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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEXPIONAGE:

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NARCOTICS AREN'T NEW: GRANDMA HAD A HABIT

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:

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WHAT OLDER WOMEN SEE IN YOUNGER MEN

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			Hwy.	City	Combined Hwy. & City
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Hatchback (4-Speed) (Hondamatic)		\$2939	41	28	32
		\$3099	30	24	27
Civic C	/CC 1488cc		3.00	5000	1000
Sedan (4-Speed)		\$2979	42	32	36
Hatchback (4-Speed)		\$3189	42	32	36
View se	(Hondamatic)	\$3349	33	25	28
Wagon	(4-Speed)	\$3419	37	26	30
	(Hondamatic)	\$3579	. 32	24	27
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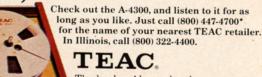


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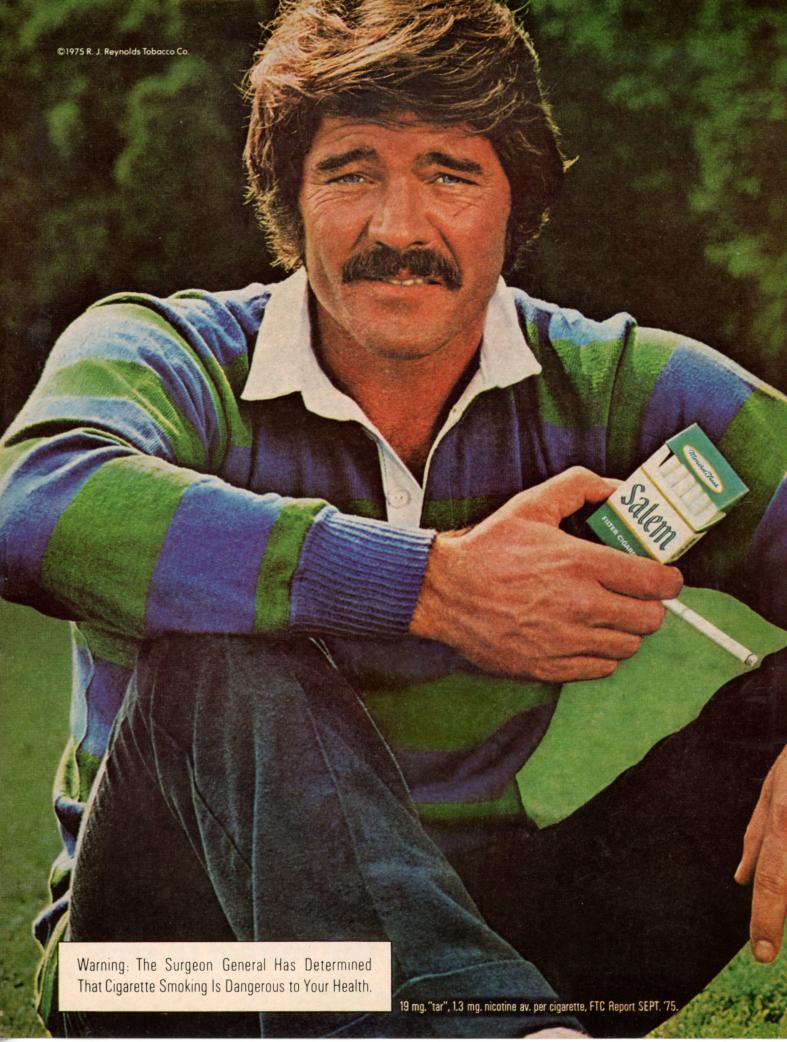
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RICHARD T. GRIFFIN





HOUSECALL

Even though recent congressional investigations might indicate that the CIA enjoys a comfortable cold-war lead in covert operations, dirty tricks, assassinations, and intrigues, it is wise to remember that the Russians have never been second-rate spies. In The Assault on NATO, David Lewis proves the point with a trenchant report on the twenty-year campaign waged by the Soviet Union to crack NATO security. This excerpt from his forthcoming book, Sexpionage (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1976). reveals how the Soviet's own espionage agency, the KGB, used billions of dollars—and numerous agents and double agents—in a system of blackmail, double-dealing, secret-swapping, and other cloak-and-dagger capers so complex that even the KGB became confused. Nevertheless, the story told here is a chilling tale involving "groups of saboteurs ... planted in each NATO country to destroy vital installations in the event of war between the NATO and Warsaw Pact countries." All in all, a major piece of investigative reporting from a journalist whose career has taken him from the twisting streets of Algeria's Casbah to the top of Lord Nelson's cocked hat in Trafalgar Square—all in search of a story.

In fact, about the only place Lewis hasn't been is back to the nineteenth century, but in lieu of a time machine, *Penthouse* can put you there by way of **Richard T. Griffin**'s article called *Grandma Was a Junkie*. Now, while the current widespread use of marijuana, LSD, amphetamines, barbiturates, and tranquilizers may lead us to think that our generation's ingestion of drugs is unique, Mr. Griffin (whose grandfather's first wife died from an overdose of morphine and whose great-great-grandmother was addicted to laudanum) pointedly reminds us of the long-forgotten drug epidemic of a century ago. In those days, a cowpoke couldn't ride six hours in any direction without finding an opium den, paregoric was as common as aspirin is today, and people OD'd on medicines prescribed by the faithful family doctor.

Happily, not all panaceas need be chemical—for some people sex is just as powerful, and novelist **Erik Tarloff**'s tale of wry eroticism, *Flesh*, *Pleasures of the*, is a case history in point. Subtle and incisive, the story takes the realm of promiscuity and turns it inside out by means of a brilliantly conceived courtroom dialogue the likes of which might make Perry Mason blush. Swinging singles will never be quite the same again.

The music world was *never* quite the same again after **Stevie Wonder** arrived on the scene. He didn't need to see in order to chart his path from slum kid to superstar in thirteen short, supercharged years. Stevie recently signed a seven-year contract with



STAN MALINOWSKI







XAVIERA HOLLANDER

Motown for a \$13-million guarantee, the highest ever paid to any musician. "When I sing about 'God' in my music, I am really expressing a beautiful spirit inside me," he says in a candid interview with **Ken Kelley**, a regular *Penthouse* contributor, and we know what he means. His feelings about his childhood, the changes brought about by fame and fortune, and where his music is today serve to illustrate what makes Wonder wonderful.

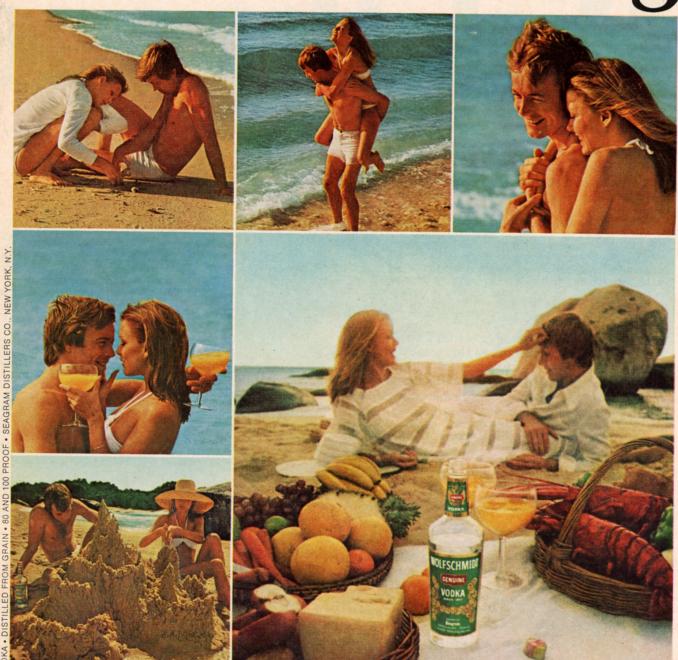
What makes loving wonderful—at least for some matrons—is explained by Rod Philip, the author of Do Teenage Boys Really Get Off on Older Women?, a dissertation on the penchant some ladies have for the younger generation. "You get a chance to relive your own youth by having a boy for a lover," he quotes one of the older women as saying. It seems that mature experience is not simply the prerogative of older men, after all. What's good for the gander. . . .

Speaking of which, it would behoove any Viet vet to take a gander at the *Penthouse Vietnam Veterans Adviser*, which provides essential addresses of the governmental departments handling the whole range of problems and issues that face the survivors of our late, unlamented war. And, in order to help us smile over the absurdities of the military mind, artist **Wayne McLoughlin** and colleague **Scot Morris** bring us *Spy High*, a hilarious parody of the Pentagon's obsession with new weapons systems. In an age when armament design is rapidly outstripping the imaginations of science-fiction writers, they introduce us to a gamut of gimmickry that is enough to make generals break out in goose bumps.

In a more human vein, our fashion pages zero in on the latest in skiwear, which is really something to schuss about. If your winter plans include skiing, getting there is half the fun, and Joe Kelleher's review of our Car of the Month, the Renault 5, should give you a few ideas on getting your gear to the slopes practically, painlessly, and with a little imported panache.

As for the rest of this Valentine issue, what better savant than our own Xaviera Hollander to dispense heartfelt advice spiced with humor? And indeed, what better spice than our fantastic ladies of the month? To wit, a nineteen-year-old angel who's enough to bend anyone's halo; a Muncie maiden transplanted from the rich earth of Indiana to the lush life of California, and a duo of damsels in duress as envisioned by photographer Stan Malinowski, a frequent contributor to these pages. So eat your Valentine hearts out—or should we say, eat your Valentine's heart out? Either way, bon appétit! Other

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If you had to drop everything and go off to school to learn new skills in electronics, there's a chance you might not do it. But Bell & Howell Schools' excellent home training has already proved to tens of thousands that you don't have to drop anything...except the idea that classrooms are the only place you can learn!

You can keep your job, your paycheck and your way of life while you're learning. Because these programs allow you to pick the training schedule that best fits in with your other activities. It's that convenient.

I. AUDIO/ELECTRONICS

The first learn-at-home program including 4-channel technology. Explore this totally unique sound of the 70's as you experiment with testing equipment and build a sound center featuring Bell & Howell's superb quadraphonic equipment!+

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You actually build and experiment with Bell & Howell's high-performance 4-channel audio center ...including amplifier and FM, FM-Stereo tuner.

Understanding today's audio technology requires practical experience with high caliber equipment. And with the Bell & Howell amplifier and tuner, you've got the technological tools you need to gain the knowledge and skills that could open up opportunities for



you in the audio field. Of course, we cannot offer assurance of income opportunities.

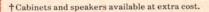
The sophisticated amplifier gives you the circuitry you need to conduct the comprehensive experiments necessary to master audio technology. Like signal tracing low level circuits, trouble-shooting high power amplifier stages, and checking the operation of tone control circuits.

You'll investigate the technology behind this amplifier's full logic, 4-channel decoder and learn how full logic decoding produces outstanding front to back separation.

The tuner you build has both superior performance specs and state-of-the-art features such as: all solid state, FET front end for superior sensitivity, crystal IF filters for wide bandwidth, and a superior stereo multiplex circuit for excellent stereo separation.

You cover the full range of electronic fundamentals.

But make no mistake. This learn-at-home program is not just about 4-channel sound. It covers the full range of electronic fundamentals leading to understanding audio technology. So when you finish, you'll have the occupational skills to become a full-service technician, with the ability to work on the full range of audio equipment such as tape recorders, cassette players, FM antennas, and commercial sound systems. Get complete information on this unique program by checking the appropriate box on the card—mail it today!



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Both of these programs are designed so that you can proceed through them smoothly, step by step. However, should you ever run into a rough spot, we'll be there to help. While many schools make you mail in your questions, we have a Toll-Free Phone-In Assistance Service for questions that can't wait. Bell & Howell Schools also holds In-Person "Help Sessions"



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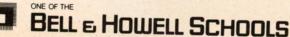
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PENTHOUSE 34DIR

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

Jonathan Livingston-who?

I have read several copies of your fine magazine and never cease to be amazed at the parade of weirdos and sickies who present their warped views in your pages. What has happened to good, clean fun? I believe my own approach to sex fun is infinitely more preferable than water sports, enemas, and similar deviate practices. My speciality is screwing seagulls.

I have become quite adept at going down to the beach where, with a long-handled net. I trap female seagulls. I immobilize them with a few quick turns of rope, then, holding them right way up, force my way inside. Do not try to screw the bird upside down, or it will try to peck out your belly button! Once the bird is firmly impaled. I release the rope, and the resultant frantic flappings and wrigglings bring me to a powerful orgasm within a matter of seconds. This procedure, which I perform at least twice a week, gives me a feeling of elation and satisfaction which oftentimes lasts for days.

Sometimes, when I am feeling especially excited, I wear my seagull-fucking hat, which is an old solar topee decorated with plastic windmills and streamers of colored paper. When the bird is firmly impaled, I loose its wings and run around in circles flapping my arms and making weird bird cries.

I have a friend who also enjoys this sport. He tells me that it was popular on the German battleship Graf Spee; only instead of tying it with a rope, they would shut the bird in a drawer while inserting. I think my method is much to be preferred—especially over some of the sick things your other correspondents get up to.—Name and address withheld

All we can say is that one good Tern deserves another. - Editor

He dreams of Gynny

Since becoming a medical student with the attendant long hours and irregular times for relaxation, my libido often overwhelms me at a time when my favorite nurse is not available. One night on the Ob-Gyn service, I was looking for a place to hide from my resident (female) and stumbled into one of the conference rooms set up to teach younger students. There on the desk were four rubber models, each with the nameplate "Gynny." They were set up to teach students how to do a pelvic exam. I examined one with delight, for the realism was unbelievable. Every feature of the female pelvis was right there in front of me in soft lifelike plastic. In no time at all, I had a tremendous erection. Smearing myself with K-Y jelly, I mounted the model and in two or three minutes achieved a fantastic climax. I cleaned her out and promised "Gynny" that I would return as soon as possible.

My return was delayed as was expected for three nights. This time I could hardly wait. I locked the door, but no sooner than I had smeared myself with K-Y than my resident burst in, passkey in hand. She was guite surprised but made no attempt to leave or to chastise me. Instead she locked the door and without a word went down on me. I quickly climaxed, and she soon had me up again. After almost two hours of pleasures (with the intercom paging her continuously), she returned to her work. Since that night three months ago, we have enjoyed ourselves many times in that conference room. Of course Gynny can't complain, and I can't either since my grades have steadily improved.—S.H., address withheld

Catching it on the fly

While on temporary duty overseas, a group of fliers were telling of our most unexpected and delightful sexual encounters. One of the best was my own, and I have been encouraged to share it with Penthouse readers.

After missing a flight to the base where I was stationed, it was necessary to catch a civilian flight. After being seated we were informed that complications had arisen and that the flight would be delayed for an hour. To compensate, the bar on board was opened, and it was free drinks for all! Little did I know that the greatest "compensation" for my inconvenience was yet to come.

Standing at the bar, I was approached by a young and very attractive woman who had been sitting across the aisle from me, next to a man that I had assumed was her husband. After a few introductory remarks, it was apparent that she was a stewardess who was not only unattached but had the same interest in sex as I have. The big tip-off was the analysis she made of the effect of my marriage on my sexual activities: "Frequency goes up, but variety goes down!" An accurate statement.

Bad weather conditions delayed the flight even more and as a result, I missed my connecting flight to home base. Taking pity on a weary traveler in a strange city. she proffered the use of her apartment for





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the night. Not wanting to discourage these Good Samaritan tendencies, I accepted.

My excitement increased as I entered her apartment. The only way to describe it is wall-to-wall pussy! I mixed the drinks while she excused herself to shower and freshen up. When she had finished, she suggested that I also take a shower. In the bathroom I found everything laid out for me—robe, towels, toothbrush, and razor. Plus, a message spelled out in match-sticks, gathered from around the world, on the counter: "I'm Going to Fuck You!" Needless to say, I took the quickest shower of my life.

After several hours of good fucking, we stopped for a breather. My lovely nymph then suggested that I call my wife and give her my ETA the next morning. I conceded that it was a necessary delay and calling from the bedside phone wouldn't be too much of an inconvenience. But I was not prepared for the next episode. While I was speaking to my wife, my bed partner proceeded to give me a blow job! As I was trying to concentrate on my story, things below were getting out of hand (and into mouth). I managed to end the conversation by saying that I was calling from a pay phone and my money was running out. With that, the "operator" disconnected us, the magic-tongued stewardess continued, and I enjoyed the rest of the night.

Flying home the next morning with a smile on my face that never faded, even as my wife greeted me at the airport, I promised myself that I would never complain about flight delays again.—J.B., Newport News, Va.

That middle-aged spread . . .

My mother-in-law has never really seemed to appreciate me very much, possibly because she feels twenty-one-year-old men should work for a living, rather than let their wives support them. I had always been quite turned on when around her, but she never really paid me much attention at all—or so it seemed.

It was a warm summer day, and she had asked me to come over to her house to move a rug downstairs. When I arrived she was out back on the patio sunning herself and having a drink. Now she is no raving beauty, but for a woman in her early forties, she still has a pretty nice body and a good-looking face. Immediately upon seeing her, I was turned on.

She was wearing the only bathing suit she owns, a black, one-piece job, which was not at all revealing. She gave me a drink, and we began chatting. I told her that she was crazy to still be wearing such an archaic form of swimsuit, and I commented that she'd probably look fantastic in a bikini. Much to my surprise, she said if I wanted she would go put on her younger daughter's, and I could see for myself how she looked in one. Of course I agreed to this wholeheartedly.

When she came back out with it on, I got the biggest hard-on of my life. She had big, gorgeous white boobs which hung out both from the top and bottom of the little suit. Her black pubic hairs were also escaping from the bottoms. I told her she was beautiful, and it was easy for her to see how excited I was. She told me to come inside, and I followed her into the living room. She said the bikini was just too tight, so how about helping her take it off since I had practically seen her nude already.

I practically tore the damn thing off her, and then she started kissing me. Long, wet, nasty kisses with her red lipstick going all over and in my mouth. Next she told me to lay back on the couch, and when I did, she started sitting on my mouth. "Eat me! Eat me!" she was whining, and believe me, I was-just when all of this wonderful scene was broken by a knock on the door. It was her church's minister of all people, and even though I know she wanted more, his interruption seemed to awaken her to what she was doing. We never went back at it, and she has hardly spoken to me since. Still, it was the most fantastic experience of my life while it lasted, and I believe more middle-aged women should share themselves with willing younger men.-Name and address withheld

But they are, they are. See Rod Philip's article on p. 119 of this issue for details.—

... and the teenaged touch

I would like to relate to your readers an experience I was, and still am, involved in. Towards the end of this summer I had a couple of weeks vacation and decided to tie them on to the Labor Day weekend. Luckily, I happen to own a summer cottage about fifty-five miles north of Chicago. The cottage has all the basic necessities plus a few creature comforts such as a stereo, television, plenty of reading material, and a small but adequate supply of wine.

Unfortunately the first day, my angling luck was bad, so I headed back to shore. As I approached my dock, I saw a young woman strolling along the edge of the lake. She watched me tie up, and then she opened the conversation by saying that she liked my boat. As we got to talking, I found out that her name was Carol, and she was sixteen.

A young girl she may have been but she was well on her way to womanhood with a beautiful face, large green eyes, and those pouty, wet lips that can drive you crazy. At five foot eleven, she was, to say the least, statuesque-with long, sun-bleached, blond hair that cascaded over her shoulders and onto a light jacket that did little to conceal her enormous breasts beneath the thin material. And her cute little ass was enclosed in a pair of snug cutoffs which exposed most of it. Added to that were a set of very long, shapely legs and sexy bare feet. Now top it all off with the deepest, darkest, most even tan ever and you have a true goddess.

I did the logical thing: I invited my little



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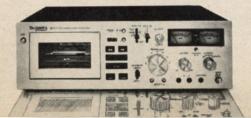
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prick-teaser up to my cabin for a glass of wine. No sooner there than she began paging through an issue of Penthouse that had a pictorial on Pia Sorensen. And spotting my camera, she proclaimed that her own dimensions were 39-22-36 and asked me to take some photographs of her. With heart in my throat and camera in hand, I suddenly found that my subject had moved to the bedroom. By this time my hands were shaking so badly I could barely operate the camera. When she took off her top, I almost dropped it; then as she pulled down her cutoffs along with her bikini panties and let them fall, my prick nearly rammed through my swimming trunks. Suddenly, I was being stared straight in the face by the most beautiful blond box ever seen. I kept clicking away as she began to fondle that magnificent set of tits; and as two of her fingers disappeared between her legs, I could hear them manipulating her wet quim. Then my little Lolita began moaning, and her voluptuous body started to shake violently as she came. At the sight of that I could take no more. Setting down the camera and literally ripping off my trunks, I leapt into the bed. Carol held out those two fingers, and I licked the love nectar from them. She guided my mouth to her heaving breasts and told me to bite those rock-hard nipples. As I did, a scream of pain and ecstasy rose from her throat and she cried for me to do it again and again.

After about a minute of this, Carol suddenly twisted around, and I felt her tongue delicately darting in and out of my asshole. She worked her way around to my, by now hard, cock and balls, licking and sucking them while burying one of her long-nailed fingers up my ass. This young amazon was an extremely talented oral lover and time after time she brought me to the brink of ejaculation, only to let me slide agonizingly back. Not until after forty-five minutes of this glorious blow-job did she allow me to explode in her mouth. The load I shot was too much for her to swallow and some of it trickled down her chin and neck. I licked my own tasty come from her face and she rolled over onto her stomach, pointing her beautiful fanny in the air.

Now it was my job to return the favor. My vixen spread her cheeks, exposing a tiny pink hole surrounded by golden hair. I immediately buried my head in her ass and drove my tongue into her warm anus. Suddenly I spotted a bottle of baby oil. My duty clear, I first coated my throbbing dick with the slippery liquid and then her rosy opening. Slowly, but firmly, my prick began entering that taboo passage. The sounds of my belly against her backside and her moans of "deeper, deeper," drove me to inserting my entire cock to the maximum. Again, after we both came wildly, sleep overtook us, and we didn't stir until late the next morning.

My advice, then, to all men is this: find yourselves a healthy, athletic, young girl. They make adoring, tireless mistresses.

And worth every dollar it takes to keep them.—Name withheld, Chicago, III.

At least you could have sent us a picture—Or were you overexposed?—Editor

Fräulein unter alles

Several of my associates and I have just had an experience which we feel we must share with fellow Penthouse readers. Our military unit was on a yearly training exercise at a small airfield situated in a remote area. The majority of the unit was at the base camp two miles away while our fifteen-man squad was quartered at the airstrip for maintenance reasons. The first weekend a few of us managed to slip away and make a trip to the nearest town for a booze and pussy hunt. At the local bar, we met a middle-aged, rather plump woman who expressed a keen interest in our small squad and managed to pry out of us our location, and how long we would be there. Since she was on the heavy side, we didn't make too much of an effort to pick her up, and later we returned to camp.

The next night this gal showed up at the airfield hut we were at and had brought several suitcases with her. She said that, knowing how horny we would all become, she would be willing to keep us all sexually satisfied for the remainder of the exercises if we would make room in the hut where she could have a little privacy while she serviced us. What a kinky experience we were in for.

In her curtained-off area, she hung several large, Nazi flags and put on sexy black underwear which she wore for the remainder of the time. She also had a collection of Nazi period propaganda records which she would play whenever one of us was with her. She insisted that she would do anything we wanted as long as we had on combat boots, steel helmets, and pistol belts.

She loved getting it in all positions, and with the Nazi music playing in the background, we would screw her night and day for two weeks. All the time she was humping away, she would cry to Hitler to save her from the ravishing attacks by the American soldiers. Thanks to her, a dull training period became a most remarkable experience. She left with a smile and the promise to see us next year.—Name and address withheld

Service encounter

I am an avid reader of your magazine and would like to share one of my experiences that I have not yet read in your Forum.

To begin with I am an appliance service technician, and I have often screwed lonely housewives either for the bill or just because they want a little on the side. You would be surprised at the number of housewives who call for service on an appliance that there is nothing wrong with.

It all started when I received this call to repair a refrigerator that was still under the warranty. This is usually the best kind be-

cause the housewife does not have to pay the bill, and they will call just to get a man out to their house. I rang the door bell, and this woman answered in only a robe that was as thin as a piece of tissue paper. Her erect nipples stood out like a sore thumb so by the time I got to the kitchen, I had a hard-on that wouldn't stop. I asked what the problem was, and she said her husband didn't understand her, and she just wanted someone to talk to. And I said that I meant what was wrong with the refrigerator. She replied that all she wanted was a little sex and, at the same time, she opened her robe to display a very beautiful body. I could not help but reach out and fondle her large breast.

As we walked to the bedroom, she had her hand on my stiff cock. We lay on the bed and played with each other for a while, and then I stuck my cock in her cunt. I almost came at that point, but I held back until she was so worked up that she was clawing my back. Then just as I was about to blow my wad, the door opened and in walked her husband. At that point I jumped off of her and on to my feet-the very moment I blew my wad-and it squirted all over the place. I think that is what really turned him into a nut because he came at me with a chair. I ducked, and he hit the wall. This stunned him enough that I had a chance to grab my clothes and get the hell out of there. I ran to my service truck stark naked and took off like a bat out of hell.

This same woman has called for service on two other occasions, but I don't go. I just write on the invoice that no one was home and turn it in at the end of the day.—Name and address withheld

Premature ejection

I don't know if this story is sexy enough to print, but to me it is scary and funny enough to serve as a warning that sexual encounters are not always a bed of roses. In fact they can often be quite thorny.

The other night I was at a local bar that is popular with single people. Some are on the make, and I was this night. When I came in, I didn't see anyone I knew so I got a drink and sat at a table by myself. In a little while, I saw this very attractive girl come in by herself. As she sat and ordered her drink, I saw her looking at me. When she got it, she came over to my table.

After talking for a while, we wound up at her place where she said I had to be quiet because she lived with a couple with a baby. From then it didn't take long for us to get off our clothes, although she insisted on keeping her top on. After some preliminaries, she asked me to go down on her, which I did with some pleasure. But she held my head still and directed every movement of my tongue. After quite a while of this, I could tell she was going to come—when all of a sudden, she jumped up and went into another room. When she got back, I asked her if she was all right. She said she was but that I would have to leave because her husband had woken

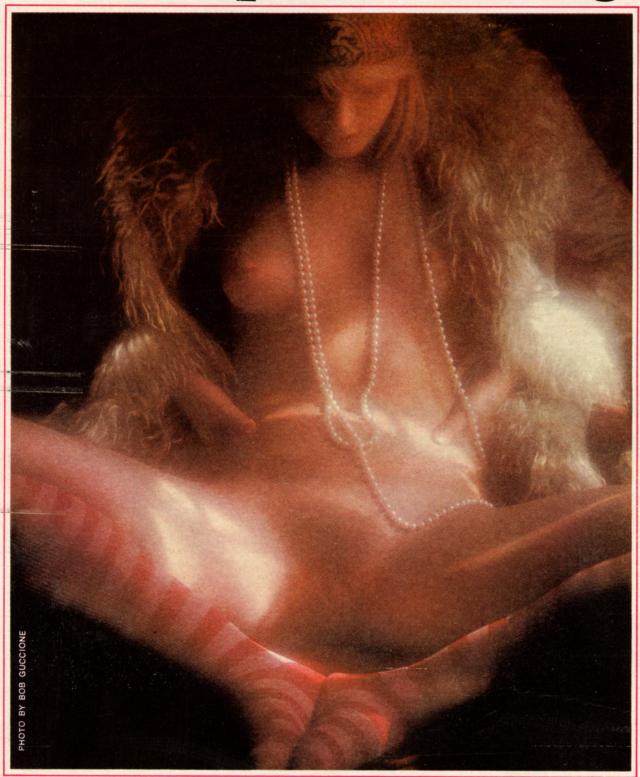


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up. Using all my self-restraint to keep from yelling at the top of my lungs, "What the fuck?" I quickly pulled on my pants and shirt, and without buttoning or zippering, grabbed up my boots, sweater, and the rest as fast as I could and quietly exited out the front door and into the night-D.J.C., Oakland, Calif.

Sizing it up

Once again we confront the most painfully inane enigma of the twentieth century: is a big cock better than a small cock? I am one of those few rugged, elite individuals with an average penis. And so even while the Penthouse heavyweights argue with the featherweights, those of us in the middle spend our efforts in more constructive activities-like making love.

Sure, I've screwed women who have giggled at my "little wee-wee"; but, funny thing, they either changed after a taste of me, or they left searching for the guy with a vaulting pole between his legs.

My women seem happy enough so it never bothered me that some women like big cocks. It also never bothered me that some persons prefer motorcycle fucking to bareback fucking. If a woman digs big pricks, that's hip. Give her a break, and let her have preferences in more than just methodology.

Both quality and quantity are relative. What I mean is, I'd seem like the ultimate man if I balled a lady who was used to pigmy, premature ejaculators. Enjoy what you and others have.

The only problem really is that some people think it's a problem. What a stupid controversy. Hell, in the time it took me to respond, I could have screwed my pet sunfish Milhouse three times. - S.J., Columbia. Mo.

What have you got against Milhouse?-Editor

Tongue tied

I have had over fourteen years of satisfying sex with my wife, who is a great one in bed and who appreciates fellatio, occasional cunnilingus, and has been a willing and exuberant experimenter with me in the use of sex enhancers such as dildos and vibrators. (We most recently tried, and were enthusiastic about, the October Forum contributor's gel toothpaste caper. In the process we discovered an interesting deviation—I bring my wife to climax first then withdraw and proceed with anal copulation. Entry is smooth and painless with a gel-coated cock, and she reports the cool mint feel as the most sensational ass job we've ever had!).

The problem stems from my wife's fantastic ability at tongue kissing. She possesses a large and highly mobile tongue with the capability of extension to almost three inches beyond her lips. She can control the size and shape, from a mouthfilling soft, hot mass to a tip-vibrating rod that can reach and circle the opening in



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and after two dates, I found myself in her apartment. After a few glasses of champagne, her voluptuous body was more than I could resist. I found my hands slowly undressing her and meeting no resistance. By this time her honeypot was thoroughly soaking, and her nipples were protruding a good half-inch from her creamy white breasts. She unzipped my

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pants to find my rod ready, willing, and able. After the most marvelous fuck of my life, I held her in my arms and it became evident that she really wanted oral activity. This is where my problem always starts.

I started tasting her honeypot and inserted my tongue; but unlike most human beings, my tongue protrudes about five inches outside my mouth and is three inches in diameter. She began coming and coming and coming. For almost a half hour, she evolved from one luxurious orgasm into another. She completely passed out and was not to be revived for a good three minutes. Now she has lost complete interest in anything but tongue jobs. She means an awful lot to me, but I refuse to be used for only my tongue.—

B.G., address withheld

That's what you get for sticking your tongue out at people. You may have to get yourself a new lollipop.—Editor

Female forum . . .

I am a twenty-six-year-old, thoroughly liberated female—and happily married. Both

my husband and I are regular readers of Penthouse, and he suggested that I write this letter as our sexual experiences and preferences seem to be somewhat unique and may be of interest to your readers.

My husband is an incurable leg fetishist; and although that's not the only reason I married him, it is marvelously convenient since I love a person who loves my legs! I am tall, very athletic, brunette, and smallbreasted, with just a slightly better than average face. The only remarkable physical trait I have is two strong, perfectly shaped legs, and I learned how to use them to my advantage. I first began to realize that my legs had something going for them when I was about eleven. I was in private school and was something of a tomboy. My calves, thighs, and buttocks were already well proportioned and very solid. One day I twisted my ankle while playing field hockey, and the school nurse kept me in the dispensary for two days. She was about thirty and very pretty—a lot of the girls had a crush on her. The second night I was there, she came in to see how I was doing, and since I was really getting bored, I asked if I could watch TV. She agreed and helped me out of bed and onto the couch in the lounge. All I had on was a shortie nightgown and a robe. Pretty soon she came back with two pillows, put them under my head, and turned on the tube. I thought she was going to leave, but instead she picked my feet up and sat down on the couch, with my bare legs across her lap. She looked at my sore ankle and gently began to massage it. Gradually the massage spread to my calf, my knee and then my thigh—first one leg, then the other. Firmly, but gently, she worked the muscles, her warm, strong hands gliding up my calf, over my knee, over the long muscles of my thigh, and then slowly down the inside again, in one continuous motion. I never felt so secure, and her hands felt absolutely delicious! I could hardly keep still-my thighs and calves flexed and stretched under her strong, demanding hands, and my hips involuntarily began to move. All the while she talked to me in a soft voice, telling me how pretty I was, how strong my legs were, how lucky I was to have such a smooth complexion. I lay back in complete ecstasy, absorbed in all of this sweet attention, when suddenly she bent down and pressed her mouth to my thigh. It was like an electric current shot through me. Startled, I sat up and looked at her. Her face and neck were very flushed, and I could see that she was excited. Abruptly she stood up, made some excuse about having to go to the bathroom, and left me. She was very cold and indifferent toward me for a long time after.

It wasn't long after that I realized I could turn people on with my legs. And I was fascinated by the idea. I began lifting weights, did special exercises, and took two years of modern dance courses, which gave them beautiful muscle tone and definition. I always got plenty of sun, and I

my throat. She often brings me to orgasm this way, and she can maintain a continuous kiss for as long as fifteen minutes. Although she won't admit to coming, it is obvious that her tongue-fucking gives her extreme self-gratification. From these encounters, there has slowly emerged a curiosity on my part as to what reaction she could produce in another woman, and over the past year, this curiosity has grown into a consuming desire to watch her mouth-kiss and then go down on a female partner. My problem is I can think of no way to approach the subject so that it would be acceptably received. I know that direct face-to-face proposal would never "sell" with this gal—it has to be much more subtle so as to seem the genesis of the idea was her own.-Name and address withheld

Suggestions, anyone?-Editor

Tongue hung

I have a problem which I find so serious that I feel if I cannot resolve it soon, my virility will surely diminish.

I am twenty-five years old, healthy, and am considered by the opposite sex fairly attractive. My problem can best be demonstrated by the following, most recent example:

Six weeks ago I met Sybil at a local discotheque, and we really hit it off well. I found her every bit as desirable as she had found me. One thing led to another,

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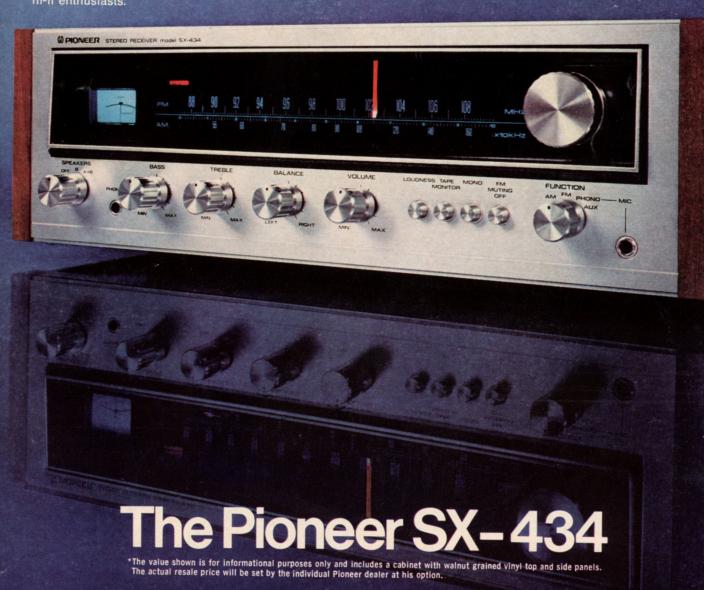
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wore tight shorts and short skirts whenever possible. By the time I was sixteen, I was getting guite a lot of attention. Grown men would stare at me, and I would get turned on just feeling their eyes on me. I found out early that I could satisfy guys without having to lose my virginity. Whenever I would get in a hot petting session with some dude, I would simply take his cock out of his pants and clasp my thighs or calves around it, and by manipulating and flexing my muscles, I could make him come in no time at all. This is still my favorite technique; nothing turns me on more that to watch a huge penis spurting hot semen all over my muscular legs.

My husband loves to be teased. I wear

tight short shorts with the hems rolled up, and heels (never stockings). and occasionally I do leg exercises while he watches. Every time before we have sex. I have him shave my leas. which he dearly loves. Then I put a light spray of perfume behind my knees. Normally, I make him kneel on the floor, and he strokes and kisses my legs, knees, and thighs while I'm standing. This is particularly pleasurable for me, and by the time he reaches my clitoris, I have a shuddering climax. Then I'll take his aching prick between my legs and make him ejaculate. Once I even made him lick my calves clean, which he did quite willingly, and it excited me so much I climaxed again. -Name and address withheld

you would never print their mail. I have since changed my mind.

We have another couple down the hall that we get together with to play cards and have a few drinks once a week. I'll call them Joan and John. Not too long ago, we got together for a Saturday night game. We played four-handed cards for a while, then the men wanted to watch the football game, so Joan and I played two-handed. We relax when we play and had our shoes off. It was then that Joan began to play footsies with me. I took it as a joke. But she began to rub her toes up and down my legs and even under my skirt and up my thighs. At first I was surprised, then excited as she rubbed my vital spot with her toes. Finally

spot—my nipples—and I was sunk. I did it to her, and she in turn did it to me. I have never sucked another woman there in my life, and I never dreamed I would. Now we meet daily and spend quite a bit of time sucking each other. I find it most delightful and always look forward to it.

Now I know I'll never say baloney or rubbish about such things in Forum again.

—Name and address withheld

... in the boxer's corner

The letter from S.T. (October 1975) about being turned on by seeing her man in a jockstrap prompts me to write about my sexual fetish.

My first sexual experience was with

Bob, a guy I met during my freshman year at college. For some reason when we screwed, he insisted on keeping his boxer shorts on and pulling his stiff thing through the large fly opening in the front. I discovered that I was really turned on by the sight of his stiff pink thing and tight sack surrounded by the soft white cloth of his shorts. I was reminded of the glimpses I used to catch of my own father and brother running from their rooms to the bathroom, clad only in white boxers.

When I started having sex with Michael, the man I eventually married, I discovered to my dismay that he wore the brief-type shorts. The fly on briefs, we discovered after some painful experimentation (for Michael

at least), will not open wide enough to let the hard prick and the balls hang freely. I went out and bought a supply of boxers for Michael, but he at first refused to wear them, saying that they were uncomfortable, baggy, etc. So we had to devise our underwear game, one we still play. At any time, I am allowed to challenge Michael. He has to drop his drawers and show me what kind of underpants he has on. If he is naughty and is caught wearing a pair of briefs, he gets twelve hard whacks with the belt on his bare behind. Then he has to pull his briefs back up and stand at attention while I tongue him through his little white training pants, which he is not allowed to

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... Forum believer

I read the first letter in the September Forum entitled, "Dull, dull, dull." I never used that word when I first read *Penthouse*, but I did say something like baloney or rubbish.

I am a middle-aged woman who married young, and my family has left the nest. My husband and I took an apartment about two years ago. It was then he began to bring *Penthouse* home. I did not object since I am far from a dried-up person. But I laughed at Forum and said that you had good writers and that these things didn't happen to real-life people. And if they did,

she whispered that it would be better with my panties off. I went to the bathroom and took them off.

When I returned she began again. I helped her by sitting on the edge of my chair and parting my thighs wide. She managed to get her big toe in me and worked her leg until I had a climax. A short while later, I did the same to her.

. We share in fixing the food on social evenings, and about a half hour after that, Joan and I went to my apartment together to get some of the food. She was all over me when we got there. She tried hard to get my head down to her, but I rebuffed her several times. Then she found my weak

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remove until he has creamed them. If he is wearing his boxers, he gets a little extra head as a reward. As you can guess, he is wearing his boxers more often now, although he still gets caught sometimes.

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I really get turned off by pictures of guys in the bikini type panties which leave nothing to the imagination. Boxer shorts are the greatest invention since the dildo.—Name withheld, Madison, Wis.

... hair to spare

I have been reading your magazine for a long time now, and each month I wait for someone to write about the following subject. It should be printed because I know a lot of women fit into this group of which I am a proud member. The subject to which I am referring is that of women with an excessive amount of love hair, yes—Pussy Hair! I know that a lot of women with hairy crotches wish they had less hair, but I wish to share my experience with the readers and at the same time hope that girls with this problem can try what I did. And believe me it does work.

At fourteen I had a nice thick bush, and I valued this proof of womanhood until the petting went further than petting. This guy touched me there and suddenly quit, telling me that if he wanted to date a gorilla he would ask one out. This experience hurt me terribly and I never forgot it until six months ago. I am twenty-three, single, and considered quite attractive because I get a lot of invitations for dates. But I always

turned them down because sooner or later they would get into my pants, and if they were turned off by what they found out, I could not stand the embarrassment all over again. This self-centered shyness made me a loner until I was "reborn" by accident. One day I was shopping for some pants suits, and while in a deserted part of the store. I bent down to inspect the hem of some suits. This, I later learned, gave a young male clerk an unobstructed view of me under my dress. I felt the strange feeling one gets when someone is watching you, and upon turning around, I saw a red-faced clerk kneeling in the next aisle and realized he had seen me and obviously a lot of my pubic hairs. I had worn some skimpy panties that had a thin crotch, and I knew a lot of the thick hair I have down there was gazed upon. Suddenly I got an enormous desire to show my body to him again so I slowly bent down again and made sure he could see all of my secret. The clerk came over to me, and I could see he was hard. He talked for a while and then asked me for a date, and I accepted. Since he knew I was endowed with a lot of hair between my legs, I knew he would not be surprised and was taking me for what I was. To make it short, we had a wild lovemaking session in his apartment, and this guy could not kiss and lick me enough—especially around the anus and buttocks where I have a lot of hair. He just moaned while doing it, and it really turned me on because I knew he was

equally turned on, too. He told me he loved my hairy ass the most.

Since that day I realized that instead of letting some new guy blindly find out what I had between my legs, I would let him get a peek first. I do this very discreetly and in an innocent way so the guy I'm with never knows I did it on purpose. I carelessly leave my legs open for a good look while getting in a car, for instance, or innocently bend over in front of him so he can see that I have a lot of hair in the crotch area.

This has worked out very effectively for me, and I want to share it with your readers and especially girls who have hairy cunts.

—Name and address withheld

... tailor maid

I am the twenty-two-year-old wife of an army medical technician and am writing to tell you of an experience I had several months ago while my husband was stationed at an army hospital. First of all I want to tell you that I love my husband very much, but he doesn't always have enough time to spend with me. So we worked out an arrangement. He lets me go out with other male friends whenever I'm not in the mood to sit home and watch him study for medical boards or whatever, but until this particular incident, no sex was involved. It started one day when this red-haired GI came into the tailor shop where I worked, wanting some patches sewn on his uniforms. Besides loving his red hair, there was something about him that really turned me on. I knew immediately I wanted to get to know him, but he seemed more or less uninterested—at least until he came back a few days later to pick up his uniforms. I purposely set one of his shirts aside, and when he left, I followed, telling him he had forgotten it. We got to talking. and I learned he was only seventeen. He looked a lot older, and I was a bit turned off at first. But when I told him I was married, I could tell he felt a little uneasy, too, and we both started to laugh. Anyway, we made a date for lunch, and I agreed to meet him at the shop where he worked, located behind the post theater.

When I got there, neither of us was feeling very hungry so he offered to show me around. The shop wasn't very big so the grand tour took all of five minutes, ending on the stage of the theatre which doubled as a storage area for the shop. When I noticed a piano at one end of the stage, he offered to give me lessons. I wasn't really interested in playing a piano, but the lessons he had in mind were quite to my liking. I leaned against the piano, and he kissed me very gently on the lips, neck, and shoulders while he unbuttoned my blouse. I didn't have a bra on, and when he started kissing and biting my already erect nipples, I got so hot I wanted him to fuck me right then. And that's what I was expecting when he started to lift up my skirt.

But instead, the kisses and nibbles started working their way down my stomach and to my thighs. Since straight

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

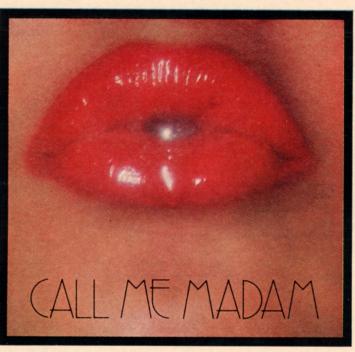
XAVERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a twenty-two-year-old college student who decided to find a summer job this year instead of attending school. Although I seriously searched for summer jobs, there didn't seem to be too many available. One day, while working on my car, I stopped at a local auto parts store for some spark plugs, and casually asked about possible summer work. The woman who owned the store gave me serious consideration. After she was convinced that I was mechanically inclined, she told me I could start the next morning. Thrilled to all hell, I raced home to finish working on my car. I soon realized I needed yet another part to finish the job. Back I went to the shop, and again the woman waited on me. I bought my part, but be-

fore I could leave, she started talking to me again. She asked if I was skilled in math. I replied that math was my college minor. You see, I am a chemistry major. She then asked me if I'd be willing to work as a tutor for her daughter instead of as a clerk in her store. She told me her daughter was really struggling with math, and maybe I'd have better success with her than the schoolteachers were having. She then called her daughter on the intercom. In a minute this really fine looking teenybopper walked in. She seemed very eager to leave her job in the hot store for a summertime course in math. The three of us agreed that I should give it a try. The next day I reported for lessons at her house. It was easy to spot her problems with math, and in a few days she seemed to have the basics well in hand. We then proceeded with more complicated equations. But that's where math was detoured.

This past Monday she really hit me with a line. She blurted out that she was on the Pill, and that her mother consented to my "being intimate" with her. I asked her how she felt about the matter. She answered by lunging on top of me. Before I knew it her hand was inside my pants on my stiff prick. (Boy, was I happy I had



showered that morning!) We fucked, and then talked about what brought such a thing on. She told me that she got turned on because I was so "businesslike" about my dealings with her. I then asked if her mother had really given her permission to screw with me. She then dialed the phone and told me to talk. It was her mother! Since I didn't know what to say, she took the phone from me and told her mother to explain. The mother told me outright that she was happy her daughter was having a good summer "doing the mod things kids do nowadays" at home rather than in the backseat of a car in some drive-in movie. The mother also said that our "lessons" could stay as they were if her daughter's math improved.

Such a summer I've never had! A fine, young, sexy chick

with a body like an angel, a terrific air-conditioned house with food and drinks, a subject I like to teach, and sex and more sex with this fine young chick. Can you believe it? All of these benefits with a regular \$75-a-week pay. Today we had the ultimate in summer fun; we lay in a tub of cool water performing sixty-nine. When I blew my load, I gushed like Old Faithful. Believe me, she didn't seem like a novice then. She ate my cock like a pro, and I never wanted to take my tongue out of her cunt. Hurrah for education and concerned mothers everywhere!—Professor Stud

How fortunate you were to have bumped into such a liberal mother and such a devoted pupil. But I hope the rest of the future tutors reading this letter don't think that they are all equally equipped with your skills—pedagogic or others. Unfortunately, most young students could use a good teacher before diving into the educational field. I guess they are better off studying than teaching. I myself have often found great pleasure in teaching young students. I have lectured at many universities, and afterwards I have occasionally been asked to give private lessons to

those seeking some professional help.

With regard to the backseat of a car, don't knock it! It is not the most ideal spot for a relaxed nookie-schnookie session, but even today I sometimes get very turned on when I can manage a quickie in the old backseat. Sex there has the taste of forbidden fruit. The idea that someone might just peep inside or get turned on by the sight of us ... well, it excites me like a teenager in heat. Even more exciting is to give your fellow a blow-job in the middle of a crowded parking lot or while you're waiting for a traffic light to change. With the possibility of someone seeing you as you suck on your man's rod and he shoves his finger inside you-that is exhibitionism. Fantastic!

UNEVEN BREASTS: THE VARIETY PACK? One of my breasts is very nice but the other one is four to five inches smaller. It hasn't grown in years, but my left one is still growing! I'm twenty-three now, and it wasn't always so bad. But now you can even tell through my clothes that I'm missing something. I'd say in the past eight months my problem has really gotten bad.

This problem doesn't really bother my husband (he calls me his "variety pack"), but it sure bothers me! I'm certain he would like them to be alike but just doesn't complain for my sake. I asked my doctor about it and he said an operation is the only way to help me. That is, an operation where they open your breast and insert something. I was surprised to learn from him that silicone is now illegal. Xaviera, I've done all sorts of exercises but they've only made my breasts more uneven. I was hoping that you could suggest something.

Is silicone illegal throughout the United States? Is an operation the only way to improve my condition? Could you please tell me something about the operation and approximately how much it might cost? I have a lot of pride but I don't have much money. Please suggest something for

me.-M.D.J.

Your letter is one of many I receive regularly regarding not only breast operations, but also a variety of bodily adjustments: correcting protruding chins, sailing ears, stretch marks, fat thighs, baggy eyes, crow's-feet, and ill-formed noses

There are several types of breast enlargement operations. The old-fashioned way is an injection of silicone into the breast: however, those injections have proven to cause infections and lumps. Regardless of how irregular your breasts may be, silicone is definitely not the answer. There are newer, more sophisticated, and less dangerous methods for improving your breasts. Your doctor may not be a specialist in this field. Please ask any good plastic surgeon what the different procedures are.

CAN SHE COME? I am now twenty-six years old. Xaviera, I do

love my husband because he is kind and attentive. Whether I am actually "in love" with him, I do not know. You see, I have never yet had a climax with any man. I do, however, enjoy intercourse and having my breasts fondled and caressed.

My husband is an only child; he led a sheltered life, and was somewhat spoiled by a doting mother. He is very possessive, and I feel trapped because I have to do everything he tells me to. A genuine and sincere male friend of mine (he is quite a bit older than I) has tried to advise me on how to achieve an orgasm with my husband. Despairing of all other measures, he has told me, "You tell him he had better make you come. This is grossly unfair; he is screwing you physically and screwing you mentally as well." He has told me that because of my very open, good-natured manner I have let myself be used. This friend has even offered to pay for my visits to professional people in the area of sex research. My friend has loved me for quite a while now and is very sincere in his wishes to help me. He has even offered me financial help on several occasions. He is very masculine, patient, gentle, and flattering; he has everything one could wish for in a lover. His sexual enjoyment lies in "bringing a woman to the boil," as he puts it. He loves satisfying a woman.

Whether I have been unlucky in my choice of men or just "used" as my friend says I have been, I don't really know. I still have many years ahead of me. Could an affair with this friend enrich my experience and help me reach my first glorious climax? Must I go through life with ragged nerves and this constant feeling of being an unfulfilled woman?-Mrs. M.

You certainly are confused about your life right now. You say you love your husband because he is kind and attentive. On the other hand, there is this other man whom you praise far more than your own husband. I believe you have answered your own question with this letter. The most obvious solution would be to leave your husband and start a life with this other man. If you do not want to divorce right away, why not separate for a while and give the other man a trial period for several months to see whether he indeed can satisfy your physical and emotional needs?

During this trial period your husband can move back with his mommy and daddy. Who knows? He may tire of being a mamma's boy and you might decide life is preferable with your husband.

THE VANISHING PENIS:

NOW YOU SEE IT, NOW YOU DON'T In all the years I've been reading erotic literature, I've yet to come across a trick that I've been doing with my penis for over forty years. I'm beginning to wonder if perhaps I'm some kind of freak. With your vast experience in the area of sex, maybe you know of this type of sex play.

Here's the trick: I can turn my erect penis

inside out, or perhaps it would be more correct to say outside in. You see, I pull the skin up over the tip and then force the penis into a kind of pocket in my lower abdominal cavity. I can also pop my testicles up inside. The result is that I have nothing showing. I look like a female! I can then pretend I've been emasculated, or that I'm a girl. I've always enjoyed masturbating, so it is very erotic to reach down and pretend my penis is missing. Sometimes I then masturbate this way, imagining this is the way girls do it.

Don't misunderstand me, Xaviera, I'm quite masculine and am a very aggressive heterosexual. I am definitely not homosexual. I have no abnormal interest in transvestism, and I don't think I'm leaning toward transsexualism. In fact, I am turned on by all attractive women and like to think I'm a pretty good lover. But I must say, I've been enjoying the other side of me, too.—A.R.S.

To say that you are quite masculine and very heterosexual is something of an overstatement. You write: "I can then pretend that I've been emasculated or that I'm a girl." Well, how is that for a masculine statement?

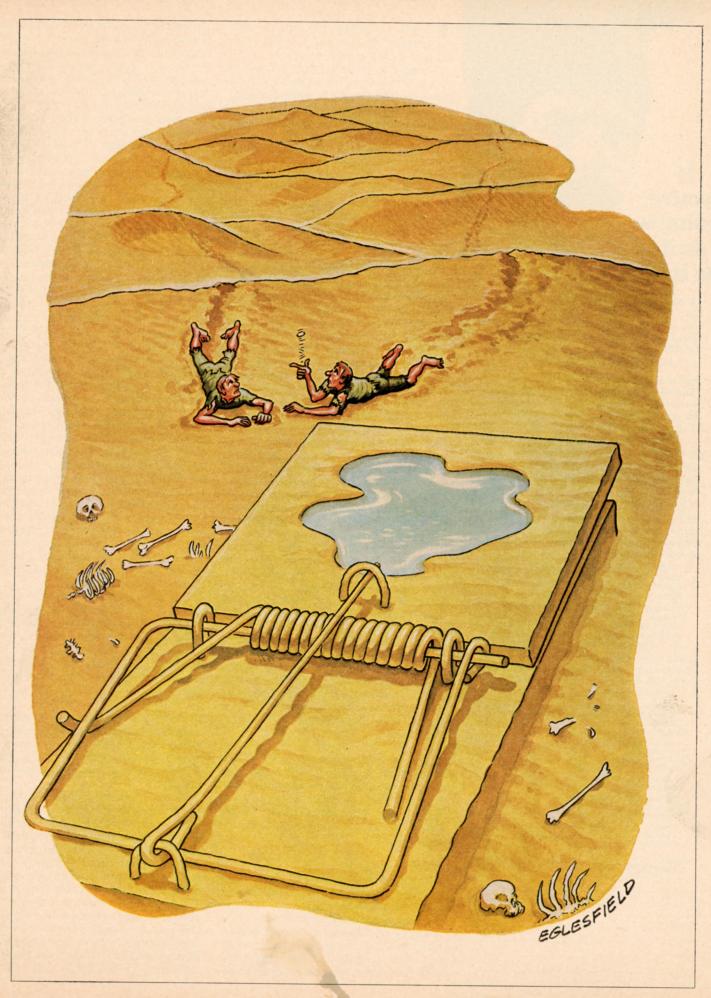
I don't think you are a freak of any kind. You just enjoy and love your own body more than anything else in the world. You just cannot get enough of it. I don't believe there are many men who can perform your disappearing act. There are a few men who can perform autofellatio. Maybe you should try that next. You have to be something of a contortionist, but you obviously love yourself so much that sucking your own cock would be the ultimate treat.

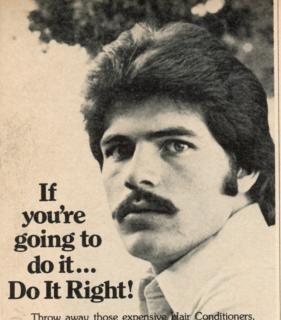
BALLING WITH SOUND EFFECTS

If it weren't for your books and your column in Penthouse, I'd most likely be the worst lay in the States. Thank you for your explanations regarding why, where, and how. Even though I just turned eighteen, I've been complimented by many lovers on my expertise between the sheets.

But ... I do have one embarrassing problem. Maybe you can help me some more. Sometimes while making love, I get air inside of me and it sounds like I'm letting off gas. I'd like to know why it happens and how to stop it. I used to think it was because my ex-boyfriend's penis was small. But my present boyfriend is quite large. In the past two months, it's happened twice with him. Can you help?—Sunny

Since your "cunt farting" has only happened twice in the last two months, there really isn't too much to worry about. I assume you've had sex with your lover many more times than just those two occasions. Cunt farting happens to many women, and has even happened to me once or twice. The reason it occurs has to do with certain positions you take during intercourse. The man inserts his penis inside your vagina and during the movements he pulls it out just far enough so that while penetrating





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you again, he pumps air inside as well. Your cunt will let out the air in spurts, making sounds like a bicycle pump.

One solution is to change positions or to hold your man firmly inside your body, not giving him the chance to retreat. Usually, cunt farting takes place when the man is on top and leaning on his hands with some space between your bodies.

Another rather embarrassing sound is that high, shrill noise which is produced when two bodies get very sweaty. When a woman has big tits, the squeezing of her hot, wet tits against a guy's chest can cause an even louder and higher tone. Again, this is only nature, and it shouldn't interfere with your sex play.

THE ECSTASIES OF ROMP SEX

Six months ago, I was discussing sex with my girl friend and told her that I was very "liberated." One evening she invited me to her place for dinner, and when I got there, she had two other guys and two other chicks there as guests. I didn't know she was planning a dinner party, and so I said something to her about it. She laughed and said, "Dinner party? What ever gave you that idea? This is an orgy!" She was obviously excited and ready to go and so immediately unbuttoned my shirt, took my shoes and socks off, then pulled off my trousers and shorts as well. I was really super-excited by now. Then she said, "If you're liberated, you'll prove it." Next thing I knew, a girl started sucking my cock, a guy performed anilingus on me while playing with my balls, the other girl pinched away like hell on my nipples (this is a hot turn-on for me), while the other guy stuck his cock in my mouth and proceeded to fuck my face. All during this session, my gal kept shouting, "That's it! Sock it to him! Make him beg for more!" Before it was all over, my girl friend shoved the others away and fucked me!

These little orgies went on for a period of four months, and the problem now is that everyone (including my girl friend) has either moved away or gone back East to school. I really got off on these little scenes and don't know how to find others for a groovy little romp. What do you suggest?—Jay

Your letter was quite a turn-on for me. If it really happened to you, I doubt if you can ever repeat a similar performance. Then again, don't try to imitate what you've already done. Such attempts usually fail because they lose the spontaneity of the first experience.

WOMEN IN LOVE

I have a problem, or should I say, I have a decision to make that only you can help me with. I am a bisexual woman who has been repressing my bisexuality because of my fear of being discovered. The temptation to go to a lesbian bar and pick up some girl has often come to mind, but I always decide against this. You see, I'm afraid some-

one will see me, and to be frank, the gay life doesn't appeal to me. I've not yet had a sexual experience with a woman, although the desire is there. I would say that my heterosexual life has been average for a twenty-one-year-old college student. I have had two boyfriends in my life; with the first I lost my virginity at age seventeen.

The advice I would like, however, does not concern whether I should go to a gay bar or not. It concerns my relationship with a close friend whom I have known for two years. Ever since we first met, this girl friend and I have been very close. My present boyfriend often complains when I go out with her instead of him. As for my girl friend, she also seems to be heterosexual as we sometimes exchange stories regarding our encounters with the opposite sex. Recently, however, I've had my doubts about that. She has a habit of staring at me and touching me more than my other girl friends do. If we've had a few glasses of wine, it gets worse (or should I say better?). This in itself proves nothing, I know, but it continues to make me wonder about her. Last week something happened that changed everything. We had returned to her apartment after a very wild party. We were completely, utterly, and thoroughly smashed. Since her roommate was away for the weekend and I couldn't make it home, she told me I should stay. We wound up in her bed; she was on top of me. I could feel her long blond hair caressing my breasts when she put her head on my chest. We said nothing for the longest time. I then stroked her hair. Before she fell asleep, my girl friend said, "I really need you." Then I passed out. The next morning I woke up in the other bed; she was in the kitchen fixing breakfast. We said nothing about what had happened.

That was last week. My desire to sleep with her is now enormous, but the question is: was this incident a sign that she feels the same way? If not, and I make advances towards her, I'll lose her as a friend. That I do not want. What do you suggest? Should I try something with her or ignore my feelings?—Sally Z.

You must be a very sensitive young woman to treasure friendship above all else. Your relationship with this other woman could possibly last much longer than any affair you would have with someone of the opposite sex.

To me it is obvious that your girl friend is of the same opinion as you are. It is just a matter of time before the two of you get out of your closets and are honest with one another. Maybe next time you get together it would be best not to be roaringly drunk. A glass or two of wine would help you relax to the point that you could initiate some sex play. I think there will always be a deep emotional tie between the two of you. Obviously the two of you have already gotten to know each other's most intimate feelings and desires. I hope it will result in a long lasting love affair as well as friend-

ship. And if ever it ends, who knows, she may have been the only woman in your life. One day when you are married and have kids you can always look back at a most pleasant relationship with this woman.

SPANK YOU VERY MUCH

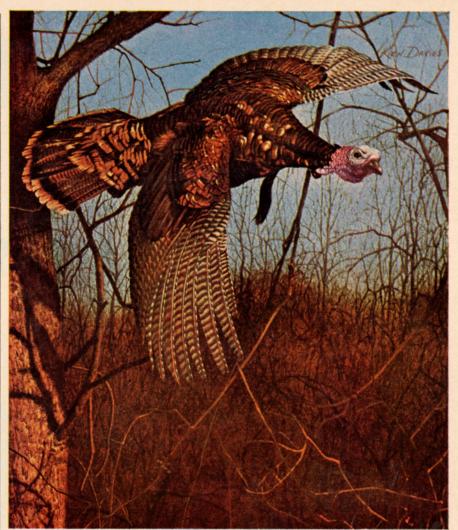
My husband and I are very close, and we engage in normal marital relations quite regularly. He usually prefers fellatio and actually seems to be quite hung up on this form of sex. I perform it willingly since I like to please him. I blow him while he lies in bed or stands on a chair (I prefer that he stand on a chair as I have back problems). He, however, prefers that I kneel submissively at his feet as long as is necessary to bring him off, even though he knows this position is bad for my aching knees.

I obey his directions quickly as he orders me to kiss his balls or tongue his penis and testicles. I am often required to mouth his penis long after he has climaxed. I try not to become irritated by this or these fetishes, but my buttocks have become very sore from his spankings. You see, he likes to spank me while I blow him. I have never been really injured, but it's getting worse and I am humiliated by this kind of treatment. Sometimes he gives me just a few whacks; other times he proceeds for what seems like hours. No expertise on my part has been able to prevent these spankings. Do you know what I can do to alleviate the pain and humiliation of these sessions with my husband?—A.B.

As long as both partners agree to a playful game of spanking, I cannot see any problem. When one of the two is totally turned off but continues, then we can start talking about a serious sexual deviation. Your husband derives a strange pleasure from humiliating you. He enjoys punishing you by spanking, or making you submit to various sex acts that you don't enjoy. If slaves were legal, I'm sure your husband would have a couple of beautiful female slaves around the house for amusement. In case the film Mandingo is playing in your neighborhood, you ought to see it with your husband. Afterwards tell him that you are not to be treated like the slaves in the movie. You are a liberated woman who refuses to be submissive and obey every order he gives you.

In case this man cannot be changed, I'd suggest divorce as the only solution. If it gets worse, you might have to call the police. Show your bruises as evidence. If you must save your marriage, tell your husband that he can continue spanking you if you can reverse the roles from time to time. I suggest that you tie him down and whip him. What's fair is fair.

In case your buttocks are still painful, there are certain numbing creams which you can purchase at any pharmacy. When applied to the buttocks, it will minimize the pain of spanking. Just don't tell your husband you have applied this cream. Otherwise, he might hit you even harder.Othermise.



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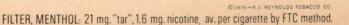
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?

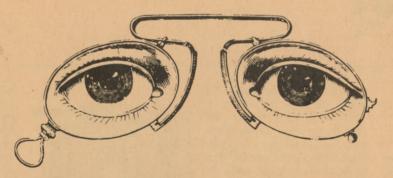
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

STATES OF NATURE

Don't get me wrong—I don't mean Susan Brownmiller any harm. Quite the contrary, but she has committed an atrocity with her book, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (Simon & Schuster), and redress is required. The book's subject—rape—has made many reviewers blind to its obvious flaws and shortcomings. For instance, the *New York Times Book Review*, the most influential critical organ in the world of books, turned its front page over to reviewer Mary Ellen Gale, who wrote, "Her vision is informed and compelling. *Against Our Will* is far more than a feminist polemic despite the passion and power of its language . . . it blends investigative and personal journalism into a demand for justice."

In the daily *New York Times*, reviewer Christopher Lehmann-Haupt apologized for his own feeble efforts at summary: "It [his summary] makes her reasoning sound like rhetoric, her arguments like slogans."

Most other reviews have been as enthusiastic. You'd think, from the way the plaudits have been falling, that this was another epic for the ages, like Darwin on evolution or Malthus on population.

There is one review, however, by Jean Stafford in *Esquire*, that does caution the reader to the wider implications of Brownmiller's book. "What are we going to do about rape?" asks Stafford, and then she emphatically warns us, "Woe to every Tom, Dick, and Harry in this land if Miss Brownmiller becomes commander in chief of this crusade."

The trouble with rape in the long glass of Brownmiller's prehistorical perspective is not primarily that it is a vicious, unspeakable assault by one person on another. No, the real trouble is that women cannot rape back. "Fleet of foot and spirited, she would have kicked, bitten, pushed and run, but she could not retaliate in kind."

The central thesis of Brownmiller's book, as best I can make it out, is that rape has been a cornerstone of civilization. This valuable proposition, however, is put forward in a fashion that invites suspension of the critical faculties and leaves the reader in a state somewhere between shock and hilarity.

Take, for example, these sentences from Brownmiller's book: "Man's discovery that his genitalia could generate fear must rank as one of the most important discoveries of prehistoric times, along with the use of fire and the first crude stone axe. From prehistoric time to the present, I believe, rape

has played a critical function. It is nothing more or less than a conscious process by which all men keep all women in a state of fear."

The club that figures so often and, I had always thought, so symbolically in the caveman cartoons is just a stage prop in Brownmiller's sex-saturated prehistoric world. What really got women down—and has kept them there—is that root of all oppression, the phallus. It seems that all men consciously set about to oppress women by scaring the daylights out of them with the threat of rape.

Brownmiller certainly can't be accused of not intending to take rape seriously. Her tract runs 404 pages. It contains such gems as this: "Had it not been for the accident of biology, an accommodation requiring the locking together of two separate parts, penis into vagina, there would be neither copulation nor rape as we know it. Anatomically, one might want to improve on the design of nature, but such speculation appears to my mind as unrealistic. The human sex act accomplishes its historic purpose of the generation of the species and it also affords some intimacy and pleasure. I have no basic quarrel with the procedure." Never having suffered what must be the unbelievably terrifying experience of being locked to anyone by any of my parts, I have formed what I believe is a far more affirmative view of Brownmiller's biological accident. In fact, my view might even be called roseate.

As for the anatomical improvements, I am dying for a peek at Brown-

miller's engineering sketch pad. You could, I suppose, throw in a pinwheel and an egg timer.

For Brownmiller to contend, as she does, that the relationships of all men to all women are centrally affected by rape—"It is nothing more or less than a conscious process by which all men keep all women in a state of fear"—is as silly as to claim that all people still lust for grasshoppers because they used to be a diet staple, or that all men still consciously seek physical ascendancy over all other men.

Brownmiller isn't the first behavioral theorist to concoct a pseudocosmic theory of human relations out of simplistic assumptions about prehistory. Rousseau, Hobbes, and Locke—not to mention Calhoun, Nietzsche, and Hitler—have also played that game. But her view is one of the bleakest: woman was born in chains and man still keeps her there—with his phallus. You can believe that if you want to, but it's a cripple's doctrine.—Patrick Owens





EROTIC EDIBLES: HOW FOOD CAN BE LEWD

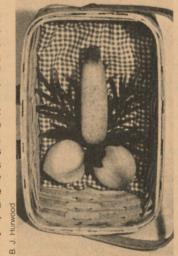
Oral sex doesn't have to be confined to the bedroom: it can come from the pantry, too. That's because edibles can be erotic, very erotic indeed. Licking, sucking, tasting, and slurping belong not just to sex but to eating, too. As many young artists have discovered, food is a sexy medium to work in. They've begun to explore the ways fruits, vegetables, meats, and sweets can leap off the table and into your libido. A visit to the supermarket can titillate-because. most definitely, food is lewd.

Using cavity molds of cocks and cunts to shape and serve up sexy snacks, erotic artist Doug Johns (Penthouse, October 1975) once held a lewd-food party for thirty friends. "I have molds of both female and male genitals from my genital portraiture collection," Johns explains. "They're about six to ten inches long. We decided to fill them with food. You can do it with almost anything soft-potato salad, chocolate mousse, jello, ice cream. I put water in some of the molds and froze them." The result: an orgy of vulva and penis ice cubes floating in the punch.

But throwing a bawdy buffet just made Doug Johns more ambitious in his plans for commercializing erotic edibles. He's trying to live up to his credo, "If you can imagine it, it can happen." So now Doug has created. and intends to market, the first X-rated box of chocolates. "The chocolates will be miniatures, molded into cocks and cunts and breasts and asses." Johns notes with good cheer. "My basic candy assortment will be twenty or thirty pieces in each box. There's something for everybody." With such sexy sweets, to hell with calorie counting.

Indecent desserts are also the forte of Shelley Lowell. However, her super-realistic lewd food isn't for consumption. Unless you crave plaster of Paris or acrylic paint on canvas. A former advertising agency art director, twenty-nine-year-old Shelley Lowell works in her Brooklyn apartment which cloaks erotica in seemingly wholesome normalcy.

Reposing on a black velvet pedestal in the center of the room is her first erotic edible, a 1966 sculpture called "Slice of Life." It's a wedge of luscious-



Xina's banana sexuality

looking lemon meringue pie, set out neatly on a white plate with fork at the ready. Looks innocent enough, but look again. Double take: the browned peaks of meringue are really tiny breasts and nipples. Food inspires Shelley's wildly erotic associations: "It all started when my mother was eating a lemon meringue pie, and I flashed, 'Ma, there are breasts on top.' I just went from there."

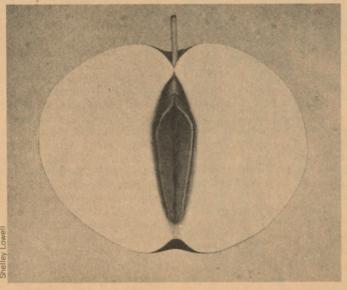
Similarly, the acrylic painting "Rediscovery" stemmed from another flash: "I was looking through this gallery of still lifes. Then it just occurred to me, 'Wow, there's a vagina in the apple.'" And sure enough, "Rediscovery" blows up half an apple to giant proportions. Within the firm white flesh of the fruit lies not a core but a cunt-a vulva painted in lifelike reddish pinks.

Hanging on the sunny workshop wall opposite "Rediscovery" is another acrylic painting, "Don't Make Any Noise, The Cake Will Fall." Fairly radiating fresh-faced purity, Shelley deciphered the enigmatic title, "I was baking in my kitchen, and there was a cake in the oven. My mother did a lot of baking when I was a child. She always told me, 'Don't make any noise; the cake will fall.' I went to my oven and recalled my mother's wordsand suddenly I saw a breast where my cake had been." Sure enough, "Don't Make Noise" at first glance looks like an accurate rendering of an enormous open oven with a round cake pan on the center rack. Perfectly innocent. And then you do another Magritte-like double take: son of a gun, the round cake pan isn't sprouting a yellow cake but a plump breast-nicely browned. too. If this "cake" fell, it would deflate from a double-D cup to a meager A. Betty Crocker, eat your heart out.

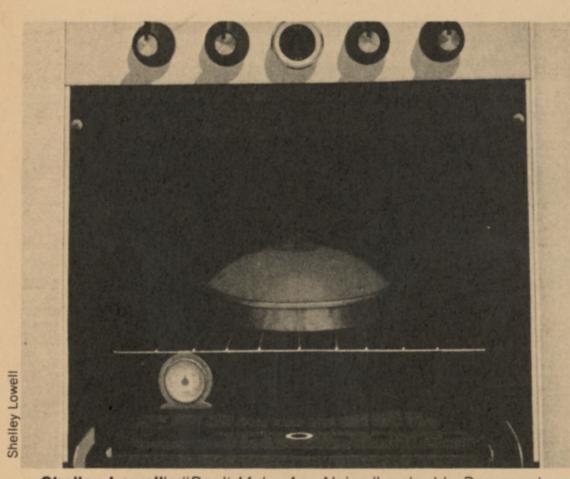
Shelley Lowell's lewd food masterwork is a 1974 sculpture titled "Gratification." The sculpture's basis is a big old vending machine. "Just like the old candy machines in the subways." Shelley affectionately pats her creation, "It's the real thing, except it doesn't work. God, what a schlep it was to get that up here! It took three friends who probably all have hernias from carrying it." A hand-lettered sign on the machine proclaims FOR "QUICK PICKUP" BUY DE-LICIOUS CANDY. The sign (a remake of the original vending message) becomes ironically apropos when you see what Shelley's machine offers for sale in its windowed compartments. Chewing gum and Snickers are replaced by a varied selection of cellophane-wrapped cocks, vaginas, breasts, and asses (all tasty-looking flesh-toned plaster

But don't hold your breath waiting for the installation of a "Gratification" vending machine at your local subway station. Mass transit isn't ready for Shelley Lowell's erotic food fantasies yet.

Some artists prefer phallic symbols to tickle the palate. Bananas, in particular, are a firm favorite, with carrots placing a poor second. Bananas have all sorts of noncaloric uses, as a Manhattan custom milliner who uses the nom de porn Xina has discovered. Xina turned to soft sculpture for one of her many



"Rediscovery" by Lowell: "There's a vagina in the apple."



Shelley Lowell's "Don't Make Any Noise:" a double-D cup cake.

forays into banana sexuality in her "Number 001" series.

The stuffed soft sculpture mounted on a cloth-covered board "is simply a lady having a good time with a banana," Xina says, modestly crossing her legs under a floor-length skirt. "The ruffle and calico backing give it a bedroomy feeling." The lady of the piece is mostly pelvis and thighs, flesh-toned matte jersey stuffed with Dacron, completed by cunningly stitched brown pubic hair. The lady's legs are spread, so that a hefty stuffed yellow banana can thrust up into her vagina. Enough to make Chiquita Banana blush.

"I did it for a friend who has an affinity for bananas," Xina remarks. "This one has a stationary banana, but I've also done a couple pieces where the banana really moves, where it's on elastic. You can sit there and work it any way you like, with an upward thrust or straight in. I like people to get as involved as possible," she comments, absentmindedly pushing a stuffed banana into a sculpted vagina.

Birthday cakes made up entirely of erogenous zones are another Xina specialty. "Last year for my boyfriend's birthday, I made him a tit cake," she grins. "It's basically a three-layer

cake—spice, 'cause it's nicer—three layers sculpted and pasted down with frosting." What color? "Flesh-colored frosting. What else?" Xina exclaims indignantly. The nipples in darker flesh tones provided a mouthwatering finishing touch. "It was a lot of cake," Xina remembers.

"After all, it was two big breasts-a pair. How could you give somebody just one boob?" "When you really start to look at vegetables, you can find a great deal of eroticism," says New York artist Joan Melnick. To prove her point, Joan ferrets out from her studio an exquisite pencil drawing in shades of blue called "Onion." The onion in question (a scallion really) shoots up from its bulb, looking for all the world like a massive erection. In Joan's lovingly detailed drawing, you can clearly see the onion's "penis" head, which looks remarkably human.

"It's a phallus onion," the artist says with a laugh. "It blew my mind when I saw it growing there in my batch of onions."

Dana Greene, the artist who shares loft-studio space with Joan, usually concentrates on elegantly erotic classical sculptures. But she's a lewd food gourmet, too. While Joan Mel-

nick softly discussed voluptuous vegetables, Dana drew forth her latest creation from the studio's refrigerator: "Cream Cheese, Cucumber, Broccoli Cock with Radish Veins." "That title just about says it all," Dana grins widely and sets it down on a table. A well-endowed life-size, the edible sculpture was made of a long cucumber slipped over a supporting metal armature (to keep it erect) and slathered with cream cheese. Broccoli florets form surreal green pubic hair, partly camouflaging hefty cream cheese balls. The tip of the cock is carved out of a green broccoli stalk, imbedded in the cream cheese "flesh." Radish slivers simulate veins on the penis.

Dana and Joan admired the sculpture and discussed whether or not to eat it. "Why is it you feel funny about eating the cock?" Dana muses. "It's hard to get people to put a knife to them and cut them up. Maybe it's about destroying the masculinity. Boy, I really would like to take a big bite." Joan gave her a mildly horrified glance.

The cream cheese and cucumber cock looks like it's melting under the studio's bright lights. Before Dana can put it back into the refrigerator to resolidify, the cock goes limp and, plop, the bottom half of the cock's shaft falls right off. Huge dollops of cream cheese hit the plate beneath in a ludicrous castration scene. "Well," Dana sighs, gazing at the wrecked cock, "I guess he can't keep it up very long!"

"You know why food's erotic?" Dana asks. "Because you eat it. What's really erotic about food is the eating of it, the way some people lick and slurp." Shades of the famed sexually charged eating scene in the film Tom Jones.

"Food is very sensuous," Joan adds quietly. "Just think of whipped cream, bananas, ice-cream cones. Ice-cream cones are definitely erotic symbols. Just look at a group of people at Baskin-Robbins. Some people's

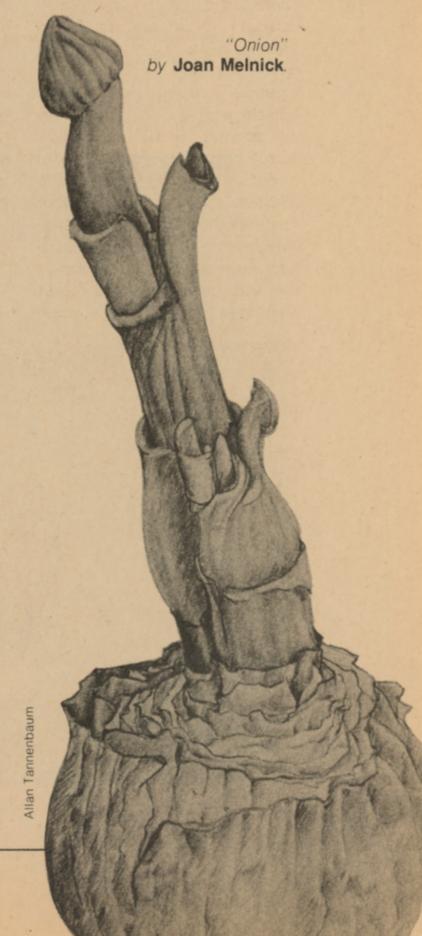
tongues lap out; some go around the rim. Some people lick it into a very phallic formation before biting down. Other people lick with little thrusts." In other words, is it theoretically possible to lick, lap, and suck your way into oral sex with a double scoop of Rocky Road?

Joan warms to the subject: "Now a baked potato, when it's opened and oozing with sour cream—that's so genital."

Even washing a whole chicken has its erotic aspects, Dana observes: "Raw chicken skin is just like the skin on balls—the way it's bumpy and slides around."

Which just goes to show that when you think about it, almost any food can be lewd.

Bon appétit!—Meridee Merzer





FILMS

ARE WOMEN MAGIC?

In the last of François Truffaut's movies to show here, the marvelous Day for Night, Jean-Pierre Léaud plays a young actor named Alphonse who is in love with falling in love and who runs from one male colleague to another asking the single question: "Are women magic?" He gets a variety of answers-"Yes," "No," "At least their legs are magic"-but no one ever challenges the question's meaning. It's a terribly important question for somebody in a Truffaut film to ask. The answer is yes, though the magic may be double, as in black magic and white magic. As for the meaning of the question, that is what the rest of this column is about.

The new Truffaut movie to show here, *The Story of Adèle H.*, has to do with a woman who is magic. It also deals with a real person. Adèle, younger daugh-

ter of the nineteenth-century French poet and novelist Victor Hugo, who in his day was perhaps the most celebrated writer in the Western world, lived her own life in dark obscurity ostensibly caused by an unhappy love affair. While living with her family on the English Channel island of Guernsey, she met and was courted by a young British officer named Pinson. He soon tired of the relationship, but Adèle did not; and when he was posted across the ocean to service in Nova Scotia, she followed him, in 1863, to be near her love.

What followed was a story of Adèle's utterly unrequited passion which consumed her until she went mad, pursuing Pinson to a new post on Barbados, where she stayed, a strange and pathetic figure in rags, until kindly people sent her back to her father. She died in 1915, having spent all the latter part of her life in an insane asylum. She was a prolific composer of music, and she kept a journal—in

code—which has only recently been deciphered and published.

The movie, which picks up Adèle upon her arrival in Nova Scotia and leaves her after she leaves Barbados, is based upon the journal. In some ways, it is actually about the writing of it. The relationship, futile at the beginning, scarcely exists at the end. She comes to call herself "Mrs. Pinson," but when the man accosts her in a street in Barbados she doesn't even see him, so absorbed is she in her passion that she no longer has a place for that passion's object. But she has the journal, the record of her feelings, and that is largely what interests Truffaut. Adèle belongs among the powerful women of ambiguous purpose who dominate so much of Truffaut's work.

It isn't just a one-character movie. Pinson (Bruce Robinson) figures in it importantly enough -a gambler, a womanizer, not unsympathetic, and as much a victim as a cause of Adèle's obsession. There are others, in lesser roles. But the film mainly belongs to Adèle. A twentyyear-old actress named Isabelle Adjani plays her, and she gives the most astonishing performance I have seen in a film in years. Adjani manages to translate Adèle's feelings into an individual way of thinking, and her thoughts into expressive feelings, so that you are in the presence of an emotional experience that also illuminates the mind.

Adjani is an uncommonly beautiful young woman, and she is quite capable of subverting her beauty for the purposes of her role. Her first interview with Pinson, for example, is all caresses and entreaties. But the caresses become grasping, tearing gestures; and the entreaties turn inward, filling the woman-until we feel not her pathos but her power. One night she spies on Pinson when he goes to visit a mistress of his own choosing. She climbs up outside her rival's window to watch. And as the officer begins to make love,

the camera catches Adèle's face, smiling in physical pleasure. It is one of the moments in which the movie lets you know that there is something terrifying about its heroine.

Terrifying and terribly sad. Adèle pursues Pinson, but she actually lives in the shadow of her father and of a favored older sister who died long before by drowning. That she writes-feverishly-her journal and that she thinks of herself, perhaps literally, as having "walked over the water" to join her love in a new land suggests that she has fashioned her life to surpass two other lives, and that even her lonely obscurity may somehow stand for her family's public fame in reverse. She asks for no sympathy, and she accepts none. She exists in her obsession. In light of that obsession she would recreate the world.

Truffaut handles this material with great economy and directness. Where most of the Truffaut films are lyrical and discursive, this one is secretive and laconic, as if to help protect the wounded mystery at its core. But *The Story of Adèle H.* is absolutely central Truffaut, which means that it is central to the most brilliant filmmaker currently active.

Probably the most brilliant filmmaker thirty years ago was Orson Welles, who had already directed Citizen Kane and The Magnificent Ambersons by the mid-1940's and was only about to enter the semi-exile and semiobscurity that has plaqued most of his career. Of course he has never stopped making movies, some magnificent, and his latest, which is less than magnificent, may nevertheless be the most agreeable so far. F for Fake, made in 1973, has two directors, Welles and Frenchman François Reichenbach, and a cast of several, mostly fakes. There is Elmyr de Hory, who forges paintings, and Clifford Irving, who forges lives. There is a stunning girl named Oja Kodar, and, by way of her, Pablo Picasso,



Isabelle Adjani as Adèle in new François Truffaut drama.

an unwilling participant. Certain other figures hover around the edges, like the Hugheses, Howard and Helga.

Welles himself appears prominently in the movie. Dressed in black hat and cape, he is a magician pulling rabbits out of pockets-but more often pulling stories out of thin air. His favorite spot is the editing table, and, as much as anything, F for Fake is a film about how a film may be edited into existence. There is even a tour-de-force vignette in this connection, an utterly false story about how the late lecherous Picasso, enthralled by the person of Oja Kodar, is moved to paint twenty-two studies of her which are then used in an artforger's joke on him. But most of the film is not utterly false, merely suspicious, having to do with the mellow philosophical speculations of Clifford Irving upon the life and works of Elmyr de Hory. A great deal of the substance evaporates in the telling. and how thin it sometimes gets is hidden only by Welles's brilliant pyrotechnics in changing the subject, reassessing the subject, or just splicing something old onto something new. But there are some genuine triumphs of enforced perception—as when the eyes of those two superior phonies, de Hory and Irving, are made to meet in mutual mistrust.

The movie is devoted to ridiculing the idea of authorship, but in fact it is about nothing else except authorship and an author-Welles-whose sleightof-hand makes his control absolute to the degree that nothing exists except as his voice says it does, and then as likely as not will say it doesn't. On reflection this could prove frustrating. But not in the company of the amiable Orson, or in the parks and cafés of Paris, or on the island of Ibiza, the Irving-de Hory stronghold, or with the ravishing Oja Kodar, who proves women-or at least their legs-are magic. -Roger Greenspun



Orson Welles, the magician: pulling stories out of thin air.

WORDS

BICENTENNIAL BLUES: PUBLISHING THE PATRIOTIC

A deluge of Bicentennial books is upon us. With a spirit of unabashed patriotism, the publishing business has printed something on everything from Early American politics to crewelwork. Not since they started hyping Christmas in July have you had it so bad. Perhaps there really is a market for the hundreds of current 1776 book titles, but will anybody actually read them? Reverent, commercial. nostalgic, scholarly-what the Bicentennial needs most is a sense of humor.

One way to buck the Bicentennial blues is with Richard Bissell's parody of the American Revolution, New Light on 1776 and All That (Little, Brown, \$6.95). Free from all bonds of scholarly footnotes and accurate quotation, New Light on 1776 and All That (a play on that classic satire of English history, 1066 and All That) traces America's crusade against England and boiled cabbage in a way guaranteed to render all other histories inoperative. From the Boston Massacre ("America's first and most dearly beloved atrocity") to the Battle of Yorktown ("Breathes there an American with soul so anhydrous he has never sprouted tears like a lawn sprinkler at hearing that glorious name?"), Bissell provides play-by-play coverage. Along with a full buckshot bag of crucial historical detail: George Washington's love poems (terrible), Martha Washington's dancing slippers (blue), the number of veterans on the pension list in 1867 (two).

George and Martha also live on in Leonard (*The Mouse That Roared*) Wibberley's similarly titled **1776 And All That** (Morrow, \$5.95). Here, fantasy and affectionate satire allow American presidents of 1776 and 1976—along with A. A. Gabriel, George

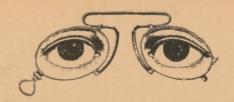


Pin-up from Kitsch

III, even Voltaire-to debate the pursuit of happiness, democracy, and free will. Heady subjects, but the laughs are buried somewhere under Wibberley's token intellectualism. More disappointing Bicentennial humor comes from Melvin Van Peebles with his The True American (Doubleday, \$6.95). One black man, one white man-hackneyed clichés both-rise from Hell in search of our country's heart of gold. America, the whore, may yet be redeemed, if only Van Peebles's humor were not so predictable.

Some Bicentennial histories focus on one moment in time, some choose to encompass our nation's full life span. Star-Spangled Kitsch (Universe, \$12.95) is Curtis Brown's 200 years of "unparalleled achievements in the cultivation of atrocious taste." Close to 400 illustrations document our nation's creation of everything from leaning towers of pizza to Santa Claus toilet paper.

Our National Passion: 200 Years of Sex in America (Follett, \$10.95) gathers facts, statistics, and historical anecdotes—as well as a few myths, fantasies,



and even some fiction-into a series of studious essays, telling all it can about America's favorite pastime. "We are not the first generation to discover sex" it blandly announces, and proceeds to recount all, from Puritan bestiality (one poor lad was hung for buggering one mare, one cow, two calves, two goats, five sheep, and a turkey) to love in the backseat of a '64 Chevy. Chapters cover "Sex and the Puritans," "Sex on the Frontier" ("the miners came in '48/ the whores in '51/ the two soon got together/ and produced the Native Son"), "Sex and the Victorians." "Sex Scandals." "Utopian Sex' (the polygamous Mormons, the celibate Rappites), "Prostitution," "Birth Control," "Pornography," "Sex on Wheels," as well as a review of "Manual Sex"-that's as in pamphlet, not hand-job-from Kinsey to Comfort.

Another vision of history is Britisher Michael Wynn Jones's Cartoon History of the American Revolution (Putnam, \$20), a most serious compendium of the epoch's graphic satire, propaganda, and caricature. Coupled with well-researched historical comment and artistic analysis, the large-format reproductions (over 300 in all) prove that the struggle for independence was waged as much in newspapers and public prints of the day as on the battlefields of Lexington or Cowpens. Too bad that the humor of these cartoons is more obscure than the artistic achievement-but they had that blasted habit of writing captions in illegible sideways balloons. As a result, this work remains more of an original source book than a source of Bicentennial giggles.

Fact books are, in fact, almost overkill during this rehashing of our first two hundred years. The People's Almanac (Doubleday, \$14) guarantees us the "facts behind the facts," 25,000 littleknown Bicentennial tidbits, from the fate of Paul Revere's horse to a list of those Americans who didn't win the Nobel Prize, and why. Everything You Can Get from the Government for Free (Van Norstrand Reinhold, \$7.95) lists and cross-lists hundreds of freebies already paid for through taxes, from foreign study grants to foster grandparents or free grazing land. With a magnifying glass, you can even figure out how to prospect for free land with mineral rights and have the government pay as much as 75 percent of the expenses.

The largest outpouring of Bicentennial facts, however, comes from the self-funded Bicentennial People's Commission (PBC), a four-year-old organization out to turn America's birthday into more than just a celebration of consumerism and self-congratulation. America's Birthday (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95) is their illustrated workbook presenting programs for an alternative Bicentennial celebration, including community, school, and media projects. Voices of the American Revolution (Bantam, \$1.75) is the story of how the Declaration of Independence came to be, "in the fiery words of the founding fathers," aimed at reviving the original revolutionary principles of 1776. Common Sense II (Bantam, \$1.25), a play on Tom Paine's own sparking of the first American Revolution, sounds the alarm against today's tyrants, the giant corporations. If the PBC had its way, our country would start implementing a worker-controlled "economic democracy" starting with the elections of 1976.

Of course, for more emotionally charged reading there is great historical fiction. Pulitzer Prize-winning MacKinlay Kantor's Valley Forge (Evans, \$8.95) is perhaps the most human portrait of the American Revolution yet written. Kantor sees far beyond the superficial sensationalism of history. Rather than recount events and immortalize officers, he confides in a tender, almost poetic vernacular the daily ordeals of the rank and file.

In cabins and workshops, in kitchens and stables, in the parlors and bedrooms of the most ordinary citizens he finds more revolutionary truth than on any of the most well-known battlefields. Taste, smell, pulse, texture. There are more descriptions of food-or, more accurately, hunger—than of military skirmish or warfare. Valley Forge. Monologues, letters, anecdotes, sketches. Homespun history on a human loom.

Whether on bookshelf or bulletin board, America's factmongers are determined to snag you. What more obvious place to list notable facts than within the spares of those ubiquitous Bicentennial calendars. In Alistair Cooke's America Calendar (Knopf, \$4.95), the journalist and TV host (winner of numerous Emmys as well as the Ben Franklin Award of the Royal Society of the Arts) reminds us in subtle British understatement of somewhat less felicitous dates, the darker side of those "happy fantasies of America as a noble experiment." Most informative and most scathing of all, however, is the Official National Lampoon Bicentennial Calendar (Random House, \$3.95), chockablock with some 600 seldomtold American failures, defeats, and accidents.

Of course, if such a hard look at America's blemishes leaves you thirsting for some red. white, and blue American pablum, there's always The Mighty Marvel Bicentennial Calendar (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95). It provides portraits of Washington crossing the Delaware accompanied by the stalwart Avengers (Captain America, Hawkeye, Iron Man, Thor, the Scarlet Witch, and the Hulk), it leaves you with this heartening message: "Okay group, one last thought. Have one heck of a 1976, but remember-this isn't the end of the Bicentennial. It just brings us that much closer to the Tricentennial. Hang loose and rotate your face to the front, Marvelite. We're in this together."-Karen Thorsen



Marvel Comics looks at 1776: The Hulk at Valley Forge.