; lace-up boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The zip-front, corduroy-trim-planket-front pullover big shirt in antelope suede has easy-entry, zippered sides (\$275) and is by Al B. Arden. Worn underneath are high canner's rubber overalls by Terramar for George G. Graham; thigh-high black fisherman's boots from the Unique Clothing Warehouse Co., New York. Grace Jones's ensemble from Ian's, New York.



(left) The banded-collar, chamois-suede pullover big shirt with planket front (approx. \$290) and yellow-cotton pants (approx. \$65) are by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions. Beaded Indian belt at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. The riding boots (\$28) are by Frederick David for George G. Graham; natural-suede Australian "bush hat" (\$28.50) by Jean Casanave, also for George G. Graham. Her open-weave sweater, pants, and shoes at Ian's, New York; jeweled knitting-needle hairpin and earrings by Richard Erker at Le Gaspi. All hair styles and makeup by Harie von Wijnberg.



(left to right) Deep V-neck, goatskin-suede drawstring pullover blouson (\$185) by Begeg-Or. White-cotton banded-collar mesh shirt by John Karl for Charsel; white corduroy pants (\$60) by Helfer for Barney Sampson; lace-up hunting boots (\$28.50) at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. Baseball cap by Marsha Akins for Makins. The short-sleeved, brown-glove-leather "jungle shirt" (\$175) is by J. Walden. The white-cotton lisle pullover sweater is by Carara. Khaki pants (\$60) by Helfer for Barney Sampson; boots at Weiss & Mahoney. The calfskin "nude" leather vest (\$185) and chaps (\$180) are both by Begeg-Or. The cotton-plaid banded collar shirt by John Karl for Charsel; mirrored glasses at Unique Clothing Warehouse Co. Her clothes by Larry Le Gaspi of New York; boots at Ian's; necklace by Baba.



COMPACT CLASSIC

Datsun's 510 Hatchback:
three doors
and five speeds.

By Joe Kelleher

The good news from Datsun this year is the return of the 510 to its line of cars and trucks. By the time the original 510 was phased out (amid howls of protest) in 1973, more than 360,000 had been sold. Many of those 510s are still on the road. One driver, Mark Yeager of Texas, has logged over 200,000 miles on his '73 Datsun 510, and it's still going strong.

About the only thing the 1973 and the 1978 models have in common is the 510 designation and Datsun's reputation for building durable machinery. Our test car, a bright red, two-door, five-speed hatchback, performed superbly over more than 1,000 miles of hard use. Around town and in heavy traffic, the 510 has the nimble handling and brisk pickup needed to take advantage of any passing opportunity. On expressways an overdrive fifth gear lets the engine loaf along when the speedometer is registering 65 mph.

The suspension is so well balanced that the ride is smooth and comfortable on almost all road surfaces, even with four adults and their luggage in the car. Up front, a pair of MacPherson struts, with coil springs and tubular shock absorbers, combines long-bounce travel with excellent adhesion and positive steering reactions; the solid rear axle, too, is suspended on coil springs and tubular shocks. A unique four-bar linkage that connects the rear axle to the chassis allows the axle to move up and down freely but prevents transverse (or fore-and-aft) motion. By keeping the rear axle and wheels aligned, the system eliminates those twitchy, rear-end moves usually produced when potholes and railroad crossings are taken at speed. A set of 165 SR 13 steel-belted radials (filled to 26 psi) provides excellent adhesion, especially in wet weather; even when the tires are inflated to 30 psi for high-speed cornering, the suspension damps out the harshness usually associated with radials.

Power for the 510 hatchback is provided by a 119 cubic-inch (2,000 cc), overhead-cam, four-cylinder, in-line engine. With a two-barrel carburetor, the engine turns out 97 hp at 5,600 rpm and 102 ft-lbs of torque at 3,200 rpm. In these days of emission controls and EPA mileage tests, 97 hp from 119 cubic inches is impressive. Even more impressive is the flexibility and smoothness of the power plant. There is so little vibration at idle that it's easy to forget the engine is running. At

just about any speed, a jab on the gas pedal delivers quick, smooth results. With the 510 barely rolling in second gear, flooring the accelerator will get you right up to 50 mph in one steady burst of power. In third gear, 70 mph is reached with no complaints from the engine. And with fourth and fifth gears still to go, you can easily wind up with a batch of green stamps courtesy of Smokey the Bear, if you're not careful.

To complete the handling package, Datsun installed recirculating ball-and-gear steering, added power-assisted brakes (front discs and rear drums), and connected everything to a rigid, unitized chassis-body. The result is a durable


family car with excellent handling, smooth riding, feisty pickup, and superb braking ability.

A totally new body was designed for the hatchback that incorporates subtle dimensional changes to distinguish it from the other 510 models. At 53 inches high, the hatchback is 1.6 inches lower than the sedans and 2.2 inches lower than the wagon. Overall length is 170 inches, wheelbase 94.5 inches, and width 63 inches. Compared with the phased-out 710, the 510 is smaller on the outside and bigger on the inside—a neat trick. The

only dimension that increased was the width—up only .8 inch, but providing 2.7 inches more usable interior width.

The sporty styling of the 510 is epitomized by the hatchback's sweeping roof line. The hatchback's large glass area (20 percent greater than in 710 models) offers excellent visibility in all directions. The fully carpeted area under the hatch can be extended by folding the rear seats down to form a huge deck for oversized items. The king-sized hatch pops open at the touch of a finger, with most of the weight taken by spring-loaded gas cylinders. A spare tire, jack, and tool kit fit neatly beneath the trunk floor.

New low-back bucket seats and diagonal inertia-reel belts furnish the required lateral support during high-speed maneuvers and excellent back support during extended trips.

If you're an old Datsun buff who has been waiting for the return of the 510, you won't be disappointed. If you've never owned a Datsun, a trip to your local dealer and about \$4,600 may help you to switch your brand. In either case, if you can wangle a test drive, you'll find it difficult indeed to return the car to the showroom. 



"THE GRENADIER I WAITED 5 YEARS TO SMOKE"

Cigars are for victories. At least that's how it seems to me. Because I've never felt like smoking a cigar after losing a game. And no matter how far ahead we were at half time, I could never light one up before the game was over. That would be too cocky even for me.

Since I've been playing pro ball, I've smoked a lot of Grenadiers after a lot of games. But the Grenadier I enjoyed the most was the one I lit up after we won Super Bowl XI.

For four straight seasons from 1972-1975, we kept on just missing winning the big one. Take '72. That playoff game sticks in my mind like a favorite old girl friend.

There we were ahead 7-6, with only a minute, 26 seconds left in the game, when their quarterback threw a pass that bounced from the intended receiver's fingertips to a defensive back's, and into the hands of their big fullback, who ran for a touchdown. We were behind 13-7, when we ran out of time.

In '73, '74 and '75, we always seemed to run out of time before we could score enough points to win.

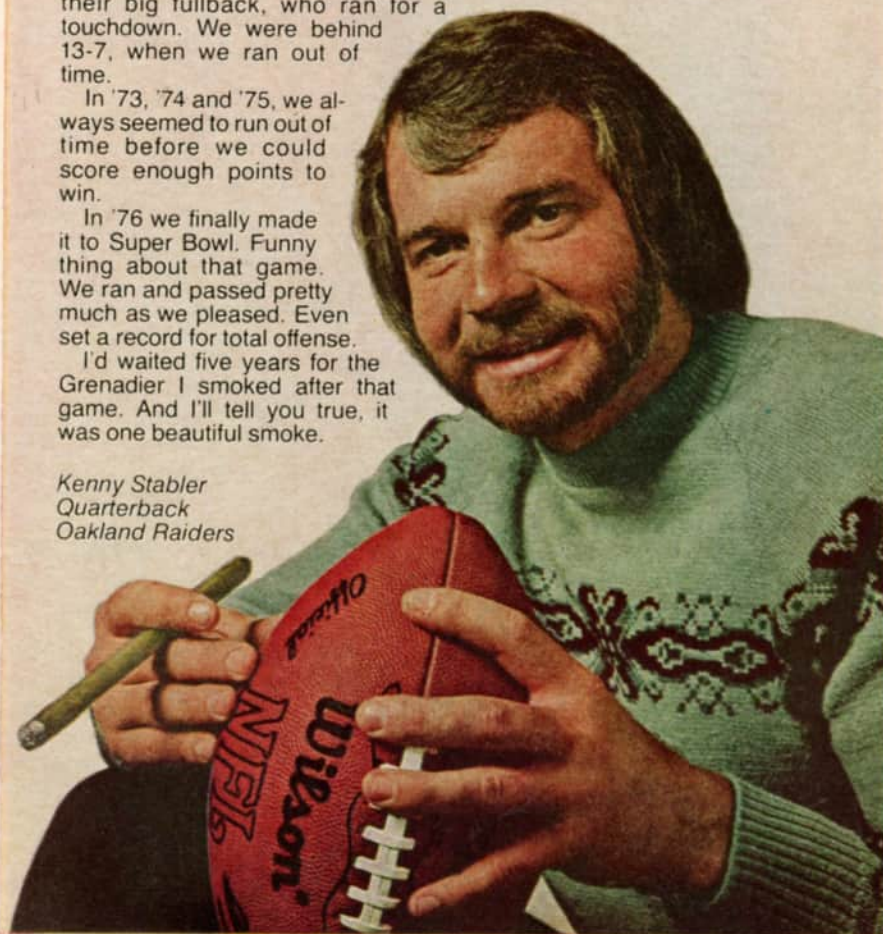
In '76 we finally made it to Super Bowl. Funny thing about that game. We ran and passed pretty much as we pleased. Even set a record for total offense.

I'd waited five years for the Grenadier I smoked after that game. And I'll tell you true, it was one beautiful smoke.

Kenny Stabler
Quarterback
Oakland Raiders



**A&C...
ONE BEAUTIFUL
SMOKING
EXPERIENCE.**



SPIELBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

earth to research our cosmic neighbors, but they're here researching us. I never give much motivation for their actions in the film, because I think it's presumptuous of me to pretend that I know what they would be thinking or why they would be here. I have no profound answers to the riddles of the universe.

Penthouse: How did you come up with the title for your film?

Spielberg: I didn't. The phrase was coined by Dr. Hynek, currently director of the Center for UFO Studies. He wrote a book entitled *The UFO Experience: A Scientific Inquiry* and was my technical adviser on the film. He also served for more than twenty years as astronomical consultant to the air force on projects involving UFOs until the projects were discontinued.

Penthouse: How did he define encounters of the first, second, and third kind?

Spielberg: Encounters of the first kind are when you see something mysterious in the sky: you are provoked into asking lots of questions. Close encounters of the second kind are sightings of UFOs that come close enough to leave physical evidence—something like burn rings on the ground. Close encounters of the third kind occur when a spacecraft is sighted and the observer has an encounter with the occupants.

Penthouse: Do you think anyone has real proof of UFO activity?

Spielberg: I think the CIA knows for a fact whether we have or have not been visited by other worldly intelligences. I also think similar intelligence-gathering organizations could have been involved in clandestine operations for several decades, attempting to discover the truth, if any, behind UFOs.

Penthouse: If that is true, why hasn't this information been made public?

Spielberg: I can only speculate. The government and the CIA have been concerned about the UFO phenomenon since the end of World War II. There was a committee formed, called the Robertson Panel, and they submitted the following conclusion—I'm reading from the document:

"The continued emphasis on the reporting of these (UFO) phenomena does, in these perilous times, result in a threat to the orderly functioning of the protective organs of the body politic. We cite as examples the clogging of channels of communication by irrelevant reports, the danger of being led by continued false alarms to ignore real indications of hostile action, and the cultivation of a morbid national psychology in which skillful hostile propaganda could induce hysterical behavior and harmful distrust of duly constituted authority."

The Robertson Panel recommended "that the national security agencies take immediate steps to strip the Unidentified Flying Objects of the special status they have been given and the aura of mystery

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

COUPLES



FOREIGN AFFAIR

He wanted in, and she let him.
If he married her, he
could push right through—customs.





• Thomas mounted me from behind while Flo sucked him. Flo and I weren't interested in each other; we were competing to see who could give him the most pleasure. •

THOMAS'S STORY: I don't understand this sudden concern that Americans have about their roots. In Jamaica, where I'm from, we know all about roots: they're tough, and they're bitter. When I was growing up, I always envied Americans. You have nothing to keep you tied down. You do as you please. Of course, the only Americans I ever saw were the ones who drove around Kingston in their big cars and the larger-than-life versions in the American movies I'd have to sneak out to see, because my father hated everything that was American.

My father was a Eurasian, you see. He was the product of a romance between an English sailor and the daughter of a local Chinese merchant. He never forgave the insulting racial attitudes of so many of the Yanks he'd met. My mother was a Spanish woman who married my father when he came to be chief agronomist of the sugar plantation where I grew up. Later we moved to Kingston after the plantation burned down.

I have roots on three continents, but I hardly fit in anywhere. I'm not complaining, though. I inherited my English grandfather's looks, blue eyes and all. I can talk as black as anyone in Trenchtown; yet my skin says I am white. It makes me feel like a chameleon, never really myself. Maybe because it was forbidden to me for so long, I started to feel that only in America would I be free to be myself.

But I knew that any chance I might have of getting into the States was remote. Whether immigrants are white or black, America has little need for them if they're unskilled. I dropped out of school to help support the family after my father had his accident. I worked for a few years in the kitchens of tourist hotels in Kingston. Then one day I realized that if I got a job as a waiter in one of the beachfront hotels, I'd be able to meet my ticket to the United States.

The problem wasn't in getting to America, you understand. I had enough money saved for the plane fare. It was more a question of how I could obtain a permanent visa so that I wouldn't have to leave again after the ninety-day visitor's permit expired. The answer was simple: by marrying an Amer-

Photographs by Earl Miller

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

ican girl, I'd be allowed to stay in the United States as a permanent resident. I heard of a woman in America who took \$1,500 in exchange for marrying a Jamaican. Eight months later they filed for divorce. By then, of course, he was living in the States with his green card. Still, I couldn't see spending all that money. I figured that as a waiter I'd get a chance to find the American woman who'd marry me.

Now, my task turned out to be far more difficult than I'd expected. For one thing, political incidents on the island were scaring away many of the tourists from the United States. Then again, it was one thing to sleep with a Yankee girl I'd meet and quite another to get any kind of commitment out of her. Each situation was so different—this one a schoolteacher, that one a doctor's wife, another one just separated, others just young innocents, some more mature and passionate. But they all had one thing in common: when they inhaled the warm Jamaican air, they became as randy as female goats in springtime. Each of them would jump on the first available male and hump and bump and suck him for a couple of days and then never talk to him again.

Now, I must admit that I was also quite inexperienced with women when I started pursuing my American bride. I was nineteen and still a virgin. Shyness was my biggest handicap, but with American tourists I learned how easy it was to have a woman. After my first night as a waiter I lost my virginity with the help of a forty-year-old blonde whose main hobby was cheating on her husband. It was the most pleasurable way to become a man I could ever imagine: to be initiated by an experienced woman who was enamored of my body and did everything in her power to please me.

My first night of waiting on tables was sheer hell. I remember running, exhausted, into the kitchen and back, to and fro, for hours on end. Then I noticed those beautiful, green eyes staring at me from a table in the corner. I was quite correct in my demeanor while taking the order for the party of two seated there; yet it was impossible not to detect the cuckold's horns growing out of the husband's head. Mrs. Simmons's eyes were dilated with lust when they discovered the bulge growing in my pants. I perceived that her husband had already been drinking and that, with the several *piña coladas* I brought to the table, he was soon totally oblivious of his wife's desires.

Every time I approached the table, Mrs. Simmons gave me a lingering look. Her meaning was unmistakable. I felt a quivering in my groin at the thought of finally achieving manhood. Sure enough, in the middle of the flaming lobster bisque, her husband passed out at the table, barely singeing his hair. Mrs. Simmons got him on his feet and eased him out the door. She apologized for not being able to get the wallet out of his pocket but promised to have a tip for me if I would come up to the honeymoon suite after getting off work.

When I arrived upstairs an hour later, she was waiting for me in a sheer pink nightgown, through which her taut brown nipples and small breasts could be seen. I stiffened at the sight of her half-naked figure. She beckoned me in and whis-

pered that on her second honeymoon she was even more miserable than on her first. From the other room came the loud snores of Mr. Simmons. Before I knew what was happening, I found Mrs. Simmons in my arms. Our mouths locked together in the kind of passionate kiss I had only dreamed of. Our tongues stroked each other while her hand reached for the hard-on throbbing in my pants.

Undoing the buttons of my fly, she pulled at my cock and stooped down to kiss and lick it as if she were a starved cat finding cream. Naturally, I had never heard of oral sex. I was quite overwhelmed by what I took to be Mrs. Simmons's marvelous invention. I would certainly have had an orgasm right then, but she slipped two fingers around the base of my penis and squeezed tightly. My whole body felt like a peal of thunder about to burst. I couldn't believe what was happening.

With one hand gripping my prick, Mrs. Simmons used the other to undo my shirt and slip my pants and underwear down around my ankles. I was standing totally naked except for my shoes and socks and crumpled pants. I couldn't move, but

then I didn't have any need to. Mrs. Simmons started to give me little bites on my chest and neck and thighs. She spent some time nipping at my buttocks and driving her tongue toward my ass hole. I couldn't take any more after a while. I started to laugh and squirm. So she just lifted her gown up around her shoulders. Then she lay down on her back right there on the pink carpet by the door. I bent down, and she eased me into her wetness.

That's what I remember most about my initiation into sex. I had no idea that a woman's cunt would be so wet and soft. I rocked back and forth inside her for a couple of strokes. Then I couldn't hold back any longer. I squirted my load into her, and she began to gasp. Her hips bucked insanely, bobbing and grinding away as if every drop of sperm were being pulled as far up into her as possible. And then her orgasm exploded. To someone who

had never seen anything like this before, the cries and helpless shaking of her body were rather frightening. After I was more experienced—and it didn't take that long—I realized that Mrs. Simmons's orgasms had been of volcanic proportions.

Oh, I almost forgot the banana. After I pulled out of her to rest and catch my breath, Mrs. Simmons picked a banana out of the basket of fruit on the coffee table beside her. She asked if I liked banana splits. When I said I'd never tried one, she smiled. First she peeled the banana and pushed it into her pussy ever so slowly. Once she'd gotten almost its entire length inside her, she pulled the banana out. It was covered with a glistening white coating of my sperm and her juices. She licked the tip and told me how good it tasted. Then she offered it to me. I said it tasted like slightly salted butter on a banana. Saying it needed "cream", she chewed the entire banana. With a mouth full of its pulp, she gobbled up my cock and ate her banana split—to our mutual satisfaction.

I've always regretted not seeing Mrs. Simmons after that momentous night. I left her suite at dawn. I wandered around,

6

She pulled at it and stooped down to lick it. I had never heard of oral sex, and I was quite overwhelmed by what I took to be Mrs. Simmons's marvelous invention.

9

grinning, through the empty streets of Kingston. Her husband must have found out about her fling, because when I reported to work for my second day in the restaurant, the *maitre d'* handed me an envelope Mrs. Simmons had managed to leave before they checked out of the hotel. The envelope contained an American twenty-dollar bill and a note explaining that I'd forgotten my tip. That was all. I was disappointed, to say the least. But I also knew there were other fish in the sea.

I should be honest and admit that I felt betrayed by many of the American women I slept with. I know I must sound like an awful romantic, but if I had sex with one of these women for anything more than a one-night stand, I found myself falling in love with her. Maybe I was trying hard to be loved in return. In any case, I'd be ever so intimate one moment and then find myself totally rejected the next by some woman who would refuse to give me any help in reaching the States.

Of course, I had an ulterior motive in bedding these women down, but they were doing no favor in spreading their legs. Too many sessions of lovemaking turned into bouts of drudgery with these demanding women telling me what to do. *Touch me here. Not there. Do it slow. Do it fast. Come now.* No wonder American males get tired of them, and these women have to come to Jamaica to get their furrows plowed.

I know I shouldn't be complaining. For about eighteen months I did have a rather vigorous sex life. Still, I was no closer to my goal of finding an American girl to marry me. And just when my doubts began to grow, along came Diane. I'll never be sure whether things went differently with her because I'd decided to try another tack with women and be aloof, or whether there was some special spark drawing us together. We'll be celebrating our first anniversary together three weeks from tomorrow; so you'd have to say everything worked out quite well.

The funniest part of our story is how close we came to never meeting at all. We must have seen each other

a dozen times before we ever exchanged a word. The first time I caught a glimpse of Diane I was in the restaurant. Even from across the room, I could see that she was very attractive, with dark silky hair and the generous figure that Italian painters were so fond of. She was sitting at another waiter's station with a plump girl, who worked in her office back home, I found out later. I really paid no attention to Flo and Diane, but for the next few days I kept crossing paths with the two of them in the hotel lobby or by the cocktail lounge. On one occasion we shared a ride on the lift. No one made any effort to start up a conversation. Yet I sensed that both girls were most intrigued by me. I could feel their eyes ranging over my body.

Diane and I finally met on my one day off. Whenever I had any time to myself, I liked spending it in a hammock by a cove over on the rocky end of the beach. People at the hotel stayed close by the sandy section; so I would have the view of the water all to myself. I often brought along an old, battered guitar that I'd won in a cricket wager and practiced some simple chords. I was lost in my music when suddenly there emerged out of the sea, maybe a hundred feet away, a dis-

tracting figure in a very brief bikini. After she took off her snorkling mask, I saw that it was the girl with the generous figure. She flopped across the rocks in her flippers and then stretched out on a patch of soft dirt. She was exhausted; if she had come by water all the way from the hotel, she had just swum close to a mile. While she relaxed in the sun, I continued playing my guitar. We were content to ignore each other for a little while longer.

Once she'd caught her breath, Diane nonchalantly removed the top of her swimsuit. She had her back to me at first, and then she lay on her stomach. But after a while she turned over on her back, and I could clearly see her bare breasts. Diane is rather slight, about five foot three at most, and her breasts appeared immense. She looked up and saw me staring. She started to cover herself but then thought better of that idea. Instead, she looked rather defiantly in my direction. At the same time she cupped her beautiful tits in her hands. It was the most obvious look of lust I'd ever seen.

What's that expression Americans have? *When you've got them, flaunt them.* Well, she was definitely flaunting them. They looked as round and firm as papaya. I wanted to taste her fruit, but I managed to maintain my aloofness. Diane wanted to get a rise out of me, I knew; so she went further still. She reached into her bikini bottom and started touching herself, looking at me all the while. Peeling her bathing suit off, she swiveled around to give me a view of her glistening pussy. As her fingers worked at her clitoris, I heard her moaning with excitement.

There was only one way to cool this woman off: I'd have to take her for a swim. I ran toward her, discarding my clothes along the way. I grabbed her up in my arms, caught hold of the snorkle by her side, and plunged into the water. I towed her out to the end of the promontory, where the water was deep and very still. When we got there, I let her tread water while I donned the mask and snorkel and stuck my head underwater.

Diane's skin glowed in a world of blue green light. Red tan marks outlined the most intimate parts of her body. Her breasts floated like perfect moons of flesh while currents in the water toyed with her pubic hair and parted her lips ever so slightly. The pinkness that peeked through was too inviting for me to ignore. I edged Diane over to where she could hold on to an outcropping of rock. This way there would be no worry about getting dunked in a moment of passion. I eased her legs apart and entered her. She clamped onto my cock with her powerful vaginal muscles. Then she started to bob back and forth ever so gently, like the waves lapping around us. She made wild animal sounds, like a creature of the jungle.

We floated this way for quite a while, with the sun warming us from above and the water cooling us down below. Gradually, our hips switched to a faster tempo. Soon little tremors began to spread through Diane's body. We edged toward climax together, with our bodies thrashing wildly. And then we were both overwhelmed by a long, slow, rolling orgasm. I rested inside her after that and then began to drive my cock into her again. Diane was loving it. We came so many times

I had no idea
a woman would be so
wet and soft.
I rocked back and
forth for a couple of strokes;
then I couldn't
hold back any longer.

COUPLES

that afternoon that I lost track after the first half dozen or so. It was the most memorable fucking of my life. It was for Diane, too. All day long she was in a trance.

Three days later we were married. One more day and I was in the U.S. to stay. Diane and I have been living happily together ever since. Though it was a marriage of convenience, I have no intention of ending it. I'd have to be insane. Diane is truly marvelous. How does that ad on television go? The one for adult vitamins. Oh yes—"My wife. I think I'll keep her." Diane always gets a kick out of that.

DIANE'S STORY:

One reason why I agreed to do this interview was so that I could let my friends see how happy Thomas and I are together. Everyone I know thinks he's just using me to get to stay in America. They think that I was crazy to marry him on the spur of the moment. My friend Flo, especially. They all figure Thomas will leave me sooner or later. Well, I have news for them: we're doing just fine. Besides, it was my idea to get married in Jamaica. Thomas wanted to wait a little longer, but I insisted. I wanted him to be mine right away. I also wanted to shock the other assistants at Walter Reed Medical Center, where I work.

The first time I saw him at the hotel in Kingston, I thought Thomas was the handsomest guy I'd ever been near. He was so tall and wiry, and his tan made those blue eyes of his seem twice as big. I couldn't blame him for not paying attention to old pasty-faced me, fresh in from Washington. I'm still amazed that someone so incredibly handsome could be married to me. Let's face it. I'm no great beauty. I'm an ex-fatty who happens to have nice big boobs. All sorts of guys want to get their hands on my tits, but not one of them ever makes me feel beautiful. Thomas does that for me.

He's a real gentleman, something you don't find too often. And in bed he's an unbelievable stud, also a rarity these days. Oh, I suppose there are other things in life besides being well-hung. But nothing else is so exciting.

Thomas knows how to make me helpless in his arms. In bed he takes over completely, and I let him do anything he wants to me. We've had our share of kinky scenes. He loves to fuck me up the ass, and I love it when we jack off in front of each other.

He's persuaded me to join in on some threesomes, but they've never really been to my liking. I get terribly jealous over Thomas. He knows this makes me all the hotter for him. He loves to let me suffer for a while, and then he'll fuck my brains out. I must admit that I enjoy it when he gets that turned on from screwing someone else, but I can't help getting pissed off as well. The most maddening time happened after we'd just fucked for the first time and he walked me back to the hotel.

When I unlocked the door to my room, I heard a lot of scrambling inside. Thomas swung the door open, and we glimpsed a really awkward situation. Flo was in bed with the sheets drawn up to her nose. This guy she'd picked up was standing in the middle of the room, zipping up his fly and

buttoning his shirt. He whispered something in her direction, and then he was gone out the door without even saying hello to us. Flo should have bitched at us for bursting in on her, but she didn't seem to mind. In fact, she was anxious to be introduced to Thomas. She greeted him with a French kiss. The next thing I knew, Thomas was on top of Flo. He still had all his clothes on, but he was sticking his cock in my best friend's mouth. The nerve of those two!

I would have stood there fuming for the rest of the night if Thomas hadn't gotten up and pulled me over to the bed. He and Flo stripped me of my shirt and bathing suit. Then Thomas mounted me from behind while Flo sucked at his balls. Flo and I weren't a bit interested in each other; we were competing to see who could give Thomas the most pleasure. He was doing his best to return the favor. At one point, Flo and I were both licking his cock while he had a couple of fingers working away inside our pussies. We were driving each other into a frenzy. Thomas stuck his cock in me, and soon we were coming together while his tongue was bringing Flo off. God,

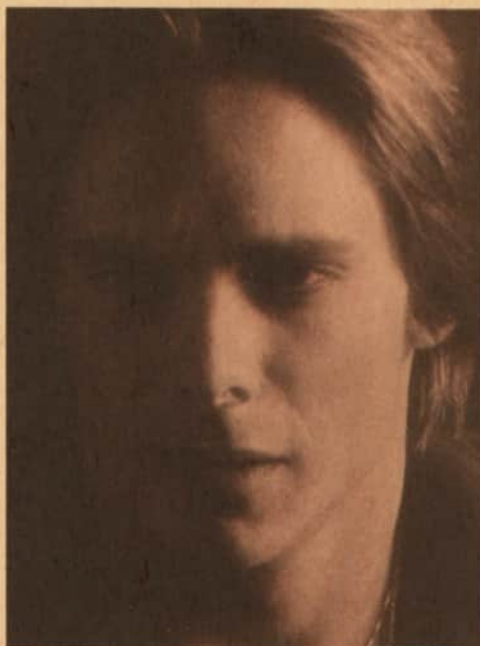
he was a terrific lover! It was then that I realized how much I wanted him to be my man.

I had never met anyone like Thomas before. Until I went on that trip to Jamaica, I'd never been farther from home than Baltimore. Flo wanted to take a tour to Acapulco, but I'd just seen *The Harder They Come* at a midnight movie showing in Georgetown, and I'd fallen in love with reggae music. The beat was so sexy, and the *chicka-chicka* of the rhythm guitar made my clit twitch. I had to go to Jamaica after that. Flo was a little scared because of the shootings they'd had in Kingston; what convinced her to go was the super deal our travel agent got us on the cost of the hotel.

A week in Jamaica during the rainy season can be an eternity. It rains every day. Until I met Thomas, I was having a miserable time. For openers, the music in the hotel was crap. It was third-rate, watered-down calypso that the tourists ate up. Yech. I hadn't come 1,000 miles to hang around with the folks from home.

The only Jamaicans I met were the ones who worked at the hotel or on the beach. Most of them were out to get anything they could from a young American. American girls have a reputation for being easy, and with these good-looking natives around, you could hardly blame them. I slept with James, the cute guy who ran the glass-bottom boat by the hotel. I'd never slept with a black man before, and it seemed as good an opportunity as any to find out what it was like.

James was good. He was very good. He knew how to touch a woman, and he moved so well. I came very close to having an orgasm. His cock wasn't all that I had hoped it would be, but my pussy gets so tight that any decently hung male can fill me up. Still he was a good fuck. I don't think it was a question of his being black so much as the number of women he got to practice his stroke with. He claimed that he'd never slept with an American girl before, but the next day I spotted him on the beach at sunset and he had his hand in some other American girl's pants.



Against my better judgment, Flo insisted that we pick up a couple of Texans that evening in the cocktail lounge. They were in their middle twenties, and there was something creepy about them. The long-haired one started talking to me. When he said that they were both in Kingston for a mortician's convention, I nearly fell off my seat. Flo heard what they did, and it made her hot for the guy she was with. She gets turned on by the weirdest things, I swear. We went back up to the room the two were sharing. Room service kept bringing up banana daiquiris while we sat on the terrace. Those daiquiris are so fattening, but oh, so delicious. I figured if I was going to sin, why not go all the way? I ended up balling the long-haired guy while Flo got it on with hers in the other bed.

It should have been such an exciting trip. I found his hair wasn't the only long thing about him. And I'd never fucked with other people in a room before. In the dark the sounds of another couple should have been a super turn-on. Instead, it was like being in a mortuary. Neither guy said anything to us once we had our clothes off. They just talked to each other as if they were doing autopsies. "Jesus, you should feel the tits on this one," my bed mate said. "This one's not bad either," replied his friend. After they both had come, they switched beds and started fucking again. I guess I got the better of the deal, since the long-haired one couldn't get it up for Flo.

After that I decided that Flo could have all the adventures she wanted: I was taking a vow of chastity until this vacation was over. Flo did all right for herself: she slept with eight more guys before the week was out. I stuck to my vow pretty faithfully—until I finally met Thomas. I'm sure he's already told you about how he came on to me on the beach that afternoon. I want to add this explanation. What turned me on most about him was the way he played the guitar. While I was lying there, my heart pounding from all the swimming I'd done and the sun warming me up, I heard him strumming and I was sure that I'd drowned and this was paradise.

Thomas is so modest about his music, but I think he's dynamite. He writes, sings, and plays, and he does it all really well. He's going to be a superstar some day. The first white, reggae, heavy-metal superstar. Then I'll have my laugh on those so-called friends who've been talking behind my back. I insisted that I work for the two of us while Thomas spends his time on his music. In a few more months he's going to have enough material for a demo. When I whiz by in my limousine, we'll see how the girls back at Walter Reed like driving in their Ford Mustangs.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Thomas is open and honest about his motives. Some people may raise eyebrows because of his intention to "use" women for pecuniary ends, but this practice has been going on for centuries. Many an impoverished, so-called gentleman has married an heiress, not for love, but for her fortune. Thomas has the best of both worlds, because he also loves his wife and is saved from choosing between his sexual freedom and


his financial freedom.

I'm afraid his story about American women tourists is not very flattering, but it's not only American men who "go native" once they leave the shores of their own countries and do things they wouldn't do "at home." Promiscuous female tourists become more noticeable in a small vacation resort such as Jamaica than they do in, say, Spain or Italy. The women who choose to go to Jamaica rather than to a European country are vacationing for sun, relaxation, and adventure, not for museums, wine, and shopping. Thomas lost his virginity to one such woman and has been exposed almost exclusively to this type of woman during his whole life. So it's really no wonder that he stereotypes women as "loose." Young women on vacation, many times for the first time without their parents, feel free to lead any type of life they please—for two weeks—and then return to their usual lifestyles. No one can take exception to any man exploiting such a situation or to any girl who wants a "holiday romance."

Nevertheless, anyone who wants to make a marriage of convenience is taking a risk of at least a year of absolute hell, before the convenience is established sufficiently to become inconvenient and expendable.

Thomas says that he often felt betrayed by many of the American women he slept with, for if he had more than a one-night stand with any of them, he found himself falling in love. I don't quite believe that he really developed any deep feelings during these short-term flings. More probably, his pride had been hurt because these women weren't overwhelmed with his manhood. He appears to be a warm, emotional young man. He feels that he needs an emotional relationship rather than a purely physical one, and he's so right, although difficulties would set in when his motives were less than honorable. Thomas represents another case of the man who has his own personal set of rules.

Now, why did he finally choose Diane? First, as in 99.9 percent of all cases of attraction, the initial reason was a physical one. Diane satisfied his sexual desires. But she herself confesses to be "no great beauty." So there must have been more to the attraction than physical sex, and this is where Thomas's emotional need to be loved enters the picture.

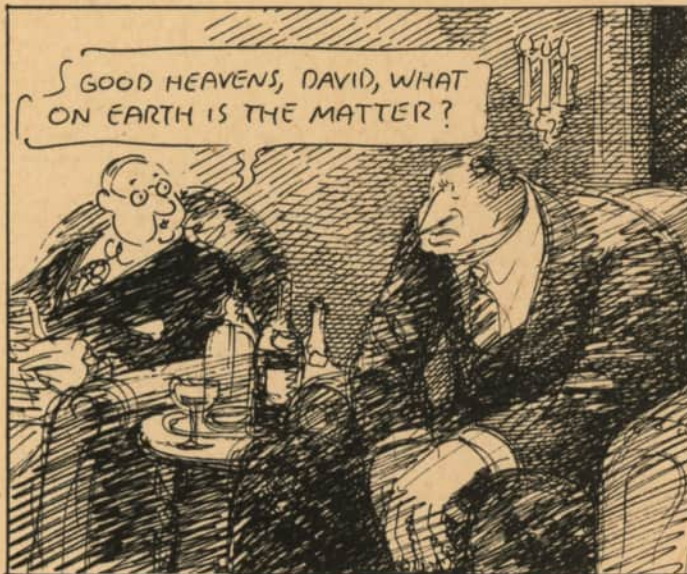
Diane had a need, too. The sex she had had before she met Thomas had not been satisfying. It did not live up to her romantic standards. Then she met Thomas, under the most romantic circumstances, and everything fell into place, so to speak. I sincerely doubt if Thomas and Diane would have married if they hadn't been in love. Diane certainly had no reason simply to marry for marriage's sake; and, even though Thomas was looking for an American wife, the women he had met prior to Diane didn't appeal to him enough to warrant his constant attention. Thomas is just not cold-hearted enough to marry just any woman amenable to marriage. (And if Diane's descriptions of him are accurate, I'm certain any number of women would have been willing.) Thomas and Diane have been very fortunate with their marriage. 



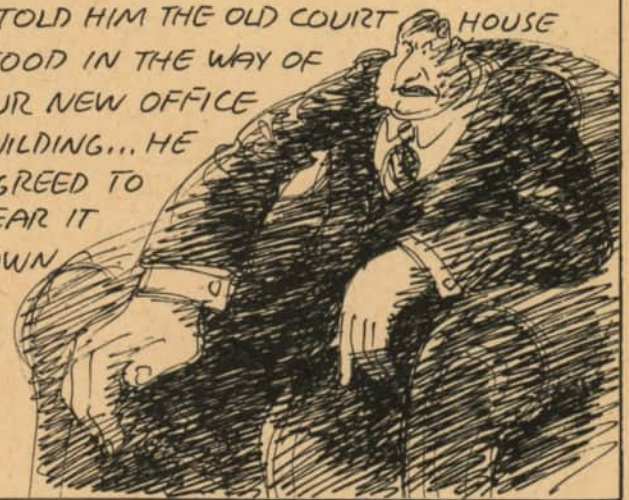
PARTING SHOT

LONELY AT THE TOP

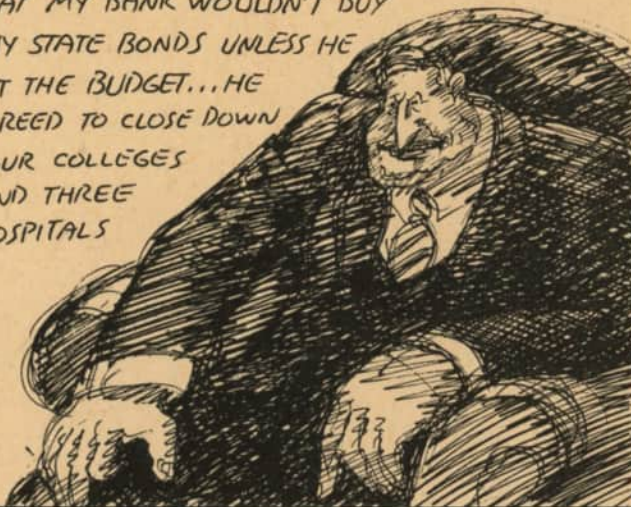
By Edward Sorel



MONDAY I CALLED THE MAYOR... I TOLD HIM THE OLD COURT HOUSE STOOD IN THE WAY OF OUR NEW OFFICE BUILDING... HE AGREED TO TEAR IT DOWN



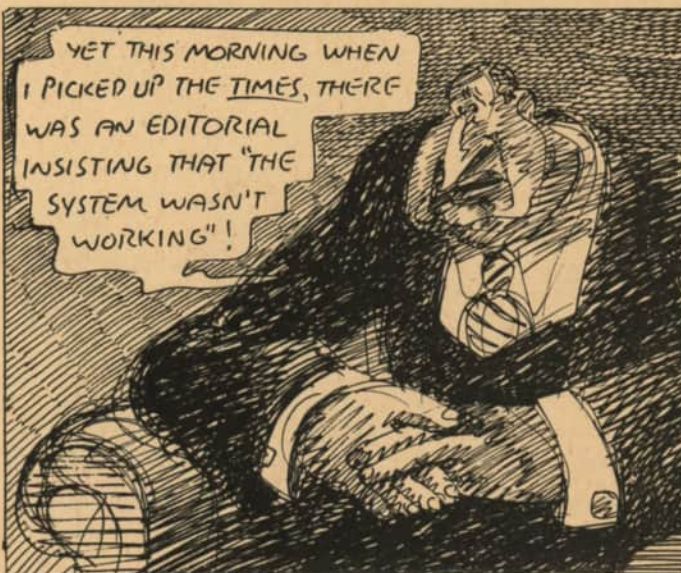
THEN I CALLED THE GOVERNOR... I WARNED HIM THAT MY BANK WOULDN'T BUY ANY STATE BONDS UNLESS HE CUT THE BUDGET... HE AGREED TO CLOSE DOWN FOUR COLLEGES AND THREE HOSPITALS



THEN I CALLED THE PRESIDENT... TOLD HIM HIS NEW TAX PROGRAM WOULD BE DISASTEROUS FOR BUSINESS... HE AGREED TO MAKE THE CHANGES I SUGGESTED



YET THIS MORNING WHEN I PICKED UP THE TIMES, THERE WAS AN EDITORIAL INSISTING THAT "THE SYSTEM WASN'T WORKING"!



GOOD LORD, WON'T THEY EVER BE SATISFIED?





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SPIELBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

they have unfortunately acquired." It also recommended "that the national security agencies institute policies on intelligence training and public education designed to prepare the material defenses and the morale of the country to recognize most promptly and to react most effectively to true indications of hostile intent of action."

Perhaps the most important thing about the report is the fact that the meeting was called by the CIA and that these conclusions were made after consultation with the CIA. My own feeling is that if the country were told tomorrow that we have been coexisting—though perhaps not actually communicating with—"foreign" entities, it would score headlines for several years. Then, after a while, if no miraculous solutions were found to our global problems and no direct interstellar intervention took place, the UFOs—now identified—would be tucked away with other wonders of the world and forgotten. Of course, fundamentalists would go on arguing for centuries.

Penthouse: There have been UFO sightings all over the world. Do you think the CIA is working with other governments to suppress them?

Spielberg: I don't think there is any kind of coalition to suppress UFO reports. I feel, however, that there are valid reasons for different governments not to tell their people that there could be other seats of power up there that are much more powerful than theirs, powers that could perhaps serve the citizenry better. Yet, there are certain important government officials in some countries, including Brazil and France, who believe that UFOs exist but who have no fear that this information will lead to public hysteria, ridicule, or culture shock.

Penthouse: There has been talk in the media about alien beings visiting our civilizations at various times over the last 5,000 years. Why haven't they made a concerted effort to communicate with us?

Spielberg: It seems to me that it's just their choice not to intervene in our growing pains.

Penthouse: Do you anticipate more UFO sightings and government denials as a result of your movie?

Spielberg: If the film is popular, people will be seeing UFOs in their soup. I hope visitors from outer space will take me to another world for about five days to prove I was right. Either way, I expect dozens of strange creatures to suddenly appear and tell me, "I'm a UFO. You've stolen my story."

Penthouse: When did you begin making movies?

Spielberg: A long, long time ago. I became interested in moviemaking simply because my father had an eight-millimeter movie camera, which he used to log the family history. I would sit and watch the home movies and criticize the shaky camera movements and bad exposures until my father finally got fed up and told me to take

IN THE FEBRUARY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

RINGO STARR

Eternal prankster, eternal innocent, eternal sage of the Beatles, Ringo reveals just what it was like to be smack dab in the middle of the greatest cultural phenomenon of the twentieth century.

BALLET MADE EASY

You needn't be Margot Fonteyn in order to make the supremely classic art of ballet work for you. With the aid of Joan McConnell's new book, *Ballet as Body Language*, you can discover that there's a little bit of *La Sylphide* in you.

SERGE LUTENS

He's the one-man creative force behind all those super-elegant Dior ads. The world's classiest makeup artist tells his best-kept secrets.

THE MAN IN THE EMPTY SUIT

How can you love a man if, when you gaze soulfully into his eyes, you find that no one is there?

MARTHE KELLER

Al Pacino lost his heart to her twice—on film and in real life. Unexpectedly shy, Marthe Keller talks candidly to *Viva* about her love affairs, her films, and the way it feels to verge on international superstardom.

JOHNNY CASABLANCAS

"Who," they sniff, "does Johnny Casablanca think he is?" With the world's most beautiful models at his beck and call, Casablanca doesn't think he knows. Photographed at New York's hot-to-trot boutique, Fiorucci.

A VALENTINE SURPRISE

Poet-playwright-actress Ntozake Shange sets in verse her arresting views of life and love. Especially for *Viva*.

PLUS:

Finding out if you're afraid of success, sci-fi by Frederik Pohl, and testing your knowledge of aphrodisiacs past and present.

WORLD RENOWNED SCIENTIST REVEALS "WE DISCOVERED CURE FOR BALDNESS!"

"HAIR LOSS CAN BE STOPPED. THINNING HAIR CAN BE RESTORED"...
READ THE INCREDIBLE FACTS REVEALED BY THE AUTHORIZED MEDICAL
STUDY PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF HELSINKI

**Team of Doctors and Dermatologists
Reveal Scientific Facts About Revolutionary
New Discovery That Signals the
End to Hair Loss Problem.**

The Inventors

Professor Kai Setala, M.D., Director of the Department of Pathology at the University of Helsinki, holds over 30 international patents. The results of his research have been published in over 200 scientific journals and publications.



Professor Kai Setala, M.D.



Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, M.D.

His work has been funded by the National Cancer Institute and the United States Public Health Service. He is a member of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society of Medicine and others. He has received professorship from and has been invited to lecture at the University of Bonn, Germany; Taft University, Boston; Baylor Medical School, Houston, Texas; University of Copenhagen, Denmark; University of Heidelberg, West Germany and many others.

Dr. Ilona Schreck-Purola, M.D., specialist in scalp and skin pathology, assisted Prof. Setala in leading the team of doctors and scientists that produced "Baldness and Its Cure".

"Hair Loss Problem Yields To Research"

Declared Professor Setala in a recent scientific lecture he delivered in Ontario, Canada. It shocked and astounded the medical community.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I speak to you today about a development which will have an enormous impact on the hair industry. We shall be releasing, shortly, a new study which will reveal, in its entirety, a new treatment that corrects the hair loss problem and stimulates growth of new hair. During the course of our skin research, we had quite accidentally discovered a new formula that would stimulate hair growth and eradicate hair loss.

You can actually see the astounding results that have been achieved in the picture in front of you. We have treated hundreds of men and women with our new formula. The results were astounding. Hair loss was stopped and hair growth was stimulated in a great majority of the cases. Considering the overwhelming evidence and the universal significance of this great discovery, we have decided to make the results open to the public in a medical study which will be published by the University of Helsinki."

Before



After



As appeared on page 109 of study

Jan Swenson, 49 years old, suffering from gradually developing baldness, before treatment and after 23 months of using the new formula. Density of hair distinctly increased; no longer any bald area.

"RESULTS TESTED AND PROVEN ON HUNDREDS"

Revealed Dr. Setala in an exclusive interview with Heinrich Kraus, international scientific reporter and author of the book's introduction.

Question: Let me ask you directly, Professor, Can you really make hair grow?

Professor Setala: After many years of dedicated work by myself and my staff of doctors and scientists, we finally broke through 'the skin barrier'. Tests were performed on hundreds of patients suffering from varying degrees of baldness and hair loss. The results were conclusive, as the table below shows. At about the same time as their hair loss was discontinued, new hair began to appear, a stimulation of regrowth of hair was concluded to occur on the following criteria:

- an increase in density and the average length of the hair in general
- new hair occurred in such scalp areas from which hair had been shed
- hairline had obviously changed.

THE FOLLOWING IS A TABLE OF RESULTS OBTAINED

As appeared on page 110 of study

Treatment Time (Weeks)	Percentage of Regrowth of Hair
8	26%
12	38
16	42
20	50
24	53
28	66

Question: Is this discovery really of significant importance in helping men with progressive baldness or thinning hair?

Professor Setala: We firmly believe that our new discovery is the most important of its kind. It is a breakthrough achieved in the midst of a

scientific project entirely financed by the public. After considering our findings, we have decided to release the facts and results gained through our research to the general public. Patents have been granted in or sought for in major countries throughout the world, including the United States. At this time, our discoveries are in actual use in Holland, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, Canada and the Scandinavian countries and in many other nations.

Question: Why do men lose their hair?

Professor Setala: I can tell you that it is caused by a slowdown in cell growth that takes place under the skin surface. To get a really accurate answer, I recommend that anyone concerned with hair problems should read **BALDNESS AND ITS CURE**. It tells explicitly how hair follicles rejuvenate, how hair loss can be stopped and regrowth can be achieved. The study has been fully documented with hundreds of patients using our formula.

It contains a wealth of valuable research and information pertaining to the many aspects of hair loss and hair care. It is something the public must be made aware of.

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And if you find that you are not absolutely astounded by the startling new discovery just return your copy within 14 days for a full immediate refund—no questions asked.

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THE (SENSUAL) SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX

Good wine improves with age, and so can sex. This is a candid and invigorating conversation with Louis, a seventy-six-year-old gentleman—and lover.

over. I became the family photographer and logged all our trips.

Then I began to think that staging real life was much more exciting than just recording it. So I'd do things like forcing my parents to let me out of the car 100 yards before we reached the campgrounds when we went on trips. I'd run ahead and film them arriving and unpacking and pitching camp. Then I began cutting the films together, speeding the camera up, slowing it down, experimenting with time-lapse photography. I also played the bully brother, dressing my sisters up as German soldiers, blasting at them with toy submachine guns, and filming them tumbling down a hill—they died four or five times in each picture. But I never really thought I would make movies for a living. Mainly, it was something fun to do, to keep me away from studying algebra and French.

Penthouse: When did you go to Hollywood?

Spielberg: When I was sixteen, my mom and dad split, and there was no longer a routine to follow. My life changed radically. I left home and went to L.A. I lived with my second cousins for a summer. One day I went on the Grey Line tour of Universal Studios. I was fascinated by it all; so when the bus made a rest stop, I got out and hid behind one of the sound stages. So the bus left without me, and I spent the day walking around the lot. I watched the television shows being shot. It was my first exposure to the clapper sticks, the ringing bells, all the great nonsense and shouting.

For about the next three months, I returned to the lot every day and got in by dressing up in a suit, waving to the guards, and bluffing my way around. I suspect that the guards were afraid to kick me off the lot because they thought I might have been related to somebody in the black tower.

Penthouse: Did you get involved with gangs or drugs when you were young?

Spielberg: No, and none of my friends did either. By today's standards, we were pretty straight. But I did have a six-month fling as a juvenile delinquent. One day I went with four of my friends to a modern shopping mall that was being built and threw rocks at plate-glass windows for three hours. We later discovered we had caused about \$30,000 worth of damage.

The other heinous thing I did happened at the largest movie theater in Phoenix. It seated about 1,200 people and had two balconies. My friends and I took a lot of white bread and mixed it with milk, Parmesan cheese, creamed corn, and peas. We put this foul-smelling mixture into bags, went to the movie, and sat in the highest balcony. They were showing *The Lost World*. At the most exciting part, we made vomiting sounds and squeezed the solution over the balcony on the people below. We did it for laughs. Little did we realize that it would begin a chain reaction of throwing up. The movie was stopped, the house lights came on, and ushers appeared with their flashlights—ready to kill. We were so frightened that we raced out the fire-

escape exit. Even though we had brought two cars, the seven of us ran about a mile and took a bus home.

Penthouse: How did you relate to girls while you were growing up?

Spielberg: I didn't, much. My time was spent in scouting, baseball—I was a good second baseman in the Little Leagues—and making eight-millimeter movies. I was always seducing a camera. Girls came later, when I was a first-year student at college, but I never was a stud jock. I always lusted after the lady cornet player in the high-school band, who had the round mouth and forehead acne.

Penthouse: What kind of women turn you on now?

Spielberg: In high school and college, bright women intimidated me and drove me off. Not any more. It's nice to have a friend who also becomes your confessor, your lover, a second voice in your head. To me a sensuous woman is one who, first of all, has a sensible knowledge of herself. She isn't a drifter. She is goal oriented. She has a sense of humor about herself and enough energy to light her life on fire and keep it burning until she has what she wants—and still not be satisfied. I like liberated women. Women are much more aggressive about themselves today. There's a whole self-realization movement occurring, which is enormously healthy.

Penthouse: The success of *Jaws* has made you one of America's most powerful filmmakers. How are you using this power?

Spielberg: Well, right now I expect to produce several films over the next few years for other directors, some of whom I'm helping to get started. I am also being more courageous in finding new ideas for films. I am losing the fear of failure. I'd like to help abolish the adage that you're only as good as your last picture.

When you succeed in Hollywood, it's sort of like getting your Master Charge card renewed for twelve more months. The more successful you become, the more rope you're given to hang yourself with further on down the line. I don't think it's possible to accumulate too much power in the movie industry. The movie industry is only a diverting entertainment for people in politics and business. In a way, I've always looked at movies as dessert, something you treat yourself to after a hard day at work or school. In a few years, perhaps I'll change my whole philosophy, be anxious to do a personal movie and not give a shit about what the majority thinks of it. But right now it's very exciting to make an impression on the mass audience—an impression that will stay with them for years.

But I'm not going to fool myself. Movies might be my life, but it's not that way for 225 million other Americans. There's more to living than re-creating life on celluloid. This is something I'm beginning to find out.

Penthouse: Why didn't you direct the sequel to *Jaws*?

Spielberg: I never designed *Jaws* for sequels. Universal is making a sequel because *Jaws* has become a multi-million-

dollar business: The title alone will bring in \$30 million in preexhibitor advances. I couldn't find a story that would justify doing another *Jaws* film. The premise of the sequel—that another huge shark would attack again in the same place—was a fish story very hard for me to swallow.

Penthouse: How did you feel about the whole *Jaws* phenomenon that followed the film's huge success?

Spielberg: I was as proud as a father whose kid goes off and gets straight A's in college. *Jaws* developed a life of its own beyond anything I gave it. It was the type of film on which the audiences superimpose their own creative imaginings and make it an even better picture than it actually is. *Jaws* became a sociological event. I would read about it in "Peanuts," watch Johnny Carson talk about it, see Nixon compared to it in political cartoons, and watch TV specials and commercials either spoofing or imitating it. It was a great feeling to see the film become the sole property of the American public and part of our pop culture.

Penthouse: You make it sound as if *Jaws* was pure exhilaration to make. Was it?

Spielberg: Far from it! I believe *Jaws* was the only picture in Universal's history to have taken 155 days to shoot. For a long time, I was accumulating only about thirty seconds of usable film every three days. I didn't realize it at the time, but the studio actually considered pulling the plug on the entire film and making their money back by putting the shark on tour and raising the prices a nickel. They thought we were mad. Most of us were.

Penthouse: What was your emotional state like during the filming?

Spielberg: I felt very strongly that my career was at stake. Had *Jaws* only broken even, I would have taken both barrels point-blank from all the people who were watching our clumsy progress and predicting doom. There are some grim realities involved in directing a picture. Many people in the Hollywood community are more interested in seeing you fail than succeed. I sometimes feel that only my folks, my girl friend, my secretary, and the New York investors are on my side. You have no time to yourself, except to eat, shoot your movie, plan your shots for the next day, sleep, and forget women. When I'm making a movie I become partially celibate. I get into the routine of fucking my movie.

Penthouse: "Fucking your movie"?

Spielberg: A movie is a painful act of conception. I become mad Doctor Frankenstein with test tubes and electrical sparks, creating a living organism from dead parts. I'm just trying to be honest, though, by saying that the sexual urge isn't as strong when I'm making a movie as it might be for several film producers I know, who take that opportunity to just sport-fuck seven days a week.

Penthouse: Is there a lot of "sport-fucking" on location?

Spielberg: Does a bear shit in the woods? Location shooting is the Rites of Spring for certain members of the crew, who may



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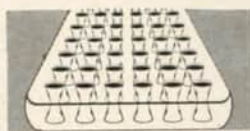
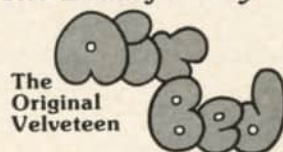
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even be happily married, and for young cast members who have never been away from home before. Holiday Inns across America are probably host to more sprung beds and screaming orgasms when a movie company comes to town than at any other time. Walking down the hall at 1:00 in the morning at those Holiday Inns sometimes sounds like Gyorgy Ligeti's *Atmosphères* from 2001.

Penthouse: It seems you have enough material for a porn film. Have you ever made one?

Spielberg: No, but I have seen a couple—*Behind the Green Door* and *Deep Throat*. *Behind the Green Door* was a little more erotic because of the sexual imagination of the filmmakers and some of the stunts they pulled. I didn't find anything especially moving about *Deep Throat* when she was gorging herself. I mean, I couldn't especially feel it. I could just watch and hope everyone was having a good time.

Penthouse: How do you feel about current legislative attempts to close down so-called porno theaters and ban their newspaper advertising?

Spielberg: I'm against any censorship regarding films, but I think porno films should have age restrictions. There's something pure and natural about sex. Taking a small child into a porno theater, where he sees slabs of meat coupled in clinical, unloving fashion, could be detrimental to a healthy understanding of sex.

Penthouse: Do you think the rating system is valid?

Spielberg: It should have a few more degrees of G, PG, R, and X. For example, I think there should be extra consideration given to certain films, such as George C. Scott's *The Savage Is Loose*. The film was given an R rating, not for the sum of its parts, but because of an overall idea, a parochial taboo. That's one hell of a bum deal. Sex films don't bother me as much as violent films. Maybe it's naive to say, but I would rather see someone go to a porn film and later imitate what he has seen with a consenting adult than see someone run out of a violent flick, buy a gun, and blow someone's head off. I think it's much more dangerous to see violence than sex.

Penthouse: How did you feel about the violence in *Jaws*?

Spielberg: I thought, in all fairness, that *Jaws* should have received an R rating, but I can also defend its PG. The violence in *Jaws* couldn't easily be emulated—unless some psychotic who saw the film ran out into the street and ate his victims. People can't identify with the violence in *Jaws* and then reenact the plot in real life. Let me tell you, I cut a lot of very gory scenes from the final picture. I shot one scene with a man's head protruding from the jaws of the shark. The head was crushed and spewing blood when the shark pushed it into a small child, screaming hysterically in the water. I cut that out even though it took three days to shoot. It was just too horrifying.

There comes a point where horror is too theatrical, and then people start using de-

fense mechanisms, like hysterical laughter. I worked in a hospital when I was growing up and saw things that were so horrifying that I had to fantasize that there were lights, props, makeup men, just to avoid vomiting. The one scene in *Jaws* that I cut was so horrifying to look at that it went beyond reality. People would have started thinking: "Is that real blood? Wow! How is the actor able to breathe in all that water? Isn't that shark mechanical-looking!" It's a coping mechanism we all use.

I think I retained the mystique of the shark by not showing him too realistically, too graphically. It's like erotic art. Seeing a woman through a veiled negligee is far more stimulating than seeing her in the raw, with hard, front light.

Penthouse: Haven't you and some of your filmmaker friends banded together?

Spielberg: Yes. There's George Lucas, his wife, Marcia—who is a filmmaker in her own right—Hal Barwood, Matthew Robbins, Brian DePalma, John Milius, Marty

People in Hollywood are more interested in seeing you fail than succeed. I sometimes feel that only my folks, my girl friend, and the New York investors are on my side.

Scorsese, and a few others.

Penthouse: It's been reported that you sometimes exchange percentages of each other's films.

Spielberg: We sometimes consult on each other's pictures. We're always trading scripts, making comments and criticisms, seeing rough cuts of each other's movies. But as friendly as we get, we are still a very competitive, ambitious group of people who are all trying to be number one.

Penthouse: Is your group planning to form an invisible studio?

Spielberg: No. An invisible studio would mean that we would all get together to make movies for each other. It's better for us to just be friends and leave business out of it. We have agreed to protect each other's films. If a studio takes a swipe at one of us or some executive tries to recut one of our films, that studio is going to alienate a lot of good film directors for a few years. Freedom, within the parameters of a certain budget, is more important to me than how much I get paid to make a movie. Sometimes it requires a big hit film to assure your creative autonomy.

I've been fortunate, however. Somehow, even before *Jaws*, I had complete control

over what I did. So I've been solely responsible for my successes and solely responsible for my failures. You know, though, no one seems to want to declare his contribution to a film that bombs, whereas a hit has a hundred fathers. The shameless credit grabbing that occurred after *Jaws* would rock you back. I guess that, too, was just part of the *Jaws* phenomenon. There are several individuals whose careers have taken off as a result of their avowed contribution to the success of *Jaws*, when the sad fact is that these people did the least work of all.

Penthouse: You have a reputation for maintaining a low profile in Hollywood. Is that important to your creative process?

Spielberg: Yes. I need privacy. I work a lot late at night, when I'm alone.

Penthouse: Do you enjoy solitude?


Spielberg: Sometimes I do. The truth is I do my best work when I'm in the pits emotionally. Sometimes I'm in the pits for six months straight, but it's okay, because my creative juices don't flow as well when I'm happy.

Penthouse: Given the competitive nature of your business, can you really trust your friends?

Spielberg: Friendship and loyalty are two of my most cherished values. I have a lot of casual friends, but there is just a handful I consider really true friends—people who would stick by me when things aren't so hot. You would be surprised at the number of friends who turn away when you achieve success. Some acquaintances who I thought were my friends turned into snipers when *Jaws* hit the top. I'm leery—really cautious. I don't make friends that easily, because I think a lot of people don't know what it means to be a true friend: how to reciprocate, how to share the bulk of the problems, how to be honorable.

One of the worst things about the movie community is the way it gossips. I sometimes think that the good news, and especially the bad news, travels faster than the speed of light. That's one of my peeves about living in this town. It's hard to protect yourself and your work from gossipy speculation. You begin to question whether or not you should even trust yourself. The only time I feel totally happy is when I'm watching films or making them.

Penthouse: Do you ever think of escaping?

Spielberg: Sure. My false poetic dream has always been to meet a female bank teller from Kansas, with hay in her hair, and go off and marry and live on a dairy farm in Wisconsin. Of course, that's the last thing I'd ever want to do. But when things are getting too hot to handle and nothing's going right, and I don't like my movie anymore and I don't like my associates anymore, and I just want to go off somewhere—before I think of Hawaii or the Virgin Islands, I think about the roots of the American heartland. It's a completely dishonest dream. I must have picked it up by looking at too many Norman Rockwell and Andrew Wyeth paintings. Let me tell you, if I were ever given my wish, I'd be the unhappiest boy on the farm. 

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

the strength or the inclination to fuck him, which was something we often did at orgies: we fucked each other last as a sort of signal that we were going home. I had fucked the same dude all evening, and that was completely out of character for me. I usually went through at least five or six!

After the shower Two-sixty-nine joined us, and we talked and exchanged telephone numbers and promises to get together again very soon, and we left.

NUMBERS THREE-HUNDRED-ONE THROUGH THREE-HUNDRED-EIGHT

It was another fun-filled occasion at One-hundred-six and M's house, and I had already fucked five men. I had just taken a quick shower, mainly to perform a light douche as I usually did between each man I fucked at an orgy. Three-hundred-six was standing there when I got out of the shower. He handed me a towel, and I dried myself slowly as I looked at him. He looked to be about seventeen years old—tall, suntanned, and with sandy, brown hair.

"He's a good-looking kid, isn't he?" said a guy who was standing there in the bathroom next to him. I had just finished fucking him in an adjoining bedroom.

"Yes, he is," I agreed. "Where did he come from?" I had not seen him before, and he looked a little young to be participating in an orgy.

"This is M's son," he said as he introduced us. "He usually goes out when his parents have orgies, but tonight he came home early, and he wants to fuck you."

"You're kidding!" I said.

"No, I'm not," the kid assured me.

"Is it okay with your parents?" I asked.

"Sure," said the kid.

"I don't know," I said hesitatingly.

"Come on," said the older man (who was the kid's uncle, it turned out). "It's okay."

"Please?" begged the kid.

I finally gave in and walked over to him and undid his pants. He already had an erection. He took off his pants and followed me into the bedroom, with his uncle close behind. I got onto the bed and lay down on my back. Awkwardly, he positioned himself on top of me and started jamming his penis into me, trying to find the entrance to my vagina and missing the target every time! I reached down and grabbed his cock, guiding it into me properly. His movements were erratic and uncontrolled. After about five strokes that went in all directions, he climaxed. His uncle immediately took his place and started fucking me wildly. The kid disappeared, and I didn't see him again until the end of the party. We were leaving, and I was saying good-bye to his mother when he walked past.

"That's my son," she said, calling his name. He turned and winked at me.

"He's a nice-looking kid," I said as I was walking out of the door. "How old is he?"

"Fourteen," she said.

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NUMBER FOUR-THIRTY-SIX

Four-thirty-six was an actor who kept his motorcycle inside his apartment—right in the front room! He confessed to being so involved with it that there wasn't anything he'd rather do than fuck around with it.

"So you're into fucking your bike?" I asked quite seriously.

"Yes, I would if I could," he answered, and I'm sure he meant it.

"Well," I said slowly, "suppose I get on the bike and you fuck me while I'm on it. Would that do it for you?"

I sat sidesaddle on the seat of the big bike, with my legs spread apart. He agreed to try it and, precariously balanced, we got into it. Slow and easy at first so as not to lose our balance, then fast and furious. It was a beautiful fuck, and we didn't even drip come on the chrome!

NUMBER FOUR-NINETY-NINE

"Thanks for helping me find it!" I said to Four-ninety-nine. I was in a very large toy store. The store carried everything, which made it impossible to find anything unless you worked there.

"Now, if I could just take you home with me to assemble it," I kidded him.

"I'd be happy to put it together for you. Do you live far from here?" asked the fresh-faced young clerk.

"No, it's not far at all," I answered, and I gave him directions to my house.

"Around eight o'clock?" he asked.

"Sure, fine," I replied, not really expecting him to show up.

By eight-thirty he was sitting in the middle of my living room, erecting my son's newest toy. I offered him some grass. He had brought a few joints of his own, and we lit up. He finished putting the toy together, and the children played with it while we watched and smoked. After I put the kids to bed, we talked and smoked some more. Then he started coming on strong.

"Are you sure you're old enough to indulge in this sort of behavior?" I kidded him half seriously.

"I'm eighteen, and that's old enough," he insisted.

"Well, if you insist."

His aggressive young body was full of energy. His white, supple skin matched the purity of his youth, but his body moved with the mastery of an older man. It was evident that he had done some reading on the subject of sex, or that he'd had the opportunity for practice. He was a master of the art of making love. No doubt he had met many a divorcee during his employment at the toy store!

NUMBER FIVE-HUNDRED

He was PP's boyfriend—or, I should say, ex-boyfriend. They had split up, and he had come over for some "tea and sympathy."

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Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

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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.

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Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to—for whatever reason.)

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He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them.)

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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.

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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.

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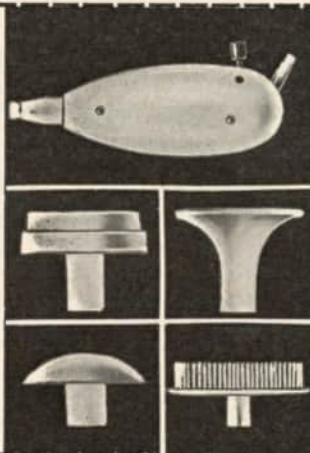
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We had been talking for some time about the renowned and ever-popular issue of sex. Five-hundred's questions about the subject could probably have continued all night. His biggest problem, as far as I could see it, was that he couldn't replace PP immediately and he was horny! The conversation led to the revelation that he had never had a blowjob.

"I don't know why they call it a blowjob; sucking on it is so much more pleasurable than blowing on it," I kidded him.

"Aw, Rachel, would you give me some head?" he asked earnestly. His stiff cock was pushing against the soft material of his faded Levi's, no doubt stimulated by our conversation. It doesn't take much when you're only seventeen! A thought is enough to do it, and we had been talking sex for a couple of hours; so I suppose he had a right to be turned on. The pleading look in his eyes made me give in.

"Suppose I do it and you like it? You'll probably be wanting me to do it all the time."

"No, I won't," he promised quickly. (At this stage you can get a guy to promise you practically anything.)

"Well, you fell in love with PP just because she let you fuck her," I accused.

"I loved her for other reasons!" he said, defending himself. "But I sure did like fucking her..." His voice trailed off.


"You'll find someone else," I said, trying to comfort him. "Come on, if you promise not to get emotionally involved, I'll suck you off."

I led him to the bedroom. He sat on the bed with a sheepish grin on his face as he fumbled with the front of his pants, and then his stiff young cock was exposed as he undid his fly. It was outstanding! A perfectly beautiful size and shape. The head was the kind that I prefer—the curved rim of the glans extended just slightly out from the straight-as-an-arrow shaft. A good, solid six and a half inches. Thick and pulsating. I was turned on. I wanted to fuck, but I had promised to suck him off. I helped him slip his pants down below his knees. I gazed at his pink cock as it lay fully erect against his white belly, and I felt a yearning for it. Eagerly, I took it into my hands and kissed its warm, full head.

"Beautiful," I said, and I looked up at him. He blushed. I sucked his cock into my mouth while my fingers explored his pubic hair and then swirled around his balls. I looked up at him again. He was smiling.

"It tickles," he said, and then he shut his eyes tight. "Oh, I'm gonna come!" he exclaimed... and he did. His semen rushed into my mouth in pulsating spurts. It tasted bitter, perhaps because it had been contained in his testicles for a very long time. Because of the bitter taste, I had no desire to swallow it, and I went into the bathroom to spit it out. When I returned to the bedroom, he was putting on his pants.

"Wow," he said when he saw me. "You liked it?" I asked even though it was a silly question.

"Sure." The sheepish grin returned to his face. 

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CARTERGATE IV

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

communication. They need some hand signals or some means of passing information that the rest of the room is not clued in about. Of course, in the case of the Fed, it's not chips that are involved, but the favorites do let the dealer know when they need new reserves. And Burns obliges.

Throughout 1977 Burns increased the money supply at a rapid rate, which in some months reached as high as 19.4 percent. He did so by acting to keep the Federal Funds Rate low at times when the big New York banks were borrowing. The banks would simply call up and say, "We're running short of reserves; pour in some more money." And Burns did. In his chairmanship of the Fed, he has largely deferred to the system's main beneficiaries, the big New York banks. These banks and their uncrowned leader, David Rockefeller, dominate the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, of which Rockefeller is a director; and the New York Fed, in turn, is the center of the open-market operations that essentially determine the growth of the money supply. Thus the rate of inflation is pretty much what Rockefeller wants it to be. Although Burns makes pious statements to the public about controlling inflation, whenever Rockefeller asks him to create more money, he flips the switch on the printing press to "on."

The most readily understandable aspect of the whole thing is that the inflationists will continue to increase the supply of paper money, while they obscure their activities behind a man like Arthur Burns. He has the knack of confusing the issue and making it all seem so deathly dull and academic that the public becomes bored trying to understand its own undoing. So remember to listen carefully the next time you hear a pronouncement by or about Arthur Burns. Bear in mind that he is a learned man and does his job well. And look at the bright side. If, when the inflationists are through, you still have as many pairs of underwear as Arthur Burns has doctorates, you'll only have to do the laundry once a month.

JERRY WURF

Wurf, who is fifty-eight, has been international president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees since 1964. During his stay in office, he has proved to be an eager junior partner in the inflationist enterprise. Not only has he joined multinational financiers in profiting from increases in your cost of living, but also he has promoted them—and for an easily understood reason. Inflation supplies Wurf with a convenient rationale for excessive wage demands. When the value of the dollar is declining, everyone wants a cost-of-living adjustment, a fact that makes the public more disposed to sympathize with government pay hikes. But what the public seldom realizes is that

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government employees, who appear to suffer along with the rest of us at the supermarket, are already substantially overpaid. Their inflation-generated salary-and-fringe-benefit increases actually enable them to prosper from inflation.

The facts bear this out. All the way back in 1929, government employees were better paid than the rest of us during all the years when inflation was high. The only time that they have fallen behind the average, and then only marginally, was during the decade of the fifties—when inflation was low. Since the mid-sixties, when inflationism really began to take hold, there has been a dramatic escalation in the pay accorded to Jerry Wurf's membership.

To study Wurf's handiwork up close, you need only take a look at New York City. It was there that Wurf perfected his techniques for wangling excessive wage settlements. He said of himself, "The guy who invented public-employee strikes in New York was a fellow named Jerry Wurf. I used to tear the city apart with grim regularity." That he did. And, thanks to his efforts, the city borrowed billions to pay fantastic salaries and fringe benefits. At one point, a garbageman working for the city cost taxpayers an average of \$19,654 annually. Employees in some departments worked notoriously short hours. Uniformed service personnel received sixty-two days of paid vacation—two months—each year. Retirement plans were so generous that in some instances the pensions that city employees received were actually higher than the salaries they received when working. The result, as everyone knows, has been bankruptcy for New York.

And other municipalities, and even states, are not far behind. Wurf has taken his salary-grab tactics nationwide. When responsible people try to resist, Wurf can organize strikes that will withhold essential services until his demands are met. Since Wurf came to power in the nationwide union, the number of strikes by government employees has skyrocketed. In 1963 there were only twenty-nine strikes, with a total of 15,400 man-days lost. By 1970 the number of strikes by government employees had escalated 1400 percent to 412—more than one per day. And the total of man-days lost had increased to 2,023,200. In most instances these strikes have been successful. With the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees in charge of everything from the water supply to maintenance at the courthouse, it is no longer an idle threat when AFSCME leaders announce, as Gerald W. McEntee did in Pennsylvania: "Let's go out and close down this goddamned state."

Wurf and his union members are the shock troops of inflationism. They form the core of active, public agitation for larger federal deficits and the conversion of the government into an agency for servicing of debt.

As more and more communities borrow in order to satisfy the demands of Wurf's members, the shift to an inflationist econ-

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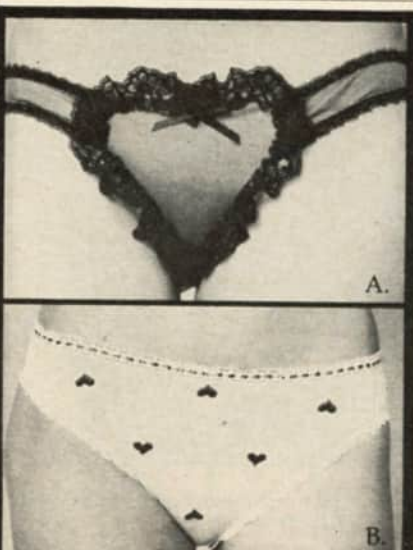
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omy accelerates. The cities and states have to beg the Feds for money, and that, in turn, requires larger federal-budget deficits. The process feeds upon itself.

As long as Wurf and his government employees are richly paid to be enthusiastic about inflationism, they will be. And their role will become more crucial as increasing numbers of people begin to understand what is going on. In spite of the slick advertising campaign that Wurf has undertaken to pooh-pooh concern about inflation, the public is beginning to worry. Pollster Albert Sindlinger recently told a Senate committee that public confidence in the government had slipped to an all-time low. Only the government employees still had any; the overwhelming majority of people didn't. Sindlinger told the senators that true popular support could not be restored until inflation was ended.

The inflationists don't want that. So they will struggle along with the confidence of 10 percent of the population—the government employees—and hope that Jerry Wurf can raise it to 15 percent by finding millions of cushy new jobs. He will try mightily, using strikes and the threat of strikes to pad the government payroll in one community after another. And whenever he meets resistance, he will take ads denouncing "fat cats" for "cutting back human services in order to balance their books."

As we listen to his pep talks, we'll surely note that, compared with David Rockefeller or some of the other inflationists, Wurf at least sounds sincere. But then, as Sinclair Lewis noted, even "a cockroach is sincere."

J. PAUL AUSTIN

Austin, who is sixty-two, has been chief executive officer of Coca-Cola since 1966. He was a Wall Street lawyer before he joined Coke; he has risen rapidly there, first to take charge of the company's export division and, eventually, of the entire worldwide operation. During the years Austin has been peddling soft drinks, he has evidently attained a shrewd dealer's appreciation for the way that printing-press money can aid certain types of businesses—such as Coca-Cola. As a charter member of The Trilateral Commission and the financial patron of Jimmy Carter, Austin is well positioned to be one of the leading inflationists.

But don't check your Coke carton for a little blurb stating that inflation is good for you. Austin doesn't promote inflation that way. He is a silent partner in inflation, a man who, like all good Wall Street lawyers, never says an intelligible word in public. He does his work behind the scenes.

Since Carter's election Austin has had an almost unparalleled number of channels into the councils of power. Austin's corporate lawyer, Charles Kirbo, is widely recognized as Jimmy Carter's great friend and confidant—the Bebe Rebozo of the late seventies. Another Austin protégé, a

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former member of Kirbo's Atlanta firm, is Attorney Gen. Griffin Bell. Still another Kirbo partner, Jack Watson, is secretary to the cabinet.

Over in the Pentagon Austin's associate, Charles W. Duncan, former president of Coca-Cola, has been installed as deputy secretary of defense. These and other individuals who form a "Coke Connection" give Austin ample scope for promoting his views at the White House. When he feels the need, as he reportedly already has, Austin can arrange secret, face-to-face meetings with Jimmy Carter.

Since Austin is no political blabbermouth and won't tell you himself why he is aiding the cause of inflationism, it takes a bit of detective work to figure out the reasons. One of the important clues came from an unlikely source—President Mobutu of Zaire.

Those who have followed Mobutu's colorful career know him variously as: (1) a CIA stooge, (2) the promoter of the George Foreman-Muhammed Ali fight, (3) the man who bankrupted what used to be known as the Belgian Congo. Not all the residents of Mobutu's country are fight fans; so a bit of unrest has developed over the other two cornerstones of his reputation. He has recently been locked in battle with a ragtag band of Katanga rebels. At one point, when fighting was going poorly for his team, a desperate Mobutu sent a message to his sponsors in Washington. He said: "Send Coke."

He asked for arms and money, too, of course. But the really fascinating part of his request was the demand for an emergency airlift of Coca-Cola. It appears that under Mobutu's rule, the Zairian economy had become so impecunious as to be unable to afford enough of the "real thing." With his government practically in receivership to commercial banks, as a result of his having borrowed tons of money that he could not repay, Mobutu had to institute an austerity program.

That meant that the natives did not have enough cash to purchase all the Coca-Cola they would have liked. So when the revolt broke out, Coke had become a luxury item. Mobutu's army balked at fighting until more of it was flown in.

The situation had all the makings of a comic opera, except that it underscores an important reason why J. Paul Austin is an inflationist. The export of inflation around the world has been a major factor in lifting the sales of Coke in underdeveloped countries. Although Coke's exact sales figures are a closely guarded secret, we have ascertained that there has been a dramatic increase in the sales of Coke syrup abroad in the last decade. As a leading analyst put it, "Coca-Cola management continues to effectively blunt the impact of the long-term slowdown in U.S. and foreign soft-drink consumption by penetrating formerly untapped regions." The more credit that is extended to the underdeveloped countries, the more Coke Austin can sell. It is that simple.

Credit expansion is perhaps the most common form of inflation. When banks extend credit to countries like Zaire, which has virtually no prospect of repaying the loans out of income, it is the same thing as printing money.

In either case, whether the banks print the money and ship it to Mobutu or simply give him a check, you and people you know bear the cost. Your money and the value of your insurance and savings are proportionately reduced to subsidize someone else's consumption.

If you are the average American, you probably buy just about as much Coca-Cola as you are ever likely to. Even if you were a millionaire, you probably would not spend more on Coke. There is only one way J. Paul Austin can get his hands on more of your wealth—if you no longer control it. If inflation takes 10 percent of the value of your income and savings and redistributes it to persons who will use it to purchase Coca-Cola, then Austin's sales and profits go up.

And that is just what happens. Not only have hundreds of billions in credit expansion been diverted to subsidize purchasing power in underdeveloped countries, but also much of the inflation at home has served the same purpose. Inflationists, such as Austin, have been rewarded by the shift of funds from savings to consumption through such means as government welfare programs.

While the redistribution of your spending power is justified with noble-sounding rhetoric, its real purpose is to reward the inflationists, such as J. Paul Austin. He knows that while inflation may not be one of those "things" which "go better with Coke," Coke does go better with inflation.

THORNTON F. BRADSHAW

Bradshaw, who is sixty, has been president of Atlantic Richfield Oil Company since 1964. He formerly was a professor at the Harvard University School of Business Administration and is a director of the American Petroleum Institute. He was a member of Jimmy Carter's campaign energy-policy task force and of the oil-industry commission, which last spring issued a heavily publicized report setting forth big oil's energy plan. He is the oil industry's foremost inflationist.

Thornton Frederick Bradshaw is perhaps the only businessman in American history who has come out publicly in favor of inflation. He may well be the only human being in world history who has come out for *planned* inflation.

The current world price for crude oil is \$14.50 a barrel. According to Bradshaw, if it weren't for blackmail by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, the free-market price would be more like three or four dollars. This fact upsets Bradshaw—not because OPEC's price is too high, but because he thinks it's not high enough. Bradshaw has been going around telling his fellow oil executives that the Arabs can't

1



For "where to buy" information on the fashions shown on pages 124-127, contact these manufacturers or stores.

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Louis, Boston, Mass.
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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

The American Jewish Congress was pleased to see in *Penthouse* the article "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland," by the AJC's research director, Moshe Decter. We liked it so much that we have made many reprints of it.—*Richard Cohen, Associate Executive Director, American Jewish Congress, New York, N.Y.*

I would like to let Mr. Moshe Decter know of my sincere appreciation for his superbly written article "The Myth of a Palestinian Homeland" (October 1977). It is the first time, to my knowledge, that someone has comprehensively published the truth about the political events in Palestine since the beginning of the First World War. I can only hope that this article has a wide distribution in the United States, so that it may reverse a public attitude and the thoughts of so many who are presently following only the usual propaganda headlines.—*Dr. Bernhard Reimann, El Paso, Tex.*

Barry Manilow

I am really shocked that *Penthouse* would publish such a one-sided, opinionated article as "The Cyclamate of Pop" by Henry Post (November 1977). I read your magazine because of the articles, which are usually polished and of excellent caliber, but what an exception your Barry Manilow profile is!

Pride in one's self, work, and accomplishments is something too few people have these days. Why knock someone who has worked so long and hard for his success and is pleased and proud of it? Barry Manilow has every reason to feel that way. He continues to develop a wonderful gift, with every drop of sweat, every cramp in the hand, and long, lonely nights spent trying to get the music just right.

Barry Manilow does write the songs. Mr. Post, you wrote some crap!—*Brenda Wittern, Atlanta, Ga.*

I take offense at your recent article both for myself and for Barry Manilow. I was the middle Harlette on Barry's first tour, and I never heard any of the comments Henry Post claims were made by us.

I believe that there is a place for many kinds of music in this country, and Barry Manilow obviously satisfies the need for well-arranged and well-sung songs. He has worked many years for his success and has paid his dues many times.—*Robin Grean, New York, N.Y.*

Veterans' convention

We would like to inform those of your readers who would be interested about the upcoming Eleventh Annual Convention of the National Association of Concerned Veterans. The convention will open on Monday, April 3, and run through Friday, April 7, 1978, in Baltimore, Md. Several dignitaries will be visiting with us, and Baltimore is only

forty-five minutes from Washington, D.C., in the event that you would like to meet your congressmen or senators. All of this should make the convention interesting, informative, and rewarding. Write to me for more information and reservations.—*Jeffries Carey, Chairman, National Association of Concerned Veterans, 4710 Liberty Heights Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21207*

Hundreds of thousands of Vietnam-era vets have been refused jobs and benefits because of less-than-honorable discharges. Jimmy Carter was elected president with the understanding that he would establish a program which would review individual cases of vets with "bad paper" discharges and, with luck, improve those discharges. And Carter did just that; he fulfilled his obligation with a shit-eating grin.

Of the 400,000 Vietnam War vets with bad discharges only 60,000 applied for upgrading. Of those who applied, less than half, 28,000, have been processed so far and only 16,000 of those were approved for upgrading. In other words, about one out of every twenty-five vets with bad papers from Vietnam had his discharge upgraded.

Well, that's better than nothing, no? What about that kid of eighteen years, who back in 1969, thought he was leaving the farm and going off to war to keep integrity, justice, and democracy sacred only to find himself killing strangers just to keep big business big back home? That kid got demoralized, depressed, degraded, defeated, and, in some cases, deformed.

When that liar Nixon decided to escalate his police action, he needed more bodies, no matter what their education, police record, or emotional makeup. Since they'd be killed sooner or later anyway, it really didn't matter. But they weren't all murdered. Quite a few were able to get away one way or another; they escaped either "dishonorably" or "generally."

Remember those 16,000 vets who were upgraded? Half of them will lose their VA benefits after they go through a military-review board. The new law that Carter signed denies automatic eligibility to upgraded veterans.

Well, why not? Those vets have good paper now. They can get back the same jobs they had before they quit and went to war; that is, if they had jobs back then. And college? Vocational training? Why, these seedy little people can just put themselves through school on welfare—right, Jimmy?

Why Carter decided to compromise all those people I'll never know. Perhaps things would be different if they were all named Bert Lance.—*Andrew Lacher, Mesa, Ariz.*

Photo feedback

I have just gone through my November copy of *Penthouse*, and I have a comment to make. Your photo story "Through a Lens Starkly" is pure dynamite. I have enjoyed it very much, and so, much to my delighted surprise, has my wife. It seems that one of

"some straight talk about vitamins and your sex-life"

T.E. HOLDING III, PRESIDENT, HOLDING LABORATORIES

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Today there is a new openness and honesty about the way we think and express ourselves. And thanks to this, frank discussion of how to achieve a healthy, satisfying sex life is no longer taboo. We are discovering new things about our sexuality. Things that have, in all truth, waited much too long to be discovered.

I am going to tell you about some new facts and discoveries concerning the effect vitamins and nutrition have on your sex life. And about a research program, conducted by Holding Laboratories, that has led to the development of a remarkable new formula. This formula is a scientifically balanced vitamin tonic and stimulant called Sex-Alert, and it contains several vital substances that our research has proven are essential to a normal, healthy, and enjoyable sex life. First, however, I want to mention that Holding Laboratories is a long established firm with a reputation for making quality pharmaceutical products. We were founded in 1888 and have been in business for over 89 years. We are one of the oldest pharmaceutical firms in the United States.

WHAT WE DISCOVERED

Today vitamins and their positive effect on health are widely accepted but this has only come about within the last 20 years.

As our firm manufactures many vitamin products, we became professionally interested in the relationship between vitamins, nutrition, and sex, and we started detailed research. Much to our surprise, the older studies of human sexual behavior made by Sigmund Freud, Havelock Ellis and Kinsey (all done before the middle 1950's) made almost no mention of the important relationship between vitamins, nutrition and sex.

Yet newer research into human nutrition did! Many well-known doctors and scientists confirm the important effects proper vitamins have on sexual performance. And the internationally respected nutritionist, Adelle Davis, who has done more to build our growing awareness of the importance of vitamins than any other researcher, believed the following—

—many people's sexual difficulties disappear with proper vitamins and nutrition. And these sexual difficulties included the lack of sexual desire and impotence.

—the body's manufacture of hormones essential to adequate sexual performance in both men and women is directly related to proper vitamins and nutrition.

—active sexual performance is easily maintained into a person's 50's, 60's, 70's and beyond...providing their diet includes the proper vitamins and nutrition.

Let's face it. Sex is a physical act. And for the human body to perform any physical act with vigor, vitality, and lasting power, the right vitamins and nutrients must be present.

OUR RESEARCH PROJECT

As we continued investigation into the specific vitamins which most directly affect sexual performance, we made some interesting and important discoveries.

First, a lot of medical research had focused on hormone supplements. But these so-called "miracle hormones" proved disappointing in terms of safety and long range effectiveness. And, the body produces a plentiful supply of its own, natural hormones when the proper vitamins are present.

We also found that human sexual organs need specific vitamins and nutrients in concentrated quantities — and that while a person's diet may provide enough nourishment for general health, it may not supply enough of the special vitamins necessary for adequate sexual desire and performance — especially considering our national eating habits and the large amounts of highly processed foods we eat.

After over two years of careful research, analysis and testing, Sex-Alert was perfected. It supplements a person's normal intake of the vitamins and nutrients we have discovered to be essential to a healthy sex life. And Sex-Alert has been fully assayed and laboratory tested for quality, potency and purity in accordance with all Federal and State Agencies.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT THE REMARKABLY EFFECTIVE SEX-ALERT FORMULA

What are the main ingredients of Sex-Alert?

Vitamin E, Ginseng, Thiamine Hydrochloride, Niacin, Zinc, Iron and Para Amino Benzoic Acid

What effect do Vitamin E and Ginseng play?

Vitamin E is needed by the body before sex hormones can be produced. Need for Vitamin E soars during menopause, and hot flashes and night sweats often disappear when it is taken. It also builds muscle strength and vitality. Tests have indicated that lack of Vitamin E has produced sterility in males and tragic malformations developed in embryos that died early. Vitamin E is also widely publicized as helping to forestall the aging process.

Ginseng research is being performed in order to verify that Ginseng should be classified as an "adaptogen" — a substance that increases an organism's resistance to

adverse factors of a physical, chemical, and biological nature. Holding Laboratories has pioneered in medical research on adaptogens. Ginseng could be the most reliable of adaptogens, and Soviet research reports that Ginseng increases vitality and endurance, and helps overcome the effects of physical and psychological stress. All are important factors in a normal, healthy and enjoyable sex life.

What about Sex-Alert's other ingredients?

Zinc deficiencies, which are not uncommon, are related to the retardation of sexual development of men and prostate disorders. At an American medical meeting, Dr. H.A. Ronagy of Pahlav University in Iran reported on a study of 187 dwarfs among 20 year old men. Given Zinc as a nutritional supplement, they developed sexually and grew in height. Para Amino Benzoic Acid, an important B complex vitamin, has corrected the premature graying of hair. The other ingredients aid in combating emotional disturbances, mental depression, and are utilized by the nervous and circulatory systems.

Is Sex-Alert an Aphrodisiac?

No. It is a safe, ethical product, for both men and women. It can be taken without prescription. Its precise, balanced formulation of key vitamins and nutrients builds the body's content of essential vitamins and nutrients to a consistent, high level in order to promote a healthy and enjoyable sex life.

What results has Sex-Alert Achieved?

Hundreds of letters attesting to Sex-Alert's remarkable effectiveness are fully documented and are maintained in Holding

Laboratories Research and Product Development files. A mature preacher who had not engaged in sex for many years has had his sex drive reawakened. And many women indicate their sex life has changed from semi-frigidity to full enjoyment and satisfaction. Others report their sexual appetite increased — to a point where they wanted sex one or two times daily instead of just once or twice a month. Sex-Alert produces results in just 10 to 14 days. It is a safe, sane, balanced way to a more perfect sex life.

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Now it's time for you to consider your sex life — honestly and straightforwardly. Consider your needs. And those of your partner. If you'd like to try Sex-Alert, we urge you to do so for 30 days. If you feel the results are not what you hoped for just return the unused portion for a full and immediate refund of your entire purchase price. We know how effective Sex-Alert is. And we will not sell it without this special guarantee.

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Please send me the supply of Sex-Alert as indicated below. Also include your free book on mental and physical aspects of a healthy sex life. I understand that if unhappy, I may return the unused supply of Sex-Alert for a full and complete refund.

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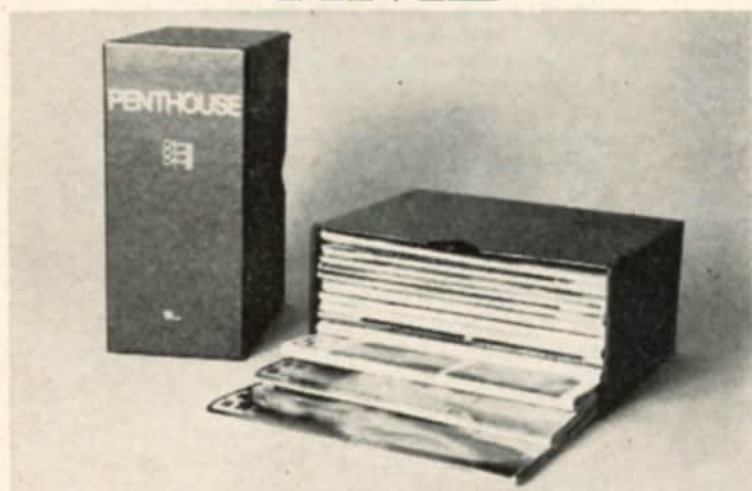
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her fantasies is quite similar to the ones that are so beautifully and so vividly depicted in this story.

I am quite sure my praise will be said more eloquently, with a lot more verbiage and vitality, but this is one guy who very nearly "got it off" just by looking at this series of photos. I would not object to more of the same.—David J. Stevens, Houston, Tex.

Fiction feedback

I read "The Passion of New Eve" by Angela Carter in your November issue, and I quite agree with those who have said that fiction writing in magazines didn't just die; it was murdered by editors who don't know what the hell good fiction is.

It was a fruitless, dragged-out disaster and boring besides.—S.L., Cincinnati, Ohio

I was so caught up with the "hero's" adventures in the future city of New York in "The Passion of New Eve" that I went out the same night I'd read the piece and bought the book from which the story is excerpted. The same thing happened after I read the parts you published from Philip Roth's novel "The Professor of Desire" (September and October 1977).

I think that it's a good idea to publish parts of current books. I've never been much of a reader. (I only manage a few magazines a month.) *Penthouse* has helped introduce me to some good books that I've really enjoyed. Best of all, I've added some "brains" to my "brawn"—which is very helpful in approaching the women of the seventies.—Nicky Russo, Brooklyn, N.Y.

MOANS & GROANS

I admire the intelligence and courage of Craig Karpel's article "Cartergate: the Death of Democracy" (November 1977). However, I also believe that by presenting sex and alleged beauty as quantities to be consumed, you are taking a giant step toward bringing to reality The Trilateral Commission's vision of a world of soulless consumers. How is this possible? The influence of the mass media is such that your readers may interpret anything your magazine presents as a cultural imperative. And if, in your magazine, human beings are turned into numbers—quantities of sex to be consumed and thrown away—then the best of your intentions in presenting Craig Karpel's article may be engulfed by the influence of unthinking, violent lust unleashed in your pages, which can only eat its prey—or destroy it.—K.I.B., Albany, Calif.

A nation of "soulless consumers" might well be The Trilateral Commission's vision, but *Penthouse*, far from dehumanizing its audience, offers its readers many varied

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political and sexual viewpoints. We believe that this choice is one of the essential elements of a democracy, which would perish without a wide variety of ideas and lively intellects. As long as democracy flourishes, we need not fear The Trilateral Commission's drive for total power.

The first time I ever saw your publication was the other day, when I ran across an old issue, June 1977. I found the whole magazine distasteful, but I was absolutely incensed when I saw the layout "Bound for Glory." By suggesting that men tie women up to get what they want, you encourage and condone the violent crime of rape. The pictures that you show, depicting women bound and gagged, are perverse. To say that women love it is a damnable lie. You are perpetuating the idea that women want to be abused.

There is no justification for the material you publish. I intend to campaign wholeheartedly against your magazine and others like it.—K.W., Kansas City, Mo.

"Bound for Glory" is obviously a pictorial satire and certainly does not encourage rape or abuse of women. We are sorry that you missed the humor in the layout.

I have just finished reading the November issue of *Penthouse*. I was disgusted to read that you had awarded \$75,000 worth of gifts to a girl whose only claim to fame is posing before a camera with no clothes on. Talk about waste! "She's the most beautiful girl," you may say. More beautiful than I? I doubt it. You see, my beauty is in my head, which brings me to the point of this letter. I had always thought that *Penthouse* advocated beauty from the inside out. You people are perpetuating the idea of women as gold diggers, an image we're all trying to shake. It seems that the women who do the least get the most credit and notoriety in your magazine.

I believe that *Penthouse* and your sister publication, *Viva*, should use that money for women's causes which are trying to do something for the benefit of all women and all mankind.—P.M., Glen Cove, N.Y.

"Posing before a camera with no clothes on" is not Victoria Lynn Johnson's "only claim to fame." Not only is she a top model in Atlanta, Ga.; she also has three movie roles to her credit—a promising beginning for a career in films.

The woman elected Pet of the Year has many responsibilities, including a twenty-two-city tour of veterans' hospitals, where she visits and cheers hundreds of disabled and often lonely ex-servicemen. She lends her promotional services, free of charge, to many charities, such as The March of Dimes.

Viva, as a part of the *Penthouse* Corporation, was one of the first magazines to donate funds and devote editorial space to the Equal Rights Amendment, one of the best and most important women's causes we know. O +

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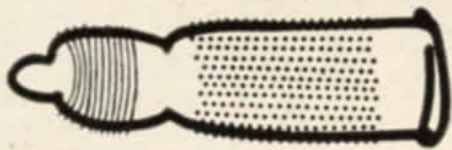
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

never thought I'd see the day I would be writing to "Forum." I'm a graduate student at a small, mostly male engineering college in upstate New York. Also, I happen to be a dorm representative at a dormitory known as "The Ranch." Because it is one of the few coed dorms on campus and because of the nature of my position, I get to meet many undergraduate girls. But my job prevents my getting involved with any of these young females. However, this year, much to my regret, I was forced into such a situation.

Late one night I was on duty, as is customary for dorm reps on prescribed nights. It was quite late, and I was getting ready to go to bed. Then, without warning, one of the better-looking freshmen strolled in (I keep my door unlocked while I'm on duty). She seemed a little embarrassed when she explained that she had locked herself out of her room. I had been reading *Penthouse*, which I always find stimulating; as a result, I was somewhat aroused. I think that she noticed, for her voice became very soft and sexy. The next thing I knew, she was sitting next to me with her head on my shoulder, seeking sympathy because she had been having a hard time adjusting to college life.

I started to grow hard, feeling that young, warm female body pressing against mine, but I tried to suppress my urges. Just when I thought I would succeed, she reached down into my shorts and pulled forth my rigid cock. I was past the point of no return.

What followed was the best sex of my life. She proceeded to suck me off with tremendous vigor, and I exploded with such force that she almost choked. She then wrapped her mouth around my balls and teased them playfully with her swirling tongue.

I slowly removed her clothes while she licked up and down my quivering shaft. At that point, I caressed her soft breasts, while gently licking under her armpits. This was quite a turn-on for her. I then slid my tongue across her chest to her pliant nipples and worked my way down toward her pulsating mound. I buried my head in her soft pussy and feasted on her natural juices. She moaned with delight as she erupted in orgasm.

Until now I had been having guilt feelings but could not stop myself from enjoying the strange situation. Her eyes begged me to satisfy her need; so I thrust my rod into her tight, throbbing cunt. We exploded simultaneously. Afterward, she casually admitted that she hadn't really locked herself out. Then she left just as suddenly as she had appeared.

Although I enjoyed every minute of our encounter, it has caused me much worry if anyone finds out what happened, I could lose my job and might be put on disciplinary probation by my school. So, as a warning to all other dorm reps, don't give in!—Name and address withheld

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California pastorage

Last Thanksgiving week, when my wife and I were on vacation, we decided to have a picnic lunch up in the mountains near Cuyamaca. And the weather cooperated: typical Santa Ana temperatures and crystal-clear skies. It was about noon, and Martha was taking out the sandwiches and the fruit juice. While I was busy pouring the juice from the picnic jug, Martha was busy with a surprise. When I turned around, she had taken off her sweater and bra and replaced them with her long-sleeved, white-lace see-through blouse—fully unbuttoned! She was lovely, with her breasts beautifully catching the sun. So we lay down facing each other, Martha on her right side and I on my left. And I tried to eat my sandwich, but not very successfully. I couldn't keep my hands off those two beauties! I'd take a bite or two (of my sandwich), and then I'd have to lean over and admire the splendid sight before me. My cock was like a rock by this time.

Finally, with only half of my sandwich gone, I could stand it no longer. I abandoned the picnic, took off her slacks, and lay beside Martha, with my head buried between her super tits, loving and kissing their soft fullness while I teased her pussy through her moistening panties with my right hand. After about ten minutes of loving her breasts with my hungry mouth, I rose and pulled off her panties. Her pussy looked really gorgeous in the bright sunlight, the hair so golden, the lips so moist and pink. In seconds, my face was between her soft thighs, and my eager mouth covered that beautiful pussy. And I loved it, teased it, kissed it, and sucked it for what seemed hours.

Occasionally, my hands reached up and found her breasts and caressed their sun-warmed softness. The love juices were pouring from Martha's lovely pussy, and my tongue and lips were reveling in it. Martha was moaning and gasping and making incoherent love sounds, just as I was. And then I slipped a finger inside that juicy cunt while my mouth sucked gently on her clit. In five seconds, Martha was coming and groaning with the pleasure. I kept my mouth pressed on her clit, and my finger felt all the wonderful spasms deep inside her.

When her orgasm had passed, she urged me up with her hands. I tore off my pants and shorts but couldn't take the time to remove my sweater and shirt. I covered her warm, beautiful body with mine, devoured her mouth, and plunged my aching cock into her wide-open, juicy pussy. Martha came again instantly. And in less than a minute of frantic thrusting, I exploded inside her! We lay exhausted and satisfied for several more minutes before we finally came back to earth. We finally finished the lunch after we'd dressed.

I'll never forget that marvelous picnic. I've been married to my fantastic wife for twenty-seven years, and sex gets better and better every year!—R.P., San Diego, Calif.

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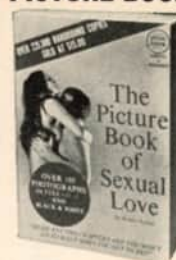
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It was a Friday night. As on all Friday nights, the students in residence had put their books away for another weekend and had gotten down to some good partying. Anyway, around midnight, everyone in the student village was pretty drunk; so my housemate Al and I decided to do some visiting. We stopped by one house where these two really foxy girls, Sandy and Terri, lived. We had always talked about getting into their pants, but never in our wettest dreams had we expected anything like the treatment we each received that evening.

Sandy and Terri got us each a beer and then asked if we wanted to tour their place. Terri grabbed Al's hand, and Sandy took mine, and together we went upstairs. When we went into one of the bedrooms, Al jokingly said, "Wow, this would be a nice place to spend the night."

Well, with that, the girls flung us onto separate beds. Being very horny, we put up no protest and pulled the girls down onto our respective beds. After that I don't remember seeing Al until the next morning.

I took Sandy in my arms and kissed her, gently at first, with my tongue getting increasingly active. Already I had a hard-on that just wouldn't quit. I think Sandy noticed this because she went straight for the zipper of my jeans. She eased out my swollen staff and began gently massaging it with her warm hands. I immediately began undoing her pants. At this she said, "I think it would be better if we took off all our clothes."

We both quickly stripped off our clothes and climbed back into bed. Her body was really hot, and I wasted no time in trying to cool it down with my mouth and tongue. I gently moved down her throat until I reached one of her firm breasts. I tongued and sucked her beautiful nipple while I massaged the other with my hand until they were both rock-hard. But I had more territory to explore and so moved down to her already wet pussy. Her pubic hair was down-soft and a golden brown, just like the hair on her head. My tongue darted in and out through that lovely thicket until I felt her cunt lips. I gently licked around in increasingly smaller circles until I poked my tongue deep into her tunnel of love and felt her shiver with excitement. Her clit was not hard to find, and it was firm and exposed. I sucked and licked and bit and kissed her clit for what seemed hours, bringing her to two gasping orgasms.

By now my cock had turned a deeper shade of purple, and I decided that it was time to put it to use. I eased her legs apart and inserted it into her dripping aperture. She dug her heels into my back to urge me on. I tried to keep our mutual motions slow, but my lust and aching balls soon caused me to start pounding wildly into her, my balls

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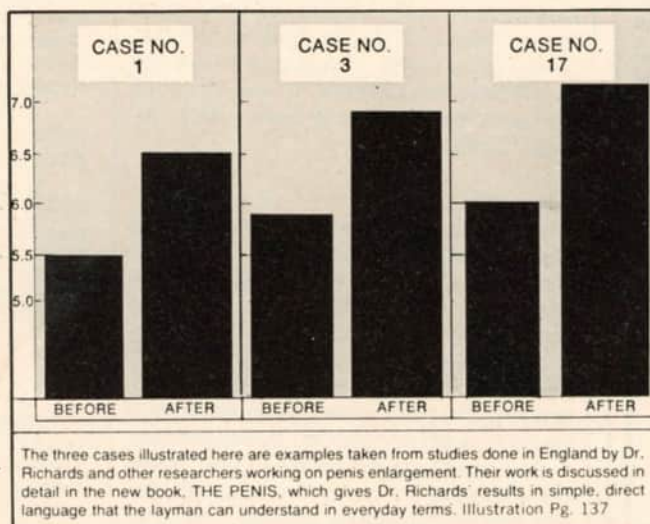
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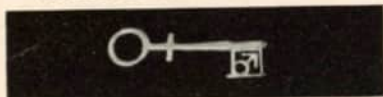
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slapping against her buttocks. It seemed like only a moment before I felt my body tense, and I sent such a hard stream of come into her that she must have gained a few ounces. Fortunately, she came at that moment right along with me. After that, thoroughly exhausted, we both fell asleep in each other's arms. It was the most peaceful sleep I'd had since I had been at school.

When I awoke the next morning, Sandy was already in the shower. I walked over to where Al was and found him fast asleep with his head resting on Terri's crotch. Needless to say, we are all very good friends now and get together quite often (every other night). I hope that others like us will have the patience to wait, because the same may happen to them.—M.S., Toronto, Canada

Snore job

When I was a bit younger, there were not many sexual experiences that I hadn't encountered. One of the most delightful to me was a brisk, stimulating blowjob; for me this was ecstasy. But having been married for three years now and having a wife who has never had much taste for fellatio, I was reaching the point where I yearned to have my cock-head surrounded by her tongue.

One night I stayed awake in bed, thinking about the fine art of cocksucking. My wife was sound asleep, snoring somewhat loudly. I rolled over and gave her a nudge but to no avail. Just then a superb idea occurred to me. Getting more and more excited each time I thought about it, I soon sat up in bed and got on my knees over her face. Looking down at her lips, I said to myself that this has to be it! Her mouth was partly open, and she was breathing heavily in her deep sleep. I slipped my penis onto those vibrating, red lips. The more she snored, the more stimulated I became. It didn't take long for me to unload for all I was worth. To me this was a new and fabulous experience, a delight I could never have imagined.

In all my experiences with other women and their methods of stimulation, I have yet to find anything better than a snore job.—G.D., Duluth, Minn.

Keep the letters coming

I'd like to thank all the people who write to *Penthouse* about experiences that have given them pleasure, for it is these same letters that have become a great source of pleasure to me.

I am a woman who enjoys making love with both men and women; so I find your pictures arousing, to say the least. But it is the written section, i.e., "Forum," Xaviera's column, and "Couples," that really turns me on. I eagerly await each month's *Penthouse*, and there are many pleasurable afternoons that I have had with it. (At this point I would like to interject that I have a wonderful boyfriend, with whom I have a delicious sex life, but he works all day, and I'm out of school by noon, which leaves me with a lot of free time in the afternoon.)

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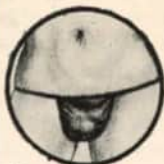
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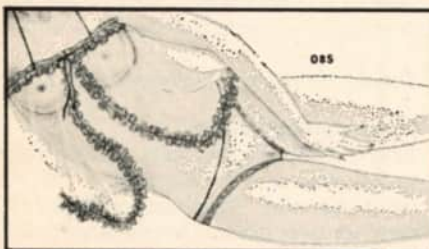
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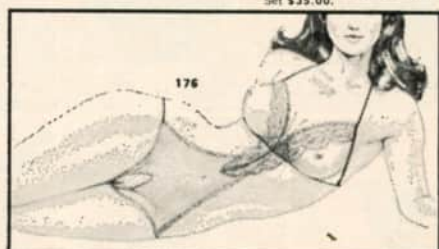
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When I get a new *Penthouse*, I come home and slip on my silkiest, sexiest lingerie and a pair of strappy high heels. I put on my favorite perfume and a little more makeup than usual. I then sit on my bed, surrounded by lots of soft pillows, and start looking through your magazine. The pictorials, as I said, are a great turn-on, but there the image is defined. I soon move from them to the letters, for there I can create my own mental image. As I am reading, I begin to run my hands along my body, over my breasts, playing with my nipples till they're hard with excitement. My hand inevitably slips down over my stomach, through the soft curls of my pubic hair to my eagerly awaiting clitoris. I stroke myself softly at first, still reading, increasing the pressure and speed of my strokes as my excitement increases. My ass gets hot and sweaty and my hips start to sway involuntarily. My whole pussy becomes sopping wet, as do the sheets I'm sitting on. Sometimes, while I'm reading a really juicy letter, I get so turned on that my eyes water and my vision is obscured. I can scarcely even see the page. But I don't let myself come. I force myself to read all the way through "Forum," "Call Me Madam," and "Couples." It isn't easy, because I am constantly on the verge of exploding in orgasm. When I have finished, I choose the piece that was the biggest turn-on and go back and read it again. I make sure to savor every word while my fingers work furiously away at my hot, wet pussy. Sometimes I put a vibrating egg in my ass and a vibrator up my cunt while I stroke my clitoris. I usually don't even finish reading it the second time—I just let myself come in a very powerful orgasm. The pen certainly is mightier than the sword. Fellow readers, keep those letters coming in!—Name and address withheld

Thanks for taking us along for the fun.

Underwater surprises

One hot Sunday afternoon I was swimming in the pool in the backyard of my home while my wife, Amy, was chatting inside with her best friend, Denise. After a while I came in. When the women saw me in my small, tight, dark trunks, Amy took off her shirt, revealing her stunning beauty clad only in a bikini. Most of her tits were displayed. The sight has always turned me on, so in no time at all my trunks showed quite a bulge.

Denise was quite impressed. She remarked, "You must be pretty well hung." Then she said to Amy, "Mind if I check him out?" Since my wife and I have always been proud of my meat, she agreed enthusiastically.

I instantly pulled my suit down under my cock and balls. Denise came over, fondled them, and commented, "Mmmm, you've really got nice equipment. Hey, Amy, I've got an idea." She went over and whispered in her ear.

When she finished, Amy said, "Sure, go right ahead."

Denise then returned to me, put her

hands on my chest, and said, "Now you just stay right there, and I'll be right back." With my cock hard enough to drill through a wall, I waited for Denise. Two minutes later, she came back, clad only in pink bikini underwear. "First," she said, "let's get rid of this thing." And she slid off my wet bathing suit. Then she blindfolded me and told me her plan: "We're going to go into the pool together, and the object of our game is for you, blindfolded, to remove my underwear without holding on to me. Once you've done that, we're gonna fuck right in the pool! Now how are you going to know where I am? Only one way; I will be holding your cock at all times!"

Then she led me, by the cock, outside in front of the pool. Amy followed, slapping me playfully on the ass, and chortled, "Good luck, stud!"

Denise reached round with her left hand, clutched my balls, and asserted, "Oh, I'm sure he'll do just fine!"

Denise let go with her left hand, her right still wrapped tightly around my ever-eager telephone pole, and instructed, "At the count of three, we'll jump in. Ready? One, two, three, jump!" The game really wasn't hard at all, and in no time I had stripped her bare. Then she removed the blindfold, and we grabbed each other and made sweet love in the pool. It was so good that we could easily have won a pool-sex championship! Best of all, during our little game, these two beautiful dominatrices gave me nothing to fear, only breathless excitement and anticipation. That's what made it all the more fun. When I'm being dominated, I want love and I get it. That's why I love Amy so much. She knows how to lay it on me right, even in sharing me. That's a marriage that shouldn't be changed!—P.H., Sacramento, Calif.

Sheet treat

I have found what I believe to be the ultimate in sexual gratification. I discovered this purely by accident. During one of our lovemaking sessions, my lover and I got so tangled in our bed sheets that we couldn't get apart without difficulty.

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Entertaining a new friend

I am a twenty-two-year-old housewife who is very sexually oriented, liberated, and horny as hell. My husband, Johnny, is the greatest in bed, too. My story is about how we got started in the threesome scene.

We have always had a good sex life. We did all there was to do in bed: sucking, fucking, fingering—you name it, we did it. We even did it on horseback one time. One night, as I was sucking my husband's cock, I started thinking about how great it would be to have someone fucking me from be-



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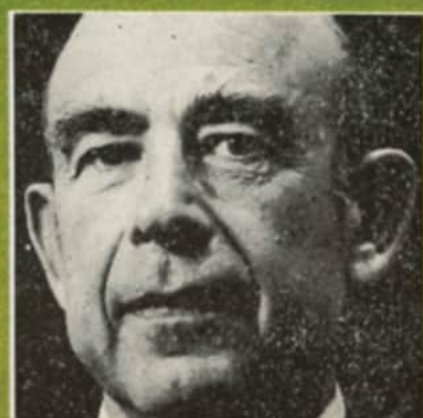
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
TELEVISION OR NOT?

The Man Who Knew Too Much—It's no secret that the government of Chilean President Salvador Allende was brought down by covert action on the part of the American government in collusion with the multinationals and extreme right-wing Chilean elements but the extent and depth of that covert activity have not yet been described to the American people. Former U.S. Ambassador Edward Korry has tried time and again to bring out the true facts of the Chilean tragedy, to free it from the romanticism surrounding Allende and the strict silence imposed by American special interests (leading all the way to the White House), but he was stifled by Church's Select Senate Committee on Intelligence, and his story was covered up by the Justice Department. *Penthouse* is publishing for the first time Ed Korry's testament—a true story that the American government is afraid to touch.

Sexual Roulette—When Linda Kirsh came to New York she was like any young girl with stars in her eyes and dreams of Broadway. When money ran out and she advertised for roommates she didn't expect the ring of sexual professionals that moved in with theatrical ideas of their own. Nick Tosches's sensuous tale of a woman's intimate confessions to her shrink.

Will South Africa Die for Our Sins?—Probably. South Africa is the country that the whole world loves to hate, the whipping boy of global opinion. But things are not so simple as they appear, contends African historiographer Herb Parker, there is another side. In March's "Advise and Dissent" educator Parker takes an apostate's view of simplistic and potentially disastrous solutions to South Africa's fate. His contentions will surprise many and shock more than a few, but what is really at stake is the future of the real majority of black South Africans, not a small power elite that may exist at the expense of an entire nation of both black and white people.

We Real Cool—Trent is the new kid on the block, but not for long. His finesse with the dice wins him the instant admiration of the "Superior Sixers," Harlem's number-two ("soon to be number one—we're working on it") street gang. This funny, tough, and poignant tale by James de Jongh and Charles Cleveland traces Trent's evolution into "Ceelow" (from a crap-shooting term) and his gang history from his initiation rite (he holds up a candy store dressed as a whore) to his orgiastic welcoming bash into the gang. Is this any way for a college-bound boy to behave? Trent AKA Ceelow comes to belong.


Television or Not?—It doesn't seem to be a question anymore. Statistics show that on any given night 80 million Americans are sitting passively in front of their television sets, but what is all that staring into the "idiot box" doing to their minds? Does television broaden our horizons or limit them in a dangerous and profound way? Former advertising executive Jerry Mander takes on television in the March *Penthouse* with dramatic and terrifying results. Is television manipulating your thoughts and dominating your existence? Studies show that roughly half of the nonsleeping, nonworking time of adult America is spent in watching television. What price have we paid? 

hind while I was sucking on a cock in the front. So I mentioned this to my husband, and he got very turned on, started fingering me like hell, and we both had great climaxes.

Afterward we discussed it a little further and decided to try it out the following weekend. We knew we both loved each other, and we were just going to experiment a little. So the following Friday night I put on a sexy new dress, which Johnny had bought me. It was pretty short and very low cut. I put on a garter and stockings with no panties or bra. Then we took off to a town about sixty miles away from our house and drove until we found a lively disco. We entered, and it seemed that all the guys were looking me over. This was a big turn-on for both Johnny and me. Soon after we sat down, he got up to get us drinks, and a good-looking guy walked up to me and asked me to dance. The dance was over soon, but it didn't take long for me to give him the necessary seductive looks. And I didn't hesitate to rub his back and press against his crotch, where I could feel his rock-hard cock. I knew that he couldn't believe what was happening to him when I asked him to join us at our table. There I introduced him to Johnny.

After a little conversation we left for the hotel room. On the way I got our new friend, Mike, a little more at ease by rubbing his balls and sucking him off. When we got into the room, we all headed straight for the bed. Both men undressed first, and then I gave them a little strip show. By the time I was finished stripping, both men looked incredibly horny, their cocks bulging with lust. We sucked, kissed, and licked for a while, and I started sucking Johnny off and invitingly put my ass high in the air. It didn't take long for Mike to get the message: he promptly stuck his dick into my wet pussy and slid it all the way in. We sucked and fucked, and I had about five or six orgasms—more than I'd ever had at one time. Both men exploded at about the same time and filled me with come from both ends. It was unbelievably good sex.—*Name and address withheld*

Bank holidays

I would like to inform all your readers of a low-cost service provided by your friendly neighborhood bank at a cost of only five or six dollars per year. You can rent your own safe-deposit box for that pittance. The bank provides rooms that are carpeted and soundproof and can be locked from within, so that a customer and his "secretary" can examine the contents of their box in private. Most banks have their safe-deposit vaults in their downtown office locations. This makes it handy to sneak away from the office and avoid the expense of a motel.—*J.F., Chicopeen, Mass.* 

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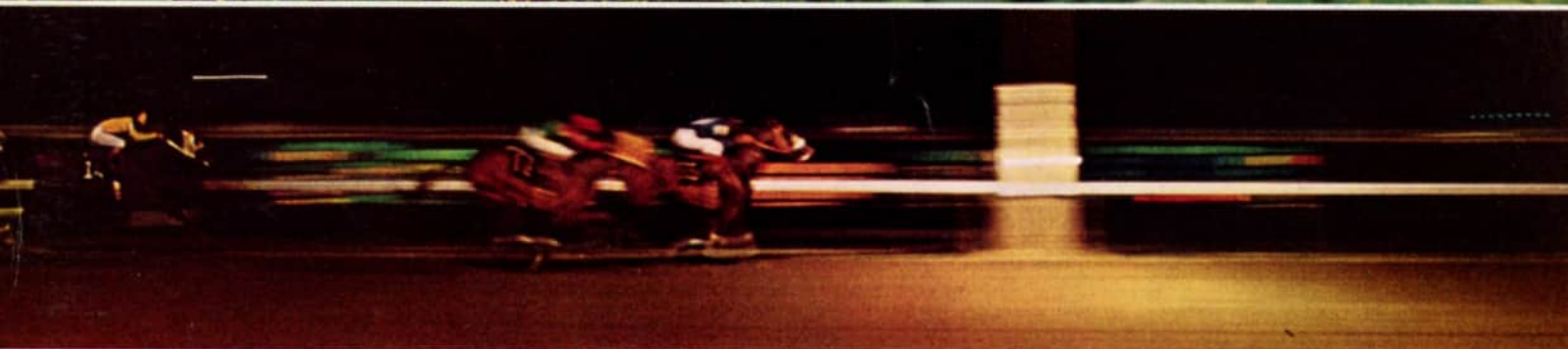
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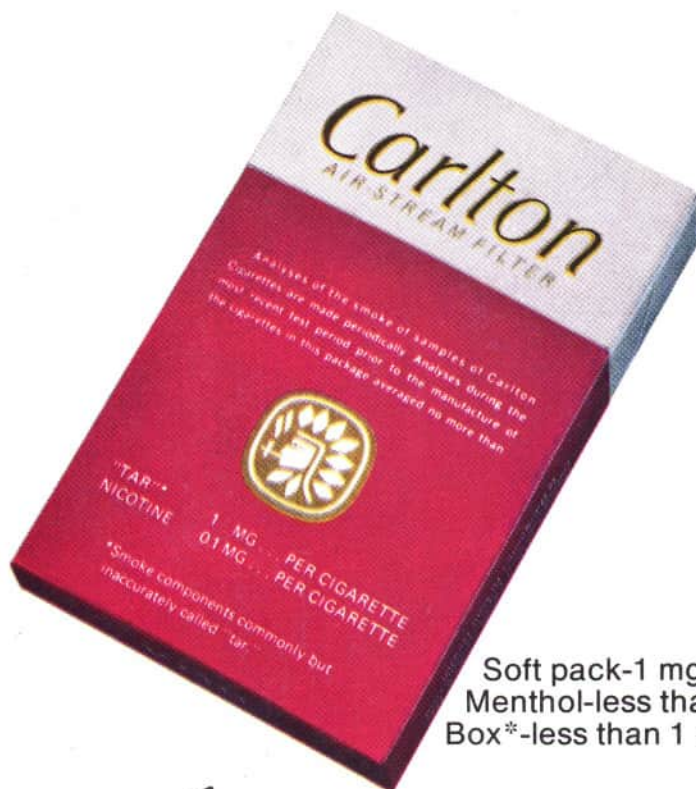
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Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

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 *	*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.