


PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1974 \$1.25



RICHARD M. NIXON
AND ORGANIZED CRIME
VETERANS IN PRISON
A BISEXUAL
INVESTIGATION
BY JOHN STEINBECK, JR.
VIOLENCE IN THE COURT
OF GURU MAHARAJ JI

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PENTHOUSE

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HOUSECALL

"The people have a right to know if their president is a crook. I am not a crook." So said Richard Nixon last November. Perhaps he isn't, but some of his friends certainly are. This month, in a story that the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* refused to publish, *Penthouse* rips a carefully constructed veil of secrecy from the latest and most terrifying Nixon scandal—his twenty-six-year-long association with organized crime. In *Richard Nixon and Organized Crime*, **Jeff Gerth** doesn't make hollow accusations—he names names, dates, and places. Gerth is a twenty-nine-year-old freelance investigative journalist who has dug up stories of corporate crime, corruption, and organized crime for the national news media, foundations, and public-interest groups. He also investigated political corruption for George McGovern's presidential campaign and is currently working on a book.

Another public figure who surrounds himself with unsavory characters is **Guru Maharaj Ji**. In *I See the Light*, **Ken Kelley** tells the whole story of Pat Halley, a young journalist who pitched a pie in the guru's face and lived to tell about it... but only just. The blissful disciples were so enraged that two of them laid a little "Divine Knowledge" on Halley by literally shattering his skull. Kelley is a twenty-three-year-old freelance journalist whose work has appeared in *SunDance* magazine, the *Berkeley Barb*, and *Ramparts*. His book on the guru's Divine Light Mission, *Brave New Bliss*, will be published by McGraw-Hill in early 1975.

And who ends up in prison? The Vietnam veteran. The fifth installment in the continuing *Penthouse* series on Namvets is *Vets in Prison*, by **Corinne Browne**. Miss Browne is the author of *Body Shop: Recuperating from Vietnam* (Stein & Day, 1973), a book about Vietnam veteran amputees in the army's Letterman General

Hospital in San Francisco. Here she tells what happened to veterans who came home, couldn't find jobs, and got little or no help from the VA. They got into trouble, that's what happened.

"If you can't beat a man, you kick him in the testicles; then you say he doesn't have any testicles after you've kicked him. That's typical of New York critics." The speaker is **James Purdy**, possibly the best unknown writer alive. In this month's *Penthouse Interview*, Purdy describes his mutual hate relationship with the publishing establishment to **Fred Barron**, Contributing Arts Editor for the *Boston Phoenix*. Barron has just covered the Cannes Film Festival, and Purdy is awaiting publication of his novel, *The House of the Solitary Maggot* (Doubleday), which is the second volume of a trilogy entitled *Sleepers in Moon-Crowded Valleys*.

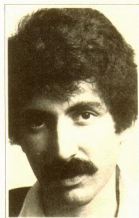
Philip Cioffari returns to our pages this month with *Either Way You Lose*, an elegant story of an upper-middle-class love triangle that turns into a game of odd man out. Regular readers will remember his *Son of the King of Rock 'n' Roll* (October 1973), and his fans will be happy to hear that he has just completed a novel, *Memoirs of an Autumn Rain*. **John Steinbeck, Jr.** makes his first contribution to *Penthouse* with an explanation of the current fashion in bisexual behavior. Son of the famous novelist, John Jr. is a self-described sociologist-anthropologist ("I have often found that role to be a great front in the profession-crazy West") and author of *Bisexuality—Making It By Faking It*, wherein he records the phenomenon from its roots in prerecorded history. Steinbeck did civilian relief work in Vietnam, and is now traveling extensively in India.

Executive Art Director **Joe Brooks** makes his photographic debut with this month's *Pet*. Barbie Lewis. Joe personally discovered Barbie in the vast untamed reaches of Wisconsin—and that's a long way from home for a London boy.

Rounding out the month, we have stereo advice by **Robert Angus**, advice of a different nature by **Xaviera Hollander**, and another Couples interview and analysis by **Dr. Robert Chartham**. Hope it doesn't rain on your vacation. **OT—B**



BROWNE



BARRON



KELLEY



CIOFFARI



BROOKS

HOLLANDER

PENTHOUSE

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JULY

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 (on capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request.** Send to Penthouse Forum, International Ltd, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Unstrung heroes

I heartily congratulate you on the fine article in the March issue of Penthouse regarding the Vietnam veterans. You are 100 percent correct in stating that it is a story that must be told. Unless the vast majority of Americans wake up and make the necessary corrections now, there will be dire consequences to be paid for the treatment the vets are receiving.

I would offer one bit of advice. Don't criticize all "lifers" categorically because of the inequities of the majority. I would be the last person in the world to detract from the credit due the lower ranking men who did the majority of the fighting. But not every "lifer" was a S.O.B., and they don't deserve to be kicked in the teeth by anyone.

I'm a middle ranking "lifer" who was stationed at one of the "safer" bases, the 12th USAF hospital at Cam Ranh Bay. I never had to slog through rice paddies, fire a weapon, or dodge bullets. I did have a dry bed to sleep in at night (when I could sleep) and the chow was not, even if it was sometimes unfit to eat. I won no medals, sustained no visible wounds, and I've never made a claim to being any kind of a hero. At least I can be honest about it.

I was a medic, mostly a stretcher bearer. It was my job to unload the trucks, buses, and planes that brought in the casualties from all over the country. I was there the night the Army's Sixth Combat Convalescent Center was leveled by a bunch of sappers. We took one-hundred-and-one casualties that night: ninety-nine wounded and two dead. Some of those that lived were almost in worse shape than the two that didn't make it. When I say "we," I mean just that. Maybe my wounds didn't show, but my colleagues and I suffered internal hurt right along with the men we cared for.

You'd have to be trained as a medic to understand our feelings completely. Each patient was our brother and when he suffered, we suffered with him. It's been four years now and I still see the faces of some of those men in my sleep. We felt damn frustrated and helpless because we could not do more than we did. We have one distinct disadvantage in that we couldn't shoot back at that damnable unseen enemy that was causing all this human tragedy.

When my year was up, I was given the Air Force Commendation medal for a job well done. That's all brother. Along with the tens of thousands—no, the hundreds of thousands—that have returned from that god-awful land, I haven't received so much as a "thank you," since. Personally, I don't need a "thank you," or anything else. But it will do my heart good to know that some of my less fortunate brothers are getting the kind of care, attention, and appreciation we tried to give them at Cam Ranh Bay. All I ask is one thing, don't damn all of us "lifers." We gave all we had to causes that at least some of us really believed in. Although there were a majority among the "lifers" that do deserve condemnation, I refuse to allow myself to be included in their numbers.

Now, you've said you're going to see this project through to completion, and I can only pray that you do. At least then maybe we can believe there

are a few Americans who do care, who do understand. I am not looking for personal fame or glory, so I'd rather not publicize my name.—Name and address withheld.

It was with a great deal of sympathy and identification that I read the articles detailing the plights of fellow Vietnam vets. It is hard to resist the temptation to air my own personal grievances and bemoan the misunderstandings and castigation because of my having chosen to serve my country rather than to work or attend college. I also went over to the Nam full of a sense of duty and *esprit de corps*, only to become disillusioned and finally thoroughly convinced. Fortunately, after a period of time I was able to adjust, not completely, but enough so that I am able to function in a meaningful capacity in our "civilized" world. I have for some time now resented the fact that the endeavors of myself and my brothers in Vietnam have, for the most part, gone unrewarded. I was able to attend college and graduate despite the GI bill. But I know others who are unable to attend college because the bill will not adequately provide for existence while attending school. I feel that I was shortchanged, not only in inadequate funding for my education, but also because the Marine Corps made no attempt to counsel or provide help for returning Marines. They felt that two weeks of the same Mickey Mouse card usually reserved for recruits and malcontents would help us readjust to the American way of life. I contend that many problems would have been forestalled with the proper orientation and counseling before discharge from the service. I concur with Mr. O'Brien that the men who served their country, perhaps not always with the starry-eyed idealism of their predecessors, but nonetheless with courage and self-sacrifice, are indeed lonely. It was not an honor to fight in Vietnam. Rather, those of us who were there only seem to serve as an embarrassment to those who remained here. The vet is a constant reminder of an ignominious war that, for the most part, was as personal to the majority of the people as a Walt Disney cartoon. In closing, I would appreciate any information as to how I might be able to help my fellow vets. In August I will begin graduate school in psychology, fully intending to remember my comrades in despair.—Robert P. Driscoll, Memphis, Tenn.

I am writing to you about your article *Prisoners of Peace*. I want to let you know that I agree with you one hundred percent. The Vietnam vet is getting the nasty end of the stick.

Congress sent these men over there to fight in a war in which we had no business, and they wouldn't let them win, so I believe it is a damn dirty trick for them to turn against them now. If the Congress doesn't take action on its own, I think that every American should write a letter and demand that legislation be passed to help these brave and courageous men.

These men were sent over to Vietnam trained to kill, yet look how many got anything but Honorable Discharges for doing their job. The people of the United States let these men be sent over to Vietnam to fight, yet how many are willing to give

a veteran a job? In my opinion any person who will not try and help these men who fought for them isn't worth his salt.

The saying goes, "War is hell." Well, to these men peace is about twice as bad as hell.—James Walker, Houma, La.

At last, a decent article on Vietnam veterans faced with "home, sweet home." Three cheers for *Penthouse*. If our beloved president is not on your mailing list, I suggest a trial subscription for him and his associates to get their wheels in motion. I am looking forward to future articles in the series and hope for speedy results.

Here's a point to ponder. If we can't afford the best of GI bills, let's scrub the next escapade to the moon and donate the money saved, in our astronauts' names, to a more worthy cause, like the Vietnam veterans.—Denice Andai, Seattle, Wash.

I just finished reading your March issue and have a comment in regard to the Vietnam veterans article, *Prisoners of Peace*, by Tim O'Brien. I am a Vietnam vet (1964-65, Qui Nhon, U.S. Army). I was assigned to a non-combat helicopter repair detachment that got the shit kicked out of it. Thirteen men came home out of fifty.

For years I've walked around wondering what in the hell was wrong with me. After I got home, I went to college and got married, but somehow I have felt alone and out of it. Until I read your article I never realized that the war and the army were partly responsible. At first I looked for other vets to talk to, but after a while there was a great silence in my mind about the whole subject.

The war was wrong, and the whole nation should be forced to know it. The Vietnam vet can't be made to feel all the pain and guilt alone.

God help those who went, but we've learned. I have two sons and as they grow up I will relate my experience to them. I swear, just as I won't get fooled again, they won't get fooled at all.

I just want to thank *Penthouse* for the first honest article about Vietnam vets. It has helped me and I'll wager thousands like me.—Hans Ebner, Mt. Clemens, Mo.

Just a thank-you from a Vietnam veteran. It's about damn time somebody printed the truth.

The day I was separated from the army they gave me \$152, and I had to use more than half of it to get home. I hope the United States of America could spare it!

I make about four thousand dollars a year and have a wife and new son to support. I pray to God he won't have to go through this forever, because it's no picnic. *Penthouse*, thanks for the help; we need it.—P.R., Lake Placid, N.Y.

I read with interest your first article on Vietnam veterans. Although I'm not a veteran, I sometimes feel like one. I'm a twenty-seven-year-old woman who saw nearly all my high school friends join the service specifically to fight in Vietnam, and wrote to who-knows-how-many men stationed in Vietnam over a five-year period, from 1966 to 1971. As you mentioned, the men were reluctant to talk or write about their experiences. But I feel I learned enough to say that your article, excellent as it was, was very one-sided. Perhaps you meant it that way, in order to prove your very valid point. I would like to see you balance it off, however, by showing the other side; the men that felt we were right; the ones that were patriotic, gung ho, or whatever you want to call it; and the Americans back home that did support our men in whatever way possible.

You picked a year—1969—in which we did start to get disillusioned, as well as bored with the

whole matter. In five years, I saw the change from "my country, right or wrong," to the questions about all of it, to the out-and-out hatred, frustration, and self-destruction of drug addiction.

What I basically wanted to point out was the balance, the good side of the entire mess, the ones who took it all in stride and grew with it, rather than cracking under it; the ones who were filled with a pride at what they were—not "killers," but protectors of human freedom. Call it misguided or idealistic if you want, but as you mentioned in your article, they didn't start it; they just did the dirty work. I find it hard to believe that all the veterans now feel the way you portrayed them. (Although certainly the ones that do have every reason to.)

During the war there also sprung up effective programs like "Operation Shoebox," in which many people sent whatever supplies they could overseas. The letters I received from chaplains, officers, and enlisted men were more than compensation for time and money spent. It was evidently that way for everyone—all those beautiful people who spent all their spare time stuffing and wrapping and mailing packages overseas.

I also wanted to say, to all the veterans out there I had the privilege of corresponding with, I didn't forget you, and never will. And there are many other (unfortunately, silent) Americans who feel the same way. That certainly isn't enough, but it is important. We appreciate the sacrifices, and we love you all.—*Patt Ligon, Eugene, Ore.*

Thank you for the best article I've read in a magazine in some time. I wrote a letter to Mr. Nixon concerning extension of VA benefits for schooling after I was galled by an article in the San Francisco paper and by him saying at a veterans day speech neither he, nor America could ever fully repay the Vietnam veterans for their service. I received a xerox copy of a form letter curtly informing me that any extensions of any veterans benefits was up to Congress (the letter was not from Nixon).

When I came home from Vietnam I figured my uniform should qualify me for at least a beer, but was advised to leave the bar (at the airport) because I was not twenty-one! Sure we fought their fucking war so Nixon and all his cohorts could lust after power at our expense and feed us all a line of bullshit about what a heroic thing we were doing.

To you, *Penthouse*, I say heartily, right on brother! Let's hear more. Let's hear it all.—*Paul D. Rhodes, Plymouth, Calif.*

Congratulations on your fantastic article concerning the Vietnam veterans. As far as I know you are the only publication that has dared to speak out against the madness perpetuated upon the veterans of the Asian war. In the past four years, myself, Joan Baez, and Jane Fonda have been, and still remain, the only major entertainment figures brave enough to openly support the V.V.A.W. (Vietnam Veterans Against the War).

I have believed for some time that the Vietnam vets are one key to figuring out the horrible sickness of America in the Sixties and Seventies. I disagree with much of what *Penthouse* says about women and men, but your position regarding the vets is a courageous one, and I admire you for it. Please don't stop, as you are beginning to see, I'm sure, the story of the Vietnam War as one of the ugliest stories ever to be told. Even if only a few people will dare to struggle with the truth of Vietnam, maybe we can save America's consciousness if we do it together.—*Country Joe McDonald, Berkeley, Calif.*

Better and better

I bought my first issue of *Penthouse* in November.

and while I thoroughly enjoyed the photography of feminine flesh, I found the editorial content of your magazine somewhat lacking.

I did not see another copy of *Penthouse* until I bought your February issue, and I was amazed at the improvement in the calibre of the articles and fiction. Keep up the good work and I'll soon be a subscriber!—G.P., Winnipeg, Manitoba

Pet partisans

I would like to congratulate you on the recent pictorial preview of *I Am Cheyenne*. In my opinion this has to be the most explosive photography ever exhibited in a men's magazine. It is hard to believe that a woman has more to offer than Cheyenne has already given us, but I await her book with great impatience.

I would have to agree with this exquisite lady that no designer's clothes are capable of doing her justice. The beauty of Cheyenne can only be perceived in her most natural state.

Keep up your extraordinary work, as each issue is increasingly better.—R.A., Allentown, Pa.

Just a note of thanks for bringing us *The Beatrice of Our Dreams* (February 1974). Rousseau wrote, "My heart always finds blondes irresistible," and Beatrice must be the most irresistible blonde I've ever seen.

A word of special praise for Jerry Bloomberger's sensitive photographic look at this beautiful woman. With Beatrice to dream of, we have no cause to awaken. I wouldn't mind seeing her appear in the pages of *Penthouse* again.—W.F., Mystic, Conn.

Recently at the Custom Auto Show in Baltimore we had the pleasure of meeting your beautiful Pet of the Year, Cherokee. We just would like to extend our thanks to you for making it possible to meet such a fine lady. We were pleasantly surprised to find Cherokee as friendly and warm as she is lovely. Thanks again to both *Penthouse* and Cherokee.—Gerry Nass and Tom Humphreys, Owings Mills, Md.

Getting It On

The article *Getting It On* by Terri Schultz in the April issue of *Penthouse* was superb. It certainly covered the field. I have mentioned the piece in all the lectures we've given since the article came out (New York Medical College, Columbia University Alumni, Current Training Programs at Long Island Jewish-Hillside Medical Center, etc.). Lots of luck and warmest regards.—Leon Zussman, M.D., New York, N.Y.

The Rookie

I'm not presently a subscriber to *Penthouse*, but I certainly intend to be if you publish more stories like *The Rookie* by Robert T. Sorrells (February 1974). I like his looks and his writing.—D.G., Princeton, N.J.

The sex vitamin

In your December 1973 issue of *Penthouse*, Dr. Robert Chartham's article, *Sex Aids*, recommends the use of vitamin E in daily doses as high as 600 I.U. Although he is probably correct in his assertion that vitamin E may be helpful for this purpose, a few precautions should be emphasized.

As is noted in Wilfrid E. Shute's book, *Vitamin E for Ailing & Healthy Hearts*, there are two conditions in which such high doses of vitamin E can be extremely dangerous. He reports that one third of his patients who had high blood pressure developed further increases in blood pressure when vitamin E was added. Although vitamin E may be useful in the treatment of high blood pressure, it

a dictionary because everybody already knows them represents a brand-new principle of lexicography—and I cited statistics on the word "the" to dramatize this innovation.

The quote furnished reiterates the principle in dismissing the dirty words as "terms that require little if any elucidation." I'm not as sure of that as he is, but it takes us back again to the analogy of words like "the."

His concern that inclusion of dirty words would "risk keeping this dictionary out of the hands of some students" (i.e., lose sales) sheds an unexpected light on his second objection: my fully intended implication that management puts pressure on editors from the sales end.

I agree heartily with his remarks about the "Texas edition" of the American Heritage Dictionary vis-à-vis his own solution. Had he not been concerned with unmasking me as the managing editor of that dictionary, I'm sure he would have realized that, far from defending the Texas caper, I was citing its omission of words for a special market as a case of sales domination over editorial content so egregious as to be comical.

The pressures of management upon editors may vary in subtlety and intensity, but if David has escaped them entirely, his good fortune would appear to be unique, not only among lexicographers, but among editors of all kinds. I trust that his paradisiacal world will remain unruffled by his new management, Collins of London and Glasgow—both said to be civilized cities.

Outdoor sports

The emergence of streaking as a tacitly acceptable form of social behavior could present some serious conflicts in the eyes of our legal and psychiatric communities when they have to equate this new phenomenon with flashing.

The flasher, in his long coat and cut-down trousers, does not move. He usually stands quietly and unobtrusively in some doorway or subway corridor, waiting to expose himself to an unsuspecting female. If reported and apprehended, he is usually charged with indecent exposure, and recommended to a hospital ward for psychiatric treatment of his sexual aberration. But the streaker is usually ignored by the law and is considered somewhat amusing by the community and not thought of as being mentally ill by psychiatrists.

Is movement then, to be the yardstick we use in equating streaking with flashing? Is exposing one's self while standing still to be considered illegal, immoral, and paranoid, but racing naked through the streets to be considered a healthy exercise of muscle and morality? Freud, Krafft-Ebing, and Blackstone must be spinning in their graves.—*Jerry Fields, New York, N.Y.*

Living up to his name?

You ran an interview with Groucho Marx in the December issue, and he mentioned some nasty things about my mother, Mabel O'Donnell, the little girl who used to sing with the Marx Brothers. He said she was cross-eyed and sang off key. He is just a jealous old fool. He once asked my mother to marry him, but she refused and married my father who worked as a drummer in the band. Groucho couldn't fire my mother because it wasn't even his act.

I still have the article that appeared in the paper around 1914, saying my mother was the whole act and not the Marx Brothers. If it wasn't so old I would send it in to you.

She also worked theater for the amateur hour shows and George Jessel used to say to my mother, "Are you on tonight babe?" And if she said yes, he would go to a different show. She was small and weighed about ninety pounds. The act

was called The Three Nightingales.

I had to get this off my chest. I better not meet Groucho or he will think that I am ugly and cross-eyed, and he might be right!—*Helen Robistilli, New York, N.Y.*

In praise of older men

I continue reading letters in *Penthouse* from men who praise older women and I feel the same about older men.

Without any reservation I prefer having sex with older men, and by this I mean over sixty. I am twenty-one and apart from my boyfriend who is twenty-four, I have not been screwed by a man under forty-nine since I was nineteen. The reason is that they have so much more imagination when it comes to sex. My current lover is fifty-six years old, and married with a daughter twelve years older than me. I concede that this is probably all in the mind but I have also noticed that the volume of an older man's ejaculation is much greater and this is quite important to me.

My first experience was at an office party when I was slightly woozy with drink, and my boss, who was fifty-three then, skillfully laid me spread-eagled across my desk. I remember thinking at the time, "Christ, I've been fucked by an older man," but I have no regrets and since then I haven't looked back.

During the last year I have parted my legs for at least a dozen men over fifty and all were married, except one who was a widower. To any girl I would say that until you have had an old prick up you, you've never had sex as nature intended.—*P.A., Colchester, Essex, England*

Tasteful

Just a comment on the letter, "A matter of taste," in the April 1974 issue.

I would like to point out the difference between oral sex and oral love. My differentiation is based on the basic principle of any relations between persons who love each other.

When you love somebody you are concerned with giving, not receiving. This may sound funny coming from a Latin-Spanish, malechauvinist macho. I make oral love to give pleasure and satisfaction to the one I love. If by offering oral love I could not give my loved one any satisfaction, I would just quit right there and try something else, and this would not hurt at all my macho status. After all, what is better than having a woman respond to your every caress and command, including with your tongue?

On the other hand there is oral sex, which is performed by the very selfish person, just for personal gratification. I'm not saying that this is always wrong. It would be if it's the only source of pleasure for a person, and then I would have to agree that "perhaps it's similar in substructure to coprophilia" (I leave this to the consideration of Freud fans).

As for the aesthetic value of the open vulva, I would compare it to (and I consider myself an artist) the aesthetic value of an open mouth (ask your dentist about it). Still, nobody is opposed to the display of an open mouth that is part of the total composition of a photograph. (This is the difference between pornography and art.) To find titillation in either of the above cases we would not need *Penthouse*. A trip to the nearest medical library would suffice, they stock plenty of anatomy books.

I must insist that the female body (the best creation so far) as displayed in your magazine is as real as womanhood itself or your models wouldn't be real (and I cannot believe that).

I was asked once by a girl how could I stand her "fishy" odor. My answer was that "as any good islander, I love seafood." We laughed about it and

she overcame her aversion to her own scent.
—Name and address withheld

I am writing to respond directly to the letter in the April *Penthouse* that was published under the heading, "A matter of taste."

The writer spoke of the unaesthetic looks of a woman's pubic area and of its loathsome smell. This to me pitifully indicates that he is neither animal nor aesthete, for animals love its smell and artists are inspired by its looks.

But mainly I think he is sorrowfully wrong and sadly backward, for his body and soul have not learned that most gourmet tastes are acquired (how many people, at first try, loved oysters, escargots, caviar, frog legs?). Man and woman transcend the scientific when they fall in love—the looks, sounds, touch, taste, and smell of the beloved then become the very elixir of life. The "loathsome smell" of a woman's vagina is so missed by men at war that I understand many women have mailed dirty underwear to their soldiers on the battlefield.—Name and address withheld

Rude awakening

When my husband recently brought a copy of *Penthouse* home for the first time I thought it was just another men's magazine. However, a few days ago I happened to pick it up and read it and was pleased to find that it was delightfully frank in helping people with sexual problems.

When my husband came home from work we discussed the philosophy of *Penthouse* and in doing so discovered that both of us had been too inhibited in our demands for sexual satisfaction. My husband is thirty-one while I am only twenty-two, and perhaps this gap has prevented us from being completely free and open with each other. We have been married for two years and already the physical pleasures have begun to wane, although I never mentioned this to my husband for fear of hurting him. However, on the night we had been talking about *Penthouse* we experimented for hours with new positions for making love, asking for and doing things which before then had been unmentionable. In particular, we discovered that both of us had sexual fantasies and soon we invented a little play which gave us both great sexual satisfaction.

In the play my husband acts the part of a brutal prison camp officer and I a woman spy who has just been brought to him for interrogation. We both wear suitable garments for this. He acquired an old army uniform and boots and I wear a dirty, torn dress. First my husband threatens me and shouts at me while I refuse to talk. He then ties my hands behind my back and begins to fondle me, at the same time sneering and laughing at me in the approved theatrical manner. This may go on for several minutes until he hauls me to my feet and rips my dress down to my ankles, revealing that I only had silk stockings and old-fashioned shoes underneath. He then ravages me, kissing and biting my breasts, and then forces me to fellate him, sometimes to orgasm, during which time I climax at least two or three times.—Name withheld, Northern Territory, Australia

Another kind of love

May I make a comment on a way of life that is just starting to be slightly accepted? I will not call it a lesbian affair because there is so much stigma put to that word.

I am what most people would call a very feminine girl. Probably no one would ever guess the pleasure I get from another woman. My friends also are feminine and beautiful. What we have together is the very best of gentle love. We can really get it on together and it is absolutely great!

I really wish the world was not so brainwashed against something that is beautiful and completely satisfying, so that everyone could feel free to make a choice that could possibly make them a whole person for the first time in their lives. I know this life is not for everyone and I would never try to talk someone into it, but there are so many who could at least try it, if it were not frowned upon so much by society.

Luckily, I have a fantastic husband who loves me deeply and understands. He does not feel threatened by my friend. We have a great sex life and it is enhanced rather than hindered by what some would call an abnormal relationship.

It does not make sense to me how the world can accept violence and crime so much more than they can accept a soft, loving gentleness between two women.—*Name and address withheld*

Dressed to thrill

I am a twenty-two-year-old man. About eight years ago I started to get orgasms whenever I saw sexy black lingerie or stockings, and especially high-heeled shoes with silver straps.

Over the years I've managed to build up a small collection of these items and every few days I wear them in the privacy of my apartment for hours at a time. Sometimes I even sleep wearing them and I get so aroused that I have to masturbate. Afterwards I feel guilty and my feelings towards the clothes are gone for at least a week.

I know I'm not homosexual and I don't want to become a girl, but sometimes I imagine myself to be a girl in my clothes getting raped. Fortunately, I have met a girl who likes to dress in men's clothes and take the dominant role. She beats me and rapes me, and although I want to stop this scene, I just seem to keep going back to see this girl, even though I have normal sex with other girls at least twice a week. Do any other readers feel

the way I do?—*Name and address withheld*

I think *Penthouse* allows people who think they are alone in the world to tell their stories and relieve their tensions. I live a double life that I just can't keep secret anymore. Why can't society accept feelings that are perfectly natural to me?

When I was young I became attracted to women's clothing and used to enjoy watching my sisters dress. Nothing really happened until I was thirteen, when for some reason I happened to be sleeping in my sister's bed and found her night-dress under the pillow. I tingled with excitement as I put it on and the softness against my skin was so blissful that I came into it, which made me feel guilty and afraid that she would find out. Although I tried to forget this experience, I could not stop dressing up in her underwear whenever the rest of the family was out. She had silk panties, but I really liked her petticoats which were full and silky white. I would then dress in a skirt, bra, and stockings and walk about the house admiring myself as a woman. This made me feel light-headed and excited and I would then go and lie down on the bed and wildly masturbate into her clothes. She must have found out but she never said anything. At eighteen I left home to get away from the life I had led, hoping to lose my desire for silky feminine underclothes, but my desire only increased. One day I went to all the shops in the town where I was living and bought a full wardrobe of women's clothes. It cost me a fortune, but I ended up with shoes, stockings, silk panties, half-length petticoats and full-length ones, make-up, a bra, and a long-haired wig. After I had dressed up I decided to see if I could pass for a woman and went out for a walk in the park opposite where I lived. I received a few looks, probably because I was walking awkwardly, but this delighted me even more and when I went back to my

flat and masturbated in front of the mirror the feeling as I came into my own silk and nylon clothes was indescribable. Since then I have dressed up regularly and often go on shopping sprees for clothes and undies.—*Name withheld, Belfast, Northern Ireland*

Shoes and shocks

My boyfriend, whom I love very much and am supposed to marry soon, has very strange habits which I want to tell you about because I wonder if these habits are common or very rare.

He seems obsessed with shoes, especially pointed, high-heeled ones. I have to wear black silk stockings and other special attire while he glides his penis between my ankles in front of a big mirror. He does this both ways, from the front as well as the back.

His penis is smaller than average but very strong and incapable of fatigue, and of course I profit from this because he can give me much satisfaction in normal lovemaking. But his satisfaction comes from this obsession with shoes.

I am twenty-four and not very experienced with men. I wonder if my boyfriend is a pervert, or is it normal for a man to be excited by shoes in this way?—*R.D., Geneva, Switzerland*

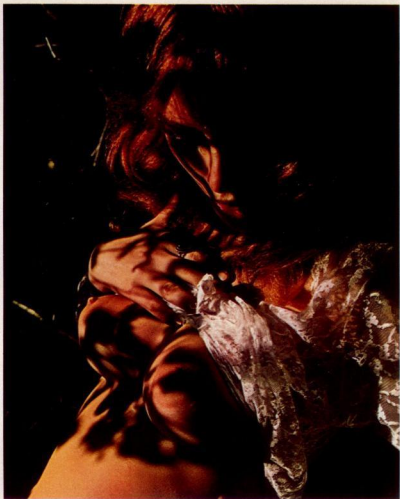
Nothing is perverted providing it causes no physical harm or mental discomfort to either person involved, so if the shoes fit, why not wear them?—

Editor ○✚

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting *Penthouse Forum* magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send \$1.00 to *Penthouse Forum*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.







True to her calling, she's serious about her work. "I need the same basic resources to do beautiful erotic art that any other artist, sculptor, or musician uses," she says. Brigitte left California last year to develop those resources in Sweden and quickly got herself written into a European film—a big-budget 35mm production called *School for Scandal*. "It was really great," she says. "The setting was an old castle and we got to live there for six weeks."

Like most artists, Brigitte is reluctant to discuss the true meaning of her work. "Let the sociologists, psychologists, and journalists explain it all," she says. "I just live my art." But if you press her she will add that all her work is aimed at truth—sexual truth. "But you just can't explain sexual truth...that would be anticlimatic. You know it when you feel it."

After the Swedish experience, Brigitte went on to Holland where she met an Italian director with a strong personality and an eye for her obvious (36-24-36) talents. "He happened to turn me on...people gravitate to him and it soon becomes a love thing. This shows through in his films—he has ardent fans."

Everyone knows that porno stars are made, not born, and the director helped Brigitte explore the depth of her emotional potential. For instance, "He helped me discover some of my masochistic tendencies. I really freaked out—I had never been aware of them before. I used to divide the world into two categories—sadists and masochists. I couldn't be a sadist to men I look up to and idolize...and I'm turned on by people who present some kind of authority to me...sexually speaking, I would never dream of

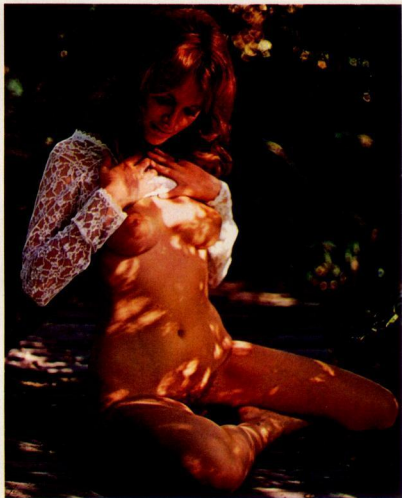
being anything but a bit of a masochist now.

"This has really helped me in my films. When your intimate involvement in sex is being displayed in front of a camera you have to be very aware of what you're doing, especially if the director wants a certain look, or a specific camera angle to create mood...but the feelings are the same as making love to someone when you're alone together. I know that making love before the camera turns some people on, but not me. I'm not an exhibitionist...I really get into the person I'm with. The fact that the camera is picking up the energy between us is an extra turn-on. But if I'm not with a person who excites me, it doesn't matter whether the camera is there or not. If I fuck that person it's just sex, and something is lost."

Even while she was in Europe, Brigitte kept up with all the developments on the American erotic art scene. "*Deep Throat* was a beautiful introduction to porno for the masses," she says. "It was a breakthrough. Everyone went to see it, and it showed all the housewives that they can really please their husbands. My favorite porno film so far is *The Devil in Miss Jones*. I think films like that are building toward a higher level in the art."

With last year's Supreme Court decision, though, the entire erotic-film industry has gone a little limp, and Brigitte is waiting for the time when repression of pornography will be lifted. Only then, she believes, can erotic art grow and fulfill its ultimate potential. "The Supreme Court decision is fucked...what else can I say? If I can become the porno queen of America, that's cool. But if it takes too long, I'll just be something else."

The courts may have slowed down Brigitte's rise to stardom, but she feels that's a temporary thing. She has her own ideas about the kind of movies she'd like to make. "My ideal fantasy film would show a woman really going all-out for her own pleasure. The American woman has been portrayed as being far too submissive, too mild, too




weak sexually. It's an 'I'll let you fuck me if you'll take care of me' sort of thing," Brigitte says. "We'd reverse that quickly in my fantasy movie."

Brigitte believes that Europeans are making better pornographic movies than Americans, because of their more open and permissive attitudes. "Americans can't seem to separate an enthusiastic porno film actress from a prostitute. I'm not a hooker—I just have fun! But in America, when I'm asked to do a porno film, I'm essentially being asked to turn a trick," she says. "In Europe, directors care about me and my emotions and feelings. Here it seems like sex is still treated as a taboo, as something unnatural. Fucking in American porno films seems staged and the camera just shows close-ups of a cock and a cunt. In America you go to a set and they want you to screw some guy you've never even seen before. It's too artificial. The Europeans try to capture feelings and emotions, so they show the faces and the whole body. Maybe it's because they take enough care to

find people who are naturally attracted to each other.

"I did a shooting in London with a guy from Mexico City. He had so much style...aristocracy...dressed beautifully...long fingernails...got along great with everyone. You sometimes think such a nice guy might not be able to make it happen, but we got into a trip that was natural for us. I had met him a few weeks earlier and wanted him right away, but we didn't have a chance until the day of the shooting. He was very gentle and slow, and I really went wild—I didn't have to act at all."

Now back in California, Brigitte says she learned a lot in Europe—about both herself and her art form. "There were times in L.A. when I stayed up nights, crying and screaming that I'd never be in another porno film. I guess I became oversensitive. My sexual feeling is something special to me, and I don't want to have it fucked around with." In Europe, she says, she really got her concentration together. "Something magic happened." Brigitte, we breathlessly await the next reel. 



"And Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering.

"But the goat on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat shall be presented alive to the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness."—Leviticus 16:8-10

Murderers, rapists, forgers, burglars, dope dealers, and pimps—all across the country, men whose keepers call them "losers" are locked up with long terms to serve before they walk out into the wilderness of freedom. Many of these men are veterans. The 1970 Census reported that out of a total prison population of 196,429, slightly more than 99,000 were veterans. By 1973, 32 percent of the federal prison population were veterans, 11 percent of whom had served in Vietnam.

These younger soldiers lost their war; as civilians they have lost the peace as well. Of veteran-prisoners aged twenty-two to twenty-five in federal prisons, the average man dropped out of school in the tenth grade. About half of them were unemployed at the time of their arrests. Jolted into manhood, many came back from war to settle for boys' jobs. In Vietnam they dealt with the corruption of the war and guerrilla warfare by fighting all day and getting stoned at night. But back here we didn't want to hear about the battle; we were either ashamed or we didn't like the losing score. We turned our backs and the Namvet had to make his way. A shoddy GI Bill seemed hardly worth having. The Veterans Administration, with its red tape and old-soldier attitudes, seemed to be merely an extension of what the veteran had left behind with his bayonet. So many Namvets continued to do battle on a different battleground: they robbed—24.8 percent in federal prisons for auto theft, 12.3 percent for larceny; they dealt in drugs—11.5 percent are in for marijuana-law violations; they used drugs—7.7 percent incarcerated for narcotics-law violations. Some wrote bad checks, some built up dossiers at the FBI by opposing the war they had fought . . . some of them killed people. Jumpy, disillusioned, jobless, lonely, or hooked, they are men whose problems cut across all barriers—74 percent of these men in federal prisons are white, 24 percent are black—except the one that separates them from the rest of us: Vietnam.

The failure of the Veterans Administration to help these men results primarily from its inability to come to terms with the realities of the times and the new generation of veterans. Caught in a schizoid bind between admiration for the man who humped the bush and terror of the same man back on the streets with track marks on his arms, the Veterans Administration mirrors the government's and public's myopic and indifferent attitudes toward Vietnam soldiering in statements such as that of Dr. Charles Stenger, a psychologist

who heads the Vietnam-Era Veteran Committee: "... unlike many other members of their generation, most Vietnam-Era Veterans have demonstrated the self-discipline needed to adjust to a highly regimented way of life and to cope with the many stresses of military service."

The fact remains that these men are members of our generation; they do not have their parents' faith in authority—the military, the government, or the middle-income dream. They are the youngest American soldiers we ever sent to war—85 percent completed high school and very few had significant work experience. They are our first men to return to emptiness where once there were free drinks and flowers, to downright hostility from people who watched them fight on dinner-time television. There are not enough of them to make a full-scale claim on the media-monopolized national interest, nor are their numbers so few that they will fade quietly into the flaking national woodwork.

Many of them are in trouble. They suffer from PVS (Post-Vietnam Syndrome), a condition the Veterans Administration knows about but doesn't like to acknowledge or take responsibility for dealing with; they have nightmares; they commit acts of violence during which they imagine themselves back in Vietnam; they can't make friends with people who "weren't there"; they drift, drink, take drugs, rob, pick fights in bars. Some of them cry. Over 49,000 of them have died back here since being discharged. Between 23 percent and 25 percent—or 500,000—have attempted suicide. According to a Veterans Administration-Department of Defense-sponsored study completed this year at Washington University in St. Louis, out of a random sample of 600 veterans, one in five had been arrested within six months of their return.

Leave the gold-domed State House behind, take Route 2 west from Boston. Signs to Lexington, Walden, Concord recall heroes and battles whose victories got the good road built. A winter hickhiker in a battle jacket sticks his red thumb out and watches you go by. Water towers and smokestacks rise above a cyclone fence, its gates topped with twisted barbed wire. You stare. Everyone stares at a prison; everyone wants to get by at top speed and everyone wants to see inside.

Massachusetts Correctional Institution at Concord, opened in 1878, has 415 felonies and misdemeanors, a "youthful-offenders institution."

Nicholas Genakos, the new superintendent, says, "I'm a veteran, but in my day we shot people instead of smoking dope." He grins, puffs on a Muriel. "Most of our vets tend to grasp the need for getting it together—they tend to get in line."

Dewey Hebert, thirty years old, is a veteran of Vietnam and an inmate at Concord. He works there as a clerk, which is what he was trained to do in the army. Dewey wears government-issue glasses, sneakers, and

his old army jacket. He has dark hair, quick brown eyes, and a warm handshake. His first tour in Vietnam left him lonely; he came home to Maine to a \$50-a-week bank teller's job (he had applied for eighteen others) and to friends who didn't want to hear his stories. ("I felt lost.") His second tour left him shaken. After six months in a pacification unit, Dewey was among the first to be sent out of Vietnam. ("They said we wouldn't have any protection from the enemy but we never had any to begin with.")

Hard times in a stateside garrison drove him to spend his savings at the racetrack. "I had \$3,500, it lasted three weeks. I got back to the office, sat down and bawled like a baby. I tried to get counseling, but they said I was okay." The horses became a habit his paycheck couldn't handle. It was surprisingly easy to hold up a liquor store in a small town. "Every time I lost, I robbed another—twelve in all. I was very polite to my victims, put them at ease. I never got very much but it was enough to get back to the track."

Dewey is serving a three- to ten-year Massachusetts sentence, concurrent with a New Hampshire three-to-thirty. He has a general discharge under honorable conditions. Dewey's prison job carries quite a bit of pressure: as in the service, things must be done on time. He worries and works hard. He helps people with their problems and is a respected inmate. Only occasionally does a faraway look betray his loneliness. He hasn't solved his passion for gambling. He played poker in Vietnam. He smiles: "I gamble in here."

We walk quickly down halls, wait for automatic doors, and pass into a locked rectangular space. A guard stares down from a floor above. The area leads from the Outside to the Inside. We go through a long room lined with blue plastic chairs. At one end is a plain cross on a plain altar, at the other a desk and a guard. Sweet-eyed girls comb their hair and a black girl and her baby play with some little blocks on their prisoner's seat. Young men file in to meet them and sit leaning toward them, across their prescribed spaces.

We pass another checkpoint. An aging guard accompanies us to the section where social workers and counselors meet with inmates, to a room where two other veterans are waiting. "Leave this door open, now," the guard says as he eyes us. "Gotta go by the regulations!" He leaves.

A prisoner (he wishes to be called Joe Lake) served two years in the army, and has been in and out of prisons since his discharge in 1969. "All jails seem the same to me. They give you a job, send you out in the [prison] population. The job is not really a job. Like working in the laundry or doing tinsmith work. I made a couple of ashtroys. They should teach people a trade, something they can do on the outside."

Another prisoner, Bill Lavin, tips his chair forward from the wall. "Like what's he gonna do on the outside—make ashtroys?"

THE VIETNAM VETERAN



Illustration by Bill Greer

VETS IN PRISON

By CORINNE BROWNE

Project Consultant, Carl M. A. McCarden / Project Editor, F. Joseph Spieler

They should let people earn money so they can have more than fifty dollars when they leave here. I see people goin' out and comin' back all the time. And crime doesn't stop when you get in here. Jesus, I had someone steal my soap! Steal my TV, man, make me proud!"

Like most men who were in Vietnam, each seems to know what the other is about to say, and they nod in agreement as they talk.

"We usually don't discuss Nam," Bill says. "I don't even like to talk about it."

"I had a friend in here," Joe says, "who'd been in Nam. I liked him. I don't look for other vets but I feel a sense of friendship with someone who was there. I didn't like him till I knew he was in Nam. It's like something we shared, and we tend to help each other."

Joe sits with his head slightly to one side. He speaks in a soft but intent voice. He is twenty-six years old, a small, strong man with medium-length hair, brown eyes, and a handsome face marked by deep lines around his mouth. He was thrown out of school because of poor attendance. His mother was disgusted with him. His father was dead. In the middle of the tenth grade he joined the army, did a tour in Germany, and reenlisted for Vietnam. "I was a demo man in the infantry in the Delta. We were in the field sometimes for a month. After two months I started shooting heroin. I was probably headed in the wrong direction anyway, but in Nam there were a lot of things I couldn't deal with. Like killing people."

"Out of 200 to 250 people in the company probably fifteen to twenty were shooting up. I think I kept my sanity by doing heroin. I was getting mixed up and it kept me sane; I wasn't getting high, I was getting straight."

He stayed straight enough to collect a Bronze Star. "We were the last platoon—twelve of us walking in a patrol line when we got hit. We fell back into the wood-line for cover. One guy was hit in the leg, he wasn't under cover. I went out and pulled him back, saved him. Like it was all a blank. Someone asked me later, 'What'd you do that for? You're crazy!' I was the closest. I wondered afterward why I did it, because I really didn't know him. I imagine I had shot heroin that day because I did it every day."

"You know, it's funny about Nam. Guards in here say, 'I was in Korea or in World War II, you don't see me freaked out,' but what they don't understand is that in their time the whole world was against drugs." Joe raises his hands and then drops them in a gesture of utility.

Back at Fort Benning, he ran through a series of AWOL's, trips to New York to cop junk, arrests, and wound up telling an army psychiatrist that he would sign whatever he had to in order to get out. What he signed were papers in which he agreed to accept an undesirable discharge.

"When I first got out, I went to the Boston VA Hospital, told them I was sick. They

said they couldn't help me because I had a bad discharge and they couldn't allow me to take up a bed when there were people with honorable discharges who needed them. I thought the VA was for all vets. As far as I'm concerned it should be for someone who did his time. I'm trying to get my discharge changed but somehow I feel like I'm giving up my honor doing that; I feel lousy about it, I can't stand what they are, they're half the cause of my troubles."

Joe has spent nine months out of jail in the last four years. He's in now with five two-and-a-half-year sentences for forgery, larceny, receiving stolen property, and possession of heroin. At one point he was at the Boston State Hospital Drug Center, where he felt he was getting real help. After

Out of a random sample of 600 veterans, one in five had been arrested within six months of their return.



a month the Parole Board took him out and sent him to Concord. "The court said, 'You're going to a drug hospital and you don't have to worry, everything will be taken care of.' I came in here really sick, went to the hospital, they gave me one librium and put me back in my cell." The lines around his mouth sharpen into a bitter countenance and he speaks even more softly. "This is supposed to be a drug rehabilitation jail but there's no real drug program here. I'm getting worse, I'm screwed up again, I'm high all the time."

A guard at Concord, himself a Vietnam veteran, knows Joe and is familiar with his military record. "I feel that people like Joe are special cases. He's good people. His record's a hell of a lot more impressive

than mine—he's got medals and he did a lot to be proud of. In my opinion he started out like I did, but then in Nam—always feeling like he's right but he's wrong, facing death daily—he turned to drugs. I feel he shouldn't be in here. Coming in here is like going to Vietnam. It's an abnormal atmosphere. The military should do something for people like Joe."

Bill Lavin, twenty-five, was thrown out of his Lynn, Mass., high school after a fight with his teacher. He joined the Marine Corps in 1967. He has three Purple Hearts, declined to receive the Navy Commendation Medal, and has an honorable discharge. Bill has close-set blue eyes and shiny dark hair that he ties back in a pony tail. He is tall and thin. He has large hands that he pushes into his pockets as he leans back against the wall and talks.

"Everyone in my platoon got wiped out. Twenty killed, thirty or so screwed up. A kid in my fireteam got his eye knocked out. He was standing there with it hanging out. The cooks threw a grenade and I laid over the kid—pulling my hero act." He looks down, embarrassed. "You're so tight, sixty people in a hole eating, shitting, sleeping together. I considered myself a unit, not an individual, over there."

While he was in combat, his company got a case of dog food in the mail with a note: "You people live like animals, why don't you eat like them?" He believes it was sent by draft-card burners or other longhairs. Back home, he initially couldn't stand those types. "It was like I seen all my people die for all these people here who were pieces of shit. The exchange couldn't be justified. It was a real heavy thing in my head that they had all died. Why me? Why am I here? I felt real melancholy, started drinkin', started dope."

But eventually he let his own hair grow. He applied for a job as a salesman at the gas company for which he read meters, but they told him to cut his hair and shave his beard. He did so but then was asked, "How do we know you won't grow it back again?" He quit. He narrows his eyes, remembering. "I feel like they made me eat my hand, cut my nose off. If I ever cut my hair for anyone again I couldn't live with myself as a man." He got into speed. "I was a real freak. I got down to 165 pounds—I'm skinny now and I weigh 215. My arms were burned out. I'd go seven days constant speeding, no food, every other day grab an hour's sleep. I was a walking maniac. I'd pass out a lot, got so good I knew when it was coming and I'd get down to the floor so I wouldn't hurt myself when I fell."

He got into fights. "Before Nam I'd give a guy a couple of punches, maybe give him a bloody nose. But after Nam I wanted your nose, your teeth, your head—I wanted all of you." Finally, low on speed and money, he and a friend held up two gas stations and were quickly captured. "It was like I was saying, hey, man, help, I need help, there's got to be some way I can get it. I didn't care about prison."

Free on bail while waiting trial, he began

The men who carried the combat load in Vietnam did not return to wealthy families or secure jobs or peaceful prospects of years in college. They came back to working-class lives, a lean job market, the same dirty cities; only now they had some years of absence to make up. There were habits, friends, and roots to reestablish. But the taste of war was in their mouths and in their hearts they felt that they had been used. So they found their way into our prisons. Judges and juries, who are generally older, middle-class people, have little understanding or sympathy for long-haired, freaky kids who reputedly smoke dope and live in communes; and if a young man is a Vietnam veteran it merely adds to their suspicions. Jack McCloskey believes that courts are generally prejudiced against a man if he is a Namvet. If he is a war hero, a guy who returned to write-ups in the local paper, the judge is incredulous—how could a man with a record like yours do a thing like that? The answer lies not in the heroics or the medals, but in the dirty, senseless war they fought.

There are by last count 2,005 Vietnam-veteran self-help projects. Most of them are still unable to operate within prisons; partially because of the difficulty of getting in, and partially because the drive to find imprisoned veterans is still quite new. A survey on incarcerated veterans by the Veterans Service Center of Southwestern Illinois has elicited data from departments of correction in twelve states (fourteen others have filed "No Response"). The figures range from 3,847 in Texas to forty-one in North Dakota. Georgia reports a total of 2,048 (1,347 Vietnam veterans) with 36.6 percent having Bad Papers. Of these, 22.7 percent have committed crimes against persons, and 47.1 percent crimes against property.

The Veterans Service Center is planning prison programs that include working with parolees and men on probation and setting up halfway houses.

In Utah the Office of Veterans Affairs at the Department of Social Services runs a day-release program at minimum-security state prisons for some two hundred veterans who go out to school and vocational training that is paid for by their GI benefits. Men in medium-security institutions take classes in prison. The program is a year old. So far, more than 80 percent of the men have found jobs. Since April 1973, according to Adlet Robinson at the Office of Veterans Affairs, none have returned to prison. He adds that most of the men were in for such drug-related crimes as robbery. Halfway houses have been established for a prisoner's last six months of sentence. These allow a man to attend school or get job training and live outside. The regional VA cooperates in this project.

According to Jack McCloskey, the effectiveness of VA help depends on the quality of the regional VA. The San Francisco VA is attempting to close the gap between the

bureaucracy and the Namvet by allowing a younger psychologist to work with Twice Born Men and to take part in what is popularly known as "outreach"—finding the troubled veteran before he drops in off the street to say he's about to kill his wife.

Don Kemp, a twenty-seven-year-old Namvet, holder of a general discharge with honorable conditions, has been convicted of the first-degree premeditated murder of his wife. It is an event he says he does not remember because of drink, drugs, and his psychological condition at the time. He is serving a life sentence at Waupun State Prison in Wisconsin. He wrote the following after he returned from Vietnam:

"Life has been a super drag, since I got

The Marines seemed to assume that a kid in trouble at home makes a wilder tiger in the field.



back from Nam. I looked all over hell for a goddamned job but no one is hiring machine gunners. Unemployment compensation couldn't keep me in dope for more than a day. So I tried to rip off a drugstore. I don't know what happened after that, but I woke up in a hospital room, surrounded by steel mesh. Some dude told me they brought me in, drunk on my ass, and some shit about marching three pigs, at gunpoint, into the cop shop, announcing that I had attacked and captured two enemy F.O.'s and their radioman. Shit like this happens all the time. A drag. I can't keep a chick, because they all think I'm crazy. They all think it is weird that, when we want to ball, I can't get a hand-on unless we go behind some car wash. Sometimes, I fig-

ure, what the hell, I can dig up some chick who works in a car wash. But that didn't work either. I have thought about jerking off, but I can't hack long relationships. . . . I kept having wet dreams about Alice Cooper being ripped off by J. Edgar. I could dig Alice Cooper, but every place I looked I saw J. Edgar. I got cracked for causing a public disturbance, once. I was trucking through the alley, when some son of a bitch turned on the shit with a pneumatic jackhammer. I don't know what happened after that, but I woke up in a VA Hospital, strapped to a bed. Some shrink said some bullshit about me attacking some construction worker, with a shovel. At least I still get free dope from the VA Hospital. Since then, it has been getting worse all the time. I put in 30 days, for kicking in a juke box, which was playing a Freddy and the Dreamers album. Two years probation for patrolling the KK River, at 2:00 in the morning, with a .22 rifle. Fucking pigs tried to run me out of town, for selling dope, but I beat that. So here I am, trucking town, wired out of my skull, with a .38 cobra, \$600 worth of junk, and no hard-on."

In sharp contrast to public VA and military reports on the low incidence of Vietnam veterans' readjustment problems are the unpublished VA studies that show what the government knows: of approximately 2.6 million men who served in Vietnam, one in five has "serious and prolonged readjustment problems" and "to a lesser degree," these problems "were experienced by all" of the returnees. Dr. Stenger wrote last summer that because only a small percentage of these men have sought or received mental health psychosocial services, "The consequence includes major economic and social cost to society stemming from the failure of these veterans to make effective readjustment as well as the personal adverse psychological effects on the veterans and their families."

Who will pay? The figures mount up from the beginning: \$50,000–\$60,000 to send a man to Vietnam for a year, \$22,000 to keep him in a VA hospital for a year, \$8,000 and up to keep him in prison for a year. The taxpayer pays in dollars. The families pay in agony. The veteran pays with his life. Note Stenger's phrase, "failure to adjust." Does it imply blaming the veteran? Men got over two world wars and Korea to carry on our traditions. What's the matter with these men? We tend to blame our victims: people are poor because they won't work, blacks are uneducated because they are lazy. Now we have a new victim, the Vietnam veteran. It is convenient to blame him for his failure to live and go to school on \$250 a month or to land a job in a glutted market or even just to like us better.

Asked last year how he thought returnees' "serious and prolonged" readjustment problems might be solved, Dr. Stenger pontificated: "I assume that in the great American tradition they will function independently and make their own way in

Nam I began to be bitter about the military establishment. Like sometimes we'd patch up a Cong, the American advisors would come and say they were going to take him to prison, put him in the chopper, and after they'd taken off we'd see the stretcher fall out. We were just as barbaric as they were and it happened all the time."

Once out of service, James worked as a guard at the prison at San Luis Obispo. His father, who had been a guard for twenty years, and his wife, who was worried about stability with two children, talked him into it. "I dislike it. Seeing people locked up affected me; most of the staff were negative and in '67 there was still a fair amount of 'knuckle therapy.' I couldn't bring myself to say I wanted to be a nurse, though. I'd hate my work all day, take it out on my wife at night. I'd go into kind of psychological rages, I'd never know what was going to happen. I went to the county medical association, told them I might end up killing my wife—that I couldn't handle things. They sent me to see a sociologist. I saw him once and then he went on holiday."

After a month's separation from his wife he returned to look for her. "Everything exploded, I was out of reality. I shot her seven times with a 30-30. I don't remember it."

James pled guilty to second-degree murder, was sentenced to five to life.

No open road leads to the New York Detention Center they call the Tombs. It looms beside the courthouse in lower Manhattan where streets bustle with the hustle of small businesses that live off big businessmen and city men who stream downtown to work. In order to get in you speak through a slot in the heavy door; you state your name and purpose and if you don't speak English you tend to shout. The officers on the ground floor are only recently armed because the new fear is the fear of people on the outside breaking in.

A few years ago the people on the inside tore the metal legs off the tables, broke the windowpanes between the bars, set fire to everything that would burn, threw soap on the floors so they were slippery as glass, and held guards as hostages for several days. The riot released the secrets of the Tombs—men who slept on floors without blankets, mice in the food, the agonies of going cold turkey, marks left on bodies by driven, sometimes sadistic guards, bodies hanging in cells, months and sometimes years spent with nothing to do.

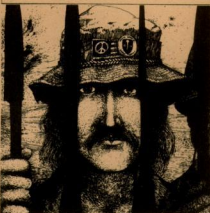
On the eleventh floor, where some of the men who were held hostage have never been able to return, is the library. It is part of an attempt to create education programs for some six hundred men who are detained here, awaiting trial, sentence, or transfer. Outside in the hall hangs a formal painting of an old man in a cabin, done in the days when only a "talented person" could avail himself of art supplies. Inside the library, bright murals with pictures of men with Afros and beautiful women tell more than words about today's prisoner. Steven Atkinson is an artist at the Tombs.

He paints colorful doll-like figures, pictures you would like to hang in a child's room.

Steve is a tall black man who speaks almost inaudibly because of a hearing problem. He wears glasses, clean denim overalls, and a dark-blue sweater, the sleeves of which are too short. He was drafted in 1967, had to leave his job at Grey Advertising where he was working in public relations. In Vietnam he was wounded, hospitalized for three months, and had three operations for shrapnel wounds. His face still swells when it rains, he is partially deaf, and sometimes he blacks out. He received a medical discharge with all benefits.

"I didn't like being in Vietnam. I feel I

6
Vietnam gave me a taste
for doing things a
little exciting. I didn't
care what was happening
when I robbed.
9



don't have enemies there, all my enemies are here. If I can't go down South to school, why should I go over there and fight somebody who never did anything to me? In some of the villages they had signs: 'Go Home Blacks, Your Fight Is Over There.' I'd like to go back to Vietnam and live. Why not move the people from the ghettos over there?"

Back in New York, Steve couldn't get back his old job. He went to work in the mailroom at a stock brokerage house. "I didn't have any trouble getting a job when I said I'll take anything."

He got VA checks for a couple of months after Vietnam but "lost contact" after he moved. Now he receives nothing.

He wanted to get back into advertising

so he took a menial job with an advertising firm. He had a wife and child to support and he owed money. His wife was attacked in their building, cut in the neck, and Steve was convinced his "creditors" were warning him to pay back the money he owed. "I decided to get the dudes their money. I knew nothing more about robbing than I'd seen on television. Went down to the Hotel Drake, went up to someone who was going in the door, they didn't have any, and they called the police. I was running, heard a whistle and the police jumped out of the car. I came straight to the Tombs."

"I was out on bail when they came to my house with another robbery they said I did in June. Every time I was supposed to go to court it was postponed because they were looking for another robbery to pin on me. When I got to court I got another robbery—the day I was supposed to have done it I was in court. My wife was pregnant."

"The second robbery was supposed to have been done by a person 5'11" with a scar on the right side of the face. I'm 6'4" and my scar's on the left side. They claim I did three robberies; I only did one."

Steve has been sentenced from one to twelve years. "I'll be going upstate. My wife is on welfare now because she can't work with the new baby. I've only seen her once since November. The world doesn't stop on the outside and it's an awful long time for a woman to wait."

Cross the East River and head out through Queens to smaller, tighter towns, and rolling countryside. Wherever you go in America there are prisons—federal prisons, state prisons, county jails, city jails, workhouses, work camps. They are full of the old and the young and thousands of them are young men who fought for something in Southeast Asia sometime during the past decade. Some of them left jail for the jungle; some of them reversed the process; still others have done both. Double time, double jeopardy: a Namvet with a record. A guy who got hooked in the bush and who robbed in the street back home. A guy who lost the friends with whom he ate, drank, smoked dope, slept, and cried, who came back and blew his wife away. A guy who pinned his medal on a corpse, came home with a bad paper and stuck a gun in a bartender's face. A guy who stitched up what the booby trap left on and came home to hear he didn't qualify, who wanders now from petty offense to petty offense, from jail to jail.

Some of these men are out on parole, some are doing heavy time. They are not in "white-collar prisons" with draft resisters and government aides. They shouldn't be where they are, but they're our newest minority, so that's where we put them, along with all the others.

If you drive on upstate, and you pass the guy with battered combat boots and a thumb out, you probably won't pick him up —no one says you should, the law says he shouldn't be there anyway. But if you do, chances are you'll hear a story. ☐



BARBIE

"I get off best of all on aggressive men.
That's what man is... the aggressor—
and that's what I like."

LADY OF THE LAKES

"Making love in the water is a fantastic experience. The sea goes on and on—it's never ending. The warm waters splash and cover you with love, and the last thing you remember is that incredible blueness coming apart...."

Sun and sand, earth and water are the basic ingredients of life for Barbie Lewis, whose affair with water began as a child



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE BROOKS



privacy of those quiet Virgin Island beaches where she could skindive with absolutely nothing to impede her naked freedom. "It's so far-out, exploring under the ocean, knowing that it's existed like this—timeless and unchanged—for eons. Watching the sea creatures in their own element, I envy the smooth perfection of their movement, refined over all those millions of years of development. And for me, it's an incredible high to be naked, running, or sunning on a secluded beach—an exhibitionist for all of nature to see. I go wild just being near the surf. There's no greater feeling in all the world than the wind and the sun



against your bare skin—unless it's the feel of the man who's really closest to you. Nakedness is—for me at least—a total and complete release. When I strip off my clothes, I feel as graceful and free as an angelfish hovering weightless in crystal clear water. All my pent-up emotions seem to be released like a flood tide, and I feel like making love with my man forever."

Now twenty-four years old, she's at her physical peak, a sensual creature whose sexuality, she feels, has much to do with her life in the water. "Swimming is so graceful, so sensual," she says. "Feeling your body gliding smoothly through the water, yielding to its pressure . . . is a real turn-on."

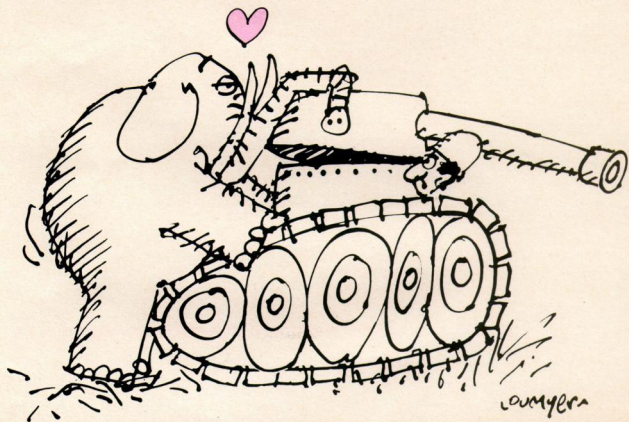
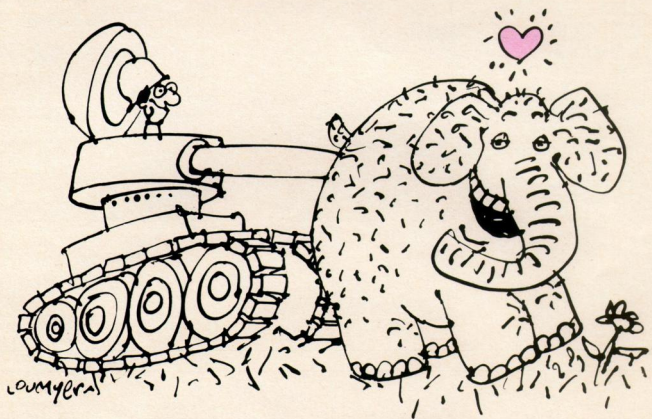
But for all the power packed into her 5' 8", 37-25-37 frame, she prefers the role of the softer sex. "Call me a romantic,"

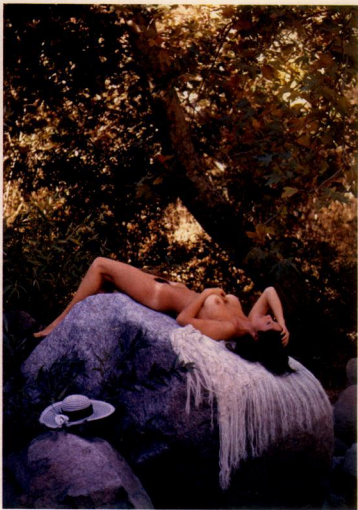






MISS BARBIE LEWIS, PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





CAROLE

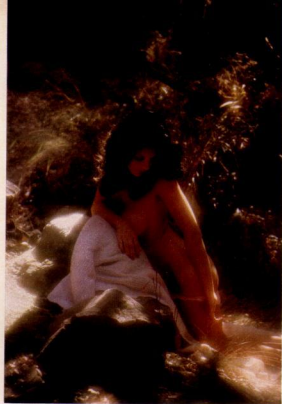
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM PERIOR

"I'm a quiet person, an outdoor girl," says twenty-three-year-old Carole Cameron, a native Californian whose tastes run a little contrary to the well-known and wide-open pleasures of the West. But Carole, a singularly independent woman whose attributes (36-24-36) would seem to deny her any chance at the quiet life, means what she says. All of which may sound a little odd from a former Miss Universe contestant who has spent most of her life as a photographic model.

But as she explains: "I simply have a deep appreciation for quiet beauty, physical and material, and it's easy to live with things you love. That's why I'm so much of a homebody." (A homebody is a body to be home with.)

Carole is a quiet girl, as reflected in her moods and pursuits and even in her passions. She likes to sew and work with plants, and she loves to love. "When I want my man," she says, "I want him to be gentle and soft. Some women adore rough stuff—they want to be attacked and ravished—but

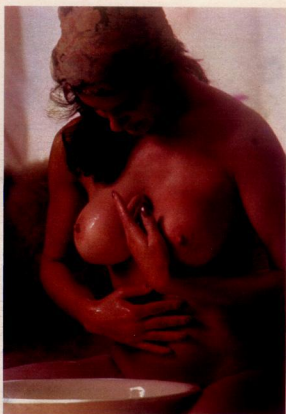
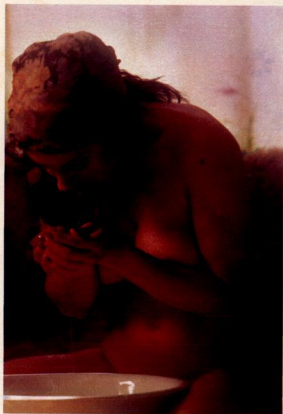




I appreciate a man who treats me like a lady, in and out of bed. Soft music in the background, a glass of wine, and the glow of candlelight make an evening of lovemaking something to savor."








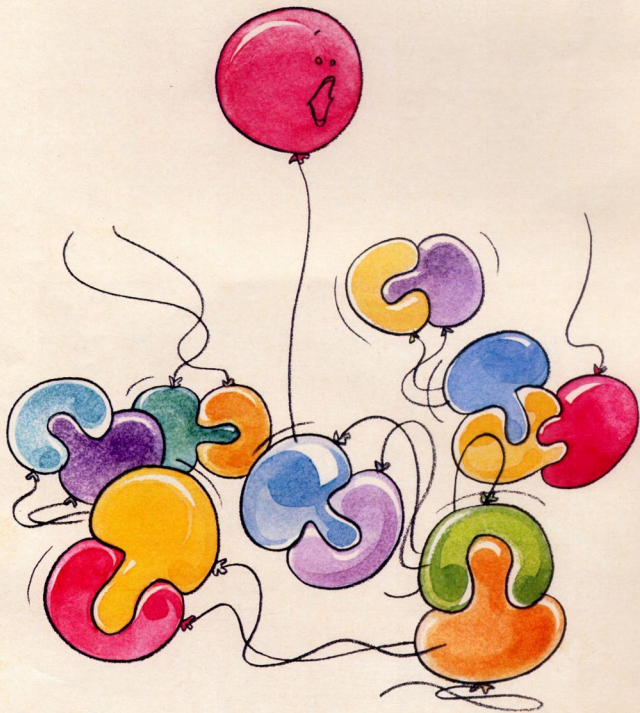
Carole is equally specific about her career, training herself to be a professional actress. She attends classes daily at a Los Angeles theater workshop, and says that the "best thing that could happen to me at this moment would be to find the right opportunity to play the right part."

The next best thing would be for her to find the right man, and Miss Cameron knows just what she's looking for. "I need a good-looking, masculine gentleman who can teach me

and lead me into what's happening in life. Because I'm such a homebody, I need my man to grab me up and whisk me off into the world—but I need a lasting relationship, not a whirlwind affair. For me, love and sex are synonymous. They cannot be separated if sex is to have its full meaning as the total expression of love." That's not to say that Carole doesn't have her choice of leading men. She just hasn't auditioned the right one for the role. 

Ballbonheads

BY ART CUMMINGS



"Anyone for coffee?"

Penthouse: You said recently that you don't like being called a writer. Why is that?

Purdy: Well, I don't mind it, but you see, in America you have no profession unless you make money, so the only "writers" are people like John O'Hara or Jacqueline Susann or John Updike. They're considered writers because the money just piles in on them. You know, it's all like the supermarkets, where only the most mediocre products are pushed. You'll only find the worst canned peaches on their shelves—the ones with the most poisons in them—and the public, of course, is brainwashed by advertising. Everything in America is sold. If they can't sell you, you don't exist. We're a nation of anesthetic whores. The public is a whore and the writers are whores. America is really over, everything is collapsing, and all that remains is the memory of great things like Lincoln and Melville. Everything is meretricious.

Penthouse: You don't see this as a time of change now?

Purdy: I think it's a time of collapse. Total collapse. I think that the government is a fraud and a murderer on a mass scale, and I think that the press—which is completely megalomaniacal—has been the greatest of whores. It thinks and says it is the safeguard of liberty, when it really has prostituted and sold everything. It has never disseminated the truth. Never. Where was the press when our government planned the Vietnam War? Remember that one? Now the press thinks it's opposed to the government, but they're both tarred by the same stick: they're both totally corrupt, and I think most American people have just been ruined by the two of them.

Penthouse: So where is one to turn?

Purdy: Well, I think that's just up to the individual. You should try to free yourself as much as possible from what these two giant corpses tell you to do.

Penthouse: What about the popular social and political movements that are trying to fight these monsters by freeing themselves: the Black Movement, the Women's Movement, the Gay Movement?

Purdy: I distrust them because I think everything in the United States is an ad, and I think that the people you hear about in these movements are really ads rather than realities.

Penthouse: But don't you feel that people who are being exploited as individuals should

join together in a group to fight it?

Purdy: Yes, yes I do, because people are always being exploited. But I think, finally, that the movement itself becomes exploitation because it plays up to the media, which hates everything and is interested in nothing. People want a thing to save them, but you've got to save yourself. A group can't save you if you can't save yourself. These movements are not doing anything spiritual, and they won't last until they have that. Now they're just part of television, which creates more hate and violence. They've become part of the media. It's really terrible.

Penthouse: Do you think the arts can help bring people to a new spirituality, or have artists sold out as well?

Purdy: Yes, either unconsciously or consciously. They're telling the great corporations that control everything exactly what they want to hear. The artist wants money. He wants to be on television. He wants to be shown naked, he wants to be shown having sexual intercourse and all that. Corporations want to destroy the artist's integrity, and he just goes along. He's completely depraved.

Penthouse: All artists?

Purdy: Most of them.

Penthouse: And where does that leave the others?

Purdy: Out in the cold.

Penthouse: But your writing is becoming more and more popular. . . .

Purdy: That's all against the current.

Penthouse: But that's exactly what we're interested in: people who are working against the current.

Purdy: Well eventually, if you just keep writing, they half-recognize you. But the establishment—the New York establishment—has always hated me. In the first place, I was never able to be published. When I write a book, my publishers publish it in the dead of night. They go out in this deserted garden and they make sure that no one's around, and then they dig an eighty-foot pit and put it in there. And then they forget all about it.

Penthouse: Do you feel you should appear every night on TV talk shows?

Purdy: Never. You know, what publishers really want is to have you there naked and to stick something up your ass. That's what they would really like, because what they want is to destroy your integrity. I think they would like all their writers to appear naked on television

and be sexually molested in front of millions. Or eat a plate of vomit, or something utterly depraved. Because television is the *Psychopathia Sexualis* of our day. In the old days it happened in dark parlors. Today it's done in public, in front of millions. People don't have to go to pornographic movies; they just have to turn on their television. Everything on it is pornography—scatology, especially. All those orifices are being manipulated: with deodorants, with this and that. Every orifice is being manipulated and I'm afraid that everyone watching it is being ruined. It's obscene.

Penthouse: But how is it that your works go into paperback and are published in different languages all over the world?

Purdy: Well that's no thanks to publishers. It's because someone reads the books and likes them. There's a long list of czars who decide on what kind of writing should be published. There's the *New Yorker*, there's the *New York Times*, there's the *Saturday Review*, there is the utterly despicable *Paris Review*. All those little czars decide what kind of lies will be told in the form of fiction and poetry. Evidently there's a meeting to decide what book will go on the cover of the *New York Times*, and then this big iron bar is just shoved up the ass of the American public. They're told, "This is the book! This is the great book!" And these are pathetic tenth-rate novels like *Lolita* or *Catcher in the Rye* and so forth. And when you read them, they read like they were written by a ten-year-old girl for a five-year-old girl. It would be very good if the *New York Times* went out of business along with *Newsweek*, *Time*, and the *New York Review of Books*. Then we would have a whole list of other papers that would come in and take their place, but at least we'd be through with them.

Penthouse: So when people get power they're going to misuse it?

Purdy: Always.

Penthouse: Is this something you accept?

Purdy: I don't think there is anything you can do about it. You can't either accept it or reject it. It's like bad weather: there's nothing you can do about it.

Penthouse: Well, what do you think are the essential things that must be brought out in a work of fiction?

Purdy: I don't think a writer has that much of a consciousness. You just have this story you want to tell—that's your life, that's your coun-

"When I write a book, my publishers publish it in the dead of night. They go out in this deserted garden and they dig an eighty-foot pit and put it in . . . then they forget all about it."

try too, really—and you tell it. But the American literary establishment has never liked its important writers. They mistreated Whitman, they buried Melville alive, they ignored Thoreau in his own day. But the worse the writer, the more the cymbals crash and the drums beat.

Penthouse: The story you have to tell is your life, your country. But you say America is dying. Can a writer cut his roots and move elsewhere?

Purdy: I don't think so. Of course Joyce did, but every minute he was gone he just thought of Ireland, so he never really left.

Penthouse: What are your roots? Where were you born?

Purdy: The town I was born in doesn't even exist anymore. I went back there a few years ago and there is no such place. It was in the country, right near Findlay, Ohio. I was very upset when I went back because nearly all those little villages had vanished. All there is left are hideous turnpikes, and you can't find the country. The country's gone. I went back to my father's funeral and I was horrified because where he lived—he had lived out on a farm—there were all these cement buildings. I don't know what they housed. Maybe more cement.

Penthouse: What was growing up like?

Purdy: Well, it was exciting. I don't know how happy it was. My parents were divorced when I was quite young, so I lived with my grandmother for a while, and with my father in different towns, and I lived with my mother and also with my aunt who lived on a farm. My grandmother also lived on a farm. I liked that very much.

Penthouse: Did you feel uprooted moving from home to home?

Purdy: Yes, very much. I still do. I don't really feel comfortable living anywhere. I feel very ghostly now. All my family, practically, are dead, and so many of my friends in the last few years have killed themselves. Some of them were younger than I am. So you begin to feel like a ghost.

Penthouse: You feel rootless. . . .

Purdy: No, not rootless, because I remember how my mother and father talked, which was the American language. So I had that. Hardly any writer from the *New York Times* can speak the American language. They speak like they just came out of a tin baked on television.

Penthouse: So you are an American writer.

Purdy: Yes, I am the only American writer left I think. The others are all on Madison Avenue, in the media, and they think—the poor things—because they opposed the Vietnam War a little, because they got a few callouses on their little feet or they weren't earning millions—that they're so brave. Why, everyone was against the Vietnam War: probably even the government. Why didn't they burn themselves up like Buddhists or something? It was all insincerity. But the war will be forgotten soon anyway, because the thing about America is that no one has any memory. All there is is just what's being shoved up or shoved down at the moment. It really can't be called capitalism anymore. I don't know what it is. Capitalism was a kind of simpliminded fraud, but what's going on now is something much more vicious. Capitalism has even turned against itself. For example, in Chicago the great queen of society was Mrs. Potter Palmer. She had this beautiful mansion in the most execrable taste, but it was great, you know, because that was the world in that period. But realtors, real-estate interests, tore it

down. It should have been left: it was one of the few monuments Chicago had to that period. It was called the Gilded Age—around 1870 to 1880. And they wouldn't let it stand. That's what I mean: it's shoved up and shoved down, because America doesn't want any memory. New York is a city without any memory. You know, if you don't go into a neighborhood for a year, you don't know where you are because all the buildings you knew are gone and there are these other things up in their place.

Penthouse: The idea of memory—of people who try to or have to remember—is a theme that runs through all of your work.

Purdy: Yes, all you have is your memory, because the present is tenuous and there is no future. So if you're a writer, you really have only your memory which—in our culture—is what they want to destroy. Marijuana, drugs, alcohol, automobiles are all methods of destroying your memory.

Penthouse: What's worth remembering?

Purdy: What you saw and did in your soul.

"I'm not a gay writer.
I'm just a monster. Gay
writers are too conservative
for me. The only really gay
writer was Hemingway."



Ed Galucci

Memory is the soul: it's the psyche. There really is only the soul for a writer. And America—the America we have now—wants to destroy the soul and body both.

Penthouse: How can a writer protect himself?

Purdy: You have to be completely unavailable and also fight! Because they really are vicious. And they use all kinds of smears. They used to say my work was homosexual, and therefore it had no validity, which is like saying if a Negro prepares food, the food is dirty. It's the same racism that runs through American life. Then they decided that it wasn't homosexual, but it was irrelevant and so on. They always give a dog a bad name and hang him. But this is the philistine mind which is common to all cultures. It reaches its lowest, most pestiferous form in the *New York Times*, which is the world's worst newspaper, especially its book section. It's pathetic. It's run by imbeciles who have their little pets that they trot out. Whenever John Updike farts, it's all over everything, and they're trying to sell us that it's jasmine and roses. It's the same with

the *New Yorker*.

Penthouse: But hasn't this always happened? The institutions are always against the artist until his work has become history.

Purdy: And then they like it for all the wrong reasons. Like Whitman. Whitman was treated like a leper. His book was not even allowed to go through the U.S. mail. Even then the government was as adamant against artists as it is today. No, I think this is inevitable. If you do find something new, no one is going to understand it.

Penthouse: So you see no real changes? You think that this generation with all its talk of openness and receptiveness is just the same as every other one?

Purdy: Let me give you an example. I think that the government and the media really want people to smoke dope. I think they like that, because the more marijuana you smoke, the more you're going to watch television. In the old days Bing Crosby advertised Lucky Strikes, and now we have Allen Ginsberg advertising marijuana. You see, marijuana smoking is just as reactionary and deadening as when your parents and grandparents got drunk on bathtub gin. There's no key to self-revelation and self-observation. Marijuana is totally square. It's an ad for Nixon, really—just another gimmick. And politics is, too. So many critics were brought up in the Thirties, in Marxism, which is one of the worst disciplines for a literary critic. I suppose you can be a Marxist if you're a genius and understand literary works, but it cripples the brain and your sense of values.

Penthouse: Really? How so?

Purdy: Because it's a formula. You can't apply a formula to a work of art, because it's new and it will resist that. So these old Marxist mossbacks always condemned my books because they were not "socially relevant." But you see they are, really. One of those critics said *Malcolm* was just a cream puff written by a fairy or something like that. That shows how kindly Marxists are. If you can't beat a man, you kick him in the testicles, and then you say he doesn't have any testicles after you've kicked him. But that's typical of New York critics. They pose as noble men but they're really vicious, like depraved, retired whores who have had syphilis for so long that everything inside of them is rotten. They're really very sick people. Some of them are supposed to be these great virile men and when you meet them, they're dried-up old mummies who couldn't have screwed a tiny little hole in the wall.

Penthouse: Do you consider yourself a gay writer?

Purdy: No, I'm just a monster. Gay writers are too conservative for me. Actually, I think the only really gay writer was Hemingway. "Gay" has become a household word now, so it's meaningless . . . to me anyway. It's the same thing with blacks. I was fascinated by them long before it was respectable. Now that they're respectable, I'm not so interested in them, because they've arrived, and when people have arrived they don't quite interest me so much. I'm always more interested in people who are not respectable. But society has discovered now, of course, that if a man loves a man it's not something preternatural and psychopathic, because there wouldn't be taboos against it if it were. Men do feel love toward one another and always have. It's like mothers feel toward their sons: that's why there's a taboo. If there were no feeling there would be no taboo. I think it's all part of hu-

ings there, because everyone is real if they dig deep enough. They just don't want to make the effort if they can press up and watch television instead.

Penthouse: In your writing, there's no doubt but you have taken the effort and presented yourself fully. For whom are you writing?

Purdy: I write for the soul. Marxists are always saying you shouldn't write for yourself, but you see, if you really tell yourself the truth, you've told everybody. This doesn't come easily at all. It's all a matter of psychic energy, of getting in touch with what you're looking for. I think that the stories and the subjects come to me, because when I try to seek them, they elude me. It's as though I'm being fed the story. But there are times that I just sit and write but there's nothing there. Nothing comes.

Penthouse: It's like waiting for the muse.

Purdy: Yes. I believe in the muse. I think there are two kinds of writers: the muse-kind and the hacks. I'm speaking of novels. There are very few inspired novelists.

Penthouse: How much of writing is inspiration? Do you see yourself as a receptacle?

Purdy: Up to a point, but then the really muscular work begins, the sledgehammer work. Because after the voices have told you, you have to hammer it into a shape that's intelligible—first to yourself and then to others. You may have the most wonderful story in the world to tell and you're dying to tell it, but if you don't have the words and technique, no one can read it. It's the same with a musician or a painter. A painter may really know color and everything, but what good is it if he can't get it on canvas?

Penthouse: Have you studied technique?

Purdy: No. Technique is constant practice and a kind of bleeding inside. It's a hemorrhage, it's agony really, because the body resists the soul. It doesn't want to be tortured by putting some things down on paper. It would rather fly off. Most writing is just journalism: it doesn't come from the inside. It's hard work, but it doesn't have anything to do with the soul. These writers just go out and look at something and describe it.

Penthouse: You've spoken of your inspiration as coming from the outside and of yourself as "being fed." Do you believe in the supernatural?

Purdy: Yes. I've seen several ghosts. I don't like to see them. I resist them. After a reading I did at the Café La Mama I saw my brother, who's dead.

Penthouse: Did he tell you anything?

Purdy: He said, "Wonderful!"

Penthouse: Did these ghosts reveal anything about death?

Purdy: Well, I don't know if there is any such thing as death. I think when we die, consciousness just continues in a different way. People that are dead... I don't think they're dead. You know, they've discovered now that the aura can actually be photographed—that's the strange light around living things. They knew about auras in the middle ages and in antiquity: auras are the halos around the heads in religious icons. And now they have been photographed by people who don't even believe in the supernatural. Even leaves and animals have auras. After a leaf dies and falls to the ground they have photographed the aura around it.

Penthouse: Do you feel that an aura is energy that's being given off consistently?

Purdy: Yes, it's something like that. You see, modern man's insights have been crippled by

mechanist-science, which is not science but a crippling of the human mind. The same is true of most religions. We don't really know much about consciousness. We have to work more and more to get in touch with our deeper consciousness.

Penthouse: And that can be done...

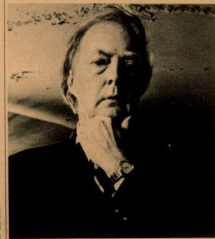
Purdy:... by meditation, silence, prayer.

Penthouse: Are you religious?

Purdy: I believe in the soul. I believe that the smallest thing is of stupefying importance, but I don't like churches. Any of them. I find religion too parochial, because we all go back much further than any religion. We think that the Jews and the Greeks were very ancient, but it's thought now that there were people here in America 50,000 years ago. Fifty thousand years ago, just think of that! What we call ancient history is really quite recent, and before man was Jewish or Greek he was something much older.

Penthouse: This is really what you are writing about.

"America is really over,
everything is collapsing,
and all that remains is
the memory of great
things like Lincoln
and Melville."



Ed Gallucci

Purdy: Yes. I'm really writing about something rather ancient that predates Christianity and Judaism. It's very primitive. A friend calls it archetypal. My books are not only about America: they just happen to take place here.

Penthouse: That's true of Melville also.

Purdy: Yes. It's American, but it's so ancient. Like Ahab: he's very American in such an ancient situation. I think that consciousness is constant and eternal.

Penthouse: How do the ghosts you've seen differ from the muse?

Purdy: Well, ghosts are more frightening. Actually, the psychic energy can be frightening too, because it starts to tell you things that are quite upsetting. I know that I resisted for a while the denouement of *The House of the Solitary Maggot*. You know, I felt I couldn't have it end the way I did. It was too horrible. My grandmother originally told me the story on which it's based, and it was as though she came to me and said: "No, you have to write it the way it was." So I wrote it that way, but it was very painful. In fact, I got quite ill. I was

sick in bed for a week while I was writing that book. My tongue got sore. Very sore. Very painful. It burned like it was burned from fire or flame.

Penthouse: Do you feel that the truth is always that painful?

Purdy: Well, I think it's not only painful, it's unacceptable. Because, you know, it's going to get us no matter how we run from it. It's coming to take us. There are people who think it's terrible that there are surgeons who open the body. Well, it is terrible, but doesn't it have to be done? People are really afraid to see what's inside. I try to get in touch with what I'm looking for, with what I'm thinking... Writing is that.

Penthouse: Do you feel that you have to understand your subject from the inside out in order to write about it?

Purdy: Completely. Many writers go out and study someone or something without understanding it, and their books are so stupid! They describe everything! All the chairs, everything. You get worn out just by the surroundings, because it's all nothing. You've got to be more like a blotter or a sponge, because if you're really with people enough, you kind of suck them into you, and they become part of you. And that's what a writer must tell.

Penthouse: Writing from the inside looking out is more brutal in many ways than writing from the outside in, but it is more intense and there is far more love for people...

Purdy: One doesn't dare to say that. It's a kind of blasphemy. You hope you can love, but love is difficult, and it's not like taking tranquilizers. Most people go get drunk and say they love everybody when they really hate themselves. Everything that's dissonant or rhythmic or violent hurts someone, beginning with ourselves. The thing I think we have to learn is to be creative instead of violent. When we're troubled we so often hurt someone and we hurt ourselves. We use violence and sometimes nonaction, which is so difficult in the midst of a problem—we want to go right out and do something—but sometimes not doing anything is very creative. It's surprising, you know, how if we could delay doing anything about a problem, sometimes it is gone a few hours later. It just doesn't exist. It existed in us, in our anger. I think that's also true of the minority movements. Even when they're for a good cause I think they create more violence and hate. They lash out and hurt innocent people so often. Like the hatred of men among so many in the women's movement. It's all terrible.

Penthouse: Is forgiveness possible? The brothers in both *Jeremy's Version* and in *Maggot* have a special way of forgiving each other which goes beyond contrition or repentance or even words. It's an understanding that goes beyond forgiveness: "I know you, you're my brother..."

Purdy:... and even if you harm me, because you're my brother, you can't really harm me."

Penthouse: Can that feeling exist between strangers, people who aren't real brothers?

Purdy: Yes. I think that was the great thing Christianity saw. And it's never been done, because the Christian church really isn't Christian. But I think that was a great leap forward. Christ said you must forgive, not seven times but seven times seventy, and that was a revolution in human thought. All men were brothers now. That was the last great event of human consciousness and they've never done anything with it since. ☐

man nature. Of course I think it's probably easier to do it to a woman from the point of view of nature, that's all. But this too, now, is part of the media, and the minute things get into the media you don't know whether they're real anymore, because the media is totally false. It's horrible.

Penthouse: Where do you get the courage to continue writing?

Purdy: Well, I think I'm a puritan. I come from a very long lineage of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who were too mean to give up. And my books are selling well, thanks to word of mouth. That's my publicity—someone will read one of my books, like it, and give it to someone else.

Penthouse: You first got your break in publishing when....

Purdy: I never got a break.

Penthouse: Didn't Dame Edith Sitwell support your work?

Purdy: That was through a private edition. My friends published my stories privately and I sent those to Edith Sitwell.

Penthouse: Cold?

Purdy: Yes. I knew she'd never read them, but she did. She took them to her publisher and he liked them too, and they were published in England. Without that I'd never have been heard of. They created a kind of sensation there. They were considered very shocking, and they censored some of the words. Edith Sitwell was very angry about that. The most notable example was "motherfucker," which is now a household word. It wasn't then. Still, they published them, and then the Americans wanted them.

Penthouse: Did you see this as the beginning of your career as a writer?

Purdy: No, I had always written stories, for as long as I could remember, so I didn't think of that way. I still don't. I've never thought of writing as being a profession or a career. I just wanted to write these stories. I still feel that way because I don't like being published.

Penthouse: Really?

Purdy: No. I think it's as if you decided to have a party for your friends but all these very coarse, wicked people came instead and they broke all the furniture and they vomited all over the house.

Penthouse: But it's your livelihood.

Purdy: No. I earn most of my living either by handouts or foundations or by other sources. The actual return from books is very low. I did have one windfall when the movies got one of my books, *Cabot Wright Begins*. But they never made it, and the government took nearly all the money. Still, it helped me, but I really haven't made a living off my writing.

Penthouse: Wasn't Malcolm a success? That's the book that probably started the Purdy cult in America. Dorothy Parker loved it, and Edward Albee made it into a play....

Purdy: None of my books have ever been successes from the point of view of my publishers. I was really thrilled that Dorothy Parker was impressed with my writing because she didn't like anything. But my publishers didn't care. And that's one of the curious phenomena of America. You've got to reach eighty million or you're not here. Eight thousand a year? No, no, that will never do. It's got to be eighty million or you don't exist.

Penthouse: Do you think that people are afraid of intimacy?

Purdy: Yes.

Penthouse: So that's one reason why your work frightens them. But why are people so afraid of things that can touch them?

Purdy: Well, people want aspirins, you know. Aspirins, tranquilizers, or pornography. And when I say pornography, I'm talking about advertising. I think that's the real pornography. It's degrading because it presents the human body as a laughable object, or as a usable object—as an object itself. And I think that is depraved. There really is nothing necessarily pornographic if you showed a couple having sexual intercourse. But the way it's usually shown in America is just two people using one another. I don't like pornography, as distinguished from the erotic. But pornography is only a sign of parochialism, so I'm not in the least bit surprised at the rise of pornography. After all, New York is one of the most parochial cities in the world.

Penthouse: Yet it's the center....

Purdy: Yes. And that's tragic.

Penthouse: Do people think it's the American cultural center because it's parochial?

Purdy: I think so. But, you know, Paris is parochial too, in many ways, because the estab-

"The New York Times is the world's worst newspaper, especially its book section.... It's run by imbeciles."



lishment there was always opposed to the great innovations. Proust had to publish his own books in private. Flaubert was mistreated, and so on and so forth. So it's universal. But what irritates me so much about New Yorkers is the superior attitude they take. They always try to get you to sign something to defend a Russian writer who's being mistreated—and I'm sure that's true, there's no doubt about it—but look how the Americans mistreat their own writers. I mean, how dare they bewail the tyranny of Russia when we have the same thing over here. The only difference is that in America they'll only publish and praise what's tenth-rate whereas in Russia they only publish and praise what follows the party line.

Penthouse: So there's a party line of the elite here also?

Purdy: Yes. And they're not an elite at all. They're just snobs. Look at most of the writing today, the writing they support. It's not elite: it's completely dead. It's cellophane, antiseptic, anesthetic prose. It has nothing to do with

the American language. They hate language. They want everything to read like an ad. Their fiction is an ad, advertising the current fashions of snobs.

Penthouse: Is there a school of writing like this, that's like ads? For example, I would put people like Vonnegut in this category.

Purdy: Yes. He's completely advertising. Before him was Salinger. He's an ad for toothpaste and luggage. And John Updike is an ad for golfing equipment.

Penthouse: But aren't there other writers who are trying to break away from this?

Purdy: I suppose there are, but I don't know who they are. Of course, you have older writers like Eudora Welty, but she's been kind of taken over by the New Yorker and made respectable by the *New York Times*. So she must have made her peace with the establishment. And then there's Nabokov, who's a complete ad for brassieres, panty hose, and old-fashioned pessaries.

Penthouse: Pessaries? What's that?

Purdy: That's what women used to put over the neck of the womb so they wouldn't become pregnant. They're out of date, like flypaper. But critics always like things that are sixty years out of date, providing they were bad originally. I once heard a man say that a critic is a man five hundred miles away from home.

Penthouse: What happens when the fashions change?

Purdy: Then all those novelists are forgotten overnight. And then the literary establishment denies it ever liked them. You know, you meet one of them and say, "You told me you liked that." And they say, "Oh darling, no I never praised.... I said it was interesting. You've misquoted me." And I say, "You fucking liar, You said it was great." They're whores with no memory.

Penthouse: Why is it, then, that people seem to be looking and listening now more than ever before?

Purdy: Because they have nothing else to do. In the old days people had to work. I don't know what people are living on today. They must have rich daddies, because they aren't working. No one wants to work in America. It's the biggest nation of loafers and piss-offs the world has ever seen since the fall of Rome. We've become commodities—the biggest product in America is ourselves. We've allowed ourselves to be sold down eight hundred rivers and yet we say we're free. There is no freedom except that which you achieve for yourself through your work. Freedom can't be given to you like chewing gum. What we call freedom isn't freedom. It's just irresponsibility and loafing—which has its pleasures I guess, but it leads to a tremendous fear of reality. When I was a child, it was the Depression and there were tramps who came to the door all the time. They looked like hippies, but it was real. Their toes were really out of their shoes, and they really stank. They hadn't eaten and they hadn't combed their hair. It was the real thing, so they were kind of beautiful because everything in their bodies meant exactly what it showed. But now people imitate everybody. You see some millionairess on Park Avenue wearing a Mexican peon's dress, and this is the kind of thing you'd expect to see in a lunatic asylum, where people imitate Napoleon or Hitler.

Penthouse: Why are people afraid to be themselves?

Purdy: I don't think they have any selves left. But I suppose there are genuine human be-



"It makes a nice change from whalemeat..."

touch of my tongue, I waited for her moans to begin again, for the gentle undulation of her stomach, for the faster pace of her breathing. I waited until she was caught in the rhythm again, and I tried to pull her, touch by touch, towards me. And then when she had let herself go a certain distance, I could feel her pull back as always, her breathing gone quiet again, her body still as death.

Again and again, I coaxed her along only to lose her, to have her fall back beyond where I could reach her. I lost all sense of time. I don't know how many hours I lay there between her legs, my face in her cunt, wet with the juice of her. From time to time I heard the rush of the falls; but mostly it was the sound of her breathing that I heard, sometimes close to me, sometimes far away.

I sucked the flesh of her thighs in small mouthfuls, licked the flesh, bit lightly on the insides of her legs, underneath them, moving my mouth up onto her belly, into her hair, then playing at the edges of her hole, bites softer still, almost not bites at all but just the lightest touch of teeth. All the while I could feel a dark red pulse throbbing inside her. Even when I lost her, when she cut herself off, I knew that she had been carried one step further on, was that much closer to giving herself up completely.

In one long slow circle I moved my tongue inside her. Her cunt was pulled in tight, yearning and bracing itself at the same time. Then I slid my tongue in hard and deep, pulling back quickly, skimming the swollen part near the opening. I flicked my tongue over it. The swelling rose and fell, sometimes hard against my tongue, sometimes not there at all, buried under flesh and juice. Her cunt began to twitch and jerk. Her ass rubbed back and forth on the dry grass, the breath coming out of her in thick, dark waves, the juices flowing. And I knew she couldn't hold back any longer. Her hands gripped the earth for support; her whole body trembled. I could feel the pressure surging into her thighs where my hands were. Forces rippled through skin and veins, her moans were louder and unhesitating. There was one long beat of silence as she hovered at the very edge. Then in long licking and sucking motions I drew the red swollen center of her up towards me, drawing it all up from the depths of her, feeling the weight of it dragged up through recess after recess until it surfaced in ragged jerks—a long volcanic release, her body twisting from side to side, the juices running and molten, her breath gasping out of control.

I lay still, with my face in her cunt, feeling the rise and fall of her breathing, listening to the waterfall which had become suddenly real again. When her breathing slowed she reached down and pulled me up to her. For a moment her eyes seemed frightened. Then she kissed me and smiled—not her usual playful smile, but a deep contented smile from some newly discovered part of herself.

"I'm sure this time," she said looking up at me. And when we got back to the car and found that it was already past five, there was only a very remote concern in her voice when she asked, "What will I say to Martin?"

"Tell him you took a ride in the country and you got lost."

After that she was like a child with a new toy. She wanted to play with it, play with it all she could before the batteries ran out. We must have tucked in every part of the state park—in a field gone wild with dandelions, by the pond, in the cherry orchard, on a flat rock near the top of the mountain—narrowly missing being caught by forest rangers, by boy scouts, by old ladies out picking wildflowers. She began to come three and four times in a row. And she went down on me for the first time. Something, she said, she'd never done to Martin.

By this time her hair—she was letting it grow for me—fell to her shoulders. There was a day on the mountain when she stood silhouetted against the blue sky, her hair blowing back in the wind, her dark-tanned body swaying with the ease and grace of her new-found sensuality, and I knew she had come a long way. No more was she the manikin Martin had married. And somehow that made me jealous of her, as if her new awareness threatened me, made me less necessary to her. You see, she had taken me by surprise. There were things about her, about the things we did together, that crept up and took hold of me without my consciously noticing—the way her stomach rose and fell in gentle swells when I went down on her, the bronze color of her skin when she came out of the water, the soft feel of her ass in my crotch when I fucked her from behind, the

strange satisfied smile after she came. It got so I couldn't look at another girl without thinking of Karen.

Only once toward the end of the summer did she talk about the conflicts in that part of herself she kept hidden from me. We were lying on my bed, with a gray Friday twilight out beyond the windows and the sound of children's voices coming from across the street.

"Sometimes I'm still afraid," she said as if she was ashamed of it.

"Of what?"

"This. Sex."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

She was sitting with her knees pulled up against her chin, her arms wrapped around her legs. "It's okay when I'm with you. But after I leave you . . . sometimes I get really frightened."

That fall I left the firm and took a job teaching trial law at the university. "I'll have to be there only three days a week," I told Karen. "We can spend Tuesdays and Thursdays together."

"That's great," she said sounding like she really meant it.

But then the next week she took a part-time job with an educational testing service, working all day on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I was naive enough to believe it was an accident—but then I have a way of seeing only what I want to. It was only when she began having trouble "getting out"—she rarely got out in the evenings anymore and she stopped coming by on Sunday mornings—that I admitted to myself how much she was pulling back.

"What's the matter?" I asked during one of our lunch hours in the park.

"Nothing," she said lightly. "I've just been really busy. That's all."

I wanted to believe her, so I let it drop. But when I didn't see her

"And the more she held back, the more aggressive I became, so that our sex was a kind of dry, tense parody of rape."

again for a whole week, I asked her again. This time she didn't brush it off.

"Martin's threatened to leave me if I don't stop seeing you."

"Let him leave."

"I don't know," she said. She seemed almost somber, humorless—the way I was when I first met her. "I don't know what to do."

When we made love she would lie there passively, unresponsive up to the very moment of orgasm, when she would give herself up, as a last resort, reluctantly. And the more she held back, the more aggressive I became, so that our sex was a kind of dry, tense parody of rape.

"Do you come with Martin now?" I asked once after I had savagely made her come. "Is that it?"

"No," she said, shaking her head.

"Why then? Why?"

"I don't know."

I shook her hard at the shoulders. "Why?" She tried to turn her face away, but I forced her to look at me. "Why?"

"It's not just a simple affair anymore," she said. "I could handle that. It's something else now."

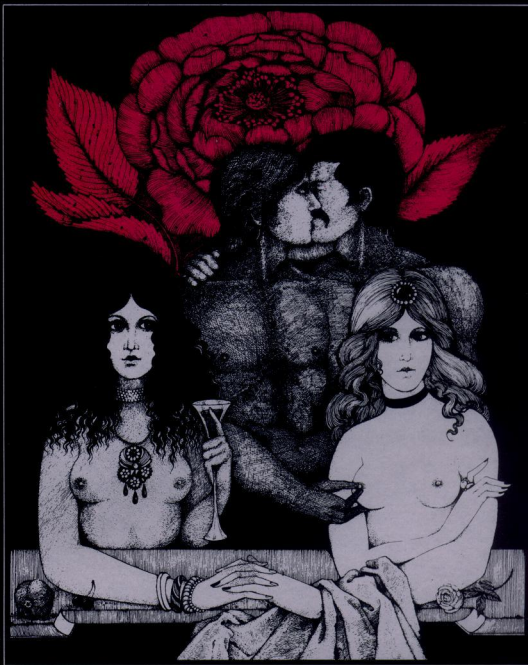
"Are you afraid?" I asked her. "Is that it? Are you afraid?"

"Sometimes," she said. "Sometimes I think you want too much of me. I thought I wanted the kind of intensity we had last summer. But I don't know anymore. I'm not sure."

Another week went by and I didn't hear from her. I called her house but there was no answer. By the second week, I was driving past her house two or three times a day looking for her car in the driveway. Sometimes, like an adolescent, I would park across the street and stare up at her windows. Then, one morning toward the end of that second week, when I drove by early on my way to the university I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Bisexuality



MAKING IT BY FAKING IT

BY JOHN STEINBECK, JR.

I have often found the role of an instant sociologist-anthropologist to be a great front in the profession-crazy West. I was once acquitted of drug possession by using the social-science gambit. The court had been convened to decide the connection between me and a suitcase containing twenty pounds of marijuana. Since I had written the first article about marijuana use by U.S. troops in Vietnam, my defense was simple: "Who me? I'm a sociologist. I need it for my research on the abuse of *Cannabis sativa*, your Honor." They didn't give the stuff back, but they did let me go. It was enough.

I'm not in legal jeopardy now, I hope, but I have recently discovered an important social phenomenon which makes me reach for my old credentials and do homage to the spirits of Charles Darwin and Sir Richard Burton. I have located and identified the pseudo-bisexual. Its natural function seems to be the preservation of the species by surreptitiously stimulating heterosexual encounters. The pseudo-bisexual has existed for eons, but since the form changes slyly it can only be captured in contemporary situations.

To understand the course of my research it must be understood that I'm an outgoing person who is generally ready for anything that doesn't severely attack my neuroses. I also have a fairly solid orientation in sexuality, but it has been years since a hippie habit led me through a long engagement with multiple sex routines. It was thus to my great surprise, when I started my most recent travels, that I found myself propelled into a vat of sex far and away more imaginative than any of my prurient masturbatory fantasies.

Upon arrival in England, I found London to be a jewel indeed, but set in a silver sea of shining bodies. I have never sought out orgies, since they give me a death rush. I also find something repugnant in trying to hide a lack of warmth and grace under a mountain of flesh. So, when I fell into this Anglican sex-war, I was delighted to find that what was



coming down on me was not a swamp act celebrating a fear of death but rather a common lurch for identity. The burgeoning scene led to a lot of exposure, and it was here in London that I first witnessed the astounding sexual leap of the pseudo-bisexual.

I was at a party one summer evening getting professionally drunk with my friend and colleague Rosie Crucifixion. We were chatting about the minor discoveries of the day when an acquaintance of hers waddled over and sat down. He was introduced to me as Sir Rational Fasting. The gentleman immediately engaged Miss Crucifixion in a searching conversation about a lovely friend of ours, Constance Bliss. It was clear that Sir Rational had more than a passing curiosity about the size of Constance's knickers and whether or not he might fit into them. But Rosie, who is a bit mischievous, toyed with Sir Rational's ardor by saying, "Yes, Bliss is sweet. She's my lover, you know. We're bisexual. My God, aren't you?" Well, Sir Rational, who did want to fit in, was quick with a "Why certainly, absolutely . . . what? Are you kidding? Why, don't be absurd . . . of course I am!"

His line was fast but a little unconvincing, and he knew it. A few moments later he tried to lighten the slack by coolly asking me if I would like to dance. As the moment was so rich with fraud, I could not refuse.

As we waltzed onto the floor I became entranced with the majesty of this awesome dis-

play of natural selection. I'm not a bad mimic myself, but this guy wasn't in it for theater. Sir Rational had a distinct goal in mind—how to find bliss with Constance! When he was sure that Rosie was watching, he penetrated my lips with a wet and passionate kiss. Perhaps this would put out the word that he was indeed the right sort and help dilute an unwanted heterosexual reputation. He dripped honeyed words of affection in my ear, that is when his tongue wasn't blocking it. He tried desperately to build some believable base to get through to Constance via me. But alas, Sir Rational had picked the wrong horse. I have yet to know the full vibrance of bisexuality, so I could recommend him to Constance for valiant effort only.

The evening ended mercifully in drunken confusion. I went home bemused, but after a few drinks in the privacy of my study the matter looked a little more insidious. The event was loaded with political ramifications. Though I tend to reject conspiracy theories as an emotional waste of time, I was worried. I have learned a great deal about myself through the efforts of the Feminist and the Gay Liberation Movements. Was Sir Rational actually part of a reactionary plot to suck credibility from these freedom fighters and create havoc and suspicion amongst the cadre? I had seen such things done in Vietnam with withering efficiency. Confused, I passed out into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I woke with a psychedelic hangover. But humor filled my world, and I had sober access to areas of consciousness that would otherwise have been shut tight.

Later that day, while strolling in the garden, I had a vision. I picked up a rose. As I contemplated the thorn, I was plunged into the deepest layers of the collective unconscious. In that place where all the symbols and experiences of animate life are recorded, I saw the origins of this sexual enigma. It was as if Virgil or Oscar Wilde were giving me a tour through the period between the emergence of the na-

ked ape and the birth of the first dandy.

I arrived back in history on a beautiful Thursday evening several thousands years after the dawn of the human story. Giddy with the day, a unique man stuck a stray parrot feather in his hair. I don't know why he did it since there was no pool for him to peer into. Perhaps he just wanted to fly.

When he returned to the communal lair, he was instantly jumped on and sexually molested. His mates, both male and female, played with him for hours. His name was Elmer the Shy. (He was known as an inventor of sorts, since his bashfulness had prompted him to create the first woolly underwear in the region.) By dawn, his mammoth hair britches had been rent and boiled for soup. Elmer himself had almost been devoured by excited mouths that went up and down his body in a most lascivious fashion. Elmer had been mistaken for a bird of paradise and fertility. He only survived the incident because his yellow and magenta tassle was pulled off and he was recognized by Grandmother, who was busy humping his scalp. In those days almost everyone was bisexual, though they didn't call it that. One just fucked anything that moved. Elmer, however, was an exception. He liked girls more than anything else—a prejudice considered bizarre and dirty. He was rarely successful.

Over the next few days Elmer recuperated with a queer smile on his face. His shyness had merely been a fear of rejection, and when the others realized that this colorful prize was Elmer, his reputation as a canny inventor and revolutionary lover was secure. His popularity soared. In a moment of pure silliness, this ancient had stumbled on something much farther out than mere clothing. He was the first person to imitate the plumage of another creature with tangible results in bed! Before this people had relied on instinctive trips like grunting around the fire. Flashing one's breasts or buttocks was also in vogue.

After a few days Elmer was up and around,



looking for new stuff to brighten his act. He was in such demand that cave ladies would gang up on pushy males who wanted to control the action. Knowing that he was free to specialize, Elmer started flirting with dubious sincerity. Should the blokes blame anybody for being left out, he thought, let it be the girls. Of course, he had to jerk off the odd fellow every so often to prevent a jealous pogrom.

After a while Elmer had to admit that he rather enjoyed rolling in the grass with a young boy. Nonetheless, he still dressed his lover to look like an innocent girl, but something was growing on him.

Elmer's imagination seemed unlimited as he set about perfecting his sartorial splendor. When things finally got organized, the new Plumage Guild became as important as the Hunter's Association. Armed with bangles and newfound confidence, Elmer became the precursor of fashion. His discovery bore fruit and had the procreative effect of creating more hunters. Symbiotically, a proportional increase in food left more time for primping feathers and making love on a full belly.

Eventually, everyone adopted plumage for a variety of personal reasons. The hunters started wearing the natural adornments of the creatures they sought—it was merely a question of what could attract lunch. Bright vegetable dyes grew trendy and so did flowers, bones, and furs. Man had found a preoccupation that gets stranger and deadlier even as

hunting for food and cave drawing declines. Elmer had discovered the primal tools for narcissism, for self-adoration, and the conscious seduction of prey or mate. What's the difference, really?

Despite his contribution to sexuality, it should be noted that this great innovator met a bad end. He never graduated to the new bisexuality. His lusty costumes became outrageous and his sense of clashing colors was far ahead of its time. As in all epochs, no culture can stand this kind of assault and a minor reform movement burned Elmer head down over a bonfire. Such is love, I suppose. The sacrifice was immense, but at least man would never seriously return to the grunt-grope. Plumage of one sort or another was now absolutely required in order to score.

By the time my vision brought me to the beginning of recorded history, the techniques of plumage confusion had been dazzlingly refined by the Aztecs and the Egyptians. The cinema of the soul had been vastly changed. Previously, our world had been a rather pure organism-environment relationship carried on without much fore- or after-thought. But with the bud of sweet artifice, we walked out of simplicity into the hustle of love.

As my journey carried me through the pre-Hellenistic period in Greece, there was a sudden inversion in the idea of how sexual plumage worked. To be sure, feathers, horns, and things of that sort were extremely useful to enhance the hunt or to frighten the enemy in wartime. But the growth of style and intellect brought us to a police society. Casual invention became secondary in importance to bright ideas. Now, attractive attitudes rose supreme. The warm safety of the cave was replaced by concept and plumage was internalized. The Doric "come on" was developed and sex was again revolutionized.

The New Eroticism was advanced and simple. A colorful mental display (i.e., a dirty mind) was as effective as the first rattle of shells had ever been. People also wanted to



see a little more skin. Everyone became physique junkies. As the aesthetic of modern sex crystallized, people of intelligence began to feel how mysterious and apt the human body could be. Society realized for the first time that in every man there is a woman and vice versa. The seed image for this vision was deified iconographically as Hermaphroditus.

To be sure, pseudo-bisexuals could cope in this environment, but they were looked down upon as the scum of Eros. Bisexuality itself was considered hypocritical and heterosexuality was only endured as a necessary aberration that helped create more soldiers.

Farther to the East, in the Mithraic tradition of Persia, homosexuality was almost a religious duty. Gestation and birth were considered so vile that some religious ceremonies often involved tying a woman in labor to a tree with her legs closed. She would eventually burst open and die giving mystical delight to the pundits of the notorious Bull cult. The basic notion was that the birth of all thoughts and things brought about suffering, darkness, and duality. For them Creation had been a primordial mistake. There was clearly little room for the pseudo-bisexual to flourish here. If discovered, one could not retreat to heterosexuality for the fear of being considered a "lord of the flies." Though the esoteric teachings were profound and subtle, the precision of the Mithraic priests obviously suffered from overdemonstrating a point. The sect died out.

War could be cited as the reason for this age's preoccupation with homosexuality. The inevitable affection for a combat buddy is timeless. However, the practice has its defects and these early versions were innately much too rigid. The civilizations that romped in this fashion eventually disappeared.

Life is inevitably more insistent on its own development than to allow for sexual fascism—no matter what the form. After all, if everyone got overblissed with cunnilingus or getting screwed in the ass, we would soon be



extinct. The selection of Life's disguise is often formed with plodding cunningness and pure slapstick comedy. Witness the ass of the striped baboon who, when outrun by a predator, stops and flares its bright scarlet rump to heaven, trying with all its might to look like a convincing flower.

This nasty metaphor is well suited to my discoveries with the small exception that pseudo-bisexuals are flashing false credentials in order to chase rather than avoid.

But just then I was abruptly wrenched out of my visionary stupor by a sudden pain in my groin. I awoke to find myself back in the garden with the rose stem squeezed between my legs. I must confess a small feeling of frustration, since I had hoped to witness Henry Miller in action during the Twenties.

I had seen a great deal and, whether it was astral travel or only a dream, a veil had been drawn illuminating the living present and future possibilities. Last night's confusing experience became quite clear.

Sir Rational was obviously not a spy or even a corruption. His fraud was for love, not disaffection. The Seventies have provided the first reasonable space for the pseudo-bisexual to go through his changes. We are on the brink of a development comparable to the "great feather find" of Elmer's day. The androgyn-

ous bottom of our race has apparently been uncovered. Maybe it's the result of genetic selection, mixed in with sexual liberation movements. We have been stirred in radiation and the chaotic atmosphere of Aquarian thought. Our consciousness is changing and we now face an open window on humanity which has been closed since man first took up a club to decide his supremacy. Bisexual emotion seems to be coming around as a refuge for sexual equality. Politics can only go so far. This does not have to mean an uncontrolled nose dive into decadence and frivolity. Pseudo-bisexuality is a compromise struggling towards a new humanity. It represents life's ongoing vow to fulfill itself.

If sexual philosophies are to be useful, they require a very light touch. Bisexuality will never be everyone's cup of tea, but anyone might benefit from the model. Interpretations can be a wonderful tool for isolating problems, but if the interpretation becomes too concrete or reversed it often is the source of new oppressions.

The pseudo-bisexual in flux is closely involved with the heterosexual's demand for survival, but it grows toward an empathetic understanding of loneliness—which used to be the domain of the homosexual. A tone of compassion comes out of this solitary understanding that life is rough and solace is required in empty space.

If one had something to lose, the pseudo-bisexual's moment could be seen as a total rip-off. For him, it may feel like an unwilling and even painful growth towards a new life. It is true that nothing is guaranteed, but mysteriously the vow is kept and all contradictions are resolved.

Chung Tzu once explained: "In the beginning was One. From One there came two, and from two we got three. Three gave birth to five, and five to seven. If we go on like this, even the most clever mathematician will never know where to end it up. Better go back to One." It was enough. ☉—

singles' bars on First Avenue chasing girls. At least I've got him to stop doing that. But he still needs to learn to respect women more. A friend of mine goes to an encounter group and she took her boyfriend there and he came out a changed man. So I want to take David to one but he says it's just a group-grope for people who can't get it any other way and he won't come. It's probably that he's afraid to, really. He has a terrific insecurity thing because his mother ran off and left him when he was a child. His father brought him up, so he has to go around making women need him—it's what psychologists call the Don Juan syndrome. Of course, when I suggest he face up to these truths about himself he just laughs it off, but I'm sure I can make him understand eventually.

He's a bit old-fashioned in many ways. He was outraged when I first told him I smoked pot (actually I hardly ever do, but I just wanted to see what effect it would have). And he's hopeless about art. He's never once taken me to the theater and when I told him I had two seats for the ballet once, he said he wouldn't be seen dead with all those fags. I'm educating him slowly, but it takes time. I know he'd enjoy these things if he'd really let himself.

It's really odd for me going out with someone like David. Before him I used to go out with a drummer from a rock band. We had some great times together but he was always so spaced out. It got so I would never know where he was or when he was coming over and he'd just arrive in the middle of the night or he'd disappear for weeks at a time, and it was hopeless really. I tried to get him off the drugs and sometimes he'd stay at my place for a week or so and things would start getting mellow, then he'd just walk out and I wouldn't see him for months. Sexually, he was a walking disaster area. I think he screwed me the first time we met and that was about it. The only thing he wanted after that was blow-jobs. I hated it at first, but I got quite good at it in the end. Still, it's a pretty depressing state of affairs when the only way you ever make love is with your tongue.

That's what's so funny about David—he just won't let me blow him. He thinks it's dirty. I don't mind usually, but sometimes when I'm feeling extra loving and he's a bit tired, it seems the obvious thing to do. But he absolutely shrinks with horror. He's really never let me try so he doesn't know what he's missing. I think it's a hang-up from when he went away to school as a child. I keep telling him everyone is queer at boarding schools, but it doesn't mean a thing. He really sweats at the memory, though. It wasn't till I'd known him for ages and ages that he told me about it. Oh well, it was just the usual thing—one of his teachers was into little boys. He hated it the first time, practically had a nervous breakdown from the sound of things, wouldn't speak to anyone for a couple of months. But then he became involved with a boy

his own age. Platonic and all that, just close buddies. That's what he says, but I suspect it was a bit more than that. Eventually he got caught and expelled. It was a terrible disgrace. His father wouldn't speak to him, his stepmother taken to her bed sick for weeks. It must have been hell, actually, and you can't blame him. Nowadays if anyone starts talking about their schooldays he just freezes up. It was months and months before he'd even tell me the name of the school he went to, let alone all the details.

I'm sure that's why he has this super-virile thing now. He has to keep proving what a man's man he is. You see, it took him years to live it down. I sometimes wonder if it isn't the reason why he's so reluctant to get married. Afraid the children might turn out bent.

I made the mistake once of telling him about an experience I'd had at junior high school. I thought it would reassure him that everyone had experiences like that, but he really freaked out.

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Such an innocent thing too. I had a girl friend named Valerie and one day we both discovered we knew about sex. She said her mother had told her this and I said my mother had told me that, and she'd once caught her older brother and his girl friend doing it, so between us we worked out what it was all about. Then we took our clothes off and tried it ourselves but, of course, it doesn't really work without a man. We quite enjoyed feeling each other up though, and we decided that was a good way to make our breasts grow bigger (we were both on the small side in those days—you wouldn't believe it now, would you?). So we used to "massage" one another every day. I mean, we weren't lesbians or anything. It's just that we were too scared to mess around with boys. Anyway, when I told David this he practically flew out of bed, and I could see that he was wondering if I was a dyke, wondering if he was queer, wondering if all our kids would turn out fucked up.

That's why I think it would be so good for him to go to an encounter session. He'd get it all out of his system and he'd have a chance to learn that everyone is a little bit bisexual. Of course, I've told him that till I'm blue in the face, but he won't take it from me. And it would do him good to be forced to touch people—did he tell you he has a real horror of that? He never touches anyone, not even just a little friendly peck on the cheek, unless he's going to sleep with them. Often when we have friends over, the man will kiss me hello, but David will never kiss the woman. Some people notice it and I think they resent it. He's the same about nudity. It's okay to take your clothes off to make love, but not to walk around like that or even sleep like that, oh no! He must be the only man in the world who still wears pajamas—I almost had a fit the first time I saw him putting them on. And *four times* he's bought me nighties, those real old-fashioned, full-length black nylon numbers. I don't mind wearing them *before* we go to bed if it turns him on, but *in bed*? No thank you.

What's going to happen to us? I sometimes worry to death about it, frankly. I'm twenty-seven and my mother thinks I'm practically an old maid. Most of my friends are married, in fact, some of them are just getting around to their second marriage. I feel really out of it. I'd love to have kids and I want to have them while I'm still young enough to enjoy them. When I tell people I illustrate children's books, they always assume I've got kids myself and I feel funny saying I haven't. I thought of getting pregnant just to force the issue, but that's a bit drastic. On the other hand, I can't face taking the Pill anymore. I find myself forgetting to take it three days out of four and sometimes, when I do take it, I look at it and think, ugh, go away, you're messing up my insides, I don't want you. I guess I'd better make up my mind one way or the other pretty soon, or I'll get pregnant anyway just by mistake. Though if I do, it'll be fate really, won't it? I'm sure when it comes down to it, he'll marry me. I wish he'd decide and not leave me in all this suspense.

DR. CHARTHAM'S ANALYSIS:

I strongly believe that most exclusively homosexual men and women are fully conscious of their sexual orientation by the time they are sixteen, except in cases of latent or suppressed tendencies. If a boy continues to take part in, or to initiate, homosexual activities after that age, it is either because he is highly sexed and has no opportunity for heterosexual outlets, or because he is bisexual or exclusively homosexual.

The highly sexed boy will abandon homosexual activities as soon as heterosexual outlets become readily available. His homosexual past will probably be forgotten. On the other hand, the exclusive homosexual, because of society's disapproval of homosexuality, may abandon his sexual activities and suffer considerable frustration until he finds the courage to accept his

homosexuality and "come out." For the same reason, the bisexual may also abandon his homosexual outlets until he discovers that he is an emotionally incomplete person if he does not fulfill his homosexual needs.

To experience what David experienced at boarding school is quite traumatic—traumatic to such a degree, in fact, that both the exclusive homosexual and the bisexual may force themselves to never make homosexual contact again. This is easier for the bisexual to accomplish because he is not deprived of all his sexual outlets. He can be physically, if not emotionally, fully satisfied by his heterosexual activities. This makes him rather less sensitive and the trauma may fade significantly. For the exclusive homosexual, however, the trauma may never fade. In a desperate attempt to surmount the continuing horror, he may force himself to make heterosexual contacts, thereby hoping to convince himself that he is not, and never was, a homosexual. Only by this behavior, he believes, can he regain the self-respect that he lost when others discovered his sexual nature.

Though David attempts to convince us that he is a highly sexed stud, I do not think that he took part in the homosexual activities for which he was expelled from school because he was highly sexed. And if he were a true bisexual, he would also exhibit a greater sensitivity for his sexual partner than he does in his relationship

with Sasha. In my view, he is an exclusive homosexual who has forced himself into exclusively heterosexual activities because he does not have the courage to rid himself of the trauma by acknowledging his homosexuality.

I base this view on a number of points revealed by both David's and Sasha's narratives: "I looked down and saw Sasha was licking my stomach and legs. I said, 'None of that. . . .'" Why the prohibition? Licking the stomach and legs can easily lead to fellatio. He doesn't allow fellatio, according to Sasha, because "it is dirty and all that." But this is not the reason. He bans fellatio because it is associated in his mind with homosexual activity. And how he betrays himself when Sasha wants "something different." Caught off guard, he forgets for a moment that he is supposed to be exclusively heterosexual and penetrates her anally, to give "her an idea of just how different sex could be."

For David, women are sex-objects upon whom he can work off his sexual frustration. They are nothing more. Despite this, he resents them because they make him do what subconsciously he does not want to do. There is a sadistic streak in him which points this up.

There is also a desire to be the dominant partner sexually in order to bolster his virility. (Fellatio is a submission act.) For this reason he prefers the missionary position.

Everything has conspired to make him not the

"marrying kind," and Sasha, if you persuaded him by some means, especially by trapping him, to marry you, you would deeply regret it.


I realize, of course, that you want to change him, because this is your nature. But how often have we not heard the cry, "I thought I could cure him, but he has refused all my help," from women who have basically laudable good intentions about the man they think they love.

David, at thirty-eight, is one of those men who cannot be changed, and unless you want to be unhappy for a long time, I suggest you do not even try. Certainly an encounter group would not do David any good, not for the reason he gives—which is another indication of his basic homosexuality—but because he has too many inhibitions to allow him to respond at all. These hang-ups would have to be reduced by psychotherapy before a group session could do any good. And I very much doubt if he would respond to psychotherapy at his age, unless it was a very protracted course.

You both ask what you should do:

David, if sex is all you want, Sasha is as good a sex-object as any other woman.

Sasha, if you enjoy sex with David and would miss this aspect of your relationship, then you must give up your do-gooding notions and just enjoy the sex.

But if Sasha cannot do this, then she should end the relationship immediately. 



"Hey! This one has 'Donald Duck'!"



XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

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

FAKE OR FAINT?

I'm not quite sure whether I've got a problem or not. My girl friend and I are both eighteen. She enjoys sex as much as I do, and we can make love as often as three times an evening. She claims she has as many as three orgasms per session. The trouble is that she passes out when she reaches her peak. Sometimes she stays unconscious for up to five minutes. I've heard that this could be dangerous for her, and I don't want to risk hurting her, but the only alternative seems to be to stop screwing. What's your opinion, Xaviera?—A.B.

Three times a night is a fairly good score for a boy your age. When you get older, your ardor will decrease. Most men above twenty-five can perform sex twice a night, if they have a good lover. The morning hours can be quite exciting as well. It could be that your girl friend is putting you on a bit by pretending to faint, but in reality she is just all fucked out. Perhaps you work her over so well that she cannot move anymore, at least not for the next five minutes. Or she really might have fainting spells.

The last case certainly can be true. There are some women who have a malformation of the carotid artery, which is an artery in the neck. By putting her head too far backwards and in a certain twist during your sexual escapades, you might cut off the blood flow to this carotid artery and cause temporary loss of consciousness. So, be careful next time you perform sex and try to be more gentle. Remember, it should never be the quantity that counts—quality is more important. Why not concentrate on the fore- and afterplay more than on just plain screwing?

MOONLIGHTING

I am a widow, thirty-three years of age, and work as a typist in a large office. I'm still in

pretty good shape and have managed to keep my figure, even after having four children. I get several offers of dates each week from the men I work with—I know their interest is mainly sexual, but that's fine by me. I, too, have urges and desires. My problem is that I find it tough supporting four kids on my salary, and I'd like to get it across to the married men who want me only for sex that I could use a little extra money. I don't want them to think I'm a whore—money isn't the only reason I went out with them. It's just that it would help matters. I don't know how to ask them, and any advice would be appreciated.—S.C.

I would not really consider your asking some token of appreciation in the form of a financial gift as being prostitution. The best thing to do is to be honest with the men you are dating and tell them that you are a widow and are struggling to keep yourself and four hungry mouths fed on a typist's salary. Since the men you seem to date are mostly married, they, of all people, should understand and get the message. Without insulting you or treating you like a whore (if you are selective in the men you are dating), they will in all probability give you a gift when they leave. You can always tell them that you have to get a babysitter for your youngest child and that they are very expensive nowadays. Also, cab fare adds to your expenses. A little white lie does not hurt.

If those men offer to buy you real gifts rather than giving cash, you should gently mention that you'd rather have the money because you cannot buy food with a dress you might not even need. However, I would not mention this financial request right away, because that would make you look too much like a hooker. Perhaps somewhere during the middle of the meal you should drop the subject of your family.

Another solution, maybe less embarrassing, is to join a legitimate escort service, but I don't know whether there are any in your hometown. Escort services pay the girl a certain amount of money for a dinner date. Whatever price she negotiates after twelve o'clock at night with her respective date for whatever extra activities they both decide to engage in is entirely up to her and is money in her own pocket.

MADE IT WITH THE MAID

We are four college students who reside in a sedate (or so we thought) high-rise apartment. We've recently discovered that we've all been balling the same maid who comes to clean our apartment. It started when one of my roommates, John, was taking a shower one morning, alone in the apartment, and the maid entered to clean up. Hearing the sound of running water, she peeked into the shower and saw John standing there naked. It was obvious that she had more on her mind than just cleaning up. At the time, John kept this escapade to himself, but a little while later we started comparing notes and discovered that we'd all had much the same experience. Soon this maid began demanding more of our time and energy than we wanted to give. The last time she was here she wanted one of us to perform cunnilingus on her, while at the same time giving another one of us a blow-job, while the other two sucked her tits. She's also getting jealous of our other girl friends. We want to break it off but we're afraid that if we do she'll blow the whistle and get us evicted. What should we do, Xaviera?—Maid it in Madison

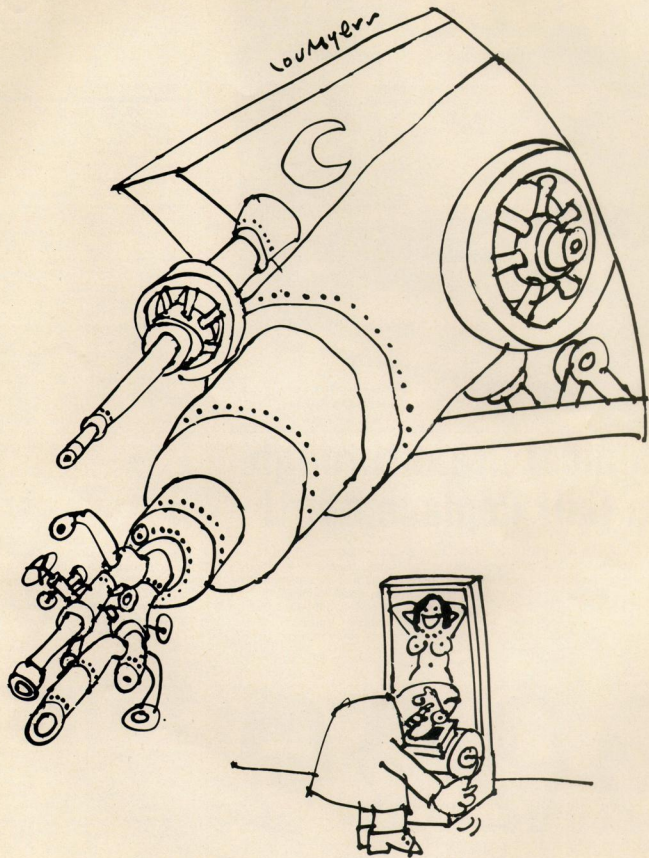
Your story sounds like a fairy tale. Are you ever lucky with a maid like that! She seems, though, a bit too much to handle for a bunch of square college kids like you. But don't worry about her turning you in, why on earth should she? Just tell her that it is none of her business how you live your lives. She will quickly understand, and look elsewhere—probably to her next employer—for her fun and games.

SINGLE SWINGER

I'm sixteen and very mature for my age. My father, mother, twenty-year-old brother, and eighteen-year-old sister all belong to a swingers' club in our hometown, but I'm banned because of my age. Everyone says I've got to wait until I'm eighteen. I contend that maturity isn't determined by age—surely I shouldn't have to resort to the streets for sex when there is such a club available. What do you think?—Betty

Don't you think life can be far more exciting when sex is not so openly presented to you? You are just about to discover what the other sex is all about and most girls your age are just starting to neck and pet in the car, nothing more. If you want sex so badly, go ahead and find a nice boyfriend you really like. That should not be too difficult. I don't believe that a girl of sixteen would have any trouble finding a boy or a man who pleases her both as a friend and sex partner.

There really is not much excitement in a





WHY HAS WANDA
ENLISTED THE AID
OF A WELL KNOWN
AMERICAN BENEVOLENT
INSTITUTION?

WE'VE GOT THE
CONTRACT—WHO'S
GOT THE SPAGHETTI?

AND WHERE IS CANDYFLOSS?

THE
FANTASTIC!
EROTIC!
BIZARRE!
ADVENTURES
of
WICKED
WANDA!

ALL THIS AND MORE NEXT MONTH!