

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1976 \$1.75

AMERICA VS. THE
REST OF THE WORLD

GORE VIDAL ON
GAGGING THE PRESS

EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW WITH
GEORGE
WASHINGTON

THE AMERICAN
WAY OF
UPWARD
FAILURE

1ST ANNUAL
BAD TASTE
AWARDS

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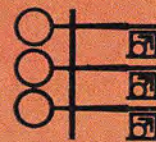
One Man. One Scent.

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PENTHOUSE

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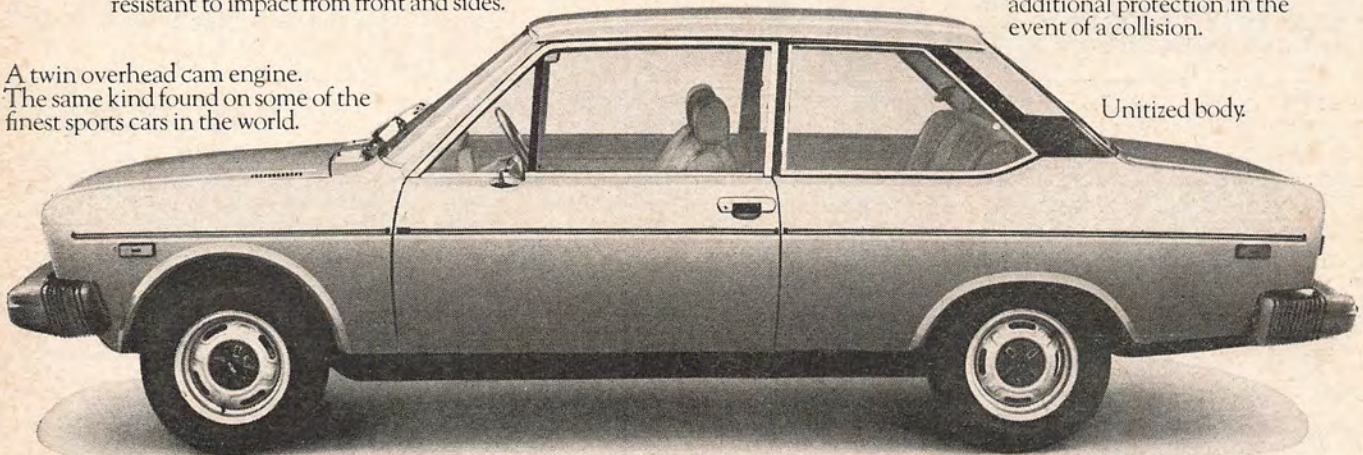
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HOUSECALL

Throughout the giddy ups and depressing downs of our first 200 years, America has been motivated by one factor above all others—change. Courage, imagination, and the perennial pursuit of new frontiers to conquer make this nation, however imperfect, the most exciting place in the world. This month we celebrate the spirit of change, the revolutionary spirit of '76, and all of the attendant, individual freedoms that make a magazine like *Penthouse* possible. This month, not altogether tongue-in-cheek, we celebrate 200 years of sexual self-examination and the intellectual torment and social confrontation that this implies. To *Penthouse*, sexual freedom is a way of life; and if, in the pursuit of this freedom, we have won a little more ground along the way, then our work (and your support) will have been worthwhile.

Executive editor **Art Cooper** is one of the new people at *Penthouse* whose job it is to keep an eye on such things as America begins its third century. Art comes to *Penthouse* from a long career in magazine journalism—most recently as an editor at *Newsweek*. Says Art, "*Penthouse* is one of the most exciting publications of its time. I want to see it become more exciting—a magazine that its readers not only want but also need. As for America, what's best about us is our eternal optimism. What's worst is the unbelievable poverty of intellect, leadership, and morality currently exhibited by America's political hierarchy. This is something we're going to be looking at harder—both in the public and in the private sectors."

Two people who agree wholeheartedly with Art are **Paul and Anne Ehrlich**, the authors of our lead article, "Warning: Your Leaders Could Be Hazardous to Your Health." Paul Ehrlich, a widely respected author and an environmentalist, and his wife, Anne, make their home at Stanford University in California. For them, the most significant trend in America today is its declining birthrate. The most pervasive malady is our present inability to unite in order to take control of our lives and liberties—and to wrest power from the grip of the largely anonymous institutions that dominate so many facets of American life.

One specific freedom that is now under fire by those wonderful politicians who brought you the Vietnam War and Watergate is the all-important freedom of the press as embodied in the First Amendment. Commenting on the dangerous tendencies to squelch this right is one of the world's greatest living authors, **Gore Vidal**. Vidal, author of more than twenty books, has most recently written an original screenplay for *Penthouse* films ("Gore Vidal's Caligula," which is due out in 1977).

Of course, the days when America could consider itself a self-contained island apart from the rest of the world are long ago and far away. In order to give a new perspective on the global challenges that America will face in the years to come, investiga-

tive reporter **Tad Szulc** has written "The Third World." Szulc, one of whose ground-breaking *Penthouse* reports on government-related intelligence activities recently was cited by the prestigious Overseas Press Club, considers his globe-trotting investigations, books, and articles to be his hobby as well as his work.


Meanwhile, out on the satirical edge of the American psyche, the award-winning cartoonist-illustrator **Edward Sorel** has joined pens with his upstate New York neighbor **Neil Hickey** to produce "Upward Failure," an essay on the art of getting ahead by falling behind. Clearly, both men have an abiding love for their country; otherwise, they wouldn't have been able to deflate it with such aplomb. Sorel's current ambition is "to finally be in a position to sell out and refuse to do so." Hickey would be satisfied to go salmon fishing in Connemara, Ireland.

Another unique American institution (along with fishing and "selling out") is the great gangster phenomenon. Our fiction this month may well be one of the most gripping suspense stories ever printed. It concerns a man whose deadly game includes such elements as money, heroin, another man's wife, and his own life. "The Ledge" was written by novelist **Stephen King** (*Carrie* and *Salem's Lot*). King himself stays in Maine, where he spends his off hours devouring all available books and films.

Nicholas von Hoffman spends his time stalking politicians—even improbable ones like George Washington, whose acerbic interview will provoke some rethinking about our founding fathers.

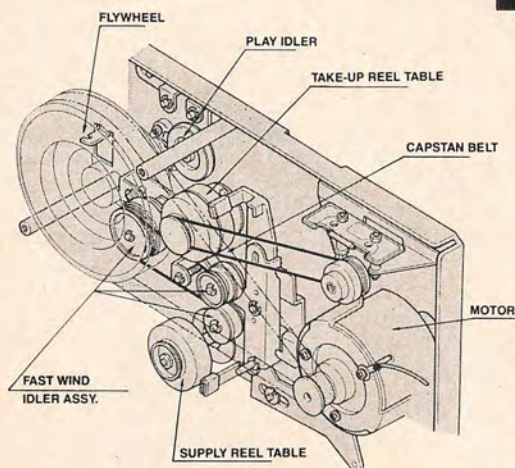
Elsewhere in this issue, our four pictorial features uncover three full centuries of American womanhood, all the way from 1776 to 2076. Of course, future freaks will delight in the love-set brought straight in from the twenty-first century by **Earl Miller**. Miller, a *Penthouse* staff photographer, had some able assistants in **Walter Prosper**, who designed the clothing, furniture, and jewelry, and **Paul Eventoff**, who created the backdrops.

You will also have noted the addition of a new, albeit once-a-year department, "*Penthouse's* First Annual Bad Taste Awards." These accolades were conceived and drawn by **Bill Lee**, our newly appointed humor editor and resident cartoonist. One of the most widely published cartoonists in the world, Lee looks forward to the greater freedom of expression offered by *Penthouse*. This means that he'll be popping up in some unexpected places. So if you see a chubby, hirsute elf chasing girls around your local massage parlor with sketch pad in hand . . . well, don't ask. You might wind up in these pages sooner than you think.

Add to all of the above a look at America's great sartorial creation—denims, the nation's contribution to the modern wish for total mobility—the canned cocktail, a look at today's super stereo equipment, **Xaviera's** sure-fire advice for lovers, and **Wicked Wanda's** wickedly wild adventures. There you have it; under our stunning cover by **Jan C. Cobb** of Francekevich and Cobb, you will find a collection of revolutionary thoughts, ideas, attitudes, and offerings arranged in a manner uniquely, forthrightly, and Godblessedly American. Happy two hundredth to you, Miss Liberty, and many, many more! 



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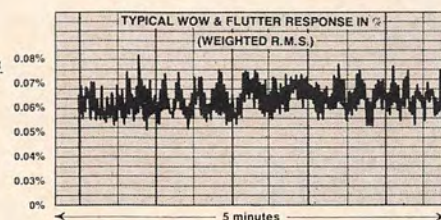
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JULY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (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.

Checker's speech

I am writing to Forum because it is the most open and liberal column of its kind. It allows people, normal people, to express their innermost feelings and fantasies no matter how perverse they may seem to others. I am a student in college and live in a dorm on campus. The school is coed, and the dorms are, too. But the very strict visitation rules are upheld. As a result, a small group of my friends and I—men and women—have developed a very fulfilling and enjoyable form of sexual pleasure. We refer to it simply as a "check." It is performed by two or more people and can be executed in many different ways. The most popular and most effective method is performed with one person (the checker), either boy or girl, seated in an armchair. The other person (the checkee), of the opposite sex, then straddles the checker, firmly planting the naked buttocks relatively close to the checker's face. The one doing the checking wears glasses to get a closer look at what's going on up there. It is a very enjoyable experience for both parties. Checking can be performed in many erotic positions with any number of people participating.

It is possible, however, to practice checking by yourself. But the methods employed involve mirrors and uncomfortable positions. This form, the self-check, is not very practical and is much less enjoyable.—Name and address withheld

Satisfactory olfactory

Being a senior in college, I have had what you could call an abundant sex life. I can conservatively say I'd gone down on about eighty broads before I became engaged. But my wife and I were married shortly after our meeting and quick engagement; so we didn't have much time to engage in very much premarital sex.

I am a relatively handsome guy, but I never seemed able to get the really foxy women because of my large schnozola. Well, I no longer consider that a liability. The first time I went down to orally stimulate my wife's love muff, she started going ape! I couldn't figure out why, since my tongue had not yet penetrated her box. To my surprise, it was the tip of my nose that was driving her crazy. As I stuck it in even farther, she became ecstatic! Further experimentation showed that exhaling out my nostrils was the ultimate feeling for her.

So, all you fellows lucky enough to have abnormally big noses, "stick (it) in there."—H.S., DeKalb, Ill.

College capers

After my first semester at college, not only have I changed my political opinions, but my sexual preferences have taken a complete "turnaround." Before I arrived at school, my sexual experience had been restricted to a quick fuck in the back of my father's pickup truck. Nothing unusual, just a straight bang. Recently, I have found that there is more than one way to enter a house. I'm talking about the back door.

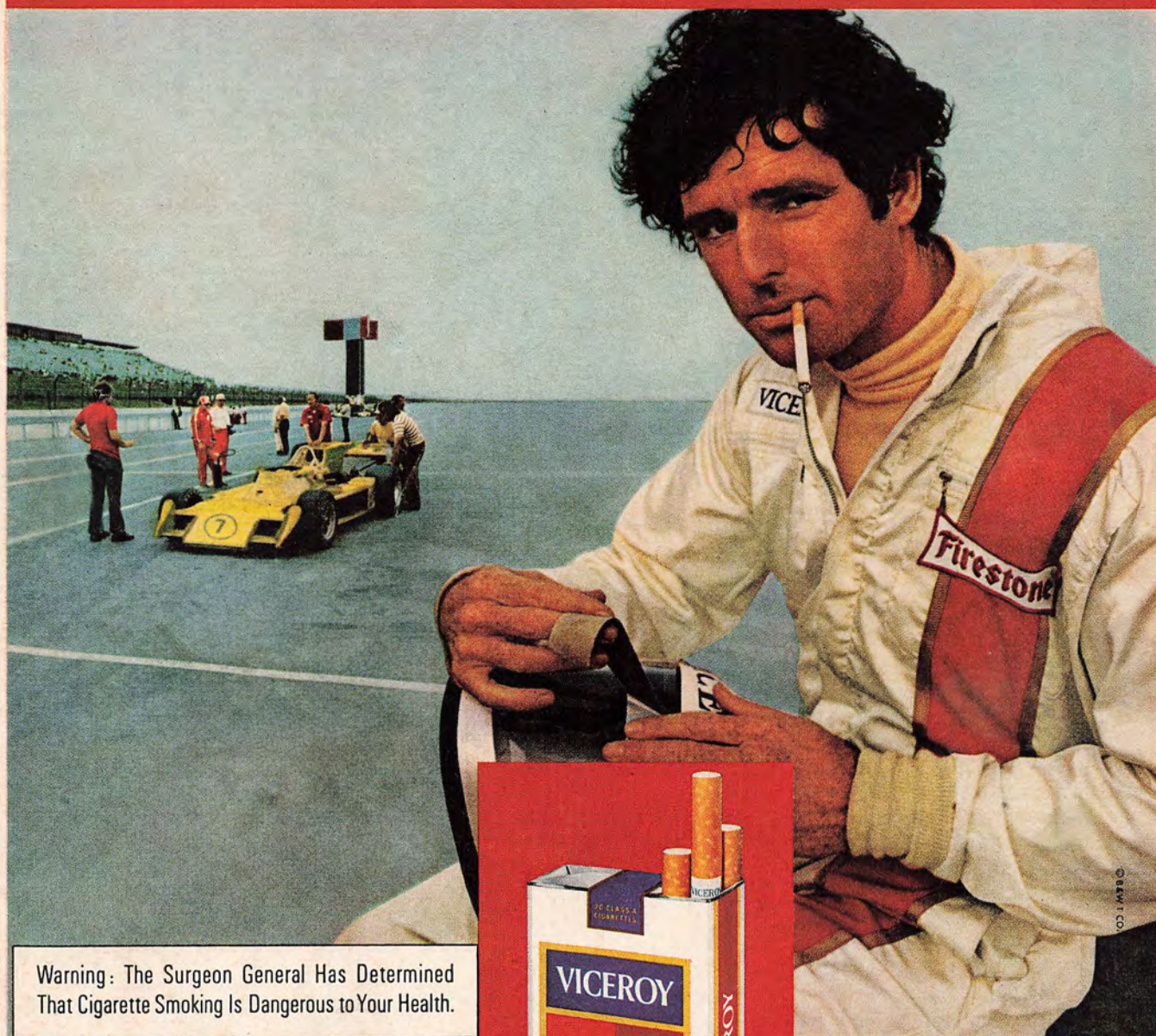
While working in the college bookstore, I met a girl I had seen several times before in the dormitory. We struck up a conversation, and I found out that she was a resident counselor in the dorm. We said hello and chatted every time we saw each other after that, until one day she asked if I had plans for lunch. When I told her I had none, she invited me up to her room.

After lunch I offered to help with the dishes. While we were standing side by side at the sink, I mentioned that it reminded me of the time when I was in grade school, helping my mother with the dishes. She then asked if my mother ever spanked me, giving me a light slap on the buns as she asked. I told her yes—but only when I was bad. She said that when she was younger she also did bad things, but that now she had only one vice—sex. Nothing more was said for the time being.

Later, I was bending over to put the dishes away when I felt her hand stroking the backside of my Levis. I turned around and noticed that her blue eyes had a strange glow in them. She was a little on the plump side, and I didn't care to find out what she had in mind; but before I knew what was happening, she had her hand on my fly. Soon we were both on the floor in our birthday suits. I was right; she was plump. (But the bigger the cushion, the better the pushin'.) As I tried to enter her, she turned over and offered her back door. I had never done it that way, and my inexperience showed because, when I did get in, she let out a scream that was probably heard in Greece. I withdrew and noticed a container of Cool-Whip on the table. Taking the creamy substance in hand, I lubricated her opening and tried again. This time she only moaned with pleasure, and the squeaking sound from the Cool-Whip got us both excited.

After I came, I rolled over, a bit tired. Next thing I knew, she was standing over me, and there was that look in her eyes again. So after we had had our fill for a second time, we got dressed and went out to dinner. And we both had ice cream

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topped with Cool-Whip for desert.—J.E., Ames, Iowa

By word of mouth

Last quarter at college, I met a super-sweet, really pretty gal who was as virginal as a young gal could be.

After we had gone together for about ten days, our mutual sexual desire (her curiosity) was so great we couldn't hold back any longer. I was taken completely by surprise. I was expecting to play teacher. Yet this girl (Debi) was a sexual natural. Believe me, the only thing she didn't have was confidence. Well, anyway, to make a long story short, after a couple of months of heavy sexual experimentation on her part and contented satisfaction on my part, we started to fade emotionally. We enjoyed each other's company, and sex had never been enjoyed more thoroughly.

The problem was that she was becoming an oral-sex fanatic. It seemed that almost every time we were alone she just couldn't wait to gobble up my anxious cock. She had learned how to bring me to the point of climax in her mouth and suck and lick with just the right pressure to keep me at this heavenly edge until she was also ready to climax. There were times when we would sixty-nine for almost a half-hour at a time. And our copulation was almost becoming secondary. In such a short period of time, it seems I had turned on this young girl, and she was rapidly becoming a real oral-nympho, no holds barred, sexual maniac. It was almost becoming impossible for me to keep up with her. We would suck and eat each other for a half hour, then she would usually push me back and just go crazy giving me some of the most fantastic head any normal female can give. Soft, fast, wet, and wild, and she seemed to get off more than I did. Our sex and her ability were so profound that I just had to share this with my better friends up here. Naturally, I waited to bring up the subject until she was on the verge of a great climax. She knew my friends well and was actually fantasizing about them when she and I often came so violently that we were afraid the neighbors had heard.

When I asked my friends (we'll call them Mike and Gary), they almost came in their pants. At first they thought I was putting them on; then they said to bring her on. Well, it was almost the end of the quarter, and we had only a few days to get it together.

That night Gary and Mike were getting horny hearing about my lovemaking that afternoon; so they made me go get Debi. She was more than willing, although she admitted that she was scared. It was rough at first—Gary sitting there studying and Mike half-asleep on the bed. We just sat down and started off talking, and then I motioned with my head, and Debi started rubbing Mike's crotch while I started undressing her—and Gary was trying to put his eyes back in his head. The four of us were undressed in no time. She started on

Gary first. It was fantastic to see her mouth in action, but it wasn't doing much for Gary. He had already screwed earlier that day and couldn't get it up. As a matter of fact, none of us were getting it up. Debi was turned on and pissed-off because we were all pulling, pushing, and she was squeezing and sucking, but we weren't responding. Finally Gary got it up and pumped away for all he was worth. Then he was through, and all her tender loving care made Mike's organ a bit swelled, and he took over the reins as I slid into position for my sweet Debi to send me into seventh heaven. Well, it was quite a sight to see my friend Mike sliding his ever-increasing cock into Debi from behind as she slurped, and literally "blew" me into ecstasy. Debi's face would sometimes even wince and distort because of Mike's thick cock. Finally, it was my turn, and I tried to make it sweet, soft, and pleasurable because my Debi had been through the experience of her life. But she didn't come back this quarter, and we miss her. She had a mouth that was worth its weight in gold. This was one student who taught the teacher how to lose himself in his "homework."—Name withheld, Denver, Colo.

Each month your magazine faithfully makes its rounds through our dorm rooms here at college, and I can safely say that each column of the Forum is read with much more interest than the *Iliad*.

So we would like to share with the Forum fans worldwide a rare, kinky college affair that was derived from a F.A.C. (Friday Afternoon Club) party.

Six of our male F.A.C. members were in my room with the stereo blaring and the blender pouring forth tequila daiquiris, when five girls from nearby dorms dropped in for the excitement. Everyone was in groups of three or four conversing at almost shout level on account of the stereo. When the album that was playing had ended, I could hear the discussion in my group much better. But more important, I could hear a group in the corner discussing a topic which soon caught everybody's attention, mine included, because it was so incredible.

Soon we had formed a single group, listening to one coed say that we should schedule our last F.A.C., which would be in May, to be done in the total nude. This sparked butterflies in everyone's stomach, and after a few more drinks, it was evident that the time for that nude party should be now or never. Somewhere I found the guts to suggest that we start. To my surprise, nobody disagreed, but a few demanded that there should be no sexual play. We agreed to the "No Sex Act" (as we called it) and proceeded to undress ever so slowly to make sure that none of us were leading in the race.

The stereo was playing again, but nobody was talking this time. I had my arm around a girl next to me when we both noticed one guy's finger gently caressing

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the pubic hair of the girl who had originally proposed the "No Sex Act."

All around the room erections arose, indicating that everyone was aware of the act being openly performed.

Suddenly, I felt my girl's fingertips whisk daringly across my thighs, only to clamp gently, but firmly, to my swollen and violently throbbing penis. As I reached for her firm and ample breasts, she smiled and dropped her head to my lap and proceeded to give an A-plus blow-job. This treat permitted me to look upon the progress of others, between the gasping breaths and groans that often required me to close my eyes to soak up all the pleasure. A tap on my shoulder by a club member who requested a condom momentarily brought me out of ecstasy. Then I found that he was about to use it on the girl kneeling between my legs and giving me head. This at first bothered me, but soon her hot breaths of excitement burning past my ball hairs made me quickly forgiving.

When I exploded in orgasm, I felt her draw the juices from within me as if to fuel her own orgasm that was being administered by the member riding her "doggy-style." I could feel them shuddering in sheer delight, when a voice mazed its way through the grunts of passion to my ears saying, "Fuck'n'good F.A.C. party."

By five o'clock we all lay spent and exhausted when a small snickering phrase broke out of the heap saying, "No Sex

Act?—Ha!" And hysterical laughing filled the room. We slowly dressed and filed out of the sweat-steamed room on our way to the cafeteria dinner that awaited us.—*R.W., Oakland, Calif.*

Is it necessary to matriculate before you join the club?—The Editors

Keeping morale up

I manage a retail-record store, and though it may sound like a fun job, it isn't since the company I work for (one of the largest discount-record chains in the state) is run by paranoid assholes who don't trust anyone, especially the people who work for them.

Not too long ago, things got so bad I became overly depressed and was considering quitting my job when one of my employees (a young dishwasher-blond with a fantastic body) asked if she could speak to me in private. I said yes, and when we reached my office, she asked what was bothering me, adding that everyone who worked for me was concerned about my well-being. When I told her that I was depressed by my job and was thinking about quitting, she smiled and said whenever her boyfriend was down she had a surefire way of lifting his spirits.

I told her I should be so lucky, and she chuckled and said, "Maybe you are!" She then reached down and began playing with me with her therapeutic fingers. Mo-

ments later she had my now-hard cock out of my pants and in her voracious mouth. My spirits were soon soaring, as her eager lips and expert tongue explored my cock and balls. She sucked and slurped and swallowed until every ounce of depression was drained from my body.

Since then my morale has vastly improved because a few of the other nubile employees I supervise have shown an active interest in keeping my head straight—the dishwasher-blond, two redheads, and a brunette.

My job isn't any better, but thanks to these dedicated employees who are always ready to go down, I am never down! —*D.T., address withheld*

Just don't let your needle get stuck in a groove.—The Editors

Randy thoughts

My wife and I received our first copy of *Penthouse* today and really enjoy reading your Forum section. We enjoy it so much in fact that we plan on clipping out each little story sent in by others, and put them into a jar. Then when we want to monkey around a bit, we will draw one out at a time and act it out together.

I noticed that each of those guys thinks that he has the sexiest wife in the world, but I guess we all feel that way. My wife, I feel, is the sexiest. She loves to go to bars with me wearing a sexy, short mini outfit, or a dress that is short on both the top and bottom. She loves to show off her lovely legs, and most of the time wears either crotchless panties or no panties at all. After a few drinks, we usually end up with me sliding her dress up a bit at a time, almost up to her lovely pussy. She loves the attention she gets when doing this, and if a fellow is sitting on the other side of her she lets him "accidentally" touch the inside of her legs.

I really like the letters on semi-public sex. It's a great idea, and we have been doing that also. We have met other couples who also enjoy doing this. My wife also enjoys posing nude for pictures in parks, parking lots, in motel hallways or near their pop machines, or out in our front yard, or wherever.

We haven't yet had any threesomes and are not interested in swinging but might give the threesome route a try just for the heck of it. My wife really loves oral sex and loves to be eaten herself; so you guys out there, if you see us in a bar someplace, or observe us having semi-public sex, why not join us, and bring a lady friend along? We hope that we can meet a lot more interesting couples who would enjoy these things with us; for the more the merrier. We also are members of an organized nudist camp.—*J.K., St. Petersburg, Fla*

Debbie's debut

Coming from a small town, I used to feel a lot of the events that your readers sent in had to be made up until something happened to

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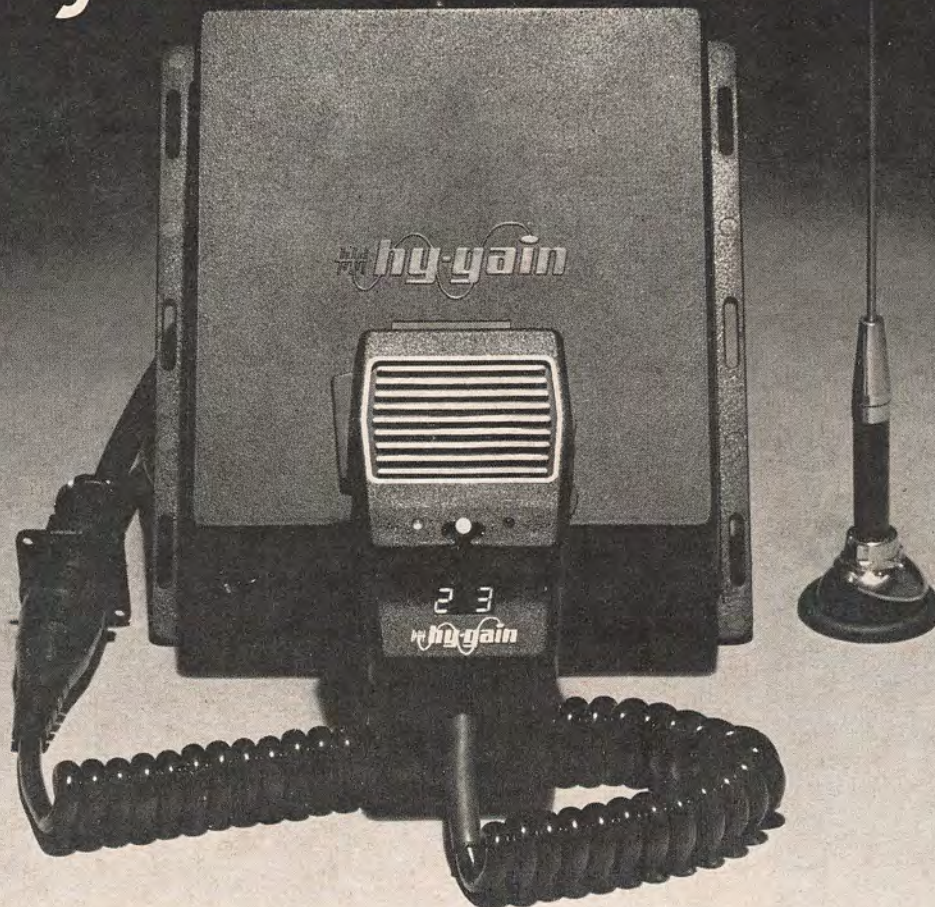
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me about a year ago. Since then I learned that almost anything can happen, and a lot more has happened than I ever dreamed of. It happened when I was living with my first wife, Jan. I didn't even know it, but Jan had become friends with an old girl friend of mine, Debbie. I was surprised when I came home from work one day and found Debbie at my house, talking to my wife. At first I was really uncomfortable because at one time I had almost married Debbie instead of Jan, but when Debbie was out of the room, Jan pulled me aside and told me everything was forgotten. Jan also told me that Debbie needed a place to stay for a few days, and she had invited her to stay with us—if it was all right with me. I felt it was all right if Jan had gotten over her bad feelings about Debbie.

Jan and Debbie wanted to go shopping. So, while they were gone, I went over to a friend's house and did a little drinking. Time escaped me, and so when I got home, all the lights were out. I went into the house quiet as I could and saw Debbie sleeping on the couch. I went into the bedroom and undressed. But before I got into bed, I got the urge to go and talk to Debbie for awhile. Jan was asleep, so I quietly put on my bathrobe and crept out of the bedroom and into the living room, where Debbie was asleep. I woke her up, and we just talked for awhile. I noticed the smell of liquor on her breath, and she told me that she and Jan had had a few drinks. For no reason at all, I then kissed her and halfway expected her to push me away, but she kissed me back. She was lying on the couch, and I was sitting on the floor, and we were kissing sort of heavy so I got up the nerve to push the cover she had over her down past her feet. I started rubbing her leg and started moving up toward her pussy. She stopped me at first but soon gave in. I couldn't believe what I was doing because I thought I would never mess with another woman. But I soon forgot any guilt feelings I had. Debbie undid my bathrobe and started kissing my chest, and between kisses, I'd hear her say that we shouldn't be doing what we're doing. I didn't say anything, and she stopped talking, too. I pulled my bathrobe completely off and managed to get her nightgown off. She rolled off the couch and onto the floor with me and started kissing the inside of my thighs. I worked around until we were in the sixty-nine position and started kissing her pussy. I then felt my dick go in her mouth and her tongue licking the head. We were there on our sides going down on each other for I don't know how long when Debbie jumped back and said, "There's Jan."

I didn't know if I was more scared or embarrassed. The only thing I could do was ask her how long she had been there, and she just said long enough and started walking toward us. Debbie started blurting out apologies, and Jan knelt down level with Debbie and gave her a kiss on the lips and said everything's cool and kissed her again. I was really surprised when I no-

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ticed that Debbie was kissing her back. Jan then reached up and took Debbie's breast. I don't know who was more surprised, Debbie or me.

Then Jan, with her free hand, reached over and took hold of my dick and was pulling me closer to the both of them. I put my arms around the both of them while they were fondling each other and me. Jan then worked her way down to Debbie's pussy and started licking. Debbie laid back on the floor while Jan was eating her out, and I got above Debbie and put my cock back in her mouth. We went on like that for a few minutes when Jan told me to sit on the couch. I thought that to save a good thing I'd better do what she said. I got up on the couch, but my cock was throbbing. Jan then told Debbie to get on me with her back to me and to put my dick in her pussy. Without hesitation Debbie did that, and Jan started licking my balls, then would move to Debbie's clit, then back to my balls. I don't know how it happened, but Debbie reached an orgasm before I did. But shortly after that, I came the hardest I ever have, and Jan sat there sucking out every drop. Completely exhausted, I just watched when Jan started kissing Debbie again. It finally hit me what my wife had been, and was, doing. It was really hard to believe, but I really enjoyed watching two women make love. It had to have been at least a half-hour before I wanted to join them again.

After it was over, we all sat there, having an afterwards smoke, talking. The only reason that Jan gave me for going along with what happened was "to get it out of my system." Well, to make a long story short, Debbie stayed ten days, and we never did the three-way scene again. But five months later, Jan and I got a divorce. I've really learned a lot about sex since then and discovered a lot of new things about the ways to please a woman.—T.H., Philadelphia, Pa.

Movie madness

My wife and I decided that we would like to share with your readers an extramarital adventure we experienced. It started innocently enough a few months ago when I brought home some stag films for our personal viewing. A few drinks later, along with the antics on the screen, we were both hot, and during the second reel, my wife blew me, commenting she'd like to have some strange cock. Somehow the idea turned me on, and I asked if she had anyone in particular in mind. She said no, and I suggested a mutual acquaintance whom I knew from work. Viv wasn't particularly interested in the idea until I told her I had seen his cock several times while sharing the men's room at work. Since Ben lived in the neighborhood, we would often see him at the local bar. A few nights later the opportunity arrived.

My wife was very sexed up about the idea of blowing another man and had really dressed for the part. Viv is a very at-

tractive brunette and looks several years younger than her actual thirty-six years. She sports a set of 38Ds on a 105-pound, five-foot-three body.

That night she wore a light-blue sweater, white shirt, high heels, and no underclothes. She was a sight that would arouse any man—and did. When she approached Ben at the bar and propositioned him, the look of astonishment on his face made me laugh. In order not to arouse any suspicions, we finished our drinks and waited outside for him. He emerged a few minutes later, and I agreed to take a walk while Viv serviced him in the front seat of our car. I waited a few minutes and then sneaked into the parking lot. Unobserved by them, I watched the scene through the rear window. His orgasm was terrific, and he let out a yell like a wounded bear. I could hardly contain myself until he went back into the bar. I had my prick out as I joined my wife in the car. Viv was so worked up that her eyes were glazed as she went down on me. She was so wet that she had to raise her skirt up, and she saturated the front seat. I came almost instantly.

We drove out, and on the way to another bar, Viv described her experience to me as she wiped herself with my handkerchief. She told me I hadn't exaggerated Ben's penis size, that it was the fattest dick she had ever seen, and that he had come like a horse. A few miles down the road, we pulled into a roadside tavern.

The place was jammed with a Saturday night crowd. I knew Viv was still hot from our recent experience, and I asked if she saw any likely prospects she'd care to engage. She laughed and called me a bastard and said, "Yes, I sure do!" I surprised myself and told her to go ahead.

A few minutes later she was dancing with some guy in his late twenties, and in a few more, they walked out the door on the way to the parking lot. I ordered another drink, and when my wife returned about ten minutes later, she told me the guy she had just blown had a friend who asked her if she would take care of him, too. I told her to go ahead. Viv waited for me in the car after the second man went back into the tavern. I came out and she sucked me off before we drove home. We repeated this scene several more nights, but we decided the law of averages would catch up with us—either VD or perhaps physical violence—so we agreed on another and safer form of sex.

Viv was still hung up on Ben's cock. So a few weeks later we had him over to the house. I set up the projector with the stag films, and after a few drinks, our inhibitions were down. We agreed that as the participants on the screen took off each article of their clothes, we would do the same. When we were all in the buff, I stopped the projector and watched my wife and Ben. When he dropped his shorts and sat down on the sofa across from me, Viv knelt between his legs, grabbing at his pleasure pole. I got up from my chair and went over, standing next to them. I was so excited I

was shaking. If Viv hadn't blown me prior to Ben's arrival, I would have shot all over her face. I knelt behind her and gave it to her dog fashion. When we finished, we had a drink and went into the bedroom. For the next couple of hours, Viv fucked and sucked the both of us as we watched the film in between. I asked her later how she felt, and she said, "Great!" Since then Ben has been stopping by the house two or three times a month. It not only adds spice to our life but sexes us both up.—*Name and address withheld*

Grand reception

I am a twenty-three-year-old man who thinks about sex almost continually and am glad of it. Two weeks ago I was sent to Miami by my company as a courier for some important rush papers. I got to my destination shortly after noon and found that the person whose signature I was supposed to get was out to lunch. While I was waiting for him to return, I struck up a conversation with the twenty-one-year-old, attractive receptionist. During the course of the conversation, I found out that she lived with her parents but that they were out of town, visiting relatives. I told her I was alone in town that evening, and after some talk she finally invited me to dinner that evening.

I arrived at her home about the same time she did and found that she had an eighteen-year-old sister who was prettier and better built than she. The home was lovely, with a pool in the backyard, and since it was a very warm day, she lent me one of her father's swimsuits, and the three of us swam and lounged around the pool for about an hour. I couldn't take my eyes off their beautiful tits or the outline of their cunts under their suits. Although I didn't have a full erection, I was harder than normal, and I'm sure the bulge was noticeable. After dinner I apologized for seeming rude, but I was so tired from my day of travel that I just had to lie down for a short while. I was sure they were as hot to trot as I was, but I had never been involved in a threesome before and didn't know quite how to start.

Consequently, I decided to be somewhat direct. I walked into their parent's room, took off the swimming trunks, and stretched myself out nude on their parents' king-sized bed. It took about thirty seconds for them both to get their suits off and lie down—one on either side of me. By this time, I was full hard and throbbing. They each went for my balls. The sensation of both of them fondling me was terrific. I asked them which one loved my cock more. They both said, "I do." I told them that when you love something, you usually kiss it. The twenty-one-year old was down on me in a flash. Her younger sister, wanting to participate also, perched her beautiful cunt above my mouth and lowered it to my eager tongue. I cupped my young lover's ass with both hands and pressed her pussy to my mouth, tonguing and de-

vouring it. My heart was pounding as I soon felt myself explode into an orgasm that I thought would consume me totally. Almost instantly I felt my lover's body tremble forcibly against my face. I was drained but knew that I had another lover who had not yet come and must be satisfied. I told them that I wanted to rest a while and while I did, I slowly played with their tits and sucked their nipples.

After about fifteen minutes, I felt fully hard again and ready to take on the next beauty. I started by sucking my receptionist's pussy. When she was about to come, I mounted her and started to fuck her for all I was worth. She came again almost immediately, and in order to save myself for further action, I withdrew and again went down on her. She started writhing wildly, tears coming from her eyes. I was glad I had saved my second orgasm, since her passion was much greater than her younger sister's and would be satisfied only by multiple orgasms. I again started to fuck her at a moderate speed to save myself for as long a period as possible.

I was still moving slowly in her when a sensation I had never experienced before happened. Her younger sister had spread the cheeks of my ass and was reaming my ass hole with her tongue while I was fucking. The sensation was so intense that I immediately exploded into my second orgasm. At that point, I was so emotionally spent that all I could do was roll over on my back. Much to my amazement, my younger lover started working on my cock with her tongue. I didn't come again, but the sensation was heavenly as I relaxed for a while with my eyes closed.

There is no question that my receptionist gave me the greatest reception I could ever have wished for. I can't wait for the next message.—*H.F.R., Columbus, Ohio*

Match maker

A couple of years ago, a local radio station held an open house at a downtown dinner club for its clients, and it being a large advertiser, I was on the guest list. What with pressing business, I arrived rather late, had a couple of drinks, and had made the normal rounds of the local business people I knew, when I spotted an old friend I had not seen for a long time. I made my way to his table. When I arrived, he introduced the very attractive woman seated to his left as his new wife, Adele, then invited me to sit down for a drink. After a number of drinks and a lot of small talk, I asked them to drop me off at my house, since I felt I had had too much to drink and their route home passed near my home. At this time Adele asked me why I did not come home and spend the night with them, since it was Friday night and no one had to go to work on Saturday. Of course, I declined the invitation, since she did not really appeal to me. She then made the statement that she had a twenty-year-old daughter at home she would like me to meet, and with this news, I felt I should have more information.

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A little later the new wife excused herself to go to the ladies' room, and then I tuned in on my old friend as to the condition of this twenty-year-old daughter of the new wife. All he would say was, "Just you wait and see," then whistle. Upon the wife's return, I accepted the all-night invitation.

After our arrival at their home and a round of drinks, the new wife said she would wake up the daughter so I could meet her. To my surprise, I walked a five-foot-seven-inch beauty who planted herself firmly next to me on the couch. She was wearing a bathrobe, and I was unable to appraise the rest of her, but I did see enough to arouse my eight-inch curiosity. After a short time, Adele told her daughter, Cynthia, to give me a kiss and return to bed, and to this request she complied.

A little later Adele said she would go into the living room, make up the couch for me, and then we could all go to bed. After she had gone from the room, I zeroed in on my old friend, and asked him for the skinny about his new stepdaughter. All he would say was not to pass it up, for it was fantastic in every way. At this time Adele called me into the living room. She whispered that when everyone had gone to bed I was to go down the hall to the first door on the left, which was her daughter's room, and enter without knocking.

After everyone had gone to bed for the night, and after a safe period of time, I made my way down the dark hall to the first door on the left, found the door slightly ajar, and entered. Cynthia was completely nude, waiting with outstretched arms, and to my surprise, her body fitted into the right and proper spots. I proceeded to get down

to the job at hand, but that twenty-year-old was considerably quicker than this fifty-year-old. She had my eight-inch cock in her nymph-mouth before you could say Jack Robinson, giving it the most professional blow-job anyone could ever want or experience. After about two hours of outstanding sex with this nymph, I was completely drained and we decided to relax and catch up on our conversation. I asked her how a twenty-year-old could learn so much about sex at her early age, and she only replied: "I started young and had some outstanding teachers." A little later we passed out and into the most restful slumber I ever experienced.

About sunup I was aroused by a couple of warm and experienced lips on my very stiff cock, ready for a second encounter, which I must admit was as good as the night before, and lasted for some length. We then got dressed, for she had to be at work at nine. She dropped me off at my home, and that was the last I ever saw of her. But the memory lingers on and on and on. . . .—Name and address withheld

Camp capers

I have written this letter for two compelling reasons—to warn your readers of trying new things unless they "know themselves" and to get a burden of guilt off my chest.

Until recently my wife and I were camp counselors. Last August our groups (my boys and her girls) worked together to plan a "Wilderness Weekend" for the boys and girls aged thirteen to seventeen. Normally, the busy schedule of such a campout causes the young people to fall sound asleep within half an hour of "lights out."

Saturday evening, about an hour after "taps," my boys were all dead to the world, and I walked over to my wife's group's campsite to discuss with her the next day's activities. The girls' campsite, although only several hundred yards away, was completely sheltered from our site's view. On reaching it, I noticed one tent was still dimly lit in violation of "lights out." I was about to wake my wife and inform her when I noticed that the silhouette cast against the tent wall indicated that one of the two girls in the tent was disrobing.

I felt it was morally wrong to watch because of the girls' ages, the circumstances, and the fact that they were unaware of my presence. But I could not turn away! My emotions became rattled at what followed. Following the first girl's lead, the other budding beauty also began to undress slowly, almost as though putting on a show for the first girl. The silhouettes were an erotic shadowgraph of sensuous scenery. Then, suddenly, one of them fell to her knees, and the silhouette-image of that face merged into that of the pubic area of the other girl, whose back arched in apparent ecstasy. When their lovemaking seemed to bring them to the traditional sixty-nine position, I could control myself no longer.

Reaching into my jeans, I extracted my throbbing, demanding organ and began to masturbate. During my preoccupation with "getting it out," I had not heard the footsteps behind me. I felt flushed and degenerate when I realized that it was my wife—sexual, prude whom I nevertheless love—who had discovered me. Because of her outlook on life, I fully well expected her to scream or to hit me—but then, the unexpected!

"You poor dear, no man should be subjected to this," she whispered, while motioning for me to lie down in the tall grass, where she joined me. She raised the top of her PJs, exposing her ample 40D breasts, which glimmered in the moon like two saucers of cream, each topped with a ripe, red raspberry. Then she slid off her bottoms. Pointing to her furry, brown triangle, she said, "Put it there. That's where it belongs, not in your hand." Then and there, under the open sky, we proceeded to "knock off" the best piece of our twenty-year marriage. Just as I was about to burst into her, I heard a twig snap behind us. Turning, I saw Marie, my wife's junior leader, observing us—with a smile on her face and nothing on her lithe sixteen-year-old body except a shorty nightgown.

Before we could react, she knelt beside us, one of her firm little breasts purposely brushing my face, and whispered, "Joan and I hope we won't have to tell any one about this." We had two teenage blackmailers on our hands, but instead of money, Marie and seventeen-year-old Joan wanted some services performed. They were the two from the tent.

Fear of exposure clouded our thinking, and after being led away to a secluded



"You're a Sagittarius, and I'm a Sagittarius. Isn't that absurd?"

For all of you who wrote in
telling us we didn't know anything
about anatomy. Here's proof.

THE SCAPULADA IS NOT A SCAPULA



*This is a Scapulada.
This is not.*

An examination of the Scapulada can be a truly exciting experience. While a study of the Scapula merely tends to make one a little hot under the collarbone.

Which is what led to the discovery of the Scapulada in the first place. (But which means absolutely nothing in the second place.)

No serious study of the anatomy of the Scapulada can begin without two ounces of Jose Cuervo tequila in a tall glass of ice.

(Make no bones about it, Jose Cuervo is the very heart and soul of the Scapulada.)

Now to flesh things out we add the juice of a pineapple and the milk of a coconut. (One ounce of each will do nicely.) And shake it.

Now sit back and reflect on the anatomy of the Scapulada Before we go on to contemplate the Navel.





The Drink.

Harveys Bristol Cream

with a wedge of lime on the rocks. So good, it's one of the nicest ways of all to serve and enjoy the best there is.



spot by the girls, we slavishly submitted to their demands. What a mind-boggling experience! One part of my mind was guilt- and fear-stricken; the other half was elated to ecstasy by our sexual maneuvers.

While Joan hungrily buried her mouth in my wife's box to "taste her first grown-up woman," Marie ordered me to fuck her. Although she gasped that I was the first man to take her, her warm, wet receptacle readily engulfed my penis, revealing that her maidenhead had been lost to something—maybe a finger or a dildo. Unable to take a passive role any longer, I began long, hard thrusts into her pussy as my anticipation of climax climbed. Then, suddenly, as my wife's teen-teacher brought her to orgasm, she turned her head and, finding my ass directly in front of her face, began to tongue my anal crack.

Dismounting my wife, Joan walked to a point above my head, knelt slightly, and spread her legs so as to make her pubic lips available to me. With a tongue in my ass, a pussy in my face, and my cock in Marie, it was heaven and hell combined as I shot my sperm to intermingle with Marie's fragrant love juices, which now oozed from between the lips of her pussy and my slowly shrinking dick.

To sum it up, the girls led us through two hours of whatever they demanded, and although it worried us at first, they have never even mentioned that night since. What happened will always live on in my sexual memories, but it will also always haunt me because the things I did exceeded even what my liberal views considered proper.—*Name and address withheld*

Teacher's pet

I know that we have all read and heard of those lecherous old bastards who molest the young girls, and I feel the same way. Even when I was a kid, I never screwed anyone under the age of fifteen. I was married when I was twenty-two and divorced when I was thirty-seven, which was eight years ago.

Two years ago today, I came down east and accepted the offer of a basement apartment lease in the home of a former classmate of mine. Everything was perfect the first year. Ted and his wife, Jane, would occasionally have me up for dinner or drinks, but neither of us invaded the other's privacy. Their daughter, Claire, is a very attractive girl who is large for her age, sixteen, and could easily be mistaken as twenty-two. During the first year, Claire would frequently come downstairs so that I could help her with either her French lessons or her geometry problems. I happen to be extremely proficient in each and would always speak French whenever the family had me up for dinner. My problem started just exactly one year ago.

Ted and Jane had invited me to dinner to celebrate our one-year relationship as landlords and tenant, and friend. The dinner was superb, a magnum of very fine

champagne before dinner, several glasses of very light wine with dinner, and three very potent cordials to finish it off. It must have been 11 P.M. when I thanked them for the wonderful evening and went downstairs to my apartment. I took a relaxing hot bath and crawled into bed and went right off to sleep.

After what must have been an hour or so, I realized that someone else was in bed with me. It was a woman, and I knew it was not Jane because I would have recognized her perfume. It had to be Claire then, and she didn't have a stitch of anything on. And I, being single, had always slept in the nude. Before I could even think of anything to say, she placed her hand over my mouth and whispered, "Be quiet, or I'll scream." She had me scared to death, and I said so. What would her parents say if we were caught together in my bed? No father would ever believe that I wasn't the lecherous bastard and had been planning it all along.

She told me that she only wanted me to kiss and hold her and to feel my body beside her. I wondered, even though I considered her a daughter, how in the hell I could get out of it. Nevertheless, we were doing some very heavy petting, and I got a hard-on even though I was trying not to. When she felt my hard-on against her thigh, she put her soft hands on it and told me that she had been taking sex education in school and that we were going to do what she had peeked in and seen her mom and dad do. Without another sound she flipped her ass over my face and began to lick the tip of my penis. She seemed a novice at fellatio, so it had to be her first time. Even

under the circumstances, I was getting a wonderful sensation, and I wasn't worried about getting her pregnant. So I gave her a pretty good tonguing. I found my T-shirt and slipped it down to her because I knew that she had a mouth full of come in it. That was the first time, and I thought that she would probably have recriminations and hate herself and me forever. Perish the thought. For the first six months, her visits to my bed changed from twice a week to about four times a week or every other night. During this last six months, she has been down every single night and, when she has a period, still performs fellatio on me.

I also want to say that six months ago she went on the Pill and takes one in my presence every night. She insisted that I screw her, and even though I feel like I'm committing suicide when I do, I have gotten to where I think I love it just as much as she does. In addition to giving me a guilt complex, it keeps my mind off of my work more than it should. I have also lost interest in other women. She is not at all worried we will be found out, because her parents take sleeping pills every night and they never wake up before the alarm goes off at 6:30 in the morning.

Claire has a very beautiful body, and she has become so proficient in the sex department that I look forward to every evening being just a little different. She has worked up to the point where she enjoys two and occasionally three orgasms a night. But too much of a good thing is getting to me, and I'm glad that her progress in sex education at school hasn't demanded more.—*J.T., address withheld*



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Princeton princess

I have always enjoyed Forum and the frank and often funny letters. Perhaps your readers will enjoy this experience. Divorced from a gal who thought only "perverts" had anal or oral sex (an attitude, no doubt which was the product of two centuries of her Yankee forebears' thinking), I arrived at a farm on the outskirts of Princeton, N.J. After a day or so, I ended up in bed with the daughter of my hostess. This Irish lass was the most turned-on chick I had ever met (and I was no virgin when I married my ex-wife). Three times a day we screwed each other silly—and I never "counted" the rainy days! Meanwhile the mother tried to add some distraction by having every newspaper in the New York—Philadelphia area delivered to the farm via a quarter-mile dirt road. The delightful affair went on, and the mother (who looked like she had just come from church or a Breck shampoo ad) gave up and brought us coffee in bed!

Well, I gave in, too. I packed away my Chesterfield coat, bought a pair of farmer overalls, and stayed four months. I thought the varied sex and "instant desire" was as natural as the fact that nothing was planted on that 400-acre, prime piece of untapped real estate.

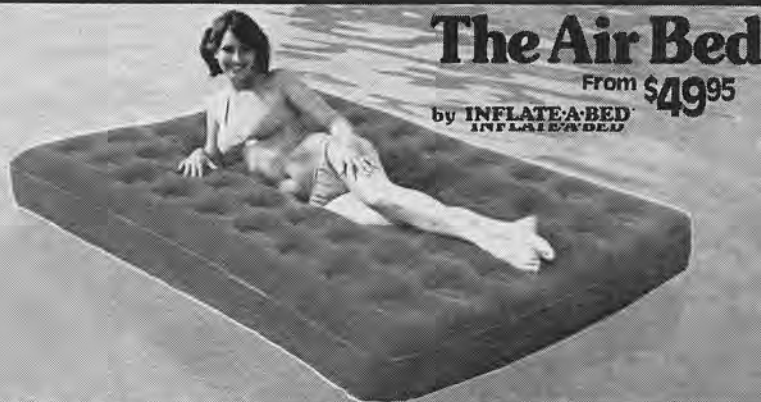
After two weeks, this chick tells me "her" special preferences. We had balled one afternoon, and then she insisted that I jerk-off in her mouth. I was surprised, but there we were, on a side lawn, and I sure did accommodate. As I did my thing, she must have come ten times. There was no contact—just her wide mouth and my cock being slowly "self-rubbed." When I came, she went wild with her fingers on my ass. Now if I thought that was different, I did not realize she had gotten an inch-plus thick vibrator from her bag on the lawn. She took my hand, and together we shoved it up her ass. I got so turned on again that in minutes I was in her wet pussy. She was on top, with that crazy gizmo being jammed in and out by the two of us. It was a crescent of thrust, hump, and warm buzz! Then just as I was about to come, she took the gizmo and put it in my tail. That come was the wildest ever! I think the leaves fluttered on the ancient elms.

So when at a dinner party at my parents' estate someone mentioned that Princess Grace wants her daughter "out of Paris" because it is far too promiscuous, I howled. Grace de Monaco wants her daughter to attend Princeton!—Name and address withheld

Sitting pretty

About two years ago, it became necessary for me to live with an aunt for about two months. She had an older son and a young daughter of sixteen.

A very dear friend of my aunt died, and my aunt was asked to assist the household. Since she did not drive, the son went along. If I only had known what was in store for me. The day after my aunt left, Gwen asked if she could have a friend stay over.



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Certainly, I said. That evening while reading the newspaper, I could hear Gwen and her girl friend hollering and carrying on in the bathroom. They were supposed to be getting ready for bed since they had school the next morning. I went to the closed door twice and shouted at them, but it didn't do much good. I returned to my paper, somewhat distracted.

Down the steps bounded the two girls in those floor-length and clinging nightgowns. Laughing and hollering still, they came over and started kissing me and rubbing themselves against me. Instantly, I joined in. I didn't know what the fuck got them going, and I didn't ask. Off came my clothes and then the gowns.

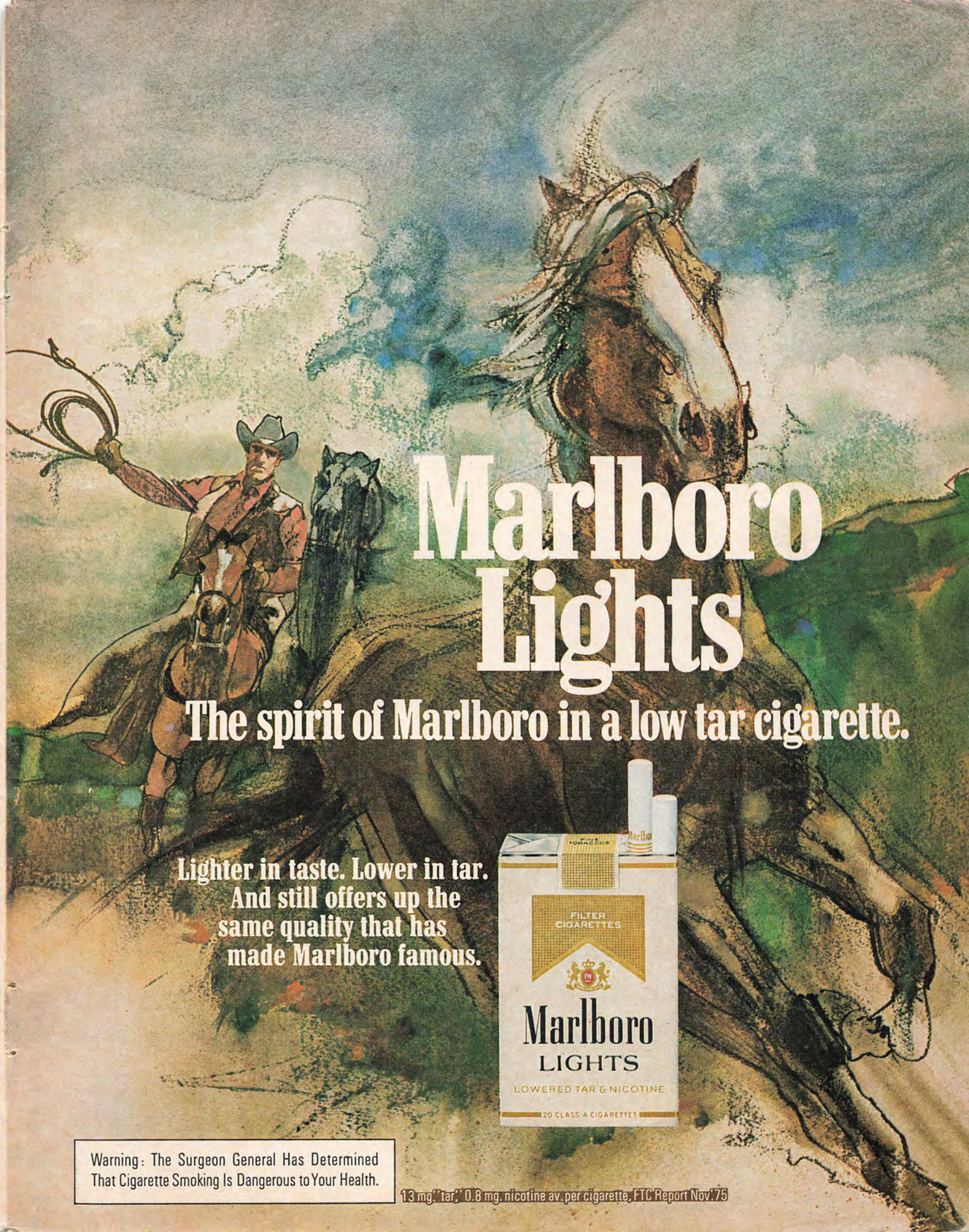
Gwen and Carol were the same age, and about the same size. Skin smooth with tight, firm jutting asses, innocent faces, and narrow hips. Frankly, they were not stacked at all. Boyish bodies except for nice perky, upward-pointing tits. Carol's nipples were the exception, as thick as a piece of chalk and about a finger high. Each in turn put her little hands around my dick and jerked it up and down. They were very curious and explored my body all over. They had me lie on my back and bring my knees up and open. Slowly Gwen pumped my dick while Carol felt my balls. Suddenly, one probed my asshole with her fingers. First one had her little finger in; then she slowly withdrew to allow the other one to do it.

Finally, I could no longer stand it. I told them that I could wait no longer. I noticed with some surprise that they weren't sure what to do next. I decided to take advantage of the situation. Standing up, I directed Gwen to kneel in front of me and Carol to kneel alongside of us. Placing one hand behind Gwen's head, I pulled her mouth to my trembling, rigid dick. The feeling of her sweet mouth can hardly be described. I then directed Carol to slowly jerk me off. So there I was, looking down into Gwen's face, cheeks bulging with my cock's head, being fed to such a mouth by another beautiful girl.

The time had arrived, and my cock grew to the final rigidity. "Faster!" I whispered to Carol. Then it started. I wanted to close my eyes, but I forced them to stay open, watching Gwen's upturned face. This sight along with the sight of Carol still pulling on me made my spasms very enjoyable. My unloading was fascinating for them, and we concluded the evening by my telling them about sex and what to do. I finally sent them to bed. After all, they did have school the next morning.—M.D., Dallas, Tex.

Georgia peach

When I was younger and just out of the Marines, I spent some time working on a farm in east Georgia. Girls ripen fast out that way, and there was one girl who used to work in the kitchen that fed us farmhands. Dorrie was sixteen or so, but tall and extremely well developed for her age. She had a rack that any girl twice as old

A cowboy in a red shirt and cowboy hat is riding a dark horse. He is holding a lasso in his right hand. The background is a Western landscape with a cloudy sky and rolling hills. The overall style is a textured, painterly illustration.

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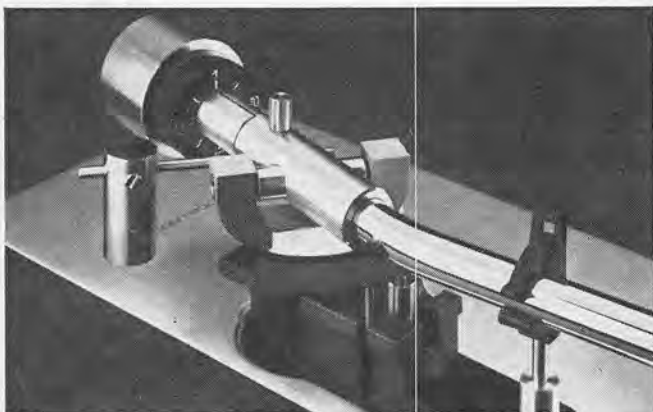


The high price.

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But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

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the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a turntable should be.

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But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

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would envy. Her legs were long, tanned, and firm. And she had an ass that wiggled just right when she walked by. All the hands spent a lot of time wondering if she was a virgin and whether she'd put out for them.

She used to go out with local boys around her age, but never with any of us hands. I made it my business to get friendly with her and finally found out where she lived alone with her father. I started visiting her when I knew her Pappy would be gone. I'd bring over magazines and phonograph records, and we'd sit and watch television on the couch. After a couple of visits, I could see that she wanted a little more than company.

One night it was blistering hot like it can only get in Georgia. We were at her house, sitting on the couch. All she had on was a pair of cut-off dungarees and one of her old man's white-cotton T-shirts. She suggested that I slip off my shirt and cool off. I stripped to the waist, and she snuggled up next to me. In an hour or so, she began to let her hands wander over my body. After running her fingers through the hair on my chest and feeling up my shoulders and back, I could see she was getting pretty hot. I took her little hand in mine and pressed it against the inside of my leg, near the bulge in my crotch.

That was all the encouragement she needed because she slipped off the couch and knelt down on the floor in front of me,

pushing my legs apart to get at my groin. In a minute I was unzipped, and my pants were down around my knees. She inserted her hand in the fly of my boxer shorts and pulled out my stiffening cock. Obviously, it was the biggest dick she had ever seen and, for a moment, she didn't know what to do with it. I wanted her to blow me in the worst way and suggested that she put it in her mouth. At first she wasn't sure, and she was afraid that it would choke her. But I could see from the hungry way she kept looking at it that she wanted to taste it, too. Finally, a combination of my constant coaxing and the fact that I had pulled her T-shirt over her head and was working on her hot, little nipples, got her to try it.

She could only get about two-thirds of the tip in her mouth and started to suck on it. Her hand wrapped itself around my solid shaft, and she started sliding the slippery foreskin back and forth. Patiently, I taught her the ropes: where to find the super-sensitive flesh and how to squeeze and massage. She wasn't a complete stranger to sucking cock and had a few moves of her own like frenching the deep groove of my asshole with the tip of her tongue, which really drove me wild. I rubbed and pulled at her breasts, leaving red marks on the white flesh.

After this we undressed each other fully and got into her Pappy's big bed. I spent a lot of time exploring her perfect, budding body, licking every part of her and sucking

on her teats and rubbing her lips and clit until she came, all weepy with her face pressed tight against my chest. She begged me to fuck her, but in Georgia they have some funny notions about that kind of stuff, so the most I would do was keep my finger deep in her.

While this was going on, I taught her a few more tricks. She was an eager pupil and quickly had her face between my legs. Some things she wouldn't do, like when I put her hand on the crack of my ass and tucked the tips of her fingers between the cheeks. I wanted her to find my asshole and finger it, but she took her hand away. All the time this was going on, she was literally riding my finger, which was sunk deep into her.

Her Pappy never found out about us, and we'd see each other often. She became a hot little number under my direction and wound up teaching me a few things. On the day I left the farm, she took me in the woods and gave me one hell of a farewell blowjob. I never knew what happened to her after that, but I never have felt ashamed for what we did.—P.C., address withheld

Skate mate

While watching the television coverage of Olympic level ice skating at Innsbruck recently, I was reminded of an exciting experience I had on the ice when I was about sixteen.

Late one mid-winter afternoon, I had finished a game of hockey with my friends when I noticed Shelley, a seventeen-year-old blonde girl from our neighborhood, practicing her figures alone, down at the other end of the lake. As I skated toward her, I saw that she was wearing a short skating skirt rather than her usual jeans. The thick purple sweater she wore outlined her braless boobs and wind-chilled nipples. As it was getting dark, I offered her a ride home in my old Ford, but she said she often stayed to practice until seven or eight o'clock on the ice-reflected moonlight.

Shelley had always been one of the most luscious girls at our high-school parties, but as she was a year older than I was, she had always seemed out of reach. At least until that night. Just as I started to take off my skates, Shelley came over and sat down next to me on a thick, fallen log at the edge of the frozen lake. Without looking at me, she raised her left leg onto the log and began to tighten her skate. There was no way I could avoid glancing at the tautly stretched crotch of her skating panties.

As I was staring, she looked up and giggled, "Hey! Caught you!" Then, after a long pause, she slowly lowered her leg, punched me lightly on the arm, and skated rapidly off into the gathering dusk, taunting me as she went. "Betcha can't catch me!" I raced after her. She wasn't hard to catch. In fact, as I caught up with her, she turned abruptly into me, and we crashed to the ice in a tangled heap. One of my hands was trapped between her warm thighs. As I

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slowly pulled it free, my thumb "accidentally" brushed the plumpness of her crotch. She shivered and murmured, "Don't do that; it feels too nice." Then she was up again and away, and the game went on. As I chased her, I noticed we were now completely alone on the darkening lake.

This time, when I caught her, I pulled her hard against me, kissed her open mouth, and slid both hands under the elastic of her panties and cupped the weight of her delightfully rounded bottom. Even through her skating tights, it felt great. She in turn leaned in against me and ground her cunt on my hardening cock.

Suddenly, she broke away, giggled, and was away again into the dark. When I reached the log, she was seated on it with her left leg up again, taking off her skates. I closed on her so that her right knee came up tight under my balls, then as I kissed her, reached down and slipped my fingers inside the crotch of her panties. She shuddered and said, "Wow, your hands are too cold!" But then as she slyly reached up to stroke my prick, she pulled me to her and whispered, "But I bet your tongue's not..."

Grinning widely, she slipped off her panties, and she lifted her other leg onto the log, leaned back with a feline motion, and slowly relaxed her thighs. I straddled the log in front of her and, still not believing my luck, leaned down and slowly breathed

into her crotch as I pressed my mouth against her steaming, fragrant labia. She moaned and lifted her buns off the log and avidly pressed her cunt against my face and mouth. In minutes she climaxed with a series of small cries. "Now I want to eat you," she said, sitting up lazily and leaning against me. Her fingers released my cock, and her mouth engulfed it noisily, bringing me to a bursting finish.

Although we never repeated our al fresco excitement on ice skates and a log, Shelley and I got plenty of use out of the back seat of my old Ford.—G.C., Vancouver, Canada

A variation on sixty-nine that certainly beats a figure eight.—The Editors

Night sticker

Two nights ago I was straightening up my bedroom and listening to my stereo when I noticed a movement through the window of the apartment next door. The venetian blinds were down but not closed. It turned out to be my neighbor, a fine-looking blonde, who is employed by our local police department as a patrolperson. She was still in uniform, and I couldn't help watching as she slowly discarded it.

When she was completely nude, she picked up her gunbelt, which had hanging from it one of those large night sticks patrolmen carry. She put it back on. She then took this stick from the belt and proceeded

to kiss it and rub it over her breasts (which, incidentally, are quite large). This went on for several minutes; and then she went to the bed, laid on her back, spread her lovely legs, and slowly inched at least half the length of the stick into her vagina. With both hands on the grip, she gave herself a thorough fucking for at least fifteen minutes. She stopped, and with the nightstick still inside her, turned off the light.

As soon as I build up enough nerve, I'm going to try to arrange a little night patrol with her for myself.—J.F., address withheld

Penal code

I would like to share with you an experience that I once had and, I'm happy to say, I'm still having. I am an ex-convict, and about two years ago, while I was in prison, I was sent to a mental-health clinic because I was very depressed and suicidal. While I was there, I was assigned to a very young psychologist I will refer to in this letter as Jean.

Jean was twenty-six years old and a very beautiful, young blonde with the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. At first I was only allowed to see her once a week and for only one hour each visit. But, after a while, she saw that our talks together were helping me considerably, so she decided to let me see her twice a week, and sometimes our talks lasted as long as two hours. We had become very close friends, and I soon

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found myself telling her things about myself that I had never even dreamed of telling anyone before.

It was after I had started talking with her about my sexual experiences before I was sent to prison that I noticed a change in her. Sometimes when we would talk about sex to each other, she would sit back in the chair, giving me a complete view of her body. She gradually began to do things like crossing her legs and giving me a good view of them. And since she occasionally wore short dresses, I saw quite a bit of her legs. I knew that all of this would eventually lead up to something. So I made it a point to talk about my sexual hang-ups whenever I could.

One day while I was discussing with her a certain sexual experience that I once had with an old girl friend of mine, I was getting a tremendous hard-on. I noticed that Jean kept glancing down at my bulge, then she would look back up at me and again back down at my crotch. She was wearing one of her short dresses, and the sight of her legs was making me very nervous. Then she asked me if I ever masturbated, and I told her that I did once in a while. She then asked me if I felt like I should masturbate now.

I said, "I'd like to, but it can wait. I'd rather stay here and talk to you."

Then she shocked the hell out of me. She said, "If you'd like to, you can do it right here. I have a handkerchief you can use."

I didn't say a word. I just smiled and started pulling out my dick. She handed me a handkerchief from her purse, and I wrapped it around the head of my dick and started jacking off. I was having trouble coming because I was a bit nervous. She must have known it because she raised her skirt a few more inches and said, "Maybe this will help."

It did. As soon as I saw those two beautiful thighs, I shot off all over the place. I thought I'd never stop coming.

Nothing much happened after that day, and I thought that it was all over. Then, the last time I saw her, before I left the mental-health clinic to go back to my prison unit, I was in her office, and were telling each other how much we would miss each other after I was gone. She stood up from her chair and said to me, "You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to give you a big hug."

I laughed and said that it would be fine with me, and with a big beautiful smile on her face, she walked over to me. We wrapped our arms around each other, and she buried her head in my chest. I knew that this would probably be the last time that I would see her for quite some time. So I took full advantage of this moment. I slowly moved my hands down her back until I reached her buttocks and gently massaged the cheeks of her ass in each hand. She didn't seem to mind at all. Instead, she held me even tighter. I pulled her closer to me until my hard penis was pressed firmly against her stomach. We remained in that position for about a minute. She then

POWERFUL! WILD! BIZARRE! WICKED!

New York Times

Associated Press

Austin Sun

Camera Angles

What reviewers around the world have said about the award-winning book* **SIDETRIPPING** by Charles Gatewood and William S. Burroughs

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Camera 35. . . . The book is well printed, the design, clean and simple. If you can muster up the courage, it's definitely worth a (visual) sidetrip. Gatewood allows the adventurous reader/viewer to look into many forbidden faces, and lives.

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looked up at me with a somewhat sad expression on her face and asked me to make love to her.

We parted from each other's embrace, and she started removing the things from her desk and placing them on the floor. She then reached up under her dress and slid down her panties and stepped out of them. There wasn't time for us both to undress completely. She pulled her dress up around her breast and lay down on top of the desk. I then undid my pants and let them fall to the floor. She was lying across the desk with her legs hanging over the end, and I stood in front of her, between her legs. As I placed my dick on those pink lips, I reached up with both hands and began fondling her small breasts beneath her dress. I then brought one hand down to my prick and guided it inside of her moist pussy. As I slowly began my in-and-out movements, she wrapped her legs tightly around my waist and began moving her hips up and down to match the rhythm of my own. It wasn't long before we had both reached our orgasms, and she let her legs fall down slowly from around my waist.

I didn't see Jean again for over two years, but we wrote to each other and made plans to get together again as soon as I got out of prison. I was released from prison about five months ago, and I've been seeing her ever since. She no longer works for the state-prison department, and we are now sharing some very nice times together. I

never thought that I would ever hear myself saying this, but I'm certainly glad that I went to prison.—*Name and address withheld*

New dog, old tricks

Until three months ago I was a virgin. This wouldn't be so unusual, except that I am a forty-eight-year-old man.

I had this lady to my house for dinner, and we were drinking, and for some reason, she said, "I'm not going to bed with you." I hadn't thought she was but could only answer, "Why not?"—and found myself selling the idea to her. She went to bed and waited for me, and I was frantically

trying to get it up in the next room, thinking this was necessary. Finally, I walked in limp, but as soon as I took my clothes off and crawled between the sheets, it erected. I had read extensively on the subject and foreplayed and cunnilingued her until she said, "Now!"

"What?" I asked.

"Put it in!"

I put it in but was so boozed and tired that it collapsed. But she was tolerant, and that night we had four successful connections. I have been with her a number of times since, and each time it was a little different. If I am trying to make any point, it is that celibates needn't stay that way, and that publications such as yours are re-

really bountiful share of beautiful women. And if I could have my way, I'd like to tickle them all until they're weak from laughter. But this thing has almost driven me bananas at times. Like the other guy, I've always wondered if there was anyone else out there with the same problem.

This desire to tickle a pretty girl is not something that I find merely amusing. To me at least, it is something that is extremely exciting sexually. I got stiff just reading the letter! The earliest recollection I have of this desire is the time when I was maybe five or six years old. I can remember watching TV and seeing a nice-looking girl wearing a sleeveless blouse. Whenever she raised her arms, I would

have an urge to tickle her. Like the fellow in the letter, when I was a small boy, the main area of a woman's body that I wanted to tickle was her underarms. At the time that was all that interested me. However, that's changed slightly as I've grown older.

The "traditionally" ticklish areas of the human body are the armpits, the ribs, and the soles of the feet. The feet have never done anything for me, but the armpits—and, in more recent years, the ribs—have turned me on so much that I feel like I'll explode in my pants when I see a pretty girl with either bare arms or midriff. I finally met a girl who, after months of a very close and satisfactory *normal*, sexual relationship, I thought might be willing to help me indulge my fetish. Luckily, it turned out far better than I had

imagined in my wildest dreams.

Constructing a large, rectangular wooden frame, freestanding, about eight feet tall and four feet wide, I attached to each corner of the frame a multi-colored silk scarf. Then I secured my girl, by them, to the frame. Her arms were raised above her head and extended at high angles from her sides.

She is a honey-haired blonde, twenty-five, with a good figure. With her arms high above her head and fully extended, she had her legs spread about three feet apart. She was wearing tight, hip-hugging pants and a sleeveless midriff top, which was tied in a bow knot just under her breasts.



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Tickled pink

I've thought of writing to you people before, and now that I've seen a letter published in *Penthouse* Forum on the same subject that has been my sexual peculiarity for so long, I feel compelled to speak out and let that frustrated guy know he's not alone. I am speaking of the tickling fetishist (March 1976). I know so well the frustration that can arise from this apparently odd desire.

I'm a nineteen-year-old college student living in Florida, which is a state that has a

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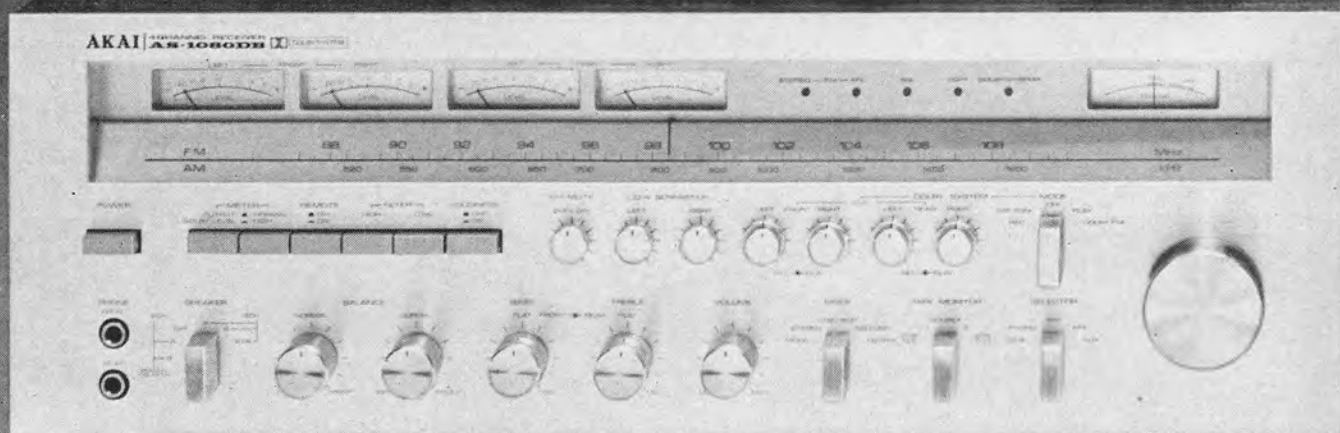
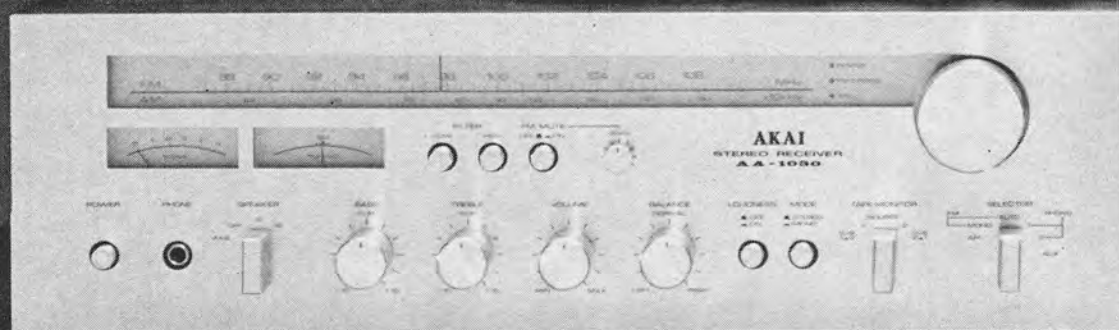
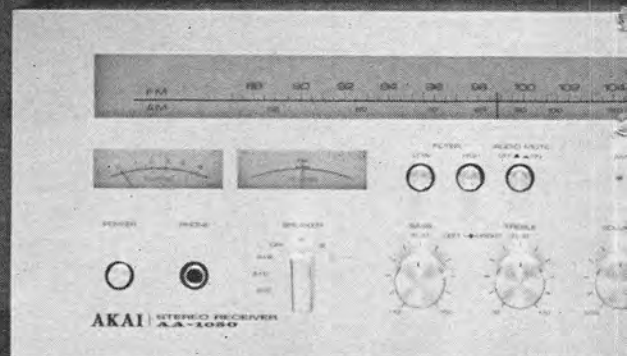


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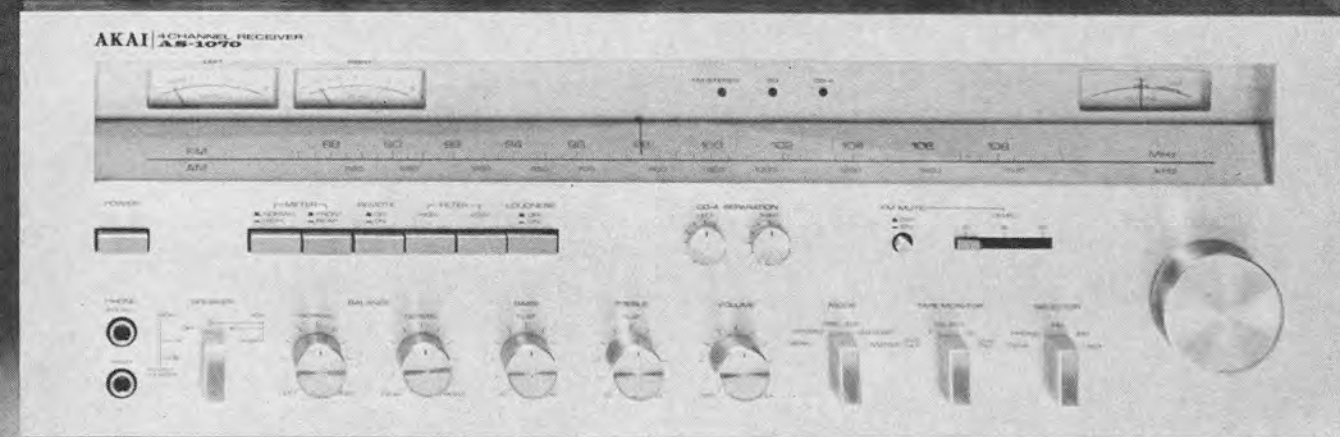
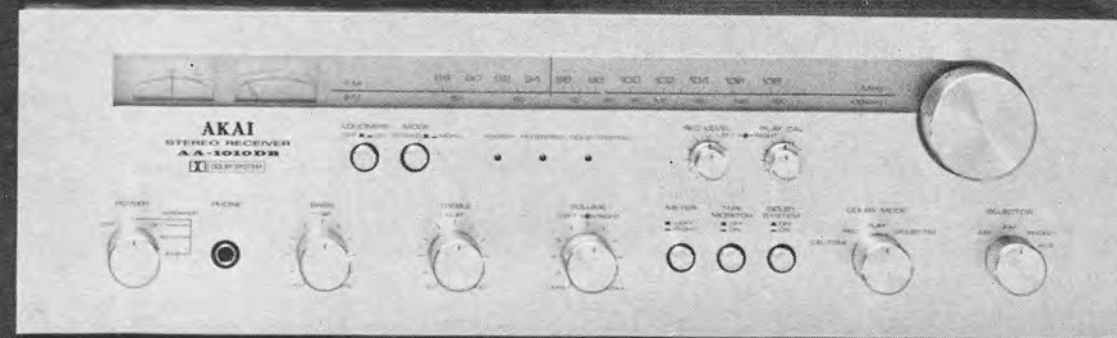
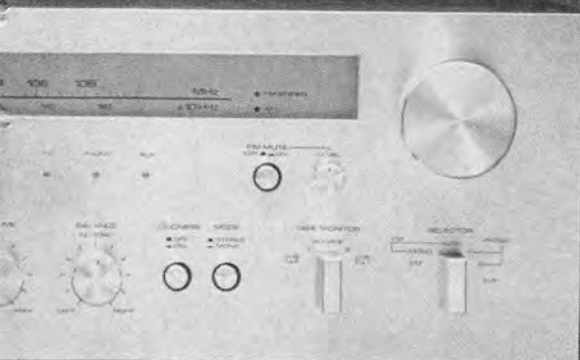
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The smooth, ticklish little hollows of her underarms were completely exposed, and as I looked at her bare midriff, I could see the well-defined arch of her rib cage. Along her sides, her ribs thrust lightly against the flesh. By this time I was so damned excited that I couldn't wait to begin tickling those soft ridges.

I stepped to my helpless girl and touched my forefingers to her elbows. Then I slid my fingers down to her underarms and started tickling. She is extremely ticklish, and she goes wild. She arched and bucked and wriggled and laughed her lungs out all the while. I tickled her for a few moments more, then I stopped and let her rest for a while. When she'd gotten back her strength, I started on her ribs. With a finger to either side, I began at the bottom of her rib cage and counted each ticklish ridge. If possible, her ribs seemed to be even more ticklish than her underarms. She literally squealed with laughter. I only tickled her for a very short while, then stopped and let her have a longer rest.

After the rest period, I slowly walked toward her, then turned and stepped behind the frame so that my "victim" couldn't see me. My girl tried to turn her head, but because of the position of her arms, she couldn't see behind her very well. I stroked down her right arm to her armpit in one quick motion. She quivered. The same to the other arm. Then, with all five fingers of each hand, I stroked down to her underarms. My fingers played like spider's legs in those ticklish hollows. She couldn't stand it. She tried to escape my fingers but could hardly move. Again, I tickled for only a few moments, then let her rest.

When her rest was over, I again stepped up to my girl and encircled my hands about her sides. I didn't tickle her yet, but merely let my hands rest around her sides. She knew that something was about to happen. Her breathing quickened. Her midriff hollowed with each inhalation. I gently squeezed her sides. I could feel the delicate framework of ribs beneath her skin, expanding and contracting. It really fired me up. I let go of her sides. Then with a forefinger, I traced along the curving arch of her rib cage. And then, very suddenly, I started tickling the ribs. My captive went into a squealing frenzy of laughter. She wriggled and strained, but I kept tickling her.

When it was over, I untied her and carried her to my king-size bed. After she recovered, we had a fantastic time in the more conventional ways.

So there. I've spilled it all out, and I feel a hell of a lot better. Please believe me. This is not a joke. I've written this with complete sincerity. Maybe it'll be something of a comfort to that guy out there to know he's not the only one.

Thanks for listening.—*M.B., address withheld*

Although I have been a regular reader of *Penthouse* for some time, and I eagerly

look forward to your *Penthouse* Forum each month to catch up on the exotic fetishes experienced by your readers, I was sure that I would never see anything of my particular fetish. But your March issue proved me wrong. I'm referring to the Tickling Fetishist, who was desperately curious to see if he's the only one around with this particular fetish. All I can tell him is, there are at least two of us, and since he had the balls to do something about it by writing *Penthouse*, the least I can do is to share my fantasies with him.

I can't explain it, but my first thought when I see a beautiful broad with a great body is not, "I wonder if she's a good lay, but rather, "Oh, how I'd love to tie her down and tickle her until she goes crazy with laughter." I'm not exactly sure, but I think this fetish began when I was about nine years old. There was a neighbor girl about thirteen who used to tease me, and one day, to get even with her, I chased her and pinned her down on the ground. Not wanting to hurt her, I began to tickle her underarms, and although she was laughing hysterically and trying to free herself, I had this strange sensation that she was loving it—and, oh brother, was I ever enjoying it. And that must have been the start of it.

Now all I need to do is see the word "tickle" or "ticklish" in print, and I get a huge and intense erection. I, too, delight in the fantasy of being in bed with a beautiful girl whose arms are strapped down far over her head, with me fucking her brains out while I'm tickling her ultra-vulnerable armpits and ribs. In fact, I have acted out this fantasy with my girl friend, and the resulting orgasms have been the most sensationally intense of my entire life.

Right now the object of this fantasy is my buddy's girl friend. He's been telling me about how hyper-ticklish this girl is, and lately the only thing on my mind is the obsession to get her into my bed. The more ticklish a girl is, the greater my desire to tickle her. What I would like to know is this: are there any female *Penthouse* readers who derive great sexual satisfaction when they are tied into a helpless position and tickled by an incredibly aroused tickler?

I don't know if there is necessarily a connection, but I am extremely ticklish myself, and occasionally, I love to be tied down and tickled for a long period of time. But as great as that pleasure is, it cannot compare to being the tickler.—*R.P., address withheld*

Clip tease

I have been reading with interest the letters in *Penthouse* lately about shaving women's heads because I also share in this same pleasure. My wife and I have been married for three years, and she had worked as a model for the first year that we were married. A little while after she quit her job, she complained about how much trouble her long (middle-of-the-back-length), blonde hair was to take care of. She then said she thought she would just

cut it all off and not bother with it. I told her I thought that would be really great because I had always thought bald women were rather erotic. She said maybe she would do just that. Nothing more was said about this kind of thing for a few days, and I thought she had dropped the idea. But she proved me wrong.

One evening, about a week later, she said she had a surprise for me. She left the room for about a half hour and returned dressed in a long, low-cut dress, garter belt, and boa—a whole costume for a striptease, which she said she was going to perform for me. She also had a sack, which intrigued me, but she said that this was for later. She went on with a very erotic striptease, and I was really getting hot. She was finally down to only garter belt and platform shoes, as well as earrings and other jewelry, when she told me it was time for the big finish. She then took the sack and pulled out a pair of electric hair clippers, plugged them in, and started with long, sweeping strokes to shave her head completely bald. The effect on me was great. I could hardly wait for her to finish. After I helped her finish with a safety razor, she was finally completely bald, and we made love all that night. Ever since then she has kept her head shaved, once a week with lather and razor, and the other days she uses the electric razor she bought to keep her head fairly free of any five-o'clock shadow. We really enjoy this very erotic bald look of hers and are glad to see that others enjoy it as well.—*Name and address withheld*

And all this time we've been sitting in line on Saturday afternoons looking at the Police Gazette.—The Editors

Brown door

My girl friend and I faced some problems in sexual adjustment until, luckily, she and I learned together the exquisite rapture of ass fucking. After I had shot my wad into her asshole just once, both of us knew we would never fuck any other way again. She loved the feel of my cock in her ass, but that was only part of her pleasure. When I shot off inside her asshole, she said it bathed her insides with the warm tingle of an enema.

For me came the discovery that ass fucking was more to my liking than any other kind of sex. What cunt, no matter how warm and responsive, could compare with the tightness of that little brown portal? Now the pleasure of being able to watch my cock glide in and out of her ass as I kneel, fucking her from behind, is almost overwhelming.—*S.E., Alexandria, Va. O+*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting *Penthouse Forum* magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send \$1.25 to *Penthouse Forum*, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

• Doing it in the backseat of a car makes the act of cunnilingus very impractical. Your boyfriend would have to be a contortionist to really perform. ♪

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Three of my close male buddies and I decided to play some bridge. When everyone finally arrived at my buddy's apartment, we started playing. Just after the first deal, the host's lovely wife came out from the bedroom. She looked around and noticed that we had our four for bridge, and so she said, "Well, I guess I'll just watch television since you all did arrive."

As she prepared to watch TV, one couldn't help noticing just how really beautiful she was. Just looking at her, any guy could dream of the ecstasy of making it with her. At the refrigerator she bent over, and every guy's eye was on her.

Her husband chuckled that she really did have a fine body, especially in the "special" outfits he had just gotten for her. I confessed that whenever I danced with her at parties, I was so sexually aroused that I had to control myself. Another fellow said he would have spent an entire paycheck to buy some nude photos of her. I wondered what her husband would say to all of this, but he just smiled, excused himself, and went into the bedroom, where his wife was watching television. They talked for a few minutes, and then he came back and sat down. From a large, white envelope he pulled out some photographs he'd taken of his woman. I almost popped in my pants! What a lovely chick. She had the finest ass I'd ever seen and legs that I wanted to kiss.

Just as my cock was beginning to rise, his wife made her grand entrance, wearing a Roaring Twenties-style dress, an old-fashioned hat, and knee-high nylons. The husband laughed, saying, "Wait till you see her hooker outfit!" That was next: a thin, semi-transparent evening gown, which did nothing to conceal her beautiful 34-B tits. The crease of her fantastic ass was unbelievably perfect. Her legs were covered with a very sheer pair of black,

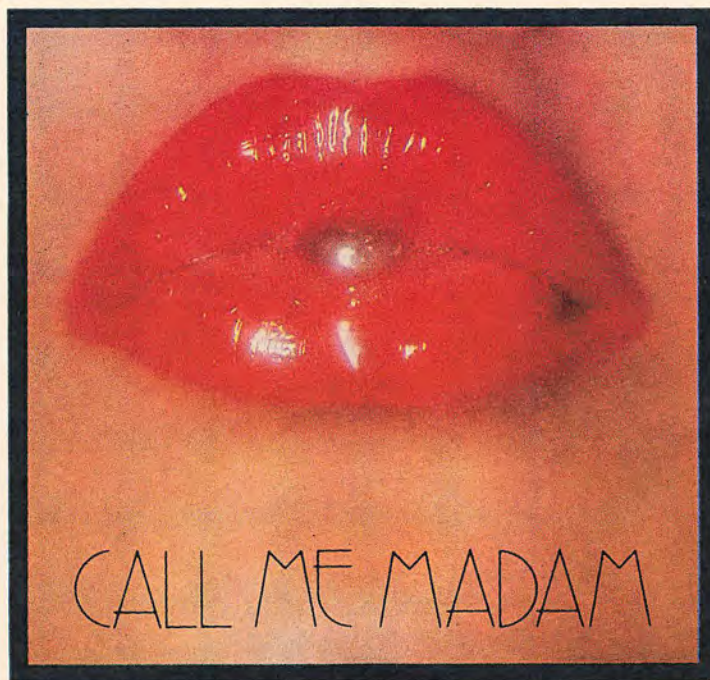
thigh-high nylons, but what drove everyone bananas was her pair of thin, spike-heeled, open-toed, and open-heeled sandals.

She walked around the card table until her husband pulled up her dress, grabbed her ass, and said, "Feel this . . . isn't this mellow?" I hesitated to touch his very own wife, but when he told me to grab her, she bumped her ass in front of me. I felt it a bit, and she turned around so that her pussy was sticking me in the face. Right out in front of everybody she asked, "Would you like to eat me sometime?" Of course, I didn't dare answer her, but when her husband said, "Go on, admit it. You'd eat her right here, wouldn't you?" I outwardly admitted that I would. Then the surprise came. Her husband told me to get up and let her sit down so that I could eat

her. She sat down spread-eagled, foxy as anything I've seen.

As I started tonguing her fine slit, her husband assured me that he and his wife enjoyed entertaining close friends who really appreciated good, intimate sex. I paused a minute to say, "Too bad more of this doesn't go on 'cause I'd really like to lay this woman of yours." They both chuckled, after which he said that I should take her to the bedroom and do the honors. And so I lifted her up, and off into the bedroom we went. I closed the door, put her on the bed, and told her that she didn't have to lay me. She then unbuttoned my pants, pulled off my shorts, got on top of me, and we sixty-nined for a while. I didn't come but instead told her that I wanted her hot pussy something fierce. And so she sat on my cock. With her fine pussy penetrated by my hot cock, I climaxed like a cannon into a cavern that couldn't hold all of the flood.

After we had cleaned up in the adjoining bedroom, she told me that her husband liked seeing her get it from other guys. She asked if I'd make it with her regularly.



Photograph by Frank Lafitte

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

Well, we guys didn't play bridge anymore, since one of us was always busy. Instead, we played three-handed pinochle. This went on for about a month before one of the guys told his wife about his extramarital sex. Now she also attends our card games. A third guy then told his girl friend, saying it would be nice if she joined in on the fun. Supposedly, she hesitated at first but hasn't regretted her decision to finally join our games.

Well, that left just me, right? I hypothetically broke the idea of group sex to my wife, telling her it was a story idea I'd read about for a movie. She was very moved and said that there probably are such scenes. I asked her if the idea excited her, and she admitted that it did. I mentioned that I knew of a club where people met as good friends to experience lots of group sex. She was so

hot I had to fuck her right there on the spot.

Of course, she really wanted to join in, and at our first session—with all eight of us there—she hit it off immediately with the host and hostess. Right there in the kitchen, she toyingly put honey on the host's dick, sucking and turning him on as if there were no tomorrow. And me? I was so turned on watching, knowing she and he were turned on, that I just kept looking. I then saw the host's wife sensually staring at me with her fine eyes, waiting for me to ask her to another part of the apartment. I picked her up in a rock-a-bye-baby style, and off we went to the den. (The two bedrooms were occupied.)

What a time we had, even though others would occasionally watch us. I guess their voyeurism even turned us on more. The height of sexual ecstasy came when we

were fucking on the rug, and my wife and my partner's husband walked in. They had just screwed. As I finally blew my load into the hostess, my wife was overcome with an urge to fuck again. After a period of rest, she mentioned outright that she had never ever wanted to have me make her so bad in her entire life as she did just then. I laid her down, got hard as a rock, and started fucking. As we started, she even called the hostess over and asked her to sit on her so that she could eat her pussy, the same pussy I'd just finished screwing!

After this little sex session, we all talked a bit. My wife admitted she really didn't have any homosexual feelings. However, knowing that I had just fucked the hostess, she wanted to eat my cream out of her fine pussy. As she stated it, she wanted to have my come flowing into her from two sides, her mouth and her pussy. The hostess admitted she liked being eaten by a person who was being fucked. She also said she had no homosexual cravings.

Is this possible? Can a woman get off on a girl-to-girl gig, and yet not be homosexual?—Curious

One swallow does not a summer make, nor does it a lesbian make. However, I would say your wife does show some signs of bisexuality. Bisexuals often have the best of both worlds, and this is nothing to be embarrassed about. Why not forget about terminology and just enjoy whatever turns you on?

A LIBERATED HOUSE-HUSBAND

I've got a problem that seems to be snowballing. About a week ago I made what I considered a very unselfish decision and told my wife of it. Since that time I've been living in hell.

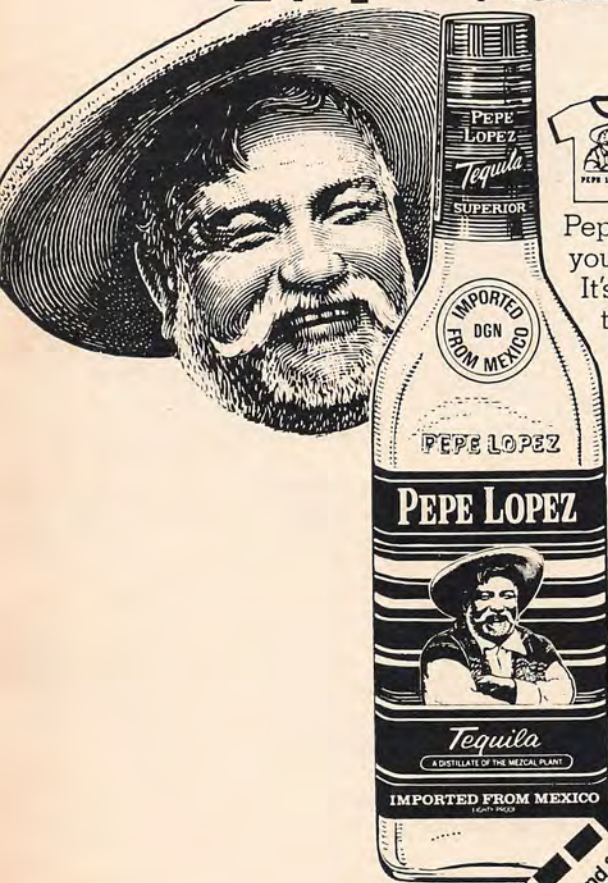
Both my wife and I work; she works days, and I work nights. This has been our schedule for approximately two years now. It's not by choice that I work nights, but you simply have to take what's available and pay the best. We share the same day off (Wednesday) each week. Other than Wednesdays, we have very little time that we can spend together. I spend my off-hours with my five-year-old son, Carey, and running household errands. My wife spends her off-hours caring for our son and cleaning the house. Evenings can be the loneliest time of all. I can watch just so much television.

In the past few months I've noticed a marked change in my wife's general attitude. She is very edgy. We seem to quarrel more when we are together. When it comes to daily activities, she has a "hohum" feeling because she knows the same routine will be there tomorrow.

Because I love her very much, I've suggested she start taking one or two nights "out on the town" each week. I thought she would welcome the suggestion, a chance to get away from the humdrum of home. Of course, I told her that there would be "no questions asked." In-

80 Proof. Pepe Lopez Import Co., Limited, Louisville, Ky. © 1976.

Hey Pepe, where can I get your T(equila) Shirt?



You'll love Pepe's T(equila) Shirt. On the front you get Pepe's picture. On the back you get a little surprise. It's easy to slip into something nice—as long as you have Pepe's name on it.

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stead of feeling joy, however, she answered my suggestion with accusations and arguments. She said I was only trying to make excuses so I could feel "right" about going out myself. If that were true, Xaviera, I wouldn't need for her to go out. I could fuck around after work, as she's usually asleep at that time.

The reason I made the suggestion was to make my wife happy. If she is happy, she will just naturally transfer that happiness onto me and our child. Also, I'm generally not a possessive person, especially regarding something that can't be taken away from you. I'm speaking of sex. If another man fucks my wife, he hasn't taken something that I can't still enjoy. Her cunt is still there for my cock to enter. It's still the same bush. The other man has only enjoyed a similar experience. I just can't bring myself to lay claim on something that isn't mine in the first place. My only right to her body is the opportunity to enjoy what she wants to share with me. I also believe in the old adage, "What you don't know won't hurt you!"

It's true I'm risking my wife's falling in love with someone else. But I also risk the chance of keeping her trapped at home. Life is full of chances, and this is only one of many I'm willing to face head on.

Xaviera, can you suggest any way I can convince her at least to try my idea on a trial basis? We both read your column, and she often speaks in agreement with your advice.—H.F.

You certainly are a very liberated man. Of course, with so many hypocritical attitudes around us, your wife is rather suspicious and does not trust your sincere expressions of concern. Try to convince her that freedom need not be abused. If she thinks she has to have an outside affair, that is her decision. If she decides to simply go out with other people and not become sexually involved, she might be more at ease with her own conscience. What your wife seems to need right now is not somebody else's cock. I'd suggest she just try a few nights out with friends.

You give the impression of being fairly content with your life, and not in search of a new sexual partner. If your wife's personality becomes more relaxed and cheerful, your relationship should definitely improve. Good luck.

STEREOPHONIC SEX

My roommates and I are into really kinky things as a means to get our rocks off. One night while passing the vodka around, I happened to sit on our stereo-system speakers—JBL-100s. Since we were playing "Dominance and Submission" by the Blue Oyster Cult, the frequencies were really blasting out. We were all feeling horny, and it wasn't long before I'd developed a massive porker. Since it was there, I decided to use it. Soon we were all taking turns flopping our wongs in front of music from heaven.

Now we bring our girl friends over for group and private sessions with the speakers blasting. The girls really seem to turn on to the middle and high notes. I prefer a lot of bass. Another trick is to put the speakers under the bed, facing up. Real surround-sound. We call it the "Marantz Double-Dance Orgasmic Experience." Plans are also in the offing for quad. What do you suggest in the way of music?—Annapolis

A few weeks ago I listened to a concert by Cleo Laine. I must confess I got terribly horny when she sang very low, guttural songs, and my nipples were standing up like little rocks when she hit a few high notes. Both the very high and the very low notes made my skin come up in goose bumps. All I need now is a quadraphonic system.

6

At a recent orgy my wife performed cunnilingus on another woman. Can a woman get off on a girl-to-girl gig, and yet not be a lesbian?

,

BACKSEAT LOVE AFFAIR

My boyfriend, Raul, and I made love for the first time last year. I'm seventeen, and he's twenty-three. I lost my virginity to him only because I loved him and still do very much.

My mom found out about our affair and made us promise not to do it again. Well, we kept our promise for about six months but felt it wasn't wrong to show our love for each other. However, now our lovemaking takes place only in the backseat of his car at the drive-in movies. We can't even go to my apartment because my mom is very dominating and can tell when something is going on. I can't lie about what I do, and so we just play it cool for now.

Naturally, I'm writing to you for advice, Xaviera. I feel that Dear Abby just wouldn't be able to help me with this kind of a problem. You see, I would like to suggest to my boyfriend that we go to a motel rather than to a movie. Unfortunately, I'm too shy to ask him.

Also, I would like to know what it feels like to climax, but he always comes too fast.

Sometimes I feel that he only makes love for himself and not for me, too. I'd like to know how to talk to him about this problem, as I'd also like to please him even more. Xaviera, exactly what turns on a guy? I'd like to give him a blow-job, but again I'm too shy. I'm afraid that I won't do it right or that it will smell bad or taste bad or something. I'd like to know about some different positions but don't want him to think that I'm the pursuer.

My boyfriend has eaten me, and I love it. Unfortunately, he doesn't do it very often. I'd like him to eat me more often but don't know how to tell him.

Xaviera, I'm worried because I don't want my boyfriend to do it with anyone else. I want to please him thoroughly so that he won't have to go elsewhere. What can I do?—V.M.

I think it would be a bit too complicated to describe the perfect blow-job. However, if you can suck on a Popsicle, I think you have the general idea. One thing to remember: never bite the head of the penis with your teeth. In fact, it is best to place your lips over your teeth when you are sucking on a guy's cock. You might also try just licking your boyfriend's cock, much as you would that Popsicle. A lot of guys also like to have their balls sucked on. But be careful! Do so gently and don't chew. None of these activities, unfortunately, can be properly performed in the backseat of a car. Also, doing it in the backseat makes the act of cunnilingus very impractical. Your boyfriend would have to be something of a contortionist to really hit the clitoris. I'm sure once you've experienced the comfort of a bed, you'll never try the backseat again.

If you've not yet experienced an orgasm, maybe you should try masturbation—just to see what it feels like. Once you've loosened yourself up with that experience, it may be easier to achieve orgasm with your boyfriend.

From your letter, it seems you are still too much in awe of your boyfriend. You have desires that need to be fulfilled, too. If your boyfriend climaxes too soon, then ask him to bring you off through cunnilingus. If you want to go down on him, I don't think you really need to ask. Just do it. Regarding a motel room, again just ask. Explain your problems—don't be demanding—and I'm sure he'll understand. If not, there are other men who will.

A PLENTIFUL PUBIC PATCH

I'm an eighteen-year-old female with a problem I can't solve alone. When the hair on my crotch started to grow, I cut it. Now it is overgrown and very uncomfortable. The hair has spread right around the split of my bottom and about a half an inch down the inside of my legs.

I haven't tried any commercial hair removers, nor have I tried shaving it yet. Could you please tell me if there is some safe way to get rid of it forever? I be very grateful to you.—T.S.

Can you spot the 8 Schaefer

Doug's wearing the Schaefer Roll-up Hat. So can you. One size fits all. (1296) \$2.95

His Schaefer 500 Windbreaker is 100% nylon. Drawstring bottom, elastic cuffs. S (1048), M (1049), L (1050), XL (1051) \$10.95

Check out Cathy's Schaefer Circle of Sports gray T-shirt. 100% cotton. S (1324), M (1325), L (1326), XL (1327) \$3.95

Tim's got the Schaefer Swinger Hat. Schaefer logo on one side, navy blue denim on the reverse. Washable poplin. One size. (1295) \$1.95

Marsha prefers the Schaefer Floppy Hat. Washable poplin. One size. (1293) \$2.95

He's cooling it with the Schaefer Thermal Beer Mug. 6½" high, 16 oz. capacity, double wall insulation, dishwasher safe. (1022) \$1.95

You can't miss Schaefer Pocket Patches. Schaefer Patch (1309), Circle of Sports Patch (1310), Schaefer 500 Patch (1384) \$.65 each

She's holding the Schaefer People Saucer. Nine inches of fun on picnics, at the beach, anywhere. (1308) \$1.49

er People in this picture?

No, he's not Schaefer People. Yes, he's a Schaefer People Beach Umbrella. 72" in diameter, two-piece aluminum shaft extends to 83" high. Disassembles for easy carrying. (1316) \$25.95.
Not shown: 54" Schaefer Golf Umbrella. 100% nylon. (1315) \$14.95

Rhonda's holding the Schaefer People Digital Thermometer. An attractive wood plaque with heat-sensitive digital read-out. Great for bar or den. (1385) \$11.95

Roy's wearing the Schaefer Sports Visor. Cushioned forehead, adjustable back, in washable poplin. One size. (1294) \$1.89

I'm Schaefer people

Hal digs his Schaefer People T-shirt. Soft, comfortable 100% cotton with bright red trim. S (1300), M (1301), L (1302), XL (1303) \$3.95

Yvonne's all wrapped up in her Schaefer People Beach Towel. 34" x 62" of soft, absorbent terry cloth. (1298) \$5.45

Mona Lisa and Whistler's Mother are Schaefer People, too. Choose either one when you get a 100% cotton Masterpiece T-shirt. Mona Lisa: S (1304), M (1305), L (1306), XL (1307) Whistler's Mother: S (1311), M (1312), L (1313), XL (1314) \$3.95 each

Order today and be Schaefer People too!

Yes, I want to be Schaefer People. Please send the items listed below to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Qty.	Item No.	Unit Price	Total

Make check or money order to: Schaefer Premium Offer, P.O. Box 23048, Milwaukee, Wis. 53223. 3-4 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1976.

Postage and handling per order. \$ 2.00

Add appropriate state sales tax. \$ _____

Total (No cash, stamps, or C.O.D.). \$ _____

Since you've just turned eighteen, I wouldn't accuse the scissors. Now that you're turning into a woman, and a hairy one at that, you have to find ways to shape your pubic patch.

Scissors usually do no harm. I myself usually trim my pubic hair quite short. I seldom shave it, however, because that can cause little red rashes, stubs, and ingrowing hair. There are various hair remover creams that are excellent. If you want a professional job, try having the hair waxed off or electrolysis. Then again, what's wrong with a furry crotch?

THE HAIRY DATE

I heard some time ago that girls with heavy or thick hair on their arms and upper legs were the best bed partners. At first, this didn't seem possible or even probable, but after much experimentation I've definitely concluded this to be a fact. I've discussed the matter with several friends, and some say that it's ridiculous while others agree completely.

In talking with girls about this subject, I find them to be very proud of their silky covering. One living doll from California—her beautiful body was covered with soft and thick blonde hair—stated it best: "If I ever date a guy who doesn't appreciate all my hair, I could always shave. But girls who aren't blessed with it can't grow it!"

This is not to say that girls with only a small amount of hair are totally unappealing. But I, for one, have determined that hirsute girls can certainly consider their silk an asset.—B.C.

To each his own. I doubt if hairy girls are really better bed partners. Rather, it all depends upon your approach. You're probably better sexually with a hairy girl because her body covering turns you on. Obviously, you put out more for some than others.

GOOD VIBRATIONS FOR MEN

A year ago my lover said he had some "surprises" for me. The surprises turned out to be a vibrator and condoms of every shape and size imaginable. One of my favorite condoms was the "dirty little red devil," as we called it. It had a red devil complete with pitchfork and a protruding tongue. Imagine our surprise after my lover withdrew and the dirty devil had disappeared inside my cunt. We both had a ball while my lover tried retrieving it. Luckily, of course, I was also taking the Pill.

My problem is this: these condoms and vibrator are such a turn-on that I feel as though I'm cheating my lover. Is there anything that I can purchase to satisfy him equally? I hate receiving more than I'm giving. I love him very much and would give anything to satisfy him more completely. He says he's very satisfied right now, but there must be more that I can do. I won't feel right until I know every trick and possess every gadget possible to stimulate my man completely. Is there any help for me?—B.K.

With all the vibrating gadgets on the market, there are also some pleasurable tools for our men. If you want to provide the ultimate for your lover, buy him a cock ring and a penisator. I will explain them both.

The cock ring comes in different sizes and must be put over the head of the penis while it's still flaccid and placed as low onto the base as possible. Once the man gets his erection, his scrotum and penis stand rigid like a "package." No more dangling balls, just rock-hard nuts. A cock ring not only enhances the erection but also prevents a man from premature ejaculation, since it cuts the blood circulation to a certain degree. These rings come in different shapes and forms. The most common kind is a silver or metal ring, but there are also adjustable leather ones. Give your lover a selection.

Then there is the penisator. This is the

6
Xaviera, do women really
get sexually excited
from wearing
tight pants or shorts that
pull up into
their crotches?
9

most stimulating penis gadget that I know of. It serves a dual purpose and is equipped with a minuscule battery that hangs on a cord away from the penisator. The battery speed can be made softer or stronger simply by hitting a little, round button. The penisator itself consists of a little, oval gadget attached to an almost-closed, yet flexible plastic ring. The ring must be put over the head of the penis. When a guy's cock is penetrating your vagina, you can control the speed of the vibrator on it. I will guarantee you both a great thrill, since the penisator stimulates the cock and the clit.

HOT CROSSED LEGS

My girl friend has this thing about wanting to wear very tight-fitting pants every place we go. I don't mind it so much except that all her pants fit so tightly that you can actually see the slit of her cunt. My girl friend also has a very prominent mons veneris. As a matter of fact, whenever she wears tight pants she looks like she has a penis. Her

mons veneris projects more than any other female's I've ever seen. And believe me, I've seen plenty, as I'm a painter of nudes.

My girl says she's not an exhibitionist, nor is she a tease. She says she loves to wear tight pants or shorts because they give her a very, very sexy feeling between her legs. She says she has even had orgasms while wearing tight pants that pull up into her cunt. She never wears panties because she loves—so she says—the feel of tight material next to her cunt.

One night I actually caught her pushing her pants right into her cunt with her fingers. I keep thinking she wears these tight pants just to make an ass out of me. Whenever we go out together, guys usually make nasty remarks about the visibility of her genitals through the pants. One night I almost broke a guy's jaw because of a remark he had made.

Before I break off our relationship, I've got to know for sure if she's telling me the truth about getting orgasms from wearing tight-fitting pants. I don't want to deny her any sexual pleasure. Xaviera, is it true? Do women really get sexually excited from wearing tight pants and shorts that pull up into their cunts?—L.M.

Some girls do get off on wearing the tightest-fitting pants. Other girls find that their cunts are irritated by such pants. I once hitched a ride on a motorbike from a young French boy. I was wearing jean cutoffs that were very tight around the crotch. I guess sitting on the vibrating seat of his Harley-Davidson really got me going. What with all that vibration, the wind in my hair, the hunky young guy, and my tight-fitting pants crushed against my vulva, I had at least four orgasms during my one-hour ride. So you see, my friend, women do indeed get off from tight-fitting pants.

CROSS-DRESSING AT HOME

My problem concerns one of my husband's "kicks." Believe it or not, he enjoys dressing up like a woman. I'm not sure how it got started, although I think it was my fault.

About a couple of years ago, I made him wear some of my panty hose and bra. Ever since that day, he has always put on something of mine to wear around the house. I don't mind when he wears my things around the house, but one day he talked me into letting him dress up like a woman so we could go shopping. Well, so far he's only done this once, but he acts like he would like to do it again. I'm not sure how I feel about it. I know I'd prefer that he not do it, but just the same I love him and want him to be happy. Can you think of anything I can do to make him kick this habit?

When he gets "dressed up," I must confess he does look like a woman. To be honest, my only real worry is that he'll want to stay "dressed up" all the time. What can I do?—Concerned

Strangely enough, I just happened to meet a transvestite recently. Actually, he was a salesman trying to sell me some insur-

ance. When he knocked on my door, I was wearing a long, black negligee. He didn't stop staring at my gown. He then hesitantly asked me whether he could just touch the material (black nylon with lace and velvet). I knew immediately that I had a transvestite on my hands. Ever since then we've gone through a number of various transvestite sessions. He has a wife who vaguely knows about his love for sexy underwear. Unfortunately, she's not as liberated as you are. The poor man has to cross-dress in secrecy when his wife goes shopping, and he's scared silly that one day she'll catch him in the act. Of course, his ultimate wish is to go out on the street dressed up like a woman.

A week ago we both dressed up rather sexy with crotchless lacy panties and black stockings and garterbelts. Lately, I've been applying makeup to his face and fitting him with various wigs. This guy has a very lovely, almost feminine face. His legs are really quite shapely, and yesterday I shaved them so that we could go out shopping. Of course, he absolutely loved it and particularly enjoyed the way in which certain men flirted with him. That night I even went so far as fucking him with my huge dildo.

I'm not telling you this story to frighten you. I simply want you to know that there are various degrees of transvestism. Your husband seems to be less complicated than my friend. Also, your husband seems to be heterosexual. Often, however, transvestites do manifest homosexual desires and certain masochistic tendencies. Some transvestites also delight in wearing feminine attire under their work clothes or their business suits.


Don't let your husband's transvestism ruin your marriage. Look at it as a harmless fantasy that he might just outlive. If you don't worry about his desires, he'll probably be satisfied with his occasional cross-dressing session.

MORE THAN A MASSAGE

I've been married for more than twenty years, and recently I've felt the need to have some extracurricular sex. Don't get me wrong. I certainly don't want to be "unfaithful." I just want to have a little sexual fun outside my marriage.

On three recent occasions I've been to a massage parlor and had what they call "extra" service. For the first time in twenty years, I've had my erection masturbated by someone other than my wife. Also, I've fingered other women's vaginas to the point of orgasm.

Obviously, I don't want to stop visiting my corner massage parlor, but I'm a little nervous on a couple of counts. First, is this illegal? Can I be caught "in the act" by the police? Second, can I catch VD in this way?—Worried

Take it from one who knows, prostitution is indeed illegal. Regarding VD, I wouldn't worry about contracting the disease via masturbation. 

You've earned your stripe



...when you can look forward to being forty.

...for finally admitting to yourself that you take better pictures with your Brownie than with your fancy reflex camera.

...because at a staff meeting you noticed you're wearing unmatched socks, but you put your feet on the desk anyway.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.



One of a kind.

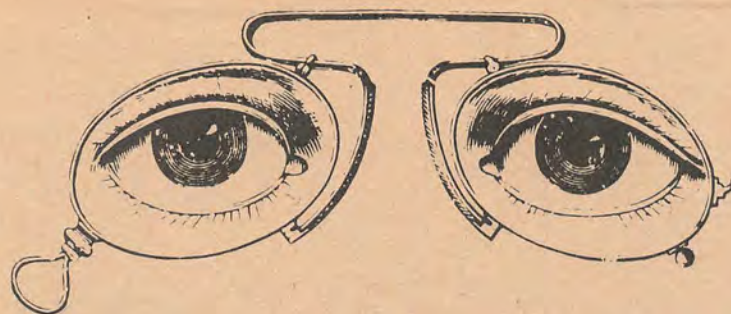
He does more
than survive. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.
Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

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



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PERFECT BUYCENTENNIAL DAY

What's good for American business is good for the Bicentennial. And thanks to the entrepreneurial spirit of 1976, not a day need go by without our being reminded of all the beautiful things this country has to offer in goods and services. If I were to plan the perfect Bicentennial day, it might go something like this.

The alarm on my Ben Franklin Statue with the clock in his navel goes off, and I greet the new day by throwing off my Betsy Ross Afghan (Crown-Castle products, \$17.76), putting my feet down on Lee Ward's Washington Monument Rug (\$7.99), and looking up at my Birth of Liberty Calendar (\$3.99) to see that it is the day I take off on my Bicentennial tour of the U.S. I am flying on American Airlines in order to take advantage of their "Revolutionary Fares." For one thing, I want to visit the two square inches of "Bicentennial Acres" in Connecticut that I bought for \$2.

I go into the bathroom and sit down on my Bicentennial Toilet Seat, having spent four extra dollars for the one with the American eagle on the underside of its wood-grained plastic, and look up at my girl friend's Mademoiselle Bicentennial Sampler (\$4), described in the ad as "a super way for the now woman to express herself in the spirit of '76," on which she has stitched "her own John Hancock."

After getting off my patriotic butt, I shave in the Bicentennial Mirror (George V. Stein & Associates, \$39.95) and apply Avon Products' Wild Country Cologne from my "Minuteman Decanter" (\$6.99), reminded by the copy that "During the American Revolution the 'minuteman' was one who could be awakened, dressed, armed, and mounted within a moment's notice." That's me, all right.

I slip into my Bicentennial T-shirt (TarriTowne Casuals, \$2), buckle my jeans with Anita & Harriet Browserie's American Eagle Belt Buckle (\$6.50), and march into the kitchen, where my girl friend pours me a large glass of Tropicana orange juice. On the side of the carton is an advertisement for Tyco's Bicentennial Train (\$19.95), including "one Spirit of '76 Engine, one Spirit of '76 Caboose, and two Tropicana cars." Oh, to be a kid again! It would be so great to have that train set and to hug my red-white-and-blue Bicentennial teddy bear.

Anyway, I begin eating my flapjacks with Log Cabin maple-flavored syrup all over them, drawn from the Liberty Bell Bottle. Log

Cabin insists that it is a company that has "been part of America's heritage since 1887." That's good enough for me!

I drink my milk out of Steuben Glass's Bicentennial Goblet (\$1,600), throw my uneaten food into the A. Dean Watkins Company's Bicentennial Garbage Bag (about a dime apiece), and turn on Paul Harvey's inspirational LP album *Our Lives, Our Fortunes, Our Sacred Honor*, just to set the mood for the day while I pack my bags. Then it's out the front door, across my vinyl Bicentennial Welcome Mat (Bicentennial Mat Company, \$5.95), which gives a whole new meaning to the old motto "Don't Tread on Me," and pick up the mail in my swell mailbox, covered with a self-stick "Spirit of '76" Cover (American Mailbox, \$2.95). Inside are some letters from friends abroad, their envelopes stamped with commemoratives of the Bicentennial from Liberia and Upper Volta (\$1.50). I look up into the wild blue yonder, and there I see Dr. Floyd S. Cornelison, professor of psychiatry at Thomas Jefferson University, flying his Benjamin Franklin Cornelison Bicentennial Circular Kite (Patent no. 3,919,474), which he contends is beneficial to mental health.

Well, it's back into the house, where I find my girl friend sewing my star-spangled socks with needle, thread, and her Bicentennial Thimble (\$1.95). I put the mail under my American Heritage Paperweight (the "Ride of Paul Revere" model from Stratford House, \$7.98), and write a reply to my Upper Volta friends on my Bicentennial Notepaper (twelve sheets and envelopes for \$2.35 from N.E. Lindell Printing Company).

Toward lunch I figure it's time for some spirits, and so I pour a shot of whiskey from my Liberty Bell Bottle (\$17.76).

With lunch we crack a bottle of '72 Chateau de Cadillac from my case of "Bicentennial Spirits" on sale for \$17.76 at K & D Liquors in New York.

It's getting time to leave; so I close my bags, slip a few bills into my Bicentennial Money Clip by Produco, wipe my mouth with my Bicentennial Napkin, and for good luck ring my Norman Rockwell Porcelain Bell (Danbury Mint, \$27.50) and kiss my girl, who is even now putting together her own shop-by-mail kit of Bicentennial Pendants and Keytags (\$36, sells for \$24).

I hop into my Avis Rent-a-Car (Special Bicentennial Rates) because the used Chevrolet I bought in Massachusetts for \$1,776 broke down yesterday, and I'm off to the airport. I'll fly to Washington first, of course, so I can enjoy the "Once In





A Lifetime Opportunity" of having my name recorded in a permanent Bicentennial Registry at the National Archives. When I get to the Archives, however, the officials tell me they've never heard of Automation Information Data Systems, which made the offer. Ah, well, there's always a bad apple in the bunch.

So from Washington I'm off to the "Miss Bicentennial Contest," which for \$15 will enter a girl in the New England regional shows. But it turns out that Organization Services Corporation, which sponsors the contest, has had its phone disconnected. I'm beginning to get a little concerned about the patriotic intent of some people in this country.

I check with the East Massachusetts Consumer Affairs Foundation and, to my shock, am told that indeed many Americans are trying to rip off the consumer. In one case an organization called the 1776 Bicentennial Corporation had run off with a lot of citizens' money after promising them distributorships for plastic mementos, and that the U.S. Bicentennial Trade Corporation is charging people \$1,900 for distributorships of road maps to tourist areas.

I further learn that the only official organization that can grant the use of the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration's legal logo is Hamilton Projects of Great Neck, Long Island. But despite my having made ten phone calls over a two-week period, that organization has avoided ever giving me any information on how one applies, what products have been okayed, and what abuses there have been of the official logo.

Well, this is all very disillusioning and disturbing at a time when we're supposed to be getting worked up over our nation's birthday. I'm beginning to think the best memento of the Bicentennial may be my money clip. It's enough to take the "Yankee Doodle Crunch" out of "American Fries."—*John Mariani*

SCENES

ORGY ART: DECORATING FOR SEX

Everyone knows that throwing a successful orgy takes a lot more than just tossing off your clothes. The ultimate orgy happens only when you decorate your bedroom in a way that puts your guests' heads in the right places.

There are, however, two radically different orgy-art theories. One practical decorating school believes only in protecting your furniture from the excesses of sex—body juices and lubricants. These practical sex theorists are led by Dr. Alex Comfort, who in his *More Joy of Sex* writes: "Pick semen-proof sex furniture so you don't have to break off and find something to put over a chair. Semen . . . is hard to get off furniture and out of one's hair. And then it's a real turn-off to wake up lying in a pool. Have drip-dry sheets on the beds and put a noncrackling plastic layer over the mattress (motels do this and not for the enuretics)."

Unfortunately, an Alex Comfort interior provides all the charm and delight of a hospital's geriatric ward an hour after feeding time. The orgy-giver should take hints, not from the famous Dr. Comfort, but from the finest of erotic artists. What follows is a consumer's guide to decorating ideas that may not make you an artist but will certainly help you make your guests.

Just for starters, take your cue from **Colette**, a young waiflike conceptual artist from France. For her, "art" begins by removing all the furniture from the room—except the bed. Colette purchases a few parachutes and recommends that the novice decorator look for parachutes in any army-surplus store or mail-order-house catalogues. She uses her parachutes to decorate every surface of a room—walls, floors, and ceiling—with nylon that lightly flutters and drifts in



Colette (above) at home. Erotic castings (below) by Hunt.

what magically becomes a sex-charged atmosphere.

"My life is my art and my art is love," explains the artist in her accented English. In fact the young conceptualist finds her own environmental work so seductive that she always appears in it, usually naked and reclining like a sleeping nymph. "You see," she says, "my body is a very important part of my work." In her recent showing at New York's Clock Tower Gallery, Colette nestled into her creamy, billowy interior, wearing only a thin layer of luminous paint—a glistening silver that accented both her firm, young breasts and her thin waist.

"It was a very unusual gallery show," Colette recalls. "There were all these people off the streets and construction workers eating their lunches at the



place watching me while I lay there in this beautiful environment. I was nude, of course. . . . I guess they liked my art! In the last few years, I've even begun to use my own apartment as an inner sculpture." And with a girlish smile, she adds, "Well, of course, it is a very sensual apartment. But then I'm a very sensual artist."

Just to make sure all your guests get the wrong ideas, add some environmental accessories by **Joseph Garrambone**. This twenty-seven-year-old East Coast artist creates art objects that are larger if not better than life. Garrambone designs cutouts of amusingly ample women linked in arm-in-arm nakedness. They appear singing, dancing, and smiling—almost in parody of Cecil B. deMille's bloated

grape-peeling orgy-goers of *King of Kings* (1927).

"Some people see my art as humor; others, as sexual. Others, as light decoration in the classical school gone crazy. It's all three," says the young artist. His ladies, meanwhile, surround doorways, sit on chairs, lie on the floor, and stand in the corners with what the artist calls, "that come-on-in-honey look."

One of his smiling ladies even hangs from chains. "Yes, I can see the S & M element in her," admits Garrambone, "but boy is she ever having a great time. See how happy she is swinging from chains. Now that's what I call getting off." Garrambone's work—including smaller cutouts—is available through Gallery 10 in New York.

To fill out a cutout, there's al-

ways the sculpture of **Phil Hunt**, an inspired Florida artist. This twenty-six-year-old sculptor creates life-size doubles of real men and women by making casts of their bodies that he later fills with a fiberglass resin. But these brightly colored people are immortalized in anything but standard positions. Instead, Hunt captures them in moments of erotic bliss: languid mouths, legs spread, eyes invitingly closed in dreamy delight.

"The women are visions from wet dreams. Their surfaces are smooth and glisten with little flakes of silver," says Marcia Smith, the artist's dealer at New York's Gallery 10. The young artist travels to New York with his *objets de tease* and makes no bones about what he's up to: "Some people call the work erotic. They're right. My people are beautiful, and they're ready for it—forever."

If the East Coast artists cannot provide the ultimate orgy art, then you can fall back on an old California standard—**Frederick's of Hollywood**, better known as the King of Camp. Of course, there are always the Frederick's skin-tight peek-a-boo dresses that a woman can have sex in without taking off. But what can a clothes designer do for your bedroom? Try tossing a few of Frederick's "Tit Mats" on your floor. These mats are made from a series of life-size breasts in soft foam, stitched together so that they form a rug.

Says the mustachioed Mr. Frederick, "My 'Tit Mat' is one of my favorites. After all, how often can you walk on a floor made of hundreds of spongy tits?" Along with the "Tit Mat," Frederick's catalogue includes individual foam tits that wind up and walk across the floor, a boobie bell that does more than just ring, and a full line of drinking glasses alluringly decorated with guys and gals who strip right before your eyes. When it comes to orgy art, you must let loose.—*Henry Post*

FILMS

TEAMWORKS

Of all the things that followed the bungled break-in of the Democratic National Committee offices at Watergate in July 1972, perhaps nothing so caught the public's imagination as how the media, by the revealing of secret corruption, could help to unseat an overwhelmingly popular, elected government. The Ervin Committee on TV, the House Judiciary impeachment deliberations on TV, even the medium of the White House tapes with their delays and deletions—these felt like a new enfranchisement of a nation that somehow had been robbed of its choices when Nixon won his second term in office by a massive majority. In fact, they were a new enfranchisement, a second chance. The "system," everybody said, was working again. Probably everybody was right. But the system had received some strong encouragement to work. Not the least was the chance the media gave it for the display of its powers. It was a time when all the good guys wanted publicity.

But there had been a time when nobody much wanted it, when the ability to show, which is television's glory, had worked mostly for the other side, and the only balance lay in some newspapermen's hard-nosed eagerness to tell. *All the President's Men* is the story of that telling. The film is based on the Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward book, and its central characters are Bernstein and Woodward themselves; its central location is their location, the *Washington Post* newsroom. It is a dramatic film, not a documentary. But it is just about as close an adaptation as I have seen in the movies; if anything, it is sparer, lower-keyed, less relaxed, and less anecdotal than the documentary book it follows. Some people have observed that it is not much of a political film because it does not deal, say, with Nixon or Ehr-



lichman or some of the specific political issues. That's nonsense. It is a highly political film, and never more so than when it shows us a solitary reporter seated typing in the otherwise deserted newsroom.

All the President's Men does show us Watergate—an enigmatic, dark, quite marvelous se-

quence accompanying the main titles at the very beginning of the movie. But its subject is the process of gathering news. What is not so incidental is the fact that it is the most accurate depiction of the newspaper business, at least on the high level of the *Washington Post*, I have seen. The typewriters, the endless telephone calls, the daily news conference, the budgeting of space among the various "desks" (national, metropolitan, etc.), the competition for stories among reporters, the much more serious competition for stories with *The New York Times*—these are the minute-by-minute substance of the film. The initial Watergate revelations are there also, many of

them, sometimes in confusing array. But the newsroom is where Woodward and Bernstein live. It is also how they live. In a different manner surely, *All the President's Men* is as much a newspaper drama as *His Girl Friday* or *The Front Page*. It's more of a newspaper drama really; this time no romantic plot or

subplot gets in the way. A lot of what the reporters do isn't especially pretty. Woodward and Bernstein essentially have no private lives. (The actual Woodward and Bernstein project more personality in their book.) They have their jobs and their ambitions—but no speeches about ideals or crusading zeal. They don't have friends; they have contacts. Occasionally, Bernstein sweet-talks a girl, but only to coax information from her. And Woodward has his anonymous source "Deep Throat," somebody in the administration whom he meets by prearranged signal in a dark garage, and who helps guide his investigation.

It is the others who have the families, the loyalties, the homes that the reporters keep threatening with their dangerous questions, their late-night phone calls, their sudden appearances, their investigative technique—which is often no more subtle than a foot wedged in an open front door. Sometimes the re-

porters trick their sources; sometimes they bully them. When they actually stop to ask about a former Nixon worker's young wife and newborn child, the momentary deflection into commonplace decencies is so strange as to seem embarrassing. The real enemy remains elusive—Mitchell, Colson, Clawson—disembodied voices telling lies on the telephone, the pompous evasions of an Agnew interview or a Ron Ziegler press conference on a TV set in the newsroom. What we mainly see is the constant battering of little people—bookkeepers, secretaries. It isn't always so easy to remember that this is a crime story, about the systematic fixing of a

national election. In this context, Robert Redford as Bob Woodward and Dustin Hoffman as Carl Bernstein offer performances that for disciplined self-involvement may be the best in their careers. Hoffman especially manages to capture the absolute hunger for a story that must be part of any good reporter's basic equipment. But they are both matched, and in a sense overshadowed, by the older men on the *Post*; in superb character roles, Martin Balsam as managing editor Howard Simons, Jack Warden as Harry Rosenfeld, the metropolitan editor, and above all Jason Robards as the executive editor, Ben Bradlee, demonstrate the kind of professional competence that makes part and performance seem utterly simultaneous.

Such competence is precisely why *All the President's Men* succeeds as drama above and beneath its events, which are of course true and are now part of our traumatic recent history. For the director Alan Pakula, it is a continuation of the justified political paranoia of his excellent fictional *The Parallax View*—though this is harsher, more mysterious, and more unsettling. In a sense the Bernstein-Woodward book has a happy ending, with the removal of everybody and with Nixon's resignation. The movie version alludes to all that, but in fact it never resolves its two environments, the bright fluorescent light of the *Post*'s newsroom and the dark outside world of hidden motives and intrigues. Characteristically, Pakula ends his film with Nixon's second inauguration—even bending events a little to do so—and at the moment of a temporary setback in the investigation. A low point and the point of maximum contrast between the consensus of the country and a solitary newsman banging out the story that will soon shatter that consensus to pieces. This is how Pakula balances his movie and, literally,



Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford in Alan Pakula's *All the President's Men*.

how he often divides up his screen. And if you want to learn how the system can work in America, this might be a good place to begin.

As for the way some other American things work, haphazardly work even when they ought not to, go see the movies of Michael Ritchie. Considering what he celebrates—us—he should be the nation's most popular filmmaker, and it seems almost perverse that he isn't. I hope *The Bad News Bears* changes the pattern; it's a good movie that deserves some success.

Except for *Prime Cut*, a bloody melodrama he didn't much want to make, all Ritchie's films are about contests. Competition skiing (*Downhill Racer*), a political race (*The Candidate*), a teenage beauty pageant (*Smile*), and now even Little League baseball, in that prosperous unglamorous world of suburban California that Ritchie seems to have picked as the spiritual center of hometown America. He claims to like the contest plot because it gives his movies a strong ending, something he admires (as Alan Pakula probably would not). But it also gives him a public rather than a personal drama to deal with—so that although he fills his films with marvelously observed types, he is never much obliged to develop character. The typical Ritchie person exists as an affectionate vignette, and the typical Ritchie subject is really a moment in the process of growing up—a loss of innocence, which is never seen as an unequivocally bad thing.

The Bad News Bears follows one miserable kids' baseball team through its first season, under the sour, generally drunken coaching of Walter Matthau, and with its only hope in the slick ball pitching of Tatum O'Neal and the more general talents of the local juvenile delinquent (Jackie Earle Haley), who can play every other position on the field and usually has to. The Bears don't finally win in their division, but their season has most of the ups and downs, the tragic failures and comic reversals you might expect from such a story.

Matthau presents some problems (the part, not the actor) with his sentimental cynicism. Sometimes he suffers changes of heart that serve nothing except the demands of the plot. But everyone else is just fine, with Tatum O'Neal really better than her Hollywood-kid reputation tends to allow. The genius of the movie, however, lies in its feeling for ensemble, its appreciation of the way the group handles itself on and off the diamond through the summer days. Ritchie directs satires, but he has no ax to grind. So his satire has a sharp edge but a gentle spirit that cherishes its subjects and should refresh any audience that experiences it.—Roger Greenspun

WORDS

AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

"Discover America" is a phrase that reflects one of the central themes of this Bicentennial Year. Government agencies, travel agents, radio announcers, and TV pitchmen are all busily pushing domestic travel. Despite the slight hint of commercialism involved in all this and even after 200 years of, at best, benign neglect, the American landscape is still a glorious sight to behold.

Fiction can provide a journey across the country that is often more illuminating than the real thing. It usually provides not only a tour of the physical landscape but also a view of the psychological makeup of the inhabitants that even the most astute tourist might miss. This can be depressing, however, as some of the following novels will attest. But then our fiction is only a barometer of our national psyche.

The setting for Marc Savage's first novel, *The Light Outside* (Harper & Row, \$8.95), is alternately rural Michigan and New York City's Lower East Side. And those sites symbolize the tension in this exploration of the alienation of America's youth during the 1960s.

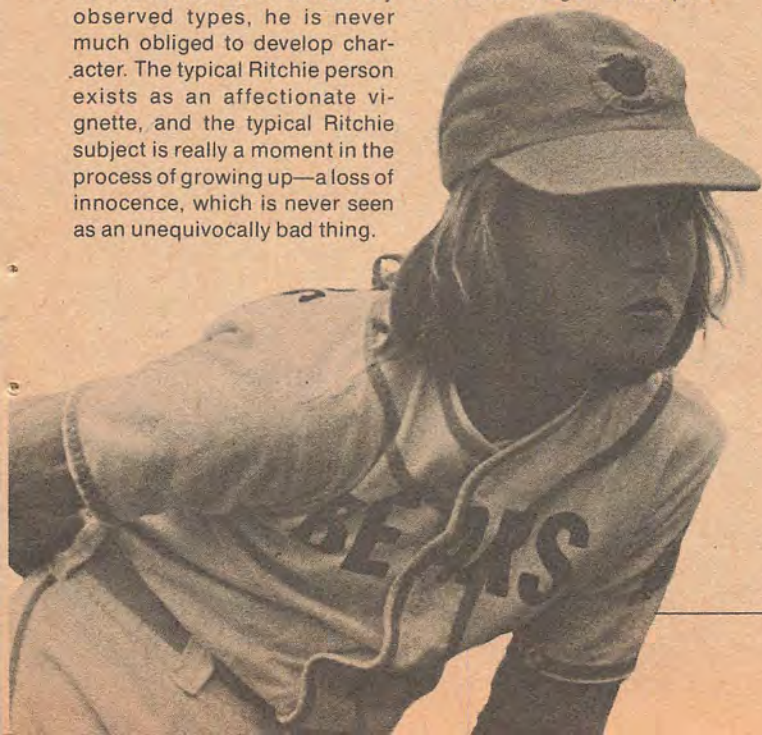
For Cal Yarrow, the novel's protagonist, his Michigan home surrounded by fields of grain and grass "was everywhere heartbreakingly fragile in appearance, a delicate world in which with every step one took the risk of destroying something irretrievable." But his fascination for the placid midwestern countryside wanes as, with the Vietnam War escalating, he grows into adulthood and senses a widening gap between his attitudes and those of his parents and country. Cal takes off for New York. Once there, living in the vibrant if menacing streets of the East Village, he becomes embroiled in the counterculture world of sex, drugs, polemics, and quasi-revolution-

ary politics. Ultimately, after a brutal confrontation with the police, Cal returns to Michigan for a last rendezvous with his family before returning to New York and the black woman with whom he has become involved and whom he knows his parents can never accept.

Marc Savage relates this tale with rhapsodic, detailed prose that moves smoothly from exterior description to interior monologue—what Cal calls the "slamming open and the slamming shut." But often the narrative verges on self-indulgence, an overworking of scenes and a lack of restraint. Still—even as Savage allows the novel to slip into a mire of sentimental pieties—he demonstrates a finely tuned novelist's eye for detail (exemplified in his account of Cal's hitchhiking from Michigan to New York) and a sensitive understanding of the disenchantment of America's youth in the sixties.

Joan Sampson takes us north in *The Auctioneer* (Simon & Schuster, \$7.95), to a small New England town, Harlowe, N.H., where the inhabitants conjure up images of Grant Woods's painting *American Gothic*. There we meet John Moore and his family, who live on the kind of rustic old farm that has been immortalized in American lore by photographers and writers.

But things are not so serene as they appear in this pastoral idyll. The sheriff, Bobby Gore, stops by the Moore farm to ask John whether he'll contribute something for the auction which is being held to raise money so that some deputies may be hired. (Rising crime rate and such.) Moore complies. But before long either the sheriff, one of the new deputies, or the city-slicker auctioneer, Perly Dunsmore, is stopping by Moore's farm and those of his neighbors each week to pick up something else for the auction. Moreover, the farmers who stop contributing are beginning to have mysterious accidents. Thus



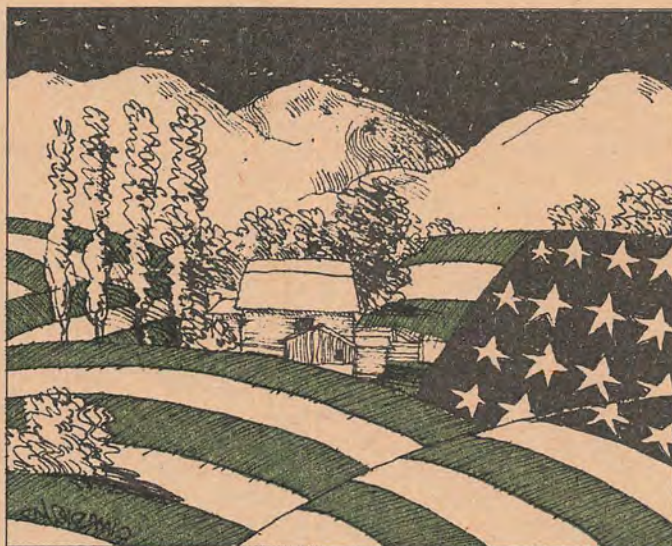
Tatum O'Neal.



Joan Sampson's subtly textured New England horror story gradually unfolds.

This is, however, much more than the average horror tale, a genre that since *Rosemary's Baby* has gutted the fictional market. Joan Sampson has written a superbly crafted novel—its sense of place and character is strikingly genuine—one in which the suspense factor is so riveting that it is *truly* a book that cannot be put down. Moreover, her sights are set on something much more ambitious than just suspense—as the jacket blurb suggests—a parable in the manner of *The Lottery*. In this she fails. And ironically, it is her own deftness in characterization that causes the failure. Despite the craft of the narrative, it is simply unbelievable that these stubborn, wily New England characters could allow the auctioneer's con to proceed as far as it does. But this is a minor drawback. As for the New England setting, well, you can almost breathe the unpolluted air.

Paul Allen's *Apeland* (Viking Press, \$7.95) is set on the Gulf coast of Florida, in a small rural town planted between the Gulf waters and the swampland and palmetto and cypress forests that dot the area. From the opening passages when Allen ushers us into this strange, sinister backwoods atmosphere, the malevolent tone of this novel is fixed. Two wizened old women, bristling with hostility, make their way to a taxidermist's shop, where they pick up the remains of the family cat. On their way home, they visit a tawdry zoo, where they meet a tour guide—a borderline psychopath—who leads them through a menagerie of caged chimps and finally to the owner's prize possession, a huge gorilla that is becoming increasingly frantic because of the absence of a mate. After the bizarre tour, during which the guide almost beats a watch dog to death and the aroused chimps flail the visitors with feces, the



women return to the comparative sanity of their home, their children, and their grandchildren. But the stage is set and, from this opening sequence, Paul Allen's taut, crackling prose drives this sardonic tale to its violent ending.

Margaret, the gorilla, escapes, and a group of locals led by the sheriff and the zoo owner set out to capture her. The chase erodes any semblance of civility among the pursuers, and by the time Margaret is found, their deepest passions and hatreds are bared. This is, obviously, not a pleasant tale. In its extreme violence, which often borders on parody, it is comparable to Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, and the barbarity of the characters brings to mind the rawest moments of James Dickey's *Deliverance*. But, despite the unsavory nature of the plot and the hopeless desperation of the characters, Paul Allen's fast-paced prose makes this a compelling novel. His graphic descriptions of the Florida swamplands complement the severity of the characters, making them totally creditable, even as we shrink from their viciousness.

Slide (Arbor House, \$8.95) is a novel that, with all due respects to *Earthquake*, brings the holocaust theme down to earth. Ger-

ald A. Browne's latest novel is about the consequences of a rare and extended deluge that pummels the Los Angeles area. Part of the coastal terrain near Laguna Beach is loosened, wreaking havoc on nearly everything in its path, including the Seaside Supermarket and its occupants, who, reflecting the level of character development achieved in this tale, shall remain nameless here. Typical of the genre, the emphasis is on the calamity itself, the rescue, and the fight for survival. But Browne manages to squeeze in a surfeit of incidental information: we learn how cobalt treatment for cancer is administered; how a fifty-one-year-old woman may, through "aesthetic" and cellular therapy, look half her age; and a great deal about the geography of the area. All of which is fine, providing as it does a rather interesting albeit hapless fictional trip to the City of Angels. But very little is added to the quality of this novel. Even though there is an audience for this kind of thing, I would suggest waiting for the movie.

In *School Spirit* (Doubleday, \$7.95), Tom McHale provides a fascinating cross-country journey from the transient domain of a Southern California trailer camp to the slopes of a Vermont

ski resort. The novel's protagonist, sixty-eight-year-old Egil Magruder—former football coach at St. Anselm's School for Boys, where twenty-three years earlier he had helped to cover up the accidental killing of one of the members of the football team—sets out to redress the incident. Leaving California, he heads for Red Bank, N.J., to confront the three former students whose drunken prank had led to the death of their teammate. On route, he stops at the homes of the other players from that 1950 squad who know about the death and his mission.

This has to be one of the most bizarre journeys that anyone is likely to take, fictionally or otherwise. As Magruder, dubbed the "angel of vengeance" by the wife of the team's former quarterback, continues across country, he becomes involved in the lives of each of the former athletes that he visits. As Magruder nears his destination, the pace of the novel accelerates, the mayhem increases, and McHale's narrative slips into wild parody and burlesque, which somewhat offset the impact of the violence.

McHale, whose first novel, *Principato*, received almost unanimous acclaim, here demonstrates all the narrative power that has marked his previous works. But, despite the vividness of the descriptive passages and the bilious vigor and, intermittently, scathing humor of the set pieces, Magruder's journey is ultimately exasperating. One is confronted here with sound and fury and immense novelistic talent that, at least in this reader's eyes, signify nothing. Is this a parody of America's westward expansion? Is Magruder's journey a metaphorical comment on our loss of morality? You tell me. Regardless, the vigor of McHale's narrative remains, and although one is likely to emerge from this cross-country trip with more questions than answers, there is never a dull moment.—
Mel Watkins

SOUNDS

DISCO SUPERSTARS

There's a devilish game they play in the recording industry that may prove to be equally revealing for the general public. You merely list a series of disco-recording artists, each of whom has achieved a Top Ten single during the past year. Then you defy any and all comers to list the name of the hit next to the artist who had made it. A simple, easy game? The stumper goes something like this:

NAME OF ARTIST—NAME OF HIT

B.T. Express
Biddu
Carl Douglas
Carol Douglas
Van McCoy
Ritchie Family
Silver Convention

Not to prolong the agony, here are the answers: "Do It (Till You're Satisfied)," "Summer of '42," "Kung Fu Fighting," "Doctor's Orders," "The Hustle," "Brazil," and "Fly Robin Fly."

Suddenly, you feel a rush of recognition. You *do* know the names of the tunes; you've heard them endlessly on the radio and jukeboxes, in bars, while driving down the highway. Yes, you've danced to them; you may even own a few of them. But, nevertheless, you still have difficulty thinking of the names of the artists who created them.

That, you can rest assured, is nothing of which to be ashamed. Most people learn a tune first and only later—if at all—do they learn the name of the respective artist. When it comes to disco superstars, however, one wonders: why bother at all? After all, no one expects these artists to have other hits. There's gold to be had from that danceable beat but not much in the way of longevity. Soul artists had always been one of the few staples of the music business; find a good act (Gladys Knight and the Pips,

Temptations, Isley Brothers), and a record company could count on perennial hits. For the most part, rock stars were here today, gone tomorrow. But now we have disco, the founding child of soul music, and its stars are here yesterday, gone today.

The authors of disposable music, they prove disposable stars destined to return to the anonymity from which the public plucked them. A number of disco superstars now on the charts are scheduled for obscurity. It is only in the interests of humanitarianism that one wishes a reprise of their extraordinarily brief moment of triumph.

B.T. Express, for example, a septet of six men and one woman, scored with "Do It (Till You're Satisfied)" and "Express." This group is expert at demonstrating an entire slew of clichés: falsettos, whispers, squeals, strings, orgasmic sighs, spoken narrative à la Barry White, choo-choo train effects, and the like. But B.T. Express and its musical nonsense do not stop here anymore. Many have described their train as transporting nothing but garbage.

As for **Biddu**, he hails from Bangalore, India, and made his first professional appearance in a rock band that played in Hyderabad. Stardom was not imminent; so he journeyed to London. Until Biddu met **Carl Douglas**, England proved just as inhospitable to his questionable talents. What else could the boy do but journey to America and become a big disco star? In twenty-five minutes Biddu and Douglas noodled up a novelty entitled "Kung Fu Fighting." It made Biddu 1.4 million bucks. The disco Indian then recorded disco dance versions of old movie themes ("Summer of '42") and show tunes ("I Could Have Danced All Night" and "Exodus"). The first was a hit, and that's where one hopes the game will stop. After all, Biddu uses drums the way Mitch Miller used accordions—an unvaried and incessant flow of rhythmic

monotony. Of his records, Biddu proclaims proudly, "I did arrangements like these before anyone else did!" Asked about his contribution to pop music, he declares, "I was the first to use a zipping high hat drum on these records!"

Carol Douglas is not related to Carl Douglas. Carol, that "Doctor's Orders" girl, was born in Brooklyn. Her first big TV break came when she appeared with Mickey Rooney and Dick Shawn on a long-forgotten CBS-TV show called "The Revlon Review." Carol has also sung on the album *Sound of Children* and was a member of two groups—a replacement in the golden-oldies Chantels as well as a charter member of something called the Catylers. If ever there should be a follow-up to *Sound of Children*, there should be a place for Carol and her big hit of last year.

Van McCoy is a successful arranger-producer. His "The Hustle" sold 5 million copies. McCoy has also produced the recent David Ruffin LP, as well as the recent Melba Moore LP. In addition,

he will produce another Ruffin album and a new disc by Faith, Hope, and Charity. Last year McCoy, accompanied by a thirty-string orchestra, made his concert debut at New York City's Avery Fisher Hall, where he played "The Hustle." Who, we must ask, would actually want to see the man who played "The Hustle" in concert? McCoy is smart, and rumor has it that he doesn't want his next LP to be disco. What's that they say about a sinking ship?

The **Ritchie Family**, whose "Brazil" had everyone dancing the Bossa Nova, is not doing anything for anybody anymore. After all, this Family didn't actually exist but was merely a collection of Philadelphia studio singers and musicians scraped together to play a much-beloved music business game called "Let's Make a Buck." "Brazil" was arranged and coproduced by Philadelphia's Ritchie Rome. Rome has gone on to produce daytime TV host Mike Douglas's LP *Mike Douglas Sings It All*. On it, Douglas sings Barry White's



Silver Convention: Where will these girls be in 1977?



"Play Our Love's Theme." Now who out there remembers Barry White?

Finally, there is **Silver Convention**, a beautiful female trio from Germany with the monster hit "Fly Robin Fly" and a follow-up called "Get Up and Boogie." These German women take very simple English phrases, set them to disco rhythms, and then sing the same phrase over and over again. Effective once? Maybe. Twice? Lucky. Three times? At least they've gotten away with their miragelike success for somewhat longer than most of the other disco superstars.—Henry Edwards

HEAVY METAL STRIKES BACK!

Heavy-metal rock refuses to go away. With all the available counter trends like disco and jazz-rock, there were dire predictions about the commercial future of rock's hardest music. And yet metal mongers somehow continue to create maximum excitement for those deranged worshipers of decibel frenzy. In the last ten years the music hasn't changed all that much, as its exemplars still peddle the same three chords Peter Townshend and Jimi Hendrix stole from the bluesmen and rock 'n' rollers like Chuck Berry and Bo Diddley. In the fifties the pious guardians of public morality rose up in outrage to protect their children from the heavy beat and volume, and of course it's that combination which still makes heavy-metal rock 'n' roll the most aurally exciting entertainment available.

Pioneer bands like The Who and Led Zeppelin have increased their followings. For third-generation bands—mashers like Aerosmith and Bachman-Turner Overdrive—the quest for legendary status has meant endless nights in forgotten towns, but the road has been a profitable one. The real excitement on the steel breeze/boogie circuit, however, is arriving from the newest bunch of crunchers, who've simply not

had the time to become a bore: metal bands like Queen and Bad Company. A few people in the music business predicted the good successes of Queen and Bad Company, but nobody predicted the success of their contemporaries in heavy metal. After all, in 1972, who would have picked Ted Nugent, Z.Z. Top, or the Doobie Brothers for future stardom? These metal groups have been derided by the rock establishment from the day of inception, and only their string of gold-and-platinum albums has helped to still some of the laughter.

The problem begins with their names. Take the **Doobie Brothers**. To the average rock critic, the name was immediate grounds for a quick dump in the LP "out" pile. One critic confided in me that the name sounded like something his little brother had done in his diaper. Besides, the Doobie Brothers had a sixties hippie image that never sat comfortably with the suave rock tastemakers of the seventies, all of whom once had hair down to *there*. Fortunately for us, the public is well-versed in the art of ignoring critics, and after the great American wasteland had hummed "Listen to the Music" for the five hundredth time, there

was no stopping the Doobies.

Since the demise of Creedence Clearwater Revival, there had been a need for tuneful country-blues rock that wasn't a bludgeon of noise but yet had the threat of physical volume behind it; the Doobie Brothers capably filled that space. Their best songs are built on tasty electric-guitar hooks, bright melodies, and a bouncy flair. The production is impeccable, and the music has enough variety to keep the listener interested and seated.

Z.Z. Top is a boozier's blues band from Texas that ain't interested in nobody sitting, much less sitting still. Z.Z. Top is hated by the rock establishment, and the conspiracy to ignore them has been one of the most effective in recent memory.

Luckily, the critics haven't stopped them from eating up the tarmac and forcing album sales. All four of their albums are gold, and they broke Elvis's box-office record in Nashville and Led Zeppelin's in New Orleans, and they drew 80,000 in Austin. The critics keep wishing that they would go away, trying to play down their significance. And yet Z.Z. Top is significant, if for no other reason than the fact that they are the most popular basic boogie/

blues band ever. Artistically, their style is irretrievably rooted in the blues, but unlike most boogie bands, which simply steal power and then split, Z.Z. Top shows a dedication to the blues that is truly authentic. Z.Z. Top has taken the spot that Johnny Winter was supposed to fill, and this infuriates many critics who spread the Winter hype in the first place; it exposes their tunnel vision.

My favorite metal mongrel is **Ted Nugent**, the caveman of rock. Any guy who pursues his dinner with a bow and arrow can't be all bad, and after ten years on the hunt, Nugent, it seems, is finally going to make it. He started with Amboy Dukes while psychedelia was at its peak and achieved notoriety with the "Journey to the Center of the Mind" single. On the strength of that success, Nugent and the Amboy Dukes were able to make seven more albums, none of which attracted any attention. When Nugent released his first LP (*Ted Nugent*) for Epic Records, it was assumed to be the last gasp of a faded madman. What everyone had forgotten was Nugent's ten years of tireless touring, his "wild man" image, and a dazzling stage act complete with guitar feedback, loincloth, bow and arrow, flaming skulls, and the shattering of glass balls. Likewise, his debut Epic album is full of brutally uncompromising gut-clutching rock, the kind that comes from years of pent-up frustration.

When it came time to record his Epic album, Nugent went out to his spread in Michigan, hunted some wild boar (with bow and arrow, of course), and then took the catch back to the studio to eat it. Supposedly, that got him and his band good and mean for their assault on guitars. Nugent's music inspires violence, and that's the way this rocker likes it. At a concert early this year, a freaked-out fan pulled a 44 Magnum on Ted Nugent. It's *that* kind of heavy-metal rock.—Vernon Gibbs



*Metal mongrel Ted Nugent:
The caveman of rock.*

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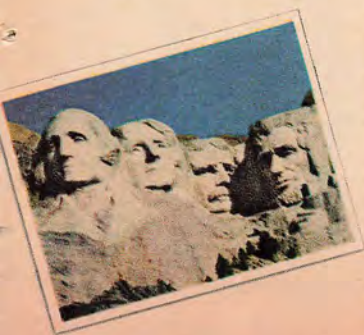
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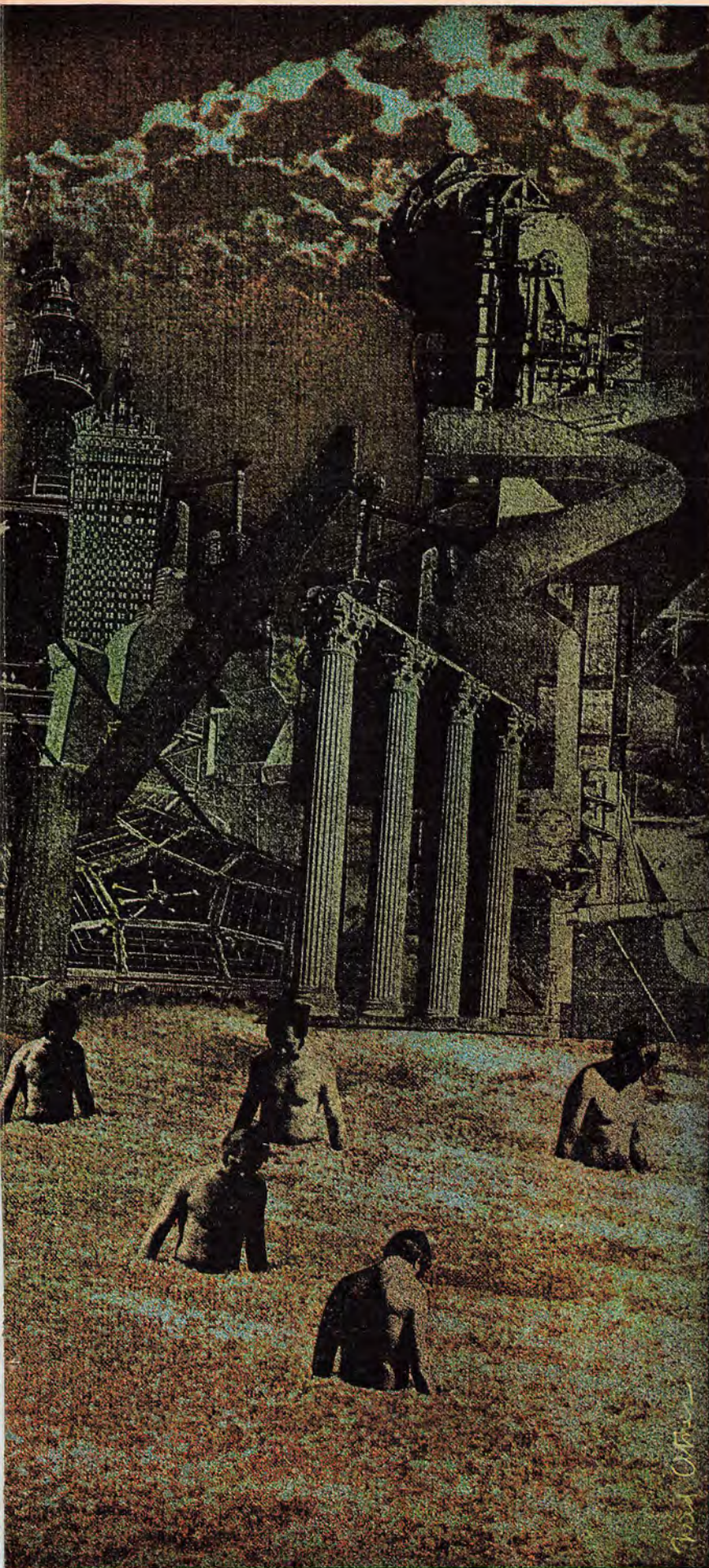
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WARNING: YOUR LEADERS MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

Let's face it.

"Election Year 1976" doesn't hold much hope for those concerned about the state of the environment—to say nothing of that of the Union or the world. At the presidential level Jerry Ford has unambiguously shown that not being a robber baron is not sufficient qualification for leading the most powerful nation on earth. And the few Democratic hopefuls with a grasp of the important issues seem to have made little progress. Perhaps voters are too much concerned about the immediate economic situation to focus clearly on long-range considerations. Or perhaps their lack of interest stems from a realization that *no* change at the top offered by establishment Republicans or Democrats is likely to improve things very much.

With national leadership nonexistent, and no leaders discernible on the horizon, what should those concerned about the human predicament do? Is this perhaps the year to lie low, the year when the Fords and Meanys and Kissingers and Jacksons should be allowed to pit blunder against blunder while we sit back and hope to pick up the pieces later? We think not. We think that 1976 could be the year to start "filling the vacuum from below." The Bicentennial Year could be the year in which Americans begin to wrest the political system away from the business-as-usual establishment, whose fascination with short-term self-aggrandizement has blinded it to its own medium-term self-interest (to say nothing of the public interest now or in the future).

To a certain degree, this trend has already started. Look, for example, at the politics of nuclear power. For numerous reasons that need not concern us here, a powerful government-business combine is trying to shove an incompetent and extraordinarily dangerous technology down

BY PAUL AND ANNE EHRLICH

the throats of the American people. In spite of the enormous resources of the nuclear establishment—resources used for a massive and prolonged propaganda campaign in support of nuclear-power plants as the “solution” to our energy problems—many Americans have nonetheless refused to be taken in. Citizen pressure has led to ballot-initiative campaigns in sixteen states and other legislation, such as moratoriums, in ten more.

This is one excellent example of the way concerned citizens can still influence the functioning of government.

Other examples abound in our recent past: civil rights, environmental protection, population, the antiwar movement, even Watergate. All were popular movements that resulted in important legislation and/or court decisions; two of them directly caused the disappearance of presidents from office.

These successes underscore our belief that if there is a way satisfactorily to run a complex society like ours, it lies in every citizen's spending perhaps one-tenth of his or her time on civic or political activity. Such “tithing to society” would not guarantee that the slide toward societal disintegration could be halted, but at least it would ensure that the attempt to stop it was a community effort!

There are, of course, many ways of tithing to one's society, ranging from actually running for political office to becoming a well-informed voter or writer of letters-to-the-editor. But underlying all such tithing must be an appreciation of the issues facing this nation and the way they are interconnected.

We have a checklist (or test) that we use to score politicians who ask us for our vote. Even if we can't ask the questions directly, we can usually find the answers in a candidate's public statements and interviews. Our test, of course, is a personal one that has evolved from the world view of two environmentalists. We would not expect anyone else's test to be identical. It does indicate what we think are the key political issues of 1976—even though many politicians wouldn't recognize them. If you are concerned about the future of our society, you should develop a test of your own. Perhaps reading ours will give you some ideas about making one of your own.

A TEST FOR POLITICAL CANDIDATES

In each case the candidate should pick one or more lines to finish the sentence correctly.

(1) Population growth . . .

- (a) is not the problem; the problem is the inequitable distribution of wealth.
- (b) is not our only problem, but if it continues it will inevitably lead to disaster.
- (c) is good because it promotes economic growth.
- (d) is a problem in poor countries but not in rich countries except among poor people.

(e) is a minor factor in environmental problems, most of which have been caused by faulty technologies.

Answer: Because population growth is one of the root causes or at least an intensifier of most of the serious problems now facing the world, we would find it impossible to support any candidate who doesn't know that (b) is the answer to this question. He should also recognize that (b) is the answer for rich, slowly growing countries such as the United States as well as for poor, hungry, rapidly growing nations such as Bangladesh.

Politicians who select answer (a) are victims of left-wing propaganda; inequitable distribution of wealth is indeed a very serious problem, but so is population growth (which, among other things, tends to increase the inequities). Both problems must be attacked simultaneously, or neither will be solved.

Those who choose answer (d) are victims of right-wing propaganda. Rapid population growth among the poor is a serious problem because it proliferates poverty, whether in a family or across an entire society; but even slow population growth among the rich will sooner or later have catastrophic results. It is they who are depleting the nonrenewable resources of the planet and launching a lethal attack on its life-support systems; the poor are responsible for very little polluting. The United States is the world's richest nation. We have about 5.4 percent of the world's people, but we consume more than 30 percent of its annual production of meat, minerals, and energy resources. This consumption has a direct impact on the environment. The birth of an American baby is perhaps fifty times more disastrous for earth in terms of resource depletion and environmental impact than is the birth of a baby in Bangladesh.

Politicians who choose answer (c) are completely uninformed. They accept the “growth is the goal” fallacy of out-of-date economists and haven't learned that population growth more often tends to slow economic growth than accelerate it. Population growth at even very moderate rates (1 percent per year or less) can hinder economic growth in such heavily industrialized, overdeveloped countries as the United States, northern Europe, and Japan. The rapid population growth rates (2 to 3 percent per year) typical of most Third World or less developed countries (LDCs) very clearly impede development and economic growth simply because most available capital must be plowed back for the purpose of supporting huge and growing numbers of nonproductive children (as much as 48 percent of the population). In essence, the rapidly growing poor nations must keep racing merely to stay in place.

Politicians who choose answer (e) do not understand that the damage perpetrated by faulty technologies is a function of the quantity of people who are using those technologies. The environmental

damage resulting from a given technology—say, the use of automobiles—is a product of the impact of each person's automobile use and the number of people who use automobiles. One automobile may cause very little damage, but when 220 million Americans are using 100 million cars, the result is extensive environmental pollution and the consumption of billions of gallons of gasoline every month.

(2) The solutions to such economic problems as inflation and unemployment . . .

- (a) must take precedence over the solution to our environmental problems.
- (b) are inextricably intertwined with solutions to our environmental and resource problems.
- (c) are simply a matter of adopting an appropriate monetary policy.
- (d) require a proper interplay of fiscal, monetary, and foreign policies.
- (e) will be found in energy independence.

Answer: A candidate who chooses (c) thinks that our problems can be solved within the framework of standard economic thinking; one who chooses (d) shows a slightly more sophisticated version of the same thinking. If world events of the last five years have demonstrated nothing else, they have made glaringly obvious the inadequacies of standard economic ideas. The hidden costs of economic growth are now exacting their toll. (These are sometimes called externalities because they are external to the economic accounting system.) Among these hidden costs are environmental damage and the expense of trying to repair it afterward; the human-health costs of pollution; losses of valuable farmland to developments of various kinds (a loss we may one day deeply regret); unreplaced forests (a major cause of local floods and drought); destruction of soil to maximize crop yields; destruction of valuable fisheries; depletion of resources of both minerals and energy; and so forth.

Many economists depend on Adam Smith's “Invisible Hand” to meet our needs. Indeed, laissez faire is so ingrained in economic thinking that it has been said that those in need of an economist should buy a parrot and teach it to say “supply and demand.” But no amount of demand can conjure up a resource that no longer exists, although it is true that remaining supplies can be stretched by recycling minerals, using substitutes when they are available, and employing conservation methods. We are caught in an energy crunch because oil reserves are declining and because the Arabs are aware that they are. But this is only one symptom of our troubles. Striving for energy independence, (e), for the United States may relieve our economic problems or intensify them, depending on the way it is carried out.

Answer (a) implies that if one is sick, he should take a pill which will make him feel



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better for a while before killing him rather than submit to a painful operation that would restore him to complete health. Too many leaders of our society, including politicians, think that environmental protection is advocated mainly for aesthetic reasons (the beauty of scenery) and occasionally because of dangers to public health (if the evidence is overwhelming). The truth is that our lives are all at stake. Natural ecological systems provide several vital services that human society can neither do without nor adequately do on its own: they maintain the quality of the atmosphere and fresh water, maintain soil fertility, recycle wastes, control most potential crop and other pests, provide food from the sea, and so on. If we continue to escalate our assaults on these systems, sooner or later they will break down. Environmental protection is thus much more than mere aesthetics.

Consider, for example, one argument in which environmental protection is presented as injurious to the economy—the jobs controversy. Those who maintain that environmental protection takes away jobs overlook the fact that many jobs are *provided* by environmentally beneficial activities, such as building mass-transit systems, installing solar heaters, pollution monitoring and evaluating, setting up pollution-control devices, treating waste water, and reclaiming land. Such activities indeed are often far more labor-intensive than many industries; the problem is that we aren't doing enough of them. Answer (b), of course, is the only one that is acceptable to us.

(3) *By adjusting government policies, the price of energy in the United States over a period of time should be made to . . .*

- (a) rise.
- (b) decline.
- (c) remain constant.

Answer: This question is related to the last—and to the enormous potential for energy conservation in our country. Answer (b) is obviously unrealistic. Cheap sources of energy have largely already been tapped and consumed; what remains of fossil fuels will be increasingly expensive to extract, process, and transport to the place where they will be used. Alternative energy sources—solar, nuclear fission and fusion, and others—might ultimately be cheaply supplied, but it will be very costly to develop them. Aside from outright seizure of the Arab oil fields, which would provide temporary relief, at best, the only way in which energy prices could be made to decline is through heavy government subsidy—an unattractive move from many points of view.

As a policy, reducing energy prices would be disastrous. First of all, it would encourage resumption of the pre-1973 patterns of energy use in the United States, which were characterized by rapid growth in consumption and increasing wastefulness. Continued rapid increases in energy

consumption would make us more and more dependent on external supplies of energy resources (possibly with a destabilizing effect on international politics and economics). It would deplete those supplies even more rapidly than they are now being depleted, and low prices would provide no incentive for developing new sources of energy. Finally, continued growth in energy use would accelerate the rate of assault on those critical environmental systems that are essential to the survival of human society.

Many of the same arguments can be made for answer (c), although the rate of energy use might not rise quite so rapidly and wastefully.

The correct answer of course is (a). In order to protect lower-income citizens from energy costs that have soared beyond their means, an important proviso should be that the first few units of energy consumed each month (kilowatt hours of

6

Some politicians think
that environmental protection
is advocated for
aesthetic reasons, but the truth
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are at stake.

9

electricity, gallons of oil or gas) per household or business should be provided relatively cheaply. Beyond a level necessary for meeting living and transportation needs, costs per unit should escalate rapidly. Gradually, rising energy costs would provide an incentive for increasing our efficiency in energy use—to remove from the United States the stigma of being the world's most prodigal energy waster. For instance, the United States, which has a standard of living about the same as Sweden's, uses almost twice as much energy per person as Sweden does. The Swedes live very comfortably and are highly industrialized, too; they are simply much more clever about extracting more "good" from each unit of energy. There is no reason why the United States cannot become as clever as the Swedes in conserving energy, and there is every reason why it should do so as soon as possible. A knowledgeable politician would favor any reasonable measures that favored conservation, as long as the poor were not made

to suffer in the process.

There have been several recent studies evaluating what U.S. energy needs will be for the next twenty-five years or so, including one by the Environmental Protection Agency and a massively detailed one by the Ford Foundation. These studies have found that short-term energy needs are likely to be much lower than is suggested by projected "demand curves" (based on growth of energy use in recent decades). They also demonstrate that the easiest, cheapest, and most reasonable way of obtaining additional energy is through conservation, and they recommend that substantial effort be put there, ahead of all-out development of some new and potentially dangerous (see the next question) or environmentally very destructive technologies, such as strip-mining, coal gasification, offshore drilling, or processing of shale oil or tar sands.

(4) *Nuclear power is . . .*

- (a) *possibly dangerous but will be essential to the solution of energy problems in the short term.*
- (b) *proved safe and will be essential to the solution of energy problems in the short term.*
- (c) *proved safe but not necessary to the solution of energy problems in the short term.*
- (d) *probably quite dangerous and not essential to the solution of energy problems in the short term.*

Answer: As indicated earlier, we think nuclear power will be a key issue in the 1976 election. Here only (d) is a satisfactory response from a candidate. The massive Ford study and other recent investigations of energy needs indicate that conservation is the key to the solution of short-term energy problems and that needs can be quite adequately met without nuclear power.

Moreover, there are several good reasons for looking long and hard before leaping into full-scale development of a nuclear-power system. No satisfactory solutions have yet been offered for the three central problems of nuclear-fission power: the disposal of the extremely toxic and long-lived wastes that are produced by fission plants; the possibility of a catastrophic release of radioactivity resulting from accident or sabotage; and the protection of enormous amounts of plutonium (the most lethal substance known) against diversion into bootleg atomic bombs or use in radioactive terrorism. Proponents of nuclear power are confident that technology will find an answer to waste disposal before long (but they don't say how); they maintain that the chance of accident is diminishingly small (but they prefer not to discuss sabotage); and they are sure that tightened security will prevent theft of plutonium (but why has so much already been lost?). We think that it would be insane to forge ahead with nuclear power unless satisfactory solutions to these problems are actually in hand.

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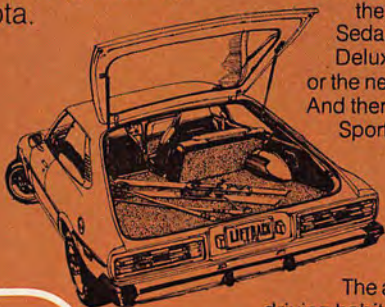
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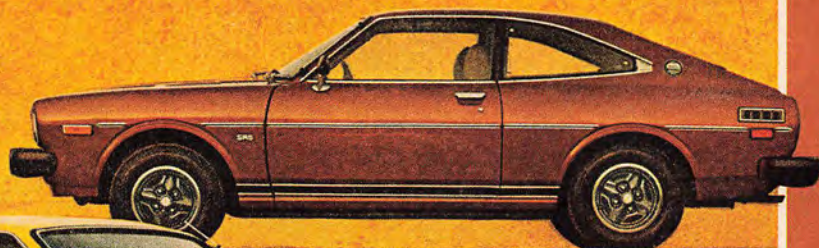
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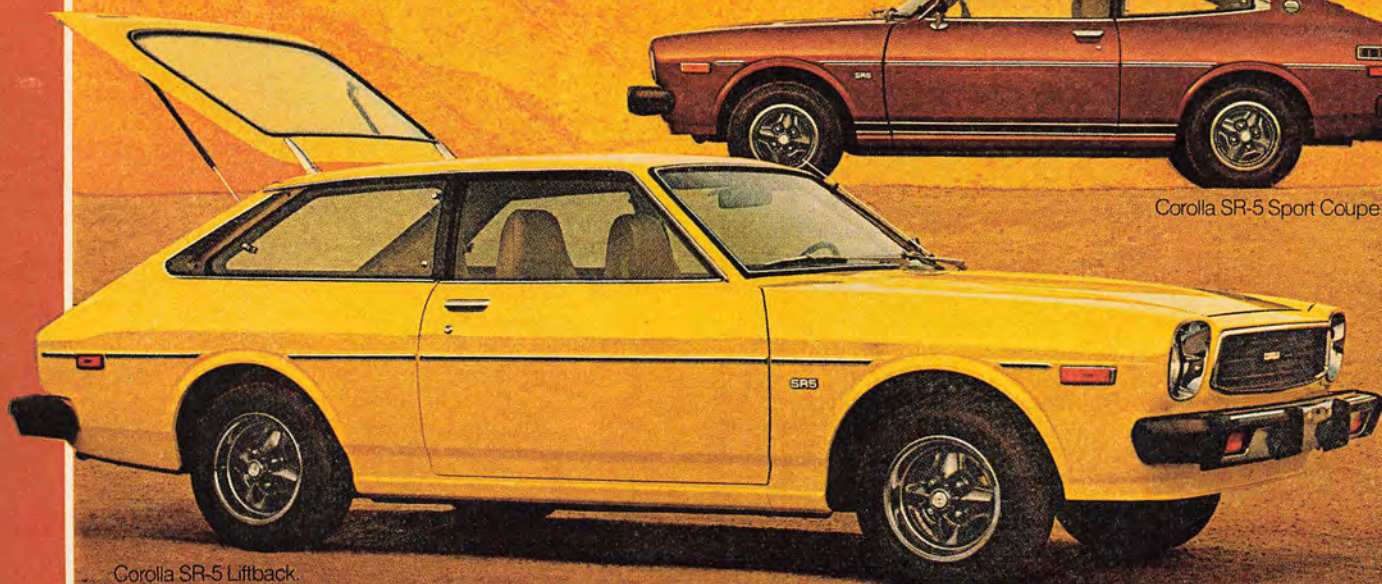


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In last month's *Penthouse* we described the "Vietnam Veteran's Gap," that is, the gap between the way Americans think Vietnam veterans should be treated and the way they are in fact being treated.

Penthouse believes that it is time for Congress to take some bold initiatives to close the gap. Its penurious, penny-wise, pound-foolish measures have not solved the Vietnam veterans' unique problems but have rather become part of those problems. The generation that has come of age since the end of the Vietnam War is very much aware of the difference between the promise and the reality of government actions in behalf of the Vietnam veterans. Likewise, potential future veterans realize that the House of Representatives has already passed legislation to terminate the G.I. Bill for those enlisting after December 31, 1975.

Congressional "leaders" offer many excuses but few reasons for their foot-dragging, piecemeal approach to Vietnam veterans' problems. They all protest their support for achieving equitable treatment for the Vietnam veteran; but when the crunch comes, most of them vote the comfortable, familiar, and cheap. Only a lonely few members of Congress, such as Senators Hartke and McGovern, have consistently championed the Vietnam veterans' cause, but those with an eye toward the next election and a desire to create the illusion that they are in control of government spending have thwarted such efforts.

Congress and the President can be moved to take action on these matters, but only if the public states its demands in terms of alternatives to existing programs or major changes in them. To do otherwise would allow politicians merely to agree that *something* should be done without specifying what they are willing to do or support.

To these ends *Penthouse* believes that there are specific things the government can do to close the Vietnam veterans' gap. These are:

- Passage of a Vietnam Era Veterans Employment Act that would mandate hiring quotas for Vietnam Era veterans based on unemployment rates. That is, if the unemployment rate is 20 percent for Vietnam veterans who are from twenty to twenty-four years old, a firm should include at least one Vietnam veteran for every five persons hired in that age group. Also, the federal government should be required to act as the employer of last resort for Vietnam veterans unable to find jobs in the private sector. There are various "full employment" bills presently working their way through the legislative process, and this act would serve the added purpose of making sure

that the Vietnam veteran is not placed at the end of the hiring lines.

- Establishment of a program of federal unemployment assistance for Vietnam veterans. This should be extended for at least sixty-five weeks to Vietnam veterans who have exhausted their previous benefits, to those not covered by state unemployment programs, and to those who have been unemployed for at least ninety days. This assistance should be regarded, not as a form of dole, but rather as the means to enable a Vietnam veteran to live and maintain his dignity while he looks for a job. What is more important is the fact that this aid can be tied into the Veterans Employment Service's activities by filling the "outreach" void in its programs.

- Amendment of the G.I. education and training bill so that it provides for the full payment of tuition and a separate allowance for books and supplies in addition to the present subsistence allow-

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

ances. This is long overdue. The present G.I. Bill is plainly inadequate and discriminatory. It does not provide enough money for Vietnam veterans who can profit from educational training but happen to be married and/or to have children. None of the congressional arguments against this idea really stand up. They are all old hat. The plain fact is that the only really valid criterion concerning a Vietnam veteran's choice of school is one based on his ability to cut the academic or vocational training mustard there.

- Passage of a Vietnam Veterans Psychological Readjustment Act. As *Penthouse* has noted, the idea of a post-Vietnam syndrome is a matter of continuing controversy. However, the problem is aggravated by the fact that present V.A. regulations cover only a small percentage of Vietnam veterans who have experienced mental-health problems since they were discharged. What is required

is the recognition that the mental health of Vietnam veterans—and, similarly, of all Americans—is a national problem which doesn't conform to bureaucratic time-tables for its occurrence. *Penthouse* strongly supports those in Congress, such as Congresswoman Bella Abzug, who are pushing for this type of legislation. So far these efforts have been stymied on economy grounds and arguments over who should provide the services. *Penthouse* thinks these arguments miss the point. The real issue is that a Psychological Readjustment Act would provide a form of preventive-medicine insurance which can be used to head off future physiological and psychological illnesses and debilitations.

- The automatic review and upgrading of less-than-honorable discharges. As *Penthouse* has noted, the discharge-review process is costly, cumbersome, and notoriously ineffective. It serves only a minuscule few of those who are entitled by the Department of Defense's own guidelines to receive an honorable discharge in lieu of those discharges given under the various categories of "less than honorable." This is nonsense. *Penthouse* believes that the secretary of defense should act to implement his own guidelines and take the administrative burden off the veteran's back. *Penthouse* is not advocating that the discharge-review program be eliminated for those cases involving discharge as a result of a court-martial, but simply that Vietnam veterans who were given "bad paper" on present invalid grounds be automatically given an honorable discharge. At best estimate this would involve some 400,000 to 500,000 Vietnam veterans.

Accomplishment of these things would help to close the Vietnam veterans' gap. There are other problems, of course, but their solution can be found if the bigger problems of jobs, training, health, and the Vietnam veterans' status are attacked in a bold and imaginative way. The public has not concerned itself enough about these matters. They have been left to the tender mercies of bureaucrats and politicians who have little sense of urgency concerning the need to remedy the inequities caused by service in the Vietnam War. The veterans themselves are not able to bring about the necessary change. They are a minority group with no ties to one another save their common understanding of the war's futility. They are slowly but surely losing their faith in America. It can be restored, not by redefining the war as a mistake of our political leaders' judgment, but by recognizing that we only punish ourselves if we do not adequately compensate the Vietnam veteran. ☪



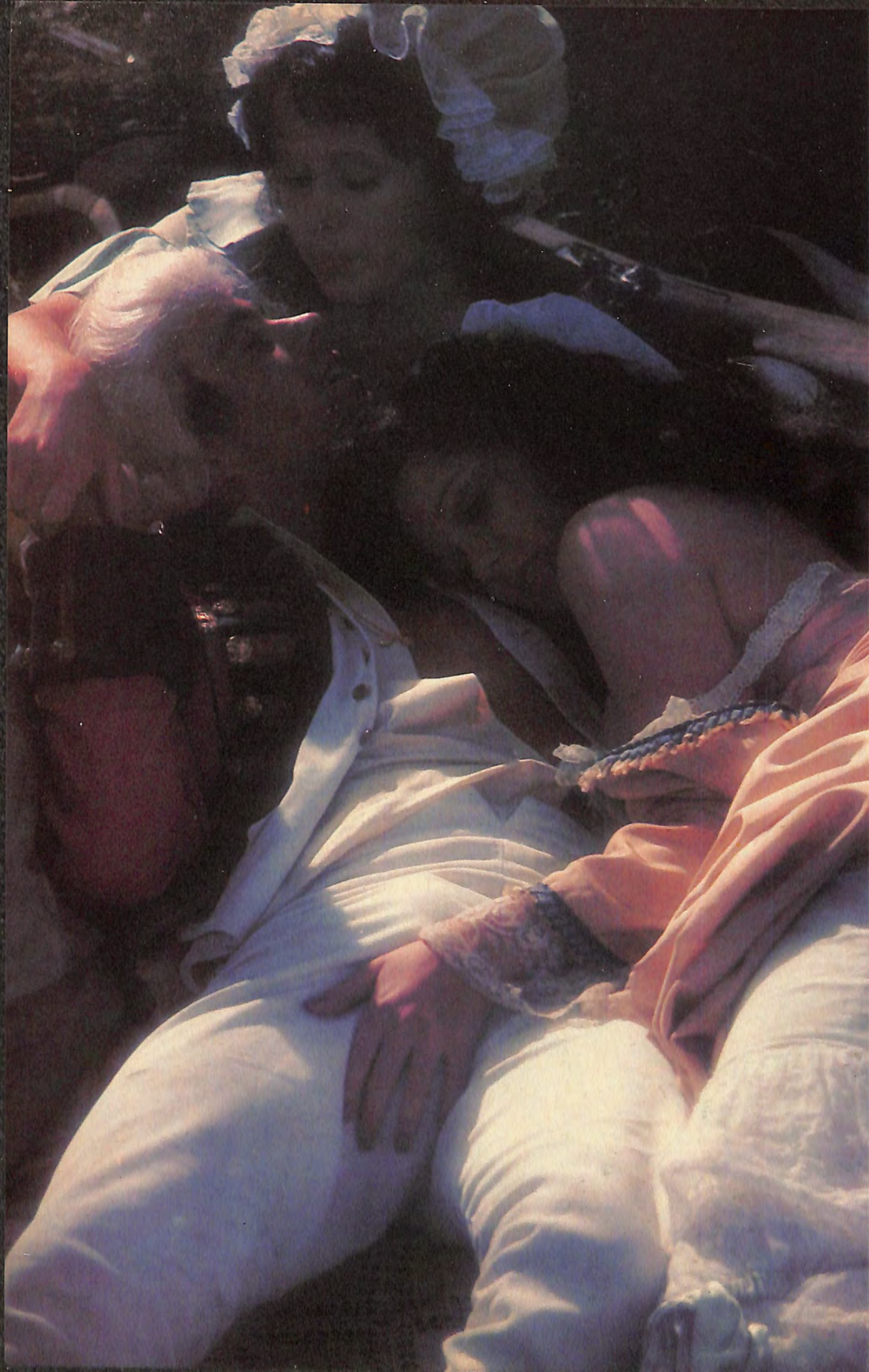
*Some intimate glimpses at the birth of a nation—its
violent upheavals, breathless struggles, and passionate
battles on the fields of glory and elsewhere...*

1776

In 1776 the Revolution was a traumatic but rewarding experience. In many cases (see the examples pictured here and overleaf) it was a rewarding experience for a few Redcoats, too. The early defeats, sieges, confusion, and shortages of essential supplies were demoralizing indeed, but the freedom-seeking female spirit was a wonder to behold. That summer may not have been made for war alone nor its fair fields intended to hide the struggle of its women.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS





American girls did their level best to raise the desertion rate in the British rank and file. These early, lovingly applied psychological tactics drove many a man to retire with his musket hopelessly fatigued.





Any country that
could appoint as
its first post-
master general
the author of the
randy *Speech to
Polly Baker*, was
destined to go
a long way.
The author,
Benjamin
Franklin, was
destined to
help it.



Especially memorable, of course, was the infamous New England tradition of *bundling*, which gave American women some important training in their own kind of counterinsurgency warfare. The parents of lasses being courted would often permit suitors to share the girls' beds or couches—provided that both parties remained fully dressed. And although this practice led to some very creative definitions of what "fully dressed" meant, it stood the young ladies in good stead in more difficult times. Parents would often step out for a breath of fresh air during the crucial moments of torrid courtship. Their daughters, meanwhile, did their red, white, and blue best to debilitate the enemy—as often as he could take it, that is. She serves her country best who serves herself.








Boat courtesy of Humes Sporting Goods





The British still foolishly insisted that colonists billet any Redcoat who showed up at the door. This policy often set young soldiers aquiver, since they had no way of knowing whether they'd be greeted with a hot musket or an even hotter maiden. Savvy colonial farm girls, however, were not nearly so confused. After all, those British lads did look a touch dashing in their bangles and braid. And with the home team away—toughing it out in Valley Forge or fording the Delaware with gorgeous George—what else could a patriotic girl give for her new nation? Needless to say, it was during one of those nocturnal sacrifices so very willingly made that the historic phrase "The British are coming!" was uttered for the first time upon these hallowed shores. The rest is history. 

WARNING:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

(5) *The key to the world food situation during the next few decades is . . .*

(a) *the rate of fertilizer production.*

(b) *the weather.*

(c) *the extension of modern agricultural technologies to poor farmers in less-developed countries.*

(d) *the development of more and better high-yielding crop strains.*

(e) *the stabilization of food prices—especially grains.*

(f) *establishing of a food-reserve system.*

Answer: This question differs from the others in that *all* of the above answers are correct. Each of these factors will play a key role in determining future food supplies. Unfortunately, not all are within human control, but in no area is intelligent political decision-making more important for our future.

Insufficient fertilizer supplies, (a), was a significant factor in generating the food shortages of 1972 and especially of 1974. Not only was production capacity inadequate, but also prices, boosted by the 1973 "energy crisis," put manufactured fertilizer imports beyond the means of many less-developed nations and of individual farmers. Production capacity has been expanding rapidly, and it is expected that it will be sufficient to meet demand for the rest of the decade, but high costs are likely to continue to be a serious problem. Greater use should be encouraged of potential organic-fertilizer sources (now often a source of pollution in developed countries or consumed for fuel, fodder, or other uses in LDCs), such as manure, sewage, and agricultural wastes. Organic fertilizers are beneficial to soil; use of these materials also prevents pollution problems; and as fossil fuel costs rise, they will become relatively economical. Further, they help to conserve, rather than waste, the valuable nutrients that are derived from the soil.

As humanity draws closer to the limits of agricultural production, the weather, (b), looms larger and larger in the food picture. Contrary to myths promoted by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, modern agricultural technology has not divorced food production from such mundane things as the need for enough (but not too much!) rainfall. On the contrary, contemporary grain varieties are far more dependent on reliable weather than are traditional ones. For most of the world, the period from 1930 to 1960 was one of extraordinarily consistent good weather and concomitant high food production (and rapid population growth). There is every reason to be concerned that the world may now be entering a period of more "normal" weather. We must therefore expect greater weather variability and realize that such variability may have catastrophic effects on the nutrition of a population that has doubled in

size since 1930. The first half of the 1970s, in which two out of five years produced disastrously poor crops in widely scattered parts of the globe, may be a far more accurate portent of future weather patterns than the previous forty years have been. Even if it isn't, some bad years can be counted on to occur, and humanity will need to be prepared for them. Because the world population is currently expanding by almost 2 percent per year, food production must also expand at least that rapidly if mass starvation is to be avoided. Because hundreds of millions of human beings are living on the edge of starvation and because others are demanding (and can buy) more and better foods each year, food production should increase at an even faster rate.

It is not widely understood by the American public that significant expansion of food production in the United States and in most other developed countries has probably come to an end; we've had our Green Revolution. (We could, of course, feed a great many more people by feeding some of our grains and legumes to them rather than to farm animals. When grain is processed through livestock, 50 to 90 percent of the food energy is lost. But that's another story.) Hence, most of the remaining potential for raising world food production lies in the poor countries, (c). Many LDCs in past years have neglected agricultural development in favor of all-out industrialization, secure in the knowledge that the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand had plenty of extra grain to sell cheaply or give away. But in 1972 the cheap grain suddenly tripled in price, and the giveaways (mainly American) dried up. One reason was that the Nixon administration had unilaterally decided to get out of the grain-reserve business (and Earl Butz has remained adamantly opposed to reestablishing it). Another reason was a series of crop failures around the world in 1972 and huge purchases of grain from the U.S. by the U.S.S.R. Although the blame for high and subsequently wildly fluctuating food prices has been pinned on the Soviets, the disappearance of adequate food reserves is probably the primary cause.

The sudden appearance of declines in world food production in 1972 and 1974 (for the first time in twenty years) naturally stimulated a renewed interest in rural and agricultural development in LDCs (even as it inspired a concern for self-sufficiency in several European countries, which are heavy food importers). Heretofore, the Green Revolution in LDCs has mainly been limited to a minority of relatively well-off farmers who could afford the necessary inputs: seed, fertilizer, irrigation water, pesticides, and so on. Further expansion of food production will require, among other things, the provision of know-how, inputs, and supporting facilities, such as roads, markets, transportation, capital, and credit to the poor majority

of farmers. Whether the requisite effort will be put forth remains to be seen, although the U.S.A.I.D., the World Bank, and other assisting agencies have established rural development as a primary goal. In part, success will depend on political decisions in the United States concerning the amounts and types of agricultural assistance to be given.

Whether agricultural development in LDCs will be carried out with care to avoid severe environmental consequences in the long or short run through misuse of Green Revolution technology also remains to be seen.

If such development is not undertaken, the outcome may include: deforestation, causing aggravation of floods and droughts; soil depletion through use of insufficient fertilizer or too much artificial fertilizer without restoring humus; large-scale crop failures brought about by pest or plant-disease attacks, which vast monocultures and overuse of chemical pesticides invited (see next question); and serious human-health problems and ecocatastrophes that have resulted from abuse of farm chemicals.

Expansion of future food supplies will also depend in large part on results of agricultural research, (d). More crops with high yields must be developed. As for those crops of which high-yield varieties already exist, new varieties must be constantly developed in order to meet the challenge of pests, which are constantly evolving new ways to attack crops; last year's pest-resistant strain may be vulnerable this year. New varieties must also be bred to meet new and changing weather conditions. It is vitally important that politicians be aware of this fact. A related problem is that in crops there is an unhappy trend toward a uniformity that is rapidly reducing the store of genetic variability essential to selecting new strains and thus maintaining high-yield agriculture. No other environmental problem is more critical, and no other has been so badly ignored by governments. Any politician showing an awareness of the evolutionary aspects of agriculture—and especially of the problem of the decay of genetic variability—should be given our most earnest support.

More research is also needed to perfect Green Revolution technology: to learn how to achieve the highest dependable yields with the least environmental damage under various conditions of soil, climate, and social organization. These are no small tasks, and we question whether current and planned efforts are commensurate with the dimensions of the problems to be solved.

Essential as agricultural development and research are to future food supplies, however, economic factors and governmental policies will continue to be important determinants as well—at least while food trade operates under "free market" rules. In particular, until a world system of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

Vive la différence

Montréal is a woman with a taste for living... la cuisine française, les cafés-terrasses, les discothèques, les bistros... and Montréal is also a city of beautiful women.

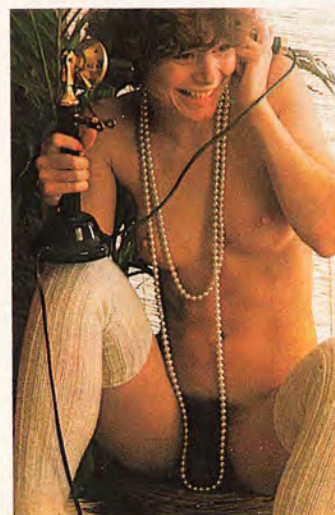
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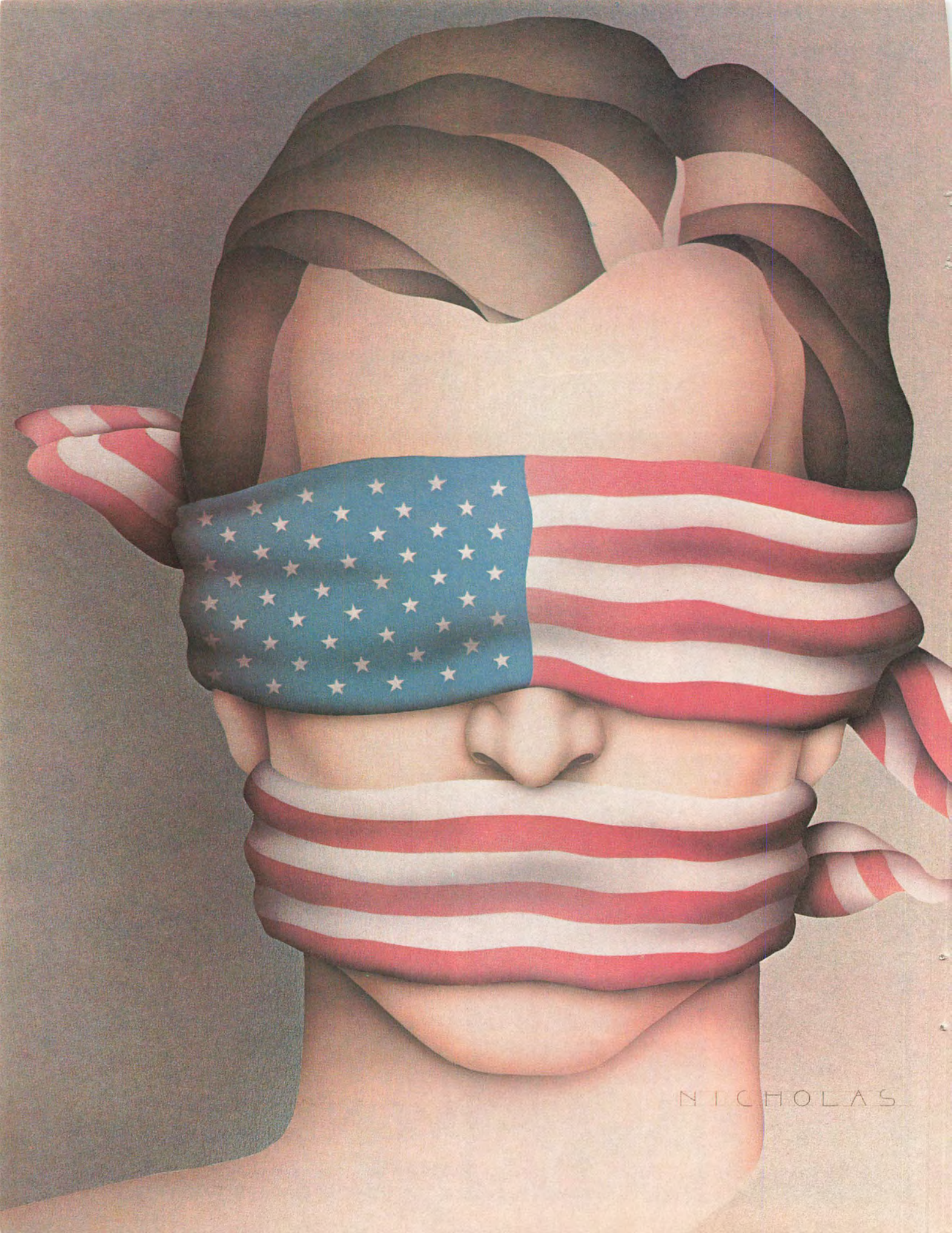
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NICHOLAS

Will Jerry Ford
Really Kill
the First Amendment?

I HEAR AMERICA SILENCED

BY GORE VIDAL

In a fit of democratic euphoria, Thomas Jefferson, Esq., declared that if he had to choose between a government without a free press and a free press without a government, he would favor newspapers every time. The prospect is certainly beguiling: the United States as one big city room, a kind of super *Front Page* or *All the President's Men* (retitled *All the Managing Editor's Men*). Eventually, characteristically, President Jefferson reversed his position. He came to detest the press. He took a particularly dim view of one editor who kept mentioning the long affair that the president had had with a slave girl. Finally, the ardent upholder of newspapers hurled the full power of the presidency at the hapless editor, with a most chilling effect.

Presidents have always disliked the press. In fact, the history of the United States can be interpreted as one long hassle between the rulers of the country on the one hand and the press on the other. . . . that is, some of the press some of the time since most of the press most of the time reflects the views of the ownership every bit as loyally as the rulers mouthpiece the incumbent president. Nevertheless, John Adams nearly did the press in with the Alien and Sedition Act. Over the years editors have been intimidated, put in jail, destroyed financially by displeased

❧ FIRST AMENDMENT ❧

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.



sovereigns. Yet freedom of speech has never been entirely curtailed for long, thanks to that sublime afterthought to the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, whose First Amendment states, without ambiguity: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

A Virginian named George Mason was responsible for the beautiful clarity of this amendment. A principal author of Virginia's Declaration of Rights, Mason believed that "the freedom of the press is one of the greatest bulwarks of liberty." He incorporated this conviction into the First Amendment. Over the years our rulers have done everything possible to abridge or nullify the First Amendment. Happily, to date, they have failed.

The late Justice Hugo Black used to say that the First Amendment means exactly what it says and that no power in the land may stop a citizen from saying or writing or publishing his opinions. But even Justice Black agreed that it would be a criminal act to publish troop movements in time of war, while Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes doubted that it was a good idea if any nut who wanted to yell fire in a crowded theater where there was no fire were allowed to do so. Except for these sensible limitations, we are—in theory—free to say or write or publish whatever we want to. In practice, however, this freedom is constantly threatened. Our rulers are nothing if not ingenious. After all, they ask, just *what* is a time of war?

According to the Constitution a time of war is that period between Congress's declaration and the subsequent peace. In 1941 Congress declared war on the Axis powers. Now, thirty-five years later, we are still at war more or less openly with this power or that power. Why? Because the war/defense industries made so much money during the Second World War that they could not face peacetime and its discontents. After all, the one thing that American capitalism cannot bear is competition in the open marketplace. Recognizing this, gallant Harry Truman helped launch the Cold War. Only by frightening the citizens with the specter of monolithic international communism could he justify the maintenance of a huge army and the expenditure of billions of dollars for armaments. One does not need to be a philosopher to come to the conclusion that a permanent garrison state is not a healthy place for civil liberties.

The ultimate assault on the First Amendment occurred during the Nixon administration when government mistakes or crimes were routinely labeled "Secret" in the "national interest," thereby making a criminal of anyone who tried to expose the government's incompetencies. Happily, the Supreme Court has been moving toward a strict interpretation of the First Amendment since 1951, when the Court hit rock bottom by upholding a lower court's conviction of a number of American Communists who were supposed, somehow, to be overthrowing the government. Since that nadir, the Court has come more and more to accept the position that ideas must be freely traded in, as Justice Holmes put it. Even the Nixon justice Lewis Powell takes a strict view of freedom of speech. In 1974 he wrote: "Under the First Amendment there is no such thing as a false idea. However pernicious an opinion may

seem, we depend for its correction not on the conscience of judges and juries but on the competition of other ideas." This observation is worthy of Thomas Jefferson, Esq., though it is at variance with the practices of President Jefferson.

The Court has also begun to face the fact that obscenity is not an absolute concept. As Justice John Harlan put it: "One man's vulgarity is another's lyric." This is not, alas, a majority view of the present Court. Although even the most repressive of the justices favors free political debate, a majority still accept the Mosaic-Pauline belief that the nation is a family whose father is represented by a court that thinks it has every right to determine what the children may or may not do in bed with one another, what they may eat, drink, sniff, and mainline. The law's constant intervention in the private lives of the citizens is perfectly opposed to the spirit and, sometimes, to the letter of the Constitution. Yet the Burger Court blithely behaves as if a secular government had a divine right to implement, through law, the superstitions of the various decaying religions. Worse, the Court believes that certain arrangements of words on a page or of images on celluloid can somehow subvert the authority of that ruling class the Court unquestioningly serves; as a result, those words, those images, must be banned.

In recent months the Ford administration has emerged as a resolute enemy of the First Amendment. Disturbed that an influential minority in the Congress and in the media (to use that unlovely neologism) have found alarming the way the CIA has spied on Americans, plotted murders, and generally behaved like an organ of the Third Reich, Mr. Ford has come up with an extraordinary series of proposals whose object is not to curb the CIA but to silence (in the national interest, of course) its critics. For instance, anyone who discloses an official "secret" would be guilty of a crime. Since every mistake or illegality perpetrated by our rulers is promptly classified secret, the government would be, in theory as it now is pretty much in practice, absolutely unaccountable. Best of all, from Ford's point of view, investigative critics could be put in jail. Yet, as Anthony Lewis points out, "there are very few real secrets, and attempts to define them have been grossly abused."

The Ford administration's proposals appear to be gaining support in the present Congress. Certainly, there was very little outcry when Daniel Schorr was suspended from CBS because he had given the *Village Voice* a congressional report. Yet Mr. Schorr's fate is of interest to every one, for if he is found to be in contempt of Congress (that universal emotion one must not express in words) "then," as he put it, "they can get any reporter next week."

Is next week at hand? Tune in during the Bicentennial season and watch the continuing battle between those who uphold George Mason's beautiful invention and the bad guys who mean to destroy it. Bear in mind, also, Mason's inspiration as published in Dixon and Hunter's *Gazette* for May 18, 1776: "The use of speech is a natural right. . . . Printing is a more extensive and improved kind of speech." Whoever would limit this right does so at his own peril. ❧



1876

● Unfettered and unbuttoned, erotic experimentation burst like a midnight sun. ●



• Then, as now, the yearning heart
followed its own dictates. •

A century ago Sigmund Freud was a twenty-year-old wunder-kind at Vienna University, wrestling with his moist student dreams and his still-unnamed Oedipal complex. Not much later, of course, he would take much of the joy out of sex by moving it from the bed to the couch. At an unlikely place called Little Bighorn in Montana, golden-haired Gen. George Armstrong Custer was doing an equally unlikely and not very successful imitation of John Wayne. In the process he contributed one of our more flavorsome military observations: "Look at all those fucking Indians!" Samuel J. Tilden was on his way to losing the presidential election—the most hotly disputed in U.S. history—to Rutherford B. Hayes. But he was able to dispatch his political disappointment by retreating to a considerably more stimulating pastime, his unrivaled private collection of erotic literature.

Women were angry, and considering the cinched, pinched, petticoated fashions of the time, no wonder. Although they wouldn't have dreamt of burning their bras (and how Freud would have interpreted *that!*), Susan B. Anthony and her feisty feminist sisters set off sparks aplenty with their demand for the right to vote, which would not be granted for another generation. Censorship was as rigid as milady's *de rigueur* whalebone corset. Everyone was read-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAJDA









ing Mark
Twain's new
book, *The
Adventures
of Tom
Sawyer*, but
the courts
decreed that
such juicy
novels as
Fanny Hill,
*The Lustful
Turk*, and
Peep Behind





the Curtain of a Female Seminary were just too downright prurient for American imaginations.

Happily, as our pictorial gaily depicts, some blithe spirits succeeded in shedding their inhibitions along with their cumbersome garments and turned their shapely backsides on Victorian convention. Unfettered, unbuttoned, and unzipped, love, sex, and erotic experimentation dispelled the darkness like a kind of midnight sun. In those days, of course, the sun never did set







on the British Empire, for in 1876 Queen Victoria declared herself Empress of India. Her later decrees, however, were less majestic, such as her law ruling that any homosexual act between males was a crime. The queen declined to sign a similar bill outlawing homosexuality between females "because," huffed Victoria, "Ladies simply don't do that sort of thing." But as these two frolicsome young things amply reaffirm, the heart follows its own dictates. ○✚



The Third World

As we enter our third century, we'd better take off the blinders and confront our greatest foreign challenge: the growing anger and nationalism of two-thirds of humanity.

BY TAD SZULC

There is an extremely serious possibility that by the year 2000 the United States will find itself living in relatively splendid but frightened isolation from most of the human race, surrounded by an increasingly hostile Third World.

Forces of history and, what is most important, our own unconscionably blind attitudes toward this Third World—well over 100 nations rebelling against their ageless poverty and economic and political exploitation by the traditional great powers—are likely to make this dire prediction come true unless Americans and their government fully understand these emerging patterns of power and face them squarely. And Third World power includes the many raw materials we need at a tolerable cost.

This is not simply an alarmist view about the inevitability of America's fate. A growing number of independent analysts have observed that as we enter our third century, the intense nationalism of the Third World represents the greatest historical challenge to our international position.

The world is entering an era of deep upheaval because of the immensely explosive forces at work in the underdeveloped countries. There may

Photograph by Richard L. Shaefer/Set by Kaufman Surplus, N.Y.C.



be localized or regional revolutionary surges from Latin America to Asia and Africa. Today's most immediate confrontations are occurring in southern Africa, where black-liberation movements, unconditionally supported by the Third World, are defying the racist white-rule regimes in Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa. In its own hemisphere the United States may soon become embroiled in a major clash with the Third World over the status of the Panama Canal.

In addition, there is the terrible peril, now taken with utmost seriousness by Western governments, that the relatively more affluent countries in the Third World will before long develop their own nuclear weapons, totally destroying the strategic balance in the world. Nuclear technology is nowadays readily available, and plutonium power reactors are proliferating everywhere. Any country possessing one can build a bomb. India has done so. Such countries as Iran, Egypt, Brazil, Argentina, Mexico, and Pakistan are on the threshold of nuclear capability. Should they achieve it, the more advanced countries will join the nuclear race: South Africa, Japan, West Germany, and so on. Israel, which is not part of the Third World, but is geographically located in the midst of it, is believed to have as many as twenty nuclear weapons. This is the scenario for a nightmare.

However, the nightmare need not come true. This wholly unprecedented challenge is *not* beyond America's capacity for a positive response, and we need not be condemned to isolation in "Fortress America." We must first acquire a clear comprehension of the way the world around us is changing and what the immense implications of this change are. Then, one hopes, we can proceed to develop constructive policies that, among other things, will call for an infusion of American morality and common sense—something that has been sadly lacking in the past. The anger, fear, and frustration that we are now displaying will not solve the problem.

Until not too long ago the world was rather simple. Our wars, though costly, were episodes of limited duration. With the Soviet Union, we achieved a balance of nuclear terror, which, short of acts of madness, is a stalemate certain to persist indefinitely. We have learned to live with it. But the Third World, which controls much of the earth's raw materials, most notably oil, is a totally new dimension in international dynamics.

This Third World and its nonaligned members are an incredible mix, full of contradictions, whose only common characteristics are nationalism and the desire to establish a "new international economic order," which means that the industrialized countries must make major economic concessions to the Third World.

Let us look at some basic facts about the Third World. In the first place, the United States and the other industrialized nations

including Japan (the so-called First World) and the Soviet bloc (the Second World) are hopelessly outnumbered by the Third World. Today, the Third World accounts for almost two-thirds of humanity.

Within twenty-five years, if birth rates are not drastically reduced (which is not probable), the Third World will outnumber the industrialized group by a ratio of nearly four to one. There will be close to 5 billion people in the underdeveloped countries (including China) and only 1.3 billion in the industrialized world. And the United States will have, at most, 287 million inhabitants—one-eighteenth of the Third World's population. Moreover, while the Third World population gets younger, the people of the West grow older. The median age in the Third World now is just under twenty years. In the West it is more than thirty. Every year this gap gets wider. Thus we face a worldwide protest generation.

In a recent report, following a tour of seven Asian countries, Ambassador Marshall Green, the State Department's coordinator of population affairs, pointed out that "obstacles to reducing fertility rates

“
Within twenty-five years,
the population of the
Third World will probably
outnumber the industrialized
nations by a ratio of
nearly four to one.
”

persist: traditionalism, ignorance, fears, male machismo, and the desire for many sons to provide for their parents in their old age. . . . Contraceptives are widely available, although they have not come within reach of most people in the most remote rural areas." However, Green found encouragement in the growing awareness of Asian women concerning the need for population control.

The dangers inherent in this population explosion are beyond calculation. Although the Third World has enough food in the short run, it is not always properly distributed and there is the possibility of occasional famines on the Indian subcontinent and in parts of Africa. But such authorities on the subject as Lester Brown, the president of the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute, believe that by the year 2000 the world will be unable to produce enough food to feed its projected 6.5 billion population. In 1975, for example, the world population rose by 70 million (this year it is 4 billion) while the food yield per hectare dropped globally by one-tenth of 1 percent. This trend will continue as

population rises and food production declines.

The resulting starvation and undernourishment are bound to tear asunder the fragile societies of the Third World. Because there will not be enough food and jobs, there will be social and political unrest, revolutions, and even wars. The ghastly irony is that countries in the Third World, trying to mechanize their agriculture so that they can improve food production, are also creating huge new pools of unemployment.

Massive U.S. food shipments are not an adequate answer for the hungry countries. Thus Ambassador Green noted in a recent report: "Unquestionably, we should help avert famine. However, we must find the optimum levels of assistance, lest by giving too much food we detract from the efforts and stimuli of receiving countries to maximize their own food production." He pointed out that the problem is to provide enough food while local farm economies develop, but without discouraging them from new production.

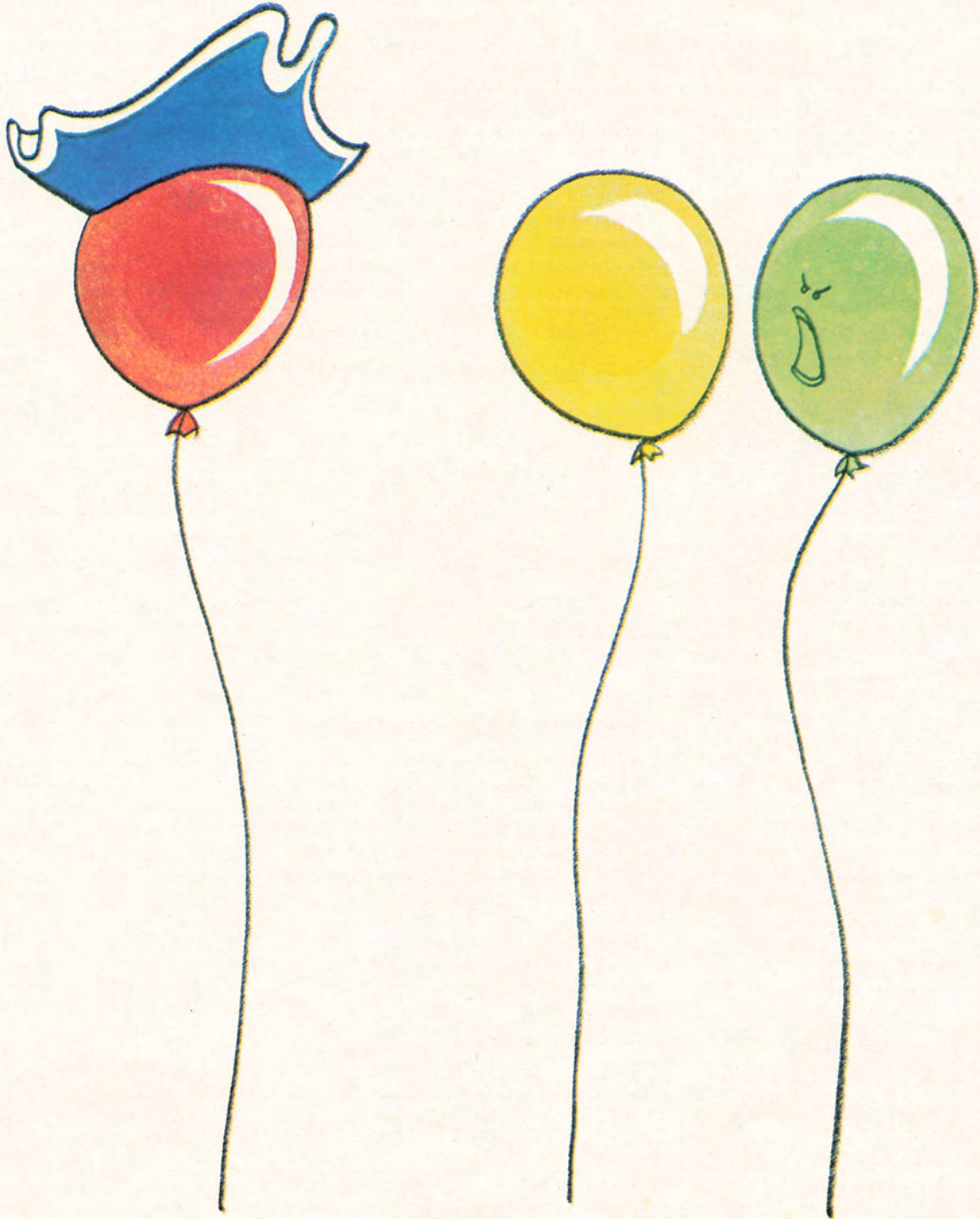
This anticipated instability, to say the least, resulting from the population-food-job equation obviously has vast political and security implications. And as matters stand now, much of the Third World is turning toward radical solutions and experiments. The underdeveloped nations are becoming a fertile breeding ground for everything ranging from despair-based demagoguery to Marxism, largely because the capitalist traditions of the United States and the Western democracies have been unable to provide the kind of answers they need—if there are answers. Whether or not Marxism will be any more successful is doubtful, because nearly sixty years after the October Revolution, the Soviet Union hasn't been able to solve its own food problem. Many young nations of the Third World are nevertheless willing to give the system a try, disenchanted as they are with the exploitive capitalism of the colonial era, with the West in general, and with the United States in particular.

Many of these nations perceive the United States as the defender of the *status quo*, which they reject. In the absence of positive American political attitudes toward the Third World, the Soviet Union and China are proving attractive.

Then there is the element of fervent Third World nationalism as well as racial conscience. The United States seems never to have understood that in the Indochina wars of our generation the Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians were primarily motivated by nationalism—not by communism. This may well explain why we lost those wars and why France lost her colonial wars in Indochina and Algeria. After fifty-seven years of virtual American domination, Cuba found in Fidel Castro's communism the road to nationalist assertion, and of course the Russians were shrewd enough to help him while we fought his revolution.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



He thinks he's a minuteman, but thirty seconds is more like it.

The same is happening today in southern Africa—Angola, Mozambique, Namibia, Rhodesia, and even South Africa. The Chinese and the Russians (sometimes using Cuban troops as a spearhead) support the nationalist and racial aspirations of the blacks while we remain wedded to the *status quo* of white rule or mindlessly support unpopular local leaders in the hope of controlling them if they win. We did not learn with Diem and Thieu in Vietnam, and one can only hope that we learned something in Angola.

In South Africa (where we have been covertly supplying sophisticated military equipment despite a self-imposed arms embargo), the United States may have painted itself into a corner. The overriding concern is for the protection of our investments and for the safety of the oil tankers' sea lanes traversing the Persian Gulf and extending around the tip of South Africa. Our fear is that if the white regime in Pretoria is ever ousted by the black majority, communism may creep in—and with it Soviet naval bases. Thus we may end up in an alliance with the South Africans—an alliance that would antagonize American blacks as well as the Third World.

Our relationship with the white-minority regime in Rhodesia has also caused problems. The United States was the only major power to break unilaterally the United Nations' economic sanctions against that government in order to accommodate an American corporation with Rhodesian mining interests. Thus we were caught in a dilemma between our concern for African stability and the political need to support the black majority and its Third World allies. Because we fear communism—and even extreme nationalism—among the black movements, we may be leaving the field open to the Russians and the Chinese, unless we find it possible to align ourselves for once with a popular cause.

In an apparent reversal of his former policies, Secretary of State Kissinger piously indicated not long ago that the U.S. favors majority black rule in Rhodesia; but in the same breath he emphasized opposition to any foreign aid to Rhodesia's black guerrillas, gathering against the intractable white-minority regime of Prime Minister Ian Smith. Thus Kissinger is pushing even black moderates to the Left.

Of course, the Communists infuse their ideological bias into the liberation movements of the new countries, which is one dimension of the Third World's alienation from the United States—and a factor in our growing isolation. Economic and social desperation combined with nationalism creates, in turn, a Third World solidarity that, almost by definition, turns against the United States. Because of wisdom or self-interest, Western Europe and Japan have avoided much of this hostility; they tend to give in to the Third World on major issues.

This Third World solidarity has already been transformed into economic and political power. The Third World produces raw

materials—not only oil but also bauxite, iron ore, and other minerals—that the United States and other industrialized countries require for their very existence.

Without these raw materials, First World economies would collapse or be grievously injured; we had a foretaste of this distress in the Arab oil embargo in 1973, and, what was more important, in the quintupling of the price of imported crude oil since that time. While the goal of American independence in energy by 1985 is clearly unattainable, our dependence on imported oil, especially from the Middle East, is rising. America is thus placed in a very vulnerable position.

Even Canada, our North American neighbor, plans to cut off oil exports to the United States within the next two years for her own economic reasons. Canada, of course, does not belong to the Third World, but Canadian nationalism (and not only among French Canadians) is becoming stronger, and it increasingly assumes a tone that is anti-American. There are mounting restrictions on United States business and investments in Canada, and

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The United States
seems never to have
understood that the
Vietnam War was
motivated primarily by
nationalism—not communism.
”

what is most striking, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau made a point of visiting Castro in Cuba earlier this year, praising him, in effect, for sending his troops to Angola. Between Mexico, a champion of the Third World, in the south, and Canada, in the north, we are becoming isolated on our own continent.

Economically, of course, the United States has the “food weapon”—assuming that we are willing to engage in this kind of warfare. At the time of the Arab oil embargo there were proposals—which were rejected by the administration—to punish the Arabs by withholding food sales. But, more recently, Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz has been suggesting that American food might be used as a “weapon in the arsenal of U.S. diplomacy,” presumably to be denied to those who cross us. Similar pressures have developed in the State Department. Taking such a step, however, would be both inhuman (if it were used against a hungry nation) and self-defeating at a time when food is among the key Third World problems. And, ironically, some Americans would prefer that our

grain go to the Soviet Union (supposedly our main adversary) rather than to the Third World. The reason is that the Russians, facing bad harvests, pay high prices, whereas food given the Third World brings less. Because there is a physical limit to U.S. grain exports (about 30 million tons annually), we must quickly decide what our real priorities are.

Politically, the combination of the underdeveloped countries of the Third World and the so-called nonaligned nations—those that do not belong to NATO, the Warsaw Pact, or other international defense arrangements—packs an extraordinary wallop.

We have seen it in the United Nations, where the United States and its narrowing number of allies and friends are consistently defeated by a bizarre coalition of Third World, nonaligned, and Communist powers. This isolation in the glass building on the East River in New York is part of the larger syndrome of American isolation in the world. We may shout and threaten, as our diplomats at the United Nations have done, but such a response does not change the situation. We can, of course, pack up and go, quitting the United Nations altogether (as some have suggested), but that would only formalize the American isolation.

Some Third World countries are nonaligned or say that they are (for example, Cuba, Vietnam, North Korea, most of Muslim and black Africa, and most of the nations of the Middle East—all of which participate in nonaligned international conferences). Others are aligned (Mexico, Peru, Pakistan, Iran, and the Philippines), but their first loyalty is to the Third World. Mexico, under President Luis Echeverría, has become one of the leaders of the Third World despite its close relations with the United States and its membership in the Inter-American Reciprocal Assistance Pact, a military alliance. Pakistan and Iran, which are very much in the Third World, belong to the American-supported Central Treaty Organization (CENTO). Communist Yugoslavia, which broke with Moscow twenty-eight years ago, is a leader in the nonaligned bloc and gives considerable support to the Third World.

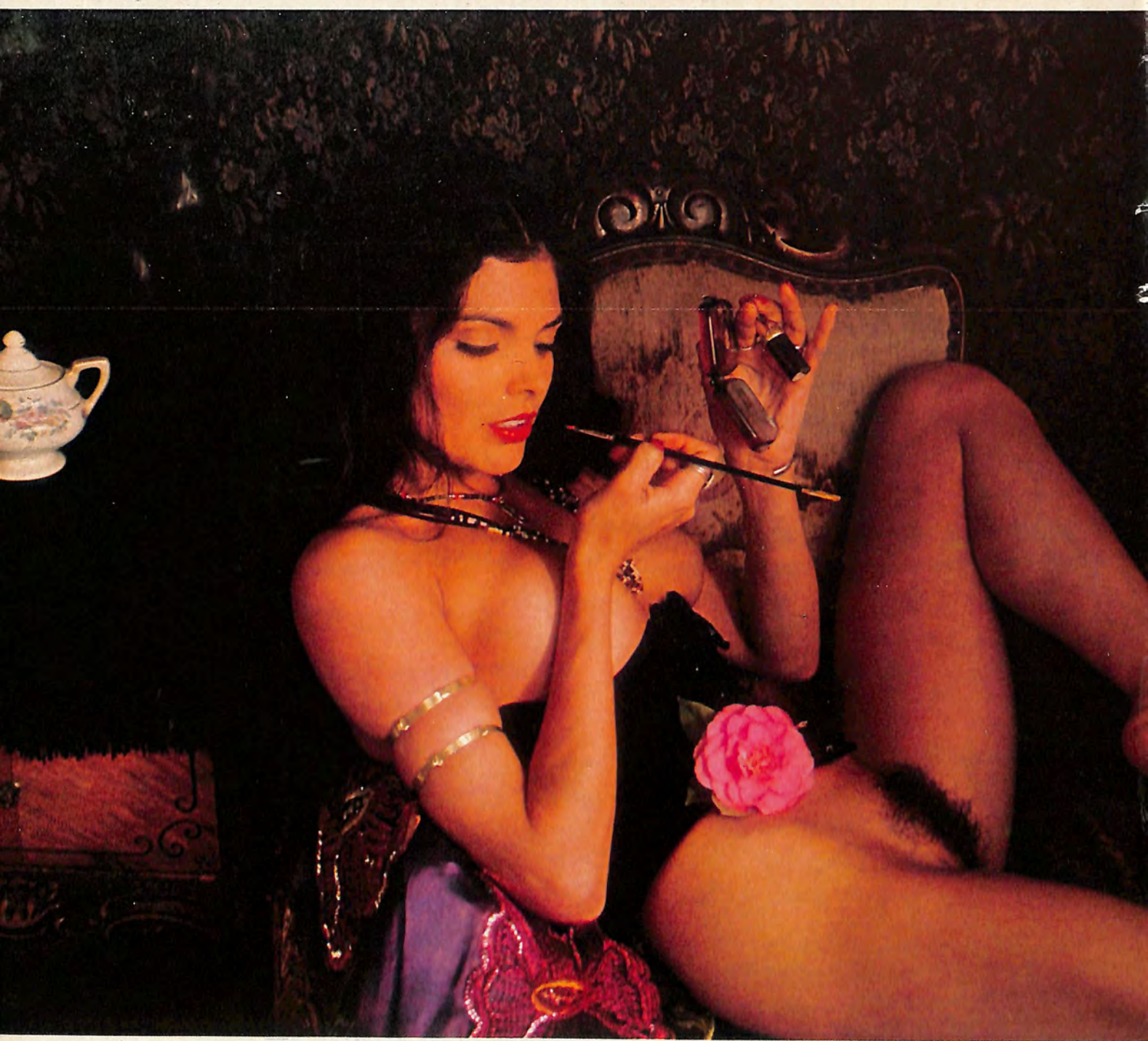
The international ambiguities are accentuated by the fact that Communist countries like Vietnam, North Korea, and Cuba regard themselves as nonaligned. Despite the immense military and economic aid they have been receiving from the Soviet Union (China has given much less), they seem to believe in nationalism as their guiding policy. Vietnam, of course, has a history of wars with China, and it wishes to maintain as much independence as possible from its northern neighbor. For similar reasons, Hanoi does not want a formal alliance with the Soviet Union. Hanoi's identification with the Third World and its self-proclaimed nonalignment are regarded by the North Vietnamese as a political hedge. What is most

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HELEN

◌ I've learned the Eastern art of giving myself mental orgasms. ◌



1976

If Helen Lang didn't exist, she probably would have invented herself out of the cross-cultural currents of Eastern mysticism and California Dreamin'. Just one look is enough to convince anyone that Helen does indeed exist. Born in California twenty-one years ago, this dark-eyed, 5 foot 1 beauty enjoys contemplative activities—where else?—down by the sunny Pacific shore. "I love the beach," sighs Helen, "and I love to look at the incredible breaking of the waves. They draw me whenever I'm troubled in body or mind. It's something very deep and moving, something that puts me in *touch*. The rhythms of the ocean are the rhythms of the world, and my blood seems to pulse in time to the pounding of the surf."

Helen finds other rhythms equally compelling. "I adore Western classical music for the depth of its emotion," she says, "but the music that really turns me on is the sound of the East. I love Eastern culture, which may be why I'm so happy in California, perched between East and West." Helen has learned to undulate her 35-22-35 body in a wicked belly dance. "That's not the right name; it develops many more muscles than just the belly."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER







Makeup by Jeff Hamilton; Wardrobe by Masako Takashimi, Los Angeles; Jewelry by Alan Fried (The Unusual Jeweler), Sherman Oaks, Calif., and Endozo Ltd., Van Nuys, Calif.

“ I want men with nice, tight asses which I can grab and squeeze hard. ”



"I love to practice belly dancing—just me, the music, and the mirror. I must admit that watching my body quiver in the mirror is very, very exciting. I've learned the Eastern art of giving myself mental and not-so-mental orgasms. That makes my private practice sessions more amazing and satisfying than any voyeur would believe. Of course, belly dancing is a terrific come-on for a man, which is why I took it up. I love to seduce my men, to dance for them, watch them wanting me, see their bodies react to what I do. Sometimes I design special filmy costumes, turn the lights low, and lead my special boyfriend to a hot, soapy bath in a room lighted only by candles and burning incense. It's like fucking in a dream."





“I love to seduce my men, dance for them, watch them wanting me, see their bodies react to what I do.”

Just what kind of person might the ever-undulating Helen choose to share that candle-lit, sudsy dream? “I like men with broad shoulders and nice, tight asses,” she says. “I’ve got a *big* thing about a good ass which I can just grab hold of and squeeze hard. That really turns me on. I also *love* to watch crotches. Just set me on a beach, and my eyes go right to where it counts! Sometimes I just want *pounce* on the best man I see—like a cat. I think if I were an animal I would be a cat, not the domestic kind of pussycat but one of those jungle beasts, all sultry and sleek, with a firm, smooth motion and a really lusty appetite. The kind of dangerous beauty that catches you once and afterwards keeps you ensnared.”







"I like my men to be athletic, intelligent, artistic, but most of all, *cosmic*—men who have the heroic character of the ancients, who are fully in touch with their former selves. Just looking at that kind of man gives me a warm feeling. I love older men, someone old enough to be my father but wise enough to dominate me. You know . . . the kind of guy who has that special understanding of just who I am and what I really need. But age is not just a chronological thing; I am really talking about sensitivity and worldliness, about having a secure spirit that is in touch with the Karmic order of the universe." We'll say *Ohm* to that, Helen.

○+■



MISS HELEN LANG/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





Third World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

surprising is that North Korea, long a rigid Communist state, also decided to declare itself nonaligned. Cuba has an organic economic link with the Moscow-led Eastern European common market, but she insists on an identification with the Third World and nonalignment. All this may be a case of wanting the best of both worlds, a situation from which the United States could conceivably profit through subtle and imaginative policies.

Right now in the Third World, however, there are intense peer pressures to maintain a united front of solidarity against the West and, especially, the United States. This is why such feudal monarchies as Saudi Arabia and imperial Iran sit side by side with such radical regimes as Algeria, Libya, and Iraq in the powerful Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC), a bloc the United States has not been able to break. And all of them, ideology and social and political systems notwithstanding, regard themselves as part of the Third World.

Paradoxically, some Third World countries have become oil billionaires while other countries wallow in the most abject poverty: forty-eight nations, such as Bangladesh and much of Africa, are in the basket-case category, which is beginning to be known as the "Fourth World." In this new international language, the term refers to the conglomeration of human beings who live in utter destitution, sometimes in countries that have relatively high overall incomes. This is true of parts of India and Pakistan, Brazil (its huge northeastern region), Zaire, Peru—to name a few. The World Bank estimates that there are 1 billion Fourth World people foundering in misery and disease. Thirty percent of Third and Fourth World people live on annual incomes less than fifty dollars.

The essentially anti-Western solidarity of these governments leads them to a variety of political gestures. In 1971 the Third World-Nonaligned-Communist coalition (plus quite a few Western European countries) seated Peking in the United Nations over intense United States opposition. A great many coalition members voted in the United Nations General Assembly last year for the resolution declaring Zionism to be racism, which possibly marked a turning point in American attitudes toward the world organization.

The United States was unable to stem the tide: the new coalition supported the Arabs in their struggle with Israel, and not many countries dared go against it even though they realized the dangerous absurdity of the vote. A leading Asian statesman, whose country voted for the resolution, explained to me that he personally opposed it but could not afford to have his delegation abstain—let alone cast a "no" ballot: "I can help the West

through private diplomacy, but I cannot go publicly against so many of our friends."

Before very long the United States may become involved in a major crisis with the Third World and its usual allies over the Panama Canal issue. Because of domestic political pressures in this election year, the Ford administration, for all practical purposes, has postponed until 1977 the long-drawn-out negotiations over a new Canal treaty. But the Panamanians, led by Gen. Omar Torrijos, the country's strong man, may be unwilling to wait that long. The present confusion surrounding American foreign policy may well lead Torrijos to exploit this situation and push for a confrontation during 1976. In the past the question of sovereignty over the Canal was strictly a matter between Panama, with tepid Latin American support, and the U.S. But Torrijos is now moving toward internationalizing the issue with what may eventually have disastrous political consequences for Washington.

Several years ago Torrijos succeeded in promoting a debate on the Canal at a special meeting of the United Nations Security

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Between Mexico, in
the south, and Canada,
in the north,
we are becoming isolated on
our own continent.

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Council held in Panama. At that time he gained only symbolic support for his cause. Now, however, with the Third World so highly organized diplomatically, he is in a position to trigger a serious crisis. He knows that he will have across-the-board support from the grand coalition. Earlier this year he visited Havana in order to seek support from Castro (who had warned him against going too far in provoking Washington); in March, Yugoslavia's President Tito stopped in Panama to offer his backing in the Canal stalemate with the Americans.

Because Americans seem to have such difficulty in understanding the Third World phenomenon, I recently requested a definition from Pakistan's Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, basically a pro-American statesman but also a Third World leader. He said: "In the broad outlines of the Third World are those countries which have been under classical colonialism and imperialism, and those countries which have not been [physically] under classical imperialism and colonialism but nevertheless have been exploited in the same manner.

For instance, parts of China were occupied, but the whole of China was not occupied, and nevertheless China was exploited as a colony. . . . In Third World [countries] independence was not genuine, and their economies were still controlled to an extent. If their economies are controlled, their politics are also controlled. Some countries thought they could get out of the talons of this control through nonalignment; others thought they could get out of it through alignment—but basically their economic and social conditions remained the same. So they were still members of the same family. . . . Today . . . we are going to basics . . . the questions of economic development, economic emancipation, economic progress. . . . The main concern is with the new economic order."

This "New International Economic Order" is a major point of contention between the industrialized world and the Third World. It has been precisely defined in the "Charter of Economic Rights and Obligations of States" that the United Nations General Assembly approved by an overwhelming majority in December 1974. The charter was supported by 120 countries and opposed by 6: the United States, Britain, West Germany, Belgium, Denmark, and Luxembourg. There were ten abstentions, including Japan, Italy, Israel, France, the Netherlands, and Canada. The magnitude of this vote shows the degree of isolation of the industrialized countries in the world.

The United States and the others found it impossible to go along with the charter because of its heavy political content and restrictions on their worldwide economic freedoms. The charter, which is not binding; provides, for example, for "the reparation of injustices that have been imposed by force and that deprive a nation from natural resources necessary for its normal development" and for a series of limitations on investments.

To Washington the charter obviously loomed as a harbinger of conflict: it would reopen old grievances going back many decades, it would precipitate uncontested nationalizations of American investments, and it would affect our trade-and-pricing commitments to the Third World.

But this offensive by the Third World coalition also led the United States to bleak conclusions about what might develop if the United Nations majority had its way. They were expressed by Secretary of State Kissinger, who until not too long ago tended to ignore the Third World. The speech that was read to the General Assembly in his name by Daniel P. Moynihan, then chief American delegate to the United Nations, on September 1, 1975, included in part: "The economic issues have already become the subject of mounting confrontations—embargoes, cartels, seizures, countermeasures, and bitter rhetoric. Over the remainder of this century, should the trend continue, the division of the planet

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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

between North and South, between rich and poor, could become as grim as the darkest days of the cold war. We would enter an age of festering resentment, of increased resort to economic warfare, a hardening of new blocs, the undermining of cooperation, the erosion of international institutions—and failed development."

Then Kissinger showed his anger at the Third World coalition: "It is . . . ironic that a philosophy of nonalignment, designed to allow new nations to make their national choices free from the pressure of competing blocs, now has produced a bloc of its own. Nations with radically different economic interests and with entirely different political concerns are combined in a kind of solidarity that often clearly sacrifices practical interests. And it is ironic also that the most devastating blow to economic development in this decade came not from 'imperialist rapacity' but from an arbitrary, monopolistic price increase by the cartel of oil exporters."

Kissinger, of course, was right in much of what he said. Demonstrably, the Third World has produced its share of irresponsible acts, often because of a crowd-psychology motivation. The Third World has reached out for commitments that the industrialized world could not grant without sacrificing what it perceives as essential for its economic and political survival. The underdeveloped nations have become a powerful political alliance that is not only detrimental to the present American interest but also greatly unsettling in terms of orderly international relations.

What Kissinger evidently overlooked, however, was the underlying—and fundamental—political aspect of the Third World's stance: its long-standing resentment against the industrialized powers and its growing nationalism. His speech, one of his best, offered the Third World a series of positive proposals for international cooperation in encouraging food production and food stocks. He spoke of the need for joint action in population control (the United States alone spends \$100 million annually on promoting these controls, one-fourth of the total world expenditures for this purpose), for financial arrangements to assist countries whose economies have been crushed by the high oil prices, and for a host of other rational measures.

But, perhaps because of this rigid rationality, he did not touch the hearts and imaginations of the Third World, which are much preoccupied with the causes of nationalism and social and racial justice and the need for a basic change in the relationship between the rich and the poor.

In addition to these issues, there is the problem of American credibility in general. Thus Kissinger's speech included this passage to describe one basic United States belief in international economic cooperation: "Transnational enterprises are obliged to obey local laws and refrain from unlawful intervention in the domestic af-

fairs of host countries. Their activities should take account of public policy and national development priorities. . . ."

But within a few months we discovered that tens of millions of dollars had been paid by American defense contractors—mainly aircraft manufacturers—to senior officials in a dozen countries in order to advance their sales. American corporations, it turned out, had been investing uncounted millions of dollars in contributions to political parties in the countries where they did business or hoped to do so. Along with arms, we were exporting corruption. And there are sound reasons for suspecting that the United States government was quite aware of most of these activities and that it probably played a helpful role behind the scenes. This was foreign policy practiced jointly by the government and big business to ensure that our friends were in power in key foreign countries.

Thus total cynicism is combined with our inability to comprehend the political processes in the Third World and elsewhere. When the Third World turned against the United States in United Na-

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If we are to be credible
when we preach democracy's
superiority, we must not be
identified with every
repressive regime this
side of the Iron Curtain.
”

tions votes and other international situations, the American response was ire, petulance, and a policy decision to apply economic punishment to nations refusing to follow our line.

In what may have been one of the most unfortunate moves in our relations with the Third World, Kissinger established a special office in the State Department late last year. Its purpose is to monitor the international behavior of other countries—computers can show in seconds how a given nation has voted on a given issue—and to supply the rationale for withholding economic aid from those at whom Kissinger was angry. This "Office of Multilateral Relations" was intended as the instrument that would control the Third World. State Department officials claim, however, that its real function is to anticipate future U.N. votes that will be of special interest to the United States. Thus diplomacy can be set in motion ahead of time.

But Moynihan, the man Kissinger forced out because in his overzealousness in defending American interests he had insulted

half the world, did brag at the time that his threats of suspending assistance to several countries had changed their votes. Indeed, he may have gained a few votes—squeezed out of impoverished and dependent countries—but the consensus among diplomats is that he may have lost quite a few more votes in the future by antagonizing the Third World. Besides, the entire concept is flawed: the United States can punish poor countries for "wrong" votes, but how can it penalize the rich Third World countries that vote the same way? For example, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and even Iran, our closest military ally in the Middle East.

Successful foreign policy, particularly at a time so sensitive in the Third World, cannot succeed on the basis of threat and punishment—and what essentially is immorality. We tend to buy people and nations, and the ploy boomerangs.

Iran is a chilling example of some of the monstrous relationships our Third World policy has produced. Kissinger, despite his protestations, never used whatever leverage the United States had in Iran to persuade the shah to lower or freeze oil prices even though many OPEC countries were prepared to charge less for petroleum. Instead, the United States did the shah's bidding at every turn, selling him 9 billion dollars' worth of sophisticated defense systems in the last three years, which is far beyond his maximum legitimate requirements.

But in the spring of 1976, when the United States began to reduce its oil imports somewhat from Iran—the recession, among other factors, has lessened our overall energy requirements for the time—and to restrict some arms sales, the shah lashed back savagely. This is what he said in a recent magazine interview: "Could the United States afford to see Iran lost? Could the whole world afford it? You can't just live in your dreamland—your 'Fortress America'—and let all the other countries of the world eventually disappear. A false sense of security will destroy you—like nothing. If you pursue that policy, Iran is one country that, if it goes, you are going to feel it badly. . . . If you remain our friends, obviously you will enjoy all the power and prestige of my country. But if you try to take an unfriendly attitude toward my country, we can hurt you as badly . . . [as] you can hurt us. Not just through oil—we can create trouble for you in the region. . . ."

If one is to take the shah at his word, we have created a Frankenstein monster on the Persian Gulf. We are so dependent on his oil and our arms sales to him that, in effect, we are his hostage. The Third World, to which Iran belongs despite its oil billions (the country as a whole has not yet made the jump into the twentieth century), is obviously aware of this state of affairs. It is not a healthy relationship.

Recently, we suspended diplomatic relations with Equatorial Guinea, one of the world's smallest countries (population

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UPWARD FAILURE



BY NEIL HICKEY AND EDWARD SOREL
ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD SOREL

The manuscript printed here was discovered under a pile of empty muscatel bottles in a men's residence near the Bowery in New York City. Internal evidence indicates that it was intended for publication in this journal. Regrettably, our efforts to locate the authors have been unavailing. From the high quality of the writing and research in the manuscript, the authors are

presumed to be scholars of some stature who mislaid the document while doing field work. News of their whereabouts would be welcomed since the monograph's importance can scarcely be underestimated, and we are eager that they come forward to enjoy the recognition which their impressive labors deserve.

Although this paper constitutes our first contribution to *The Journal of Misapplied Anthropology*, we are confident that it will be the catalyst for many future studies, not only by ourselves but also by generations of scholars to come after us. Our purpose here is an epic one: to identify, define, and document a revolutionary new concept of human behavior—one that will inevitably improve *La Condition Humaine*, as well as the mental health of the world's peoples. After prolonged research here at the University of Hoboken, we are prepared to posit the following theory: All men and women who have achieved power, positions of leadership, and the admiration of society have bungled their way to success by a series of gross miscalculations, atrocious judgments, deficits of talent, and displays of all-around obtuseness. That syndrome we call Upward Failure. We have discovered no exceptions to the rule.

Our thesis in its simplest formulation is: Ineptitude is the surest guarantor of success. The thesis stated obversely is: Repeated failure, through one's own incompetence, always leads directly to fame, riches, and the high esteem of one's peers and contemporaries.

In the early post-World War II period, sociologist David Riesman identified the Inner-directed Man and the Other-directed Man. We give you the Failure-directed Man.

It is hardly self-serving to suggest that this revelation is the most important breakthrough in the

behavioral sciences since Freud. Indeed, our studies prove Freud to have been wrongheaded in concluding that sex bears a primary relation to human neurosis. Not sex, but the unbridled pursuit of what William James called "the bitch-goddess Success"—and the failure to achieve it—is the true cause of all human anxiety.

Only when one accepts the dignity of ineptitude and the uses of creative incompetence can one truly be free—free from the sneers of one's peers, the maledictions of one's wife, and the ravages of inferiority complexes.

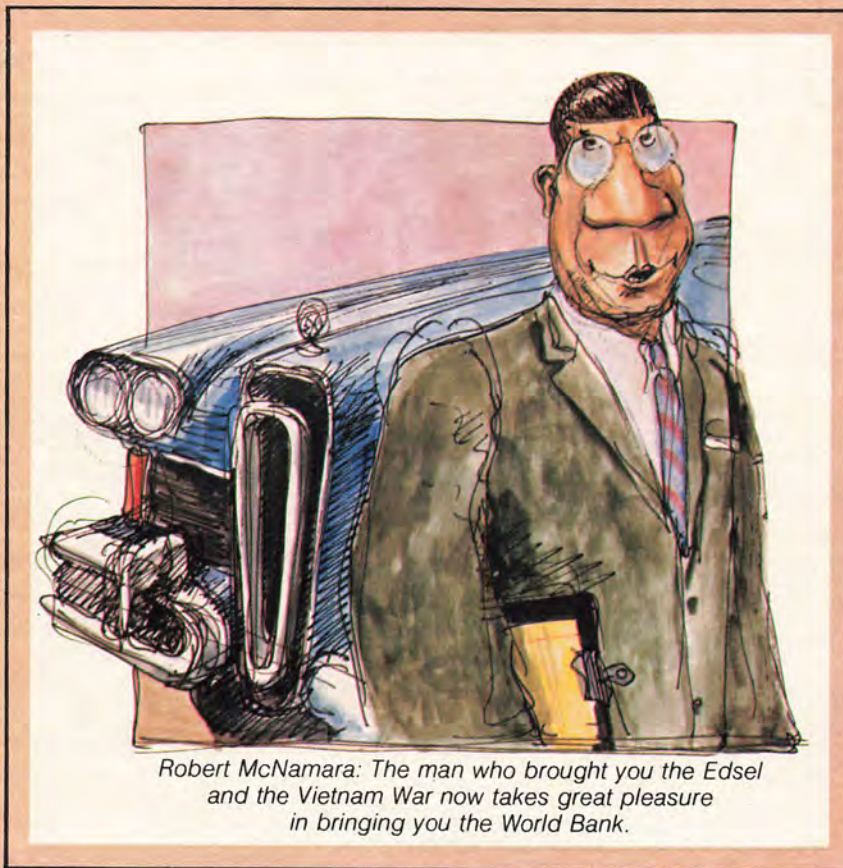
Only then can one have the "calm, cool confidence," not as Mark Twain said, "of a Christian holding four aces," but of a man who knows deep down in his heart that he's never going to make it.

The liberating effect of that realization is the only thing, we are convinced, that can save the world from self-destruction. Our ideal? Man at peace with his own bungling nature, short-sightedness, and fatal flaws; euphoric man, proud of his essential mediocrity.

A historical survey of the Upward-Failure Syndrome appears below—a list of prominent figures chosen completely at random to demonstrate inductively that talent and brains are superfluous to Success. The case histories establish beyond peradventure that ineptitude is not only its own reward—and a sure anodyne for neurosis—but also a guaranteed path to riches and fame.

Before the reader turns to that section, we suggest that he ask not what Upward Failure can do for him, but what he can do to bring the message of UF to the benighted masses. The newly enlightened may wish to organize seminars, study groups, and consciousness-lowering sessions. Some will want to hand out reprints of this paper on street corners, others may want to distribute bumper stickers, placards, lapel buttons, blazer patches, and whoopee cushions on which are printed such slogans as:

- IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T FAIL, TRY, TRY AGAIN.
- THE FAMILY THAT FLOPS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER.
- ALL THE WORLD LOVES A SCHLEMOZZEL.
- DUMB IS BEAUTIFUL!
- FAIL AND THE WORLD FAILS WITH YOU.
- DARE TO BE STUPID.
- FAIL BRAVELY!



A few decades ago, the great auto engineer Charles F. Kettering said: "We need to teach the highly educated person that it is not a disgrace to fail. He must learn how to fail intelligently; for failing is one of the greatest arts in the world." How true! We look to the day when closet incompetents everywhere will be able to "come out" and assume their rightful place in society; the day is dawning when misfits and flops will earn their rightful place in the sun through the practice of intelligent failure.

A seminal figure in the history of UF is George Washington. In five years of the Revolutionary War he lost so many battles (far more than he won) that John Adams called him "an old muttonhead," Thomas Paine said he was a "hypocrite," and Thomas Jefferson opined (rather generously) that he was "not a great tactician."

While he was a young officer serving the British against the French in pre-Revolutionary days, Washington's career was remarkable chiefly for its clumsiness. Indeed, it is not too much to say that George Washington was the Gomer Pyle of the French and Indian War.

He once constructed a fort at Great Meadows, Pennsylvania, from which he attacked a small party of French soldiers. His assault brought down on his head a counterattack by most of the French army, driving him and his 350-man force back inside the fort and forcing them to surrender in ignominy. (Typically, Washington had built his fort in a cul-de-sac: a swampy creek bottom hemmed in on three sides by forested hills, too far from friendly forces to be either supported or re-

supplied.) Magnanimously, the French freed him after advising him in the strongest terms to desist from building forts—especially since he was so maladroit at it.

Later, Gen. Edward Braddock took Washington on (as personal aide-de-camp, with the courtesy title of colonel), and lived—but not long—to regret it. Washington bickered with his boss, volunteered a lot of unsolicited military counsel, and generally made an awful nuisance of himself. At the siege of Fort Duquesne, for example, he advised Braddock to divide his army, leaving half with the supply wagons and sending half against the fort.

Braddock, in a weak moment, agreed to try it. Naturally, his attack force was ambushed by the French and almost wiped out. During the battle, Braddock—seeing Washington galloping around the battlefield and shooting off his pistol—wondered about the sanity of his aide. Braddock, after having four horses shot from under him was killed on his fifth, and Washington's uniform looked as though it had been worn to dinner at Umberto's Clam House by Joey Gallo. But Washington survived, and—in a classic application of the principles of Upward Failure—was made commander (at age twenty-three) of all the colonial troops in Virginia. (Around that same time he wrote a letter to his brother which contains one of the more chuckle-headed remarks ever made by an incipient national leader: "I have heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound.")

When Washington took command of the whole colonial army in 1775, it quickly became apparent that he was a dunthead in the matter of deploying large forces. In April 1776, for example, he bivouacked his main force of 9,000 troops in Brooklyn Heights, opposite Manhattan, with their backs to the East River and their front to the British army. Naturally, the British perceived that if they attacked from Long Island and parked the British fleet in the East River to block retreat, they could spritz the whole colonial force and quash the Revolution. General Howe undertook the assault, surprised the Americans, and—there being no Brooklyn Bridge or even a Queens-Midtown tunnel—the survivors were obliged to paddle through a dense fog to Manhattan, from which the British drove them back (through Central Park, Harlem, and Bronx) all the way to White Plains.

Of course, Washington rebounded a few months later against the Hessians at Trenton, and managed—with French help—to defeat Cornwallis at Yorktown. But it was his lifelong muddleheadedness that won him the presidency, a rich widow, slaves, and the good life of a Virginia planter in retirement. His niche in the UF rotunda is secure for all time.

Somewhat later in U.S. history, a secretary of defense pointed out confidently: "I believe we can safely assume the maximum

U.S. forces required on the ground in Southeast Asia will not exceed six divisions, or about 250,000 men." It was a grand-scale miscalculation (one in a truly impressive series), leading inexorably to the presidency of the World Bank, which helped assure for Robert McNamara a respected position in the hagiography of UF.

In addition, we are in McNamara's debt for proving, once and for all, that the application of sound business principles, as taught by the Harvard Business School, is just as disastrous for running a war as it often is for the management of major corporations. As a "whiz kid" at the Ford Motor Company, McNamara was on the corporate team that produced the Edsel. That prepared him to be president of Ford, and then defense secretary. In the latter job, he turned his clockwork brain to one of the great issues of the Kennedy-Nixon 1960 campaign, namely the missile gap, which—like Quemoy and Matsu—turned out to be nonexistent.

McNamara helped out with the Bay of Pigs invasion, but his real UF status derives from his long and doggedly held conviction

that managing a deteriorating Asian war is not much different from trying to put the Penn Central back on its feet. He traveled to Vietnam and learned first-hand from American generals there that the hearts and minds of the people were visible at the end of the tunnel. All the "indices" were excellent. He proved with graphs that the bombing of North Vietnam would surely cause the Reds to cave in like a ten-year-old Chevrolet.

In mid-1966, McNamara suggested that the U.S. construct a huge electronic barrier all along the border between North and South Vietnam to halt infiltration. A few outside experts admitted that the barrier would be enormous-

ly effective in preventing moose from getting into South Vietnam, but that the North Vietnamese army wouldn't have too much trouble.

By this time (with American troop level at 525,000) President Johnson began to suspect that (in the language of the Peder-nales) he was "hip-deep in sheep dip." McNamara ordered a top-secret study (the so-called Pentagon Papers) of the whole Vietnam involvement going back to the 1940s. ("They could hang people for what's in there," McNamara said, after reading it.)

On November 1, 1967, McNamara sent a private memo to Johnson reversing all his previous recommendations about the war and suggesting the U.S. get out. Johnson read it, and hurriedly began planning his own early retirement. But first, he fired McNamara from Defense, and—comprehending vividly the underlying themes of UF—had him named president of the World Bank. Thus McNamara, like all UFs before him, had sunk to the top.

The Pentagon Papers, of course, were leaked subsequently



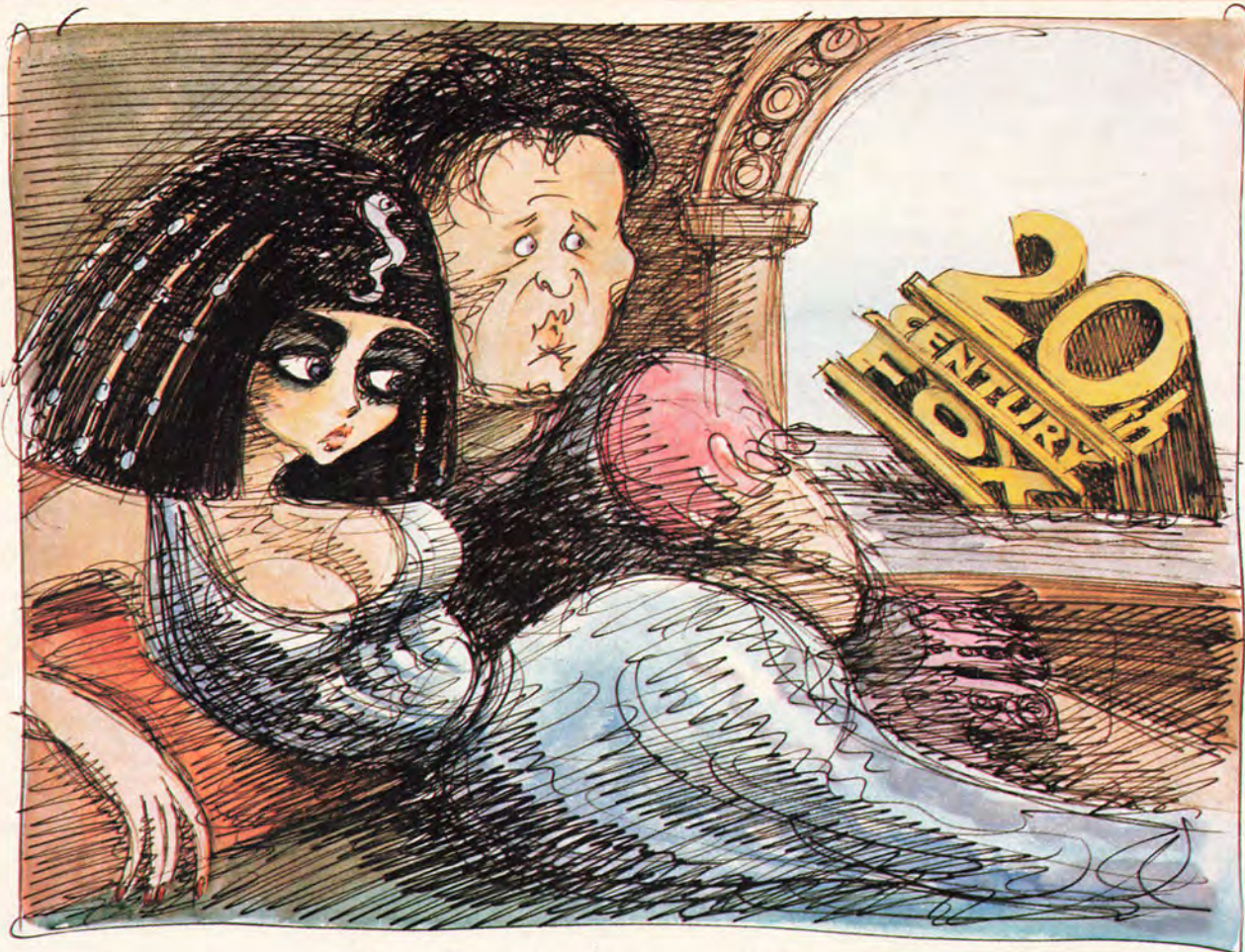
George Washington: Cast as the Gomer Pyle of the French and Indian War but better known for consistently stumbling backwards into history.

to the *New York Times* by Daniel Ellsberg, thereby inspiring the Nixon administration to (1) set up the "plumbers" unit to plug security leaks; (2) engage the talents of Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy; (3) burgle the offices of Ellsberg's psychiatrist; and (4) fashion the concentric rings of subterfuge which led to Nixon's resignation. Thus, McNamara got credit for bringing down his second administration—a record unmatched so far by that of any other public servant.

Show business has always been a Mecca for the upwardly inept. "We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes," said A. B. Alcott, the American educator. Countless actors, direc-

have mostly resembled Bosley Crowther's description in the *New York Times* of Burton's work in *The Night of the Iguana*: "[He] is spectacularly gross, a figure of wild disarrangement, but without a shred of real sincerity." Another critic, recalling that *The Robe*, *The Rains of Ranchipur*, *Where Eagles Dare*, and *Raid on Rommel* had seemed at the time "beneath Burton's capacities," wondered in retrospect, "But were they?"

Indeed, Mr. Burton's movies have demanded little of him: *Seawife*, *The V.I.P.s*, *Boom*, *The Sandpiper*, *Staircase*. *Cleopatra* sank like a brick barge (at a cost of \$40 million), almost taking Twentieth Century Fox with it. In his two nominations for Academy Awards (for *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* and *Anne of a Thousand Days*), Burton was bested by Lee Marvin



Richard Burton: An actor who will long be remembered at Twentieth Century Fox for his part in *Cleopatra*, a forty-million-dollar turkey whose distant clucking can still be heard today.

tors, and studio bosses have proved the truth of that observation and, in the process, attained riches beyond their dreams.

Item: Although Richard Burton is routinely called one of the world's great actors, a closer look at his career reveals it to have been marked, over most of its tenure, by a dependable mediocrity, punctuated regularly by artistic debacles. Still, Mr. Burton has managed to acquire yachts, a retinue, Elizabeth Taylor (numerous times), Swiss castles, limousines, and chorus girls—while simultaneously delivering performances of increasing petrification. Upward Failure is bred in his bones.

His reputation as the natural inheritor of Edmund Kean's mantle rests entirely upon performances a quarter-century ago at Stratford and Old Vic in such roles as Henry V, Coriolanus, Hamlet, Caliban, and Sir Toby Belch. Since then, his notices

(playing a drunken gunfighter in *Cat Ballou*) and by John Wayne, who surmounted a lifetime of stolid acting (in *True Grit*) to beat Burton hands down.

This year, his performance as a replacement in the Broadway stage hit *Equus* constituted Burton's somewhat desperate and not-altogether successful effort to score the succès d'estime that has evaded him for so long. Movie audiences will be able to judge for themselves the degree of his rehabilitation (if any) when the film version is released next year.

But for an upward foozler of Richard Burton's megaton range, such failures can never dim the celebrity that marks his days. As his biographers, John Cottrell and Fergus Cashin, have put it: "The legend of the diabolically famous Richard Burton now rests securely on a fortune too colossal ever to be

destroyed by artistic failure." And there's that word again.

And consider the case of Otto Preminger, a veritable Pontifex Maximus of UF, upon whose head bankers and studio bosses shower money in ever larger sums to allow the Viennese *auteur* to create films of ever greater vacuity. A few cinema historians are certain that his film *Exodus* is the root cause of all the current strife in the Middle East; and theologians have established that the Roman Catholic Church's present low estate is directly traceable to Preminger's movie *The Cardinal*.

Cineasts suggest that Preminger is owed a debt of gratitude for introducing, in *The Moon is Blue*, the words "virgin" and "seduce" to filmgoers' vocabularies. If so, that debt has grown

agreement, [namely that] *Hurry Sundown* is an execrable film . . . possibly the worst major production to come out of Hollywood in the 1960s. There is an unredeemed awfulness about the movie that narrows the competition to a very few films—many of which, alas, were also created by Mr. Preminger." Reviews such as that brought new and greater financial backing to Mr. Preminger, allowing him to make films like *Rosebud*, which the *New York Times* called "a suspense melodrama of such ineptitude, lethargy, and loose ends that only someone with his arm being twisted would take credit for it."

One well-known film historian suggests that Preminger's uninterrupted ascent to riches is due to a long-standing misimpression among studio bosses that they were hiring Erich



James Aubrey: As the Once and Future President of MGM he auctioned the past to prop up the present and float the future. Rumor has it that his next project will be the liquidation of New York City.

less burdensome as Preminger's *corpus* has expanded to include *Advise and Consent*, *In Harm's Way*, *Bonjour Tristesse*, *Forever Amber*, *Centennial Summer*, *Where the Sidewalk Ends*, *River of No Return*, and *Royal Scandal*.

He once discovered a young actress from Marshalltown, Iowa, named Jean Seberg and prevailed upon her to portray Joan of Arc. The film was of such surpassing fatuity that Miss Seberg was never again taken seriously as an actress and has been wandering dazedly in Europe ever since.

Of another Preminger film, *Life* magazine said: "We probably ought to give Otto Preminger some sort of brotherhood award for he has made a movie about the relationship between the races on which men of good will—North and South, white and black—can come together and form a mighty chorus of

Von Stroheim. Still, Otto Preminger deserves the admiration and affection of every poor bungler whose life has been a string of professional blunders. Mr. Preminger's next project, insiders say, is a film version of *The Story of Civilization* by Will and Ariel Durant, starring Sammy Davis, Jr.

Film directors like Mr. Preminger are, it must be confessed, mere instruments of big-time money men and entrepreneurs such as James T. Aubrey. (Of Mr. Aubrey, someone has said: "He disproved H. L. Mencken's thesis that nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public.") From 1959 to 1965, Aubrey was president of CBS (during which period his proudest invention was "The Beverly Hillbillies"). After being evicted from that high post, he moved pre-

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GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANNED COCKTAIL

All the world loves a can. To a male, it is the most delectable part of the female anatomy—depending upon whether you are a front man or a back man, of course. For a bachelor cook, it contains instant nourishment. To a beer-drinker, it is a true friend. But more than this, the can is a Great American Institution, as natural to every Yankee as jeans and chewing gum.

Where would we be without the ubiquitous tin can? It dominates our daily life, holding everything from our orange juice to soup and nuts. Using good old American know-how, we've put everything in cans—crackers, corned beef, caviar, chips, cream-of-chicken soup, Coors, Coke, C rations, cheese, coffee, clam dip—and last, but by no means least, cocktails. Cocktails of every taste and hue are now in pop-top cans. You don't even need a church key. In the distillers' jargon, these handy cocktails are termed "convenience drinks." The convenience is that you don't have to mix them, juggle with ingredients, buy a blender, or follow a formula when your mind is crowded with more pressing problems of a baser nature. In sum, they are the answer to the prayers of every bachelor—be he of the married or the single variety.

Picture this hypothetical situation: It's been a rough day at the office. The son of a bitch who promised you that \$100,000 order backed out. You're out your 10 percent; you hate him, and your boss hates you. Worse. On

Photograph By Henry Wolf

BY KEN GOULDTHORPE

the way home, you omitted stopping by the local liquor store to pick up a few flagons, not having the necessary funds on hand. You search the refrigerator with a sinking sense of existential despair and . . . eureka! There they are! A dozen neat little eight-ounce cans with fetching labels: Mai Tai, Manhattan, Margarita, Extra-Dry Martini, Vodka Martini, Tequila Sunrise, Wallbanger. . . .

Grabbing an empty glass, you pop a top and pour yourself the cocktail of your choice. You begin to glow with a newfound inner strength. A light bulb appears. "Barbara," it flashes in 200-watt Softlite. You call her. She's home. "I happen to have cooling," you say with the air of a man who knows, "several excellent potions. Care to join me?" She does, and of course, you do. And all because of a little tin can.

The first convenience drink came out of a goatskin with a very narrow spout that seemed designed to miss your mouth. Wine in the eye is not particularly pleasant—depending on the year, of course.

Well, we've come a long way from sewn skins. Today's convenience drinks come, not only in cans, but also premixed in bottles and freeze-dried in packages (you just add the liquor). And all three varieties are available in just about any style, type, and flavor you can think of. Furthermore, they are not mere pallid shadows of the "real thing" by any means. They have an authen-

ticity that bespeaks several million dollars' worth of research that has been tested and proved where it really counts—in the marketplace. To prove the point, in the last decade sales of premixed cocktails have quintupled, to the tune of about 3.5 million cases in 1975.

Hueblein is the largest producer, with its enormously popular line of Club Cocktails in the can (which sold over a million cases in 1975), some twenty varieties of full-strength bottled cocktails, and a brand-new line of drinks called "Malcolm Hereford's Cows"—milk-textured drinks made of a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits. Like all distillers in the business, Hueblein spends years creating and testing a new drink. Federal Distillers makes Ice Box Cocktails and the Tango Screwdriver—both bottled—and they are doing so well that these premixed drinks account for close to two-thirds of Federal's annual volume. Glenmore Distilleries has a best-seller in its "Old Mr. Boston" line of bottled cocktails (and beat Hueblein to the udder in the milk-cocktail area by introducing its "Snowshake" drink a couple of years ago). El Toro, a company famous for its brews from south of the border, makes bottled Margaritas and Tequila Sunrises. And relative newcomers to the field, such as National Distillers with its Duet cocktails in cans and Seagrams with "Party-Tyme," give the consumer even greater variety.

Now, the skeptic might be prone to say that with so much money riding on the new wave of premixed drinks, the net result is probably a hype. Well, that skeptic would be dead wrong. For in a very real sense, the *éminences grises* behind convenience drinks are the average consumers. Some astounding things have happened in this country over the past ten years, not the least of which is the consumer rebellion, in which the consumer dictates *his* taste terms to the manufacturer instead of vice versa. The distillers didn't start the Tequila boom. *You* did. The distillers didn't push convenience drinks. *You* did.

Lifestyle is a part of it, of course. All of us are more concerned than ever with enjoying the here and now. More than any other nation under the sun, we are tasters, testers, and trend-setters, ready to check out any innovation that some bright brain has developed. So, when convenience drinks come along, we naturally sample them. The logic is simple. If you're going out on a picnic, would you take several bottles of rum, Scotch, bourbon, vodka, tequila, and gin, together with bottles of mixes, plus all the fixings? No way. You stuff a half-dozen bottles of premixed into a cooler along with a few dozen canned cocktails, and you're on your way to a pop-top party. Let's face it. If somebody builds a better mousetrap, we'll use it. And if somebody builds us an instant cocktail, we'll certainly drink it.

Convenience drinks in my book (or bar) are for fun living. Not only are the drinks in those little cans satisfying, but they are also low enough in proof (about half that of a regular belt) to match the current taste for light liquors with long flavors.

Bottles of premixed full-strength cocktails, while not having the outright portability of the canned variety, are perfect for parties of more than four—or less than four, as the evening approaches the morning. Rather than turning yourself into a nonstop bartender, why not just set your guests up with a wide range of choices, and then just range among the guests yourself?

Now you've heard this advice before, but like any worthwhile libation, it bears repeating. There are scores of excellent products on the market, all competing for your palate and pocket. The sound approach is to make a small investment in these products and trust your taste buds. Try the canned brands and pick the ones that are right for you—using no standards but your own. Try different brands of full-strength premixed cocktails and bottled mixes, settle on the ones you like, and stock up your bar.

But don't stop there. If you want an extra added "something" in your cocktail (or hers), then use the mix as a starting point and build on it; add a little more base liquor, a little more orange juice, or whatever, until you have concocted El Divino—the Divine One. But make a careful note of what you're doing before you get blinded by science—or sampling. It's easy to get carried away. O+



"No! You prick."

Bicentennial Foreplay

HUMOR BY NICK TOSCHES

The Amorous Adventures of America's Founding Fathers.



Regardless of how dry and brittle a picture we may glean from the prose of historians, America's Founding Fathers were concerned as much with the giggles and moans of fuckery as with the politics of revolution. Spry Alexander Hamilton, member of the Federal Constitutional Convention and author of *The Federalist*, gave the nation its first full-fledged sex scandal when he admitted to having an affair behind his wife's back with one Maria Reynolds, wife of a known swindler. In 1789 Thomas Jefferson

knocked up a fifteen-year-old pickaninny named Sally Hemings and then carried on a several-year-long affair with the young slave. The liaison tickled the fancy of John Quincy Adams, future President of the United States, who alleviated his titillation by publishing this poem in a Boston paper:

You call her slave—and pray were slaves
Made only for the galley?
Try for yourselves, ye witless knaves—
Take each to bed your Sally.

Although Benjamin Franklin's biographers have traditionally played down the fact, he is credited with producing the earliest example of erotic literature in America. "Letter from Fart Hing" modestly proposed the ingestion of various perfumes to aid the bouquet of one's flatulence.

What follows is a portrait of sex in America, circa 1776—Bicentennial beavers, if you will. Actual documents of the period have been merged with historical recreations. The language is accurate. For the sake of readability, minor licenses have been taken with eighteenth-century punctuation. Here, then, a Bicentennial potpourri of historical seductions.

A letter, blue ink on kidskin vellum, which Thomas Jefferson wrote to his beloved wife, Martha:

Williamsburgh. June

9. 1775.

My Dear Martha,

After four days' journey I arrived here without any accident and in as good health as when I left Philadelphia. I dined this evening with Mr. DeCrenis, who sends to you and the children his dearest regards.

The salmagundi, which is always superb here at Raleigh Tavern, was tonight graced by the most tender shreds of duck I have tasted since leaving Monticello. We finished our meal with the sweet *biscuits de savoye* and a Potomac of the finest, driest Amontillado. We lingered well past midnight with our chalices and tales.

Dearest, it is not the Amontillado that propels me to write this letter, and please do not dishonour my heart with any such thought. I long for you, Wifey, with the tawdry innocence of a schoolboy. I long for you as I longed for you on that spring day in 1771 when we clung together amid the catalpa. Though we did not marry till the following January (recall the ice on the poplar! that bitter wind!), in my heart it was that warm, loving afternoon that truly marked our wedding day.

In this gloam, in this silent, fluttering candlelight, I pine for the scent of catalpa, the gentle breeze, the touch of your wondrous soft skin. Would that we were together now, Martha! The mere thought causes my wick to stiffen beneath my night-



you at the
est, to sup on
love. Monticello
ings of our

shirt. Oh, do you recall what you dubbed it that blessed spring day? "It is like an endive," you said, "but warm and pink." Said I, "If it is an endive, surely 'tis destined for the refined palate of milady." I trembled as you sucked. Dearest, how the endive pulses now; how it throbs for the dampness of your tongue. Would that I might slide my finger within the sluices of your plump bun; that I might deposit my endive in your salty depths!

Do you smell the catalpa as you read this? Do you feel the tide swell in your belly? Wifey, I would lave you all about with my tongue were you here. I would lick your very toes. Indeed, I would lick the dimples of your buttocks and the narthex of your oyster pot. 'Tis not a sinful prose I write, but the signature of a heart brimful of sweet desire. If all goes well with DeCrenis, I shall be with end of this month. Be prepared, Dear-endive and the liqueur of my manly will quake with the rollings and tossed rumps. Adieu.

TOM

A diary entry in the ungainly hand of Martha Wayles Skelton Jefferson:

June 11. 1775.

Again I fucked Isaac. What began as an act of spite toward Tom has, I am quite afraid, become an adulterous affair of the lowest sort. But it is such a sweet musick this Negro brings me! Whether it be sinful or sublime I dare not ponder; but one thing is fact:—My every idle moment is spent upon thoughts of his wondrous Tory-Drill, and upon the pleasures it wreaks. 'Tis like a cucumber," I told him today, "but warm and bay." Oh, how he did giggle! A moment later I thought I might be cleaved in twain as he took me with his mighty ebon shillelagh.

What such doings may lead to I will not guess at. I do love Tom so, and yet the presence of Isaac works such magick on my soul (and, verily, my oyster!) that I can not bear to give it up. 'Tis a torment and a confusion, but, ah, 'tis a sweetness I ne'er did taste.

At Larke's, a tavern on Beaver Street in New Yorke, John James Will, tinsmith, claps a Rosa Americana twopence and six pennies onto the bar. It's January 2, 1776, and he is still slightly hung over from New Year's Eve. He takes a sip of apple whiskey, burps, and taps his pennies upon the bar.

"There ain't enow frickin' rump na' cunt in the whole o' this city to fill a schoolgirl's skirt. What cunt there is, is married. What cunt there is that ain't married, is got the looks of a frickin' quartered sow. And what cunt there is that ain't married and ain't got looks like a frickin' quartered sow, is frickin' whores. Not that I got nothin' against whores, mind ye." The tinsmith blinks and waves for more apple whiskey.

"Sixpence, y'can wet your wick in that one over there." He points with his cup to a girl sitting alone at a small table by the kitchen. She is stringing large black beads.

"She'll chew your frickin' halyard for tuppence, fuck ye for six. Bit on the grimy side, but a roll nonetheless. She carries her own cundums. Fuck 'er right upstairs, that's what they do. There's worse places to toss sixpence, that's for sure. Handful o' cunny, cup o' the creature, that's what it's all about, chief. I been all over this world—New Jersey, London, Maryland—and it's all the same: handful o' cunny and a cup o' the creature." More apple whiskey.

"She's got the cunt-itch all the time, that one. Likes to talk a mouth of filth. Hah, watch ye now—My Betty! Over 'ere, darlin', for a cup o' comfort!" the bead-stringer joins us with a look



of bored surprise.

"And how many of those ugly little teapots did ye hammer out today, Johnnie James?"

"T'ain't teapots I'm concerned with hammerin', ye little skirt-foist."

"Stiff-cocked again, hah Johnnie James? Whyn't ye just marry me, ye cunt-struck little tinman? We'll move to Jersey and raise a herd o' tin-hammerin' brats. I'll fuck ye half-price twice a day. Ye gotta leave me all your gold, though, Johnnie boy. Is it a deal?"

"Someday ye'll catch me drunk, my Betty, and we'll wake up wed. You're a sly one, that's for sure."

"I ain't never seen ye when y'ain't been drunk, ye old whiskey-drinkin' sot."

"And is that the way for a young lady to be speakin' of her intended, is it?"

"Johnnie, I wouldn't marry you if your cock was gold and your arse was a diamond mine."

"Ah, it's a winnin' mouth ye got there, woman."

"And it's a soppin' cock-alley I got here." She pressed her dress above her crotch. "And it's a purseful of money ye got there." She patted his hip. "So what shall it be, the usual dog's rig?"

"Perhaps I want t' lick your cunt. Would you like that, darlin'? Of course, ye'd wash it out first, especial' since ye been fuckin' that nigger Frankie of late."

"I don't fuck niggers, Johnnie Jim. And I only fuck drunken tinmen for money."

"And me thinkin' it was love."

"And me thinkin' you either put your money where your cod is or kiss my fat Irish ass good-bye."

"We'll buy ye a cup and we'll fuck ye, too. Is that fair by milady?" More apple whiskey.

"Johnnie Jim, I'm gon' t' give ye a bargain tonight. A New Year's gift." Betty put her hand to rest against the tinsmith's crotch. "Give us a shilling and ye can fuck me, and after ye fuck me I'll suck your cock till ye blow your wax down m' gullet. Feel how it's hot and wet, Johnnie Jim." She took his index finger and stuck it into her mouth for a count of three. "A shilling, Johnnie, just a shilling. I swear my cunny's so hot ye could boil a duck egg in't."

John James went upstairs with Irish Betty.

[Item no. 61] *Tea-kettle, tin: New York, 1778. Wrought by John James Will (c. 1738–1797), tinsmith and pewterer. Note the bird's-head whistle-spout and delicately curved handle. Functional design, a wry sense of ornament, and masterful workmanship made Wills one of the most skillful and original craftsmen in early America.*

—Special Exhibit Catalogue,
New York Metropolitan Museum of Art

On her twenty-fourth birthday, Abigail Adams sat naked, alone, and stuck her hand inside her robe. She stood, as if remindful of a duty, and drew the curtains. She removed her robe and lay upon her bed. Wetting her fingertips within her mouth, she then dabbed at her nipples. She closed her eyes and sighed through her nostrils; her thighs swarmed with horripilation. Keeping one hand, her left, at her breast, she placed the other firm against her open crotch and held fast, as if it were a wedge of warm, moist pie. Slowly she began to rub her vulva, as images of romance and masculine body parts flickered behind her eyes. An imaginary cock flopped against her foot, another purred beside her face. Her pinky, then her



middle finger, entered the wetness between her labia. She wet her nipples again, then blew at them with a hot mouth.

A cock for my cunny, she thought. The imaginary *membra virilia* were many now; some poked stiffly at her flesh; others lapped softly like seaweed against pilings. Almost aloud, she thought her thought again: a cock for my cunny. Her finger sank fast to its hilt within her; her thumb rose toward her love-bud. She moaned, meowed. Her mouth fell open, as if she had been hit upside her head with a mackerel. Sweat glistened on her dainty pores, and her fingers worked faster, faster, within the folds of her love-yap. She thought of hubby, John, and the feel of his ass and his thighs and his mouth and his cock. I would put my arms around him, she thought. Yes, and draw him down to me so he could feel my breasts, all perfume, yes, and his heart will beat like mad and, yes, I will say yes, I will, yes.

Abigail Adams came against her hand, her ass and belly tight with orgasm. She lay still for a moment, then withdrew her hand to her mouth and merged the wetness of her cunt with the wetness of her tongue. Downstairs in the nursery, little John Quincy was crying to be fed. Mommy stood and put on her robe.

Francis Hopkinson, the first graduate of the College of Philadelphia, "the first Native of the United States who has produced a Musical Composition" (his own claim), and literary celebrity of the day (sundry poems, *A Pretty Story*, *A Prophecy*, etc.), has been trying to fuck Ann Morley since 1775, two years ago. Over tea, they chat.

"I have composed several poems in your honor, you know." He tastes his tea, mutters crisply that it is too hot, then wrinkles his lower face so that it resembles something not unlike a distended anus.

"Shall I be immortalized then?" She is prim, with tits the size of Georgia rattlesnake melons.

"Hear and judge for yourself, Anne." He opens a neatly cut octavo notebook and reads with nasal emotion:

Oneiros, guide me to thy bed,
That I might dream, and so might wed
She who is candle to my Cimmerian soul,
She who is sugared groats in my bowl;
Waken me not from this desperate sleep,
If ye do I shall thrash about and weep;
In daylight hours I can only pine sorely,
In dream dark and deep, I share bed
with Anne Morley.

"Would you say that's one of your better poesies?"

"Poems, dear, poems. Quite. The tropery might use a bit of polish, perhaps. But, yes, quite."

"A bit on the intimate side, don't you think?"

He lunged at her with the desperation of a beached manatee and thrust his head against her hyperbolic bosom.

"Ease my brain, Anne Morley. Disrobe, disrobe, disrobe! I love you, Anne Morley: Disrobe!"

Little did the slaving poet know that Anne Morley, who had been through this skit perhaps fifty times in the last two years, had today decided to donate her virginity to her suitor.

"I shall, Francis. Disrobe, that is. If you permit me to move."

He was stunned. Aphrogeneia was disrobing. For him, poet, satirist, and first Native of the United States who has produced a Musical Composition. He splashed from his own clothes and gawked. Yes, it was happening.

Naked, Anne Morley fell to her knees and, call it genetic imprinting or automatic pilot, took the upper inch and a half of the poet's spondee in her mouth. Francis threw back his head and moaned, "*Hodie mihi, hodie mihi.*"

Anne raised her eyes to the poet and said, as best one could be expected to say with a mouthful of cod, "You wiw mawwy me, womp you?"

"*Mais oui, my love, mais oui.*" Then, in an act rather unlike that of a sensitive poet, he yanked her head so hard that her lips now pressed against his pubic hair. He felt what he fancied to be a tonsil and came in her throat. She swallowed the poet's semen and flopped sweating to the floor, looking quite the exhausted victim of ceremonial torture.

"Now me," she whimpered coyly. "Drink my thing. Oh, I do love you; I do."

The poet, still panting, fell to the floor, squeezed his hands beneath Anne's buttocks, and pressed his nose and mouth into her crotch. He licked and he licked, lost in its beatific slime, until he heard Anne's voice rapping at the window of his brain.

"I want it now, I want it in me. I want to feel it, Francis; I must."

The poet raised himself atop her, marveling at her breasts and the look of *petit mal* upon her pretty face. The tip of his cock touched the wetness of her vulva. Slowly he slipped it in, feeling the rather unpleasant resistance of her mouse-ear. And then, before the resistance was fully noticed, it was gone, and he was, yes, pinch yourself, fucking Anne Morley. Together they pumped and moaned upon the floor. He sent his molten scum deep into her and shuddered: culmination. They fell asleep together, side by side, as the voice of old Homer read from Ovid into the poet's ear (such was the rather confused quality of the poet's visions).

Francis Hopkinson did not marry Anne as he had promised, nor did the liaison in any way improve the quality of the poet's work, as anybody who makes a brief visit to a public library will soon discover.



In New Orleans in 1776, the word *cabaret* signified an establishment that combined the facilities of a grocery store, a tavern, a gambling parlour, and a whorehouse under one roof. The Maison Coquille on Royal Street was one such place. In his notorious diary Frederick Davis tells of a visit to the Coquille:

March 20, 1776.

Prompted by the advice of Georges L—, I visited today the Maison Coquille. Standing at the kerb, the place

appears to be quite sedate; but, upon entering, a variety of odors and sounds assaults the senses with a disarming suddenness. As my friend had advised me, I asked the gentleman at the bar if I might meet Miss Lafitte. Without hesitation he guided me to a rear room, where Miss Lafitte lounged in a satin robe. The gentleman left without a word, and Miss Lafitte politely asked me to have a seat. Pointing to a glass dish, she asked me to place ten gold ducats on it. I was prepared and did so.


Miss Lafitte took a drink of rum and placed a small, black substance, which I took to be opium, within a slender pipe of clay. She smoked, then again turned her attention to me. She spread her legs, baring a delightfully furry cunny, and stroked herself lightly as she spoke:—"Until I say otherwise, you may touch only my legs. You may touch them in whatever manner you please. You may take off your clothes." The erudition in her voice struck me.

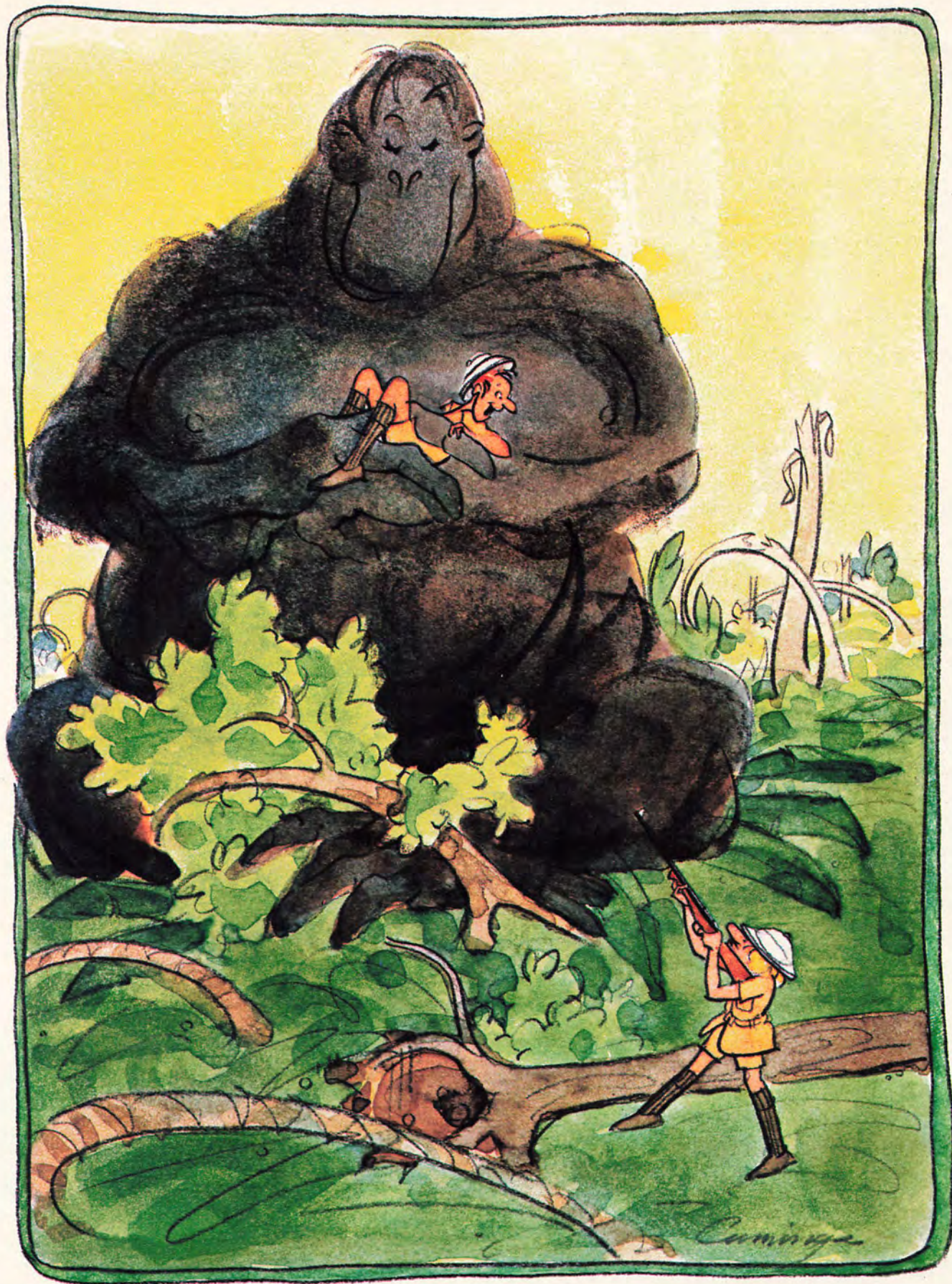
Nude, I approached her and began to stroke her legs. They were clean shaven and extremely beautiful to behold. I kissed her upon the toes, then the calves, working my way slowly to her great soft thighs. I let my penis press hard against her ankle as I licked her thighs. After perhaps five minutes, she spoke again:—"Now you may also use my breasts." She removed her robe and displayed the finest pair of matching teats.

I licked and sucked and rubbed at them. Squatting over her, I gave my cock its honour betwixt their firmnesses. At this point, I was severely aroused. Of a sudden, she pulled away, then spoke:—"Go back to your chair." I did so, only to behold Miss Lafitte commence playing with her privates. I thought I might not be able to restrain myself, but she spread wide the lips of her delicious cunt and beckoned: "Now."

I entered her then, and what passed within the next sixty seconds was surely worth suffering an eternity in Hell for. My flood of sperm was a Vesuvius. When I withdrew from her, she spoke a final time:—"Now you may not touch me at all, until you pay again." Such was my desire to kiss her that I was tempted to draw from my purse an additional sum of gold. I left Miss Lafitte's room in such fine spirit that I paused for a game of tonk before leaving the establishment. I am sure I shall return. As Georges said:—"Tis better than being in love!"

George Washington awoke at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777. He shuddered at the thought of another day of such nonsense. It was cold. His men were off bugging Hessians; them that weren't were too drunk to. *Who dealt this mess?* he thought. He put in his teeth and fixed a toddy. He spat into the fire and scratched his ass. *'Tis no life for a king,* he thought.

He took his cock in hand and thought of that hot dram of cunny he had had last time he was in New Yorke. He jacked off at a leisurely pace, sipping his toddy the while. He shot his wad, almost without noticing, and wiped his hand off in the fur of his faithful dog. "This frickin' winter is for shit," he said aloud. He dressed and peeked out his window. 

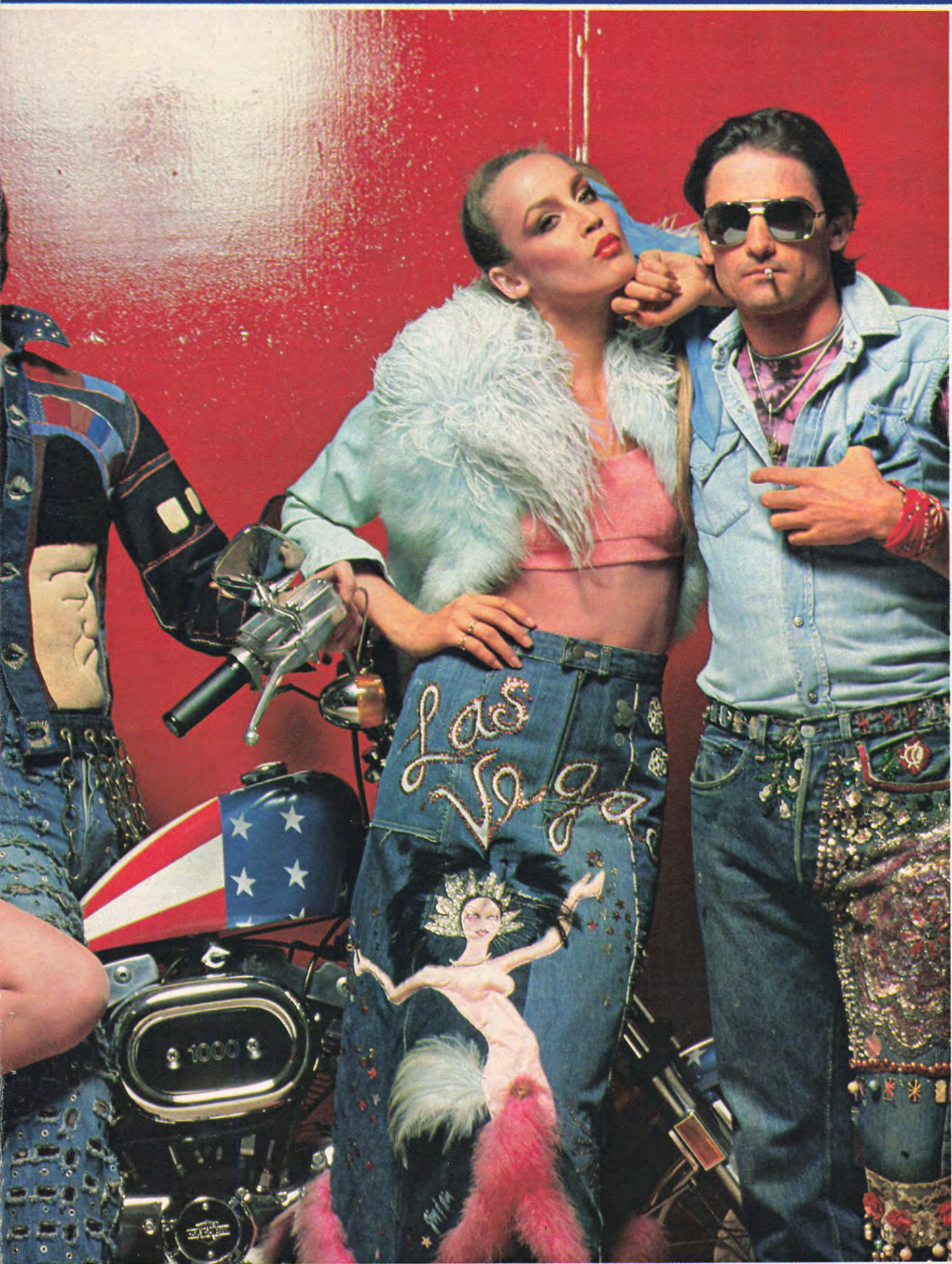


"Don't shoot—I think she likes me."



The American Way of Denim

Levi's



Designed for the rugged existence of California's gold-rush miners, jeans now reflect the spontaneity of today's lifestyle.

Levi Strauss emigrated from Bavaria to gold-rush San Francisco in 1850, at the age of twenty, intending to sell dry goods to the miners. Advised that durable pants were at a premium up in the diggings, he got the inspiration to manufacture trousers of heavy tent canvas. They were immediately successful, and the only essential changes that the founding father ever made were the switch from canvas to a cotton fabric imported from Nîmes, France, known as *serge de Nîmes*, and the adoption of Jacob W. Davis's idea of riveting the corners of the pants pockets to keep the pants from ripping under strain.

Today, denim is synonymous with casualness, freedom, virility, youth, independence, and adventure; denim is America's leading contribution to the fashion world. What was once the cloth of the prospector is now the gold of



Levi, Lee, Wrangler, and a host of other denim magnates all over the world. In the late forties and throughout the fifties, jeans became an accepted uniform for teenagers. But there were restrictions; jeans couldn't be worn everywhere. The barriers broke down in the late 1960s—denim was another form of protest, something to be thrown in the face of the establishment. Out of this new, defi-

ant, antifashion consciousness—symbolizing both male and female sexuality as well as working-class values of the period—came the international uniform of youthful radicalism: jeans. But jeans didn't stay a uniform of youth. Board chairmen began wearing them to their meetings, and the wives of board chairmen bought them from top designers, already patched, embroidered, and recycled.

The age of Funky Chic began. Then, denim reflected freshness and spontaneity as jeans proliferated in highly personalized, elaborately patterned ways, reviving the craft feeling among many who had already turned to baking their own bread and growing their own vegetables—as well as creating their own jeans fashions. In 1976 jeans are part of the back-to-basics look within the new dressier menswear image. The fit of

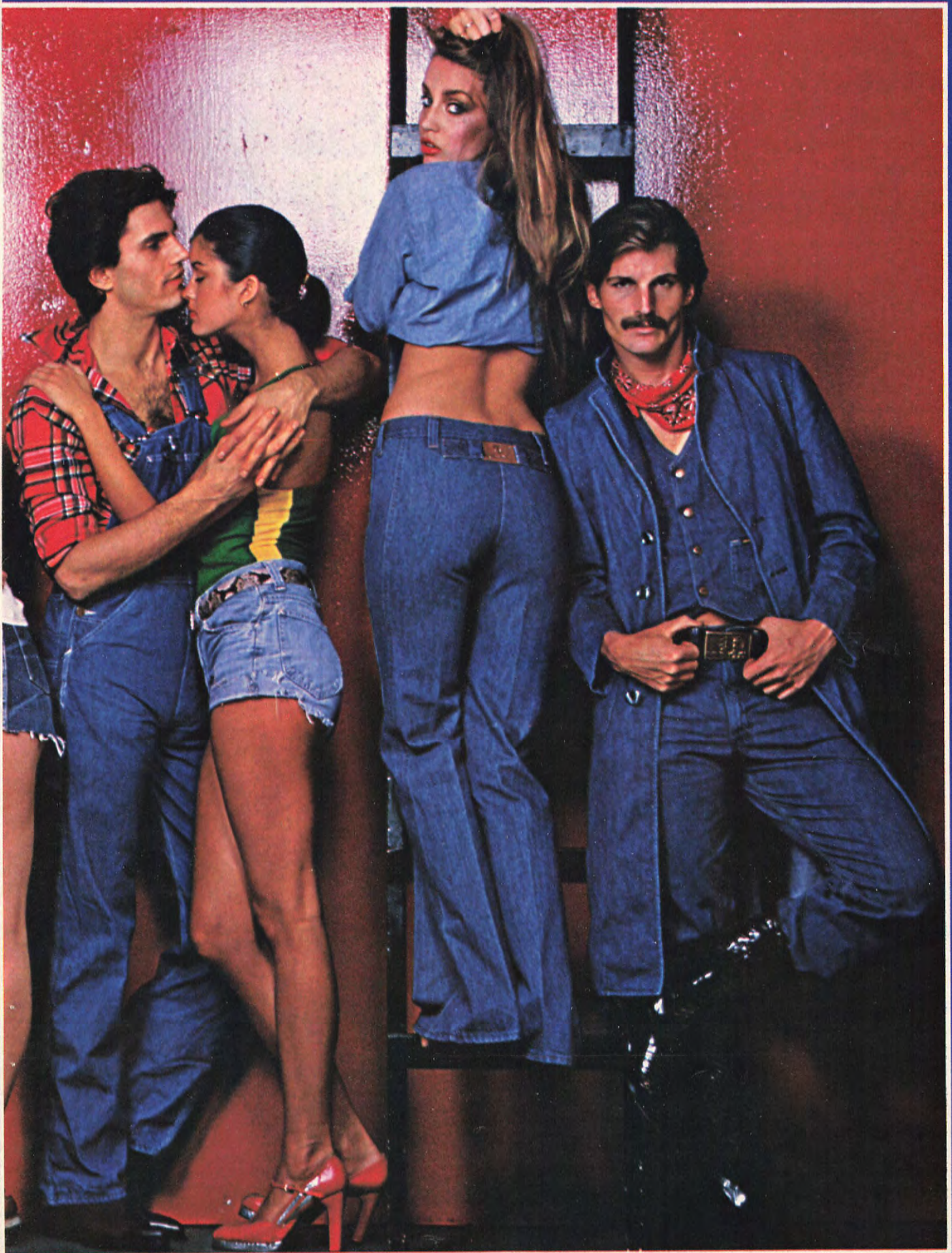
jeans is still tight—but the clean jean is back and becoming less zipper oriented and useless-pocket detailed. Prewashing is still important, but bleaching is being discontinued as a fashion look. Jeans are getting darker and softer and cleaner.

Jeans are just jeans again. And the great American legend continues.

For information on where to buy the merchandise shown, see page 166.

On preceding page: a sampling of historic jeans. From left: an appliquéd Levi jeans jacket; studded Wrangler jeans jacket by Joy Baker; Levi-Strauss's "Worker's Blues" jacket with Serendipity's razored-out jeans; Joy Baker's trimmed jacket with Serendipity's denim skirt; mirrored jeans by Serendipity. Muscle shirts and halter tops by Robert Truth. Footwear by Jumpin' Jack Flash. The "chopper" is an XL-1000 Sportster body from Harley-Davidson of New York. On this page, from left: work shirt (\$13) and straight-leg jeans (\$19) from Levi-Strauss; his denim overalls (about \$22.50) by H.D. Lee; her European-cut jeans are "Brass on the Ass" by Nino Cerruti (about \$25) and work shirt by Levi-Strauss; Western outfit by Sedgelyfield Sportswear includes mid-length coat (about \$60), vest (\$18), and jeans (about \$16). *Penthouse* belt buckle from *Penthouse* Products. Girl's "flag" T-shirt by Joy Baker; the other "T" by Robert Truth. Shoes by Jumpin' Jack Flash. Boots by Acme Boot Co. ○





THE PENTHOUSE BICENTENNIAL BAD TASTE AWARDS

BY BILL LEE

In a world of Pet Rocks, perpetual-care cemeteries, and art galleries filled with Campbell Soup cans, it was difficult to isolate the offending criteria in our first annual Bad-Taste Awards, but we think we've done it. And since this special Bicentennial year is brought to you by the same people who produce Christmas, Mother's Day, and other ceremonial shopping events, *Penthouse* has come up with a series of Bad-Taste Awards that (a) reflect the true fiscal spirit of the nation, and (b) would do justice to that enterprising housing developer in New Jersey who built an "Old-Age Retirement Village" directly across the street from a funeral home.

In keeping with that great American tradition of soybean hamburgers, portraits of Christ that "wink" at you, and cherry-flavored vaginal spray, we herewith present the first *Penthouse* Bicentennial Bad-Taste Awards.





THE PRESS

Pussy Galore: Diana Dreck, famed woman athlete and part-time S & M despot, will *"make love to the Washington monument"* on prime-time television. This special edition of ABC's *"Wide World of Sports"* will be cosponsored by the Petroleum Jelly Corporation of South Bend, Indiana, and Mutual of Athens. Howard Cosell and Doris Day will handle the announcing chores for Diana's attempt to prove that she is *wider* than ABC's world of sports. Consult local listings for the proper time slut.



ECOLOGY

Perv Products Incorporated of Fault, California, manufactures the Bicentennial Presidential Diaphragm. A full-color portrait of Gerald Ford has been carefully reproduced on all their diaphragms; so the president of the United States can *get* what he has been *giving* the American people since he's been in office. \$4.98, postpaid. Residents of Grand Rapids, Michigan, must add additional tax.



THE SCIENCES

Crack the all-American porcelain with Bi-Lax, the Bicentennial laxative. Loosen up the conservative Republican in your life with a Bi-Lax Cocktail. Try this new Bicentennial laxative, and you'll be running for president, if not your life.

Comes in five delicious flavors—Rum-Runner Cocktail, Montezuma's Revenge, Frisky Sour, Floody Mary, and Prune Daiquiri. Bi-Lax has "cleaned out" more Americans than Las Vegas chorus girls and the IRS combined.

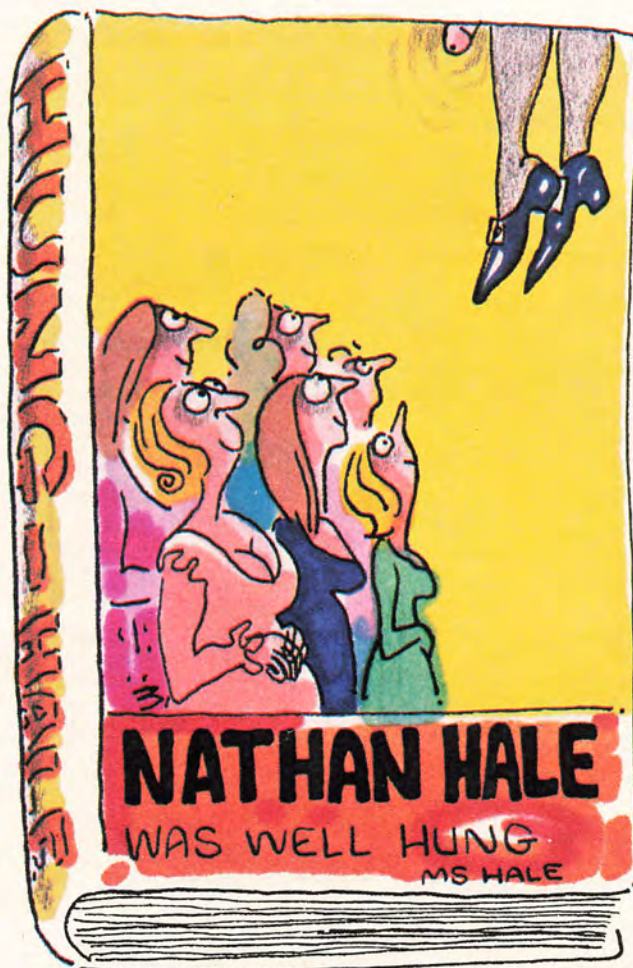


HUMANITIES

"Bi-scent" deodorant spray: Three cheers for the red, white, and blew—with this all-American deodorant spray, a revolutionary whiff for the patriotic quiff. For the minuteman or woman in your life who stands up for liberty and goes down for you. This spray comes in three great new flavors (and don't you wish you could say that)—Crab Apple American, Sour Mash, and I-Cannot-Tell-A-Lie Cherry. For just \$2.98 postpaid you can use our American can on your own.

PUBLISHING

"Nathan Hale was well hung!" So says Mrs. Hale in her controversially explicit exposé of her unrewarding sex life with that great American hero. Commenting on Mister Hale's final statement concerning his regret for having but *one* life to give for his country, the attractive but elderly widow stated, "Nathan never could get it up more than once." Vile Press, \$17.76, postpaid.





CULTURE

Life-size replica of the original pen used by John Hancock when he signed the Declaration of Independence (refills not included).

VD Products; \$3.33, postpaid. This offer is not valid in the states of Sonora and Kashmir.



SOCIAL SCIENCES

Be a minuteman for a week: Take part in a simulated attack on the British army. Celtic Tours Incorporated offers a seven-day excursion to Belfast and Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, where you can shoot at the British army just like we did in the days of the Revolution. Tour director Sniper Kerrigan will educate you with little-known historical facts such as "care and cleaning of a musket" and "theories of Karl Marx." \$479, American (British pounds not accepted). Return trip cannot be guaranteed.



PUBLIC EVENTS

In an effort to commemorate "the separation of Church and State"—our constitutional right of religious freedom—young Brendan Felker recently separated a church from the state of Montana by using 400 pounds of plastic explosives.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

S & M Tours Incorporated presents something special for those of you out there in tourist-land who get your kicks out of getting your kicks.

A two-week tour of San Clemente, California, wearing nothing but a press pass and a McGovern button pinned to your bare chest. You'll get "dicked" by old "tricky" himself as you agonize through a private showing of Pat's "private parts" while young David recalls the gory details of his combination "vasectomy" and "lobotomy" (both operations performed on the same area of his body). This tour is brought to you by the same wonderful people who brought you Jack the Ripper and Ken Russell's films.

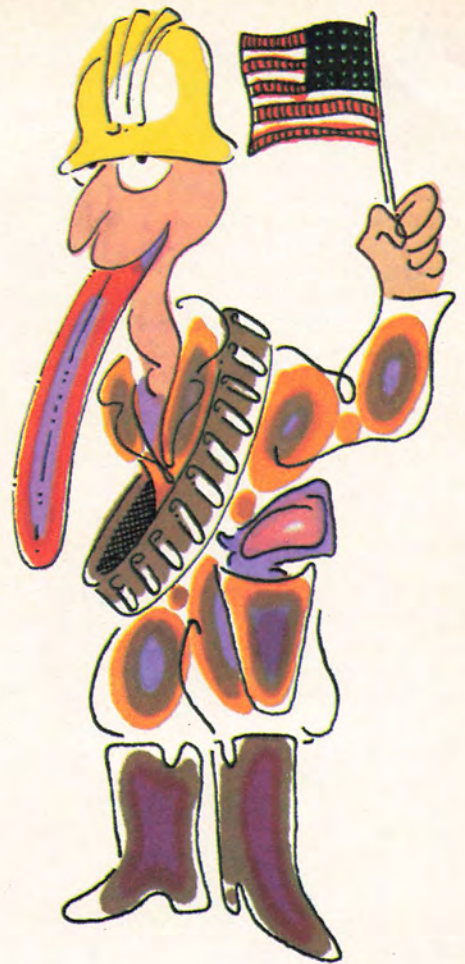


THE ARTS

Great moments in American pornography: The same man who brought you *Deep Armpit*, Jerry Oregano, now brings you *Ring-A-Ling*, the story of a passionate conservative Republican with an oral fixation.

Kinky little Calvin Kelp gets his cubic little rocks off by "tonguing out" the crack in the Liberty Bell. The film's climax is reached when Calvin goes up on the Statue of Liberty to the romantic strains of "We Ain't Licked Yet."

Now showing in 8mm theaters everywhere.



FINANCE

The bank roll: A hedge against inflation that puts your money where your South is. Three cheers for the U.S. Mint's idea for America's two-hundredth year! Forget about commemorative coins and move on to something practical. Get your money by the "roll" and wipe your fiscal blues away with 200 "one-dollar bills" on a wheel of fortune that holds its value to the bitter end.

Comes in decorator colors for the elegant "john" in your life. (Available at your local savings-and-loan association.)



318,000) out of pique over the way two American diplomats were treated there. Equatorial Guinea, to be sure, appears to have behaved reprehensibly in terms of standard diplomacy, but there seems little to be gained from diplomatic punishment. And we must realize that the same standards cannot be usefully applied to Guinea, which has been independent for only five years as to, say, the Court of St. James's. So, again, petulance overrides good sense.

The United States has, of course, every valid reason to protect its interests and citizens and to demand respect for its flag. Kissinger is right when he talks about interdependence. But there are different methods of handling all these problems: there are constructive ways and self-defeating ways. And herein lies the tragedy of the American approach to the Third World, our inability to communicate with it

despite the reservoir of goodwill that, curiously, we still enjoy in the world. Our past generosity in foreign aid—to help build up the economies of new countries and in times of famines and great natural disasters—is remembered. But this reservoir is visibly drying up: this is the nature of the Third World challenge and the consequent danger of American isolation.

What, then, is required for creating a positive relationship between the United States and the Third World? Here are some thoughts:

- The United States need not—and cannot—be the defender of the *status quo* everywhere in the world for reasons that no longer correspond to new realities. In the first place, that role is not possible, as Indochina, Cuba, and Angola have shown. We must accept the fact that this is a world of infinite diversity, which cannot be fashioned after the American model. This means no more interference in the domestic affairs of others—no more Vietnams, no more conspiracies to oust governments such as occurred in Chile, no more CIA


subversions of foreign governments. If we are to coexist rationally with some 150 foreign countries, we must shed the image of the imperialist policeman. Once we have removed this fear from the minds of nationalists in the Third World, we can communicate with them—and hope that we can somehow come to terms with this mass of frustrated humanity.

- The United States must overcome its own fear of the unknown: we must not assume that Third World nationalist forces and liberation movements are automatically our foes and the natural clients of the Communists. We must learn to discern between political movements that enjoy local support and those that simply represent vested interests. In other words, we must marry pragmatism with morality in our foreign policy. We must not continue to be identified with every repressive regime this side of the Iron Curtain; otherwise, we are not credible when we preach democracy's superiority over Communist totalitarianism.

- We must understand that, basically, the Third World—even the new Marxist regimes—wishes to have a rational relationship with the United States. We have been able to establish diplomatic relations with the Marxist government in Mozambique after its liberation from Portugal's colonial rule two years ago. Why, then, not have relations with Angola—which wishes them—after most of Africa, Latin America, and Western Europe have recognized the new government? And the same applies to Vietnam.

- The United States should abandon the Kissingerian policy of threats and reprisals to force the Third World into line. Why threaten an invasion of the oil-producing nations or announce that we will not "tolerate" new Angolas if we are in no position to do so? Why create new enemies? As a great power, we must show patience and equanimity in dealing with the small and the weak. And, in so doing, we may better succeed in detaching the Third World from its growing political dependence on the Communist powers. We would be less prone to be isolated.

- The United States must rethink its basic economic relationships with the Third World. There must be a rational compromise between the "New International Economic Order" and the rigidity of American policies. In trade and other economic areas, we must be prepared to make concessions that may be costly to us in the short run but may salvage the long-term relationship with the Third World. The Executive Branch must persuade Congress to grant these concessions when they are demonstrably in our national interest.

- And the United States must come to terms with this reality: since the Third World will not go away, we must learn to live with it for the sake of all humanity. The alternative is world chaos and America's isolation. 

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE THIRD WORLD?

The leadership of the Third World emphasizes its diversity. These are the men who have emerged over the years as its principal spokesmen:

- President Tito of Yugoslavia . . . an "independent" Communist who turned against Moscow nearly thirty years ago but survived all Soviet pressures . . . one of the first leaders of the "neutralist" bloc in the 1950s and, more recently, one of the most outspoken proponents of nonalignment.

- Chairman Mao Tse-tung of China . . . his Communist government aspires to a major leadership role in the Third World, and China's resources are being harnessed in that direction. In part, this reflects China's rivalry with the Soviet Union.

- President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia . . . a moderate African leader but a major voice in nonalignment . . . a highly respected figure. The statement of principles of the nonaligned bloc was written at a conference in Lusaka, the Zambian capital.

- President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania . . . another highly respected African leader, deeply engaged in supporting African liberation movements . . . Frelimo, the leftist movement that now rules Mozambique, used Tanzania for many years as the base for guerrilla operations against Portugal . . . China built the Zambia-Tanzania copper rail-

road linking the two countries.

- President Houari Boumédiène of Algeria . . . a radical figure in Arab politics, close to revolutionary causes . . . an influential member of OPEC.

- President Luis Echeverría of Mexico . . . a most vigorous spokesman for the Third World and nonalignment, even though Mexico belongs to the Inter-American Defense Pact . . . Echeverría has bankrolled numerous Third World conferences that have been held around the world.

- Premier Forbes Burnham of Guyana . . . a new, strong voice in the Third World camp, increasingly moving toward radical positions from his racially mixed (blacks and East Indians) republic in northern South America.

- Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba . . . the most militant Third World leader . . . a Communist closely allied with Moscow, Castro nevertheless insists that Cuba is a nonaligned power. He has explained the engagement of more than 15,000 of his troops in the Angolan civil war as a Third World "revolutionary gesture."

With the exception of Castro, all the above Third World leaders maintain a relatively friendly posture toward the United States. This confirms the fact that the Third World *still* retains goodwill toward the U.S.

After you listen to the facts listen to the sound.

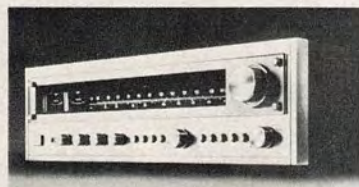
Fact: Today's stereo enthusiasts are very sophisticated. They want great specs as well as great sound. And Onkyo Receivers give you the best of both.



Fact: The TX-2500 Servo-Locked Receiver delivers 27 watts minimum RMS per channel, both channels driven at 8 ohms, from 40Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.5% Total Harmonic Distortion.

Fact: New Servo-Locked FM circuitry automatically zeros-out drift and cancels out distortion to a degree that surpasses the requisites of the most demanding audiophiles.

Fact: And the exclusive TX-4500 Quartz-Locked Receiver has an output of 55 watts minimum RMS per channel, both channels driven at 8 ohms, from 20Hz to 20kHz with no more than 0.1% Total Harmonic Distortion.



Fact: Quartz-Locked technology achieves the ultimate in drift-free and distortion-free FM reception.

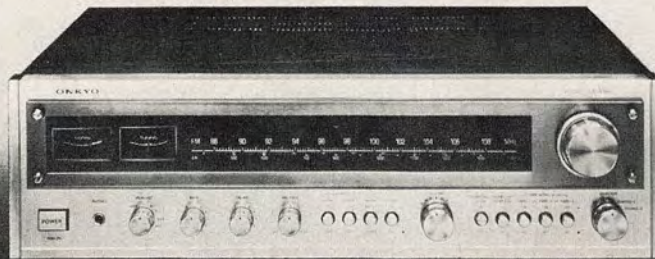
Fact: Each of these wide frequency amplifiers provide exceptional transient response. Dual oscilloscope traces, with a 50Hz square wave fed through, have shown less than a 5% sag as opposed to a 25%-50% sag found in conventional amplifiers.

Fact: In addition, both amplifiers also feature Accutouch, Onkyo's automatic control circuitry which locks and unlocks at the touch of the tuning knob to insure perfect reception.

Fact: All sound tests have proven Onkyo specs are superior to more expensive units.

But the ultimate test is still the oldest test . . . your ears. And Onkyo Receivers sound best. Because they are. Test an Onkyo Receiver today and let your ears make up your mind.

**Onkyo stereo receivers have great sound
as well as great specs.**



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PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

*The more things change, the
more they remain the same—except that
some things are even better in*

2076

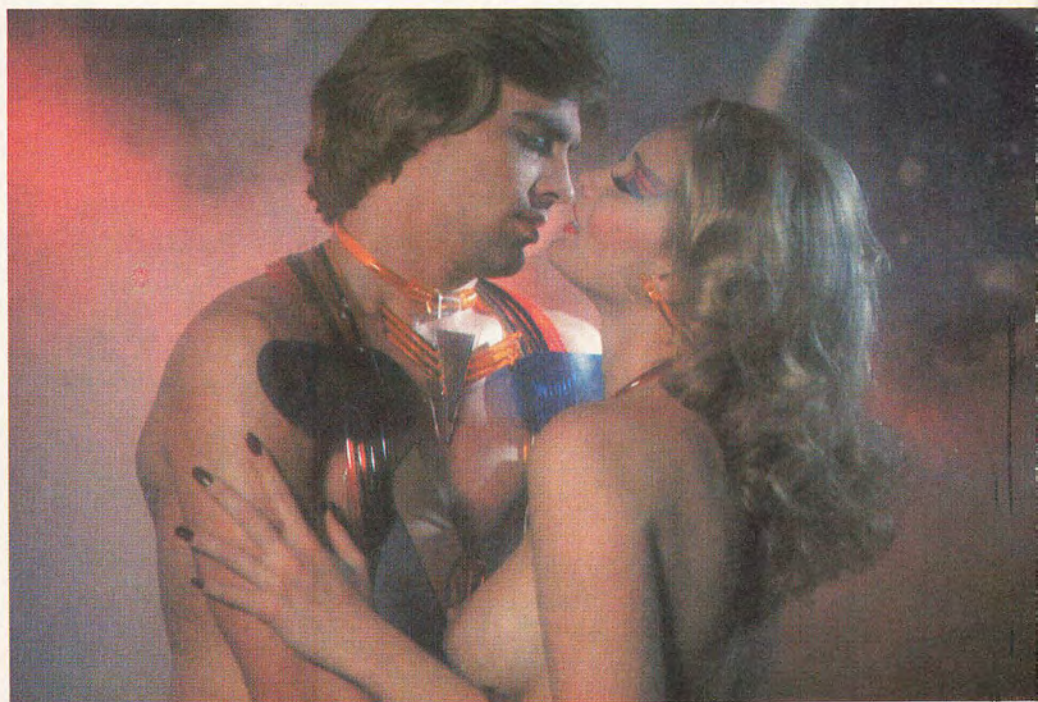




In an age of intercontinental sex, federally approved aphrodisiacs, and replayable orgasms, a few names that appear frequently on the newsscanner would be familiar to Americans alive a century ago. Solar-energy czar John D. Rockefeller, for example, would be no surprise, nor would 100-year-old Americans be greatly shocked to learn that his nephew, Nelson III, has become vice-president

of the International Ku Klux Klan, which is an equal opportunist employer. Meanwhile, beef, a dangerous and nearly forgotten food (hitherto consumed almost exclusively by radical, left-wing cultists who disdain chemical nutrients), is the new fad on the American Mars-base community. Steak, roast beef, leg of lamb, and something called the frankfurter have actually replaced "Soya King," the jolly green bionic-burger, as






the fastest-selling organic, or quasi-organic, food item in Space. Century-ians, born in the uninventive 1970s, would be shocked to learn the vibraphone system, however.

As few as sixty years ago, people could have sex only if they were in the same room together. There were no mutual memory tapes by which separated lovers could replay favorite sessions. Nor were there fantasy-generators, which could program sensations as well as words, images, and sounds. The idea of vibraphonic sex,





transmitting everything from foreplay to orgasm over satellite booster stations, was not yet considered. Today two people need never meet face to face to enjoy a full sexual panoply.

For example, it was unthinkable that a truly sex-enhancing aphrodisiac, cued to specific body chemicals, would have full governmental and social approval. Chemo-luscent, made to personal order from your very own internal sexual stimulants, was not even fantasized back in 1976. There may still be two or three basic sexes, but there is little question that technology has advanced the state of the erotic arts. 







Wardrobe/Jewelry/Furniture by Walter Prosper/Backdrops Painted by Paul Eventoff/Makeup by Jeff Hamilton/Bedspread by Cheryl Masters



*"As few as sixty years ago,
people could have sex only if they
were in the same room together."*





He'd played games for a long time, and not always by the rules. Now he was playing for the highest stakes of all in a game where they made up the rules as they went along.

THE LEDGE

FICTION BY STEPHEN KING

"Go on," Cressner said again. "Look in the bag."

We were in his penthouse apartment, forty-three stories up. The carpet was deep-cut pile, burnt orange. In the middle, between the Basque sling chair where Cressner sat and the genuine leather couch where no one at all sat, there was a brown shopping bag.

"If it's a payoff, forget it," I said. "I love her."

"It's money, but it's not a payoff. Go on. Look." He was smoking a Turkish cigarette in an onyx holder. The air-circulation system allowed me just a dry whiff of the tobacco and then whipped it away. He was wearing a silk dressing gown on which a dragon was embroidered. His eyes were calm and intelligent behind his glasses. He looked just like what he was: an A-number-one, 500-carat, dyed-in-the-wool son of a bitch. I loved his wife, and she loved me. I had expected him to make trouble, and I knew this was it, but I just wasn't sure what brand it was.

I went to the shopping bag and tipped it over. Banded bundles of currency tumbled out on the rug. All twenties. I picked one of the bundles up and counted. Ten bills to a bundle. There were a lot of bundles.

"Twenty thousand dollars," he said and puffed on his cigarette.

I stood up. "Okay."

"It's for you."

"I don't want it."

"My wife comes with it."

I didn't say anything. Marcia had warned me how it would be. He's like a cat, she had said. An old tom full of meanness. He'll try to make you a mouse.

"So you're a tennis pro," he said. "I don't believe I've ever actually seen one before."

"You mean your detectives didn't get any pictures?"

"Oh, yes." He waved the cigarette holder negligently. "Even a motion picture of the two of you in that Bayside Motel. A camera was behind the mirror. But pictures are hardly the same, are they?"

"If you say so."

He'll keep changing tacks, Marcia had said. It's the way he puts people on the defense. Pretty soon he'll have you hitting out at where you think he's going to be, and he'll get you someplace else. Say as little as possible, Stan. And remember that I love you.

"I invited you up because I thought we should have

Illustration by Vincent Topazio

a little man-to-man chat, Mr. Norris. Just a pleasant conversation between two civilized human beings, one of whom has made off with the other's wife."

I started to answer but decided not to. "Did you enjoy San Quentin?" Cressner said, puffing lazily.

"Not particularly."

"I believe you passed three years there. A charge of breaking and entering, if I'm correct."

"Marcia knows about it," I said and immediately wished I hadn't. I was playing his game, just what Marcia had warned against. Hitting soft lobbs for him to smash back.

"I've taken the liberty of having your car moved," he said, glancing out the window at the far end of the room. It really wasn't a window at all; the whole wall was glass. In the middle was a sliding-glass door. Beyond it, a balcony the size of a postage stamp. Beyond that, a very long drop. There was something strange about the door. I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

"This is a very pleasant building," Cressner said. "Good security. Closed-circuit TV and all that. When I knew you were in the lobby, I made a telephone call. An employee then hot-wired the ignition of your car and moved it from the parking area here to a public lot several blocks away." He glanced up at the modernistic sunburst clock above the couch. It was 8:05. "At 8:20 the same employee will call the police from a public phone booth concerning your car. By 8:30, at the latest, the minions of the law will have discovered over six ounces of heroin hidden in the spare tire of your trunk. You will be eagerly sought after, Mr. Norris."

He had set me up. I had tried to cover myself as well as I could, but in the end I had been child's play for him.

"These things will happen unless I call my employee and tell him to forget the phone call."

"And all I have to do is tell you where Marcia is," I said. "No deal, Cressner. I don't know. We set it up this way just for you."

"My men had her followed."

"I don't think so. I think we lost them at the airport."

Cressner sighed, removed the smoldering cigarette from the holder, and dropped it into a chromium ashtray with a sliding lid. No fuss, no muss. The used cigarette and Stan Norris had been taken care of with equal ease.

"Actually," he said, "you're right. The old ladies' room vanishing act. My operatives were extremely vexed to have been taken in by such an ancient ruse. I think it was so old they never expected it."

I said nothing. After Marcia had ditched Cressner's operatives at the airport, she had taken the bus-shuttle back to the city and then to the bus station; that had been the plan. She had \$200, all the money that had been in my savings account. Two hundred dollars and a Greyhound bus could take you anywhere in the country.

"Are you always so uncommunicative?" Cressner asked, and he sounded genuinely interested.

"Marcia advised it."

A little more sharply, he said: "Then I imagine you'll stand on your rights when the police take you in. And the next time you see my wife could be when she's a little old grandmother in a rocker. Have you gotten that through your head? I understand that possession of six ounces of heroin could get you forty years."

"That won't get you Marcia back."

He smiled thinly. "And that's the nub of it, isn't it? Shall I review where we are? You

and my wife have fallen in love. You have had an affair . . . if you want to call a series of one-nighters in cheap motels an affair. My wife has left me. However, I have you. And you are in what is called a bind. Does that summarize it adequately?"

"I can understand why she got tired of you," I said.

To my surprise, he threw back his head and laughed. "You know, I rather like you, Mr. Norris. You're vulgar and you're a piker, but you seem to have heart. Marcia said you did. I rather doubted it. Her judgment of character is lax. But you do have a certain . . . verve. Which is why I've set things up the way I have. No doubt Marcia has told you that I am fond of wagering."

"Yes." Now I knew what was wrong with the door in the middle of the glass wall. It was the middle of winter, and no one was going to want to take tea on a balcony forty-three stories up. The balcony had been cleared of furniture. And the screen had been taken off the door. Now why would Cressner have done that?

"I don't like my wife very much," Cressner said, fixing another cigarette carefully into the holder. "That's no secret. I'm sure she's told you as much. And I'm sure a man of your . . . experience knows that contented wives do not jump into the hay with the local tennis-club pro at the drop of a racket. In my opinion, Marcia is a prissy, whey-faced little prude, a whiner, a weeper, a bearer of tales, a——"

"That's about enough," I said.

He smiled coldly. "I beg your pardon. I keep forgetting we are discussing your beloved. It's 8:16. Are you nervous?"

I shrugged.

"Tough to the end," he said and lit his cigarette. "At any rate, you may wonder why, if I dislike Marcia so much, I do not simply give her her freedom——"

"No, I don't wonder at all."

He frowned at me.

"You're a selfish, grasping, egocentric son of a bitch. That's why. No one takes what's yours. Not even if you don't want it anymore."

He went red and then laughed. "One for you, Mr. Norris. Very good."

I shrugged again.

"I'm going to offer you a wager. If you win, you leave here with the money, the woman, and your freedom. On the other hand, if you lose, you lose your life."

I looked at the clock. I couldn't help it. It was 8:19.

"All right," I said. What else? It would buy time, at least. Time for me to think of some way to beat it out of here, with or without the money.

Cressner picked up the telephone beside him and dialed a number.

"Tony? Plan two. Yes." He hung up.

"What's plan two?" I asked.

"I'll call Tony back in fifteen minutes, and he will remove the . . . offending substance from the trunk of your car and drive it back here. If I don't call, he will get in touch with the police."



"I had the usual childhood diseases . . . measles, chicken pox, clap!"



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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

First in war, first in peace,
first to be elected first—the Father of Our
Country leaps from his pedestal to
kick off his first public-relations campaign.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

George Washington hit his peak when you could send a first-class letter using a three-cent stamp with his face on it. The nostalgia crazes of the '70s didn't do for him what they did for some of the other golden oldies like Kate Smith, Mae West, Buffalo Bill, and Howdy Doody.

The polls show that Washington hasn't stood the test of time, like a Bob Dylan or a Beatle. Gone from the charts and from our hearts, in his time he was, like Clark Gable, sometimes referred to as "the king." A certifiable hall-of-famer, Washington, whose sales are slumping, is still one of only four Americans to make it onto the side of Mount Rushmore.

To younger readers and beaver-trappers of the rock 'n' roll generation, the George Washington sound doesn't make it; but he has some heavy credits, and you can't take that away from him. Senior citizens remember him for his starring roles in *Valley Forge*, *Crossing the Delaware*, and the comedy hit *Farewell Address, or Forward My Mail, America*. It may be hard to believe now, but all three flicks were box-office record smashers, as was his musical comedy, *Cherry Tree* (G-rated, despite its title).

Until Richard Nixon, George Washington had more firsts than any other president. He was ranked first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen, first to be elected first, only shut-out winner in the electoral college (a feat he did twice, which is another record), first and possibly last politician to quit while he was ahead. Kudos and praise have come to him from such diverse people as Parson Weems, Sammy Davis, Jr., Bruce Springsteen, Richard Kleindienst, and William Colby of CIA fame. While not in *Who's Who*, Washington has twice been a guest on the "Tonight" show, once having been interviewed by Johnny Carson himself, albeit in the final minutes of the program. ABC has been considering starring him in a special, and there is talk that Dean Martin may roast him, Frank Sinatra may

invite him to dinner, and Bob Hope may name a golf tournament after him.

Even if none of these things happens, most commentators and experts agree that America wouldn't be as it is if George Washington hadn't been born. We owe him a debt of gratitude as the only American who has had a state named after him. But his fame has shrunk like the value of the dollar bill on which his face is seen.

Journalistic debunkers and revisionist historians have further diminished Washington's importance. Nevertheless, *Penthouse* believes that he should get some kind of recognition during the Bicentennial, and for that reason we sent Nicholas von Hoffman, an authentic double-domed, heavy-headed thinker, to interview the old general at his Mount Vernon home.

These last few years Washington has been inaccessible to the media. All requests for interviews have been turned down by his press secretary, a warden for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Commission. After months of futile negotiations, Washington finally agreed to the interview when he learned that Richard Nixon in return for a large sum of money had consented to do a series of television interviews with British media personality David Frost. The general's representatives told *Penthouse* that George and Martha had little need for money since Mount Vernon, like San Clemente, is maintained at government expense, but the ex-president said he would accept a full pardon from the Queen of England for any criminal acts he may have committed between 1776 and 1785. Acceptance of the pardon on his part was not to be construed as an admission of guilt, and we were also to arrange for the closing of Mount Vernon to tourists on Sundays because they get on Martha's nerves. Although George III had once said, "I'll never forgive that bloke, nor will any member of my family," Queen Elizabeth II said she'd do so to prevent a split in NATO; and so the interview was arranged.

Photograph by Klaus Lucka/Dorothy Lane Antiques, New York, N.Y.

Penthouse: Why have you been so reluctant to grant interviews these last years?

Washington: The media. I've been taken out of context and badly distorted. Look at what's left of my image. Who am I today? A colonial Dwight Eisenhower. I don't want to say anything against any of my successors—at least not most of them—but I resent being depicted as an amiable, muzzy-headed chairman-of-the-board type. I'm not taking anything away from General Eisenhower, but by the time he came to office being a general had become an office job, and I've been thrown in with that image. In my day generals got shot at, but I don't get any credit for that.

Penthouse: How can you blame that on the media?

Washington: It's our two-hundredth anniversary, and who gets the multimillion-dollar special on television? The Adams family. Of course I blame the media.

Penthouse: You feel you're not getting your due, general?

Washington: Look around you. Lincoln has a beautiful memorial. Madison's got some very nice stuff—not that I'd take anything away from Madison; Jimmy's a nice boy, a nice boy. And Jefferson, he's got everything going for him. He's on the five-dollar bill, and I'm stuck on the one. The modern-day editorial writers and statesmen are always talking about the Jeffersonian tradition. When did you ever see the media discuss the Washingtonian tradition? They stick up a big, ugly, marble phallic symbol for me and forget me. . . . And that joke they've been telling for the last hundred years about digging an 800-foot hole in the ground as a monument for Martha is particularly tasteless. I don't get any respect.

Penthouse: Isn't that what always happens to heroes? Aren't you suffering an adoration backlash?

Washington: That's not how we did it in my day. Year after year, decade after decade, there are jokes about my teeth. They're having prestigious seminars at the universities about Hamilton and Jefferson, and I have antique dealers using my name to sell beds. They don't even celebrate my birthday on the right date anymore. Every February I have to ask Martha, "Well, dear, what day was I born on *this* year?"

Penthouse: General, there's a lot of discussion in this Bicentennial year about the two-party system's being in trouble. . . .

Washington: A good thing, too, sonny. When we set this thing up, we didn't want any two-party system. We didn't want any parties. That's another thing. They're always putting words in my mouth, so to speak. The media. They say things like, "Oh, it's awful. The two-party system is falling apart. What would George Washington think?" Well, I'll tell you what George Washington would think. I'll tell you what he *does* think, and that's "good riddance to bad rubbish." Forget the parties. Pick the best man.

Penthouse: How are we going to do that

without having political parties, general?

Washington: Do it the way we set it up. The people vote for the electors—the members of the electoral college—and *they* pick the president. That's how I was elected.

Penthouse: You mean you think the electors should pick anybody they happen to consider the best person for the job?

Washington: I certainly do. Otherwise, you run the risk of majority rule, and you don't want that, do you?

Penthouse: Isn't that awfully elitist, General Washington?

Washington: Of course it's elitist. The elite, the best, isn't that who you want to govern? I don't understand you moderns. You say you're against elitism, and you prove it by having a majority elect Richard Nixon or John Kennedy, and then you complain. How are the majority of people in a big nation with thirty-eight states going to know enough to be able to pick the best man?

Penthouse: It's fifty states, general.

I don't know where
you people got your ideas
about government,
but you certainly didn't get
them from me!

Washington: It's grown that much. . . ? No, no, it's hard enough for the people to select wise electors from their own community, men of vision and influence who're in a position to know who might be the best president. That's the way we set it up, sonny. But you people, you have elections in which you vote for perfect strangers. That's ridiculous. I don't know where you got your ideas about government, but you didn't get them from me.

Penthouse: But aren't the basic principles the same? Let me ask you, as one of the Founding Fathers. . . .

Washington: I am *the* Founding Father.

Penthouse: Meaning no disrespect, sir. Let me rephrase that question. As *the* Founding Father, don't you think we're carrying out what you and the other members of the founding family had in mind? We're fighting for freedom and democracy the way you did. And we're fighting against things like secrecy in government, you know, governmental tyranny.

Washington: Democracy! I'm against it. Secrecy in government! I'm for it. You can't run a government out in the open. It won't

work. I shudder to think what would have happened if we'd tried to write the Constitution in public. We'd still be in there arguing if everybody in Philadelphia had known what was going on. There would have been petitions and protests and demonstrations and whatnot. Keep it secret until you get it done, and then announce it. That's how we wrote your Constitution, sonny, in a closed room—no media, no kibitzing.

Penthouse: But Jefferson said that a free press was the best. . . .

Washington: Tommy Jefferson, Tommy Jefferson! I don't know what you people see in him. He was a flibbertigibbet. Lots of talk—he always loved the French, you know—starting projects and never completing them. A bright fellow, but undisciplined. He died broke. Didn't have a dime because he didn't have a shred of follow-through. He used to say a lot of wild things about democracy until they made him president. I think they did it to shut him up. You didn't hear any more about democracy or openness in government when he was in office. Ah, Tommy Jefferson. Who would have ever predicted back in 1780 that he would take up with a colored woman and get on the five-dollar bill?

Penthouse: Don't you think we've made progress in race relations, general?

Washington: We never had any race relations at all, except for Tommy, but you seem to have quite a lot. The Marquis de Lafayette and I used to discuss *les noirs*, as he called them. They are now called the *schwartzes*, aren't they? But where's the progress? At the Constitutional Convention we debated about whether or not to count them as people, and we decided that a black man is three-fifths of a person, you may recall. Now I gather you've decided that black men are 100 percent human, but judging from the fighting over IQ tests, many of you think that they are only three-fifths as smart as a person. That, sonny, is a distinction without a difference; but if you want to call it progress, I'm not above a little obfuscation for the commonweal. Tommy Jefferson was always for shipping them back to Africa, but he could never answer when I'd ask him, "Then who's going to do the scut work?" Many of them can be trained to do rather complicated tasks; the blue-gummed ones are intelligent.

Penthouse: We don't talk that way any more, general. Today you'd probably be considered a racist.

Washington: In my day I was considered a royalist.

Penthouse: What do you think about the imperial presidency? Aren't you shocked at today's presidential pomp and panoply compared with the rustic, republican simplicity of the early days of our government?

Washington: Well, I ah, I was always a man for an elegant party. I used to host lovely balls. The candles and the crystal and the silver plate and the footmen in silk britches. What's wrong with that? I like col-

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orful uniforms. That's something your fellow Nixon did that I approve of. He put the guards around the White House in white uniforms with those nice visor caps. I notice, though, the media made him order them back into their old outfits. I don't understand why you don't have nice uniforms. Your generals don't wear feathers, and your admirals don't wear lace; and they all walk around in those dreadful short haircuts that make them look like felons and transportees to a Georgia penal colony. No wonder they can't fight worth a damn. Put some feathers on your soldiers, sonny, and wear a wig.

Penthouse: General, are you saying that you're in favor of the imperial presidency? That's unbelievable. You're supposed to be a revolutionary! One of the criticisms people make of America today is that we've lost your revolutionary spirit.

Washington: I lost my own revolutionary spirit. I lost it the day I was sworn in as president, but I suppose I shouldn't be saying that. My consultant has warned me against talking that way.

Penthouse: Your consultant?

Washington: Let's go off the record for a moment here. See, this one-dollar-bill thing just got to me. It was all right at first, back in the days when people used to say "sound as a dollar." Then I had some pride in it. A dollar was a lot of money then, but with inflation . . . well, year after year I've seen the purchasing power of the dollar diminish. Every month when the government comes out with a new set of cost-of-living statistics, I'm less of a man.

Penthouse: You haven't explained the consultant, general.

Washington: It occurred to me that the reason I was being progressively debased is that people were taking me for granted. I've been around a long time; people don't talk about me much. I'm just here—like that cursed marble erection, you know—and well, I thought if I were to spruce myself up, so to speak, my fellow citizens might take another look at me and say, "Let's put Washington on the hundred-dollar bill."

Penthouse: So you hired a consultant to help you create a new image.

Washington: In a word, yes. I got that miserable Tom Paine. We used him during the late troubles, and he was quite effective, yes indeed; so I thought—I thought I'd try him again. Well, that's the long and the short of it, sonny.

Penthouse: That's the real reason you consented to this interview, general?

Washington: Yes, Tom Paine told me the trouble was that I am not regarded by my fellow countrymen as a "now" person.

Penthouse: That goes with being a historical figure, General Washington.

Washington: I'm out of touch I know; don't tell me. I'm old-fashioned. I don't wear jeans; I'm not a revolutionary; and I don't like sex. Paine's explained it all to me. He said if I were going to attract enough attention to get on a hundred-dollar bill, I'd have to refurbish my image.

Penthouse: How are you going to do that?

Washington: As Paine explained it to me—he's a miserable man, but I repose a certain confidence in his judgment when it comes to swaying the populace—there are only two kinds of people that the "movers and the shakers" (his phraseology, not mine) look up to today: sex objects and revolutionaries. I chose sex.

Penthouse: In other words, you want us to turn you into a sex object?

Washington: Just enough of one to get me my raise.

Penthouse: Wouldn't you prefer to be a revolutionary?

Washington: It's just not me. I wouldn't feel comfortable in the role. Perhaps the best thing I could do is fade back in the frames of the pictures in the museums and forget the raise. Notoriety brings trouble. Look at poor Hancock. That insurance company got hold of his family name, and now all he is, is a singing commercial.

Penthouse: Don't give up so easily, gen-

“
People used to look up
to a president who never told
a lie, but today a man
with my reputation is considered
unfit for public office.”

eral. Where's the old Valley Forge spirit?

Washington: Valley Forge spirit! The place is overrun with souvenir stands. Maybe I'll get rid of Paine and forget my raise. I've learned that a man who gets his name on television gets into trouble. The media. If it isn't the journalists, it's the debunking historians. Look at what they've done to Franklin. Investigated him, printing all those things about his sex life. President Nixon wasn't treated worse. And me! Do you know the only time I've gotten any ink in the last ten years? It was when that historian looked into my expense account. My expense account! Those investigatory journalists, as they call themselves, will follow a man into the grave.

Penthouse: I wish you'd cheer up, general. This is the two-hundredth birthday party, and we'd like a message of hope from the Father of His Country.

Washington: Talk to one of those Adamses. You're all making such a fuss over them. Two more sour men, father and son, I never met. But write their biographies; put them on television. Neither of them ever fired a shot in anger, hah! But they're from

Boston, and they went to Harvard. Sonny, generally things in my time were better than they are now, but we used to have what we called the Eastern Establishment, a bunch of blue-blooded Harvard know-betters, to contend with. At least you don't have that now. Those crazy professors! They'd come down from Boston with their mouths filled with compliments and their heads full of mad trash. They would have gone to war against France! There is nothing more dangerous, sonny, than a professor talking courage and patriotism. They had one funny little fellow up there, a curly-headed little fellow with a Hessian accent, whom they'd bring down so he could make speeches at me about sending a flotilla of sailboats to bombard the French Jacobins.

Penthouse: Wasn't that Frederick the Great's man, Baron von Kissinger?

Washington: Yes, that's him, a squirrely little chap, always telling me if George III and I only met face to face we could negotiate our differences. The man pestered me so much that I finally sent him off to England to make the arrangements, and, of course, they hanged him as soon as they could get their hands on him. The war went better for us after that. Now are you going to help me get on the hundred-dollar bill, or aren't you?

Penthouse: Make you into a sex object?

Washington: Yes, but understand that Mrs. Washington and I will only pose for photographs suitably attired.

Penthouse: I think it might be easier to make you relevant than it would be to make you sexy, general.

Washington: Yes, relevant, as in "I can relate to that." Yes, I know the expression. Make me relevant, heh?

Penthouse: Yes, for example, if you have a message for your modern American great-great-grandchildren.

Washington: What do I have to say to your times? Nothing. It's the image thing again. Nobody'll listen to me. The cherry tree; never tell a lie. Damn that Tom Paine!

Penthouse: Come again, general?

Washington: How was I to know what was going to happen to the dollar? I guess you don't understand what I'm talking about.

Penthouse: Frankly, no, sir.

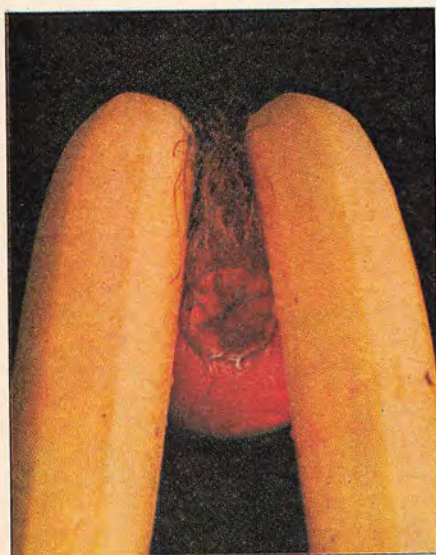
Washington: When I first hired Paine, a long time ago, he cooked up the cherry-tree story as part of the public-relations campaign. It went over very well, the old cherry tree did, but people were different then. They wanted heroes. I was very popular, but now it makes me look naive. A hundred years ago people looked up to a president who never told a lie. Today? A man with my reputation is considered unfit for public office. I want you to put in this interview that I *do* lie, that I *always* lied, that my word could never be depended on. I don't want to look sexy. I want to look powerful. You have to depict me in terms that Americans can appreciate.

Penthouse: How can we do that, general? You are pretty well typecast, you know.

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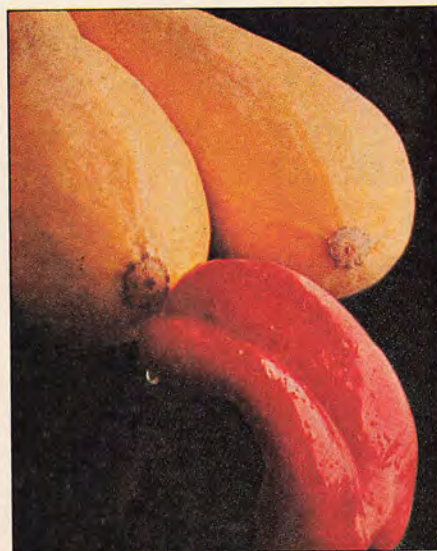
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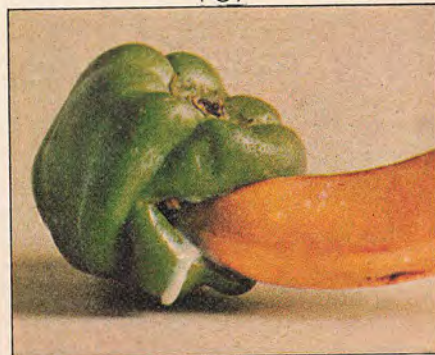
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G EORGE'S STORY

After I'd seen what was available during four years of college and three in New York, Helen (with the possible exception of Joyce) is the only woman I wanted to wake up next to every morning, year after year. She has everything—beauty, brains, and a desire to share the most important thing in my life, building the best art gallery in New York. Of course, that's the same thing as saying the best gallery in the country. Two weeks ago I found out that she wasn't the woman I had thought. I knew she was passionate and I didn't think she was any vestal virgin, but I still didn't realize she was the hot-assed whore (in sex *and* business) she turned out to be.

I'd like to hear that my current perception of her is totally off, or that maybe I've screwed up the relationship in some offbeat way. However, I'm afraid there's only a small chance of that . . . If I explain some of my earlier affairs, especially with Joyce, you'll understand how I was not only attracted to Helen but also repelled by her final actions.

In college, where I majored in fine arts, most people would say I was successful with women—although not the way I wanted to be. I was sure I was going to be the finest painter in the country, and I was lucky enough to be in a good art school and have plenty of spending money. (I have a small trust fund set up by my maternal grandmother.) My studio, in an off-campus apartment, was really beautiful—equipped with a large skylight and podium. I soon found there were many attractive students who were happy to pose for me, sometimes for a small amount of money, which I had more of than most, and sometimes for free.

Of course, I have to admit, I was pretty adept at picking up everything they wanted to hear and giving it to them with one object in mind—fucking. Topping it off was the realization, toward graduation, that I was not the greatest painter in the world and I wasn't going to be, which made the scene even worse.

I still loved the fine arts, however, and decided that when I graduated I'd move to New York and work in a gallery, eventually learn the business, and start my own firm. Also, I started working on my master's degree at night so that I'd really know everything from Caravaggio to photorealism.

I was extremely lucky to find a job with a major gallery, and I've been with it for the past three years. I started as a salesman for the less expensive paintings and then got experience in prints and sculpture and, later, the more (extremely) expensive paintings. It was about a year and a half ago that I met Joyce, which was when I became aware what a relationship could really be like. She joined the gallery to handle the sculpture and paintings under \$3,000. She was just one beautiful, fine woman. Self-possessed, tall, with long blonde hair cascading down her back, and short-waisted, she also had a derriere like an ancient East Indian goddess—a perfect pear shape that both Orientals and I find so attractive. I knew she was engaged to a rich Californian, and all her vibrations said she wasn't interested in me sexually. However, I could tell she liked me and was more than willing to impart some of her extensive knowledge of the art world—how crazy it is and how to sell a painting and still remain honest. That's not always an easy task. What was most important to me was that I found someone who shared my feelings. Joyce and I both felt that painting, sculpture, and graphics are important enough to devote your life to. I mean both in terms of finding the best artists and selling only the finest paintings, absolutely nothing second rate or those that are merely in vogue. What was important to me was important to

Photographs by Frank LaRitte

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," *Penthouse Magazine*, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLE HEART ACTION

her. We seemed to have the same kind of values.

I think it was the French writer St. Exupéry who said, "Loving isn't looking into someone's eyes; it's looking at the same thing together." Well, that's what I was experiencing with Joyce, and I knew it was what I had always wanted but hadn't found with anyone in college or the New York singles scene. Joyce and I hadn't even been to bed together, and I thought the chances were pretty remote. But what I saw I liked, and I knew I wasn't going to settle for anything less with any woman, even though it wasn't necessarily with Joyce herself.

We started to get personal in our conversations. She'd ask how my dating was going, and slowly she indicated her life with her fiancé wasn't that perfect. It seemed he was proud of her success but really didn't want her to be much more than a Pasadena society matron, with an art gallery as a hobby. Obviously, she still loved him and would try to work things out, but of course the inevitable happened.

One night she asked me to stay late and help her arrange some sculpture for an upcoming show. Everyone had left, and we started moving the pieces for the maximum esthetic and commercial appeal. Some of the pieces were pretty heavy, so we had to lift them together, and I noticed that her complexion became a little flushed. Actually, I was getting pretty flushed myself, between my legs, and lightly brushing against her wasn't doing anything for my composure. We were lugging a male torso together, with the cock facing toward Joyce, when all of a sudden she looked at the fairly well-hung penis and said, "Well, that's not bad, but I bet you could do a girl ever so much better than that."

I told her, "Just wait 'til we get this down. You'll find how right you are." We were lucky we didn't drop it on our feet that moment. Suddenly, I knew I'd hit paydirt, and it was nothing like the well-timed screwing I did in college or after. Here it was, the physical, the mental, all wrapped up in one beautiful package. Fireworks, or whatever, hit the fan, and we were all over each other on the viewing couch. We were stripped in seconds and going at it in the middle of stone-and-plaster statue voyeurs. I couldn't have cared less if it had been the whole gallery staff—I was so totally carried away.

I found out then that she had a beautiful reddish bush, which I wouldn't have realized from observing the blonde hair on her head. I couldn't keep my tongue off her vaginal lips, and inside it was saltier than champagne but still the best tonic I'd drunk in a long, long time. Joyce went down on me with that perfect mixture of slurpy gentleness and pressure, but we both couldn't wait for real fucking. As soon as she whispered that she was on the Pill, I moved my cock quickly into her cunt. While it's no yardstick, I felt I was fucking her all the way up to her mouth. She made me feel like a walking, talking phallus in the most beautiful lubricated home I'd ever known. I moved her on her side, showing that beautiful ass to full advantage, sort of grabbing it, slapping it lightly, then leaning over to gently kiss her perfect face.

Since the lights were on full blast (in anticipation of the

sculpture show), every detail of her body—the little veins, a mole, and freckles—was apparent. Joyce moved her hips better than any temple houri, clawed at the hair on my chest, and all the time was like an East Indian goddess on the highest pedestal on which I'd ever place a woman. She came four times, repeating my name in little spurts, then longer, rolling ones, between sort of biting her lips, and finally I came myself.

We made love several times after that, but you could never call it an affair. She remained hot and heavy with her fiancé and always straight with me. Certainly, it was more than just sex for her, but it was definitely something on the side. I might have fantasized how it would be if I were number one, but I knew where she was, so I usually just let her take the initiative when we made it—which was usually at her apartment but also at the gallery.


A few months later she left for the Southwest. She married her boyfriend, who had come to recognize where she was at, and she's now running her own very successful gallery. It should be. She certainly knows her business and puts everything she has into it, the very same way she did into making love.

When she left, I was promoted to her position—on her recommendation and over two men who had been there longer than I had. Eyebrows were raised, and one of the men quit in disgust. But Joyce recommended me because I knew the business better than the others and because good painting is more important to me than pushing potboilers on unsuspecting buyers, something the other salesmen would have done without a moment's hesitation.


It wasn't long afterward that Helen joined the firm, and I started to feel for her much of the admiration and respect that I had felt for Joyce. I was a little wary, since it could get extremely close in the office if things didn't work out. There are only ten employees in the company, which is quite a number for an art gallery.

Even though we didn't work in the same area, I found myself making every excuse I could to be in the print division. We began having small conversations, then longer ones, and then one evening we both went to an auction, she to bid on some lithos, I to bid on some sculpture. Afterward, everything flowed easily. We strolled down Madison Avenue for a nightcap and stopped into a quiet college bar. We started talking about the auction (she had made several astute purchases), and I was turned on by both her really beautiful face and what she was saying. All of a sudden, she looked up at me and said, "Well, aren't you going to take me up to my apartment and fuck me?"

I almost fell off my seat, and my erection started to go limp. Then I looked into her eyes, and I knew how vulnerable she was and at the same time strong enough to come on that way. My cock and emotions responded quickly, and we hustled out of the bar and walked home briskly. I had thought how tender I wanted to be with her the first time. However, something inside me responded in a far more basic physical way. I put my arm around her and kissed her forehead as we walked



**Coffee-breaks
are nice. I can't
limit my
lovemaking to the
evening hours.**



home. But all I could think of was meeting cock to vagina, my hand on her buttocks and biting, not kissing, her neck.

We got to her doorstep. I kissed her gently as she fumbled for her key, and then I began to drop my coat and jacket on a chair. I started to rip most of my clothes off as well as hers. As she fumbled to take her panties off, my tongue worked its way down to her pubic area. At least by the time my mouth reached her "man in the boat," it was as erect as my hard-on. I was spewing, but it was nothing next to what was flowing from her.

For a relationship that had been based, on my part, primarily on her character, I'll have to admit my mind and body were in quite a state at that point. I managed to pick her up romantically, cradling her crossways in my arms, and bring her into the bedroom. I lowered her gently and then inserted my cock as soon as she hit the bed. We started missionary style, while she played with her breasts, teasing me. Then she straddled me, put my fingers on her nipples, and humped my cock. We tried it doggie-style, as she braced herself against the headboard and furiously moved her ass from side to side. Looking at that ass and legs against my cock and thighs, it was a wonder I didn't shoot right off, but after fifteen minutes or so I finally gushed into her.

We made love again in the morning (slowly and lovingly), and afterward I was first to leave for work. We agreed we'd keep our relationship *sub rosa* in the gallery. There were too many bitchy salespeople who would have loved putting their noses in our business. We figured it was just as smart not to walk into the office at the same time every morning. It could only be interpreted the way it was.

If you think I didn't get anything done in the gallery with Helen around, you're wrong. It was just the opposite. I had found a woman who was as dedicated to art as I was—who felt as strongly as I did, and that only made me more attuned to my work. I found I was learning more

from the artists and salespersons I dealt with and was speaking with more feeling and authority (and making greater sales) with collectors who visited our gallery. "Head in the clouds and feet on the ground" would probably best describe my feelings. Our relationship got better and better.

We were tuned-in to each other psychologically, intellectually, and spiritually, and we had the same dedication to the world of painting and the arts. I never formally proposed, but we started talking about "when we were married" and when we would start our own gallery, where the feeling we had for each other would carry over to our artists and collectors.

Then D-Day (for destruction) came in the form of a gallery opening for one of the country's leading painters. The artist was always one of my favorites, and it promised to be a big bash. The collectors included several senators, a governor, and many millionaires. We had developed a big following of foreign collectors—Europeans, Japanese, and now several Arabs. Helen and I threw ourselves into the show, seeing that the "hanging" was perfect and the entertainment the same.

The guests started arriving, and by seven o'clock the show

was in full swing. By eight o'clock fifteen out of thirty paintings had been sold, with the Arabs leading the fray. We were serving only the best champagne, and I probably had taken more than I should for a business show. I was charming the dowagers and divorcées, and Helen was doing the same with the Japanese and Arab men, especially Hashid, a heavy-set Middle Eastern millionaire the gallery especially wanted to cultivate.

All of a sudden I knew something was wrong. I looked for Helen but couldn't see her. And then I thought I'd try the warehouse area, where we keep paintings that are not on display. Most of these canvases are pretty big, and the place is a labyrinth of minirooms. I heard muffled sounds in the rear, so I moved toward the noise. I could tell that it was Helen from her voice, but as I walked toward her, I couldn't imagine that what I was hearing could come from her mouth. It was unbelievable. She was saying, "No sweet talk, Hashid, just fuck me!" When I turned the corner, there was Helen, or at least her legs wrapped around a standing male body, his

pants down around his ankles. Her long nails were scratching his neck, and there was even blood on his suit. I went berserk, pulled them apart, and shoved him into a pile of frames. Actually, it wasn't very hard, since he was pretty drunk. I yelled at her something dumb like, "I worshipped you, and now I find you're just another whorey cunt!" Then I started to pull her back into the gallery. But she was even more drunk than Hashid and looked me in the eye. I think she said, "Just what the fuck do you think you're doing? If I want to screw someone, it's my business!" Then I told her, "Like hell," but I knew if she wanted to fuck anyone it was her business. After all, we weren't married, and the whole thing was just a miserable trip. "Fuck you, cunt," were my loving, parting words, and so I left the gallery immediately and went home.

It's been pretty terrible ever since.

We're in the same building; so we have to see each other every day. We are able to talk. That's one thing about Helen—we can sit down and discuss almost anything. Over lunch I told her why we couldn't continue. It's not so much that she screwed this Hashid but her lousy motivations. I know the guy, and he's only a crude S.O.B. who wants to screw every chick he can get his hands on. I'm sure she was fucking him only because he was rich enough to set her up in business for herself. If she were really in love with him, I could understand that. But it seems that the woman I loved isn't anything like what I thought she was.

I tried to tell her over lunch that I hoped we could be friends. In fact, we had always been good friends as well as lovers. But I'm afraid that really isn't enough, because I keep thinking about the way it was. In fact, it's almost impossible to be near her each day, and that's why I'm here.

HELEN'S STORY

Well, for a bright girl, I've gotten myself into one hell of a mess. Just because a relationship with a next-to-perfect man wasn't 100 percent, I've flubbed the whole thing. And the



COUPLE INTUITION

ironic thing is that the problem was that my man was *too* perfect, from his lovemaking to everything out of bed, which is what frightened me the most. On the other hand, I'm a fighter, and I'll do whatever I can to make it work if it's really viable for both George and me.

I both admire and fear George's idealism, but it wouldn't surprise me if he turned around completely, becoming another New York hedonist, putting his faith in how many women he lays every week or the return on the dollar. One other fear has been realized—what he was going to think when he found out that I'm no saint. Well, since he knows about Hashid, he's realized that, though he hasn't learned about my earlier promiscuous experiences.

Actually, I'm fairly idealistic myself except that my idealism consists in having faith in myself, which isn't the "me take all" philosophy that some believe in. Of course, my

attraction for George isn't totally spiritual. The first time I saw him, I flipped! He's got those beautiful, blond, clean-cut Nordic looks, big brown eyes, and lots of curly blond hair on his chest. I found out later how it is even on his back, where I love to pull on it when we're making love. He was wearing gray gabardine slacks so tight that they indicated he had not only terrific equipment in front but strong buttocks for screwing power as well. "Well, *that's* something to check into" was my first thought when we were introduced in the gallery. I couldn't wait to get into those gray gabardines, but I decided to play it cool. After all, it was my first day, and this was a business opportunity where I wanted to succeed.

I could have found excuses to get into his painting or sculpting areas just to see him, but as it turned out, I didn't have to; he was making a panting beeline to me every chance he got. From our conversations I soon realized that he was a beautiful man inside as well as outside, and he also had the business acumen to eventually own and run an extremely successful gallery.

Between his mind and body I was getting *very* horny, and I was surprised he hadn't asked me out yet. I was about to ask him out when we were both scheduled to bid at one of the big auctions in town. Well, if he didn't push it, I was going to, and eventually I did.

One day I just blurted out, "Well, aren't you going to take me up to my apartment and fuck me?"

Well, just for a minisecond he looked pretty flustered, and then he smiled—with far more than a trace of lechery—and said, "Of course. I thought you'd never ask."

"Lotsa luck, you handsome, beautiful jerk," I thought. But I couldn't wait till we got up to my place. I was so nervous that I almost dropped the key when we went in the door, but then he finally became more aggressive than I was.

In fact he came on like a 707 zooming in on Kennedy Airport, with a very quick park in the hangar. Well, he first did a job on my clit with his flutter-tongue and sucking. Wow—he's got a thick tongue that feels like the head of a cock, but he nibbled and sucked at my clit like a hungry gourmet. He just sort of pressed it and licked around it so that I'd involuntarily



have to hold onto my breasts. I didn't know whether to equalize the sexual awareness or just to make it an even more total experience. I came, rather totally, but it was nothing next to the lovemaking that ensued after that. His beautiful, thick cock just fit me perfectly. The walls of my vagina stretched to that point that precedes pain and includes delirium (and I'm no masochist), and something was happening to my clit that surpassed even what he did with his mouth. Wham, bam, and then my cervical orgasms started. Somehow or other he was hitting the spot that only a lover, not just a big cock, can make operable. I mounted him, and he was sure enough of his masculinity that he could take me on top and still know he was totally man. He just smiled and held on to my hips and lapped it up psychologically, as he had lapped me up physically earlier. Finally, he came from behind, so that I knew from whatever angle he

came this man knew what he was doing. I could still start to get wet just thinking about that first time, over, under, and every way around me. George just knows how to give that wham, bam when it's appropriate, as well as the tender kisses that add up to beautiful lovemaking.

Luckily, he agreed we wouldn't let anyone at the office know about us, although I think it's actually awfully difficult to hide something like this. It's my first job that isn't merely a pittance, and I didn't want to be known as the gallery screw. God knows I did enough of that on a previous job with a Boston gallery, and I didn't want a repeat.

Well, George and I kept our affair quiet, and I soon began to feel that glow that I'd felt in college days, only better. Of course, we did have some difference of opinion regarding what is possible in an art gallery. I thought there were works of lesser quality that could be sold to "pay the rent" so that we could work with artists who were developing. But I could see his point of no compromise even though I'd try to modify it just a little. I certainly wasn't compromising in any area of my *personal* life. Our screwing, our oral sex, and our tenderness was always a quality scene.

But as our affair developed, I realized how *total* it was becoming. George wanted not only that we should get married, which was fine with me, but also that we should work together in our own gallery. That's some order, putting yourself on the line for someone virtually every minute of the day. Of course, there are advantages to being around for the noonday or coffee-break lovemaking session, and I don't think I could ever really tire of George's versatile technique. And I'd hate to limit my lovemaking from five P.M. to nine A.M.

Then I had this horrible fear of what was going to happen when he found out I had fooled around as much as I had before. I suppose I could have been totally faithful if we were married, but it was this twenty-four-hours-a-day involvement that I couldn't see myself getting into. Also, I'm not a superlatively liberated woman, but I like the idea of having *my* career and also of having it be my own, not just being the number-two person in the show, next to your man or husband. That was another consideration.

That was where Hashid came in. He had a beautiful townhouse he was filling with paintings and lithos; so he was spending a great deal of time with me, and he was very attentive. Just as George was a handsome blond, Hashid had these tremendous thick black eyebrows and curly hair, plus what they used to call "bedroom eyes." The rest of him, a tall muscular frame dressed in Paris suits, wasn't bad either, especially his tight little buttocks. I knew there wasn't much of a future with a man who moved around as much as Hashid did, with beauties in his entourage from the Levant to Europe to New York. But I was quite flattered by his attentions to me in the gallery, and while others had said he's crude, he was very much the gentleman with me.

In fact, I was so complimented by his interest and intrigued by his subtlety that I'd try to attract his attention by wriggling just a little more than I usually do, just as a little flirtation, not as a prelude to an affair. When I showed him a litho, I always managed to make sure he got a good view of my breasts or my rear—if I was turned around slightly.

He began telling me what a great business sense I had and how I really should get a backer to set up an enormous litho gallery. He hinted he might be able to find someone. I imagined that the backer—someone else or himself, for that matter—would want me backed up on a bed with my legs spreading and wrapped around his cock, fucking me from here to Damascus. If it were Hashid, I figured, a girl could do worse. But some of his friends were really dogs; so I didn't push the issue. And I was becoming much too involved with George at that point to really consider sleeping with another man.

As George and I got closer and closer, however, I realized how soon that life of total involvement was developing. I loved him and his vision; yet I was apprehensive at the same time. I once suggested that we might have separate careers for a while, but he acted as if I were crazy even to think of it, and I was caught up in the momentum of our relationship.

I decided, anyway, that I'd just check with Hashid about those backers. When I approached him, he said that he, in fact, was the one who would supply the money. I tried to explain that I was going with George and that there couldn't possibly be anything between Hashid and me. He smiled and told me he never planned to make this a physical relationship. He said he found me not only extremely attractive but also a very intelligent, capable woman. It was strictly a business deal in which he expected to make a substantial profit. Then he told me he'd give me a contract in which everything would be spelled out precisely, with nothing about any bedroom scene.

At that moment, I thought he was the sweetest man alive, and I knew the way my nipples started to perk up that the observation wasn't strictly intellectual. I was sure that the feeling wasn't love. I knew I might even fuck up a good business deal, and I knew he probably had a gorgeous blonde coming in an hour. Still I said to myself, "What the



hell, girl, you've been aggressive before; you might as well do it again." I sashayed over, sort of swinging my hips, and just leaned over putting my breasts in his face and saying at the same time, "Isn't it about time, Hashid?"

Strangely enough, he didn't grab, but held my hand, kissed it, and said, "Are you very sure?" I nodded, and then we sort of glided into a nearby bedroom, where the most delightful, sensuous lovemaking ensued. He ever so tenderly unzipped and took off my dress. He removed his own clothes, and then we gently sat on the bed. He kissed me on the shoulder, sort of rolled my breasts on both sides of his cheeks, and then he worked his tongue down to my vagina, where he flicked his tongue in and out, just teasing. He rolled my clit with his fingers while he removed his tongue and sucked for a while on my toes. Then he brought his tongue back to my pussy, where

he bit my clit and lapped up everything that flowed out in one gorgeous orgasm.

A week later, at a major opening, it was only normal that Hashid and I talk a bit, and one thing led to another. Off to the stacks we went, where he started to screw me. Then George ran in, tearing us apart, and just created a horrible scene.


Well, one would think that marks the end of my love affair with George. I know George's ego was terribly hurt, but I can tell from our luncheon conversation that he's still wild about me.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

When I am analyzing these Couples stories, I am sometimes as confused as my subjects undoubtedly are. The narratives of George and Helen are a case in point. The solution to their problems seems elusive, indeed.

A good many young couples have tied themselves up in knots concerning their attitudes about sex and lifestyles. They're afraid of not being stylish, and yet they cannot completely shed their traditional attitudes. On one hand, today's young men want to be sexually emancipated, and yet their attitudes are those of a sexual aggressor. Women do not want to be treated as sex objects, and still they are harshly critical of a man's performance in bed. It all sounds so confused.

George and, to a lesser extent, Helen are exhibiting precisely these symptoms. George is a typical example of the incipient male backlash against women's liberation. His initial experience with sex was physical only. With Joyce he was exhibiting signs of hope and was prepared to let her take the sexual initiative. Unfortunately, he wasn't given a chance. Joyce used George and forsook him for her fiancé. Then along came Helen. Again, she had to make the liberated running, but George had changed by then. He'd reverted to the traditional male sex role. If Helen wants to have someone else on the side, by Eros he's not standing for that! And he's not standing for her becoming economically independent. She, on the other hand, is determined to live her own life.

If they truly want to be a real couple, they must rethink their sex roles. 



bok

"...brazen little bitch!"

DISCOVER WHAT VITAMINS CAN DO FOR YOUR HAIR.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my

hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

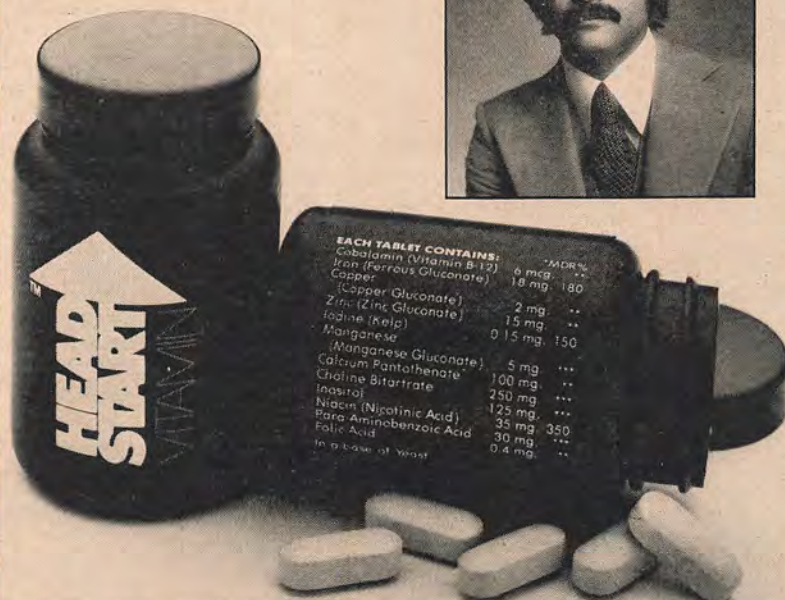
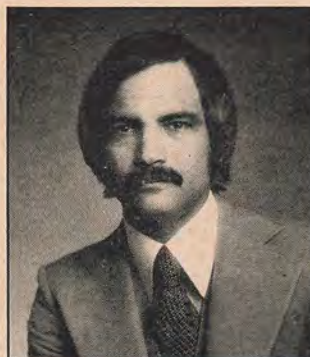
The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about \$30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than 1/2 of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.



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Zinc (Zinc Gluconate)	15 mg.	..
Iodine (Kelp)	0.15 mg.	150
Manganese (Manganese Gluconate)	5 mg.	..
Calcium Pantothenate	100 mg.	..
Choline Bitartrate	250 mg.	..
Inositol	125 mg.	..
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PENTHOUSE, Back Issue Dept., 21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022.

THE LEDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

"Not very trusting, are you?"
"Be sensible, Mr. Norris. There is twenty thousand dollars on the carpet between us. In this city murder has been committed for twenty cents."

"What's the bet?"
He looked genuinely pained. "Wager, Mr. Norris, wager. Gentlemen make wagers. Vulgarians place bets."

"Whatever you say."
"Excellent. I've seen you looking at my balcony."

"The screen's off the door."
"Yes. I had it taken off this afternoon. What I propose is this: that you walk around my building on the ledge that juts out just below the penthouse level. If you circumnavigate the building successfully, the jackpot is yours."

"You're crazy."

"On the contrary. I have proposed this wager six times to six different people during my dozen years in this apartment. Three of the six were professional athletes, like you—one of them a notorious quarterback more famous for shaving his face on television than for his passing game, one a baseball player, one a rather famous jockey who made an extraordinary yearly salary and who was also afflicted with extraordinary alimony problems. The other three were more ordinary citizens who had differing professions but two things in common: a need for money and a certain degree of body grace." He puffed his cigarette thoughtfully and then continued. "The wager was declined five times out of hand. On the other occasion, it was accepted. The terms were twenty thousand dollars against six-months' service to me. I collected. The fellow took one look over the edge of the balcony and nearly fainted." Cressner looked amused and contemptuous. "He said everything down there looked so small. That was what killed his nerve."

"What makes you think——"
He cut me off with an annoyed wave of his hand. "Don't bore me, Mr. Norris. I think you will do it because you have no choice. It's my wager on the one hand or forty years in San Quentin on the other. The money and my wife are only added fillips, indicative of my good nature."

"What guarantee do I have that you won't double-cross me? Maybe I'd do it and find out you'd called Tony and told him to go ahead anyway."

He sighed. "You are a walking case of paranoia, Mr. Norris. I don't love my wife. It is doing my storied ego no good at all to have her around. Twenty thousand dollars is a pittance to me. I pay four times that every week to be given to police bagmen. As for the wager, however . . ." His eyes gleamed. "That is beyond price."

I thought about it, and he left me. I suppose he knew that the real mark always

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172

The Penthouse FASHION FINDER

The following **manufacturers** and/or department stores supply the fashions shown on pages 114-118. For "where to buy" information, contact these **manufacturers** or stores.

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2 Embarcadero Center
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On page 167, the Gale GT 2101 turntable (\$1,875, without tone arm). On this page, clockwise from top: Bang and Olufsen's elegant brushed-steel Beogram 4002 turntable makes a sleek landing field for your discs and retails for \$690; B.I.C.'s 980 is ready for lift-off in exchange for \$199.95. Or if smooth silver fits your interior, try Yamaha's YP800 for \$500. Another possibility is Garrard's finely balanced 990B for \$169.95, while ADC's Accutrac 4000 features electronic track-selection and remote control for \$499.95. Those on a budget who still want a sturdy, dependable turntable should check out the Sanyo TP700SA for \$179.95.



Clockwise, from top right: The reel-to-reel Dokorder 1140, \$1,195. Akai's GX630DSS reel-to-reel (\$995) with TDK Audua L3600 tape. The Marantz 5420 cassette deck (\$399.95), followed by Bang and Olufsen's Beocord 2200 cassette for \$485. Next is the Nakamichi 500 cassette deck at \$400. Above that is TEAC's A400 cassette deck (\$329.50). Cassettes are (front) BASF CD90, Audio Magnetics C90, Columbia Magnetics C90; (back) Fuji FX60, Maxell UD C90, Nakamichi SX C90. Next are Revox's reel-to-reel A77 IV (\$959), with Memorex 3,600-foot tape, and the Landberg 10XD reel-to-reel (\$1,399), with Capitol Magnetics Music Tape (2,500 feet).



Our rangerette's Superex PEP81 headphones (\$150) are plugged into their own control unit (top right). Beneath it, from top: Kenwood's KR3600 receiver (\$250), McIntosh's MC2205 amp (\$1,199), McIntosh's C28 preamp (\$649; wood cabinet, \$29), U.S. Pioneer's 1250 receiver (\$900), Koss's Pro 4AA headphones (\$65), JVC's JRS 600 receiver (\$749.95), Hitachi's SR802 receiver (\$399.95), and Technic's SE9600 amp by Panasonic (\$799.95). Left, from top: Telephonic's #50 headphones (\$49.95), Onkyo's 7022 amp (\$359.95), Superscope's 1220 (\$179.95). Receivers are Sherwood's S7310 (\$400), H. H. Scott's R326 (\$349.95), Miida's 3120 (\$229.95), Sansui's 9090 (\$750). Project/One's XXI amp by Playback is \$429.



Photographs by Carl Fischer. Letter Forms by Ray Barber.

For translating signals from record, cassette, radio, ceebee, or satellite into sonorous sound, take a closer listen to these speakers at your local sound outlet. (The best news is that their prices don't require a budget the size of NASA's.) Center: JBL's L300 which sells for under \$1,000 each. Clockwise from top are other components that will fill your launching pad with today's music. Epicure's minitower 400+ speakers sell for \$399 each, Jensen's OPC 25 for \$239 each, and KLH's 354 for \$225 each; while a single Phillips RH532 will set you back \$365. The Bose 901, with optional ebony grill, will give you great sound at \$614 each, as will Empire Scientific's 900GT at \$329.95 each and OHM's G for \$775 per pair.

Information on merchandise featured here appears on following page.

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THE LEDGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

convinces himself. I was a thirty-six-year-old tennis bum, and the club had been thinking of letting me go when Marcia applied a little gentle pressure. Tennis was the only profession I knew, and without it, even getting a job as a janitor would be tough—especially with a record. It was kid stuff, but employers don't care.

And the funny thing was that I really loved Marcia Cressner. I had fallen for her after two nine-o'clock tennis lessons, and she had fallen for me just as hard. It was a case of Stan Norris luck, all right. After thirty-six years of happy bachelorhood, I had fallen like a sack of mail for the wife of an Organization overlord.

The old tom sitting there and puffing his imported Turkish cigarette knew all that, of course. And something else, as well. I had no guarantee that he wouldn't turn me in if I accepted his wager and won, but I knew damn well that I'd be in the cooler by ten o'clock if I didn't. And the next time I'd be free would be at the turn of the century.

"I want to know one thing," I said.

"What might that be, Mr. Norris?"

"Look me right in the face and tell me if you're a welsher or not."

He looked at me directly. "Mr. Norris," he said quietly, "I never welsh."

"All right," I said. What other choice was there?

He stood up, beaming. "Excellent! Really excellent! Approach the door to the balcony with me, Mr. Norris."

We walked over together. His face was that of a man who had dreamed this scene hundreds of times and was enjoying its actuality to the fullest.

"The ledge is five inches wide," he said dreamily. "I've measured it myself. In fact, I've stood on it, holding onto the balcony, of course. All you have to do is lower yourself over that wrought-iron railing. You'll be chest-high. But, of course, beyond the railing there are no handgrips. You'll have to inch your way along, being very careful not to overbalance."

My eye had fastened on something else outside the window . . . something that made my blood temperature sink several degrees. It was a wind gauge. Cressner's apartment was quite close to the lake, and it was high enough so there were no higher buildings to act as a windbreak. That wind would be cold, and it would cut like a knife. The needle was standing at ten pretty steadily, but a gust would send the needle almost up to twenty-five for a few seconds before dropping off.

"Ah, I see you've noticed my wind gauge," Cressner said jovially. "Actually, it's the other side which gets the prevailing wind; so the breeze may be a little stronger on that side. But actually this is a fairly still night. I've seen evenings when the wind has gusted up to eighty-five . . . you can actually feel the building rock a little. A bit

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For more down-to-earth information about the equipment shown on pages 167-171, please check the appropriate box below and return this coupon to "Spaced-Out Sounds," Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We will forward your request to the companies indicated, and you will hear from them, not us.

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like being on a ship, in the crow's nest. And it's quite mild for this time of year."

He pointed, and I saw the lighted numerals atop a bank skyscraper to the left. They said it was forty-four degrees. But with the wind, that would have made the chill factor somewhere in the mid-twenties.

"Have you got a coat?" I asked. I was wearing a light jacket.

"Alas, no." The lighted figures on the bank switched to show the time. It was 8:32. "And I think you had better get started, Mr. Norris, so I can call Tony and put plan two into effect. A good boy but apt to be impulsive. You understand."

I understood, all right. Too damn well.

But the thought of being with Marcia, free from Cressner's tentacles and with enough money to get started at something, made me push open the sliding-glass door and step out onto the balcony. It was cold and damp; the wind ruffled my hair into my eyes.

"Bon soir," Cressner said behind me, but I didn't bother to look back. I approached the railing, but I didn't look down. Not yet. I began to do deep-breathing.

It's not really an exercise at all but a form of self-hypnosis. With every inhale-exhale, you throw a distraction out of your mind, until there's nothing left but the match ahead of you. I got rid of the money with one breath and Cressner himself with two. Marcia took longer—her face kept rising in my mind, telling me not to be stupid, not to play his game, that maybe Cressner never welshed, but he always hedged his bets. I didn't listen. I couldn't afford to. If I lost this match, I wouldn't have to buy the beers and take the ribbing; I'd be so much scarlet sludge splattered for a block of Deakman Street in both directions.

When I thought I had it, I looked down.

The building sloped away like a smooth chalk cliff to the street far below. The cars parked there looked like those matchbox models you can buy in the five-and-dime. The ones driving by the building were just tiny pinpoints of light. If you fell that far, you would have plenty of time to realize just what was happening, to see the wind blowing your clothes as the earth pulled you back faster and faster. You'd have time to scream a long, long scream. And the sound you made when you hit the pavement would be like the sound of an overripe watermelon.

I could understand why that other guy had chickened out. But he'd only had six months to worry about. I was staring forty long, gray, Marcia-less years in the eye.

I looked at the ledge. It looked small. I had never seen five inches that looked so much like two. At least the building was fairly new; it wouldn't crumble under me.

I hoped.

I swung over the railing and carefully lowered myself until I was standing on the ledge. My heels were out over the drop. The floor of the balcony was about chest-high, and I was looking into Cressner's penthouse through the wrought-iron orna-

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mental bars. He was standing inside the door, smoking, watching me the way a scientist watches a guinea pig to see what the latest injection will do.

"Call," I said, holding onto the railing.

"What?"

"Call Tony. I don't move until you do."

He went back into the living room—it looked amazingly warm and safe and cozy—and picked up the phone. It was a worthless gesture, really. With the wind, I couldn't hear what he was saying.

He put the phone down and returned.

"Taken care of, Mr. Norris."

"It better be."

"Goodbye, Mr. Norris. I'll see you in a bit ... perhaps."

It was time to do it. Talking was done. I let myself think of Marcia one last time, her light-brown hair, her wide gray eyes, her lovely body, and then put her out of my mind for good. No more looking down, either. It would have been too easy to get paralyzed, looking down through that space. Too easy to just freeze up until you lost your balance or just fainted from fear. It was time for tunnel vision. Time to concentrate on nothing but left foot, right foot.

I began to move to the right, holding onto the balcony's railing as long as I could. It didn't take long to see I was going to need all the tennis muscle my ankles had. With my heels beyond the edge, those tendons would be taking all my weight.

I got to the end of the balcony, and for a moment I didn't think I was going to be able to let go of that safety. I forced myself to do it. Five inches, hell, that was plenty of room. If the ledge were only a foot off the ground instead of 280 feet, you could breeze around this building in four minutes flat, I told myself. So just pretend it is.

Yeah, and if you fall from a ledge a foot off the ground, you just say *rats*, and try again. Up here you get only one chance.

I slid my right foot farther out and then brought my left foot next to it. I let go of the railing. I put my open hands up, allowing the palms to rest against the rough stone of the apartment building. I caressed the stone. I could have kissed it.

A gust of wind hit me, snapping the collar of my jacket against my face, making my body sway on the ledge. My heart jumped into my throat and stayed there until the wind had died down. A strong-enough gust would have peeled me right off my perch and sent me flying down into the night. And the wind would be stronger on the other side.

I turned my head to the left, pressing my cheek against the stone. Cressner was leaning over the balcony, watching me.

"Enjoying yourself?" He asked affably.

He was wearing a brown camel's-hair overcoat.

"I thought you didn't have a coat," I said.

"I lied," he answered equably. "I lie about a lot of things."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing ... nothing at all. Or perhaps it does mean something. A little psychologi-

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cal warfare, eh, Mr. Norris? I should tell you not to linger overlong. The ankles grow tired, and if they should give way . . ." He took an apple out of his pocket, bit into it, and then tossed it over the edge. There was no sound for a long time. Then, a faint and sickening *plop*. Cressner chuckled.

He had broken my concentration, and I could feel panic nibbling at the edges of my mind with steel teeth. A torrent of terror wanted to rush in and drown me. I turned my head away from him and did deep-breathing, flushing the panic away. I was looking at the lighted bank sign, which now said: 8:46, *Time To Save at Mutual!*

By the time the lighted numbers read 8:49, I felt that I had myself under control again. I think Cressner must have decided I'd frozen, and I heard a sardonic patter of applause when I began to shuffle toward the corner of the building again.

I began to feel the cold. The lake had whetted the edge of the wind; its clammy dampness bit at my skin like an auger. My thin jacket billowed out behind me as I shuffled along. I moved slowly, cold or not. If I was going to do this, I would have to do it slowly and deliberately. If I rushed, I would fall.

The bank clock read 8:52 when I reached the corner. It didn't appear to be a problem—the ledge went right around, making a square corner—but my right hand told me that there was a crosswind. If I got caught leaning the wrong way, I would take a long ride very quickly.

I waited for the wind to drop, but for a long time it refused to, almost as though it were Cressner's willing ally. It slapped against me with vicious, invisible fingers, prying and poking and tickling. At last, after a particularly strong gust had made me rock on my toes, I knew that I could wait forever and the wind would never drop all the way off.

So the next time it sank a little, I slipped my right foot around and, clutching both walls with my hands, made the turn. The crosswind pushed me two ways at once, and I tottered. For a second I was sickeningly sure that Cressner had won his wager. Then I slid a step farther along and pressed myself tightly against the wall, a held breath slipping out of my dry throat.

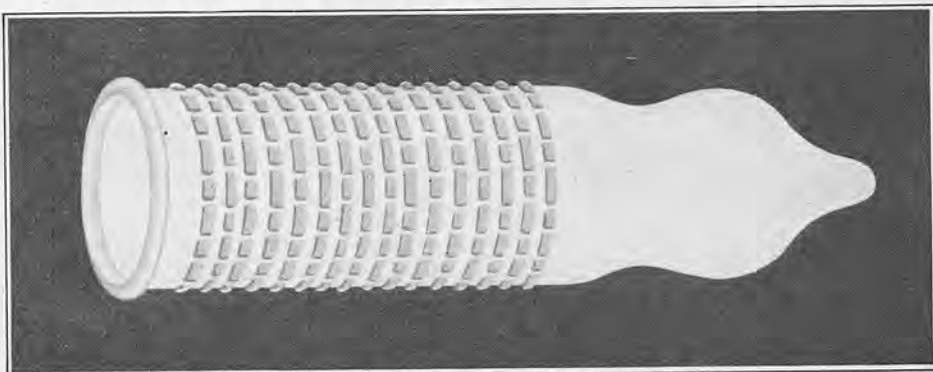
That was when the raspberry went off, almost in my ear.

Startled, I jerked back to the very edge of balance. My hands lost the wall and pin-wheeled crazily for balance. I think that if one of them had hit the stone face of the building, I would have been gone. But after what seemed an eternity, gravity decided to let me return to the wall instead of sending me down to the pavement forty-three stories below.

My breath sobbed out of my lungs in a pained whistle. My legs were rubbery. The tendons in my ankles were humming like high-voltage wires. I had never felt so mortal. The man with the sickle was close enough to read over my shoulder.

I twisted my neck, looked up, and there

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was Cressner, leaning out of his bedroom window four feet above me. He was smiling. In his right hand he held a New Year's Eve noisemaker.

"Just keeping you on your toes," he said. I didn't waste my breath. I couldn't have spoken above a croak anyway. My heart was thudding crazily in my chest. I sidled five or six feet along, just in case he was thinking about leaning out and giving me a good shove. Then I stopped and closed my eyes and deep-breathed until I had my act back together again.

I was on the short side of the building now. On my right only the highest towers of the city bulked above me. On the left, only the dark circle of the lake, with a few pinpricks of light which floated on it. The wind whooped and moaned.

The crosswind at the second corner was not so tricky, and I made it around with no trouble. And then something bit me.

I gasped and jerked. The shift of balance scared me, and I pressed tightly against the building. I was bitten again. No... not bitten but pecked. I looked down.

There was a pigeon standing on the ledge, looking up with bright, hateful eyes.

You get used to pigeons in the city; they're as common as cab drivers who can't change a ten. They don't like to fly, and they give ground grudgingly, as if the sidewalks were theirs by squatters' rights. Oh, yes, and you're apt to find their calling cards on the hood of your car. But you never take much notice. They may be occasionally irritating, but they're interlopers in a man's world.

But I was in his, and I was nearly helpless, and he seemed to know it. He pecked my tired right ankle again, sending a bright dart of pain up my leg.

"Get," I snarled at it. "Get out." The pigeon only pecked me again. I was obviously in what he regarded as his home; this section of the ledge was covered with droppings, old and new.

A muted cheeping from above. I cricked my neck as far back as it would go and looked up. A beak darted at my face, and I almost recoiled. If I had, I might have become the city's first pigeon-induced casualty. It was Mamma Pigeon, protecting a bunch of baby pigeons just under the slight overhang of the roof. Too far up to peck my head, thank God.

Her husband pecked me again, and now blood was flowing. I could feel it. I began to inch my way along again, hoping to scare the pigeon off the ledge. No way. Pigeons don't scare, not city pigeons, anyway. If a moving van only makes them amble a little faster, a man pinned on a high ledge isn't going to upset them at all.

The pigeon backpedaled as I shuffled forward, his bright eyes never leaving my face except when the sharp beak dipped to peck my ankle. And the pain was getting more intense now; the bird was pecking at raw flesh... and eating it, for all I knew.

I kicked at it with my right foot. It was a weak kick, the only kind I could afford. The

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pigeon only fluttered its wings a bit and then returned to the attack. I, on the other hand, almost went off the side.

The pigeon pecked me again, again, again. A cold blast of wind struck me, rocking me to the limit of balance; the pads of my fingers scraped at the bland stone, and I came to rest with my left cheek pressed against the wall, breathing heavily.

Cressner couldn't have conceived of worse torture if he had planned it for ten years. One peck was not so bad. Two or three were little more. But that damned bird must have pecked me sixty times before I reached the wrought-iron railing of the penthouse opposite Cressner's.

Reaching that railing was like reaching the gates of heaven. My hands curled sweetly around the cold uprights and held on as if they would never let go.

Peck.

The pigeon was staring up at me almost smugly with its bright eyes, confident of my impotence and its own invulnerability. I was reminded of Cressner's expression when he had ushered me out onto the balcony on the other side of the building.

Gripping the iron bars more tightly, I lashed out with a hard, strong kick and caught the pigeon squarely. It emitted a wholly satisfying squawk and rose into the air, wings flapping. A few feathers, dove-gray, settled back to the ledge or disappeared slowly down into the darkness, swan-boating back and forth in the air.

Gasping, I crawled up onto the balcony and collapsed there. Despite the cold, my body was dripping with sweat. I don't know how long I lay there, recuperating. The building hid the bank clock, and I don't wear a watch.

I sat up before my muscles could stiffen up on me and gingerly rolled down my sock. The right ankle was lacerated and bleeding, but the wound looked superficial. Still, I would have to have it taken care of, if I ever got out of this. God knows what germs pigeons carry around. I thought of bandaging the raw skin but decided not to. I might stumble on a tied bandage. Time enough later. Then I could buy twenty thousand dollars' worth of bandages.

I got up and looked longingly into the darkened penthouse opposite Cressner's. Barren, empty, unlivable. The heavy storm screen was over this door. I might have been able to break in, but that would have been forfeiting the bet. And I had more to lose than money.

When I could put it off no longer, I slipped over the railing and back onto the ledge. The pigeon, a few feathers worse for wear, was standing below his mate's nest, where the guano was thickest, eyeing me balefully. But I didn't think he'd bother me, not when he saw I was moving away.

It was very hard to move away—much harder than it had been to leave Cressner's balcony. My mind knew I had to, but my body, particularly my ankles, was screaming that it would be folly to leave such a safe harbor. But I did leave, with Marcia's

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face in the darkness urging me on.

I got to the second short side, made it around the corner, and shuffled slowly across the width of the building. Now that I was getting close, there was an almost ungovernable urge to hurry, to get it over with. But if I hurried, I would die. So I forced myself to go slowly.

The crosswind almost got me again on the fourth corner, and I slipped around it thanks to luck rather than skill. I rested against the building, getting my breath back. But for the first time I knew that I was going to make it, that I was going to win. My hands felt like half-frozen steaks, my ankles hurt like fire (especially the pigeon-pecked right ankle), sweat kept trickling in my eyes, but I knew I was going to make it. Halfway down the length of the building, warm, yellow light spilled out on Cressner's balcony. Far beyond I could see the bank sign glowing like a welcome-home banner. It was 10:48, but it seemed that I had spent my whole life on those five inches of ledge.

And God help Cressner if he tried to welsh. The urge to hurry was gone. I almost lingered. It was 11:09 when I put first my right hand on the wrought-iron balcony railing and then my left. I hauled myself up, wriggled over the top, collapsed thankfully on the floor... and felt the cold-steel muzzle of a .45 against my temple.

I looked up and saw a goon ugly enough to stop Big Ben dead in its clockwork. He was grinning.

"Excellent!" Cressner's voice said from within. "I applaud you, Mr. Norris!" He proceeded to do just that. "Bring him in, Tony."

Tony hauled me up and set me on my feet so abruptly that my weak ankles almost buckled. Going in, I staggered against the balcony door.

Cressner was standing by the living-room fireplace, sipping brandy from a goblet the size of a fishbowl. The money had been replaced in the shopping bag. It still stood in the middle of the burnt-orange rug.

I caught a glimpse of myself in a small mirror on the other side of the room. The hair was disheveled, the face pallid except for two bright spots of color on the cheeks. And the eyes looked insane.

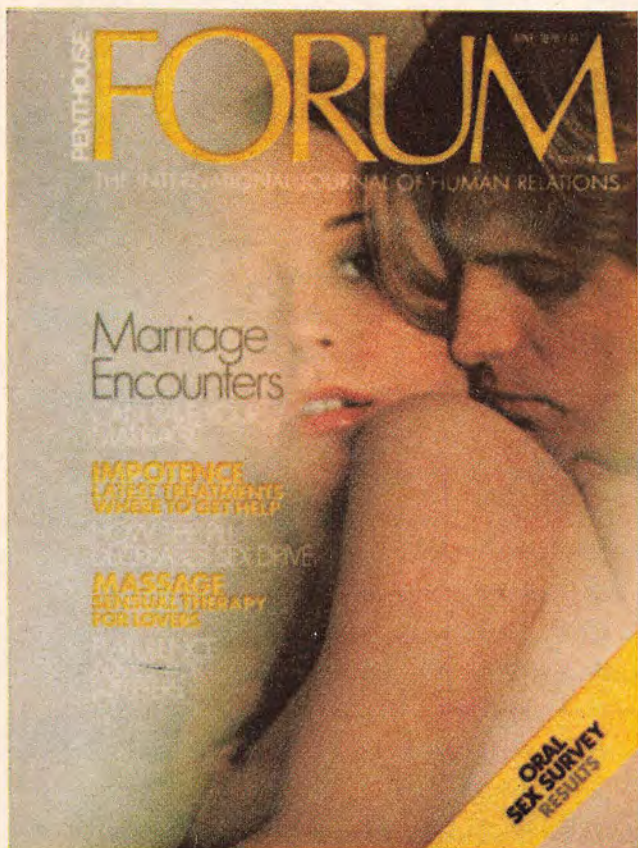
I got only a glimpse, because the next moment I was flying across the room. I hit the Basque chair and fell over it, pulling it down on top of me and losing my wind.

When I got some of it back, I sat up and managed: "You lousy welsher. You had this planned."

"Indeed I did," Cressner said, carefully setting his brandy on the mantle. "But I'm not a welsher, Mr. Norris. Indeed no. Just an extremely poor loser. Tony is here only to make sure you don't do anything... ill-advised." He put his fingers under his chin and tittered a little. He didn't look like a poor loser. He looked more like a cat with canary feathers on its muzzle. I got up, suddenly feeling more frightened than I had on the ledge.

"You fixed it," I said slowly. "Somehow,

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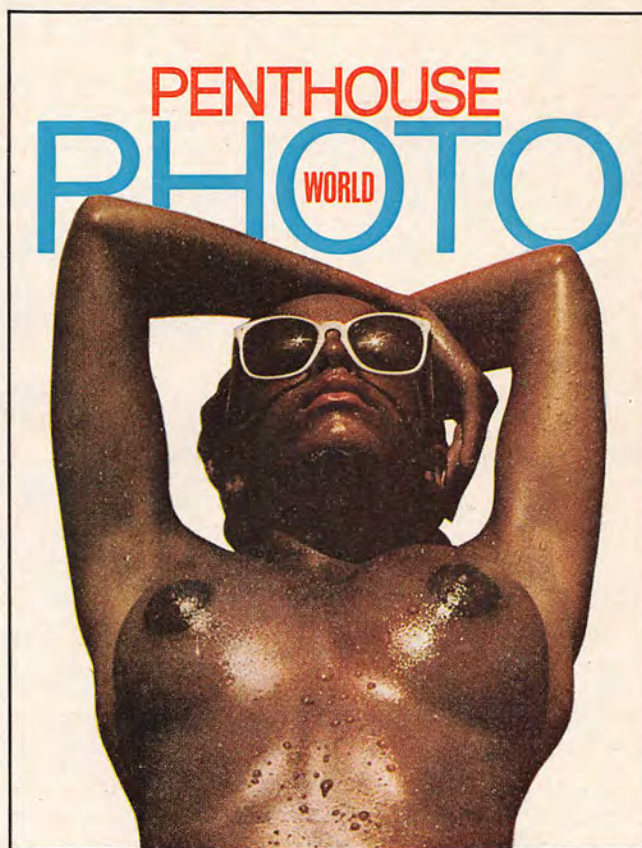
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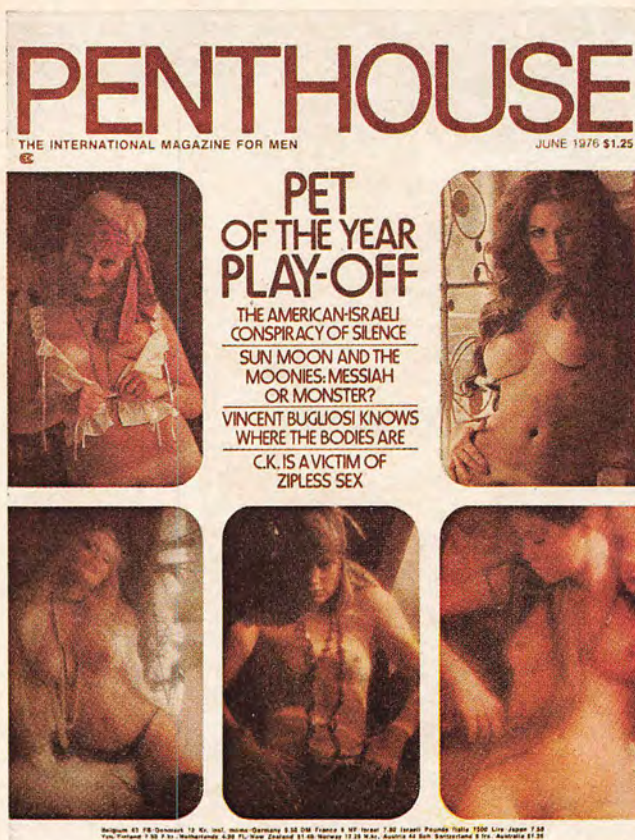
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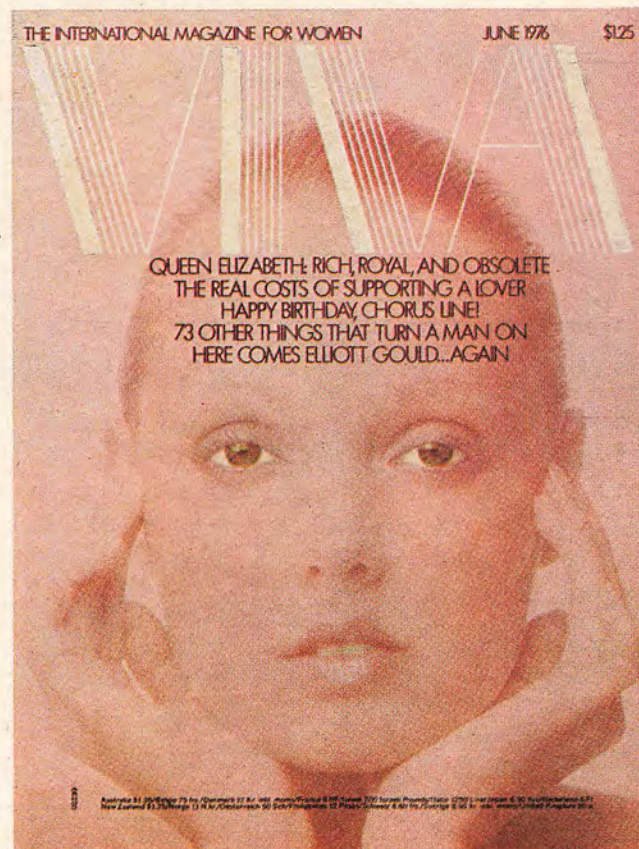
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"I'll make you a bet," I said slowly.

He looked from the barrel of the gun to my face. "A—?"

"A bet," I repeated. "Not a wager. Just a plain old bet. I'll bet you can't walk around this building on the ledge out there."

His face went dead pale. For a moment I thought he was going to faint. "You. . .," he whispered.

"These are the stakes," I said in my dead voice. "If you make it, I'll let you go. How's that?"

"No," he whispered. His eyes were huge, staring.

"Okay," I said and cocked the pistol.

"No!" he said, holding his hands out. "No! Don't! I . . . all right." He licked his lips.

I motioned with the gun, and he preceded me out onto the balcony.

"You're shaking," I told him. "That's going to make it harder."

"Two million," he said, and he couldn't get his voice above a husky whine. "Two million in unmarked bills."

"No," I said. "Not for ten million. But if you make it, you go free. I'm serious."

A minute later he was standing on the ledge. He was shorter than I; you could just see his eyes over the edge, wide and beseeching, and his white-knuckled hands gripping the iron rail like prison bars.

"Please," he whispered. "Anything."

"You're wasting time," I said. "It takes it out of the ankles."

But he wouldn't move until I had put the muzzle of the gun against his forehead. Then he began to shuffle to the right, moaning. I glanced up at the bank clock. It was 11:29.

I didn't think he was going to make it to the first corner. He didn't want to budge at all, and when he did, he moved jerkily, taking risks with his center of gravity, his dressing gown billowing into the night.

He disappeared around the corner and out of sight at 12:01, almost forty minutes ago. I listened closely for the diminishing scream as the crosswind got him, but it didn't come. Maybe the wind has dropped. I do remember thinking the wind was on his side, when I was out there. Or maybe he was just lucky. Maybe he's out on the other balcony now, quivering in a heap, afraid to go any farther.

But he probably knows that if I catch him there when I break into the other penthouse, I'll shoot him down like a dog. And speaking of the other side of the building, I wonder how he likes that pigeon?

Was that a scream? I don't know. It might have been the wind. It doesn't matter. The bank clock says 12:44. Pretty soon I'll break into the other apartment and check the balcony, but right now I'm just sitting here on Cressner's balcony with Tony's .45 in my hand. Just on the off chance that he might come around that last corner with his dressing gown billowing out behind him.

Cressner said he's never welshed on a bet.

But I've been known to. 1976

FAILURE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

dictably upward to the presidency of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he set about producing such confections as *Shaft in Africa* and *Skyjacked*. During Aubrey's tenure at MGM, the studio stayed afloat by the systematic liquidation of its assets: land, theaters, music rights, and record companies. When those were all gone, it held a highly publicized auction of the costumes, furniture, and artifacts from the movies of MGM's illustrious past. Vincent Canby in the *New York Times* said that Aubrey's reign was the "realization of everyone's worst fears of what would happen to Hollywood when the money men take over."

Early in his tour at MGM, Aubrey told a reporter that the movie industry is a business "that can work if it's run like a business and not like an art form." The remark triggered speculation (and fear) that he secretly aspired to fail upwardly to the job of Secretary of Defense.

When Ulysses S. Grant became President of the United States, his mother—knowing her son to be a lubberly clodpoll with a sure talent for snatching failure from the jaws of success—told him, "Ulysses, it's a good job. Don't lose it." Mrs. Grant knew that, aside from his triumphs in battle, Grant had failed at every other enterprise he attempted. The habit, predictably, took him straight to the White House.

At West Point he was an atrocious student, and later, at a frontier outpost, he drank so much (out of boredom and disgust for army life) that he was asked to resign. Grant was as big a failure as a civilian as he had been as a soldier. First, he was an unsuccessful farmer (living in a log cabin owned by his father-in-law) and then quickly failed as a firewood peddler, a real estate agent, and a clerk in a leather-goods store. The Civil War came to his rescue, but even when he was winning battles his underlings were complaining that Grant was shabby, morose, aloof, and drunken. Later, during a rather bemused presidency (he knew nothing about politics and had voted in a national election only once), Grant sat by guilelessly while scandals exploded all around him. "My failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent," he explained.

Retired from office, Grant continued his losing ways: he formed a Wall Street brokerage firm with a swindler who left Grant penniless (and ill with throat cancer) in his old age. But like every other great man who failed upwardly, Grant triumphed in the end. In a tradition that was continued by Dwight Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson, Grant made a killing on his memoirs—\$420,000, a fortune in the 1880s. And unlike most presidential memoirists who succeeded him, Grant wrote an autobiography that was literate, wry, modest, and honest. Thus, throat can-

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cer and all, the hoary old bungler had the last laugh.

In the growing literature of Upward Failure, one name shines forth with a brilliant, gem-like flame. "He had a titanic ability to get things wrong," said political scientist John Barnes of Winston Churchill. And indeed, Churchill began failing upwardly at a very early age. So backward a student was he at Harrow that his father transferred him to Sandhurst, where his natural bellicosity was better appreciated.

Later, in the admiralty, he dreamed up and planned the disastrous Dardanelles Campaign, which cost the British 250,000 casualties at Gallipoli during World War I. He lost elections in 1922, 1923, and 1924. After winning a second election in 1924, he was made chancellor of the exchequer and quickly brought the Empire to the brink of ruin: his first move was to restore the gold standard, a decision that triggered deflation, unemployment, miners' riots, and the general strike of 1926.

Naturally, after a career so left-handed and so gravid with miscalculation, the nation turned to him at the onset of World War II and elected him prime minister. As the British historian Robert Rhodes James has pointed out, Churchill's image at that time—that of an eccentric and somewhat dangerous screwball—became an asset to a country confronted by an even bigger megalomaniac, Adolf Hitler. "One reason

he was so successful," suggests James, "was that . . . what people disliked about him before—the rhetoric, the superpatriotism, the ego—became a historic virtue of the first order."

Predictably, the country regained its sanity after the war and voted Churchill out in the elections of 1945. And equally predictably, he rebounded—as an Upward Failure with impeccable bloodlines will—and regained the office six years later. Thus, taken in its full dimension, the Churchill career is a lodestar to every duffer who ever dropped his bread and watched it fall on the buttered side.

A fin de siècle hostess serving tea to J. Pierpont Morgan was so distracted by the gargantuan proportions of the financier's proboscis that she blurted: "And now, Mr. Morgan, how many lumps of sugar would you like in your nose?" Morgan's celebrated schnozzle was into some of the most addleheaded schemes in the history of high finance. His parlaying of a small inherited fortune into a large one—while bungling ever upwardly to become the preeminent figure in world monetary affairs—has already won him this year's Franklin National Bank Memorial Trophy.

As a young man, Morgan warmed up for the great days ahead by selling defective rifles at exorbitant prices to the U.S. government during the Civil War. Later, he became obsessed with buying up all the

railroads (and even trolley lines) he could get his mitts on and consistently paid prices for them that practically guaranteed that they'd never operate at a profit. A typical venture was his purchase of International Merchant Marine as part of a grand scheme to forge a trust of the world's shipping companies—thus adding shipping to his hegemony in railroads. Naturally, he got scorched in the deal and had to let the former owners buy it back for about a quarter of the sale price.

Morgan was certain the auto industry was a passing fad and did everything he could to discourage its growth, since it constituted a palpable threat to his railroads. Meanwhile, he had put together U.S. Steel and, after managing it for a time with his customary sagacity, realized that the only thing that could save it would be the growth of the auto industry. Simultaneously he was mismanaging practically the entire transport system of New England, including the New Haven Railroad, and helping to bring on the Panic of 1907.

Following that emergency, Morgan tried to "patch up the banking system he had helped create and that had proved so inadequate" (as one of his biographers, George Wheeler, put it). "His efforts in that direction were as futile as his great spending sprees." (Singlehandedly, Morgan had driven the price of European and Egyptian art sky-high because of the reckless sums he was willing to pay.) His

A large group of people, including children and adults, are posing in front of a double-decker bus. The bus is decorated with "Camp Penthouse Viva" and "Penthouse Power!" text. A black dog is also visible in the foreground.

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ALCOHOL LESSENS SEXUAL DESIRE

Do you find yourself increasingly reliant on having "a drink or two" to help you get sexually aroused? If you answered yes to this question, you may be on your way to a serious sexual problem. Dr. Barry Lubetkin brings to light the little-known facts about the way drinking affects male sexual performance.

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"stumbling failure" (in Wheeler's words) to improve the banking system led to a great congressional investigation in 1912 during which Samuel Untermyer (as chief counsel to a subcommittee of the House Banking and Currency Committee) had Morgan squirming in the witness chair, as his whole gruesome tale unfolded.

Meanwhile, Morgan's wealth was increasing geometrically, and so was his influence on international finance—a classic dramatization of UF principles. He died shortly after the Untermyer hearings, and his last words were: "I've got to go up the hill." That sentiment was thought to be cryptic and perhaps meaningless—like George Foster Kane's "Rosebud." But its symbolism is only too pellucid.

Indeed, politics, along with show business, is the fertile plain of Upward Failure. (Witness former President Nixon, who resides currently in Southern California with a full pardon, a \$60,000 pension, a Brobdignagian book contract, and a multimillion-dollar television deal with David Frost—having failed upwardly to a life of princely retirement and beach-walking.)

Another chronic campaigner was the late William Randolph Hearst who, although better known as a publisher, lusted after elective office all his life and was called "the gaudiest failure in American politics" by one of his biographers. (Historian Charles Beard noted that it was "political suicide" to have him as an ally.)

Hearst had his name placed in nomination for the presidency in 1904 and was trounced by Judge Alton B. Parker who, having performed that service, was never heard from again. Hearst promptly ran for mayor of New York in 1905, for governor of New York in 1906, and again for mayor in 1909, all of which he lost by safe margins. (In the gubernatorial race he spent \$256,000 and was beaten by Charles Evans Hughes, who spent \$619.) Nearly every political candidate he supported ended up in another line of work. He backed Champ Clark in 1912, but Woodrow Wilson got the nod. When Gen. Douglas MacArthur won Hearst's endorsement in his brief 1948 bid for the presidency, he knew the jig was up and just faded away.

Actually, the high point of Hearst's career occurred many years earlier during his term at Harvard. One Christmas season he sent elaborately wrapped gifts to all of his teachers—chamber pots, with the photograph of each recipient neatly pasted on the inside bottom. (Naturally, he was ejected from Harvard and started on the path to Failure and riches.) But he never again attained that level of wit, and to this day he occupies a special place in the affections of Failures everywhere.

CONCLUSIONS

Our purpose has not been to suggest that intelligence and wit automatically doom one to failure; still, the case studies prove conclusively that wisdom and humor don't

help. The examples of at least three recent Presidents of the United States establish the point reassuringly.

We do suggest that Horatio Alger and the Protestant Ethic have been retrogressive forces in our belief system. (A youthful researcher on our staff is fond of calling Upward Failure—somewhat cryptically, and almost certainly facetiously—the Polish Ethic.) Indeed, by extrapolation, UF has useful application to whole races and nationalities, e.g., the putative genetic shrewdness of the Jewish people did not prevent those tribes from settling on a stretch of the Middle-Eastern desert with no oil. And they are hard put, even now, to remain there. The Arabs, on the other hand, whose lifestyle has not altered noticeably since Ramses II and Moses had their celebrated falling-out, are well on their way to ruling the world. Similarly, the Germans and Japanese—whose energy, perspicacity, and cameras are legendary—routinely lose every war they enter.

Thus, UF is an idea whose time has come. We invite our colleagues in academe to consider the long-range effects of UF. Once the premises of UF have saturated our society, not only will UF give succor to Failures, but it will also force humility upon those who have achieved great success, all of whom are terrible boors. Schoolteachers will no longer be forced to speak in euphemisms, advising parents that their child has "untapped potential"; instead, they'll be able to say, "This kid is stupid" or "Your child is chronically inept and has a great future."

Also, such labor leaders as Albert Shanker will realize that teachers in the ghetto are just as incompetent as those at Dalton and Brearley, and thus will call a halt to agitation and strikes. Malpractice suits against doctors and lawyers will disappear since their professional clumsiness will be assumed. Whole forests will be spared, as the demand for self-help and how-to books dissolves. (How quaint, in retrospect, will seem our passion to win friends and influence people, or to be one's own best friend.) The use of drugs and alcohol will be but a dim memory, as the need for a fantasy world in which to cloak one's worthlessness dissipates.

If UF did not exist, we would have to invent it ("*Il faudrait l'inventer*," as Voltaire neatly put it), and indeed we have. Keats, who had a way with the English language, said, "Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as . . . every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterwards carefully avoid." But in truth, the real trick is not to avoid error and failure, but to transmogrify one's hebetude into virtue, to savor in one's soul the rapture of total defeat.

Nihil Sicut Culpa Vincit! We bequeath that motto to all who perceive the beauty and symmetry of our revelation, and to the generations of scholars who will mine the lode we have exposed in this treatise. "Nothing Succeeds Like Failure!" ☪

WASHINGTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

Washington: Sonny, I can put certain documents into your hands; they would be sensational discoveries, conclusively showing that the picture of George Washington as an obedient, respectful, hard-working lad is a slander perpetrated by enemies of the state. Call them something like the Cherry-Tree Tapes. That should increase their value, and I'd like you to get a little something out of this.

Penthouse: What, for instance, would these documents reveal?

Washington: What would they reveal? At last the full, true story of the cherry-tree incident. Two-hundred-year cover-up exposed! You would hear little George Washington and his father in the garden that day. There would be a few gaps to give the thing a degree of authenticity, but if you listen carefully, you will be able to hear Mr. Washington say to his son, "Son, put down that hatchet, and don't give me any of your lies. Did you or did you not cut that cherry tree down?" And then you would hear little me say, "Back off, and stay off my case, or I'm going to take this hatchet and cut off your [obscenities deleted], both of 'em."

Penthouse: Wow! You're right, general, that ought to make you recognizable to contemporary Americans.

Washington: Without too much trouble I think I could put something together about my signing a treaty with the Indians and then stealing their land. That would show firmness of purpose and the resolve to dabble in the internal affairs of other nations. We could bring out that old quote about "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Penthouse: But you didn't say that.

Washington: Who will know if you don't tell them, sonny? They only know what the media tells them, and you are the media. Is that too much to do for the Father of Your Country? Children owe something to their parents. Are you going to get me a medicare card and put me in a rest home? All I want is my face on the hundred-dollar bill.

Penthouse: Isn't Benjamin Franklin on it? What are we going to do with him?

Washington: Isn't that what you have the CIA for?

Penthouse: Surely, general, you're not suggesting that. . . .

Washington: I'm not suggesting anything. I'm invoking the doctrine of plausible deniability. If anything should happen to Ben Franklin's shade, I don't want the bloody footprints leading to Mount Vernon. Sonny, remember, we have to take the world as it is, not as we want it to be. Sometimes that means we have to do unpleasant things, wrong-seeming things. But just take me, George Washington, as your example, and remember my nighttime sneak attack

against the British on Christmas Eve.

Penthouse: Pretty heavy, general.

Washington: Wouldn't you say, though, that this approach would give me an aura of power? And power's sexy. I think it would do a lot for me, but I don't want you to tell Mrs. Washington. She's even more of a "then" person than I am. Mrs. Washington admires gentlemen, men with good manners who practice courtesy and hide any roughness in their character or mode of deportment. We mustn't discuss the "new" Washington in front of her. It would be unbelievable to her that your contemporary men of public life would boast how rough and tough they are. In our time it was assumed that a gentleman was a courageous and spirited man who had no need to affect the manners and speech of a highwayman—I gather you call them gangsters—to reassure himself and others that he was worthy to command high enterprises.

Penthouse: It's true, general, that by our standards you wouldn't stack up as much of a leader. I can't hear you saying, "When the going gets tough, the tough get going." You didn't say that at Valley Forge, by any chance?

Washington: I did *not*, but if it'll help get me on the hundred-dollar bill, you could say I did. It pains me, though. In my day men aspired to valor; toughness was an attribute we associated with crudity. You can judge a man's valor, but they say this man, Alexander Haig, this general your

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President Nixon admired so much, they say he's tough. It confuses me. Here's a man who's a four-star general but has never commanded an army in battle, and he's tough. He outranks me. And General Westmoreland outranks me. I'm only a Lieutenant General. Why should he be above me? He took a half a million men and used the same tactics Lord Howe and the rest of the English generals used against us and was beaten by the same tactics we used 200 years ago. They promote him over me, and I won the war.

Penthouse: You don't inspire confidence, General Washington. You don't look like a person who can make tough command decisions.

Washington: That word *tough*, again. Of course, there are episodes in my career that you could play up to make me look tough, ruthless, and pragmatic. Yes, *pragmatic*, a word I take to mean indicating a willingness to kill without compunction. Why don't you do a story showing the parallel between putting down one of your modern-day race riots or your intervention in Chile or Angola with my crushing the Whiskey Rebellion? I showed leadership on that one, sonny, bold leadership. When those people wouldn't pay their federal taxes in Pennsylvania, I called the army out and made them do it. I'd skip the part about Hamilton wanting to hang the leaders of those miscreants and my pardoning them. Just between us, I think I was justified. We had a different view about taking human life from the one you have. We did have capital punishment, and you don't. But somehow you kill more people without capital punishment than we did with it. Anyway, I fear if the public realized that I

pardoned the Whiskey Rebels, it would be taken as evidence of weakness on my part, and I would be branded an appeaser, you know, as someone too softhearted to understand that the failure to take the harshest measures merely invites aggression.

Penthouse: No, general, you don't want to look permissive. The Whiskey Rebellion could, if it's handled right, establish you as a strong law 'n' order man, but there are certain other qualities we look for in our presidents nowadays. For example, general, are you sincere?

Washington: Well, yes. I am if you mean honest, but don't tell anybody. We're trying to get rid of the cherry-tree image.

Penthouse: There's a difference between being truthful and being sincere. We don't expect our presidents to tell the truth. Eisenhower got into an awful lot of trouble over that when he admitted to sending a spy plane over Russia. A president who conveys the impression he can't lie is considered a weakling, but at the same time he must strike us as being sincere.

Washington: I sincerely don't understand what you're talking about.

Penthouse: At a press conference, and we'll have to have one, can you come across as a sincere liar?

Washington: As a powerfully motivated, deeply concerned, sensitive human being in touch with his own emotions and aware of the needs of others?

Penthouse: Yes.

Washington: Can I come across as a profoundly committed, searching leader of sincerity and vision, yet still be realistic enough to make the hard decision to lie, cheat, and steal?

Penthouse: Yes, general, can you do that?

Washington: I think so, although I might occasionally slip into a truthhood here and there.

Penthouse: People will overlook that as long as they don't consider you to be a politician.

Washington: Come again?

Penthouse: These days people who are thought to be "political" are judged more stringently than those who aren't.

Washington: No, no, I'm not a politician. I was a citizen-general and a citizen-president. I have no use for politics or politicians. During my administration I stood above politics and only acted for the good of the country as a whole. That's why I was such a successful unifying national symbol. I didn't allow any politicians in my election campaigns either.

Penthouse: Yes, sir, but were you opportunistic? We're against opportunists, too.

Washington: Look, sonny, let's not get silly about this. I was a *general*. Part of the business of generalling is seeing your opportunities and making the most of them. You have to do that when you're a president.

Penthouse: Not anymore, General Washington. These days we do everything on the basis of principles and morality.

Washington: I have no principle against that, but I don't see how you people ever know what it is you're doing or why. In my day everything was easier. I confess that we lied to our enemies from time to time, to mislead them, you know, but we didn't lie to ourselves. Talk about me and that damn cherry tree. I never believed I couldn't tell a lie. When I had to tell a lie, I knew I was doing it, which helped me keep the lying down to a necessary minimum. But you moderns! You have to turn yourselves into pretzels to tell a lie because you can't ever let yourselves know that you're doing something that's against your principles. So the way it ends up is that you have lots of principles, none of which you ever adhere to in your actions, but I suppose it gives you the feeling of being virtuous.

Penthouse: You can't talk that way in public, general. At the press conference just say that everything you do is based on your moral principles, and that you never act out of your own self-interest but only for the good of others.

Washington: I can't say that.

Penthouse: Do you want to get on the hundred-dollar bill or not?

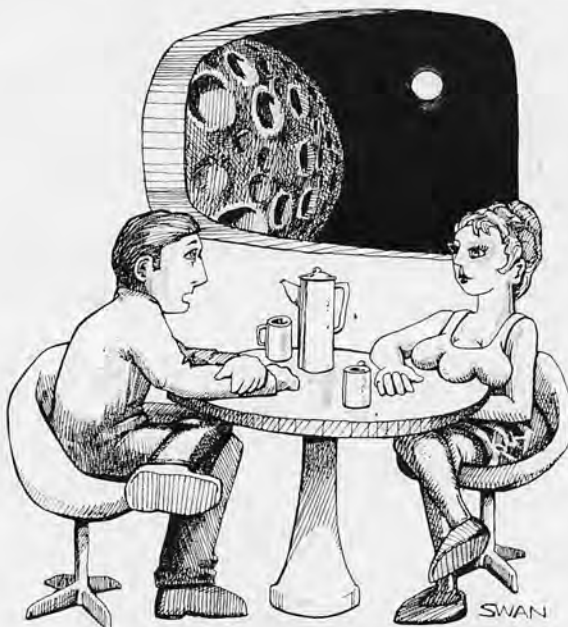
Washington: I do, I do, but if I say that, they'll laugh at me. All mankind acts out of self-interest, sonny.

Penthouse: Not anymore, general. These days nobody does.

Washington: Principles again?

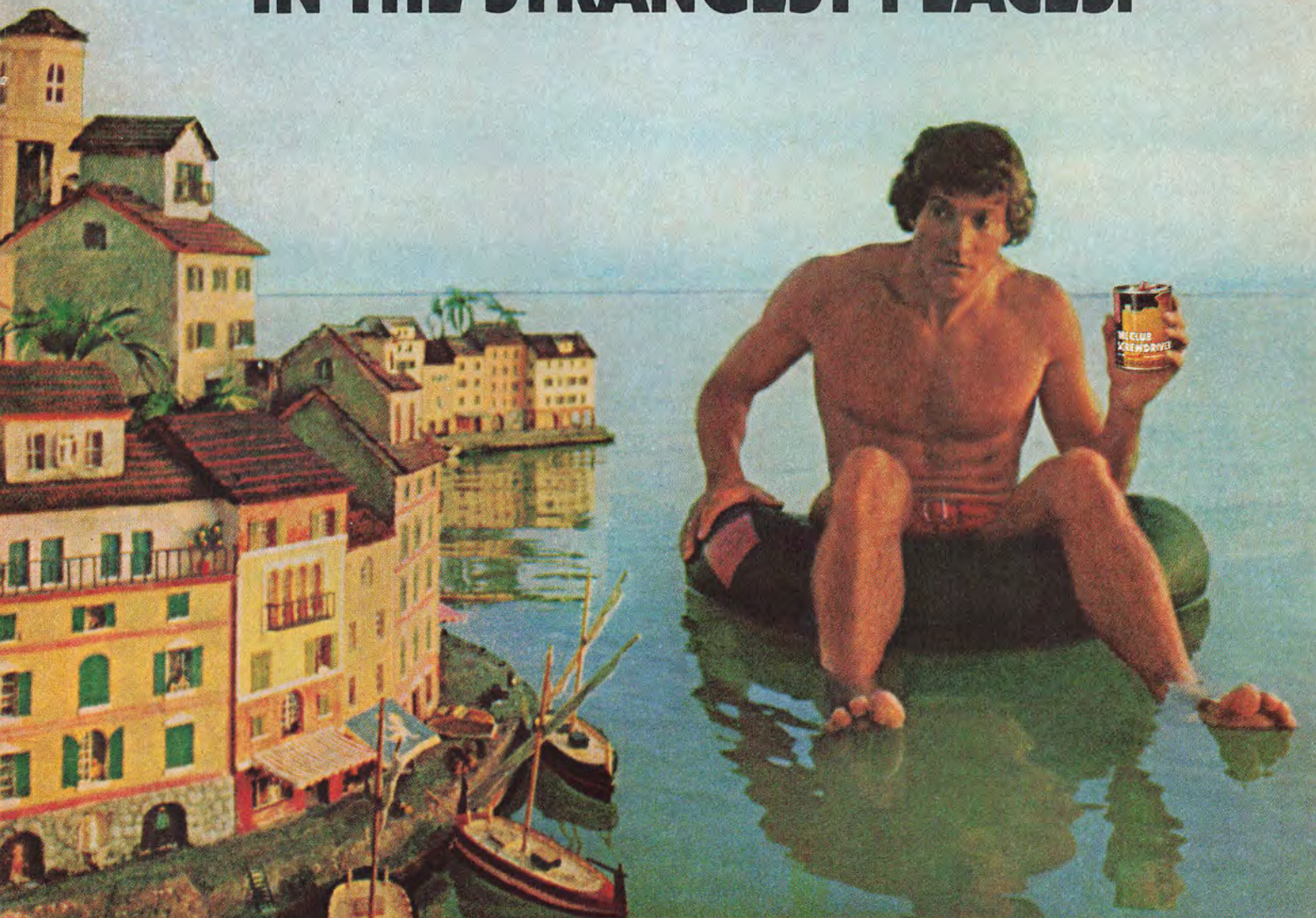
Penthouse: I'm afraid so, general. All you have to do is to say that if you are placed on the hundred-dollar bill, you will put all your land holdings and stock in a blind trust, and that you will never ever do anything that will benefit you personally.

Washington: My lord, what a doctrine! In my time if we'd really believed rubbish like that, we'd never have started this country.



"I notice you have three tits."

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Don't flip your lid. Flip ours. Open THE CLUB® Screwdriver—a refreshing drink made with smooth Smirnoff® Vodka.

It's one of THE CLUB's 12 great drinks ready to go when you are.



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The Jungle Jim.

(Smirnoff, creme de banana, milk.)

You can't grow up in America without discovering how beautifully bananas go with milk.

But is there any reason why in our adult years that gold-white taste should become a mere memory? Our search for an answer led us to a drink called The Jungle Jim. And only one thing caused us a moment's hesitation in recommending it to our friends everywhere:

We hope that because The Jungle Jim does conjure pleasant memories of bananas in cream, people won't forget they're putting away two ounces of liquor.



To make a Jungle Jim:
pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. creme
de banana and 1 oz. milk into a
short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless®

You know why we started it? To benefit ourselves. We thought if we could get out from under the yoke of George III, we'd be freer. If we were freer, then we'd be richer.

Penthouse: You'll also be expected to take a stand on the issues, general. The trick here is to be forthright, dynamic, innovative, and very vague. Let's see if you can do that. I'll give you a trial question. What's your position on the Equal Rights Amendment for women?

Washington: I'm against it.

Penthouse: No, no, General Washington. That's forthright, dynamic, and innovative, but it's much too precise. You have to talk in such a way that when you're finished speaking everyone thinks you agree with him or her, as the case may be. Let's try it again. What do you think of the ERA, General Washington?

Washington: I'm very much in favor of the ERA. I believe I was the first president to appoint a woman to a high position in the government. I'm sure I was since I was the first president. My administration has always been sensitive to the rights and the legitimate aspirations of women, but on the other hand, this isn't really a federal issue. Washington, D.C.—my Lord, that's me!—Washington can give moral leadership and certainly should, but the question is essentially one for local determination. What is more local than a woman? Women simply do not exist at the federal level. They are to be found at home, in the kitchen, in the bed, and in other places, too—all of them local. There is no such thing as a national woman; so there is nothing that the national government can do.

Penthouse: Very, very good. No one would know that was George Washington talking.

Washington: You mean if I say that, people will believe it? Incredible! . . . I don't know, though. There must be a few smart Americans left, and I'd hate for them to think the Father of Their Country was an idiot. Equality! Hah! Women aren't the same as men. People still know that, don't they? The ones who don't read your magazine, I mean. So what's the point of giving them equal opportunities if they can't use them? Why turn a whole society upside down for such a silly abstraction? If women must have as equal an opportunity as men to be stevedores and ditch diggers, then what about cripples and cretins? Why don't you arrange things so that cripples will have an equal opportunity to compete in the Olympics? And shouldn't cretins, mongoloids, imbeciles, and idiots have the same right to Harvard Ph.D.s as geniuses?

Penthouse: Oh, no, no, no, general. That's terrible talk, if you allow me to be so bold, sir. You're talking like an aristocrat. That's worse than coming out in favor of monopolies.

Washington: Well, I am in favor of monopolies. What's wrong with a monopoly?

Penthouse: These are very un-American thoughts. People are not going to stand for

George Washington saying a lot of un-American things. The George Washington we love and revere believes in equality and the free-market system.

Washington: This George Washington doesn't. Do I have to point out to you that Adam Smith invented the free-market system and published *The Wealth of Nations* in the year we promulgated the Declaration of Independence? We didn't know anything about those economic theories.

Penthouse: You do now, general. And if you want to get your promotion, you will have to embrace these sentiments because the public-opinion polls show they are held by all of your fellow citizens.

Washington: Well, all right.

Penthouse: I knew you could be counted on to be flexible.

Washington: I don't suppose it matters. I understand the way to do it nowadays is simply to say, "I believe in the principles of equality and the free market," and then it's permissible to do anything I want. Is that right?

Penthouse: General Washington, you could be a gifted politician. Have you ever thought of running for office? You're electable, sir, definitely a salable commodity. But I do have a few more questions. Do you have a hobby?

Washington: What?

Penthouse: A hobby, sir, a hobby. Do you play golf? Or tennis? Do you like pro football or doing woodwork?

Washington: I am a grown man. Grown men do not play games.

Penthouse: They do now, general.

Washington: I understand. Which game will attract the most support?

Penthouse: You're learning, sir! I don't understand how you got your reputation for being a little slow in the head, if you'll pardon my candor. A couple of more ques-

tions and I think we'll have this thing wound up! Let me ask you, exactly how many beds did you sleep in?

Washington: Well, many. I was traveling around a good bit, you know, fighting the British.

Penthouse: Were you alone on all those occasions?

Washington: I think you're intruding into my private life.

Penthouse: The people have a right to know, general.

Washington: Damn they do!

Penthouse: This is beginning to sound like a cover-up, General Washington.

Washington: All right. . . I was alone. Mrs. Washington is a very attractive lady, whom I love and am devoted to. Nobody else was in those beds!

Penthouse: Even the big ones?

Washington: Even the big ones. Oh, why do I submit to this humiliation? I'm the victim of my own ambition for a degree of respect from my posterity.

Penthouse: No, don't worry about it, general. If the news of your fidelity got out, it could cause a problem. But there are ways of circulating stories about you. We'll start a whispering campaign that you were gay.

Washington: Thank you.

Penthouse: I'll have to come back another time to get your answer to some other questions; we'll need to make you into the kind of person people can relate to. Like what's your favorite dish? Your favorite song? How did it feel at Yorktown? Things like that. But there is one I must ask you before we cut this off. What was your biggest thrill, general?

Washington: That's easy. When the doctor came out of the delivery room and said to me, "Congratulations, General Washington, you're the father of a spanking, thirteen-state nation." ○✚



“. . . you forgot your rubbers, Arnold.”

OH WICKED WANDA!

OUR INTREPID HEROINES, IN SEARCH OF THE "GLITTERING PHALLUS," ARE NOW AT RISK FROM THE SWEET-AND-SOUR PORK SWORDS OF THE RED CHINESE SOLDIERY.

内尔月!
I SENSE A MOMENTARY DISORIENTATION OF COMMUNIST PRINCIPALS!

尔兄!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

尔兄!
THE WHOLE WORKERS REVOLUTION COULD BE AT RISK IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS!



DO ME A FAVOUR—
DON'T BOTHER!

WANDA, DARLING, I THINK THERE'S A TENT PEKIN' AT US THROUGH THE CHINK!... LEMME TRY THAT AGAIN. I THINK THERE'S A.....





I DO BELIEVE WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS WORKER PARTICIPATION IN DECISION MAKING!

IT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN ORDER FOR FRIED RICE AND BARBECUED SPARE RIBS!

走咗!
DO WE COMPROMISE ANY MARKIST PRINCIPALS BY AN INSTINCTIVE RELEASE OF THE LIBIDO?

白咗!
WHAT WOULD CHAIRMAN MAO DO IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS?

内咗!
THE RED BOOK DOESN'T LAY DOWN ANY PATTERN OF BEHAVIOUR TO COVER THIS SITUATION!



九巴!
IS THE PROLETARIAT ENDANGERED BY SUCH UNFAMILIAR SIGHTS!

名!
HE'S SUCH A GOOD PARTY MEMBER HE GIVES ME A PAIN IN THE ASS!



WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY ON ABOUT, BOO'FUL?

YOU KNOW THE CLASSIC DEFINITION OF AN INTELLECTUAL, PUSSCAKE? ONE WHO HAS BEEN EDUCATED ABOVE HIS INTELLIGENCE!





WHAT THE HELL WAS
ALL THAT ABOUT?
WHERE'S EVERYONE
GONE?

UH.
BOOFUL...!

CAN IT BE....COULD
IT BE? OH, WANDA!
SAY IT ISN'T THE
DREADED.....

DUKE
WAYNE?

EVEN
WORSE—
THE YETI!

YETI OR NO YETI,
IF I DON'T GET
MY CIRCULATION
MOVIN'....LET'S
GET BACK IN
THE TENT!



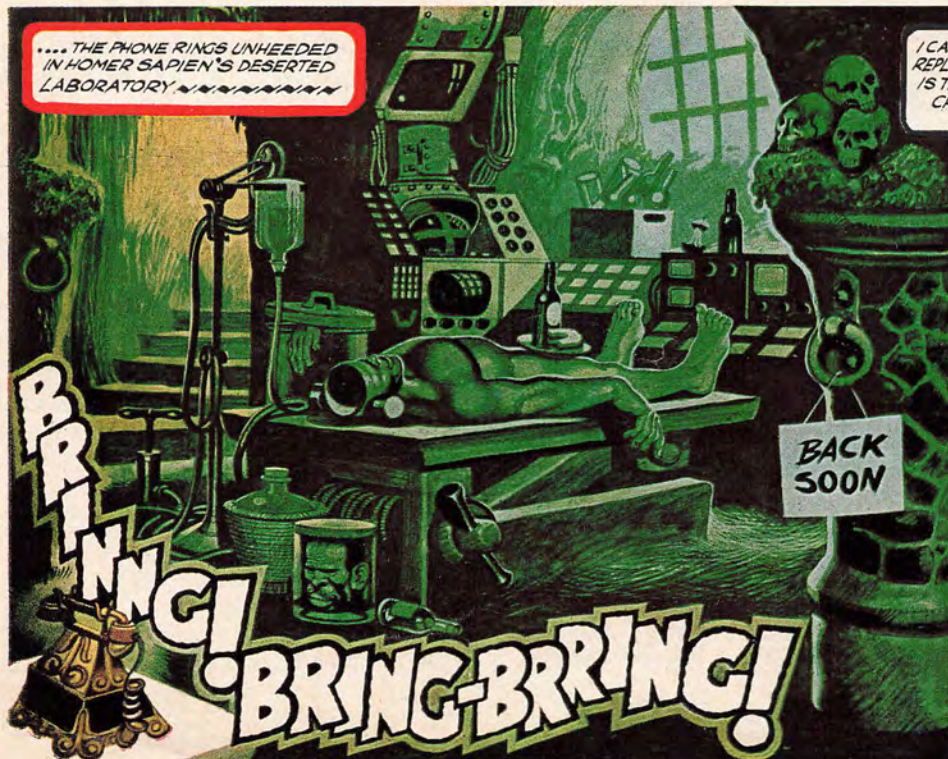
HMMMM!
THAT IS PEE-
LICIOUS!

THANK
HEAVEN
FOR HOMER'S
PATENT
HEATER!



WHAT WE NEED
NOW IS A BRISK
WORKOUT,
PUSSCAKE!

IF THE YETI
TURNS UP WE
CAN MAKE IT
A THREESOME!



TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION WE MUST GO TO LONDON, AND VISIT MAYFAIR'S EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE CLUB

THANK YOU, MY DEAR. NOW WILL YOU PLEASE BRING US A MAGNUM OF YOUR VERY BEST CHAMPAGNE—MR GUCCIONE'S OWN RESERVED STOCK!

DON'T GROWN UPS HAVE A SUPER TIME?

GET THINGS IN PERSPECTIVE! LESS THAN FOUR PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION LIVE LIKE THIS!

WHO THE HELL KEEPS LETTING THOSE SMART ASS KIDS INTO THE STRIP?

I JUST WANT YOU TO

WHO THE HELL
KEEPS LETTING
THOSE SMART
ASS KIDS INTO
THE STRIP?

GET THINGS IN
PERSPECTIVE! LESS
THAN FOUR PERCENT
OF THE WORLD'S
POPULATION LIVE
LIKE THIS!

**I JUST WANT YOU TO
KNOW, MISS, THAT I'M
NOT A CAPITALIST!
LIKE YOU, I'M ONE
OF THE WORLD'S
WORKERS!**

SUPPOSE SHE RINGS WHILE WE'RE AWAY? SHE'LL KILL US!

RELAX, MY DEAR GRUD. ENJOY THIS UNACCUSTOMED LUXURY. SHE'LL BE AWAY FOR MONTHS!

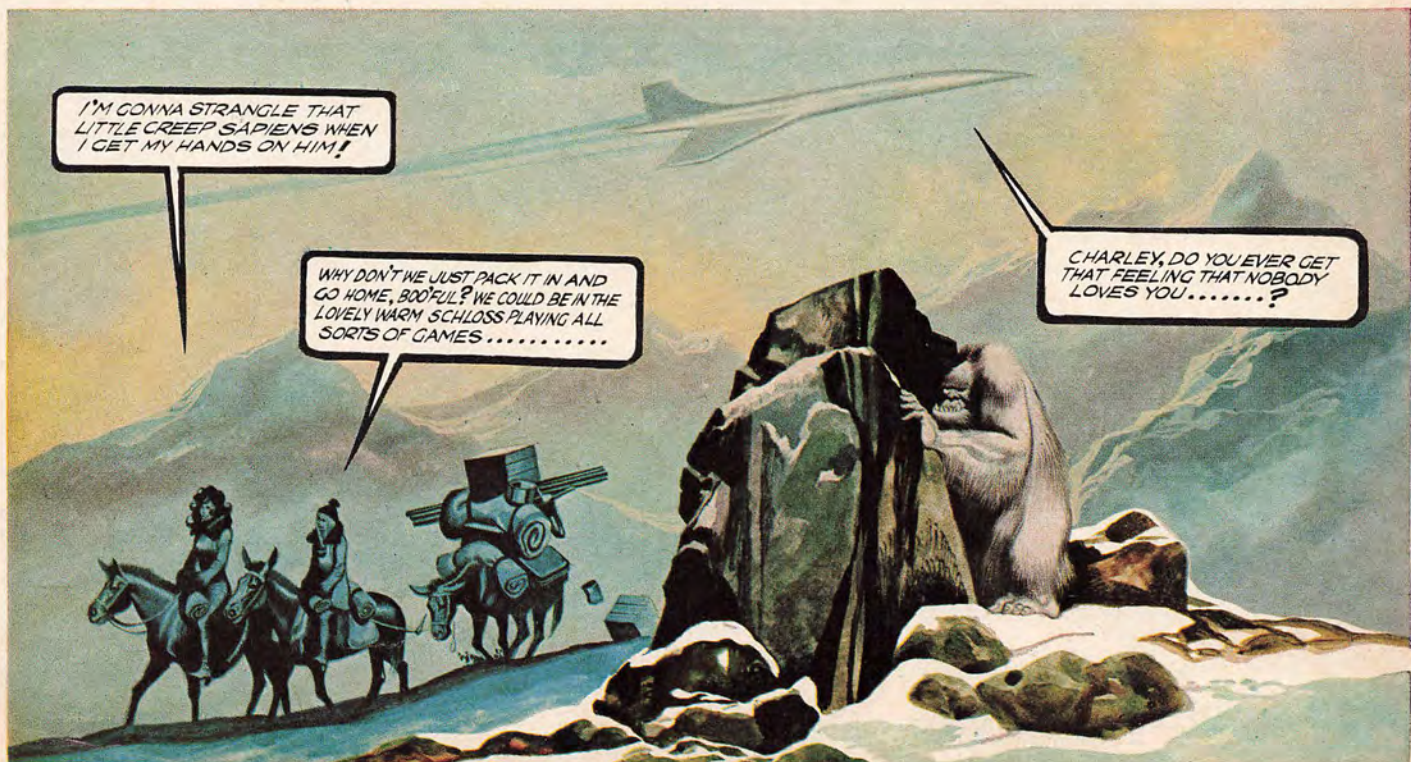
NOT A CAPITALIST!
LIKE YOU, I'M ONE
OF THE WORLD'S
WORKERS!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GRUD—
MUST YOU BE SO NAÏVE?

CHARGE THIS TO MR ASHWORTH, MISS—
WE'RE HIS GUESTS—AND BRING ME
A BOX OF THESE CIGARS!

FOR GOD'S SAKE, GRUD-
MUST YOU BE SO NAÏVE?

CHARGE THIS TO MR ASHWORTH, MISS-
WE'RE HIS GUESTS-AND BRING ME
A BOX OF THESE CIGARS!



SUDDENLY, THERE BEFORE OUR WEARY HEROINES, PERCHED HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN PEAK...

**LOOK, BOO'FUL -
A REST HOUSE!**

TOURISTS WELCOME
EVEN BRITISH TOURISTS

Bar & Grill

takeaway
Yakburgers

FREE
CAR
PARK

MUST BE THE
ONE MARKED
ON THE MAP!
WE'RE NEARLY
THERE, PUSS
- CAKE!

YOU LAUGHIN'
AT ME? YOU
THINK THIS
IS FUNNY?
WELL I'LL TELL
YOU, MATE -
IT'S A PROBLEM!
YOU CAN WIND
UP IN JAIL FOR
THIS SORT OF
THING!

WHAT NOW STANDS
BETWEEN WANDA AND THE
"GLITTERING PHALLUS"?
WHAT **DOESN'T** NOW STAND
BETWEEN WANDA AND....
ETC...! ONLY A MONTH,
FELLERS!

WARNING:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

reserves is established and stocked, (f), food prices can be expected to remain unstable and the food-supply situation will still be precarious.

Obviously, any well-informed candidate should be aware of this complex of factors in the food situation and, especially, the risks associated with it.

(6) *The broadcast use of chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides (such as DDT and Dieldrin) on crops . . .*

- (a) *is undesirable primarily because of the direct threat posed to human health.*
- (b) *is the main reason why crop yields in the United States have increased so dramatically in the last forty years.*
- (c) *poses a threat to the critical life-support functions of ecological systems.*
- (d) *has been a great success in controlling insect pests.*

Answer: Although chlorinated hydrocarbons do pose a direct health threat, (a), and many are carcinogenic, most ecologists agree that the primary consequence of their broadcast use is indirect—by changing the functioning of ecological systems. Any candidate should be aware that (c) is the proper answer to this question. It would be ideal if he were able to describe some of the functions performed

by those systems (mentioned earlier) and know that these services are essential and that no technological substitutes for them exist today.

An answer of (b) or (d) might be given by someone who has been fooled by petrochemical-corporation propaganda or by one of the petrochemical corporation's employees who have been too-long-exposed to the nerve-poisoning pesticides they peddle. "Modern" pesticides have little or nothing to do with high crop yields, which are primarily the result of clever plant breeding (see Question 5). In general, pests are still consuming the same fractions of each harvest as they did at the turn of the century, long before chemical pesticides were invented.

Today's pest-control practices are economic and ecological disasters. Farmers are trapped into a vicious circle of using more and more of the chemicals as the pests evolve resistance to them. Because the pesticides kill off many of the natural enemies of pests even more effectively, failure to use them spells disaster. Thus the farmer is "hooked" on an increasingly expensive technology, and the environment is contaminated with almost indestructible compounds, which kill or injure many more beneficial organisms than harmful ones, which have unknown (but presumably not beneficial) effects on soil ecology (vital for food production), and which accumulate in food chains, includ-

ing our foods, and thus in our systems.

(7) *The use of fluorocarbon propellants in aerosol sprays . . .*

- (a) *should be continued because no one has proved that they have a harmful effect on the ozone layer.*
- (b) *should be curtailed even though no one has proved that they have a harmful effect on the ozone layer.*
- (c) *should be curtailed because it has been proved that they have a harmful effect on the ozone layer.*
- (d) *should be continued because it has been proved that they are harmless.*

Answer: This question tests a candidate's sophistication in dealing with technical issues. A clue is the term "proved"; it is useful to remember that proof, although important in a court of law, plays no role in science; science doesn't deal with certainty but rather with *probabilities*. The best answer here, in our opinion, is (b). There is considerable evidence that these propellants *may* help degrade the ozone layer. And there is every reason to believe that such degradation would be extremely harmful to humanity—an increase in skin cancer being only one of the more predictable results. The increase in ultraviolet radiation (against which the ozone protects us) might provide a further destabilizing effect, unpredictable in detail, on ecosystems and agriculture alike, and raise the incidence of birth defects in the

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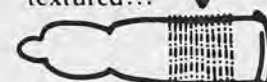
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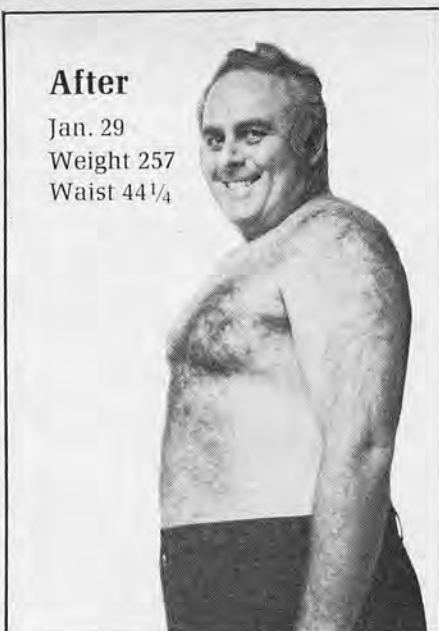
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ommending the program to their patients. Just because it is safe.

You're not taking dangerous amphetamines, or risking serious damage to your system by starvation diets, or over-doing it with over-strenuous exercise programs.

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There are other devices that look like the Joe Weider '5' Minute Body Shaper exerciser. But because of our unique patent, none can duplicate our Body Shaper. None provides a tested program to go with their exerciser imitation.

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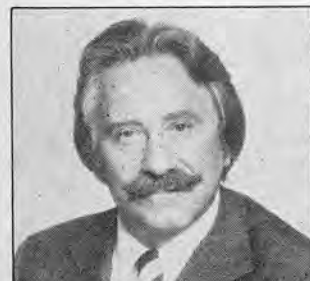
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human population. Because of these effects, we would probably have to curtail outdoor activities considerably. Increased ultraviolet radiation can also be expected to speed up the rate of mutation in all terrestrial organisms, including people, crops, livestock, and wildlife. We could end up living like the bacteria that are found under the ultraviolet sterilizers on some public toilet seats.

What benefits can be balanced against this enormous potential cost? For most uses of aerosols (applying deodorants, paints, and so on), other forms of application are not only available but also superior from the standpoint of economy, ecology, as well as health. Indeed, several companies are already marketing products with mechanically operated sprayers. (If you haven't switched, you should; nothing convinces manufacturers faster than a drop in demand.)

(8) Our political and economic system...

(a) requires dramatic modification if it is to function satisfactorily in the coming age of scarcity.

(b) requires some rather minor reforms if it is to function satisfactorily in the coming age of scarcity.

(c) has served well for 200 years and will serve well for another 200.

Answer: Anyone who does not see the need for radical change, (a), should hardly be a candidate for office. The inability of our political-economic system to deal with the "energy crisis" (to take just one example) is, in itself, ample demonstration that great change is needed.

Perhaps even greater adjustment is required in the economic system. We can expect to continue being plagued by inflation as scarcities grow more and more common and as costs of mobilizing material resources rise. Food production, too, is likely to continue to be a problem. Increasing demand abroad for American food will put pressure on domestic prices, even if we have no serious harvest shortfalls here.

Growth of the economy of the United States—at least in the material sense—will end in the foreseeable future; the only questions are when and how. Until now the main hope for improving the standard of living of the poor was through an expanding economy, through which benefits "trickled down" to them. (The rich have always benefited far more than the poor from economic growth in this country and in most others, but such an observation is beside the point.) Without growth, that hope is denied. Thus the first adjustment to make is enough redistribution of wealth to ensure the basics of life for the poor and opportunities to improve their lot.

Nor will the steady-state economy be limited to the United States or even to other developed countries. It could arrive suddenly everywhere, or it could start in the poorest less-developed countries and spread as a disastrous worldwide depression. It would be far wiser to plan for slow-

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ing economic growth first in developed countries and then in LDCs as their population growth is first slowed down and then halted. Although the LDCs needn't be condemned to permanent abject poverty, as a group they probably will never reach a U.S. level of industrial development. The resources won't be available, at least in the foreseeable future. Even if they were, the result of all-out industrialization would probably be a gigantic ecological collapse. Unfortunately, far too many people still don't understand this fact and cling to the belief that economic growth can be perpetuated forever.

(9) In foreign aid the United States . . .

(a) has always been too generous.

(b) has always been selfish.

(c) can be more generous and more selfish simultaneously.

(d) should reduce expenditures.

Answer: We cannot agree with those who take either position (a) or (b). Statistically (as judged by the present fraction of GNP donated), the United States has tended to be relatively niggardly. At the same time, it is difficult not to conclude that generosity has played a substantial role in motivating Americans to support foreign aid. Now is certainly *not* the time to be less generous, (d). We think that the best answer is (c)—that in a world of simultaneously growing interdependence and hostility, we can help ourselves by helping others. We do

not believe that the United States could remain an island of affluence while much of the rest of the world turns into a sea of misery and death, even if we wished to. (This problem is also discussed in *The Third World*, on page 88 of this issue.)

(10) A thermonuclear war . . .

(a) can be avoided only if we remain stronger than Russia or China.

(b) could be won, although the cost would be horrendous.

(c) can be avoided in the long run only if we set an example by unilaterally disarming.

(d) might be avoided if we are willing to take risks in moving toward disarmament.

Answer: Most politicians know that either humanity must avoid nuclear war, or all our other problems will disappear along with civilization itself. Unfortunately, there still are a few who think that such a war could be won, (b)—and such people are extraordinarily dangerous when they occupy positions of power, regardless of their nationality. Such an attitude may stem partly from stupidity and lack of imagination, but all too often it may be traced to a naive acceptance of "studies" that tend to minimize the projected effects of such a war. These studies invariably fail to deal effectively with either the ecological or the psychological aftereffects of a nuclear Armageddon. Most such studies assume

little impact on industrial capacity outside areas of direct hits, minimal damage to food-production systems, and instant recovery among the population (which will have suffered enormous casualties and can expect a future high incidence of cancer and birth defects). Such expectations are, of course, totally unrealistic.

Nevertheless, there does not appear to be any risk-free way of avoiding nuclear war, especially because the nuclear non-proliferation treaty has failed and the spread of nuclear weapons is accelerating. The United States *does* have external enemies; so unilateral disarmament, (c), seems neither feasible nor desirable. Continuing the overkill race, (a), seems bound to bring on disaster sooner or later. The only possible solution that we can see is for the United States and other nations to accept more "risks" (that is, that the other side will successfully cheat), while moving toward stepwise disarmament. Such risks seem to us a bargain compared with the dangers implicit in continuing the arms race; after all, both sides can still destroy each other dozens of times over. We would like to see politicians in office who recognize this fact and who—just as a start—would move immediately to increase the funds and power of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

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the issues that will determine the future, not crime in the streets or next year's unemployment rate. Decisions made in the next five years concerning such issues as energy development, environmental protection, agricultural policy, disarmament, foreign trade and aid, will in fact have a bearing on the rates of crime, inflation, and unemployment in the 1980s and 1990s.

It should also be recognized that not all of the important decisions will (or should) be made by the federal or even by state governments. Individuals and families will decide when they choose their next cars, insulate their homes, install solar heaters, vote for all-out nuclear power, have a third child, plant vegetables in their backyards, move to the suburbs or back to a city apartment, purchase air conditioning or an attic fan, vote for or against public transportation, or ride a bicycle to work.

Businesses will decide whether to conserve energy or to be wasteful when they design their buildings and plan work procedures. They can plan for enormous future economic expansion in the United States (and be caught with their pants down when it fails to materialize) or expect a modest increase for a few decades and an overall steady state thereafter.

Employees as individuals or in labor unions can either help or hinder such changes, of course, and their decisions can make a big difference. If they are wise, they will push for labor-intensive (not energy-intensive) activities. One of today's greatest mysteries is why big labor supports the development of nuclear power, which would provide some new jobs mainly for engineers and other highly technically skilled workers, instead of the alternatives, most of which (especially solar) would provide *many times more jobs*, mainly for skilled laborers, such as carpenters, plumbers, and so on.

Farmers, too, have choices to make—they can recognize the need to reestablish food reserves and can push for policies that support the family farm (which has been shown to be more efficient for many crops, despite agribusiness propaganda to the contrary). They can convert to less food-wasteful methods of livestock feeding. They can be willing to buy treated municipal and feedlot sewage to supplement their manufactured fertilizers, even if it costs a little more, because it is very good for their soil. They can minimize their use of dangerous pesticides and learn about alternative ecologically sound methods of pest and weed control.

Getting back to politics, decisions made even at the local level can have far-reaching effects, and the collective decisions of American cities and towns will do much to determine the appearance of the landscape and the nature of our society. Decisions affecting land use and industrial and/or residential development are especially crucial. The United States (far less the world) can ill afford to squander prime agricultural land as it has in the past;

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Body Forum is an easily readable condensation of the latest research by doctors, nutritionists and chemists devoted solely to keeping our readers in the forefront of the fields of beauty, medicine, physiology and nutrition.

Subjects in the future will cover areas such as aging, hair loss, energy, obesity, skin care and even the brain. Body Forum is about your body. And if you care as much as we do, you'll love our magazine The Body Forum.

On the other hand, Body Forum isn't a scandal sheet.

While we do tackle ticklish subjects, we do so with the utmost care, using the most reliable medical, technical and scientific sources available.

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Your article on ginseng, "Can Sex Be Found in a Bottle?" has helped me attain new heights in sensual pleasures.

Mr. T. W., Liberty, New York
"Body Forum" has presented factual, timely information on the pleasures and maintenance of good physical health. The products in your magazine, such as ginseng and Gotu-Kola, proved to be as stimulating as the fine article.

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After reading about the "Aphrodisiacs of the Gods" in Body Forum, I gave Ginseng a try of my own. After only 60 days, it has changed my sex life.

R. G., Atlanta, Georgia
It's about time someone is doing something to help retard aging. Your article on R.N.A. makes sense. Man's greatest desire is to achieve immortality. Maybe R.N.A. is a beginning.

D. S., Long Island, New York
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Gotu-Kola, as a stimulant to sensual feeling, has lived up to and surpassed my expectations acquired from the Body Forum articles. It's the best physical advice I ever read.

G. G., Tampa, Florida
I have actually stopped losing my hair since your articles in Body Forum showed me how!

Mr. D. R., Kansas City, Missouri
Vitamins for your hair is surely a no-nonsense method for preventing hair loss. It worked for me. Thanks to Body Forum.

R. K., Toronto, Canada
Youth, in the form of R.N.A. protein capsules, has to be the answer to many prayers. Keep putting this kind of information out to the public.

S. D., Pikesville, Kentucky

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B. P., Canton, Ohio
It's amazing what a full head of hair can do for a man. Not only do I look better, but I feel like a new person.

J. D., California
Fat is not fun. And I should know. After 30 years of being obese, the Diet article has led me to the best times of my life.

L. K., Providence, R. I.
I read your article on aphrodisiacs, and not only is Ginseng great for sexual success, but it's made me feel a lot more energetic in all pursuits. Thank you.

D. F., Minneapolis, Minnesota
It's good to have a magazine like Body Forum that will discuss controversial subjects openly and frankly. I hope you'll keep us informed on RNA for age reversal.

P. Q., Macon, Georgia
I'm finally able to shed the weight that nothing else could lose. Your magazine is tops!

B. Z., Columbus, Ohio
Thank you for your fantastic article on aphrodisiacs. It's good to know that there are aphrodisiacs without the risks of Spanish Fly and other dangerous drugs.

M. R., Dallas, Texas
If you look good, you feel good. And if you feel good, you're capable of anything. I feel great and I'm doing it all! Thanks for showing me how.

S. U., Los Angeles, California
I would like to compliment you on your choice of models in your fine magazine. I especially liked the young lady on the front of your March issue. That's one fine lady. Keep up the good work.

H. M., Hawthorne, California
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COMING IN THE AUGUST PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 13

THE RAID

In November 1970 a small party of U.S. commandos raided the Son Tay prison camp outside of Hanoi. They wanted to rescue "as many of our prisoners as possible." But, as it was announced a few days later, "the rescue team discovered that the camp had recently been vacated. No prisoners were found." Now the truth about what happened during the raid is revealed by Benjamin Schemmer, in an article based on his forthcoming book.

OLYMPICS, 1976

The brutal murder of nine Israeli athletes four years ago at the Olympic Games in Munich was the most recent example of the politicization of the Olympics. As the sports world gears up for the Olympic Games, reporter Mark Goodman provides a sobering view of the way politics has perverted the Olympic spirit and what it means to America.

FINALLY—AN HONEST POLITICIAN?

When Ed Hanna became mayor of Utica, N.Y., in 1974, he had his office door taken down to prove that his office was truly open to all citizens. Later he advised young people to leave Utica—"a lousy place to live." Nonetheless, Hanna was reelected and is now running for the Senate. Some people think he's crazy, some hate his guts—and many admire him. Eric Lax describes Hanna's pros and cons in a provocative profile.

REAL-LIFE SCIENCE FICTION

According to Gerald K. O'Neill, professor of physics at Princeton University, most of the earth's inhabitants could be living quite comfortably in pollution-free, earthlike space colonies within a hundred years. Many scientists agree, including people at NASA. In an exclusive *Penthouse* interview, O'Neill explains why and how his theories can work.

PLUS:

Short stories by Robert Coover and D. G. Bredes . . . The Newest Hottest Fiat . . . Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About CB Radios . . . What to Wear on the Beach . . . and FOUR Sensuous *Penthouse* Pets!

IN THE JULY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

BETRAYAL

Lucy Freeman's explosive new book tells the true story of Julie Roy, a young career woman whose psychiatrist took advantage of her emotional vulnerability to seduce her into sexual intimacy she did not want—and could not handle.

AMERICA'S WONDERFUL WOMEN

From the first person to throw a pie as entertainment to the only First Lady to have been a bigamist, *Viva* presents a surprising, and often hilarious, look at the women who have made this country great—or, at least, interesting.

VIVA MATCHES TODAY'S WOMEN WITH YESTERDAY'S MEN

We've found the perfect lovers for Erica Jong, Gloria Steinem, Elizabeth Taylor, and others. Who are they? Just some gentlemen we're acquainted with from American history.

ROBERT ALTMAN'S BICENTENNIAL BLOCKBUSTER

A behind-the-scenes account of the filming of *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, which pairs Paul Newman and Geraldine Chaplin in the greatest Wild West show of them all.

PLUS:


New ways to get rid of nagging headaches; sexy American sportswear; and a new gourmet column featuring mouthwatering recipes and enlightening information on wines.

kinds and degrees of development also affect transportation and employment patterns and life styles, among other things.

Multinational corporations based in the United States often have as much influence in international affairs as do politicians. In particular, the corporations help shape the perceptions and attitudes of Third World people toward Americans much as they determine the flow of resources and goods in world trade. This power has often been unrecognized by the wielders; sometimes it has been abused. Partly in reaction, the Third World has demanded a "new international economic order." If a reasonable adjustment cannot be made, war may be the alternative. Multinational executives who are aware of the situation can make sure their operations benefit and are appropriate to conditions in all the countries they deal with. And governments should be prepared to curb those corporations whose only goal appears to be making profits by means of resource extraction, exploitation of labor, and evasion of taxes.

Individuals making their decisions—whether they do so as private citizens; members of such organizations as labor unions; as corporate executives; or as officials in local, state, and national governments—are creating our future. If their decisions are made with an understanding of the underlying issues discussed above and in an effort to create a better future within existing constraints, these people are playing an active role in guiding the nation. But unless the knowledgeable ones succeed in enlisting support and cooperation from the rest of the nation and especially from the government, their efforts won't amount to much.

Unfortunately, many of the best-informed Americans have withdrawn from politics because of disillusionment with politics-as-usual after a decade of turmoil. An electorate gets the government it deserves; neglected politics are likely to produce a neglectful government. A group that fails to make its case to the public and the government or to vote for the right candidate can expect to lose by default.

More than ever before, it is imperative today that voters study the issues carefully, sort out the important ones from the minor or temporary ones, and measure candidates against them. As a voter, you can and should ask questions, demand reasonably direct answers, and refuse to tolerate the present passion for waffling and ducking issues. Don't hesitate, on the other hand, to commend a candidate for forthrightness if he or she gives you an honest, well-justified opinion, even if it doesn't agree with yours. But express your views, too. Do what you can to encourage the press to ask the right questions, especially if you can't question a candidate yourself. In other words, if you want the government and our society to march in your direction, don't fail to send in your marching orders. 

The Imp next door.

Meet the Imp: Imperial.
It mixes so smoothly,
you might never guess
what it's up to.

But for breaking the
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expectations.

Try the Imp tonight,
with someone you know.

Or borrow a cupful
from someone you'd like to
know better.



Of all filter kings:

Nobody's lower than Carlton.

Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for
other top brands that call themselves "low" in tar.

	tar, mg/cig.	nicotine, mg/cig.
Brand D (Filter)	14	1.0
Brand D (Menthol)	13	1.0
Brand V (Filter)	11	0.7
Brand T (Menthol)	11	0.6
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.7
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	*2	0.2
Carlton Menthol	*2	0.2

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—

*1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



No wonder Carlton is
fastest growing of the top 25.

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

Filter and Menthol: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

