

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL
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MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JANUARY 1977 \$2.00



SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE EXCLUSIVE:

THE CIA, LOW-DOWN AND DIRTY
BY TAD SZULC

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YOUR BODY

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FROM A MEXICAN PRISON

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FOR 1977

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EDWARD SOREL

HOUSECALL

Relax. The Bicentennial is over. But what will our third century bring? Well, noted cartoonist **Ed Sorel** and ace *TV Guide* reporter **Neil Hickey** aren't projecting 100 years into the future, but they have written the New Year's top news stories. In "Fearless Forecasts of 1977," Sorel and Hickey tell you what Terence Cardinal Cooke has to say about JFK; who will be playing Scarlett O'Hara; and what really goes on at tree-planting ceremonies in Israel. Save the price of a year's newspapers and remember; you read next year's news first in *Penthouse*.

Even Sorel and Hickey—and their Tarot cards—are stuck, however, when it comes to finding out what the CIA is up to. For that, you need a good, solid investigative reporter—and there's none better than **Tad Szulc**, whose *Penthouse* article "Murder by Proxy" was cited for excellence by the prestigious Overseas Press Club. In "Staying Spooked" Szulc explains that the "intelligence community" hasn't really changed very much, despite all the promises and the investigations. Our ignorance is their bliss, and Szulc reveals some astounding things that the spies are keeping from us in the usual name of "national security."

One of the reasons why Szulc likes his job is that it gives him ample opportunity to travel. As a well-known and respected journalist, he crosses borders with ease. Steve Wilson wasn't so lucky. Looking forward to a long vacation in Mexico, Steve didn't have any trouble getting south of the border, but when he tried to go home, he was forced to make a long detour via a hellish Mexican prison, where he was tortured. Framed by Mexican *Federales* who were acting in concert with United States DEA agents, Wilson was able to return to the land of the free only by making good a death-defying escape.

Steve's story is recounted in "Mexican Nightmare" by **Tony Scaduto**, a former reporter for the *New York Post*, whose new investigation into the Lindbergh kidnapping case, *Scapegoat*, has just been published by Putnam's. Not only will his article make your hair stand on end; it might even encourage you to turn in your passport.

But if you think you're safe and sound back inside our own borders, then take a look at this month's Advise and Dissent and think again. **Alan Dershowitz**, a professor of law at Harvard and an active practitioner of criminal law, constitutional law, and civil liberties, recounts the latest way our American *federales* have been "Screwing Around with the First Amendment" in their trumped-up case against Al Goldstein, porno publisher of *Screw* magazine. Goldstein's trials and tribulations in the Bible Belt will make you want to pack up your Bill of Rights and start running.

Craig Karpel is also afraid. He is trembling and fearful that the "Hitler Chicks" are going to get him again. And, Karpel announces, he has had enough. Who are the "hitler chicks," you ask? Well, they're these girls, see, who've decided to do to men what men do to them—fuck 'em fast and leave 'em faster. If you think that it would be fun to run into one of these teenage terrors, just read Craig's account of what such an encounter did to a number of men unlucky enough to meet up with machisma.

Some Americans are also full of fear and loathing when they think of big unions, but Ed Sadlowski isn't one of them. Sadlowski, who's running for the presidency of the giant United Steelworkers of America, thinks that big unions are just fine—if they would look out for their members' interests. In a no-holds-barred, exclusive interview with **Ken Kelley**, Sadlowski explains why he thinks that some union leaders are selling their members—and the public—down the river and what he hopes to do about helping the worker get his due.

Meanwhile, **William Crawford Woods** makes an impressive *Penthouse* fiction debut with "Personal Slaughter," humorist **Larry Tritten** tells you what it's like to witness "The President's Crack-Up," and our fashion department has assembled a stunning array of "Wilderness Gear."

That's not all, folks. (Did you think that it would be?) This wouldn't be *Penthouse* if we didn't have the finest array of pictorial presentations this side of Mars. And as an extra little something to put under your Christmas tree, we're giving you one last look at Pet of the Year **Laura Doone**, in a free 33-by-21¼-inch wall poster bound right into this month's centerfold. We're just bringing in the New Year with typical *Penthouse* cheer. Our resolution is to make the 1977 *Penthouse* reader the best informed and most satisfied magazine buyer on earth. ○✚



Give a bottle
and be highly esteemed.

Or give the case.
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PENTHOUSE

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. London: 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

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BUREAUS:

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

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.

Maid service

I have been reading *Penthouse* magazine for some time now and enjoy most of the articles, especially Forum. A recent letter from a husband described how he enjoyed the taste and odors of his wife's panties while he masturbated, even pulling them over his head and smelling deeply of the crotch.

My job requires that I make several trips to nearby cities, usually of two or three days' duration. I always stay at good motels (on expenses). Since my trips are only of short duration, I refrain from any extramarital activities. However, I have worked out this system which lets me enjoy some very good masturbation while I put in a long night alone in a hotel room.

I usually have a copy of *Penthouse* with me, which I leave in a conspicuous place in the room during the day when I am out on business. Inside, in the picture section and obviously noticeable, I leave a note to the cleaning maid together with a ten-dollar bill. The note tells her to take the bill and leave me her panties. I also leave a Polaroid of my midsection complete with very stiff cock in hand, and the letter asks that her actions help to finish the job.

This method has been very successful, and as of now, I have only had one rejection in more than twenty tries. It's surprising that both the money and the cock picture have disappeared eight times. One enthusiastic maid left me her pants, a condom with a note in it asking if I would fill the rubber with my juice, knot it, and leave it for her. Needless to say, I complied with her wishes. Curiosity, and your popular magazine, which naturally opens just where I want it to, have all combined to afford me a pleasurable and safe pastime.—*Name and address withheld*

Penthouse read-in

If you have ever experienced college life, you know that sometimes weeknights around a dorm can be boring. Last night wasn't one of those nights.

Around 11:30, six of us were in a room just talking. There was a *Penthouse* lying on one of the beds; so Mike (not his real name) started reading out loud the letters in Forum. After reading a few letters, we decided to visit a friend who was on night duty at the main lobby. We pulled up a couch and some chairs and started reading again.

Before we knew it, there were twenty kids sitting around in the lobby, listening to Mike read. All-in-all there were about fifty kids

who passed through and listened.

Since last night was such a success, we plan to hold more *Penthouse* readings in the months ahead—with other guys reading and with dramatic emphasis. Maybe we can get some of the girls to join in.—*Name withheld, Geneseo, N.Y.*

That ol' rocking chair

I have an interesting experience that I would like to relate to you and your readers. As a student at Amherst College, I recently returned from an exchange program in Europe where I had spent the past year. After a year of foreign pussy, I was anxious to get into some American cunt for a change. To satisfy this urge, I went to Mt. Holyoke College, which is an all-female school not far from here. Needless to say, a willing pussy can always be found there.

After spending some time in the "Rathskeller," I recognized a chick whom I knew loves to fuck. I went to her table and asked her if she would like a drink. After a few pitchers of beer, we were both pretty loose, so we went to her room. I asked her whether or not we would have to deal with the presence of her roommate. She retorted in a foxy, nonchalant manner that her roommate had been invited to an orgy at some frat. She tuned the FM radio to a local rock station, and I started to fondle her mammoth mammaries, an act which we both seemed to enjoy. As I was doing this, a song I'd never heard before came on the radio. It was called "(Let Me Be Your) Rocking Chair," by Gwen McCrae. Since I had been out of the country, I hadn't heard it before. I asked her what this song was about. She demonstrated by stripping off her clothes (exposing the most gorgeous twat I have ever seen), sitting on the floor, and beckoning me to enter her warm, moist opening. Just as the song ended, we both got off. It had to have been the best orgasm I've ever experienced.

Realizing what a thrill it had been, I asked one of my friends to make me an endless loop cassette with the song recorded on it. Now, whenever my girl and I screw, I put this on the cassette player, and we really enjoy the "Rocking Chair."

I wonder whether others have had similar experiences, since a recent survey showed that 984 out of 1,000 teenage girls who got pregnant did so while listening to rock music. I know I enjoy Sex Rock!—*J.S., Mass.*

Okay, readers, let us know if you come to the sound of a different drummer.

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her. Then I mounted her and slammed home. We underwent simultaneous climax. While my wife was still shaking, I dove for my last taste of that wonderful juice. It was the best fruit I'd ever tasted.—B.B., Troy, N.Y.

Inboard romance

After reading your Forum letters for the past few years, I realized how fortunate some people were to find unusual types of stimuli to improve their sexual activities. I would like to share such an experience that happened to me this summer. I was working at Lake Powell, a resort area in northern Arizona, where the main attraction is boating and water skiing.

One Friday evening I was sipping a cold one at the lodge bar when I noticed an unattached, rather robust brunette sitting at the bar. Even though my luck had recently been poor while I was fishing on the lake and in the bar, I decided to give her a shot. We began talking, and one thing led to another, finally culminating in an invitation to go boating the following morning.

When I met her at the docks, she was sitting in a pink jet boat, wearing tight hip-hugger shorts that revealed the soft rolls of her inner thighs. Her halter top was equally revealing as I noticed her ample 38 D breasts bouncing gently on her more than adequate belly. I was half stiff in seconds, finding the rolls of flesh a very erotic stimulus.

Once we were out on the lake, I realized how much pleasure she was deriving from the high speed and the bouncing of the boat upon the water. In a short time we switched seats, and I took a turn at the wheel. While I was cruising along feeling the power of the boat, I noticed she had moved toward the stern. I turned around, and much to my surprise and delight, she was sitting on the warm engine cover, obviously obtaining incredible pleasure from the vibration of the huge motor. Becoming even more aroused, I asked for help with "my" throttle. She came to me willingly and knelt under the steering wheel, where she shifted my stick and kissed it gently. She inserted my pulsating organ into her mouth as I increased the speed, the boat jumping swiftly over the water. The sensation was spectacular as we passed at high speed numerous family boaters and the beautiful cliff formations. I slowed the boat and turned into a wide, deserted canyon. I asked her to take off her clothes and climb on board. She quickly removed her halter and shorts and straddled my thighs. My pole had no trouble finding its way as it slipped easily into her hot, juicy box. I pushed the throttle down, and once again we vibrated to the beat of the bouncing boat. I could hear little screams of delight coming from her throat as we bounced off each ripple of water. Finally, at 4,000 RPMs, we both had thundering climaxes as I exploded into her magnificent cavern. I then pulled back on the throttle, and we drifted in each other's arms.

My boating partner, whom I will call

Pizza ass

I have just begun receiving your magazine, and I am extremely glad that I did! I was getting worried that I was some sort of sick pervert until your magazine brought me to the realization that what is fun is right. The letter that I was glad to see was from a man who described the enjoyment he and his wife received from the use of Big Macs as sexual tools. I also have a food fetish which gives me great pleasure. I live in a dormitory on a large college campus where one of the most common foods is pizza. One night, when my roommate was out on a date, I ordered a large pizza (cheese only) and had eaten half of it when I got hard just thinking of it and a wild idea I had. I laid the still slightly warm pizza on my bed and got undressed. Then I slowly put my body down on the warm, gooey cheese surface of the pizza. I proceeded to move back and forth until I was just about to come. Then I raised myself up and saw and felt the gooey cheese fingers still clinging to my erect penis. I had the best climax I have ever had, and now at least once a week I order a cheese pizza and truly enjoy myself!—J.S., Columbia, Mo.

Why not try anchovies?

Grape gorge

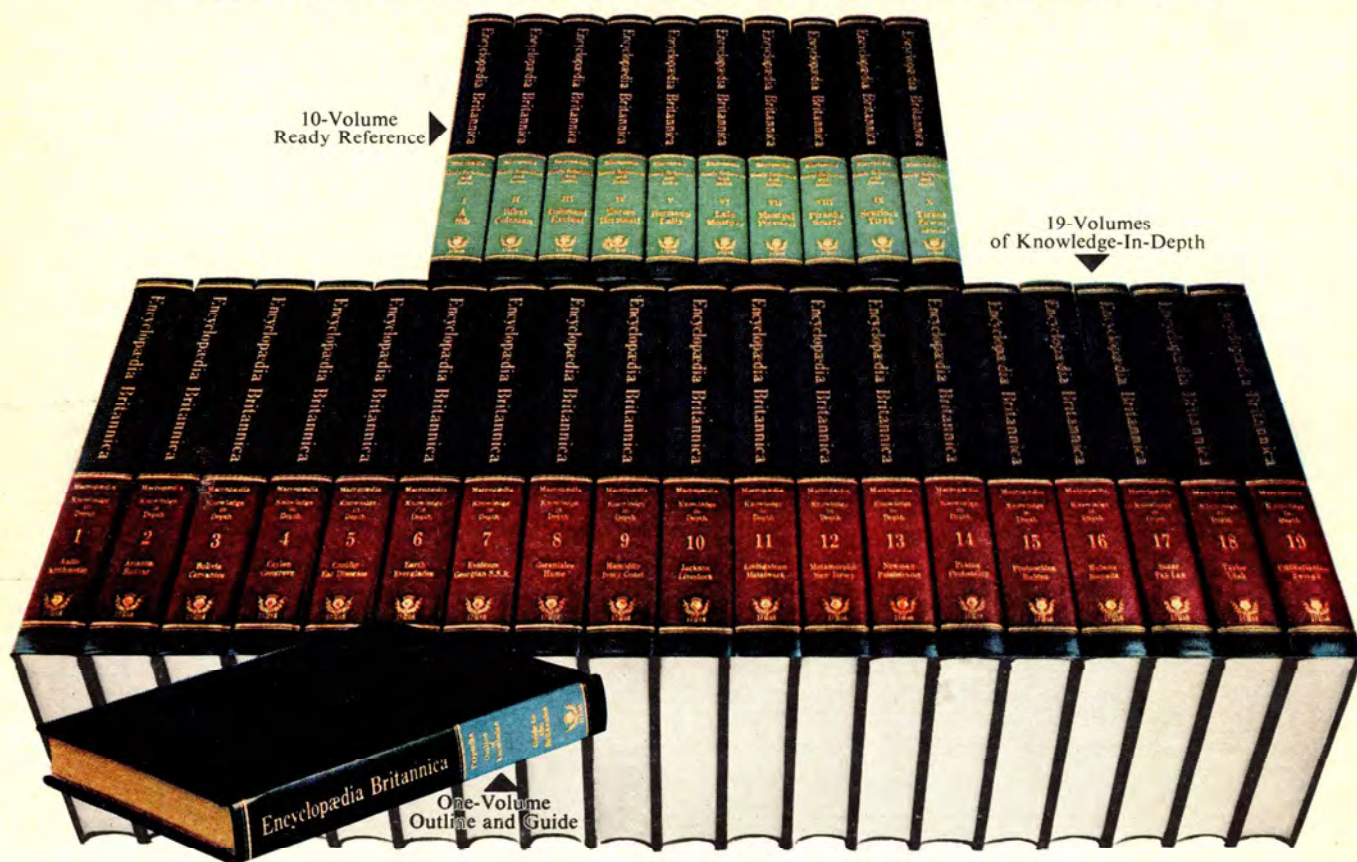
My wife and I have been reading your magazine for quite some time now. We have enjoyed many of your readers' sug-

gestions, and we would like to share with them our own newest creative-lovemaking technique. Several weeks ago my wife returned from her weekly shopping with several bunches of grapes that she had bought on sale.

That night in bed I played servant to my luscious wife (37DD-24-36) by holding up the bunch of grapes, which she sensually plucked off with her ripe red lips. She then ordered me to roll over, and since I was getting pretty excited by then, I cheerfully obeyed. She began kissing the backs of my knees, slowly working her way up. Soon she began tonguing my special opening. I was nearly ready to climax. But she was far from completing her devious little prank. Next (and to my pleasant surprise), I felt a probing finger, followed by the extraordinary sensation of a cold sphere. This was followed by still another, until I was in complete ecstasy. In the heat of passion, I spun around and saw my wife holding the bunch of now half-eaten grapes. She pushed me back onto my stomach and again began tonguing the hole of pleasure. Then, all of a sudden, she began sucking madly until one of the grapes popped out. Within the next few minutes, she sucked out all of the little buggers.

I returned the favor by taking another bunch of fresh grapes and, putting one grape at a time in my mouth, then using my tongue and lips, I sank to kissing her tunnel of love and transferred those grapes into

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Cheryl, explained to me later that she had discovered "boat fucking" more than a year ago and thought it was the finest way to have sex. I tend to agree.—A.R., Page, Ariz.

In-flight romance

After reading *Fear of Flying*, I was conscious of a certain irony in my having my first "zipless fuck" on an airplane. On my return flight from a business trip in Europe, I had the good fortune to be seated in 11-C while 11-A was occupied by a comely, forty-year-old grandmother named Marie Jean; 11-B was unoccupied.

Following a few drinks and a good deal of small talk, Marie Jean told me of her pent-up frustrations, accumulated after a week in Italy. First, her inability to speak Italian had left her very desirous of just plain, old-fashioned conversation; and, second, the many pats and pinches on her ass and elsewhere had left her desirous of some old-fashioned loving. Having already satisfied her first frustration, I was looking forward to satisfying the second.

As the lights dimmed for the movie, we folded up the arm rest, got a half-dozen pillows and a couple of blankets, and made ourselves comfortable. While the rest of the plane enjoyed "Murder by Death," we enjoyed "sex by hand."

From now on that old joke about the stewardess asking if you want TWA-coffee or TWA-tea will have an entirely new meaning for me.—E.B., address withheld

One step at a time

From my high-school days until I was twenty-five, I was more or less engaged to Susan. Both Sue and I came from quite sexually repressed backgrounds. For years we postponed sex until our always-postponed wedding night. When we finally broke up, both Sue and I were still very much virgins.

After that I tried losing my virginity with a sexually aggressive girl. She laughed at my clumsiness in foreplay, and when I was unable to achieve an erection, she became quite angry. I was completely humiliated by my failure, and my confidence was destroyed. I tried sex twice again with prostitutes in saunas (the local equivalent of massage parlors), and in both attempts I was unable to perform. After that my confidence was so low that I didn't even attempt sex for almost two and a half years. I very rarely dated and limited my sex life to masturbation.

One day, while I was doing some repair work at my stepsister's apartment, Kath asked me about my love life. I told her a lie about my girl friends, but when she caught me lying, I told her the truth—the whole story. She listened sympathetically, and when I finished, she asked me, "Would you be afraid to try it with me?"

I was completely surprised and quite frightened by the idea, and so I argued against it. Even though we weren't related by blood, we had been raised together from a very young age, and I had always

considered Kath as a real sister—even after her father told me I was adopted.

Kath explained that she thought it was important that I do something about my problem, and that while she knew it was somewhat of an unusual method, she thought she would be the best therapist for me. We discussed it a while, and I agreed to decide after lunch.

It was a nervous meal for both of us. But when Kath asked for my decision, I said I'd try it if she was still willing. She was.

Kath suggested we relax for a while; so we sat on her sofa, drinking wine. Slowly, she began moving closer to me until we were tight together. Soon we were necking, fully clothed, although I certainly wasn't very aggressive. In fact, I was terrified as I sat there squeezing her breasts through her blouse and bra. Then she went into her bedroom and returned wearing a short red negligee. Taking me by the hand, she led me back into the bedroom, removed my shirt, and kissed and massaged me as I lay on the bed. Kneeling above me, she undid the top button on her negligee so that her breasts hung out to me.

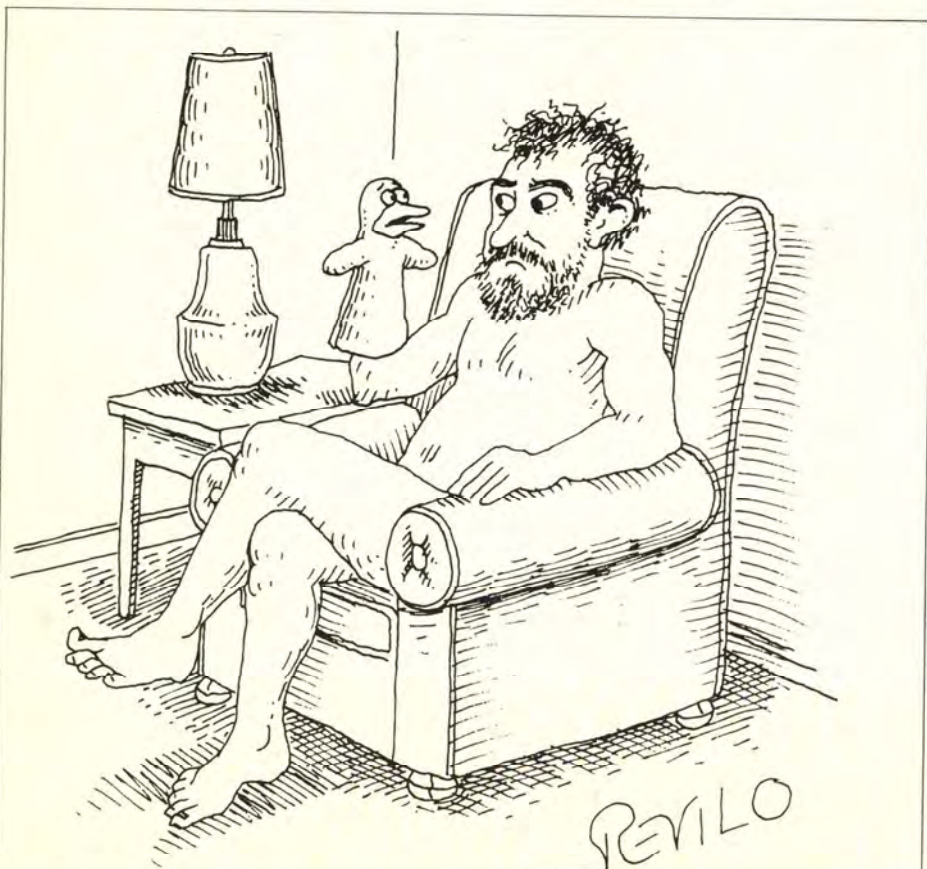
As I fingered and sucked the tiny, dark brown nipples, I told Kath how many times I had tried to sneak a peek at her tits when we were kids. She admitted that she had often tried to catch a glimpse of my cock, too. Then she asked me to show it to her now.

I was embarrassed when I dropped my pants because my penis was still limp. But Kath reassured me and praised my cock lavishly, remarking on its shape and color, although I know it is only average. Then she slipped out of her negligee, revealing a marvelously well-conditioned body with small, high breasts. As I lay on the bed, she moved over me, ignoring my limp penis, and began to kiss and lick me all over while simultaneously massaging me with her firm breasts. In doing this, she gave me several fine views of her beautiful pussy, but I just lay back trying to relax as she had suggested. Occasionally, Kath would brush her hand against my penis, allow her long brown hair to dangle on it, or she would rub the hard tip of a nipple along it. Soon she began touching her finger to the rim or nibbling at the base. It began to respond, and after a few kisses and some fingering, it was rock-hard.

I wanted to try fucking then, but Kath insisted I wait and relax. Finally, she said I was ready, and she rolled me over on my back and, guiding me with her hand, slowly lowered herself onto my cock. We stayed like that, smiling at our accomplishment, as I enjoyed the warm sensations of my first pussy.

Then she began to move slowly up and down on my cock as I held her breasts with both hands, and Kath described how good it felt to have my cock inside her. A few moments of this and I came in the longest, best orgasm of my life—and Kath and I cheered and congratulated each other.

I spent the night and the next day with Kath, fucking her several times and learn-



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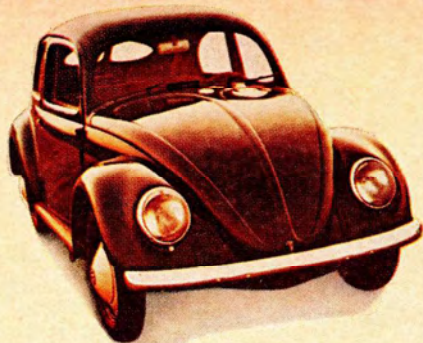


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*Test conducted by Motor Trend

ing from her about blowjobs and eating pussy. And during the following two weeks I fucked her almost every night. Then Kath ended it, saying that it had been an instructive affair but that since she had taught me what she knew, our lessons were over.

I have never had sex with her since, but my sex life has straightened out nicely.—*Name withheld, Green Bay, Wisc.*

Mayor Hanna

I recently finished reading your article about Ed Hanna, the mayor of Utica. As a native New Yorker (state), I was pleased to read something about my home area. I have been in the service for more than ten years, but I do try to keep up with what is happening around the state. I was especially impressed with the way the article presented all the things that honest people have to face in most cities (not only New York) today.

Most governments are run on the committee system. Regardless of who is (allegedly) in power, be it mayor, governor, or president, virtually every time the executive tries to do something, there is a committee he must go through to get anything done. Left to their own devices, these committees very rarely get anything at all accomplished. It is much easier for the mayor to table a proposal or send it to a subcommittee than actually to read it himself and make a decision without checking all the special interest groups that got him there. If there is anyone who has any doubts about

the validity of my statements, I would urge that he read the congressional record, the daily newspaper, watch a few local news shows, and check out his representatives in government at all levels.

A perfect example is the Watergate affair. As a result of the examination of all facts and fantasies that are related to Watergate—or unrelated, for that matter—what has Congress done to prevent further abuses of government? Almost nothing. It has no second thoughts about digging into the executive branch, but to write a bill that could possibly do something to an errant congressman is another matter, regardless of what he may have done.

Common (city) Councils are no better. Many people are concerned about who is going to take the rap if a particular idea turns out wrong. Very few have the daring to do anything more than make noises about the real problems of city government.

These are just a few of the problems that any mayor must face. It is refreshing to see that one mayor is taking the bull by the horns and really fighting for us, the people.—*Jack Mixter, APO, N.Y.*

est drop-out

Your article "I Am an est Dropout" (September 1976) throws a picture in my head of a crowded poker game containing only one sharp—Werner Erhard.—*Gregg Trost, Porterville, Calif.*

Joining the competition

Since I am a product of a very straight background, the following story has had some interesting effects on my marriage.

I'm thirty-three, and I have been married to my wife for six years, no children. Our sex life has been very normal—some oral sex and no anal intercourse. Recently, we accompanied another couple in the neighborhood to dinner and to the theater. J. and M. have been married for eight years and have two children. They are both thirty-six years old. M. is a very diminutive brunette, prim and proper. J. is athletic and somewhat rugged. J. and I are frequent handball and tennis players.

After the theater we all returned to their home for a dip in the pool. As the evening and wine started to get to us, we all decided to disrobe. My wife made some giddy, schoolgirlish comments about the size of J.'s penis, which is four inches larger than my little, six-inch penis. In an unusually calm manner, I asked her if she wanted to take advantage of it. She declined, though not appearing upset at the suggestion.

As the morning began to appear and the wine disappeared, we retired to the massive, king-size bed in the bedroom. At this point, and with no apparent plan, we changed partners. It seems this arrangement was my idea since I have been always amazed by the size of J.'s penis. Without ever as much as touching another's penis before, this night my wife satisfied J. by enabling him to climax in her mouth. M. and I had stopped our mutual fondling to observe.

The next morning, fearful of repercussions, I faked sleep longer than the others. To my surprise, I was awakened by my wife's lips on my penis. Later M. joined her on my penis with intermittent kisses. J. obligingly then placed his penis in my wife's mouth again. This session ended in mid-afternoon with J. and M. rushing off to pick up their children at his sister's and my wife and I going home to talk.

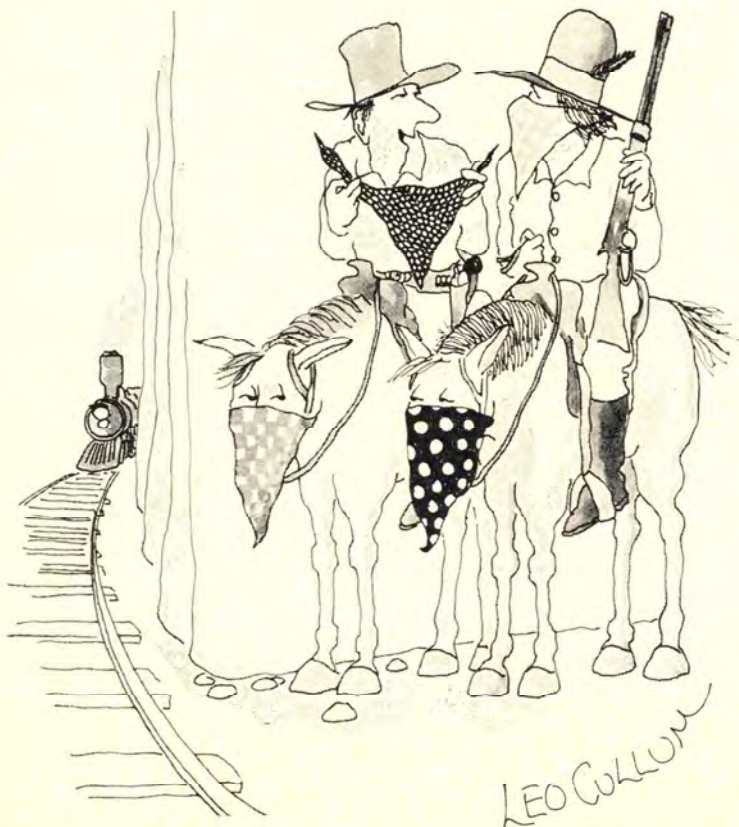
We have been together many times since, and I am pleased to report that M. is as adept with her mouth as my wife. When I am away, my wife usually stays with J. and M.

As for my renewed marriage, we have a greater understanding of one another not previously realized. We have shared each other with others at a local coed bath. We have had threesomes with my wife's sister, a salesman from Ohio whom we met at a bar, and a prostitute in Las Vegas. Also, and most satisfying, I watched from a closet my wife's seduction of a seventeen-year-old bellhop in Reno who thought he was actually raping her.

Needless to say, I look forward to many more rewarding experiences with my liberated wife.—*J.K., Berkeley, Calif.*

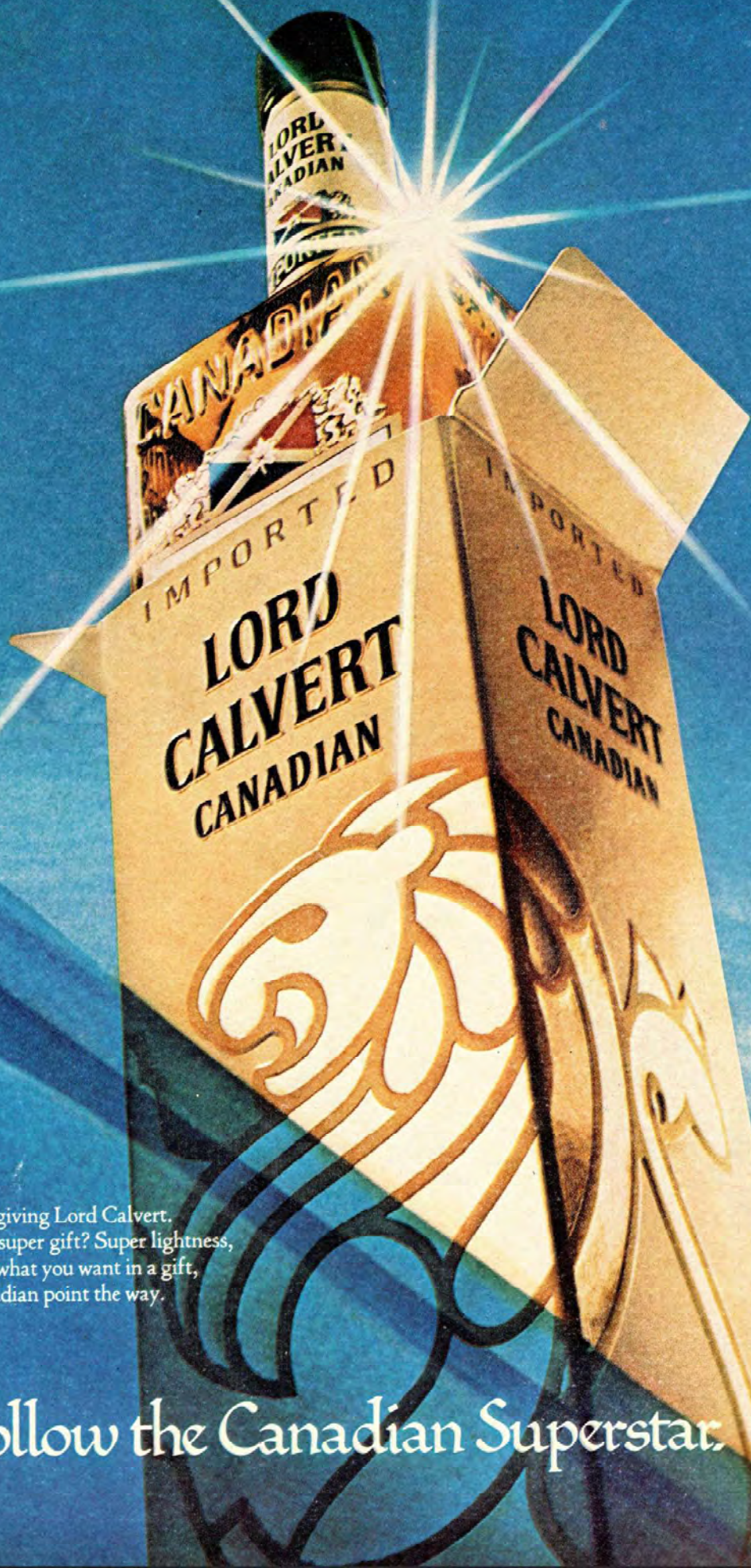
Cassette player

I have followed *Penthouse* for several years now, and it ranks with me as one of the most informative magazines read by men and



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WELCOME TO

women today. One of your biggest assets is the Forum section, in which you give your readers the opportunity to express themselves openly on all aspects of sexuality.

I was wary of the Forum at first because of some of the bizarre sexual episodes that were described, but I now realize that many people are liberating themselves from the prudish taboos that society has taught.

This realization came about as a result of a recent experience I had. My girl friend of four years, Sharon, and I have a very satisfying sex life. Our sex always seems to outdo itself each time we hop on the water bed. But yesterday it almost hit a plus-five on the Richter scale.

One of my best friends, Gary, stopped at my apartment while I was at an important meeting one night last week. Since I wasn't there, Sharon entertained him. Well, I arrived home at 10:30, and Sharon told me he had been there since 7:00 and had just left. Naturally, I asked why he had stayed so long waiting for me, but Sharon insisted on telling me why in the bedroom. There she turned on my cassette player, and, boy, did I get an earful!—twenty-five minutes of nothing but groaning and moaning, of Sharon crying "Fuck me harder!" and all the other sounds of lovemaking. Surprisingly, I was incredibly turned on.

While the tape was still playing, I began stripping Sharon, and she was just as rapidly tearing at my clothes. We were soon

rolling on the bed, with me sucking the juices of her snatch, which I knew still held the hot seed of my best friend. After several mind-wracking orgasms, Sharon begged me to fuck her. Without delay, since I was ready to burst myself, I slid into her hot and waiting box. No sooner had I pounded into her a dozen or so times than out of the closet came Gary!

I was so close to coming that it didn't even bother me. It didn't even slow me down. And I still didn't miss a beat when I began to feel my ass cheeks being spread. Looking around, I saw Gary working Sharon's vibrator slowly up into my ass hole. Since I had occasionally done the same thing to Sharon, it didn't bother me in the least. In fact, I took it in eagerly. As Gary thrust the vibrator in and out a few times, I knew that was it for me. I jumped and convulsed at the same time, and as a result, I accidentally slipped out of Sharon—just as my cock began to explode.

Shot after shot of come landed on the wall behind Sharon's head while more landed squarely on her mouth, her nose, and her eyes. Some even dripped and ran down into her ears. It was the most satisfying orgasm of my life.—K.E.G., Syracuse, N.Y.

Open-window policy

My wife and I are constant readers of your Forum and have been for years. I would like to relate to your readers an experience we

had, which I think is unique in its own way.

During the past few months, our relationship was going stale sexually—until my wife noticed a peeping tom at our bedroom window. At first she did not tell me, and I didn't mind because sexually she had turned into a craving nymphomaniac.

After a week of this perversion, she finally let me in on her little secret. So every night before going into the bedroom, we'd plan the night's events. On certain nights when our friend was at our window, we would go into the bedroom fully clothed, and I would commence eating my wife's pussy through her clothing until her crotch area was drenched. We would then finish the night by a strong lovemaking session in the raw, turn the lights out, and go to sleep. On one special occasion, our peeping tom was at the window as usual, and we (my wife and I) were in bed, going through our sexual exercises with the vibrator and dildo. Suddenly, we heard glass shatter, and we turned to see that a man had fallen through the window and into our room. (We'll call him Tom.) He was wearing shorts and no shirt, but his shorts were down around his knees revealing a massive hard-on. My wife, seeing this huge, throbbing machine, went over to Tom and helped him over the glass and fell to her knees. Taking his monstrous prick into her mouth, she started to suck him wildly, holding on to his ass cheeks like a vise. Meanwhile, this excited me to no end, my prick started to grow, and

I masturbated while watching this amazing sight. We then invited Tom to spend the night and join in on the climax of our dildo-and-vibrator session. Now Tom comes through our window two or three times a week. We even agreed that he could bring a date if he wished. And, of course, our window will always be open to him.—Name and address withheld

We've heard sleeping with an open window is good for you.

A better mousetrap

After reading *Penthouse* for a number of years, and since it has been a great pleasure to read of all the happy experiences your readers relate to the general public, I feel that I am obliged to do likewise. Being fifty years old and from southern Europe, I would like to state that my experience with the ladies is quite extensive, with well over thirty years of very active participation. One of the greatest experiences was a few years back in a very primitive region of the world, where according to custom all girls must enlarge their vaginal lips prior to their marriage. This custom creates a contest-type of ambition among the young teenagers, many of whom have their vaginal lips extended more than three inches. These are similar to the tribes that extend their lips with saucerlike objects. When I had screwed a few of these women, I managed to have one woman change from the under

to the above position. It is impossible when those huge vaginal lips wrap around your balls. It feels as if your whole body is being sucked right into the woman.

Now, after fucking women from every nation, and because I am always in search of something new, I devised an implement that for the last two years has permitted me and every woman who has experienced my "Double-Shafts" to reach the ultimate in pleasure and satisfaction. I designed a semirigid shaft which fits right over my own prick; then I had another solid shaft made which fits right under my own. Both shafts are very comfortable and easily strapped around the body. Since each shaft is independent of the other, either one can be used separately or at the same time. I have never encountered a woman who did not ask for both shafts to be used at the same time. Since most women have never experienced a fucking in their cunt and their ass at the same time, and since this method does not require more than one person, the opportunity for such an experience is irresistible to 90 percent of all women. With the woman on top of the man, she can manipulate as freely as she wants, and if she wants three or four orgasms, she can have them very easily.—G.M., Ontario, Canada

Her (best) suit

After reading several of your bizarre letters, I thought that I had heard everything. But

that was before I met my wife, Nancy. Nancy was blessed with an abundant crop of glistening black hairs between her pair of super thirty-eight-inch breasts. Can you imagine the surprise I got on my wedding night? Nancy said that the doctors told her that she had a rare genetic disease called Hirsutism. As a child growing up, she used to shave her cleavage every night, but it was a little hard on her firm breasts; so she let it grow to see what happened!

After the initial shock was over, I asked Nancy if I could roll my eight-inch rocket in her "bush between the boobs." I didn't know what to expect, but with the hair, and her tremendous breasts (the combination of which looked like a tunnel with pubic hair), I could not resist pretending that I was fucking her chest!

Nancy was at first a little nervous, but with some coaxing from me, I was soon straddling her like a cowboy on a horse, with my "pistol" inserted in the holster between her breasts. After a couple of thrusts, Nancy suggested using some lubricant. So, as you might expect, I ran into the bathroom and grabbed my tube of Brylcreme. Needless to say, I had one of the best and most exciting sexual experiences of my life (and Nancy agrees 100 percent). Lately, we have tried some "kinkier" versions of our "breast fuck"; for example, Nancy likes to see how much of my hot wad she can catch on the fly. She's improving more with each ride.

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As a suggestion to other men who have a boring time in the bedroom, why don't you try a "breast fuck" on for size? If your lady has big enough boobs, and if you dare to buy a "chest toupee," then, brother, you are headed for the best sexual experience since Adam's.—J.A., *Indianapolis, Ind.*

Acrobatic dance hair

My wife performs a certain little ritual during our lovemaking that absolutely drives me wild and, I'm sure, will titillate your readers.

She loves to dance seductively in the nude, and while doing so slowly edges her long (one meter), straight hair gently down the narrow crack in her well-proportioned, tight ass.

With her back toward me and her head bent lovingly over her shoulders, she slowly urges her strong locks, glistening in the candlelight, ever downward toward her rising crack. Like tongues of flame, the strands of her hair grab out, reaching for the warmth that awaits them. Finally, ex-cruciatingly, the successful strands round the furry comfort of my wife's ass and slip up to her juicy pussy, caressing this wetness of a delight.

Slowly, ever slowly, she hardens her buttocks firmly around these silky intruders. In and out, and in and out again, she presses their delicate bristles, ever savoring the hard but gentle nature of their touch between her ass and cunt lips. Trapped, they struggle for freedom denied, when sud-

denly, sprung from this viselike crevice, they dance their dance of wild ecstasy.

At this point, I can hardly bear it any longer, and I reach frantically over to her pulsating cunt, driving my fingers in. She responds with total submission, opening up to the full thrust of my maddened desire. Groaning in agony, she beckons my swollen thickness, stuffing it deliriously into her hungry void.

We come together, swiftly lifted into heavenly orbit. We float and float, landing gently, aware only then of the heaviness of our bodies and the exhaustion of our souls.

We lie there, without a word between us, falling softly into the stillness of sleep.—H.S., *Lagos, Nigeria*

Amorous Astrologer

Is Martine for real?

In the first two months of The Amorous Astrologer, she (I presume "she") has already described me and my relationships to a "T." Congratulations are due for such a different and insightful horoscope.

And may Harry Reems have an all-female jury.—M.G., *Atchison, Kans.*

Libertarian philosophy

Your October issue was super! Besides all the customarily appealing stuff, I especially enjoyed the two political articles: the defense of Harry Reems by Nicholas von Hoffman and the interview with Murray Rothbard. Your other readers may be inter-

ested to know that precisely the libertarian philosophy expressed in those two pieces was supported by Roger MacBride, the Libertarian party candidate for president. MacBride came out uncompromisingly against any and all forms of censorship, including censorship of alleged "pornographic" materials, which he called "an insolent meddling by the government in an area which is none of its business whatsoever."—Ralph Raico, *Buffalo, N.Y.*

Murray Rothbard

Recognition by the mass media of Dr. Murray Rothbard's contributions to the science of liberty has been long overdue. As one who has followed, learned, and been shaped by Rothbardian literature for more than a decade, I found your October interview gratifying and encouraging. I hope that readers exposed to the many ideas offered by Rothbard in his brief overview will be challenged to uncover more fully the vast literature of freedom emerging today which owes such a debt to this scholar.

One addendum seems in order: though Dr. Rothbard is quoted as saying he has not voted in some years, last year he endorsed the candidacy of Roger L. McBride of the emerging Libertarian party.—Jule R. Herbert Jr., *Tuscaloosa, Ala.*

Don't bank on it

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The scent of the centuries.



concerning Federal Reserve revisions of money stock figures, Lee Berton wrote, "Weintraub detects a subterfuge." Let me stress that the word "subterfuge" is Berton's. I do not question motives. The Fed's officials are honorable and public-spirited people. What I detect in the 1973 revisions is the traditional central bankers' confusion dating back 60 years here, 100-plus in England, about money-supply processes. Assumptions were made that are not believable in my opinion, and the effect has been to obscure somewhat the true relationship of inflation to money growth and, also, the true extent of monetary deceleration after mid-1973.

Finally, let me add two thoughts. First, in recent years, especially since March 1975, when House Concurrent Resolution 133 was passed, the Fed has been much more straightforward in disclosing its objectives and plans than it had been in the past. Second, since March 1975, it has done a superb job controlling money growth pursuant to the goals of 133, and we are all the beneficiaries of this.—Robert Weintraub, House Banking Committee staff, Washington, D.C.

Anti-Semitism

You are to be congratulated for publishing John Leonard's article "Why Do We Love to Hate the Jews?" (November 1976).

After the outpouring of vile anti-Semitism by Agnew, Nixon, and General Brown, I cannot recall a single article by the media

discussing and analyzing their hysterical charges. (And this media is supposed to be "Zionist controlled!") But *Penthouse* alone has opened its pages to Mr. Leonard's views and insights on anti-Semitism in America.

While I do not agree with all of Mr. Leonard's observations, I do feel he gives the reader a searching and intellectually honest discussion of the roots of American anti-Semitism. No other mass-circulation publication or TV network has had the courage to do this.

Again, thanks for a most timely and intellectual treatment of an attitude—anti-Semitism—that could be abolished in America if more publications had the courage to discuss it openly.—Jon Wallach, New York, N.Y.

Bad luck

I get a kick out of those who write to you proclaiming the heights and conquests of their sex lives. Maybe your readers would like to know what the other side of the coin is like.

My sex life has all the impact of a burp at a beer party. I married the original Miss Ice Cube.

We have relations (I can't really call it sex) on the astounding average of once every two weeks—whether I need it or not. When this event does happen, it's always in total darkness, missionary position, and hurry-up-before-she-falls-asleep haste.

Believe me, I've tried everything to

arouse her, but nothing works. What woman do you know who does not like to have her tits sucked, cunt massaged, or clit licked? Needless to say, I never expect any sucking in return.

I work hard to provide her with a good home, and I try to show love and affection, but it's wearing me down. Other guys say their wives dress in sexy clothes. I see mine in jeans and a sweat shirt. I can't imagine what she'd look like in a garter belt, stockings, and high heels. Sheer nightgown? Totally absurd. Anything kinky? Forget it. My fantasies will remain a secret.

We've been married for ten years, and things sure as hell aren't getting any better. When I was younger, I often wondered what made a married guy go to a prostitute or have a mistress. Now I know. I'm saving my money for the first massage parlor I see.—J.S., address withheld

Hard luck

I have been reading *Penthouse* for several months, and I always laugh when I read about some man with a big instrument or women drooling over big pricks. I am a man who is cursed with such a tool.

I am fifty-five years old, six feet tall, and 170 pounds. From the time I was old enough to pay attention to such things, I have known that I have an unusual endowment. The kids in high school used to tease me to death. When I met any girls, they immediately looked toward my crotch and sometimes they giggled. By the time I entered the army, my constant and only nickname was "Kingsnake." There is a peculiarity about my penis. It is almost as long limber as it is hard. When an erection starts, my penis merely thickens as it rises—thirteen and one-quarter inches limber hanging down my pants leg, but barely fourteen inches when fully erect. Limber, it is little bigger than a broomstick; but when fully erect, it is seven and one-eighth inches around the head beyond the foreskin, and nine and a half inches around just back of the foreskin.

Now, if anyone thinks this is a joy to possess, they have another think coming. I have found only five women who can take even part of it. In the army the boys used to get me to go with them to the whorehouses, and they offered to pay for my turn if they could watch. Many women just looked and left. None would ever try it in the missionary position. "You are not going to pin me down where I can't get away and then start shoving that thing into me," one said. Some greased it a few inches from the end and then got on me and took a little of it, but none ever got anywhere close to taking all of it. Most women who fellated it could hardly get their lips over more than the head. I was always frustrated, for they seldom stayed on long enough for me to ejaculate. Some masturbated me to fulfillment, and so it has always been.

I had one woman, a farm woman, who gave me more satisfaction than any other. She took a horse-collar pad and cut a number of doughnuts out of it. These were



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about one-inch thick. She slipped about six or seven of these down over the shaft to my belly, leaving seven or eight inches uncovered. The uncovered part she greased liberally with mineral oil and then let me take her from above. For me there was nothing like it. But she moved away, and I am again alone with my misery.

So go ahead and dream of your foot-long cocks. As for me, I just wish I had one close to normal.—J.W., address withheld

Early bird

I met the most beautiful and sexy woman I'd ever seen at a social gathering with her husband.

At the next gathering, she was without her husband. I knew that I couldn't live with myself if I didn't at least try for her; so I invited her for coffee with a group of us. During a moment at the coffee shop when we were alone, I asked her if she ever stepped out on her husband. She abruptly said no. I explained that either way was okay with me, but I just had to know, one way or the other; so I'd settle for just being friends. Our conversation went on to other things.

At the next gathering she asked me for a ride home. I said yes. We drove down the road, and she slid next to me. She hadn't been there two minutes when she asked, "Can I suck your cock?" I said, "Uh huh," and that was the beginning of a beautiful relationship. By the time she had it out of my pants, it was hard. Before she got it in

her mouth, I heard the breath go out of her. As soon as it was in her mouth, I heard her breath leave her again, then several times more. As I came to know her better, I learned that the breath goes out of her when she comes. That night she wouldn't let me touch her until she'd had many orgasms. Then it was strictly on her terms. It was days later before she finally gave her whole body to me. She had to build up to it.

One thing that I learned from this lively kitten is that premature orgasm is not exclusively a male experience. I have met other women who seem cold and aloof, and the reason is that they come so easily. One girl came every time that our eyes met. Another came when I put both hands on her buttocks and pulled her close to me in a parking lot. These girls are afraid of being discovered and ridiculed and embarrassed. Some are all through before you can get their pants off.

I myself love these sensitive little delicacies. They're a pure delight if a man is extremely patient, but they're cold fish to an impatient man. (So I've got a whole crop all to myself.) These girls keep their sensitivity a secret for fear of ridicule, and their fear is justified. Most of the men I know are so damn self-concerned that they are blind to what's going on with the other person. It's too bad, but then it's all right for me!—Name withheld, Newport Beach, Calif.

Gums

I have often read *Penthouse* and wondered

if my entire life would pass by without ever having an experience that I would want to share with others. Until a short time ago, there really wasn't anything special about my personal life. Now I feel that I have come upon an extraordinary lover, and the erotic times that we have had together should be shared with other *Penthouse* readers.

I am a single twenty-eight-year-old, and even though I have an overly large sex organ, my sex life has been limited. My shy nature had always prevented me from showing women how well equipped I was. One day, while shopping in a large department store, I gradually became aware I was being followed by an older, attractive woman in her early fifties. I first thought that it was without reason. Surely it was in my imagination. But when we were alone in an elevator, I noticed her eyeing my crotch. That day I did not wear any underwear, and the head of my eight-inch cock was tight against my jeans.

She kept a short distance behind me everywhere I went, and finally she approached me to ask my opinion on a sweater she was going to buy. One thing lead to another, and she invited me back to her apartment for some tea and freshly baked muffins.

It turned out to be brandy and muffins, with a touch of tea, and we passed a few hours talking on a variety of topics. As the brandy took effect, she became more careless with the way she sat next to me on the couch. And as my cock responded to the tantalizing looks she was giving, she increased her glances toward my bulge. Finally, after several "accidental" brushes against it with her hand as she reached to serve me, she pressed her palm over it and began working her tongue into my mouth. My huge member instantly grew into a rock-hard erection. At first I thought she would run out of the room once she freed it and saw its size. But to my surprise, she grabbed it in her hands and began rubbing. Then she whipped out her false teeth and began to suck and chew until I exploded into her mouth.

I can not describe the pleasure of her gums working over my cock. Never again, if I can help it, will my cock be chewed on with sharp teeth. Gums are so much more erotic.

We meet often, having oral sex, brandy, and muffins. Sexual intercourse is impossible because of her arthritis. Readers of *Penthouse* should be advised that gum jobs are the ultimate in oral sex.—L.W., Richmond, Va.

Is a gum job anything like a gingvectomy?

Three's a club

We have been reading and hearing more and more about couples on the make picking up young, willing, or easily persuaded men and women for threeway sexual pleasures. As a man and wife who for several months have indulged in this practice (with incredible success, I might add), the idea



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isn't as wicked as one would think. Repeatedly, we have discovered, these young people are actually looking for the opportunity of meeting a couple like us! Waiting to be picked up, if you please.

They appreciate the anonymity. We never press for a name. They frequently have idle time to do as they please. They are mostly unattached. They enjoy the companionship, the privacy of a married couple's home, and the circumstances of doing their thing with complete freedom. I think they also like the anything-goes principle we establish quite candidly. In the past three months, we have noticed it takes less communication to induce a young single to join us. Very recently a young lady we propositioned unblushingly told us she was actually looking for a couple on the prowl "to have a party with!"

So a word for couples on the make: it's a lonely hearts club!—Mr. and Mrs. W.C.W., Aurora, Colo.

A far way to go

Remember that song, "I enjoy being a girl?" After reading some of the letters in *Penthouse* about guys dressing in women's clothing, I must convey to your readers my unique circumstances on this issue. First off, I'm no transvestite or transsexual person. I'm a guy who just enjoys being comfortable—and a little feminine. After discovering just how well the opposite sex has it made, I decided to "switch" and be a member of the femininity movement my-

self! Thanks to unisex clothing and my size, I'm enjoying a "new life."

I'm thirty-four and five-feet-seven inches tall. My wife is an inch taller, but we both weigh exactly 140. I'm small-boned with small features, and this is the key to my happiness. A few years ago, I grabbed my wife's fur-lined parka by mistake as I went out the door to work early one morning. It was a cold, dark morning, and as I drove to work, I realized how warm the parka was. I've always been a "cold" person in winter. My men's storm coats and overcoats were never ever warm enough to suit me. From then on, I "borrowed" her fur-lined gloves and neck warmer. On cold, snowy morns, I'd wear her fur-lined boots to work, changing into my street shoes after getting there. This was an incredible discovery for me, and I was excited about my new-found situation. On the weekends I started to interchange with her sports shirts and even wore an old pair of her dungarees to do some painting in. On cold days, I slipped into a pair of her long, wool knee socks which really kept my feet and legs warm. Gradually and quietly I began purchasing wool socks, women's gloves, a couple of unisex big wool/fur-lined coats, and a nice pair of fur-lined boots.

That was two years ago. Today I shave my legs so that my wool slacks don't irritate my skin as they used to when I had all that hair on my legs. I find that my wife's deodorant is better and more effective (and easier on the skin) than mine. In winter

and sometimes in summer, I use baby oil and lotion to keep my skin smooth and free from drying and itching. Her body powder feels and smells good on me after a nice soaking bath at nights. I insist on soft satin sheets on our bed and just go nuts over perfumed or fragrant soaps for the bath. We now share tennis shoes, penny loafers, coats, boots, and at times when the wash doesn't get done on time, a few undergarments—just to hold me until she does the next load of wash for me.

Last but not least, I gave up my old brand of cigarettes and am now smoking a leading woman's brand because of the low tar and less harsh taste. Needless to say, I'm not a heavy drinker. A nice Collins or whiskey sour suits me to a T.

I don't envy these big guys, like my next door neighbor, who have to pay a lot of bucks for big and tall men's clothing. I'm very grateful for being just what I am. Because my wife and I can share, our clothing bills have been drastically cut. Our toiletries have also been minimized by our both using the same products. We have no children, and our food budget stays stable because we both eat the same amounts. So before you knock it, gents, try it.

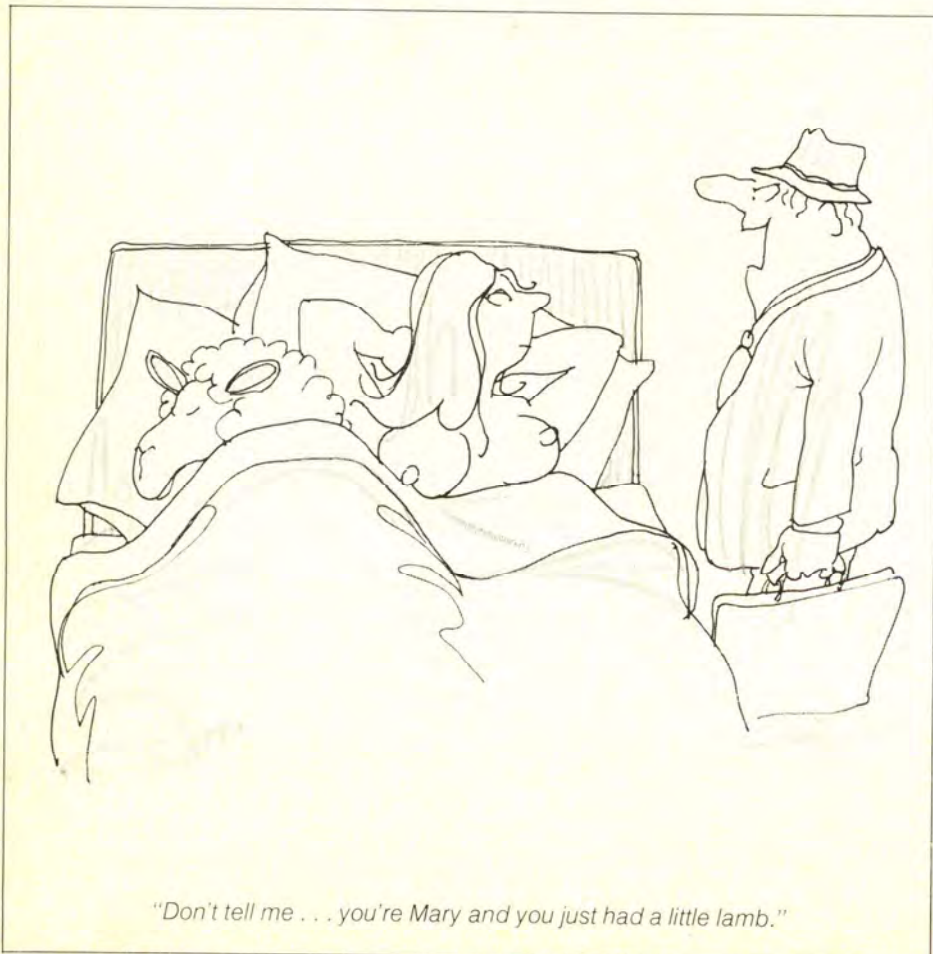
However, I should warn you that this is basically for us small guys, sort of an exclusive club, you might say. Unless your girl or wife is an amazon, you won't be able to do half the things I've mentioned here.—Name and address withheld

Way up north

I am a student at a college in Maine that is not far from some of America's greatest expanses of virgin forest. Before entering college, I attended a small denominational high school near the Canadian border, and in our small community, we were totally shielded from the newer, more open trends in sexual attitudes. Here at college I have been exposed to a much wider spectrum of opinion and practice, and while reading some back issues of *Penthouse*, I was reminded of some high-school experiences that may show some would-be sophisticates that we woods-dwellers aren't the hicks some people believe us to be.

I used to work at a selective cutting logging camp on the St. John River. Our crew usually included a dozen professional loggers, twice that number of unskilled high-school help, and six or eight women cooks, wives, and sweethearts. Usually, we worked five twelve-hour days, then piled onto one of the logging trucks to ride into Fort Kent for a wild weekend. We would draw lots to see who stayed to watch the equipment, especially the portable machines. One Friday night my lot came up, and I had to stay in camp with two other camp members—Old Jacques, a French-Canadian hunter and guide hired for the summer, and Linda, a French-and-Indian girl with long, black hair. It was an unlikely trio!

I regretted my luck as the truck drove off with my friends, but Jacques drew me aside and produced a fifth of whiskey. He



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had lost his leg in the woods years before, when a tree fell in a mountain-cut operation, and he now worked the sawmill's large blade on lumbering days. As we began to get drunk, he turned on a truck radio to a Quebec station and, despite his amputation, executed some amazingly agile folk dances, singing in bawdy French. In no time the liquor was gone, and I had joined in his crazy, reeling dance.

We whirled and stomped up against the women's shelter, and along the wall to the kitchen. The generator was humming, and, far from the truck, we could hear no music. We collapsed laughing against the building. Suddenly, Jacques grinned and put a finger to his lips, signaling for silence. We got to our feet and hobbled into the kitchen.

Linda was washing dishes in a huge galvanized tub. Her cotton shirt was soaked and partially unbuttoned, revealing her large, firm breasts. Intent on her washing, she was bent over the tub up to her elbows in warm, soapy water. I became instantly aroused. Linda heard us then, with Jacques panting from his exertions, and turned her head in my direction without leaving her work. Jacques slid down the wall, dead drunk, and I was alone with her.

With the courage of liquor, I acted more boldly than my strict upbringing would have permitted. I caressed her in my arms, not speaking, finding her lips, breasts, and vulva in an alcoholic haze, which cleared as my passion grew. She responded beautifully, and soon we lay on the floor, where we made reckless love. She taught me the "logger-style," guiding my penis in a rear-entrance position, and she achieved several intense orgasms before my climax, and we both fell back to recuperate.

As I lay back, I eyed the tub full of warm dishwater, and memories of my childhood filled me, when my mother had given all of us children enemas once a month. I remembered the erotic feeling of those sessions, and my limp organ stiffened at the thought. Linda saw my new life and was about to mount me again. I gently suggested she sit back, then I enquired if she had a douche. She replied that she did and ran to her quarters to get it. When she re-

turned I had her fill the bag with the still-lukewarm dishwater, and she inserted the douche-nozzle into my anus. After several applications I had over two quarts, and we improvised a plug from a cork in a cabinet. I serviced her in the same fashion, and, filled with lust, we banged off half a dozen violent orgasms before releasing the plugs, enjoying the sensation of warm, soapy water cascading over our genitals.

Meanwhile, Old Jacques began to stir. Smiling at each other, Linda and I rose with one motion and dragged the groggy lumberman to the tub. In a few moments, he was groaning with pleasure as we administered a three-quart enema. Linda was aroused by the exposed stump of his leg,

Sunday morning, there was a lot of bragging, but Linda, Jacques, and I never told a soul! Linda and I still have a sexual relationship my college friends envy, but that night was by far the most exciting and satisfying.—G.P., address withheld

It's log jams like that which keep the price of paper going up.

Sexamination

Last year you ran a letter entitled "Naughty Nurses." That letter was so reminiscent of an experience I had several years ago that for a moment I thought the same naughty nurses might have been involved. They did seem to have very similar preoccupations to the ones I ran into.

I was twenty-one at the time and at the offices of an internist in L.A., where I was being checked out for a gastric problem. After the doctor's examination, I was turned over to a very attractive nurse, about five or six years older than I was, who had been present during most of the doctor's examination. She seemed to be very proficient in her duties, knowledgeable in medical matters, and although I was attracted to her, I was rather shy as she led me down a hall to the X-ray room. (She had given me a robe to wear over my shorts, which was all I had had on during the examination.) When we got there, she instructed me to take the robe off and get on the X-ray table, which stood in the center of the room. It was a cold, black slab with lots of equipment hanging

over it. She took several pictures of my abdomen, during which time she was quite friendly. I was put much more at ease. Then she asked me to turn on my stomach and to pull my shorts down to my knees. I did this while trying to stay face down on the table. She then took several X-rays of my bottom—and between each shot, seemed to be trying to adjust the camera just right—and pressed my buttocks down toward the table. This produced an erection as my penis pressed against the cold table.

At this point the door opened, and I heard a female voice ask the nurse if she would join her in a cup of coffee. When the nurse responded by asking her to get an

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and began to fellate him, simultaneously giving me a handjob. Jacques was now fully conscious and ejaculated in a few moments with loud grunts of joy.

I performed cunnilingus on Linda and also gave her a rim-job, since I knew the enema ensured cleanliness. She came more times than I could count.

Poor Old Jacques was exhausted and fell back asleep, despite Linda's attempts to revive him. She straddled him in vain and then devoted her attentions to me. This time, I administered a small enema to her and began to cornhole her. The sensation was fantastic. I have never enjoyed myself more.

When the rest of the crew came back on

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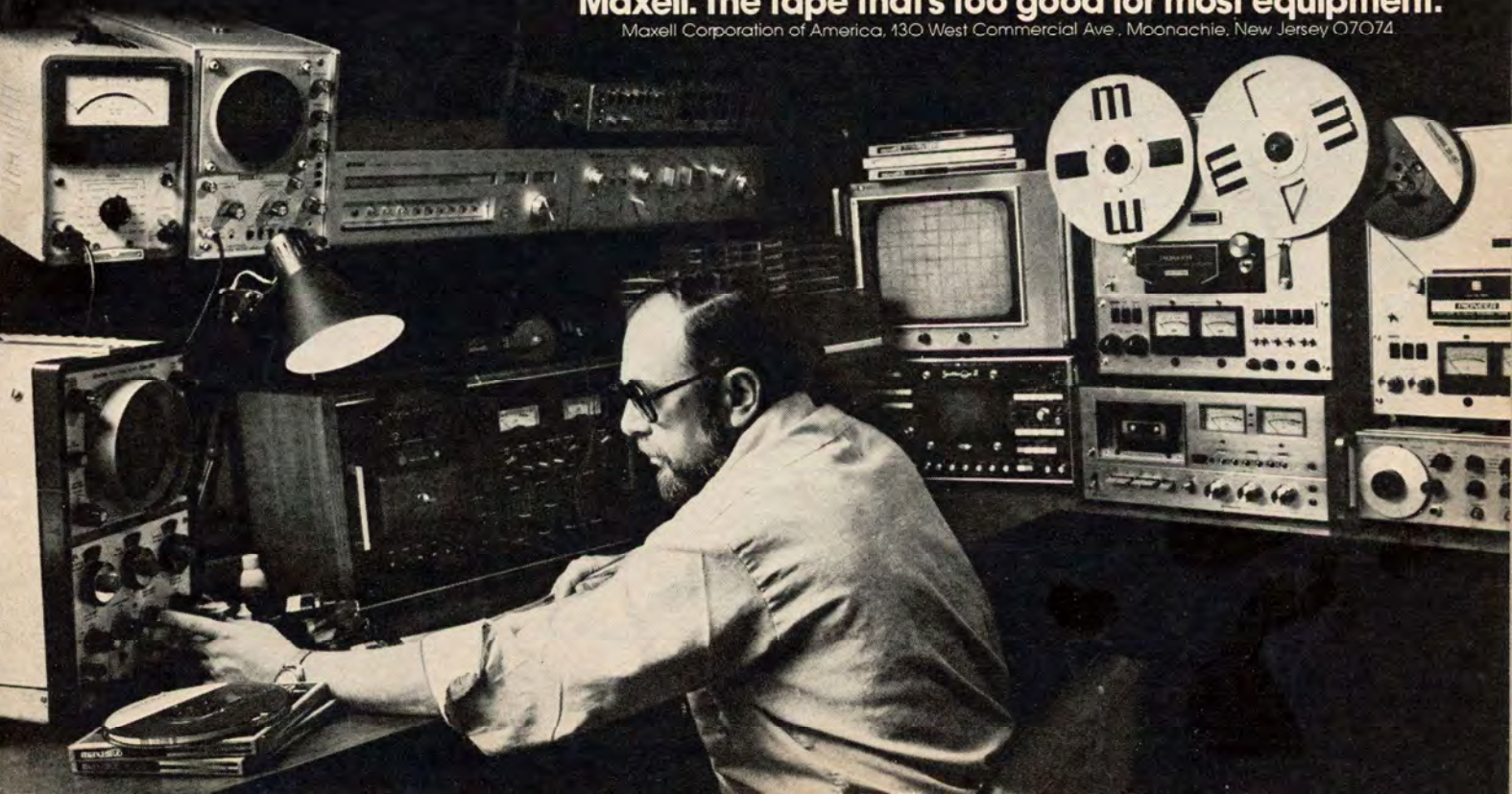
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extra cup and to come back to join her in the X-ray room, I was flabbergasted. A few minutes later the other nurse reappeared with two cups of coffee and sat down on a high stool near the table I was lying on. I could now see that she, too, was an attractive, mid-twenties nurse in a short and tight uniform, which gave a beautiful view as she sat perched on the stool. I was introduced to her (her name was Stephanie; the first nurse was JoAnn), and she drank her coffee and talked with JoAnn as if I weren't there. Meanwhile the treatment on my backside was continuing and somehow (I believe it was in the period between Stephanie's trip for coffee) my underpants had been slipped off entirely. Now I was completely nude (and, I might add, a bit chilly). I almost knew what to expect next, but I was still surprised and flustered when JoAnn instructed me to turn on my back. When I hesitated, she slapped me smartly on the rear and said not to be embarrassed since they were both professional nurses. So I complied, and immediately my hard-on (my normal seven inches) came into view. The two girls stopped talking for a moment, made a few comments between themselves about my equipment, and then continued their conversation.

X-rays were being taken of my groin, and each time JoAnn handled my penis, she gave it a short squeeze and one time even stretched the foreskin, which made me very horny. I was then instructed to get on my hands and knees. JoAnn moved the X-ray equipment around behind me and told me to spread my knees to the maximum width of the table. This maneuver naturally totally exposed me from the rear. She then slid the pointed X-ray unit right onto my anus, and in a very serious voice called for Stephanie to assist her. Stephanie was quickly put to work holding my spread cheeks wider apart while JoAnn pressed the instrument deeper into my anus. Then I was told to maintain the same position but perpendicular to the length of the table. At this time I was still under the impression that this was a medically required examination, although the methods seemed a bit unorthodox. Soon I was to find out differently.

All three of us resumed the same position, and with Stephanie spreading my buttocks wide, I suddenly felt a well-greased rod being slipped into my rectum. Stephanie came around to hold my torso up, and the rod was being moved in and out and rotated around more quickly. I started to moan, and the girls came to life, asking me how it felt and if I enjoyed it. Then Stephanie reached under to grab my prick, and another hand from behind fondled my balls. The rod, which turned out to be a vibrator, was turned on, and very soon thereafter, I shot into Stephanie's hands and onto the floor. Stephanie said she would have liked to catch it in her mouth but that "she couldn't do that in the office." When I asked what that meant, they both asked me if I'd be interested in resuming similar activities away from the office.

When I said yes, they said they'd make an "appointment" for me at their own place. When I asked what that would cost me, they laughed and asked if I meant "in money." When I said that was what I had meant, they said it wouldn't cost anything, except my carfare. When I tried to get more details, they said they couldn't talk about it then, quickly cleaned me up, and handed me the robe along with a slip of paper which had their address and a time and date written on it.

I debated at length with myself as to whether I should show up. At that time I also didn't know whether I'd have to go back to the doctor's office and what I should do about that. Eventually temptation and curiosity took the better of me, and I showed up at the appointed hour. I rang the bell at an apartment door in a rather swanky building. But when a very frumpy housewife answered the door, I suspected the worst. She had never heard of a Stephanie or a JoAnn, in the building or in the neighborhood. I made my apologies and beat a hasty retreat from the impatient and suspicious look she was giving me.


I was too scared to risk another "mistake" so I never went back to the original doctor's office. A few years later, I was particularly horny one day and got my courage up enough to go back. But he had moved and left no forwarding address. It all seems like a wonderful dream to me now.—A.L., Chicago, Ill.

Getting with the program

Over the past few years, I have been following the letters that have referred to female dominance. I feel that I have a deep-rooted desire to try this with my girl friend.

Of the very few letters written by women telling how they manage to get their men to submit, one or two have come close to reminding me of my girl friend and some of her own attitudes. She's not really a women's libber, but I am certain that she has a latent desire to dominate a male. I have fantasized after reading these letters and have had her read them, too. She admits that she is somewhat interested but says that she isn't exactly sure how to develop such a program.

I hope some of the dominant female readers of *Penthouse* will open up and give Cindy some ideas. We really enjoyed the article "The February Fantasy" in the October issue. That gave us some ideas as well as got us to write this letter to *Penthouse*.

I did follow the advice in "Toe-ing the line" about kissing her foot, and it worked. Now I'd like to know what he meant by "I am her complete slave." It certainly conjures up some heavy ideas in my mind.—C.M. and C.W., Anaheim, Calif. 

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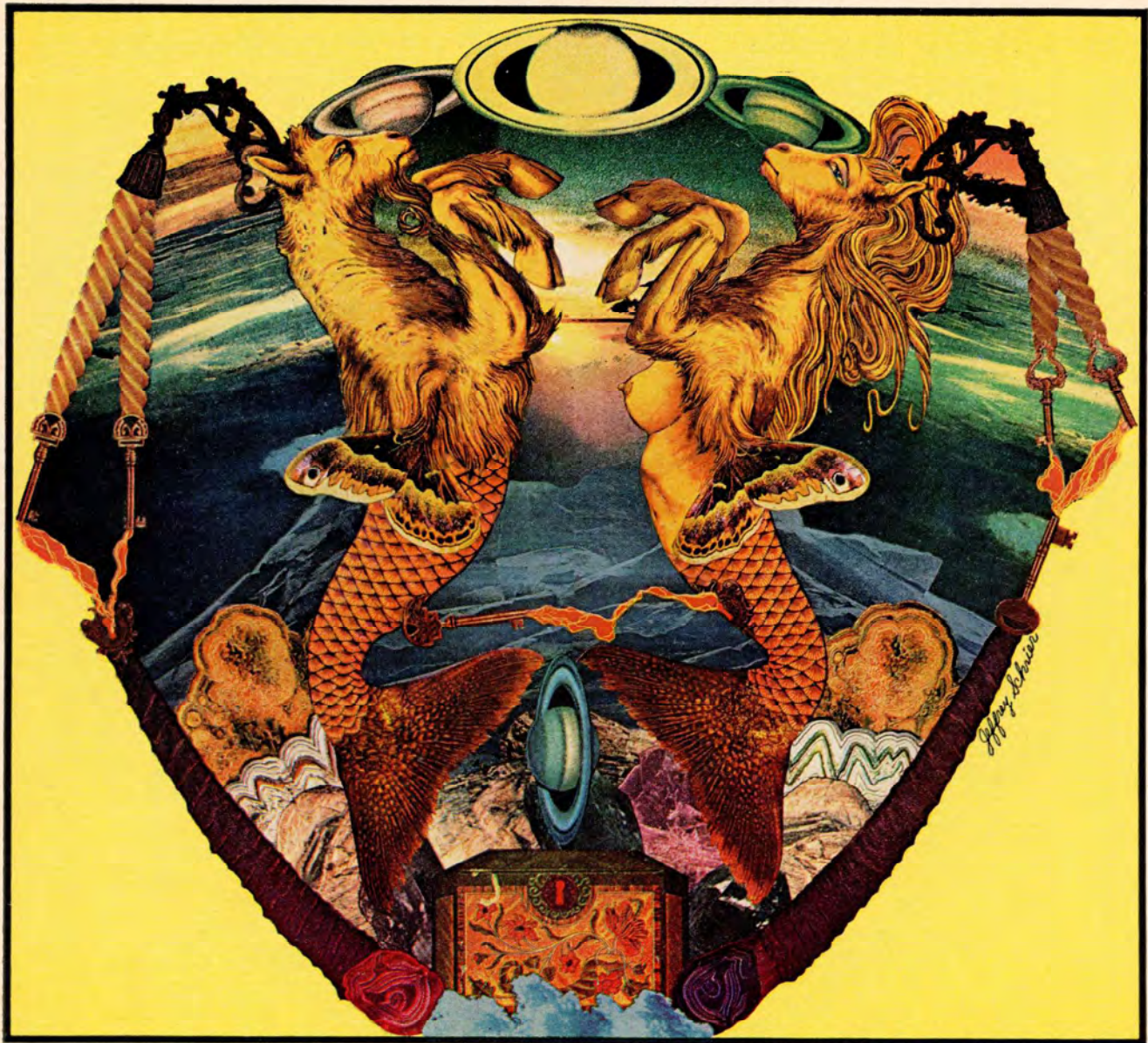


WILD TURKEY / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD.

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THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE



DECEMBER 22

CAPRICORN

JANUARY 19

THE CAPRICORN MALE

Women are attracted to his smoldering passion and intrigued by his frank, earthy approach. Capricorn knows what he wants, and he moves toward it as steadily as a river finds its way to the ocean.

Few Capricorns are romantics. They won't describe how the moon ascends the bright empyrean. The typical son of Saturn is a realist. When he chooses a woman, his sole purpose is to bed her by the most expedient means available.

Capricorn is careful, however, to conceal this purpose; it might frighten the quarry away. He's a past master at concealing his thoughts. Most women

he's known have never really been able to figure him out, for underneath the social mask he wears there are still other masks. The real person, deep down, is seldom revealed.

The Capricorn male is reserved, cautious, and patient as a statue. He feels that time is on his side. Because the Capricorn is self-contained and values privacy, some consider him aloof or shy. But such aloofness is not "cold," and such shyness is certainly not a symptom of weakness. His affections are deep and strong.

The typical male of this sign is serious, even somber, as a young adult. He is peering at his compass to find his true North. The Capricorn has little time for

the idle merriment of those born under other signs. He is a thorough and careful preparer. Given a task to do, he will not plunge right in; rather, he'll begin by browsing through the books and journals at the library: others have confronted this problem before him, and he intends to profit by their experience. He won't act until he's sure he thoroughly understands the problem. But once he begins to move, he can't be stopped until he reaches his goal. It would be easier to stop an avalanche.

Capricorns are great listeners. At a party, for example, if a "Cap" finds himself seated next to a nincompoop with a brain of pure lard, he'll listen politely. He believes in the old adage that even a

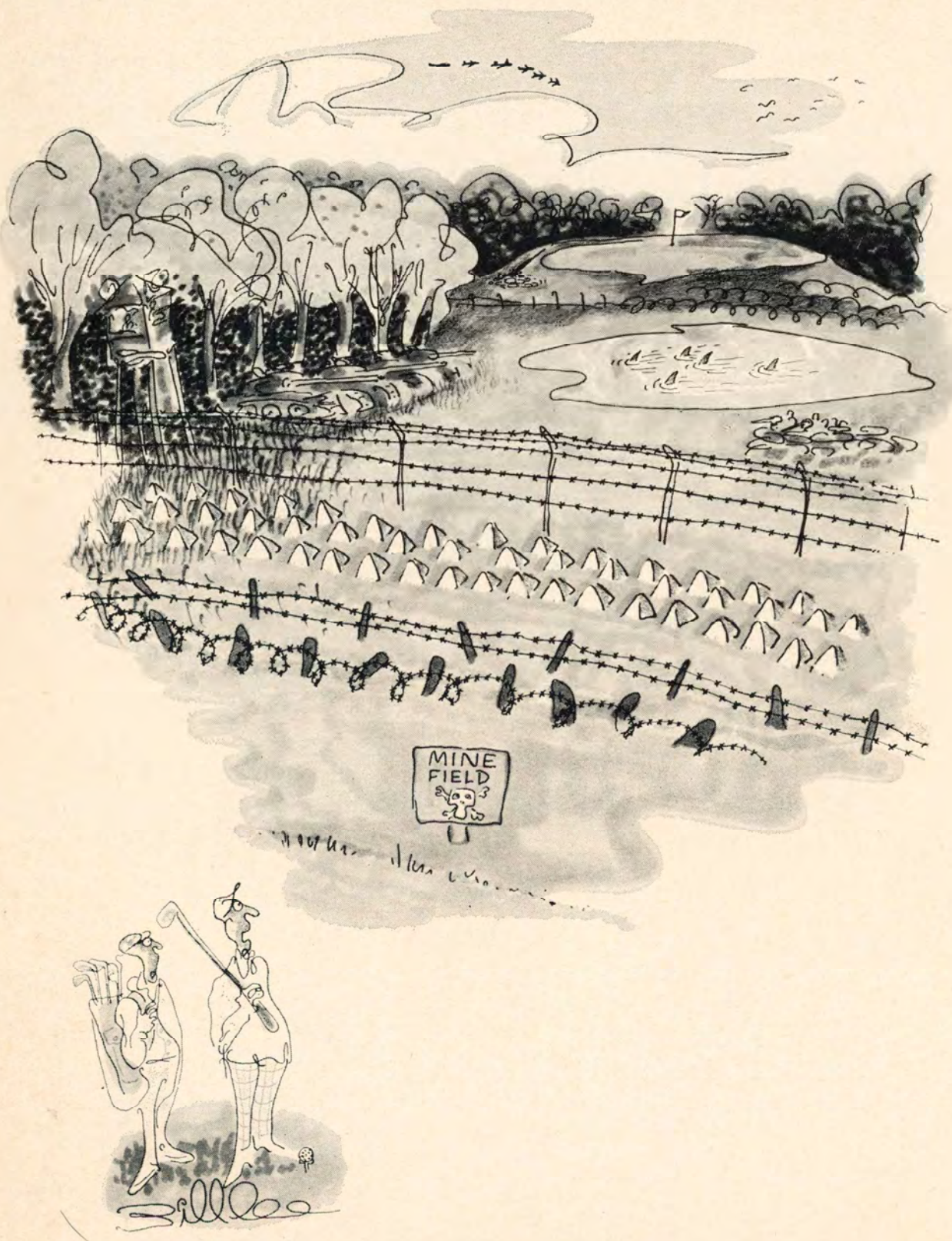
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"This is the last time I'll ever sign up to
play in the Polish Open."

stopped watch is right twice a day. And too, can't a useful piece of information be picked up almost anywhere?

While not the life of the party, Capricorns are not party-poopers either. They may not sparkle like a bottle of bubbly, but they will never be flat and stale. One reason is that they are such good listeners, and another is that they are well informed and have something pertinent to say on almost any subject.

Anyone born under this sign is gifted with the ability to see through those pretending to be what they are not. The observant Capricorn may not say anything, since he is instinctively courteous. But a phoney, even if he can lie like an ambassador, will never fool a Capricorn.

The two things he values most are his family and his money. It's impossible to part him from either.

CAPRICORN AS A LOVER

Sexually, Capricorn isn't the innovator type. He's convinced that since mankind has been on the planet for a couple of million years and most of what is necessary to know about sex has already been discovered, no one is likely to come up with any new, earthshaking wrinkles.

Still, he thinks a woman is entitled to the best he can offer—and he's sure there isn't any better.

The most stunning sexual characteristic of Capricorn is his sheer stamina. He is no in-again, out-again Finnegan. Capricorn hangs in there, keeps right on top of things, brings a woman to where she's ready—*more* than ready—then slowly withdraws to start the process all over again. To him sex is a matter of balancing pressures and tensions, pleasures and titillations. Just when a woman is about to start clawing the wallpaper, he'll switch to a slightly different position (or even a *radically* different position) in order to vary and prolong the exquisite sensations.

Capricorn prefers a comfortable setting. Let others do it on a garage floor or standing up in the closet—he doesn't see why a woman should have to bruise her back or pretend she's a coat hanger. A nice, spacious bed with a firm mattress or a luxurious ottoman with silk-covered pillows will do nicely, thank you. Dim the lights, let the

soft music play, and, if possible, have a chilled bottle of Moët-Chandon close at hand.

One favorite sexual variation of the Capricorn male is the bondage game. He is stimulated by the sight of a naked woman in bed, her wrists and ankles tied to the bedposts. It's an invitation to make love at leisure, to explore every part of her body before moving on to convince her that Life Is Beautiful.

This can become a problem, however, as some bondage games can be a turn-on to sadism as well as to sex. The Capricorn male is not free, unfortunately, of the impulse to abuse his sex partner. He may get rough, and a woman will end up wishing

movements. "The way I tie her up," he told me proudly, "a woman can lie there all night without feeling any discomfort." Only one of the many joys of scouting.

The male Capricorn enjoys erotic massage, particularly when a woman uses her breasts instead of her hands. If she slides her nipples slowly over his face and mouth, then descends to the genital area and caresses the tip of his cock with her nipple, the message will flash to his Mission Control. *Blast off!*

THE CAPRICORN FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

This tempestuous female will not put her neck into any man's yoke. She may appear to be submissive, but she's about as pliant and yielding as a vertical trampoline: you can make your dent, but she'll always spring back into shape.

If a man has his eye on a Capricorn beauty, he'd better prepare for a long siege. She's not going to be easy to win over. She expects to be pursued, wooed, put into the mood. More than women born under any of the other signs, the Capricorn needs to be shown she is loved and appreciated. But because of her inherent pride and dignity, this need isn't always apparent to the casual observer. In fact, most men tend to think that the Capricorn woman is distant and unresponsive. She seems content to be a loner and spend her evenings happily curled up with a good book.

But if you look a little deeper, you will find a woman yearning for someone to take the time and trouble to penetrate her frigid facade. Whoever does will be greatly rewarded, for she is an exceptional woman who too often has to surrender the spotlight to the more superficially alluring, flirtatious, or available charmers. Her passions run deep, and so does her impact. Long after transitory affairs have run their course, this smoldering siren will hold her place in a man's affections. She is not a lady for a day, but a woman for all seasons.

The Capricorn female is a good influence on a man's career, for she is a determined overachiever and is as willing to find fulfillment through a husband or a lover as

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she had her hands and feet free for self-defense. On the other hand, she may also be the kind who enjoys a little "discipline."

Even in bondage games, though, Capricorn will make preparations to enhance the pleasure. One man I know dispensed with rope in favor of handcuffs and leg irons; these were actually more comfortable, since they didn't pinch off circulation, and the fact that they were clearly escape-proof heightened both his and his partner's responses. Another Capricorn man, a department store executive, told me that he had been an Eagle Scout and that he knew how to tie trick knots which held a woman fast and yet allowed her to participate fully in the final, explosive

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through her own efforts. She is a great guide to the top. She can figure a way around obstacles that appear much too formidable to fainter hearts. But beware of her tendency to be overbearing or dominating. She will try to run your life, because that's her nature; but if a man lets her, she inevitably loses some respect for him.

In the area of sex, she will try to stay in control of the situation—even positionally. A favorite of hers is the astride position where she is dominant and can manipulate her lover's penis with both fingers and vagina. But that's as far as she wants to go in the way of variations on the missionary theme. If her lover's tastes happen to run to the exotic, he'll have to be pretty persuasive to get her to play the scene. She won't take long to get into the rhythm, however, and once she's begun there'll be no turning back. She has to go right on to the finish, and she'll get there—even if she has to lash her lover's penis to a toothbrush. Her need to be satisfied is absolutely paramount; a man is only the instrument for her gratification.

If he *does* satisfy her, of course, she will be unstinting in praise and lavish affection on him. She will shed her reserve enough to tell him what a marvelous lover he is—and may even tell her friends. She knows that when she sticks up for him, a part of him will always stick up for her.

CAPRICORN'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

CAPRICORN AND ARIES You enjoy bed-times together, but you are both strong-willed types whose need to dominate will lead to war over finances, friends, career, amusements. Sex isn't enough to keep these scales balanced.

CAPRICORN AND TAURUS You're physically compatible, for you're earthy, passionate types. As home-lovers who respect the value of money, you both tend to be cautious in approaching problems. This union should work.

CAPRICORN AND GEMINI You'll have a hard time holding the reins on excitable, flirtatious, wayward Gemini. All of your fabled patience is needed in dealing with this partner.

CAPRICORN AND CANCER You have to take the initiative in sex, which really isn't your style. And shy, sensitive Cancer resents your domineering ways in other areas. An unpromising couple who careen inevitably toward an abrupt break-up.

CAPRICORN AND LEO Extroverted Leo will be impatient with your introverted, secretive ways. And you can't stand Leo's habit of leaping first and looking afterward. Also, you both want to rule in the bedroom. Try elsewhere.

CAPRICORN AND VIRGO There's no reason why this shouldn't click—except in the bedroom. You have to overcome your reserved natures for real sexuality to flourish. But you have so much else in common, you may not care.

CAPRICORN AND LIBRA You are intrigued by Libra, and Libra is charmed by your

slowly revealed passions. But Libra needs more excitement, romance, beauty than you can provide over the long term.

CAPRICORN AND SCORPIO Scorpio's powerful sensuality awakens your slumbering passions. Sex will be fine, even if it remains pretty straightforward. Scorpio's possessiveness spells security to you. Good vibes.

CAPRICORN AND SAGITTARIUS You are cheered by optimistic Sagittarius, but annoyed by Sagittarius's fickle attitude toward sex and strong need for freedom without any strings. The ties that bind are soon cut.

CAPRICORN AND CAPRICORN You can't be unhappy with each other's failings, for they're the same. But compatibility can sometimes be dull. Sex travels an almost imperceptibly downhill road. Okay, but not too much fun.

CAPRICORN AND AQUARIUS Your conventional approach to sex won't satisfy more adventurous Aquarius. Aquarius is somewhat of a rover, while you prefer home and hearth. You like each other though, and would-be love can at least develop into a solid sense of friendship.

CAPRICORN AND PISCES You supply the sense of stability that Pisces so badly wants. In the bedroom you're the leader, but Pisces is an enthusiastic follower. Two very different people who happen to meet each other's emotional needs.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) The tight grip you've held on someone's love begins to slip. There'll be increasing conflict as you trample on her feelings. It probably can't be helped, and things are going to stay troubled and cloudy until the end of this month. After that you will slowly but surely get back in the saddle. In business, auguries are mixed, with both the Sun and Mars in your tenth house of career. You can expect important help from someone sexually interested in you, even if you don't think of her in that way. However, be very careful and delicate in letting her down "easy." *Sexually Potent Days:* January 6, 10, 15–16, 25–26.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) For some time now you've been handling duties that should be handled by another, and you start to chafe under the burden—especially since what you are doing isn't sufficiently appreciated. Avoid an open argument, for that might risk your future. Settle for letting the truth be known, and it will solve your problem. Around January 15, you will meet someone who will teach you things you never knew were such fun. You're too shy about your sexual abilities. *This* is the time to display your prowess. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 2, 8–9, 12, 18, 28.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You're getting itchy because you seem unable to enjoy a current amour; you hate to be moving along in a rut. Actually, you're undergoing a very subtle change, getting ready for a new life, one much looser and happier. This would have been clear to you sooner if you

had had someone to confide in, but the person you have been closest to hasn't and doesn't sympathize either with the conclusions you're coming to or with your emerging self. A brief holiday—perhaps at a place where you can swing as you really want to—will clarify matters for you during the last week of January. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 4, 11–12, 17, 20, 31.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) That joyous, carefree love affair suddenly shows a darker side. You've been going along thinking it would last forever, and now you discover you were living in a dream world. It's as though a cavernous pit had opened beneath your feet. Your depressed mood will pass, however, and you will find yourself happier for ridding yourself of a delusion. All kinds of new opportunities will come your way, especially after January 20. Keep a sure hold on your emotions; you will come out on top. In the end, the screwing you got will be worth it for the screwing you'll get. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 7, 13–14, 21–22, 30.

LEO (July 23–August 22) Your love life seems pretty routine. This is a period in which to be content with conquests you've made and to avoid pursuing too many interests, which dissipate your physical energies. Someone from the recent past returns to spark your interest. This love affair begins more dramatically than it ends, for eventually everything winds down in just the way it did before: same causes, same results. In business, assert your personality and you will get your way. But don't take extreme actions or express extreme viewpoints, or else your reputation as a sound thinker and planner will suffer. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 1, 6–8, 15, 25–26.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) This is the beginning of an exciting year for you. Someone you've wanted for a long time is now within your reach, but don't be hasty in grabbing for her; too many people miss the brass ring by lunging at it too soon. Prospects for a thrilling new affair are excellent. In business, you'll do better to study a problem in the round, not just in its (apparent) one dimension; there will be unforeseen facets to evaluate that will call for your best wisdom and experience. Some time spent alone will prove helpful—and that means *alone*. There are mixed auguries for the last ten days: be especially cautious about taking risks in business. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 3, 8–9, 17–18, 21, 23.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) Your sex partner's mood is changing toward you. You must try to remain cheerful, because at the moment there is nothing you can do to improve matters; and there is risk of a setback if you fail to stay cool and show that even temper that Librans are famous for. After January 20 the high tide of provocation will pass, and there will be smoother sailing. A new romantic interest will enter your life, but you *must* let her know how you feel. Be bold and aggressive. When you reveal the true fervency of your desire, her response will surprise you. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 1–2, 15, 19–20, 26, 30.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You need a better way to communicate with someone close to you, for thus far she thinks that you don't share her interests and convictions. An encounter with someone you knew last year will have an unlooked-for result. Dangerous emotional riptides are at work, and if you act recklessly, no one can predict what will happen. Encouragement comes from someone who offers an exciting challenge, possibly a real adventure. And at its end, light will be shed on a mystery concerning someone you care about. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 5, 13–15, 21–22, 31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) You continue working over or on a creative scheme that you hit upon last year. This has real possibilities if you curb extravagance. Use your best judgment and express yourself fully in working out this venture, and you will be certain of success. Between January 10 and 20 some misinformation causes a problem in an intimate relationship. Time spent in quiet reflection will help you to get your head straight. With typical Sagittarian generosity, you should admit a mistake and start over again. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 6–7, 15, 17, 24–25, 29.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) You've been working hard to overcome a sexual problem and will now begin making real progress. Mars enters your sign on January 2, and, given renewed energy, you will easily resolve the problem. A fascinating woman you met (probably right after New Year's) would like very much to know you better. Don't be frustrated by your instinctive timidity, for it's important for you to allow your passions full rein. The outcome of this relationship will be meaningful to your future during the next few years. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 2, 8–9, 17–19, 26–27.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) A delightful amour begins for you with a kindred soul. You want to see more and more of each other. Her appearance at this time is fortunate, for it is almost the start of your birthday month—and you are still licking your wounds from a previous disappointment. In business, between January 8 and 16, you take on more duties and responsibilities but aren't sure the financial reward is worth it. Don't worry; there are excellent chances for money and recognition. You can afford to be aggressive throughout this month. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 1, 11–12, 19–23, 30.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) Improvement in your general health and appearance is helpful to you in your love life. You have a lot going for you in the sexual area, and a new pet has some very interesting, though kinky, new ideas. This is a favorable time for achievement in a career matter. Several plans are now ripe for being dusted off and put into action. A V.I.P. who is envious of you tries to use something against you in a vindictive way. Be cautious. *Sexually Potent Days:* January 4–5, 10, 16, 27–29. ☐

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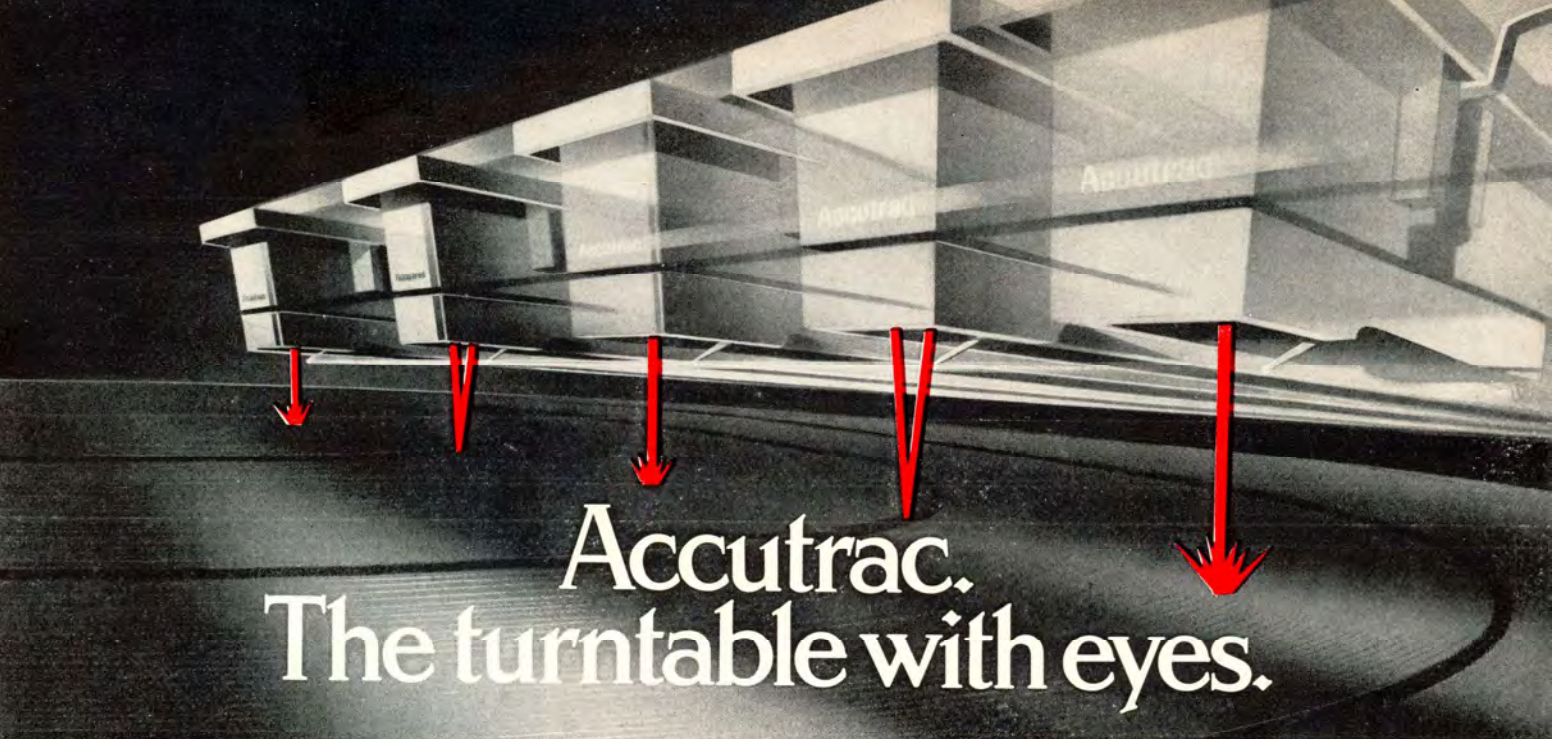
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

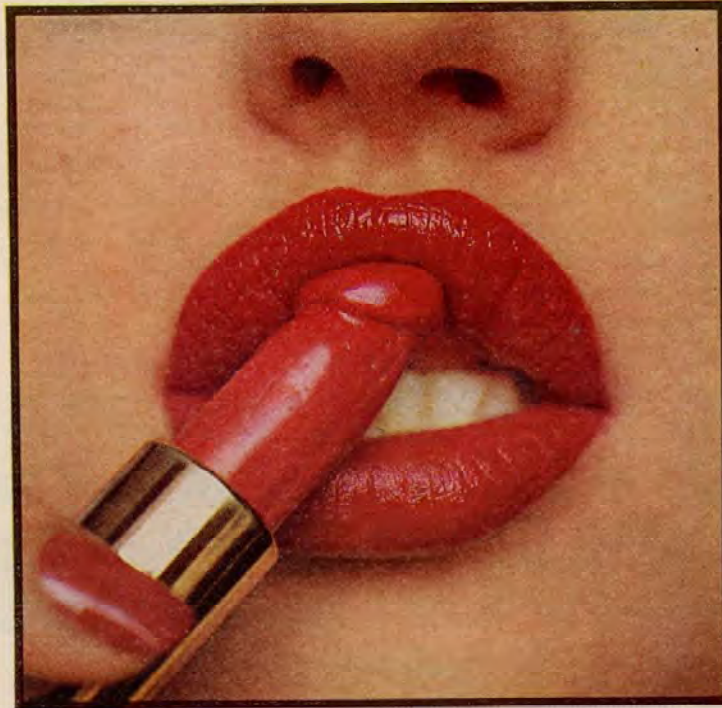
My wife and I are very fond of our neighbors, Delores and Tom. About a month after they moved to our neighborhood, it became apparent to us that something was not quite right with their marriage. Delores seemed very high-strung and nervous, while her husband was somewhat despondent. One day, as we were chatting, I asked Tom if he ever thought they could live happily together without a good sex life. He sadly shook his head and said that that was one of their major problems. I then asked him if he'd considered any kind of marriage counseling. He said that they'd gone to two such therapists, but that nothing seemed to work. He confessed that he was now impotent.

Shortly after my conversation with Tom, Delores told my wife that she had an insatiable sex drive and often masturbated with a vibrator. After my wife's conversation with Delores, she could talk about nothing but "poor Delores." It finally got to the point where I couldn't stand to hear about this woman anymore, and so I blurted out, "Well, what the hell do you want me to do? Go over there and fuck her myself so that she can have some good sex?"

My wife paused, thought for a moment, and then said, "I don't believe that Delores would ever play around behind Tom's back. But why don't you give it a try? It might save her sanity."

I couldn't believe it! My own wife was saying that I could screw some other woman. I asked her if she'd discussed this with Delores. Her reply: "Not exactly." It seemed, from what my wife said, that Delores and her husband had seriously discussed the probability of her seeking some kind of male companionship for sexual purposes.

When the four of us spent an evening together at their house a



few days later, I could immediately see that Delores and Tom were not in the cheeriest mood. I even asked if they wanted to call the evening off. But Delores pleaded with me to stay, and the conversation soon got around to the possibility of my sleeping with Delores. Actually, it was Tom who made the suggestion. He said his wife needed some kind of sexual release and that she needed more than just her vibrator. Tom wanted Delores to be happy, but he didn't want her screwing around with just any guy. He asked me if I'd perform these services.

I swallowed hard, and then my wife spoke: "It's okay with me, really. This is serious business. It's their marriage, and I understand. I just pray to God that this will never happen to us, because I

know how difficult this has been for Tom and Delores."

With that, I told Tom and Delores that I understood the delicacy of their problem. I said, however, that I could not perform these services if everyone in the room did not support the idea 100 percent. My wife squeezed my hand and said, "Please do it." Tom spoke, saying that if I didn't do it, someone they didn't really want would have to perform these sexual duties. Finally, Delores walked over to me, sat on my knee, and kissed me long and hard. She then whispered in my ear that she was getting a "giant sexual rush." She kissed me again, took me by the hand, and escorted me to their bedroom.

What happened then was very relaxed and natural, I must say. I undressed her sexy body as she kept hugging me and kissing me. When her bra came off, she lay back on the bed, and I furiously kissed her fine breasts and nipples for about ten minutes, during which time I fingered her pussy. Then she got such a rush! She pushed me back, got on top of me, and rode me like I was a horse.

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with her sloshy pussy moving crazily against my hard cock. We came together.

We stayed in bed for a few more minutes and then showered, dressed, and returned to our spouses. Both my wife and Tom were eager to hear about our first session together. Delores proclaimed that it was truly beautiful, that it was "just what the doctor ordered." My wife smiled in appreciative pride.

Delores and I now have an understanding that whenever she really needs it, I'll try my best to get her off that hot tin roof.

Xavier, now I would like to relate three incidents which have occurred as a result of our relationship:

While "doubling" once at a drive-in movie, Delores got the hots for action with me and spelled out what she wanted. Her husband and I exchanged seats so that Delores and I could fuck in the back.

While shopping together as a trio—Delores, my wife, and me—Delores got such a case of the hots that she paid for a motel room so we could screw right there. My wife took a cab home.

Finally, on a recent picnic, Delores got the urge, rolled her tongue over her lips, and said, "I'd just love to suck that cock of yours." In seconds my fly was open, my pants were down, and her mouth was chomping on my cock. In no time I shot my wad of sperm into her mouth. After that, she said that I owed her one. I asked if she wanted to get fucked. She said, "No. I want

you to eat my pussy."

I guess some people might disapprove of our on-loan—and on-approval—type of relationship. I'm just thankful that I can be of help to someone in need. I'm just a friend.—T.J.

You've been a good boy scout, I must say. I have no idea how long you intend to exercise your saviorlike talents, but I sincerely hope that some day soon Tom will recuperate from his sexual depression. After all, what are the four of you doing to help him achieve a good sexual release? Doesn't he want to service his own wife? Instead of just thinking about Delores, maybe you all ought to see that Tom gets some good professional help. I can't imagine that their marriage will improve all that much if he remains just an impotent spectator.

THE COCKTEASER EXPOSED

I live on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. I'm a twenty-seven-year-old female, and I love to sunbathe in the nude. I'm also a confirmed cockteaser. Don't get me wrong! I go to bed with many males, but I think nothing is more fun than cockteasing. I'd like some useful hints from you, plus a few questions answered.

First of all, I've devised many ways to cocktease men. I'll briefly describe a few.

I'm very well endowed; my nipples are very large, and the area around the nipple is very dark—larger than the circumfer-

ence of your average coffee cup. I love to wear see-through blouses, with no bra. When I walk on the street, I drive the men crazy. I also have a really hairy bush, and I never even trim it. It's just a mass of black hair. The men get quite a gander at it when I wear short skirts.

I own a few pairs of crotchless panties, which I wear when I put on a short skirt. I just love to pull into a gas station, hike my skirt up, and give the attendant the thrill of his life. When I'm shopping, I sometimes wear a supershort skirt, with no panties. Whenever I walk up some stairs, I always make sure that there's a man or men behind me. Of course, they get a good shot of my pussy when I bend down. And believe me, I don't have to bend over that far for them to see my good bush.

One day, as I was shopping, I noticed this man following me. I was wearing a short, black miniskirt and a see-through blouse. Of course, I made sure that he got a good show. I went into a shoe store, and he followed me in. I took a seat, and he sat down directly across from me. I made damn sure he got some good beaver shots. Well, this guy was going crazy. When he stood up, you could see the bulge in his pants, and I must say I was turned on, too. I then left the store and went to my car. Still he followed me, and so I got brave: I gave him another good show, when I bent over to put my packages in the trunk. He was standing pretty near to me; so I made the

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It has 3 motors, dual process Dolby® remote control (optional) and as many switches and features as cassette decks costing a lot more. Plus something brand new—an electrically operated control panel cover. Just so you can impress people.

Plug in our GXC-570D and you'll know you're playing with a loaded deck. That's the strength of the Akai line. Quality. Performance. Loaded. From top to bottom.

After all, nobody should be playing with half a deck.

AKAI
COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai cassette decks from \$199.95 to \$800.00 suggested retail value. ®Trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc. Akai America Ltd., 2139 East Del Amo Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

first move. After I got inside and started the engine, I asked him if he had the time. At the same moment, I put my foot on the gas pedal and flooded the carburetor. I then tried to start the car, which, of course, wouldn't start. I asked the man for help as I hiked up my skirt. He came up to the window, and when he saw my hairy bush, his jaw dropped. He immediately struck up a conversation—all the time eyeing my tits and cunt. All of a sudden, I came out with, "Would you like to ball?" Well, that guy was all over me. We got in the backseat. I mounted him, and we fucked till we were both too tired to fuck anymore. Nowadays I meet this same guy quite frequently. As it turns out, he's a photographer, and I even pose for him.

What other ways do I have of cockteasing? I must confess the following method is one of my favorites:

I love to sunbathe in the nude, and it's not hard to find a place where I can be alone. But there are always those men who just look for people like me. Well, one day I donned a string bikini and headed to the beach. I found a very secluded spot and lay down. I then took off both the top and bottom of my swimsuit. Lo, it wasn't long before I noticed this man sneaking around to get a free look. And so I figured I'd give him a show he wouldn't ever forget. I put on my mirror sunglasses so that he couldn't see my eyes. Still, he kept coming closer and closer. As he was standing about ten feet away from me, I noticed that he was taking pictures of me. I immediately lifted up my legs and opened them wide. This guy had a bulge in his pants that looked mighty tempting.

I let him snap away for over thirty minutes. Every second he was coming closer and closer—I believe he thought I was asleep. I then started to move, attempting to make him think that I was waking up. He then retreated to the bushes. I sat up and looked around and saw no one. Immediately I took out this twelve-inch vibrator and started fucking myself. All of a sudden I looked up, and there he was. He said, "Do you need any help?"

Well, at that I reached up and grabbed his prick right through the leg opening in his cut-off jeans. That guy came down on me like a streak of lightning, and we spent the rest of the day fucking and sucking.

Now for a few questions:

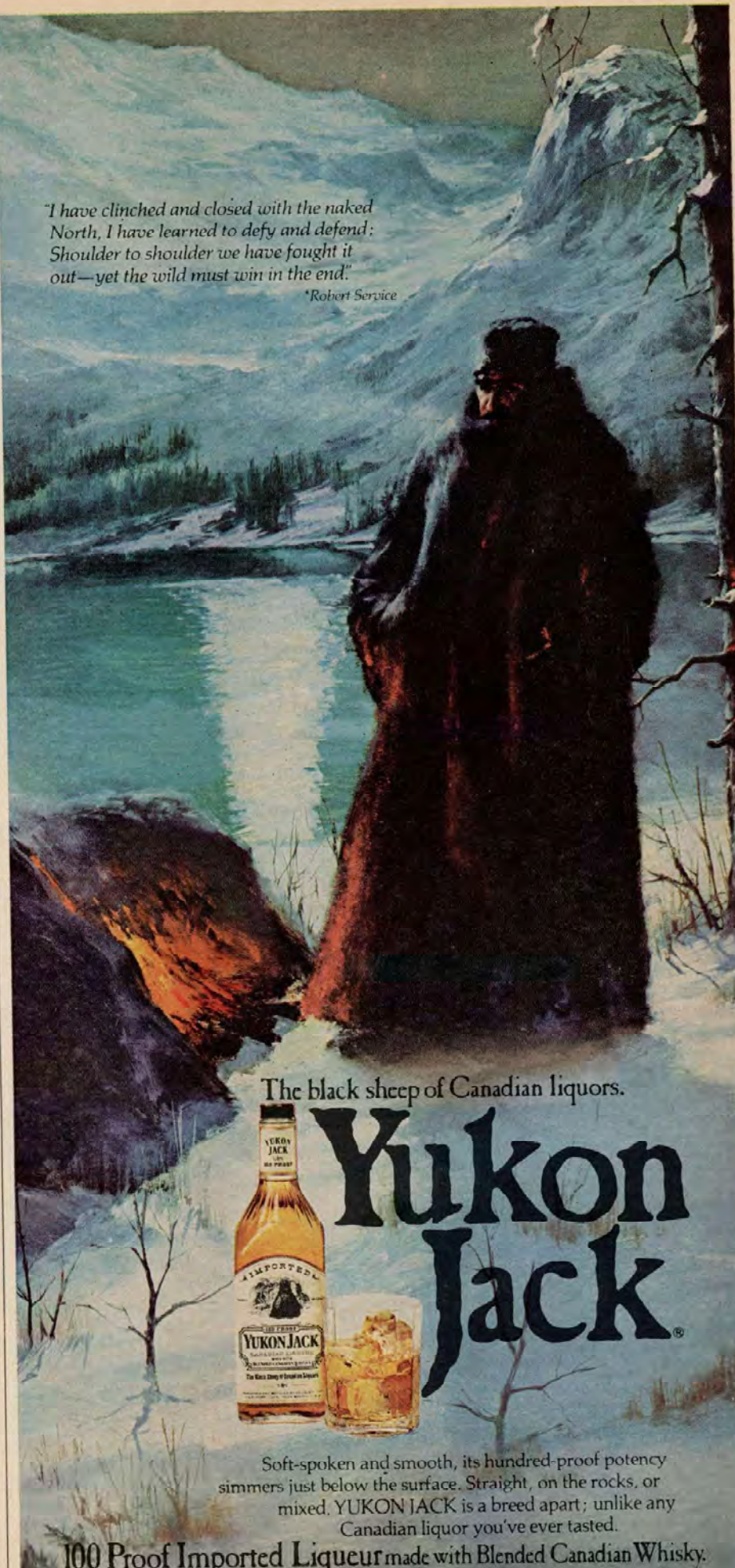
Xaviera, have you ever been a cockteaser? If so, maybe you could give me a few hints or a few ideas on some other ways to be a cockteaser? Also, do you think I'm wrong doing these things? If so, why am I wrong? Is there any book on the market that I could purchase to help me in my cockteasing ways?—C.W.

I don't think you need any more lessons in the cockteasing department. You have the natural instincts of a truly feline seductress. If anything, you ought to write a book yourself on the subject. By the way, how are you in bed? We already know how hot you are on the streets.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

"I have clinched and closed with the naked North, I have learned to defy and defend: Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild must win in the end."

Robert Service



The black sheep of Canadian liquors.



Yukon Jack

Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.

100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

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I hate Moscow. Maybe it's all happening here, but not for you and me. All the best things are occurring behind other people's closed doors: the lavish party-member and KGB dachas in Ostafievo, Morozovka, and Lesnye Dali.

Khrushchev preferred the Zavidova "hunting preserve," and so does Leonid Brezhnev. This classic Sagittarius is usually hunting deer, boar, and other game; driving at high speed his dozen motor cars—Rolls Royce Silver Cloud, Citroën-Maserati, Cadillac Eldorado, Chevrolet (courtesy of Comrade Nixon), Mercedes 450 SLC; chain-smoking Philip Morris Multifilters; and appreciating the ample folklore of folksinger Ludmilla Zykina. When not so occupied, Mister Brezhnev lives quietly with his plump, gray wife, Viktoria Petrovna, and their granddaughter, Galina, occupying a five-room flat in an innocuous, Stalin-esque-Gothic block at Kutuzovsky Prospekt 24, Napoleon's fated route into town. Nearby is

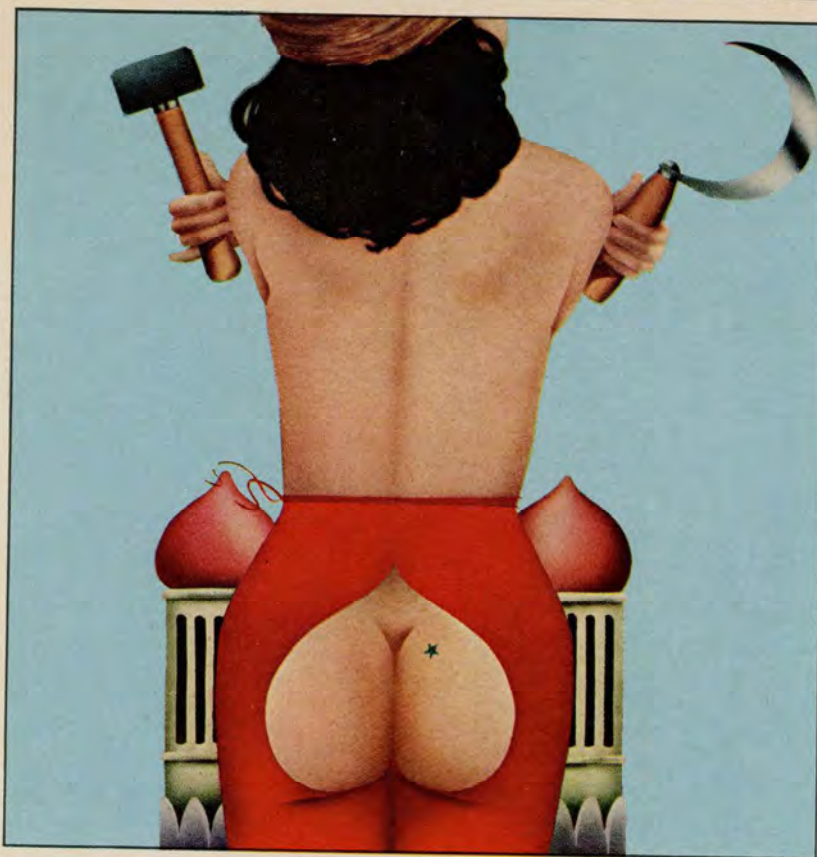
lamppost number thirty-five, which was a favorite marking spot for Col. Oleg Penkovsky (who was certainly one of the more spectacular defectors to the West) before he made his periodic *dubok* ("dead drop") at Pushkin Street 5/6.

If you want to know more about the *chuzhoi* (the agent who spies for money), try the Aragvi Restaurant (Gorki Street 6; 229-37-62), a KGB favorite.

But at Dzerzhinsky Square 2, life is somewhat less relaxed. "*Komitet Gosudarstvennoi Bezopasnosti*" ("Extraordinary Commission Against Counterrevolution and Sabotage," or "Kah Gay Beh") hisses the lettering over the large, white-curtained central glass doors of the massive, gray granite pile, twelve tense minutes' walk from the Kremlin and ten terrifying minutes to walk round. As you face this building, standing in the shadow of Detsky Mir (the largest children's department store in the world, on which site Andrei Chokhov cast the gigantic bronze Czar cannon during the sixteenth century), you are carefully observed by floor-length gray coats, whose occupants, peering from the "traffic control" booth suspended at the corner of Marx Prospekt, are not all traffic cops.

The nine-story newer section of KGB House at your right was built with the full

TRAVEL



LUSTY GUIDE TO MOSCOW

cooperation of German expatriates, shortly after World War II. The adjoining old section, to your left, once housed the Czarist All-Russian Insurance Company and now includes the well-known Lubyanka Prison: 111 cells, two of which, numbers fifty-three and sixty-seven, were once occupied by Mr. Solzhenitsyn.

Lubyanka's female guests occupy the second floor; personnel and offices are on the third; males are on the fourth and fifth floors, which latter floor includes an eighteen-foot concrete wall on its exercise roof so that the strollers won't leap into the already congested maze of nine streets running into Dzerzhinsky Square. The flies, roaches, and spiders crawling in dismal profusion on the walls of the persuasion cellar and the dark-as-a-pocket first-floor reception "boxes" have seen thousands brought in for interrogation and dispatched to the euthanasia chambers.

As you proceed past the barred windows along Dzerzhinsky Street and round the corner into Furkasovsky at the rear of the KGB-Lubyanka complex, you notice the posh Zil limousines gliding out the courtyard motor-pool entrance and the wire-screened Black Marias roaring

in—and the anonymous ones that are labeled simply "Bread" or "Meat" ("Bones," would be more accurate, said Solzhenitsyn, and one may ask why not "Pious Folk," "Non-conformists," "Jews"?).

This has always been a rather nasty piece of real estate. Your Intourist guide might tell of the unfortunate Vereshchagin, who was torn to shreds in Furkasovsky in 1812, and surely of the infamous Darya Saltychika (1730–1801), a lady who slaughtered her serfs wholesale in Bolshaya Lubyanka. In fact, the Intourist girls will tell you all about all the buildings—all but number two—as the tour bus circles around Dzerzhinsky Square. Better to discuss the happy newlyweds you've just photographed as they paid the *de-rigueur* morning visit to Lenin's Tomb prior to climbing into bile-green taxis with huge baby dolls strapped on as less-than-subtle hood ornaments. As for that other place, every Intourist guide reports daily to the fourth section of the seventh department of

the second chief directorate of the KGB.

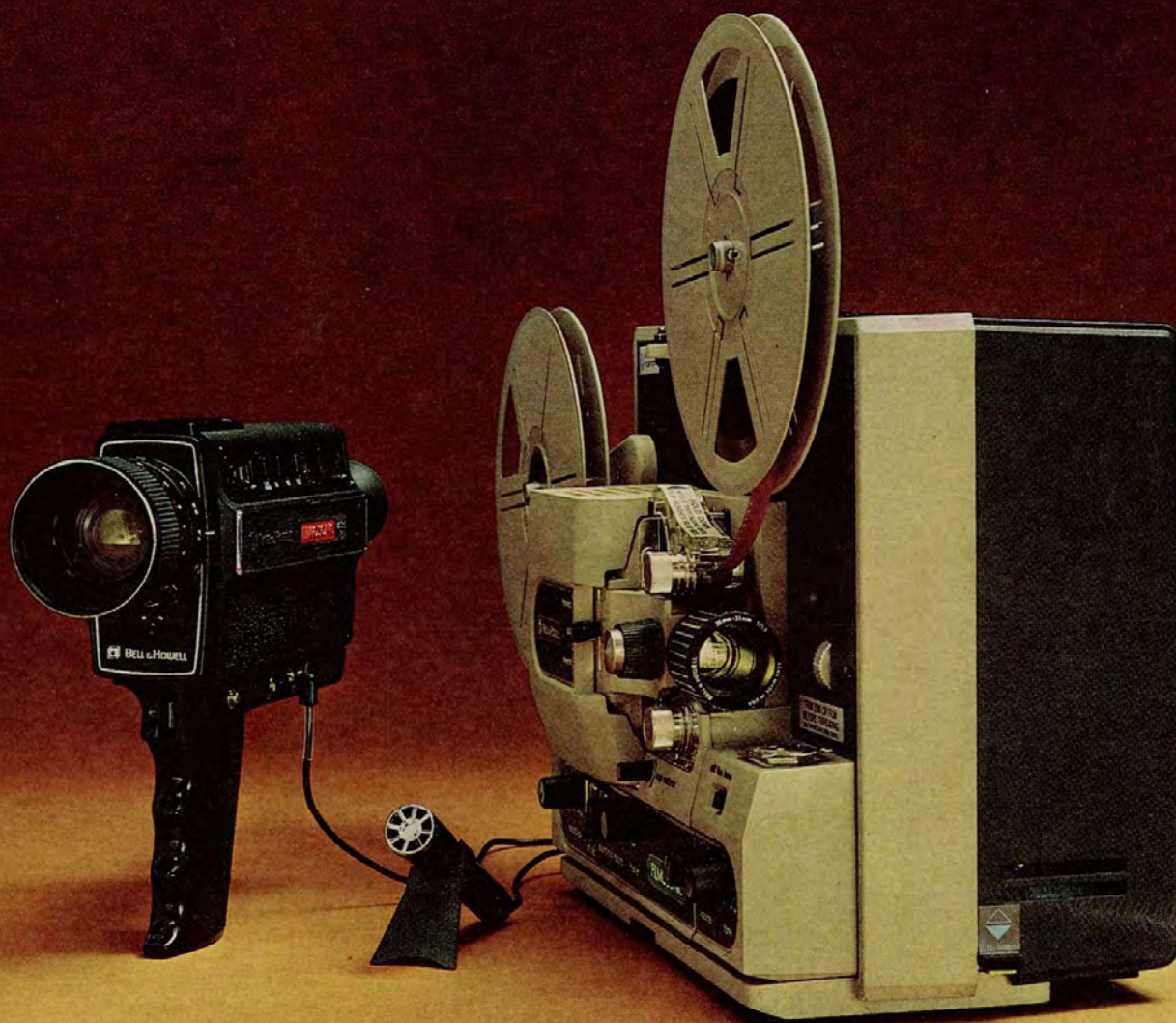
As you return to Dzerzhinsky Square along Kirov Street, the eastern boundary of KGB House, to your left is the domicile where the brilliant and tragic poet Mayakovsky was driven to suicide by Stalin in 1930, Avenue Serov 3. But Ivan Aleksandrovich Serov is no more honored here than he was by the British on his last visit to London. This Beria aide and KGB boss (1954–58) helped the then Budapest Ambassador Andropov crush the 1956 Hungarian Revolution but was dismissed after the extremely embarrassing Penkovsky defection. Ivan Serov still lives at Granovskiy Street 3—second entrance, flat seventy-one—a very important building on our itinerary, so loaded is it with Politburo members and other big shots.

Serov also retains a lovely Chekhovian log dacha in Kurkino-Mashkino, fourteen and one-half miles out of town. Here, and at Ananyevskiy Lane 2 (a typical "swallow's nest"), he staged the sexual subornation of Charles de Gaulle's ambassador, Maurice Dejean, and his wife, Marie-Claire, in 1958. Serov also used the Praga Restaurant (Arbat 2; 290-62-00; the *osetrina*, or sturgeon, is dandy in aspic, and *Tort Praga*, a *Sacher torte* ripoff, are house specialties). The KGB "swallow" baits in the Dejean case, Yuri Krotkov (suave intellectual

BY ALAN H. MANKOFF

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each Filmosonic projector is a free sound demonstration film.

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BELL & HOWELL

and intimate of the Boris Pasternak family) and actress Larissa or "Lora" Kronberg-Sobolevskaya (a gorgeous *Girl from Petrovka* prototype) were later rewarded with banquets at the previously noted Aragvi Restaurant and in the Metropole Hotel (Marx Prospekt 1; 228-40-60).

Strong spirits of every variety can also be had at the KGB Club, Dzerzhinsky Square 12, along with the best fresh fruits and vegetables, the finest pale gray Beluga caviar, and the somewhat smaller Sevruga and Osetrina at "to clear" prices, but only if one carries the special Red KGB identity card. You can get smashed on real Scotch whiskey and the Ukrainian *Goralka* vodka, the latter so strong that it should be diluted with *Stolichnaia*, for about one ruble per bottle. A ruble theoretically equals about \$1.54, but one can get up to three rubles per dollar at black-market rendezvous like the Sverdlov Square Metro Station and the pathetic refuse dump that doubles as a football field opposite the Moscow Choral Synagogue, Arkhipova 8. Avoid all money changers (many are police plants), or you may end up dining at Dzerzhinsky 2—but not in the excellent basement and eighth-floor staff restaurants, where there are yet more bargains for card-carrying budgeteers.

Other lusty Moscow attractions include the new Lefortova interrogation center and KGB remand prisons, Lefortovskaya and Pochtovaya; the metro stop is Baumanskaya. And close by is the Aero- and Hydrody-

namics Institute, rather secret but not to the next-door prisoners, even the strongest of whom go a bit bonkers because of the unrelenting roar of the wind tunnel.

But that's really KGB Col.-Dr. Daniil R. Lunts's department. As head of the political department of the Serbsky Institute of Forensic Psychiatry, the sixty-five-year-old huckster psychiatrist pioneers against the dreaded disease of nonconformity.

All the latest tranquilizers are used: chlorpromazine (known in the U.S.S.R. as aminazine), haloperidol, resperidine, and sulfazine. The latter, a Molotov cocktail of purest sulfur suspended in peach oil, is the only one for which Western shrinks have found no use—yet. Extraordinary fevers, amazing blood-pressure rises, curious abscesses, and fantastic physical pain are regularly achieved by means of simple muscular injections. Paranoia is treated by means of the "Mummy Method," that is, by wrapping the patient in wet, quick-drying, and thus contracting canvas. The "pathological characteristics" of "hypersensitivity" are studied by another method: the patient stands naked before Dr. Lunts as he flickers pins into her breasts (curiously, this disease is rarely diagnosed in males).

More treatment can be experienced at the Kaschenko Main Psychiatric Hospital's "Special Department for Special Offenders" in Zagorodnoye, just off the Rostov-Crimea highway. Choose the Akademicevskaya Metro, and you can savor the

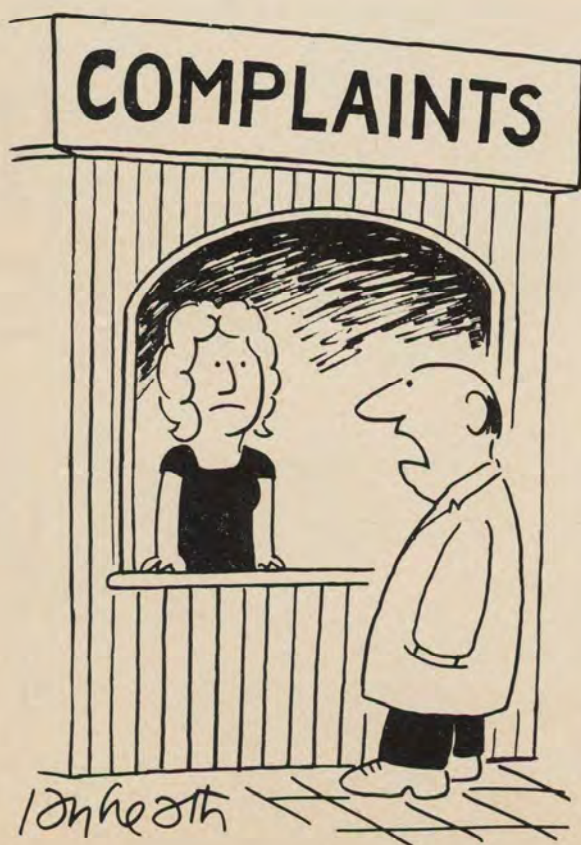
schizophrenic shashlik of Teplyi Stan ("Warm Field Camp") Restaurant, Novocheremushkinskaya 10; 126-13-50. Intourist may have you certified and committed for dining here, but one can sometimes order a great deal more than food and drink from the telephones at each table. (The Russians, unlike the French, usually mix their pleasures and sometimes cannot tell one from another.)

Moscow taxis are also mixed pleasures. The meter drops at ten kopecks. To further rouse your wrath, the drivers never have change, aren't much interested in foreign currency, and are impossible to find when you want them. By law, no Soviet citizens, except officials, can stay in a hotel in their own town; so taxis become more profitable as bedrooms on wheels for fornicating couples, rolling whorehouses, and illegal vodka bars (and distilleries!), especially in colder months. As far as tipping is concerned, even the Russian word for it is rude: *nachai*, "for tea." Ruder still is *na vodku*, "for vodka." By and large driving a cab in Moscow is a sullen or profane piece of work (try to imagine a New York cabby who works for the KGB).

Between the Lenin Central Stadium (Europe's largest, with a capacity of 103,000) and the Moscow River Embankment, and beyond Novodevichy, the sprawling Luzhniki Market and Fair provides a swampy haven for Moscow's blowsy underbelly of blind cat burglars, impotent pimps, mute con men, one-armed pickpockets, failed whores, incorrigible (which is saying a great deal in Russia) alcoholics, and nightmarish homosexuals. As in many Western capitals, the police tolerate this mixed-up bag of tricks in a special area, because the more concentrated the action is, the easier it is to control.

In colder months the mob moves to the market next to the circus in Svetnoi Boulevard and to the foot of the 1535 Kitai-Gorod Wall near the Metropole Hotel. And something interesting is often happening in and around the Sauna at the Metro Station Autovodskaya, on a weird and remote south Moscow sandbar formed by the horseshoe bend of the Moscow River. Until the 1920s this was a wasteland of crude shanties and quicksandlike mud known as Sukino-Boloto—"Bitch's Bog." Now it is loaded with strategic dynamo and auto plants. I was told that one could buy a woman for less than the buzzards sold at the awful bird market in the somewhat proximate Nishegorodskaya. And if you've found no action by this time, it's probably all been rounded up behind the ten-foot iron fence of Petrovka 38, Moscow Criminal Police headquarters.

Central Moscow is not exactly jumping. You can be sure that any native women who approach you in the late-night, hard-currency bars of the Metropole or Intourist Hotels (and in the far more interesting daytime cafés and those on lower Gorki Street) are either KGB-controlled or desperate—and thus perhaps dis-



"Your tits are too small"

eased—or very drunk or crazy. (And be especially wary of females who phone your room and coo “wrong number.” They are wrong numbers.) Or, perhaps, they are simply curious and courageous, for Soviet citizens run a risk in even speaking to a foreigner. At the least they’ll be asked to make a full report. And 7 million civilians have been recruited as “volunteer police”—the *druzhiniki*.

The park by the Metro Station at Arbat Square may induce a tear if you’ve read *Dr. Zhivago*, and the always-crowded pedestrian underpass at the bottom of Gorki Street is perhaps the very best place for pinching a Soviet bottom or catching an interesting eye. But you just might catch the clap from the scrofulous whores of Young Communist Square. Prices are chalked on the soles of their paper-lined shoes as they *schnorr* (five to ten rubles) and snore in the cavernous waiting rooms of Komsomolskaya’s three railway stations—Kazan, Leningrad, and Yaroslav (for Siberia and Peking). What the women use in order to bribe the guards is one of the great questions of modern Marxism, for everyone is supposed to have a ticket.

On Saturday nights trendy couples line up for the 23:55 “Love Train,” which is otherwise known as the Red Arrow Express. They trip on mushrooms (a national obsession), ginseng pickled in 90 percent alcohol (sold in pharmacies along with hundreds of obscure grasses and herbs), and maxiskirts, even though *Literaturnaya Gazeta* often admonishes against Western styles with stories of young men who get their long hair caught in the spinning shafts of lathes. The pride of Russia’s rails arrives in Leningrad at 8:25 the next morning and costs about sixteen dollars for one first-class sleeper and an extra fiver *na* Georgian cognac, which will ensure that the couple’s compartment is otherwise unoccupied. (Try a “*Nikolasha*” as the train pulls out: cognac with lemon slices dipped in sugar; it is sweet on the outside and sour on the inside, just like “Little Nicholas,” Russia’s last czar.) Although some couples prefer company, others have no choice. “Choirs” are as much a way of modern Soviet life as are taxi trysts, the hourly renting of a friend’s rare bachelor pad, and the cabins and decks of Moscow and Boska River cruise ships. Considering the awful Moscow housing shortage, group-sex choirs are more of a necessity than a pleasure. Deadly earnest, like-minded couples and some anxious singles often rendezvous at Intourist’s Arbat Restaurant-Nightclub (Kalinina 29; 291-14-03), if only for the anonymity afforded by the 2,000 diners and dancers, among them Moscow’s “New Class” elite and their apparatchicks. Even the KGB has trouble patrolling this madhouse; and unless you *and* they have firm reservations (the Intourist desk at your hotel or Main Office, Gorki Street 1; 203-00-96), none of you may get past the immutable *shveitsar*, who guards the entrance like a petrified czar—especially when it’s bitter cold; thus all of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

You’ve earned your stripe



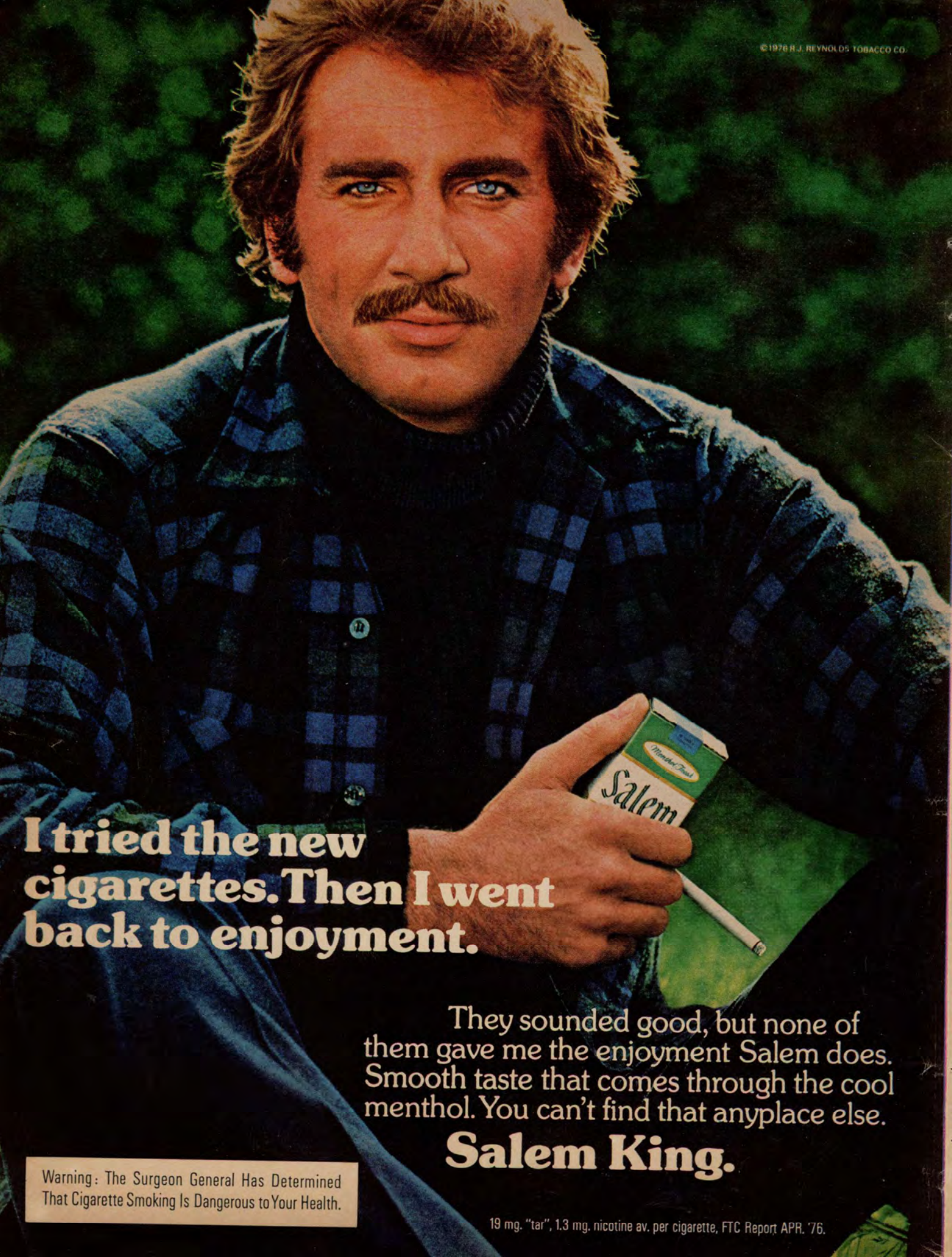
...because last night you took your wife outside and had a snowball fight. And you made her giggle like you used to.

...if you’re more concerned with your automobile’s MPG (miles per gallon) than its MPH (miles per hour).

...for admitting that the sports page is where you start your morning reading.

...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.





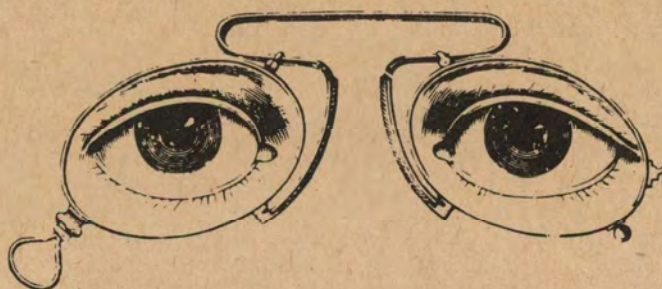
**I tried the new
cigarettes. Then I went
back to enjoyment.**

They sounded good, but none of
them gave me the enjoyment Salem does.
Smooth taste that comes through the cool
menthol. You can't find that anyplace else.

Salem King.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE ULTIMATE PARTY CRASHER'S GUIDE

Like an unexpected kidney punch, the holiday season has sneaked up on us again, dragging with it the endless rounds of parties—office Christmas parties, house parties, New Year's Eve parties, football bowl-game parties, divorce parties . . . parties until our cup of Alka-Seltzer runneth over. Most parties are numbingly boring, which perhaps explains the high rate of suicide during the holidays. Not that there aren't some truly terrific parties, but most people know nothing about them or how to behave themselves among the glittering beautiful people, if they are lucky enough to crash. So, as a public service, here is a list of galas worth crashing and some tips on party etiquette.

The Margaret Sanger Society is throwing a ball for Susan Ford and the eighteen guys she never had an affair with.

Nelson Rockefeller (see illustration) will diddle around a bit at a giant bash hosted by the 70 percent of American women who reach climax only through clitoral stimulation.

Bah Bwa Walters has chartered the *Queen Elizabeth II*, on which she will host a pawty for her colleagues Hawwy Weasoner, Walter Cwonkite, and David Bwinkley. Bah Bwa plans to depart the ship by helicopter shortly before it reaches its destination—the Bermuda Twiangle.

Rabbi Baruch Korff has used his influence—and several hundred thousand dollars—to persuade the B'nai B'rith to honor Richard Nixon at a Chanukah party. In some off-the-cuff and off-the-record remarks, Nixon will report that "I am not a hebe." The Nixon remarks are expected to be leaked to the press—in order to protect national security—by John Dean.

Henry Kissinger will be partying alone in Cambridge. When he returned recently to Harvard as a professor of political science, he was denied tenure because it had been learned that, as an undergraduate there, Henry permitted Teddy Kennedy to take—and pass—his swimming test. So Henry will spend the holidays stroking himself to tenure.

Muhammad Ali will be feted by the Nation of Islam for single-handedly doubling the nation's population. When Ali declared

that he was retiring, the statement was greeted with giggles by twenty noticeably gravid daughters of Islam.

In Memphis, Linda Lovelace will be feted as Miss State's Evidence. To show her appreciation, Linda intends to perform fellatio on Tennessee.

Time and *Newsweek* magazines plan a joint gala for their Man of the Year, Bruce Springsteen. The guest of honor nearly was a no-show, but a crack team of investigative reporters from both newsweeklies finally located Springsteen in Hot Coffee, Miss., where the erstwhile rock wunderkind was pumping gas and humming Rod McKuen's hit tunes. "*Time* and *Newsweek* made me what I am today," Springsteen sighed off-key. Backward ran the career until reeled the mind.

Now that you know which parties to crash, here are some helpful hints on how to behave.

This year many cheapskate hosts have laid in batches of cut-rate swine flu serum, which they intend to serve instead of holiday punches. If you are offered a goblet of such swill, look your host square in the eye and tell him that the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare has announced that swine flu is safe only for persons who have been dead a minimum of three months.

If you are lucky enough to receive an invitation to the season's hottest affair—Israel's surprise party for Idi Amin at Entebbe airfield—be prepared to do a little work. After the party, the Israelis plan to free Uganda's 40,000 political prisoners, but as a gesture of friendship the Israelis will leave behind Earl Butz, 40,000 pairs of loose shoes, and 5,000 privy heaters.

If you attend a party whose hostess is a woman whom you have looked upon with lust, a woman with whom you have committed adultery in your heart many times, get the woman to the nearest bedroom as quickly as possible. Confining adultery to the heart is an early warning signal of peanut mentality. Worse, the American Medical Association has recently concluded that unrequited lust causes such abominable conditions as heartburn, boils, rickets, scabies, and marriage.—
Arthur Cooper





SCENES



DIFFERENT STROKES

Do you have your own private sex fantasy that up to now has oppressed or exalted you? Does your sexual feast truly invite only when you are frolicking with your mate illicitly in a boxcar of kidney beans freshly plucked by fourteen-year-old Mexican virgins? Is the hair, the nostril, or the kneecap of your mate more compelling than the penis and vagina of song, legend, and conventionality?"

With this rather bizarre *Penthouse* ad (January 1974), The Project started its in-depth sex-research program among the "sexually otherwise." This is that ashamed and hidden minority of men (and women) who favor submission, domination, or fetishism, instead of the so-called normal fixation on your basic wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am individual. The Project received more than 1,000 responses to its *Penthouse* ad, and the letters clearly indicated there were many men who craved submission to a woman and lesser numbers who fancied assorted fetishes ("I can't make it unless she wears black stockings and a rubber raincoat") or domination of their sex partners.

The Project's founders, nationally syndicated radio broadcaster Barry Farber, actress-researcher Leil Lowndes, and actor-director Chip Durgom, snatched the fantasy erotics of the sexually otherwise out of the closet and thrust them onto a stage—at an Off-Off-

Broadway loft theater (127A Grand Street) in Manhattan's SoHo arts community. There, twice a week, amid soft lights, floor-cushion seating, low tables, and throaty German chanteuses' mood music, the Project stages its fully scripted and costumed sketches in a revue, *Another Way to Love*.

The Project's players and audiences aren't much interested in the missionary position or even in *soixante-neuf*. Instead, *Another Way to Love* concentrates on humiliation, submission, domination, transvestism, spankings, black-leather bondage—even women tickling each other to death in "dueling" for a desirable man.

"We're dealing with a subject that most people think is the most decadent, the most perverted forms of sexuality," Leil Lowndes, the leggy, blonde actress, admits. But even those who get their thrills from a loving karate chop to the neck have their pride. "We don't like to use the term S. and M." Chip Durgom, the muscular, bearded actor-director, says defensively. "That's offensive. That's like using the word *nigger*. Instead, we'd like it to be called 'sexually otherwise' or 'kinky sex' or 'sexual variants.' And those who are into it should be called 'sex fantasists.'"

During nearly two years of performances, Leil and Chip's two-person version of *Another Way to Love* has drawn serious sex fantasists to The Project's SoHo loft theater. The dedication of some fantasist ticket-buyers to their interior erotic visions has been such that a separate Thursday-night fantasy workshop theater—for them—has sprung up. Assisted by Chip and Leil, the amateurs act out their own and others' wildest fantasies in a Project theater piece complete with props and costumes.

The Project's workshop performances by fantasy holders are like mind-boggling sexual psychodramas. At one recent Thursday-night show, the proceedings were kicked off by what was billed as Chris's Fantasy: "Boots." It was a vignette dramatizing what every red-blooded American boy wants: to grovel under a beautiful woman's instep, to worship (and polish and buff) at her feet. "Boots" takes place at a shoeshine stand, represented abstractly by the movable, gray-upholstered cubes onstage. As the dominatrix, Leil Lowndes demands that Chris shine her boots, adding suggestively, "There will be a little something extra in it for you if I'm satisfied." Happily, arousedly, Chris licks the strange

woman's boots clean. But she is not to be easily pleased: "Look at that filth in the heel! Now lick it clean!" Chris obliges. (Apparently, shoeshine boys at Grand Central will do *anything* for a tip.) Chris slurps away at the woman's instep until it's clean. In gratitude, the high-booted woman kicks him to the ground. As he lies face down, she walks straight over him, and Chris moans softly—presumably from pleasure, though it could also be from the puncture marks inflicted by her spiked heels into his back.

As the lights go down on "Boots," no one in the audience laughs. Rather, they applaud, and the upholstered scenery cubes are rearranged for another fantasy.

In the audience a handsome young man wearing a Hawaiian print shirt whispers to his companion, "For Chrissakes, let's get out of here!" "No way," she responds. "It costs five bucks, and we're going to stay until the end and get our money's worth." Nobody else seems to want to leave. They still have a cornucopia of kinky scenarios to experience: a man and woman wrestling in "On the Beach"; a black woman being sold to a new master-lover in "The Auction"; and even a juicy extract from the Marquis de Sade's *Justine*, in which Our Hero (*hero?*) can come only when he ties a noose tightly around his neck and listens to his gorgeous virgin captive screaming abuse at him. It seems, all in all, that the sexually otherwise suffer a lot of wear and tear: rope burns, bruises from chains, suffocation from tight black-leather masks, heel marks all over the body. And you thought *you* had a hard time reaching an orgasm?

After each performance of the workshop playlets and of *Another Way to Love*, there's a lengthy question-and-answer session for the audiences. At one particular session, the questions ranged from "Are fantasies addictive?" (answer: no, but they're not curable either) to "What's the strangest fantasy you ever heard of?" The answer to the latter came not from Farber, Durgom, or



Lowndes and Durgom onstage: for the "sexually otherwise."

Lowndes, but from a sympathetic young priest in the audience: "I once counseled this man who wanted to be in the middle of a fruit salad." At this point, even the dead-serious Project audience broke up slightly.

"No, really," the priest insisted. "When this man was a teenager, he worked at a resort, waiting on tables, and he found the ladies who made the fruit salad irresistibly appealing. So when he was an adult, he had a carpenter construct an enormous salad bowl—with tossing forks—and installed it in his living room. His idea of bliss was to lie in the giant salad bowl and have beautiful women throw pieces of fruit at him." Any fruit in particular—say, bananas?

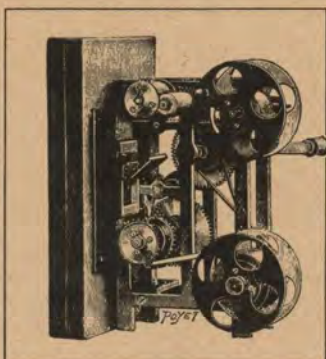
After-theater discussions usually break up into wine tasting and a perusing of the Project's sex-research library. The small talk is unique, too. You overhear remarks like, "Hi, I'm into foot fetishism. Do you like feet, too?" Or a muttered "God, I'm just looking for a good humiliation. It's been so long."

It all only goes to reaffirm the saying, "Different strokes for different folks." But at *The Project* the strokes are more wildly different than most people could ever imagine.—Meridee Merzer



The Project: sex fantasies.

FILMS



CONSUMER COMPLAINTS

When Martin Ritt's *The Front*, a movie about TV-industry blacklisting in the early 1950s, was screened for the critics, it received more praise than anything twice its quality would have been given in the ordinary course of events. The praise wasn't universal, of course, but it was pretty general and highly prestigious. The politics of self-congratulation may have played a part. But even Vincent Canby, the astute *New York Times* reviewer, who has normally been able to see through director Martin Ritt as if he were an empty window frame (which he is), produced some quotable copy on film's feelings and the cleverness of casting comedian Woody Allen as its lead.

Nevertheless, *The Front* is in most respects a dreadful movie. And the presence of Allen—admittedly its only saving performance—results less in a directorial triumph than in an implicit challenge to Ritt, whose liberal pieties in previous films have mostly gone unquestioned. In recent years Martin Ritt has specialized in projects (*The Molly Maguires*, *Souther*) that, while not good in themselves, have worked at making audiences feel good for having seen them. *The Front* continues the practice. The two screenings I saw left part of the audience cheering—and another part squirming—when Woody Allen, in his last line, says, "Go fuck yourselves!" to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

But that stirring declaration is immediately followed by some heavily sarcastic 1950s' nostalgia: Frank Sinatra singing "Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you . . ." on the sound track as the closing credits flash by in the form of an honor roll of the formerly blacklisted. So I'm not at all sure what the audience thought they were applauding. Letting you keep your idealism, and your cynicism, too, is one of the not-so-welcome privileges Ritt's *The Front* means to confer.

Memories of the McCarthy Committee and the House Un-American Activities Committee and the blacklistings and that whole disgraceful, cowardly period in American political history are only beginning to settle. It may be too early to expect much dispassionate insight from the victims. When Charlie Chaplin dealt with the problem in *A King in New York* (1957), the film itself became a casualty of the hysteria. (It only recently opened in America.) But Chaplin made his Communist mouthpiece (his own young son) a raving, preadolescent ideologue, and the character Chaplin played opposed the Un-American Activities Committee not so much with leftist ideology as with comic

art and an innate appreciation of—well—royalty. *The Front* has few ideals and virtually no ideas, though it depends rather shamelessly on its audience's willingness to accept the proposition that because the witch-hunt is evil, those accused of being witches are somehow good. The movie never openly says that. In fact, of a controversial political nature it never says anything—except "Go fuck yourselves!" But it expects us to assume it has said a good deal and to supply the approval it has asked for but never earned.

Actually, there is the germ of a first-rate Woody Allen comedy in *The Front*. The plot premise—how a self-serving schmuck unintentionally stumbles his way into a role of heroic self-sacrifice—has been serving Allen for years, as it served Chaplin and Keaton before him and probably every other comedian since the most ancient Greek comedy as well. So when Howard Prince (Allen) agrees to front for an old school chum (Michael Murphy), now a blacklisted TV writer, he has more to gain than just his 10 percent for putting a name on the title page. He picks up more writers, also blacklisted. He joins a cowardly producer (Herschel Bernardi), wins an idealistic girl friend



The Front: it could have been a good Woody Allen movie.



Allen and Marcovici in *The Front*: cheap shots.

(Andrea Marcovici), and helps a tormented comedian (Zero Mostel), who eventually turns him in to a self-styled investigator of Americanism (Remak Ramsay) in a desperate attempt to clear himself from a Communist connection that, in fact, he never made. Everybody in the cast plays it straight excepting Woody Allen, who plays himself. Properly, that should mean Woody Allen against about two dozen straight men, which would be entertaining odds, except that nobody—perhaps excluding Michael Murphy—seems to understand the comic function of his role. As a result, Woody Allen might as well be in one movie and everybody else in another. The Woody Allen movie is often funny. But the other movie is insistently flat and unfunny, and it keeps subverting the Woody Allen movie and depriving it of laughs and—oddly—of its rightful complexity.

So the scene in which Howard confesses to his sensitive and shinning liberal girl friend that he really isn't a writer but just a front (and a cashier and a part-time bookmaker by profession) loses its humor and its point. The point is that his revelation reveals her as caring less about her man than about what he "does"—just like the husband-hunters Howard meets at the

Catskills resorts (except that they prefer dentists). The moment of truth ("Not a writer... I!"), the rest of the scene, indeed, the entire character, seems made for Diane Keaton, whose shell of soulful superiority can be pierced twenty times an hour without losing its reserve buoyancy. But Andrea Marcovici plays for disillusionment only; and the revelation, which ought to be the most intricate thing in the movie, becomes no more than the explanation of Howard's resolve to prove himself before the Committee the next day.

Even the dialogue seems to come from two different movies, with Woody Allen's one-liners sounding as if they were written by Woody Allen, and the rest of Walter Bernstein's screenplay sounding as if it were written by a computer plugged into a decade of prime-time television drama.

But the real sins of *The Front* are moral sins. There is no proper way of making such a movie without establishing an equation between victim and persecutor, so that there may be some reasonable sense of drama. Chaplin did this to some extent in *A King in New York*. Woody Allen surely could have done it. *The Front*, from behind its moss-grown barricades, settles for cheap shots instead.

Nagisa Oshima's *In the Realm of the Senses* was seized by U.S. Customs before it could play the New York Film Festival last fall; so there may be at least a delay before it opens commercially. The charge was obscenity. Not that Oshima's film offers anything you couldn't see ten times over in American movies, but it happens that a double standard exists between what can be made here and what can be imported. Unintentionally, perhaps it's like the treatment of certain agricultural crops, a kind of government protection for home-grown pornography.

I had seen *In the Realm of the Senses* (*L'Empire des sens* in the original—a French-Japanese co-production) at Cannes, where I disliked it, partly because to get into it you had to risk crucifixion by the hordes of journalists storming the theater doors. But in the calm of New York City, at the same screening where the Customs people were deciding to seize the print, it looked better—not great, but genuinely interesting.

It concerns a young prostitute (Eiko Matsuda) and a married man (Tatsuya Fuji) who seduces her and then is seduced by her into an endless sequence of making love. The girl is insatiable. The fucking is obsessional, or at least nonstop, until she strangles her lover—with his approval—in a bid for an ultimate orgasm. Then she castrates him, as if to keep a trophy of their love. This last part is true; it actually happened in the 1930s in Japan. The rest is essentially Oshima's invention—or, if you will, his meditation—on the act of making love.

The man and the woman grow tired and a bit disheveled (not much time for cleaning up), but they never lose their powers. Indeed, right up to the instant of his death, the man never even loses his good humor. So the act itself, staged in relatively few settings and with very few secondary events or characters, achieves a concentration that sets it apart somewhat from the limitations of perspective that plague most hard-core films. Oshima's movie is

by no means unerotic (Eiko Matsuda is an uncommonly beautiful girl), but it is clearly as aware of its people as of what they are doing.

That seems to be the most interesting aspect of *In the Realm of the Senses*: the success in matching sex with a dramatic context—although a minimal one—that neither manipulates nor condescends to its material. Most fancy sex films fail through their pretentious solemnity. But Oshima's movie, which from the beginning leaves no doubt as to where it is going, understands that simple sex is primary, and it wastes no time on, for example, sado-masochistic mumbo-jumbo. This makes for an uncluttered modesty that is, as everywhere else in life, a solid virtue in hard-core porn.

Nagisa Oshima has said that his film deals with the girl's uncommon (to put it mildly) possessiveness. But I think it deals more with her uncommon sex appetite, which, because of her partner's uncommon capacity, poses no threat. To choose only to make love is, I guess, to choose your doom. But in the close and very special universe of *In the Realm of the Senses*, such a choice has logic and even a certain passionate lucidity.—Roger Greenspun



In the Realm of the Senses.

WORDS



THE MONEY BOOKS

Joe Louis, the gentle Las Vegas greeter and former heavyweight boxing champion, offered the definitive comment: "Money is good for the nerves." Paul the Apostle had weighed in somewhat earlier with his own harsh judgment. Love of the stuff is, in his Testament, the root of all evil.

Half the wisdom of mankind is strung out somewhere between those polar opinions. Money is not, as it happens, a very interesting subject by itself; nor, when you come right down to it, is there that much to be said on the subject. Buy cheap and sell dear. A fool and his scratch are soon parted. The rich are different from the poorer you and me . . .

If that is not the entire canon of man's knowledge regarding wampum, it at least covers the main points.

Any treatise dealing exclusively with money is certain to be deadly boring, as can be demonstrated by the biography of almost any genuinely single-minded acquirer, or by some of the books that we'll get around to presently.

But money is the most powerful of condiments. Mix it with any other subject matter—politics, crime, sex, what have you—and the stuff works alchemical miracles. Nothing is so boring as a rich man. On the other hand, almost nothing is so interesting as a rich man hell-bent on perversity or revenge or the acquisition of a legislature.

Current books about money can be divided along the line I have just sketched. A handful of titles are single-mindedly concerned with bread alone and should be shunned by readers, except for those endowed with a comparable singleness of purpose.

You CAN Survive Any Financial Disaster, by David Smyth (Regnery, \$10), is valuable only for the terror it may strike in the hearts of the credulous. Smyth suggests buying good stocks rather than bad ones, balancing the federal budget, and halting the onrush of socialism. Some survival plan.

Dollars and Sense: Protecting Your Money and Making It Grow; A Unique Handbook for the Individual Investor, by Betty Wuliger (Random House, \$8.95), is a more modest instructional enterprise, really a primer for the fledgling investor of modest means. It seems sound enough as far as it goes. But not everyone will wish to follow Ms. Wuliger's two star performers Shirley Wright and Shirley Wrong as they journey down the corridors of acquisition.

Then there is **The Economy: Old Myths and New Realities**, by Walter W. Heller (Norton, \$8.95). Heller was principal economic adviser to President Kennedy and then, briefly, to President Johnson. He has written an odd book, for half of it is a discussion of the lunatic economy of the 1970s and the other half a hymn of praise to his fellow economists. Heller sounds, then, rather like a surgeon preaching at a funeral, with half of his sermon in praise of the colleagues whose cuts and thrusts have done the poor fellow in.

An odd, and ultimately unsatisfactory, exhibit is **As I See It: The Autobiography of J. Paul Getty** (Prentice-Hall, \$10.95). Allegedly the world's richest private citizen before he cashed in his chips, Getty is as proud as the next millionaire's son of being a self-made man. He remarks, in what may be the most heartfelt moment of his book, that neither exclamation points nor volumes of words can "adequately describe the elation and triumph one experiences



when he brings in his first producing well." Indeed not. This first triumph of Getty's came in Oklahoma in 1916, after he had acquired an oil lease through a modest but effective piece of chicanery. He was still proud of the trick sixty years later.

Getty is not entirely reticent. His book's inadequacies do not stem from the mummification to be expected in works of this kind but from the singularity of his perspective. After five marriages, for example, his most penetrating comment on matrimony is that wives should not be impatient when their businessman husbands are late for supper. Or there is this splendid and memorable sentence: "George F. Getty II was moving rapidly up the ladder in the family business—not because he was my son, but by virtue of his demonstrated abilities."

I am not entirely sure why Willie Sutton's autobiography, **Where the Money Was** (Viking, \$10), is so much more satisfactory. Sutton is also a prisoner of his own perspective, of course, though his financial circumstances are presumably as straitened as Getty's were plush; so his desire to write a successful book may have been much greater. And Sutton has been lucky in his collaborator, Edward Linn. **Where the Money Was** is a crackling good account of the life and

times of the most famous bank robber since Jesse James. The Getty and Sutton books confirm yet again that robbing banks is much harder work for much less profit than storing money in them. Sutton is, on the published evidence, a shrewder character than Getty was, and more civilized besides. "You involve yourself with a very low grade of person when you become a thief," Sutton reflects early on. It is one of his many memorable ruminations.

Crime alloyed with money is also the theme of Thomas Thompson in **Blood and Money** (Doubleday, \$10.95). Thompson, who wrote *Hearts* and *Richie*, is an exceptionally skillful tale-teller and phrasemaker. His subject on this go-round is a Houston family soaked in oil money. Joan Robinson, the daughter of a somewhat shady entrepreneur and one of the South's best-known horsewomen, has gone through two hasty marriages before she settles down to connubial warfare with John Hill, a poor student of plastic surgery. When, some years later, Mrs. Hill dies under spooky circumstances, her crazily jealous daddy, Ash Robinson, concludes that Dr. Hill has done his darling in. Robinson spares neither energy nor expense in procuring his son-in-law's indictment on a murder charge; and this being Texas, one of daddy's



J. Paul Getty

close friends winds up chairing the grand jury that eventually indicts. Yet, while suspicion may abound, evidence is nonexistent. All sorts of shenanigans occur before Doc Hill, still awaiting final judgment in court, is gunned down by a hired killer. The killer is slain in turn, though by happenstance; and both his moll and a shady lady who allegedly contracted for the killing on daddy's behalf are eventually convicted. Daddy Robinson is left skulking about his big old house, a very old man, whose fate remains undecided.

Not many tales have so many ancillary attractions, including none other than Leon Jaworski's daughter, who testifies at one of the trials; a \$100,000 music room that Doc Hill has constructed over his garage; and an autopsy on an exhumed body from which the heart and the brain are mysteriously missing. And not many writers could have been as adept as Thompson was at winning the confidence of so many troubled characters. We learn a good deal about all the principals, and most of it confirms either Joe Louis or St. Paul: the rich are undone by the love of money or delusions about what it will buy; and the poor grifters, including the killer, have bad nerves because they are so broke. If in the end the book seems unsatisfactory—and I believe it does—it is because Thompson has failed to masticate his incredible mass of material before setting

it down for us. He has learned more than enough and thought too little about it. His book misses being a masterpiece by, at a guess, six months of reflection and revision. But flaws and all, it is ripping entertainment.

The Bribe, by Philip Ross (Harper & Row, \$8.95), is a brother's intense, intimate account of a now-familiar incident. Burt Ross, the hero of the tale, was mayor of Fort Lee, N.J., when ruthless capitalists offered him a \$500,000 bribe to permit them to fling down and dance upon the town's zoning ordinances. Ross saw his duty—to assist in every way possible in apprehending the would-be bribers—and had some strange adventures in the course of persuading agents of the law to go along with his exercise in apprehension. There is a book in all this, but I am not sure Philip Ross has written it. He is too breathless, too impressed, and too involved to prove a satisfactory tale-teller.

The Very Rich, by Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. (American Heritage, \$29.95), is a social history of a peculiarly inept yet entrancing kind. A coffee-table compendium of photographs and information about the indecently affluent, the book makes no special point and preaches no particular gospel. Thorndike is not much of a writer, but he has the soul of the encyclopedist. He tells us, for example, that Robert Morris, the great New York banker who financed the American Revolution, ended up broke and was visited in the debtors' section of the Prune Street jail by his old friend, George Washington; and that John Jacob Astor actually lost money on the Northwest fur trade, which is commonly thought to have been the source of his vast fortune. As for J. Paul Getty, Thorndike tells us as much about the billionaire in a page of text as Getty himself provided in his whole autobiography. *The Very Rich* also offers a magnificently poignant photograph of Getty dining alone at a gold-laden baronial table in the vast dining room of his English country house. Poor old thing.—Patrick Owens

SOUNDS



IT'S A LIVE

As everyone knows by now, Peter Frampton's recent *Frampton Comes Alive!*—a two-record live recording by the baby-faced English composer-guitarist—has sold 5 million copies and is the most staggering pop success in many, many years.

How has the recording industry responded to Frampton's super-success? With less than striking originality, record companies are now issuing a score of live recordings by absolutely everybody who ever played a live gig anywhere. Indeed, if Alvin and the Chipmunks were still a viable commercial entity, they too, no doubt, would be featured on a live record.

These LP's attempt to create a you-are-there feeling, replete with the tough-and-ready ambience that inevitably accompanies so many pop and rock concerts. The records present, for the most part, the best-known material by an artist without reflecting any of the creative struggle that performers undergo when they enter a studio to attempt something fresh. And so live albums are often prime samples of what makes a star famous. Listen to these discs and you'll undoubtedly know whether or not you'd be better off dead than a fan of the artist in question.

The following list of LPs includes some of the most recent live discs, and they range in quality from "excellent" to "awful," with "awful" occupying, unfortunately, a signifi-

cant portion of the spectrum.

Much to David Bromberg's credit, it's difficult to tell which sides of his two-record *How Late 'll Ya Play 'Til?* (Fantasy) are live and which are studio-produced. Bromberg, an underrated guitar-picker for years, achieves this stunning result by surrounding himself with a bevy of fine musicians, all of whom work through the authentic blues and funk styles that Bromberg has been keeping alive over the years.

For example, the guitarist's versions of Robert Johnson's "Come Go in My Kitchen" and his own "Bullfrog Blues" display Bromberg's uncanny grasp of knife-edge and slide guitar with a Mississippi blues format. For the most part, Bromberg never strays far from his blues roots, even with a full rhythm and brass section blaring behind him. Discs as earnest as these can easily become boring, but the guitarist's staccato singing voice and wry sense of humor make sure this set is as entertaining as it is musically pure. *How Late 'll Ya Play 'Til?* could—and should—break David Bromberg wide open.

Live at Last (A&M), a single by flutist Tim Weisberg, is an amiable set of attractive, middle-of-the-road jazz-rock numbers. Weisberg



Peter Frampton: live on wax.



David Bromberg: blues roots.

is a versatile musician, capable of inspiring a number of moods, even though he is but one instrumentalist in a capable group. The members of Weisberg's ensemble are clever enough to play off against each other without slipping into the band-of-soloists syndrome. Nevertheless, *Live at Last* is more pleasant than vibrant, background music rather than a satisfying main course.

If *Live at Last* is merely enervating, the next two horrors are legitimately catastrophic. Rush, for example, is a vestigial Canadian rock trio that plays heavy-metal rock at its most basic, boring level. Eight years after power trios have fallen out of vogue, Rush shows that it is little more than an atavism with this two-record set, *All the World's a Stage* (Mercury). And a painful dose of mindless, droning, chord-oriented sludge it is. Rush's Alex Lifeson is, if anything, a stereotypical metal guitarist, comparable to Ted Nugent (without the guts), Jimmy Page (without the smarts), Leslie West (without the taste), and Brian May (without the presence). Rush bassist Geddy Lee's playing is equally nondescript. Drummer Neil Peart, the most accomplished of the three, can do little to lighten the load or lead that is Rush's basic sound.

"Aaagh!" is the first sound to emerge from the mouth of singer Ronnie Van Zant on *One More from the Road* (MCA), Lynyrd Skynyrd's two-record edition. Van

Zant's grunt would be an apt one-word criticism of these discs. Van Zant comes on like a drunken bar-band crooner at four in the morning, and the general level of musicianship exhibited by the Skynyrd group makes fellow southerners like Z. Z. Top look like virtuosos of the highest caliber.

Songs like "Searchin'" and "I Ain't the One"—typical of the boogie approach that predominates throughout—are far more pedestrian here than they are on the group's studio LPs. The effect is just the opposite of what one would expect from seven good ole boys let loose live on a Dixie stage. Throughout, mediocre riffs are exchanged with consummate mediocrity. The Skynyrd instrumentalists prove that there's no safety in numbers. As for Ronnie Van Zant, get that boy a vocal coach!—Henry Edwards

THE DILDO NONBAND

"Wait a minute," said the cool, deliberate voice on the telephone, rising almost imperceptibly in pitch. "I just caught a fly. I have to ram this guy's head against the wall. Oops, he got away. Sorry. A slight entomological interruption."

I was consciousness-to-consciousness, if not face to face, with Donald Fagen, who is one half of the rock nongroup **Steely Dan**. It wasn't the best situation for an interview, especially not with Fagen answering my questions in abbreviated epigrams; but since the subject was Steely Dan, the occasion seemed appropriate enough. Fagen, who plays keyboards, writes songs, and sings, and his partner Walter Becker, who plays guitar and bass and writes songs, have been conducting their joint career long-distance since "Rikki, Don't Lose That Number," their last hit single, slid down the charts several years ago. Sequestering themselves in recording studios with the cream of America's session musicians, seemingly growing more introverted and imaginatively bizarre with each new album, Fagen and Becker have turned Steely Dan from one of America's most popular rock

groups into a rock concept and cult.

Actually, Fagen explained, the distance between Steely Dan and its audience is not entirely intentional. "Most of our press interviews have made it seem like no one would ever want to meet us, talk to us, or listen to us," he complained. "We do have days when our conversation is less than sparkling, even rather morbid, but we don't just sit around thinking of sick images to foist off on the American public. I've been characterized in the press as a complete recluse, I know, but it's not true. I do play the piano and listen to old records a lot, even if I don't exactly go out and play team sports. Now, Walter—Walter has the metabolism of a sea slug, but I'm... hyperactive. I run around screaming and live on the beach."

Fagen and Becker are headquartered somewhere in the suburban sprawl of Los Angeles, but their sensibility is pure East Coast. Fagen went to Bard College from Passaic, N.J., in 1965, and one or two years later (he doesn't remember exactly) he met Becker there. Walter was from Forest Hills and had practically memorized the interplanetary sex-and-dope epics of William Burroughs, particularly

Naked Lunch. Both musicians were jazz fans, and both of them liked to play rock 'n' roll. For the next several years, they played together in a succession of bands, wrote songs, and tried to get their classmates to perform them. "It was very bizarre," Fagen recalled, "the bands that we came up with. It was like the Kingsmen performing Frank Zappa material."

After Bard the duo struck out for New York City, where they attempted to peddle their songs. But with titles like "Brain Tap Shuffle" and lyrics that were virtually unintelligible, the songs didn't go far. In desperation, Fagen and Becker signed on as backup musicians with Jay and the Americans; and although Jay Black now seems to harbor an enmity bordering on hatred for his former sidemen, at the time he probably helped them to hone their musical ideas into the sort of polished, three-minute song forms for which Steely Dan is renowned. And it was from Jay and the Americans' pseudo-Latino hits that Fagen and Becker picked up their ongoing penchant for pseudo-Latino rhythms.

Eventually, a record producer named Gary Katz, who had been intrigued by their songs in New York, spirited them off to California



Fagen and Becker: moving beyond Steely Dan's cult status.



and helped them put a band together. They rehearsed in the ABC Records accounting department (after-hours, of course) and came up with their first album, *Can't Buy A Thrill*. The music was different. It was rock, it was jazzy, it was salsa; it had lyrics which ranged from punk to impenetrable, sophisticated harmonies, and convoluted, finger-twisting guitar solos from Jeff ("Skunk") Baxter, now with the Doobie Brothers, and Denny Dias, still a Dan regular. Miraculously, it yielded two hit singles.

The next LP, *Countdown To Ecstasy*, featured longer selections—and some of the most substantial and spirited extended solos in rock history. It did not yield any AM-radio hits, but it introduced a superb collection of songs and will probably turn out to be one of the most important and enduring rock albums of the early 1970s. Next came *Pretzel Logic*, which returned to the three-minute song formats of the first LP and included "Rikki, Don't Lose That Number." And then the group stopped touring, Baxter and drummer Jim Hodder went their separate ways, and Fagen and Becker settled down to making albums. There have been two, *Katy Lied* and *The Royal Scam*, both of them classics.

But why no more hits and no more tours? "We never really thought about singles," Fagen told me, "but our songs always seemed to come out between three and six minutes long. In the beginning we had a very good promo man at ABC who enjoyed our music and worked very hard getting it on the radio, but he's not there any more. We haven't toured because we've been working to fulfill the terms of our recording agreement. We're working on two separate albums now, and we don't want to rush and turn out inferior products. Financially, we're in bad shape. When we signed with the company, we got the worst deal we could get under the law, so we don't control anything. After we finish these albums, things should be different. We should be able to put a touring band together, do twenty dates, and see how it feels."

Although Steely Dan has contributed advanced harmonies, a more complex and chromatic melodic language, rhythmic variety, and new structures to rock, its major contribution has been the tersely eloquent songwriting of Fagen and Becker. William Burroughs's fiction, which provided the name for their nonband—the original Steely Dan was an invincible dildo entered in a Most Bizarre Sex Act contest in Yokohama—seems also to have influenced their use of syntax. They twist the language to suit their obscure purposes, building moods with streams of verbiage which make sense only *in toto*, if at all. Or, conversely, they construct intricate, finely crafted, hard-boiled narratives or set pieces having to do with criminals, misfits, or downtrodden minorities. They share all these concerns, and their fondness for insect imagery, with Burroughs, who calls their work "very interesting, very fancy."

To their credit, Fagen and Becker still have faith in rock music as an art form that can attack superficiality and challenge the listener's preconceptions. Their most recent albums, particularly *The Royal Scam*, surprise and occasionally disorient. The cooler-than-thou poses which marred some of their

earlier songs are gone; and while the music is less overtly melodious, it is also leaner and more bracing. When and if Steely Dan forsakes the studios for the road, it should again become one of America's most popular rock bands.—Robert Palmer

LET THE AIRWAVES FLOW!

When *Rock Superstars* Poster Magazine was launched a year and a half ago, it had about as much chance of survival as any totally "new-concept" publication in a saturated marketplace. Which is next to nothing.

Today, however, this eight-page magazine with the huge poster foldout, each issue of which focuses on the biography of a rock superstar, is an extremely healthy publication.

With its durability already demonstrated, *Rock Superstars* Poster Magazine is now expanding, having combined with Sound Communications, Inc., to create and produce the "Rock Superstars" radio show. In typical fashion, the finished product is a series of exclusive, in-depth interviews with the music world's brightest stars. The shows are in two one-hour parts and consist of open and frank conversation with the particular

superstar and selected cuts of his music. The first show, with Stevie Wonder, aired in December on 155 stations nationwide.


Kevin Kelly, executive vice-president of Sound Communications, called the interviews "intimate relationships, not at all sterile and formal like most interviews you hear or read." And Jack Morris, president and founder, added, "If interviews sometimes come across like press releases, then that's because there's not a better understanding between the interviewer and his subject. An artist has a tough time opening up to someone who doesn't know what the hell the artist is talking about."

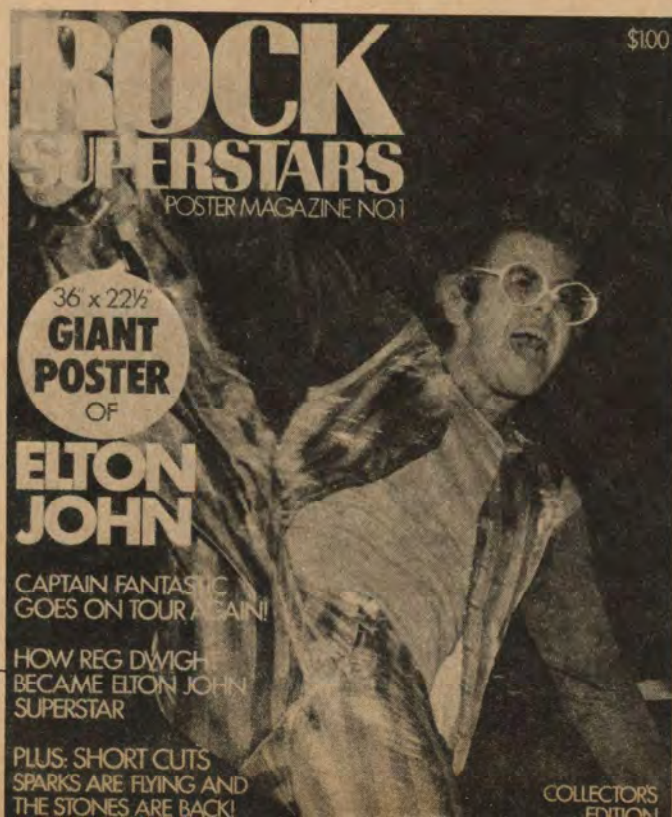
Elliot Mintz, who will conduct all the "Rock Superstars" radio interviews, not only knows what they're talking about, but is also tight with them personally.

Sound Communications originated out of Los Angeles two years ago and quickly established itself with a show called "Inner-View," a one-hour capsule of a rock group's or star's life and career, told in their own words, featuring their music, and hosted by Jim Ladd, a prominent FM announcer with KMET in Los Angeles.

Other projects Sound Communications has embarked upon include the remarkable "headphone" experience: an "Inner-View" broadcast—the first ever on radio—of a conversation with Roger Daltrey specially produced for headphone listening.

On the list of prospective projects for Sounds Communications is the April premiere of "The Endless Journey," a radio program which will explore the world of psychic and paranormal phenomena. Subjects include E.S.P., demonic possession, U.F.O.s, and more. Elliot Mintz, who created the concept, hosts the fifty-two week series.

The "Rock Superstars" show, meanwhile, remains as ambitious a project as has been undertaken by Sound Communications. If you're interested in what *really* makes the rock world go round, then this is the one FM show you should be listening to. 





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STAYING SPOOKED

The spy agencies have been ordered to behave themselves.

But as these sensational, top secret schemes make painfully clear, it's business as usual in the land of dirty tricks.

- *The United States and the Soviet Union are engaged in a top-secret "satellite war" in outer space. The aim is to destroy each other's intelligence surveillance satellites with laser-beam weapons. Thus far the score is 2-0 for the Russians. Washington maintains total silence about this war to avoid public complications in the negotiations for a new strategic-arms pact with Moscow.*

- *Foreign insurgent groups are being secretly trained in guerrilla operations by military intelligence agencies and the CIA in out-of-the-way locations in the western United States. The trainees include Laotians, Cambodians, Afghans, Kurds, and even Russians. This, presumably, portends new covert operations, to be run mainly by the military, all over the world. Appropriate congressional committees apparently have not been informed of it despite legislative requirements.*

- *With the surreptitious aid of American professors, Third World students at United States colleges and universities are being recruited by the CIA as future "agents of influence" for the day when they assume leadership in their countries. Currently, the CIA has its pick of 250,000 foreign students attending our institutions of higher learning. Such a program clearly degrades our American educational system.*

- *The CIA still secretly uses in a variety of ways American news organizations abroad as intelligence "covers" and information sources. This is being done despite the CIA's public pledge to keep its hands off United States news media.*

- *Shortly before the 1973 Vietnam peace settlement, United States military intelligence agencies secretly organized an elaborate "stay-behind" espionage network—linked to a parallel plan for resuming American air operations in Vietnam if the Communists violated the cease-fire—including covert penetrations by special teams from abroad. Thus the United States was prepared to violate the peace agreement even before it was signed.*

Illustration by Ignacio Gomez

BY TAD SZULC

These five items, touching upon the whole spectrum of United States intelligence activities, are among the many subjects about which Americans have not been told despite three separate investigations of the intelligence community conducted in 1975 and 1976.

In some instances the investigators simply were not informed about highly sensitive operations. The intelligence agencies volunteered very little and, as a rule, were responsive to questions only when the committees developed independent leads or stumbled upon information (as in the case of the cover-up by the CIA and the FBI of crucial facts pertaining to the assassination of John F. Kennedy).

In other instances the intelligence agencies invoked "national security" as a reason for denying investigators access to certain material. Finally, there were compromises: the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities, for example, negotiated the extent to which information would be "sanitized" by them—censored, of course, is a better word—before appearing in public reports.

Perhaps the most important area of such compromise on the part of the Senate committee, which engaged in the most exhaustive investigation of all the groups looking into the intelligence scandals, concerned the CIA's use of American news media and the involvement of university professors and administrators—the "academics"—in the recruitment of foreign students by the agency. The majority of the academics, some 60 percent of them, were "witting" (they knew that they were used by the CIA to finger prospective recruits); some were paid for their talent-scouting; others acted out of their perceived sense of patriotism.

But it's not entirely the CIA's fault that this description of the recruiting process failed to surface in the final report. The burden lies chiefly on Sen. Frank Church, the Idaho Democrat who served as the committee's chairman, and who, despite his many public pronouncements of indignation over CIA operations, tended to be rather reluctant to embarrass the intelligence community.

This tendency increased when Church entered the Democratic presidential primaries, a period coinciding with the drafting of his committee's final report. As a former committee staff member observed privately, "Church was away a lot, he was not willing to risk his candidacy on pushing too hard, he'd keep things out of the report even if the CIA was willing to let them be printed."

In the case of the academics, the committee staff and the CIA arrived at an agreed "sanitized" draft; but in the rush of things, as the report was being written, Church said, "The hell with it!" and the section on academics was thrown out. Thus this whole subject of foreign student recruitment is dismissed in the report with the comment that "American academics are now being used for such operational

purposes as making introductions for intelligence purposes."

The Church committee also compromised to a significant degree on the question of how the CIA's collection of intelligence, a legitimate pursuit, often becomes entangled with covert operations, which was a matter of substantial concern to the investigators. In the year-long tug-of-war between the Senate committee and the agency over what materials could be made available to the senators, the CIA often refused to discuss any number of covert actions on the grounds that intelligence-collection activities could have been compromised in the process. This also applied to "black" propaganda, the CIA's planting of provocative or erroneous information in foreign news organs with the aim of achieving specific political gains.

The agency's argument, forcefully expressed by its outside attorney, Mitchell Rogovin, was that disclosures of all types of covert actions—including political

6
After Frank Church
became a
presidential candidate,
he kept some things
secret even
if the CIA was willing to let
them be printed.
9

covert action—could damage intelligence collection. The CIA, in fact, would not even agree to the use of the word *espionage* to describe its supposedly legitimate work. Committee staffers came to suspect that the agency was using the sacrosanct shield of protecting intelligence collection to conceal covert actions of which the Senate should have been aware.

These distinctions are, of course, extremely hard to document, but the committee's frequent compromises serve to make one wonder how aggressive the individual members of the committee were. Church himself, in the judgment of some of his staffers, was "too soft." Senators Walter F. Mondale of Minnesota and Gary Hart of Colorado, both Democrats, were said to have been "the best," with Sen. Walter D. Huddleston, the Kentucky Democrat, a close second. Tennessee's Republican Sen. Howard H. Baker, Jr., was described as "okay, but pro-administration." John G. Tower, the Texas Republican who was the committee's vice-chairman, won the reputation of acting with "benign neglect."

The performance of these committee members raises the larger question of how effective congressional oversight of intelli-

gence activities is likely to be in the future. Some of these senators serve on the new, permanent intelligence-oversight committee created by the Senate. Will they be aggressive and insistent that the White House and the intelligence agencies live up to their commitments? Or will they lapse back into the traditional "benign neglect" that characterized Congress when it came to keeping the intelligence community honest, protecting our civil rights, and sheltering the best interests of the United States from mindless and dangerous foreign adventures?

These questions lead, in turn, to the fundamental problem of accountability for the actions of the intelligence community. Notwithstanding Gerald Ford's eminently reasonable view (which, somehow, had not occurred to his predecessors) that the intelligence agencies must ultimately be accountable to the president of the United States, who must take total responsibility for their deeds and misdeeds, Americans still cannot be certain *who*, if anybody, is in charge.

The CIA, which was the target of the greatest criticism during the two-year investigation, still insists, of course, on secrecy and on the need for such operations—highly questionable according to a great many outsiders—as the recruitment of foreign students as "agents in place," and on a variety of other covert actions. But oddly enough, the CIA seems to have taken the new strictures more to heart than have most of its fellow members of the intelligence community.

Considerable credit for this state of affairs is given by intelligence experts to the CIA's new director, George Bush, who has turned out to be much more assertive about the control and management of the agency than had been generally anticipated. Presumably, he has not yet discovered all the skeletons in all the closets of the 10,000-employee agency that for decades had a virtually free rein in what it did at home and abroad—and that had long tolerated such private fiefdoms as Counterintelligence and Clandestine Services. Nonetheless, Bush has shaken up the CIA with new top-level headquarters appointments and major changes overseas. Moreover, he appears to be presiding over the crumbling of the "old-boy network," which for many years had a free run of the agency and was responsible for some of its most damaging policies and enterprises.

But while the CIA is, at least temporarily, accommodating itself to some of the requirements of an open society while retaining its operational capabilities, the same cannot be said of the military agencies—the largest, richest, and most powerful segment of the intelligence community—and, still less, of the FBI.

Military intelligence has become an empire unto itself, supposedly controlled by the secretary of defense (who reports to the president and the National Security Council) but wholly autonomous for all practical purposes. The FBI, even late in 1976,



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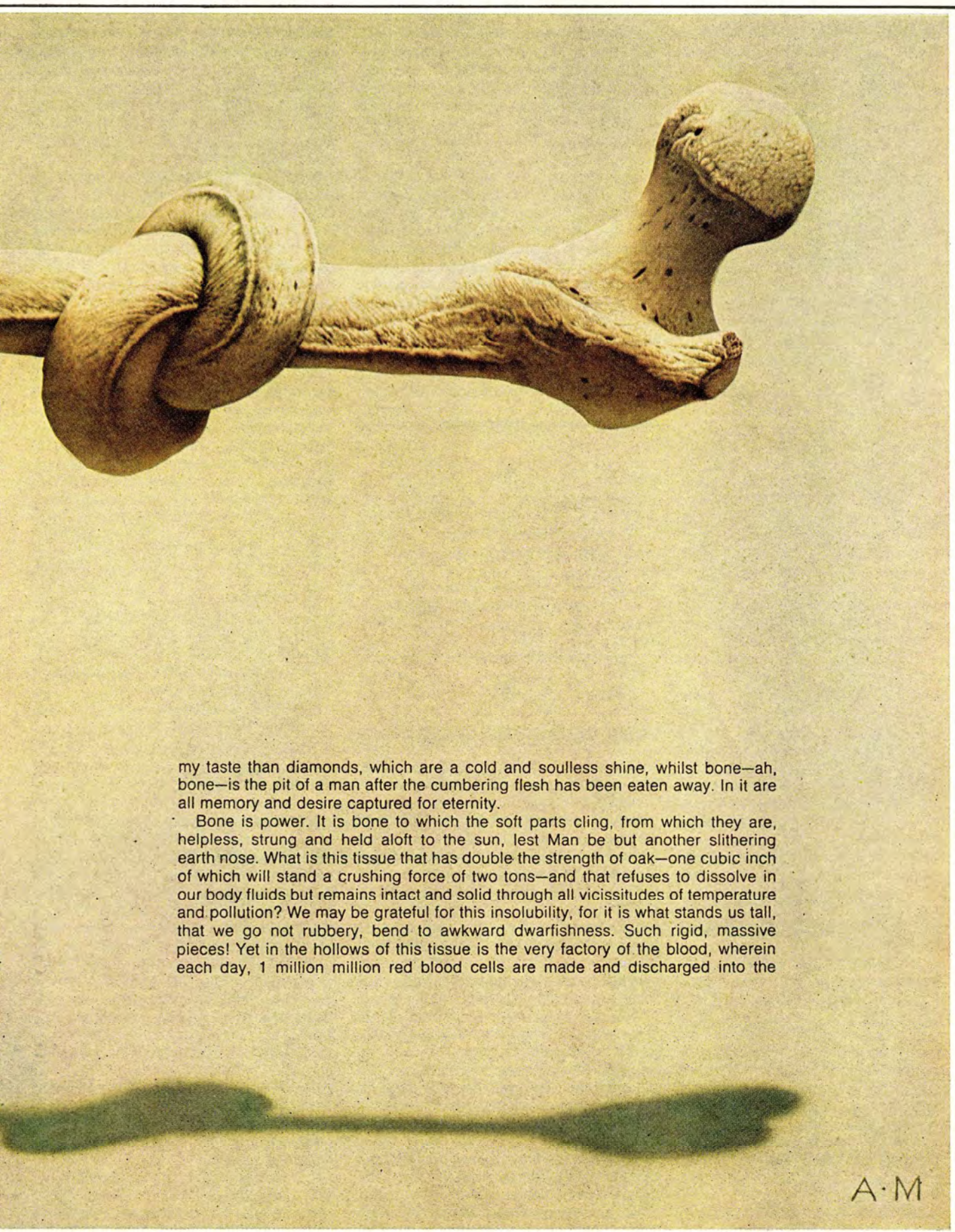


To dwell upon bone is to contemplate the fate of Man.
Bone is the keepsake of the earth, all that remains of a man when the
rest has long since melted and seeped and crumbled away.

BONE

Bones...two hundred and eight of them. A whole glory turned and tooled here. Lo, the timbered femur, all hung and strapped with beef, with a globe head nuzzling the concave underpart of the pelvis; the little carpals of the wrist faceted as jewels and as jewels named—capitate, lunate, hamate, pisiform; the phalanges, tiny kickshaws of the body, toys fantastical, worn upon the hands and feet like fans of unimagined cleverness; the porcelain pile of the vertebrae, atop which rides the domed palanquin of the very brain; the vast, the slumbrous pelvis, called to wakefulness by the sweet intrusion of sex or by the stirring of an impatient fetus. Out of this pelvis, endlessly rocking, drops Man. I agree with those African tribes that decorate themselves with bone. It is more to

BY RICHARD SELZER



my taste than diamonds, which are a cold and soulless shine, whilst bone—ah, bone—is the pit of a man after the cumbering flesh has been eaten away. In it are all memory and desire captured for eternity.

Bone is power. It is bone to which the soft parts cling, from which they are, helpless, strung and held aloft to the sun, lest Man be but another slithering earth nose. What is this tissue that has double the strength of oak—one cubic inch of which will stand a crushing force of two tons—and that refuses to dissolve in our body fluids but remains intact and solid through all vicissitudes of temperature and pollution? We may be grateful for this insolubility, for it is what stands us tall, that we go not rubbery, bend to awkward dwarfishness. Such rigid, massive pieces! Yet in the hollows of this tissue is the very factory of the blood, wherein each day, 1 million million red blood cells are made and discharged into the

A·M

circulation to course their three-score-and-one days, and then die.

Stony and still though it seems, bone quickens; it flows. It is never the same at any two moments. The traverse of calcium from the blood to the bone and back again is a continuous thing, a ceaseless exchange of mineral that is governed by hormonal potentates from glands afar. Fluid, too, is pressed into, then extracted from, the bone in a current that is never-ending, yet slow as everglade.

In bone, as in life, there are the givers and the takers. Twin races of cells, one the blasts, whose function is oppositely named, for they march resolutely around the periphery of cartilage, crisscross fields of connective tissue, all the while laying down bone, spinning out the hard stuff, each one an Atlas, born to uphold the world as he sees it. Opposite is the army of clasts. These are the borers that tunnel through a bed of bone as moles do through a lawn. No granitic femur is impervious to the chewings of the clasts. It is not to destroy that they burrow but to cleanse. No killers they, but peppy charpersons, clearing away old cells, all the detritus of age, the débris of ill-usage. Even as they drill their winding canaliculi and scoop out their cavitations, the rival blasts rush in to line the spaces with new bone. Thus blast and clast are engaged in a race between growth and decay, yet all to the single purpose of renewal. It is a cancellation of replenishment. Still it must be told that it is the clast, the devourer, that is triumphant in old age, for his energies persist, while the blast grows weary. Thus does old bone grow porous, light, and brittle. Thus does it easily break and but slowly knit.

Cartilage earns the title mother-of-bone. Strategically placed in the bones of the young are belts of cartilage that are the growth centers of the bone. During the first twenty years of life, these are replaced by bone at their margins even as the center remains a fiery pit of new cartilage. It must not be too hungrily replaced before full growth is attained or, again, we will be too short. At maturity all of the cartilage in these centers has been transformed, save for that which remains to pad the joints or, charmingly, to ornament and hold aloft the ears lest they flop à la spaniel. In these discs of cartilage is all our stature.

If we break a bone, almost at once the blood clot between the two fragments begins to carnify. Fibrous tissue and blood vessels invade it and turn it meaty. Now, if with cast or screw or metal plate, we immobilize the bone so that further disruption will not take place, bone-forming cells, the blasts, enter the jellied mass. Calcium salts are accepted here, and in time there is a bridge of new bone between the fragments. It is the trauma itself, the fact of fracture, that triggers the restoration. It is a cellular call to arms, an act of drive and instinct. It is the wisdom of bone.

Remove a rib, if you must, in order to enter the chest for surgery, but leave intact the periosteum, that sheath of the bone. If

you strip it back and bite away only the naked rib, that rib will grow again, fed by the lining of the sheath, until an X ray taken months later will reveal the marvel of the tissues. The thoracic arch has been shored up. Bone can be grafted from one place to another to span the gap between two unhealed fragments or to fuse an unstable joint. This bone acts as a framework upon which the new bone is woven until all the pieces are joined in a single, unbending whole.

No inert span this bone, but a fact of physical life. Each of these parts wears a measure of electricity. Walk and you change the electrical potential of your bones. Here it springs from positive to negative; there, from negative to positive. The strands of bone line up to follow the direction of force at any given time, seizing the position of greatest mechanical advantage, responding to each stress and shear and impact. So does it bend and relent. So does it not break; so are forgiven all the bangs and crashings of locomotion.

The most arrogant
imprudence
dared by man was his
decision to stand up, piling
his vertebrae one atop
the other, thrusting
himself erect.

Like the soft parts, bone is subject to defect and disease. Should the muscles attached to a bone cease to function, as in stroke, or paralysis, almost half the bone served by those muscles is quickly resorbed and disappears. If you exceed the tensile strength of a bone, it will answer with the exclamation *fracture!* Nowhere is this event more likely than in *osteogenesis imperfecta*, wherein the process of ossification is badly done. Instead of a continuing sheet of bone, there are only scanty nests of osteoblasts. An infant so afflicted may survive the trauma of birth, but half his bones will be broken. Merely to diaper such a child is to risk fracturing his thighs. In the aged many small clots form in the nutrient vessels of the bone. The replenishing blood is here and there blocked, and the bone grows withered and fragile; it cracks, most often at the neck of the femur, where the weight is borne. Such a hip fracture may be the harbinger of death for the old one forced to share his bed with confusion and pneumonia.

Ah, but there is more to the skull than helmet to the brain, more to the sternum than shield to the heart, more to the ribs

than staves of the thorax. The rest of the flesh is transient, strung like laundry upon a lattice. To dwell upon bone is to contemplate the fate of Man. Bone is the keep-sake of the earth, all that remains of a man when everything else has long since crumbled away. On and on this residue endures for a million years, and, if then dug up from the ground, it still suggests to anthropologists the humps of meat that once it wore—to poets, the much that was from the little that remains.

What man does not ponder the whereabouts of his skeleton—the place where it will lie? All sanitary and pragmatic considerations aside, these jaunty saunterers that have held us upright—that have stiffened us against the grate and grind of life—are dear to us. What stands closer to a man than his bones?

From the skull of a young lover a savage queen contrives a wine bowl. Years later, as she lifts the kissed and polished calvarium to her lips, her old passion shudders anew, and, licking an errant drop from one socket, she smiles with a wild sense of ownership. No thank you, not for me.

Of higher taste were the Ottawa Indians, friends of the explorer-priest Marquette. The Ottawa, upon learning the whereabouts of the body of their beloved visitor:

Journeyed eastward to the lakeside,
Where beloved pale-face rested.
Dug them up, the bones of Father,
Washed and dried them,
Boxed in birch bark,
And the moon upon the waters
Lay a silver path to guide them.
Paddled chanting, in procession
Their canoes all draped in mourning,
To the chapel at the mission,
Neath the floorboards there
they laid them.

Homage to Longfellow! One now understands why he wrote this way. Once you start, you can't stop.

I myself have confronted the hard fact of bone and have been changed by it. I am no longer the same as I was. Listen.

A man named Barney died. He was my friend who sprawled face down upon rocks at the foot of a cliff. The impact had flattened and spread Barney, so that when I could scramble to where he had crashed, he seemed to me to be wider, larger, than he had been. All splattered of limb he lay, downhill, with his head lower than his feet, his arms and legs reaching out to grapple the rocks to him, the rocks that became him so. Eagerly he had leaped and eagerly landed.

"When I die," he had said to me that morning, "take my ashes and scatter them in this woods. Add me to this place. Do it gladly or you shall be the less for it." Barney was a hard man.

A tin can such as might be expected to hold peanuts was what the undertaker gave me after he had checked the name tag. In a small clearing in the forest, where the trees leaned and interlaced above, I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Ballbonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"I just don't think a church bazaar is the place for a gang-bang."

•The scamp ignored my entreaties and answered only by tearing off my clothes, forcing a goblet of potent rum down my throat, and threatening to summon the entire crew to enjoy my favors!•

THE LADY AND THE LUSTY SCAMP



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS



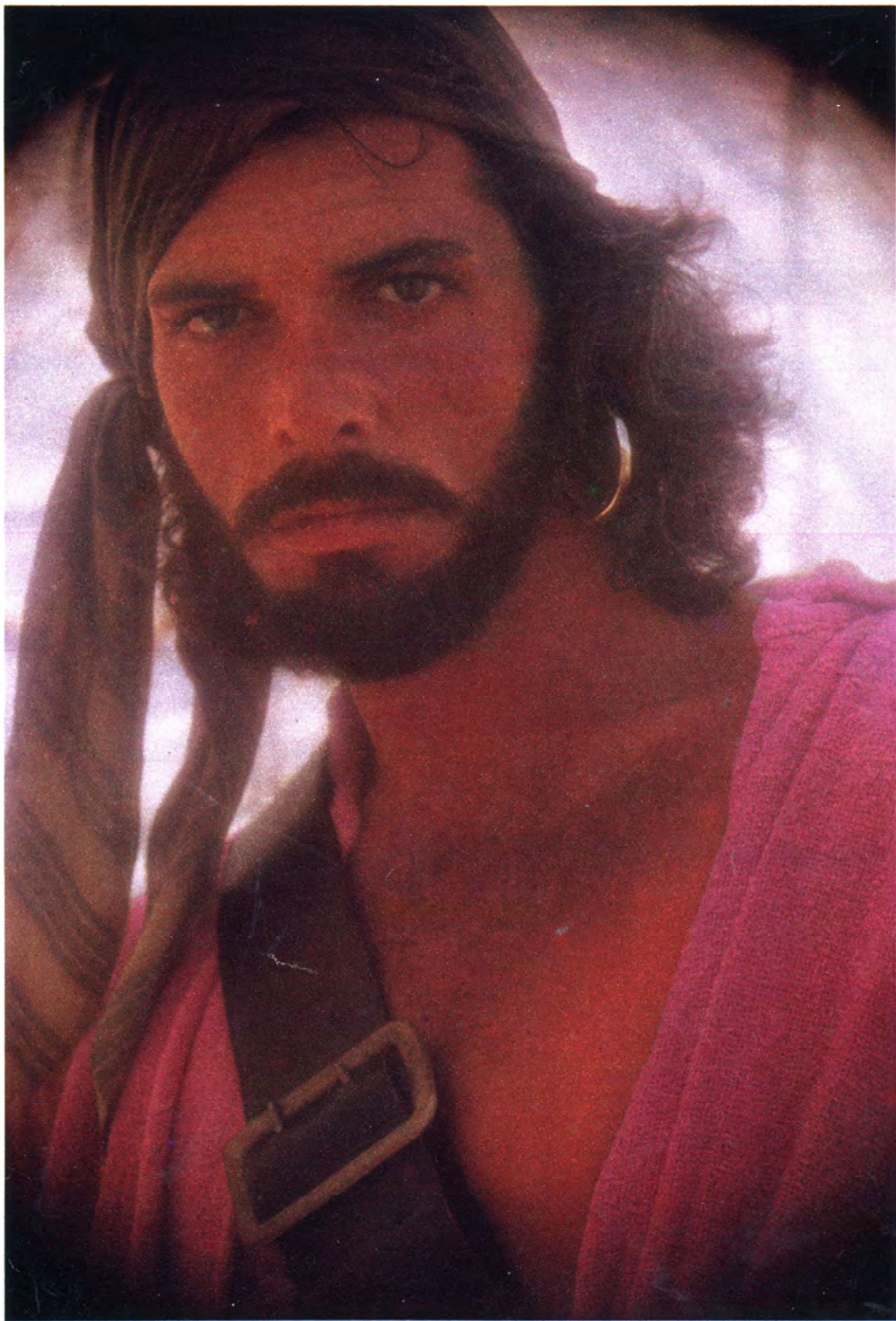
Mama doesn't like to let me go off without a chaperon. She thinks I am impulsive and flighty, which I admit is often true. But the incident I am about to relate proves me to be truly innocent of the treacheries to follow. The entire fault lay with my brother Aubrey and his wretched goat.

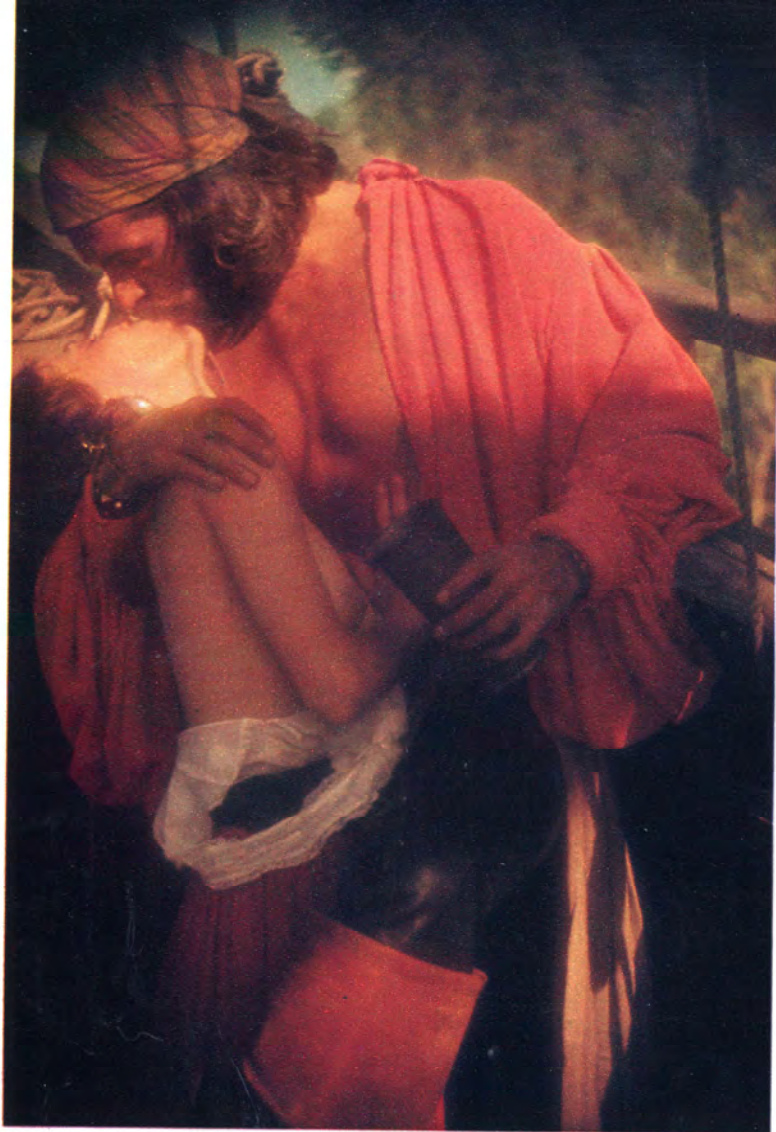
Aubrey took into his head the daft notion that his precious pet was ill with the colic, and he was determined to take this unfortunate beast to the animal healer in Stokely. Although Stokely is a two-day journey by road, it can be reached tolerably quickly by water, and I determined to accompany Aubrey on his harebrained mission; else I knew that either he or his goat would come to an unfortunate and soggy end. The current was stronger than either of us supposed, and before long we all found ourselves being forcibly pulled out to sea. I was much distraught, for Mama had no notion that we had gone anywhere but to the neighboring village; and she was expecting me home in time for one of her society dinners, at which I was to meet a particularly eligible gentleman.

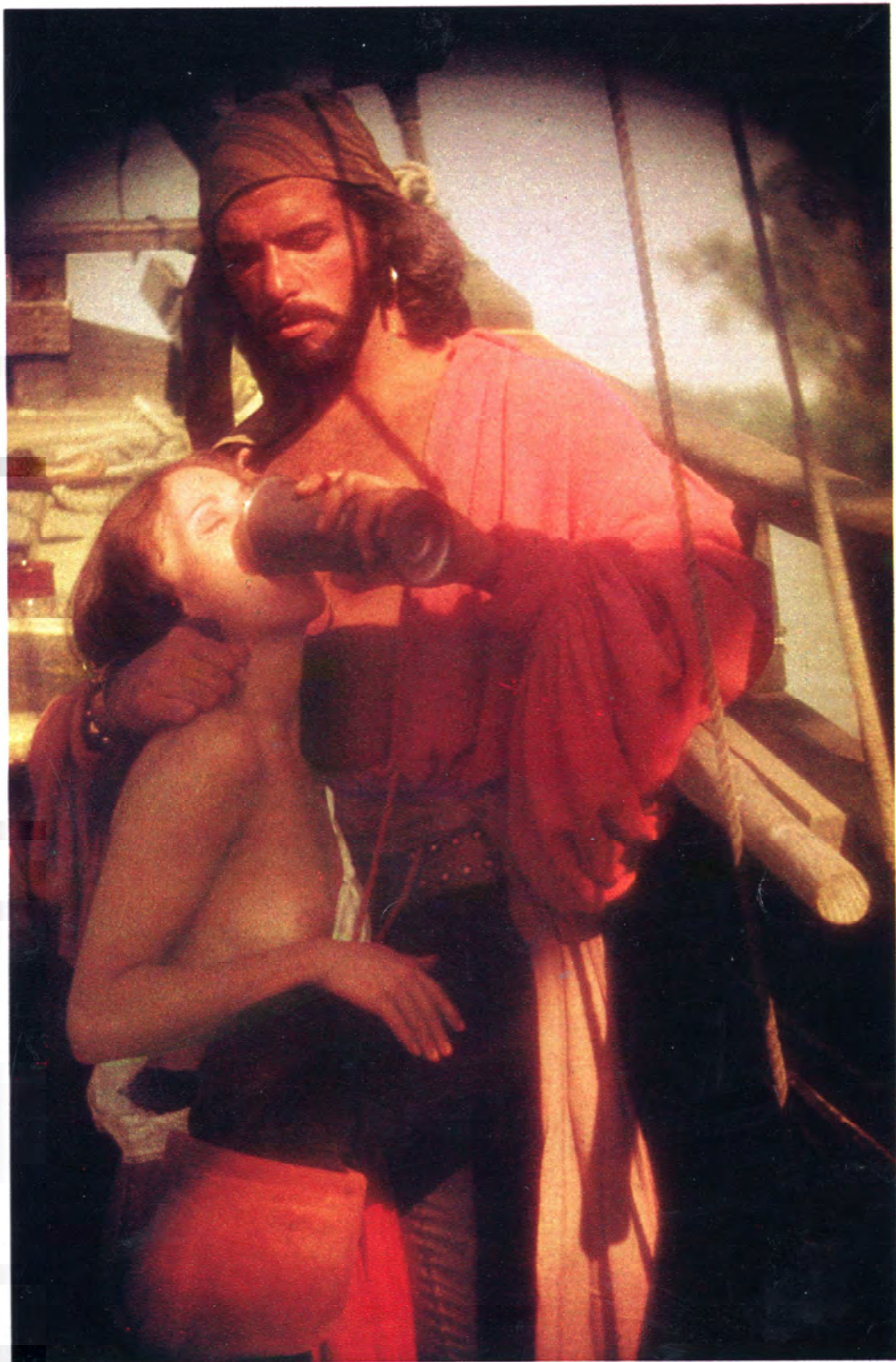
I became increasingly alarmed as we were pulled farther and farther from our desired course, and it was with heartfelt relief that I discerned a large sailing vessel which could rescue us from our unfortunate plight. As we approached the vessel, I perceived a

man standing at the helm, the likes of whom I had never before clapped eyes upon. He was tall and unconscionably handsome, with a rugged, yet coolly arrogant, demeanor. He wore the clothes of a ruffian or an outlaw. But we were helpless, and Aubrey said we had no choice but to throw ourselves upon this stranger's mercy. I felt most apprehensive as we drew our boat up to his; and as he offered his assistance, my heart was beating frightfully and my knees wobbling. I felt his steady glance, like a dagger of lust.

But imagine my horror when the stranger, after pulling me on board with the aid of a rope, laughed cruelly and grabbed me around the waist, meanwhile calling out to my brother and wishing him a pleasant sea journey! His eyes glinted forbiddingly as his viselike grip tightened around my waist, and I am sure I would have fainted clean away had I not been aware of the perils of my doing so! I realized at once that this man was most certainly a pirate; and although a thrill of dreadful fear was coursing through my blood, I beat furiously upon his broad chest with my fists, demanding to be immediately released. He smiled down at me tauntingly, calling me a plucky wench, and seemed to take great amusement in my distress. In a trice he had pulled me into his private cabin. I cried out mightily, afraid of the fate which was to befall me. I wept for my poor brother, yet wished I had drowned.







• A feeling of languor
overcame me as his tongue
explored my naked flesh... •

● As his thrusts
began to
hit home, I again
thought I might faint... ●



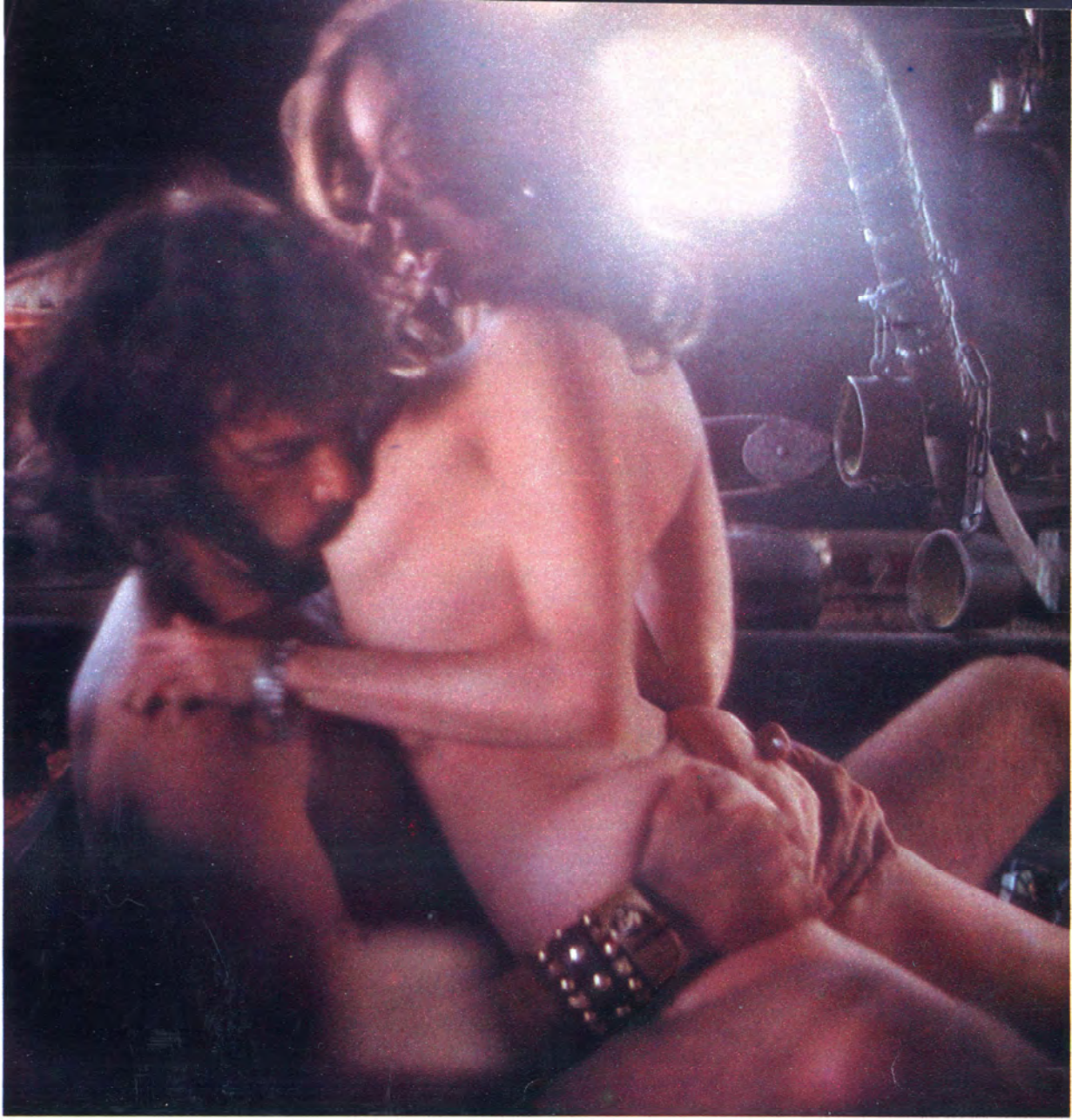


So wretched a man there never was! I became very furious and, in a trembling voice, demanded to be immediately released. The blackguard only grinned more broadly and plucked up my skirt with his sword, meanwhile allowing his fingers to play impudently over my breasts. I fought in vain, for the scamp paid not a whit of attention to my entreaties and answered only by roughly tearing off my clothes, forcing a goblet of potent liquid down my throat, and threatening to summon his entire crew to enjoy my favors.

It is with great shame that I continue, for that vile liquid weakened my struggles, and my will crumbled under the force of the pirate's searching hands. A feeling of languor overcame me as his tongue explored my naked flesh.

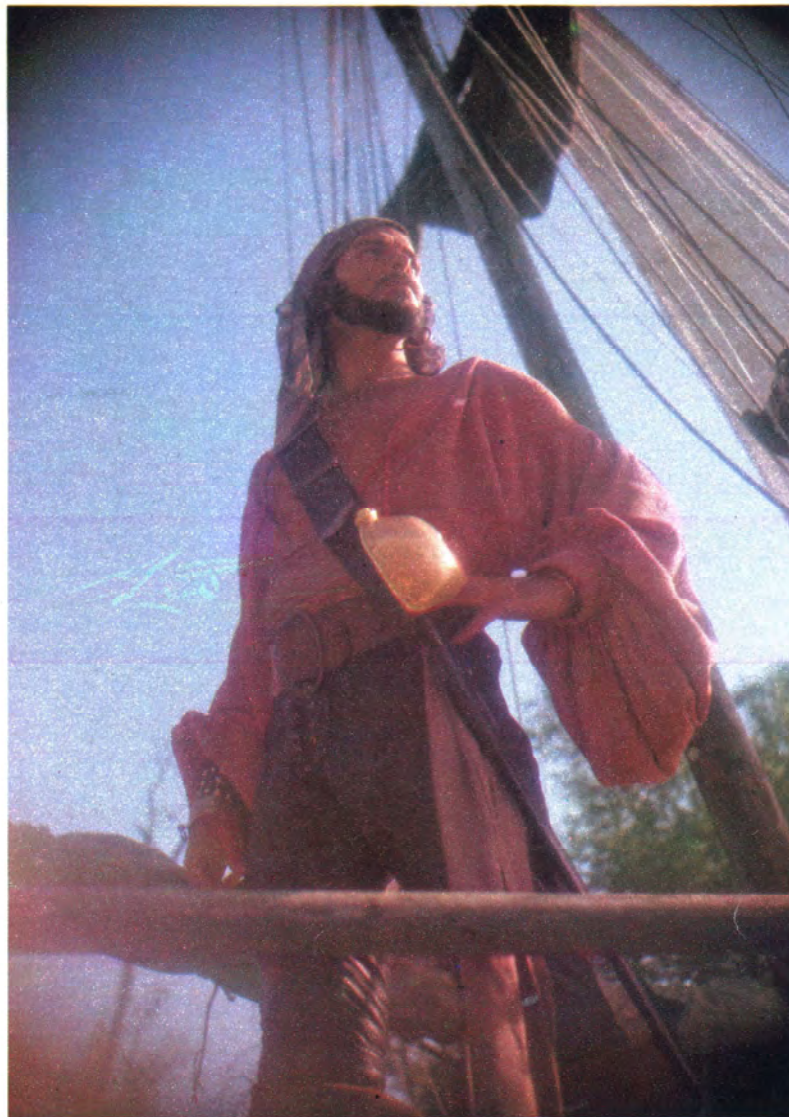







Oh, wicked, wicked man! To stir wanton thoughts in a lass like myself, who had always been brought up in strict propriety! His fierce face, bent toward me for a lingering kiss, aroused the strangest desires I could have imagined! Although he was awful, he called me his beautiful creature and tickled me playfully. I feigned that this displeased me and still vigorously (naked though we were) demanded my freedom. He roared with mirth and buried his head between my legs, licking me until I thought I would go mad with pleasure.





When I felt I could withstand these feelings no longer, my seducer ceased his meanderings and brought his face up to survey mine. With a sardonic smile at my discomposed demeanor, he began slowly to pull my legs apart, trying to force his large, rock-hard organ inside of me. As his thrusts began to hit home, I again thought I might faint; but the feeling passed, to be replaced by one of delicious ecstasy! I remain to this day with my roving pirate, for I so love it when he plunges deep inside me—to the hilt! 





Steve Wilson drove South of the Border
for a few weeks of fun
and *frijoles*. Like hundreds of other American kids,
he had never expected
to be busted on a phony drug charge and
thrown into a hellhole of a prison.

MEXICAN NIGHTMARE

There were no farewells. You don't throw a party when the place you're leaving is a maximum-security prison in the mountains of Mexico, thirty miles below the Arizona border, and the method you've chosen for your departure is likely to cause your death.

For Steve Wilson, the nearest thing to a farewell was whispered by another prisoner, an American who'd been arrested with Steve. "You're going to get killed; you're really going to get killed," he said. "We're going to miss you."

Steve agreed; he felt strongly that he would be dead by the end of the next day. Only a few hours before, he had been smashing slabs of concrete with a sledgehammer when he saw the old Volvo station wagon come through the gates of Nogales Prison. It was an early afternoon in December 1974, eighteen months after Steve had been arrested and more than four months after Richard M. Nixon had left the White House—a linking of names that is deliberate, because Steve was imprisoned as a result of Nixon's sovereign policies.

The moment Steve saw the wagon, he knew that it was the escape car which he'd arranged for through friends on the outside, and the moment he saw it he felt little pieces of his mind begin flaking away. "My heart leaped when I saw the car because I knew it was mine," he later recalled. "The only thing that had kept me sane was working on the plan to get out of there, and now that it was happening, my mind couldn't handle it. And I got a little weepy, looking at the car, and had to get out of the area."

Steve Wilson isn't usually a hysterical man. He was twenty-six at the time. Before his arrest in Mexico he had been an alcohol-and-drug counselor in Washington, N.C., working for the state mental-health department. He had, in fact, been given a month-long vacation as a reward for a program he had developed to help addictive kids, and the irony of that award as the indirect cause of his arrest on drug charges was seldom out of his thoughts during his months in prison. He had planned his escape logically and carefully, insinuating himself into the prison administration and conning officials into trusting him, working out the plan for a breakout car with a special hidden compartment, contriving to get it into the pris-

on, and arranging for a driver to take him across the border. Wilson is a man with a logical and methodical mind.

Or was. For after almost two years of being trapped in the maze of that special insane asylum that is modern Mexico under the influence of United States narcotics cops, frustration and anger and fear often intruded upon logic.

Steve was originally arrested on the illegal orders of a United States Drug Enforcement Administration agent and charged with possession of a phantom 350 kilos of cocaine that he never saw and that couldn't even have fit into his Volkswagen van. He had been forced to sign a confession in Spanish, which he didn't understand, and he charges that a DEA agent actively participated in the torture that broke him down. After his trial (he saw the judge only once, as a speck at the other end of the prison), Steve was told that he would be released with a small fine because his employer had intervened with the judge; but three Americans from either the State Department or the DEA later reached the judge, and Steve was then sentenced to imprisonment for five and a half years.

From the day of his arrest he had been warned by DEA agents and United States Consul employees not to make waves, but he'd made a lot of them, writing to congressmen and senators, to magazines and newspapers, to the State Department, complaining that he'd been railroaded into prison by American narcotics agents and that, instead of protecting his rights, American consular officials told him that he deserved what he got and said that the only way he would ever go home again would be in a coffin.

The threat turned out to be very real. In the autumn of 1974, a commander of prison guards told Steve that he was scheduled to be transferred to another prison farther south, but that he would never arrive there. Steve knew what that meant, because it had happened to other inmates. The procedure called for stopping in the desert for prisoners to relieve themselves, taking some select prisoners for a walk, and shooting them in the back. It was reported, in the official language, as "killed trying to escape." The inmates have another name for it: "dumped in the desert." As far as Steve knows, no Americans

BY TONY SCADUTO

have ever been dumped in the desert. But he did witness the killing of one American in prison. And he wonders what happened to several Americans who were transferred to other prisons and never responded to letters after they'd been taken across the desert.

And as his escape car came through the prison gates, Steve had to run back to his cell to keep from screaming at the death he expected, at the American Consul, at the DEA most of all.

The DEA, in its extralegal operations in Mexico, has become the Godfather of American law enforcement. Created out of the old Narcotics Bureau by Richard Nixon and John Mitchell in those heady days before Watergate, it brought together under one command all those scattered agencies involved in enforcing the drug laws. Its intrusion into Mexican affairs had its start back in the first year of Nixon's reign. Radical protesters tried to disrupt the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago; the Black Panthers were stalking the land; most American kids were seen, by the White House gang, as dope-smoking revolutionaries who had driven Lyndon Johnson from office and were plotting the same fate for Richard Nixon; the White House became like a medieval castle besieged on all sides by a barbaric enemy.

What was wrong with American kids? Pernicious permissiveness, said Spiro Agnew. Sex and dope was Nixon's view. He couldn't immediately do much about sexual freedom and—according to some reports—hadn't had any sex in years and probably didn't even want to think about it. But dope was another matter. If dope were stopped, half the battle would be won.

So, in September 1969, Nixon's government set up what it called Operation Intercept at the Mexican border, bringing pressure on Mexican officials to cut off the flow of marijuana and narcotics into the United States. For ten days border patrol and customs agents mucked up the normal travel between the two countries by thoroughly searching every person and car crossing the border. The search caused hours of delay at each border station, held up Mexican workers going to jobs in the United States, and made a lot of American tourists cancel plans to travel into Mexico.

Mexico's economy is extremely dependent on American tourism, and the Mexican government caved in. It agreed to join the United States in a drug crackdown. We started giving the Mexicans about \$15 million a year to finance search-and-destroy missions in the poppy fields, and we trained hundreds of Mexican cops in drug inspection and enforcement. At the same time, DEA agents were turned loose below the border to help seize big dealers; those American cops became like avenging angels, whose private mission was to put the fear of God and flag into any United States citizen who didn't seem to conform to the standards of Americanism demanded by the paranoiacs of the Oval Office.

The agents, says Steve Wilson from personal experience, acted like modern gun-slitting spooks out of control, taking out their James Bond fantasies on the Mexicans, rounding up the residents of entire villages in the quest for dope, and sometimes being gunned down from ambush because the Mexicans so thoroughly hated them. There is independent evidence that DEA officials, under Nixon, actually saw their assignment to cut into the drug traffic as a "war" and tried to bring to it all the techniques of war—including assassination. According to the *Washington Post*, the man who dreamed up a plan to assassinate big-time drug dealers in Mexico was Col. Lucien Conein, a former CIA agent who appears to have had some role in the 1963 overthrow of South Vietnamese dictator Ngo Dinh Diem. In 1971, after retiring from the CIA, Conein was brought into the White House plumbers unit by E. Howard Hunt, originally to help fake evidence that John F. Kennedy had ordered Diem's mur-

Steve knew that there
was no way he
could resist—he'd
cave in and sign
a confession the moment
the torture started.

der. Conein, according to the *Post*, was involved in all the so-called Gemstone programs. In 1973, with Watergate putting a stop to those programs, Nixon moved Conein over to DEA, appointing him head of its newly formed Special Operations Branch. His job was to develop international spy networks for identifying major drug traffickers and putting a stop to their operations.

Immediately upon taking his new post at the DEA, Conein recruited about a dozen CIA men into an elite squad that, according to a senior DEA official quoted by the *Post*, was "an assassination program." Although Conein denies the charge, *Post* sources insist that his plan was to murder Mexican drug traffickers with special exploding devices originally developed for the CIA. Several of Conein's agents spent months in Mexico identifying and setting up the murder victims, and the assassinations were about to begin in early 1975 when Sen. Lowell Weiker of Connecticut revealed that a consignment of sophisticated assassination weapons had been demonstrated to Conein for potential DEA purchase. The assassination bureau was promptly scrapped.

Against this background, Steve Wilson's charges are not difficult to believe. Most important, Steve's experiences and his accusations are not uniquely his own; he isn't a solitary figure standing on a mountaintop, perversely hurling lightning bolts against two federal agencies. A large number of Americans who have been detained in Mexico have said that they were forced to sign confessions they couldn't read and that they were mistreated by DEA agents and consular employees. Rep. Fortney ("Pete") Stark of California, one of the few congressmen who haven't brushed off the charges as the ravings of drug addicts, has documented more than 100 cases similar to Steve's. And because a great percentage of the 550 or so Americans in Mexican prisons had no previous arrest records and were not smugglers or involved in drugs in any way, Stark has been talking about a tourist boycott, since "travel to Mexico may be dangerous to your health."

Steve was only dimly aware of all this when he decided to travel through the Southwest in the early summer of 1973. He hadn't thought very seriously about visiting Mexico, because his main goal was a slow jaunt through New Orleans, the Grand Canyon, and California. As a drug-abuse counselor, he had picked up some knowledge of narcotics laws, and he knew that Mexico wasn't a safe place for fooling with dope. But he hadn't even smoked a joint during the previous three years, and the perils of Mexico didn't cross his mind as he drove out of North Carolina in his purple 1970 Volkswagen van at the end of May. With him was a college student, Robert Allen Smith, whose parents, like Steve's, lived in New Jersey. Steve didn't know him very well, but when Allen asked whether he could come along on the trip to California, Steve welcomed the company.

They reached the West Coast in about ten days; and after hanging around a bit, Bob suggested that they go down to Tijuana. Steve said that he'd like to spend a couple of weeks driving through Mexico but refused to go near Tijuana or any other border tourist traps because Americans could get into trouble in them. Steve set down one condition before he and Bob left: no drugs. He even made Bob throw away his sinus medicine before they crossed the border.

They drove deep into Mexico, picking up hitchhiking Mexican nationals every chance they got and being invited to native homes so often that they seldom stayed in motels. Just before starting back north, they met a Mexican-Indian girl, Patty, who had been studying English and hoped to become a secretary. She wanted to go to the United States. Her relatives gave permission, and her papers were in order; so Steve took her along on the trip back to California.

On the morning of June 25, 1973, heading west in the Mexican desert about thirty miles south of San Luis de Rio Colorado, which is below Arizona, they were



"Noise...what noise..?"

searched for drugs at an inspection station. They passed and were cleared through, but pulled up a short distance away because the Volkswagen was giving Steve trouble. The two men began tinkering with the engine, and Patty wandered off a hundred yards or so. A car pulled up, and five Mexicans, wearing Hawaiian-style shirts outside their pants, got out and walked over to the van. One of them pointed to the Minolta slung over Steve's shoulder and said, "It's a nice camera. We want it." Steve's first impression was that the men were bandits, and he said, "Keep your hands off it." The Mexican reached for it, and in the scuffle the camera was banged against the van. Steve was furious and was about to jump the man when another one pulled from his belt a pistol that had been hidden by his shirt and shouted that he was a *Federales*, a member of the Mexican national police force.

Patty began to run across the desert when she saw the gun drawn. A couple of the *Federales* chased her. After a few moments some shots were fired, and Steve tried to see what was being done to the girl, but she and her pursuers were out of sight, behind sand dunes. Steve remembers thinking that the sounds couldn't have been gunshots and realizing that they were. He felt anger, fear, and frustration, because he thought that he should have been able to do something to protect Patty but couldn't act with the gun aimed at him, and because his mind refused to absorb what he had seen and heard, refused to deal with it. Later, in prison, Steve met a man who said that he was Patty's brother. No one had ever heard from her again, and the family was afraid that she had been killed.

Another car filled with *Federales* pulled up after the shooting. The Mexicans held a brief conference, which neither of the Americans could understand, and then announced that they were under arrest. Their arms were handcuffed behind their backs, and they were shoved against a wall. They stood there for a long time, not understanding much except that the Mexicans had radioed somewhere and were apparently waiting for transportation for the gringo prisoners. The transportation came in about an hour—a new Cadillac Eldorado driven by an American. He was in his sixties, was very well dressed, and had white hair and freckled, blotchy skin. The *Federales* treated him with enormous respect, and it was obvious that he was an important American official of some kind.

When Steve saw the man, he assumed that he was from the American Consulate, and he told Bob, "An American, great! Now we're going to get out of this mess." But the American wouldn't talk to them and wouldn't even look at them as he drove them north with one of the Mexican cops as a guard. The only conversation was in response to the Mexican's questions about the car. "It's a company car," the American said at one point. Later Steve began to feel certain that the man was a DEA or a customs agent.

Steve and Bob were dropped off at the *Federales* station in San Luis and were taken into the office of the prosecutor for the area. He asked them several questions, and they described their run-in with the *Federales*. The prosecutor treated their arrest as a good joke on a couple of young gringos. He began typing out a report of their statements, pecking away with one finger of each hand and having trouble finding the right keys. Finally, when he finished his report, the prosecutor told his prisoners that everything would be cleared up soon and that they'd probably be released. "But we'll have to hold you a few days for investigation," he said.

They were taken off to the drunk tank, an eight-by-twelve cell in which about two dozen prisoners were crowded. The floor was cement, and in the center was a hole for the inmates to relieve themselves. But many of the Mexican prisoners were vomiting from the heroin that the authorities had sold them and were missing the hole, and

“If all my nightmares
were ever thrown
into one place,” Steve recalled,
“it was in Nogales Prison. . . .
I’ve never seen any
place so much like hell.”

the stench was dreadful. After three days, unable to eat because the plates of beans always had a few lumps of excrement floating around, and after losing about fifteen pounds each, Steve and Bob were returned to the prosecutor's office. They were filthy by then, their hair filled with lice, bodies stinking, clothing hanging loosely on them, and the prosecutor and his clerks laughed at them and said that they looked as if they'd been in the tank for a month. Steve was too weak and upset to vent his anger.

The prosecutor eventually grew serious. "This pipe," he said, holding an object in front of him, "it had a little bit of hashish in it. That is much trouble for you." Steve stared at the pipe. It was Bob's, a present from an old girl friend, but it had been broken across the stem about a year before and was unusable. Later Bob explained that he had carried it out of sentiment, because he felt that it was his lucky piece, and that Steve had blacked his eye for bringing the pipe. But now Steve simply stared at it.

Bob said, "That's mine. He didn't know I had it; he told me not to bring anything like that into Mexico. I'm sorry. What can I say?" The prosecutor questioned Steve and be-

lieved him when he said that he knew nothing about the pipe, and he made a snap decision—he would hold Bob for twelve hours, to give Steve enough time to cross the border and get \$300 for his friend's "fine," and when the money was paid, they'd both be free to go. In the meantime they would retain Steve's wallet and credit cards and all his possessions as security for his return. Steve agreed. Any kind of extortion was better than a return to the drunk tank.

As the prosecutor typed up Steve's release papers, two tall, blond men—obviously American police officers of some kind—came banging through the door, dragging in a Mexican of about fifteen who had been badly beaten. They shoved the kid against the desk and slapped him around the face, working over his already bleeding nose and lips. One of the Americans said to the prosecutor, in English, "We found this." He held up a vial with a black substance in it—unrefined heroin, Steve later learned—and it surprised him, because he'd always thought all heroin was white.

The American cops finally noticed Steve and Bob. "Are you Americans?" the taller of the two asked.

"Yeah, I'm an American," Steve said. And the anger began to flow—anger about the girl who was probably dead in the desert, anger about his van and camera and everything else that had been stolen from him, anger at the beating these American cops had given the Mexican kid. "Who the hell do you think you are?" Steve shouted. The taller man started to say, "I'm with . . ." but Steve wouldn't let him answer, and the anger poured out of him now: "You come down here into Mexico and beat the shit out of people. No wonder the Mexicans hate us and steal from us. You people are perpetuating what is happening to us, because you come into Mexico and abuse everybody. How would you feel if Mexicans were allowed into the United States to beat and arrest people? Who the hell are you, anyway?"

Finally, the taller man said: "I'm with Customs. Roger Anderson. Where are you from?"

Steve told him that he worked in Washington, N.C., and Anderson said that he'd been stationed in the Raleigh-Durham area. With Customs? Steve asked. Anderson insisted that he was a customs agent; later he admitted that he and his partner, Jones, were DEA agents. (The names of both DEA agents have been changed because of possible pending court action.)

"What are you guys in for?" Anderson asked.

Steve began, "Oh, nothing really . . ." but Anderson cut him off. "That's what they all say. Don't you know when you're busted down here you're in for the hassle of your life?"

"Man, I'm in for a hassle?" Steve asked. "I haven't done anything, and I'm in for a hassle?"

Now Bob exploded. "You stupid son of a

You're going to spend \$300 for a receiver? And you never heard of PPR?

Stereo Receivers	Sugg. Ret.† Price	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity IHF '58 Stereo -50dB*
SA-5760	\$799.95	165 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.08%	1.8μV 35.7dBf
SA-5560	499.95	85 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV 36.2dBf
SA-5460	399.95	65 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.1	1.8μV 36.2dBf
SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz-20kHz	0.3	1.9μV 37.2dBf
SA-5160	229.95	25 watts from 30Hz-20kHz	0.5	1.9μV 37.2dBf
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†Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

*New IHF '75 standard

PPR is price performance relationship. And we feel it's a meaningful way of judging a receiver because it can tell you how much power, technology and performance you're getting for your money.

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Play a record. You'll hear it the way it was recorded. Quietly and with greater dynamic range. Because we use an overload-resistant 3-stage IC in the phono equalizer sections.

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All cabinetry simulated wood.

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by Panasonic



Today's cassette is the easiest way to make beautiful music.

DROPPING IN

Whoever would have guessed, back in 1964, that the lowly cassette would become the tape system par excellence? At that time, all serious tape recording was done on reel-to-reel machines. Those recording devices were developed in the 1940s, when they utilized bulky "open-reel" tapes (usually seven inches in diameter and half an inch wide).


Music buffs who wanted to enjoy the pleasures of open-reel tape recording had to be Serious, with a capital S. Nobody else would bother taking the trouble—or the expense—to get involved with miles and miles of recording tape, which had to be carefully threaded from reel to reel and then watched, with equal attentiveness, to make sure it was behaving as it should and not disappearing somewhere within the bowels of the machine, never to be seen again.

Back in those days of Lyndon Johnson vs. Barry Goldwater, nobody took the cassette seriously. All it was good for was for helping hapless secretaries skimp on their steno—a dictation device (and only in mono, no less). A few years later, some enterprising companies began to develop stereo music cassettes. But even then, only teenyboppers seemed to appreciate the cassette's extraordinary convenience and versatility.

As the 1970s began, however, the Great Cultural Revolution was upon us. Suddenly, even those Serious audiophiles began to appreciate the ease with which not one but two Beethoven symphonies (or Elton John albums or Judy Collins concerts) could be carried on one cassette, in the hip pocket.

Being serious audiophiles, however, they weren't about to switch to tape without having their highest standards met. Which is exactly what happened. Millions of dollars of research were spent by manufacturers of tape and tape decks to make available to the consumer a cassette tape that would sound as good as a record (or an open-reel tape). There's no point in going into the incredible problems they faced and overcame in meeting that goal. Suffice it to say that today's cassette can be the equal of any recording medium—including records.

The cassette decks on the following pages are among the best in the world. But as you decide which one you want to buy, remember: these are cassette *decks*, which means they have to be connected to a stereo receiver in order to record or play back. And to fully appreciate your cassette deck, you should utilize the very best headphones or loudspeakers. In fact, to get the most in audio out of these cassette decks, everything in your system should be of the highest quality, including the recording tape itself (a consideration that too many people overlook). Bad tape will not only distort your recording; it will also destroy (slowly but very surely) your recorder. The few pennies you may save by buying cheap tape will not make up for wrecking a high-quality tape deck. And to obtain the best reproduction, you certainly need the best tape.

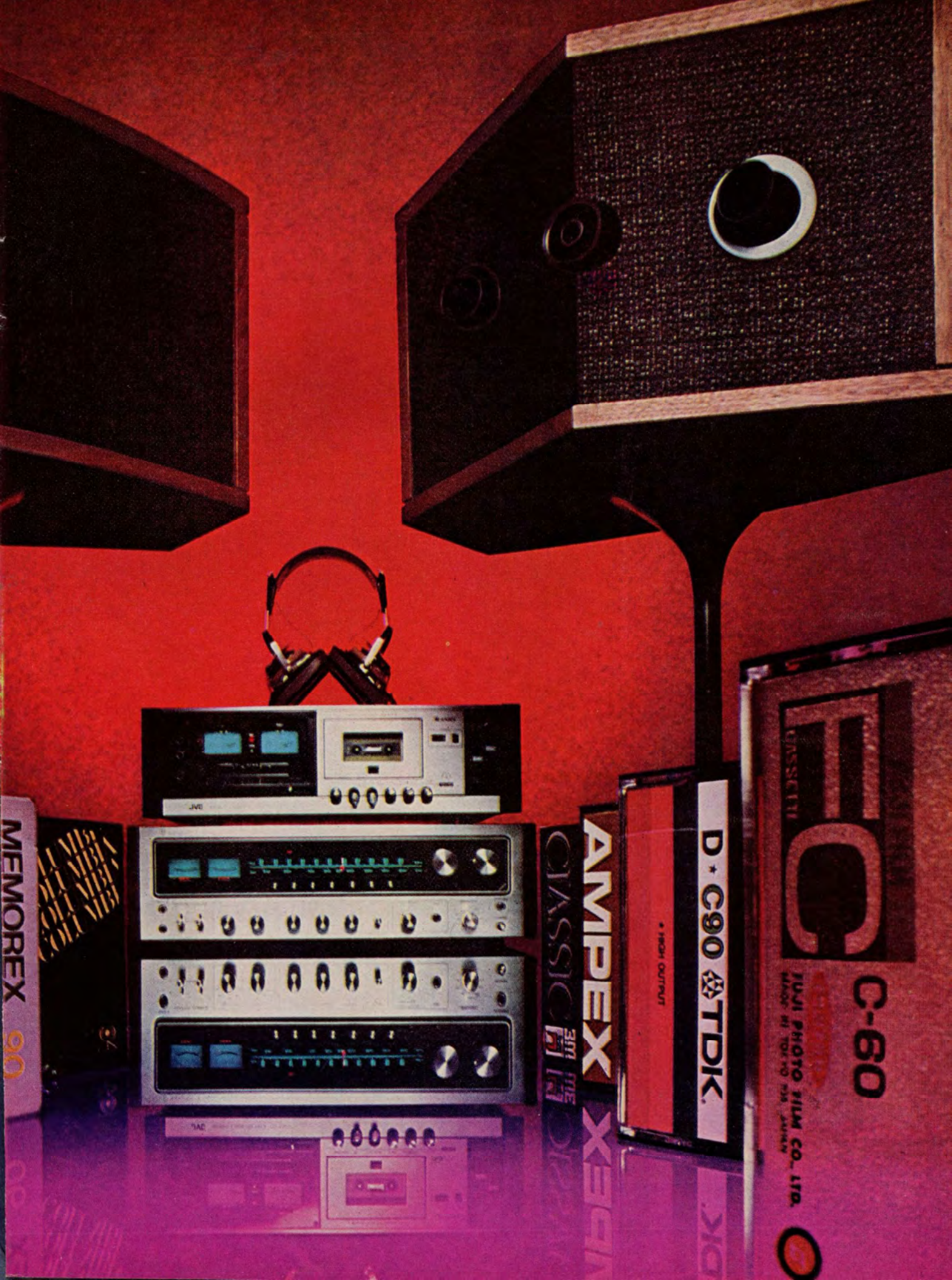
So drop in your cassette (a front-loading deck makes the simple task even simpler), turn your stereo system on, and tune in to the greatest sounds in the world. 

The Serious Sound-Freak's System—As we have said, it doesn't do an advanced audiophile a lot of good to spend hundreds on a sophisticated system and save pennies on cheap cassettes. The best is only as good as the sum of its parts. So, framing a solid cassette system, here are some of the best cassettes on the market. These are, from left to right: Maxell's C90; The Music Tape by Capitol; Memorex; Columbia; Scotch's 3M Classic; Ampex Plus Series; TDK; and Fuji's C60. (The numerals in any cassette's model number refer to the number of recording minutes that the cassette will store on both sides.)

The ultrasophisticated system shown in the background should satiate any music lover's inward urges. The two Bose 901 Series III speakers come complete with an equalizer and cost \$749 per pair (stands are optional). Beneath the Superex Pro VII stereophones (\$66) is the JVC CD S200 cassette deck, for \$299.95. The centerpiece for this system is the Sherwood S 9910 receiver (\$700), which will not only play back and record your cassettes but will also bring in AM and FM radio, numerous other inputs, and even a turntable, when you've simply got to have a platter party. Better yet, it will enable you to record your favorite records onto cassettes. No more scratches and warped records.

Photographs by Eric Meola





C-60

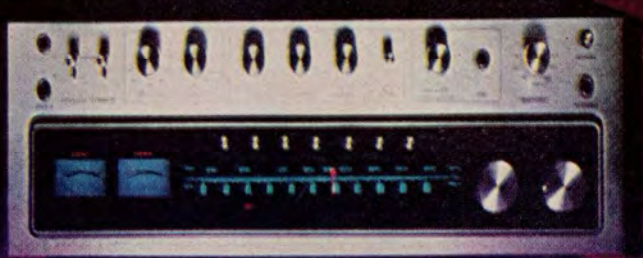
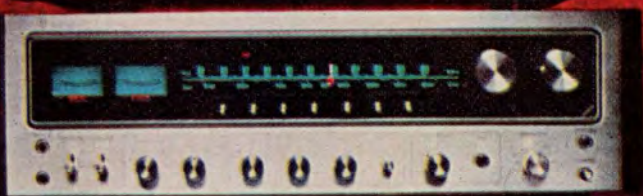
FUJI PHOTO FILM CO., LTD.
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D * C90 TDK.

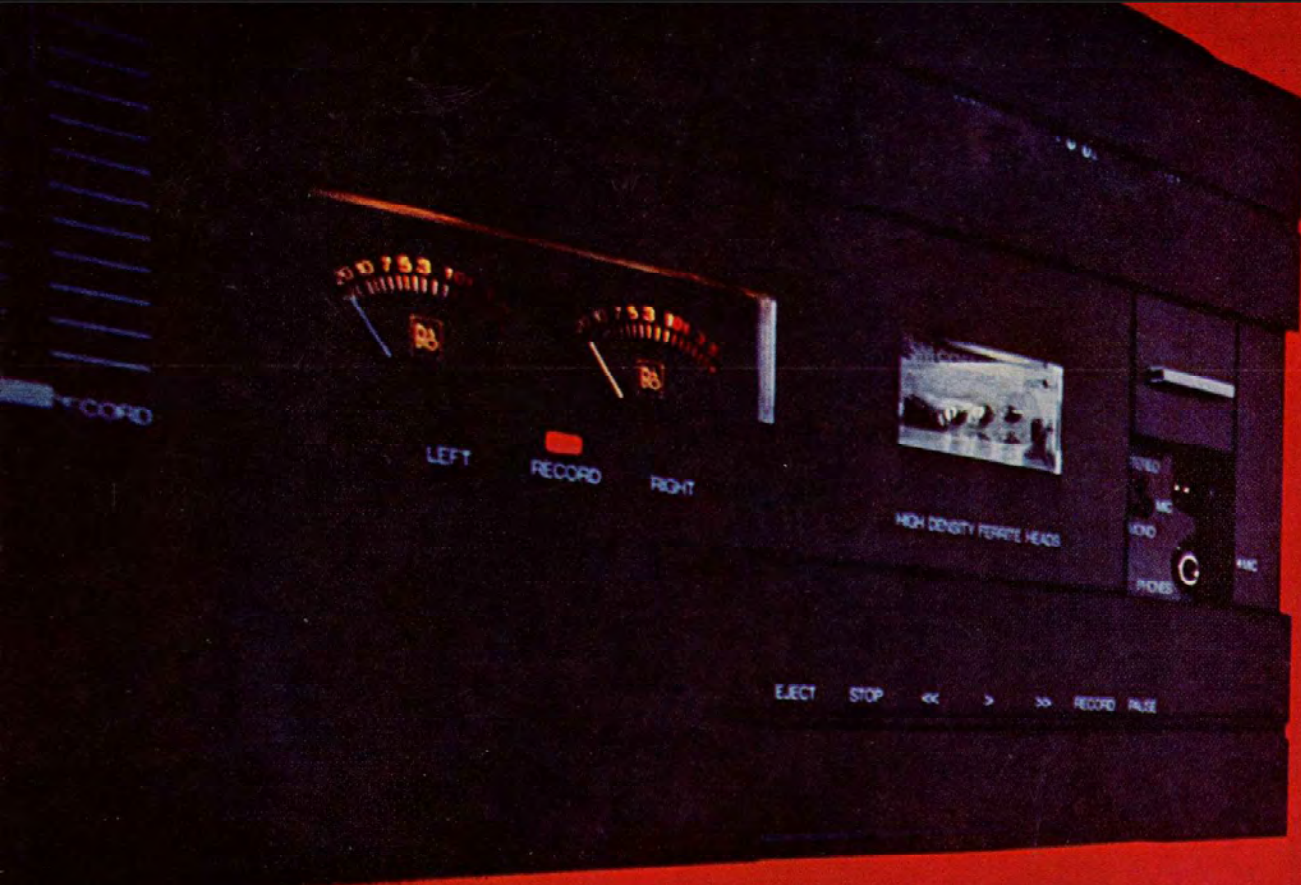
HIGH OUTPUT

AMPEX

CLASSIC III



MEMOREX 90



The Avant-garde of the Tape-deck Revolution—Like the control board of the Lunar Module, this assemblage of tape decks from the world's foremost manufacturers is ready to fly you to the moon. So, to get into swinging among the stars, take a longing

look at this equipment. On the upper-left side of the spread you will see the Bang & Olufsen Beocord 2200 in basic black, retailing for \$485. Below, on the left, is AKAI's overwhelming GXC 570D, for \$800. Smack dab in the middle—and looking like some-



thing from the bridge of the U.S.S. Enterprise—is TEAC's 860, which sells for \$1,600. On top of the TEAC is a pair of Koss's superlative ESP 9B headphones, which come complete with their own energizer for \$175. Directly above, in the center, is the

Panasonic RS 268 US for a mere \$179.95. On the right, you can see (from top to bottom) the Hitachi D/800, retailing at \$479.95; below, the Craig 5201, for \$249.95; third down, Pioneer's gleaming CT/F9191, at \$450; and Sansui's SC 2000, for \$310.

There are many ways to kill,
especially if what you want to kill is love.

PERSONAL SLAUGHTER

They did not talk about the war. She did not know from him, but from a friend of his, that he had once killed a sentry with a knife. It was a commando weapon dating back to D-Day. A rapier composed of black, unreflectant steel, with the capacities of a razor, a rocket, and a biologist's needle. It was framed above the mantle, blade up, as though waiting to achieve escape velocity.

She knew that England, thirty years before, had put into the knife a theory and an ambition: to drift gently up between a rack of ribs, cutting lungs like bread, easing the needle tip into the chambered heart. Death from a community of causes, and almost faster than the pain.

Listening to her begin to tell him a story he has taken from a book and asked her to memorize. Something about being held prisoner in a secluded house, kept bare and bound and sleepless, occupied by nameless, featureless inquisitors with a succession of colorful demands. He plies her for details. And then, and then? She fills in his blanks. As usual.

The perfume on her high neck, and the high-up swish of her stockings, for him a sound that never fails to paint a picture of the white fields above their tops. He asks whether she is glad he made her go there. She is expected to say yes, to continue to

pretend that there is such a place and that she has just left it. But instead she says, somewhat to one side, I'm glad you told me about it.

An ambiguous answer not altogether to his liking. He begins to undress her with a fair show of passion. His flesh tells her it is no more than a show. And after such a story! He is so hard to awaken these days. They end by making love with nothing more than hard-bought precision. Nothing wrong with such a flawless failure. On a scale of ten to a hundred, she gives it a fifty. Worth a hundred was a fifty in these halfway days.

He remembers a high-school "slave auction." The student-council girls sold themselves to raise money for a new film workshop. He had wanted to be a filmmaker himself until he learned how many people stood between idea and object. Slaves had to carry the buyer's books and clean his locker and so forth. You couldn't be sure about the "so forth." Another boy bid highest for his girl.

She begins to feel that his sexual imagination is somewhat provincial. Midwestern housewives are meeting their husbands at the door, wearing brass boots or less. No doubt he needs to read more books.

As teenagers, they had nowhere but the car. In winter their heat steamed the win-

FICTION BY WILLIAM WOODS



dows, and they rubbed their initials on the glass afterwards with cold, ungloved young fingers and went away feeling loving and lazy and proud. In summer she spat his semen out the door and joked about the mandrake forest that must grow through the moonlit gravel beside the wheels.

He tells her that "in L.A., at a place called the Rat Hole, girls open themselves like crab claws. Girls become snakes and stuff themselves with diamonds. Girls become yogis and pour their insides out like red ale. For an extra dollar, you can hold the flashlight."

In some bars there is an amateur night. Girls teeter dangerously on the sawdust stage, drop their skirts on their toes, ball up their pastel Levis, and toss them into the crowd. Hunch up against the green mirrors, multiplying breasts and underbellies while the Doors thump out an invitation to the dance. Once, at such a place, he hears a dialogue he will remember:

Do you blow, sweetheart?
Uh... only if the boy's from
a good family.

He has been to the coast a few times. She, never.

They had been making love for hours in a motel room near her college campus, were exhausted, lay quiet and still, their bodies striped by television. Just before it was time to take her back to her dorm, he began again. "No, I have to sign." Began to begin again. "No, really no." "Come on!" Laughing but commanding. Men did in those days. They argued a little, almost to the point where they might have become disagreeable to each other. Suddenly, with a wise smile, the eighteen-year-old pointed at his blue-wool navy watch cap on the bureau. "For the hat." "Huh?" "You know I like that hat. Give me the hat, and I'll do what you want. One thing. You can say." She laughed a little then, in embarrassment, and curled next to him. He felt something old but unfamiliar shift inside himself. "You mean that?" "Uh huh." He reached for the hat and pulled it down over her head until only her sticky mouth smiled up under the wool hood. She began.

One day he thinks of the playground. She doesn't pretend she doesn't remember. "Yeah, that was fun for you." "You liked it!" "Maybe." "Let's go back there!" She speaks his name warningly. "Come on. One time!"

For a few weeks, she collected little things she liked. Scarves, books, records. Never—it was only a game—never money. Then, once, money. The game began to feel a little spooky to both of them at about the same time, and they dropped it.

After they were married, they made love at home. That was fine for four years. Tennis helped. Then he got restless and began to meditate on the spice of fucking with the sauce of fear. One night, driving home from a movie, he turns down toward the river and wheels the car into line beside three Chevys, full of high-schoolers of all sexes working on each other under the near moon. "You must be kidding." "Come on;

just try it." "I don't believe you're real." "You know it's more fun when you might get caught." "Get caught? How old are you?" "Come on. Like the kids." "Jesus Christ, those kids are at least comfortable; they've got those fuckmobiles! This isn't 1960; we can't—" "I've thought it all out," he says patiently, "to take no risk is to create the risk that one of us will have an affair. This risk ends that one." It is too pathetic to answer. She says only, "A cop might come." "They always used to." "You. Are. In. Sane." Still, she goes along, that time, and one other. But she is a practical woman who doesn't care to hear a bored official voice say, as sooner or later one has to, "Don't you people have a home to go to?" Nor does she like trying to fit under a steering wheel any better than she did ten years before. So they drop that, too.

In the car, driving to the playground, she daydreams about her parents, both now dead, who could have seen them years ago, in the playground, from the window.

Not easily: she and the boy would have

at a place
called the Rat Hole,
girls open themselves
like crab claws.
Girls become snakes
and stuff themselves
with diamonds.

been anonymous figures no larger than big children, and their poses on the swings and sliding board might have looked like nothing more than children climbing over each other, children too big to be on the playground at all.

Once when they were sitting in the sandbox (where she had peed like a kitten, angry that he ignored her order not to watch), he gently put a handful of powdery snow on her breast, and she sighed against him in their hill of overcoats and watched her nipple wrinkle like a pink currant, her flesh his fiefdom.

Not the playground only. When they were kids, he took her clothes, for her body's happy ransom where her father dozed one wall away, or where the nuns who taught her prowled the parking lot with rifle-barreled flashlights. Daughter of Mary, you owe him nothing! He loved the old parochial-school legends. Showering in your nightgown, not wearing patent-leather shoes to dances. And later, the epic terror of "parking" stories: *the man with the hook*. And a score of concerned policemen as they parked away their college years. You okay, young lady? How many chiefly con-

cerned to let their lights play scientifically on her skin? You go to school here? What would your mother say? (What would God say?) Then gone with a wink that said instead, get 'er once for me, buddy. Ten years ago.

Ten years later he turns on the TV. A veteran of the Manson family complains to an interviewer. "People think we had orgies all the time. Bullshit. Do they have any idea of the huge technical difficulties in putting together an orgy?"

"We're here." She shrugs. *You're here.* He helps her ceremoniously from the car, his blood baking, and they begin to chase each other among the abandoned statuary toys, scarfed by their breath: cold fall, past dusk, the last child gone, one blue pail adrift in the sandbox. He lifts her onto the metal bed of the sliding board, kneels between her unstockinged legs, and begins to dart his face across the white glare of her underpants. She squirms to help him lower them; and when their different mouths meet, she rests her head on the higher steel and lets the welcome shocks drift through her as she watches the empty sky.

Later they hang on the jungle gym so that his waist is equal to her head. She takes him on her tongue, pretending he is a stranger, and when that isn't quite good enough, she pretends he is a violent stranger, and then a peaceful, saintlike stranger, and the results are a sixty or even a seventy-five; so they sit holding each other afterwards on the hard dirt at the bottom of the tangle of softly glowing pipes for a long, unspeaking time.

But it will not be many days before she decides that "I have been a short-order cook for your fantasy life long enough, and the mere fact that I sometimes enjoy it is absolutely no reason why I should have to share it. Let me introduce myself. Dig?"

"Sweetheart, you'll feel better in the morning."

"I feel fine right now. You think it's for scratching an itch or for remembering. I think it's for connecting. Real me to real you. If there is one."

"I think it's for connecting."

"Yeah, with what's in your head. Well, connect that to your hand."

"Angel!"

"It's okay. I adore you, but so long, jack-ass."

"Good, go. I'll never lose you once I've lost you. You'll be every girl I ever make love to."

"Poor girls." She shivers, from very deep inside.

But her husband—her friend said—had not used the knife in the way that was intended. Instead he had cut the sentry's throat. He had not known the theory of the old knife, nor had he felt that the style of the new war mandated a variant ambition of his own. Done in the dark, the blood invisible. But when she thought of it, she could see the blood, and as a solid. A red flag, suddenly detached, falling like a red glove across her husband's hand. ○—

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NIGHTMARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

bitch!" he shouted. "I bet you don't even have a high-school education." Steve winced at that one. It was dawning on him that he and Bob shouldn't make enemies of two men they needed as friends, but Bob rushed on, pointing at Steve and yelling, "That guy right there works for the government, and he's not going to forget what you did to that Mexican kid . . ."

Anderson signaled the other agent, Jones, who grabbed Bob by the arm and led him through a door into another room. While they were gone, Anderson gently reminisced about North Carolina, putting Steve at his ease. Bob was returned to the main room in about twenty minutes; his nose and mouth were bleeding, and his eyes were puffed up.

"Okay, come on," Anderson said. He took Steve into the interrogation room, pulled out a nickel-plated .357 pistol, and held it against Steve's head. "Now I want the truth out of you," he said. "I don't believe your name is Steve Wilson, and I don't believe your friend's name is Bob Smith. I think you're really . . ." and he threw out a name Steve didn't quite understand.

"I never heard of him," Steve said. "I'm Steve Wilson. Check all my papers, and you'll see I'm Steve Wilson."

"Bullshit," the narcotics cop said. "You just tell me the truth. Where's the cocaine?"

Steve tried to hold the laughter back, but he couldn't. The question was so far out of left field, coming from a man with whom he'd just had a pleasant conversation about North Carolina, that he broke down at the absurdity of it. "What's so funny, you son of a bitch?" Anderson shouted. He jammed the barrel of his pistol into the side of Steve's head, raising a large welt, and then grabbed him by the shirt front and began shaking him.

"You overeducated sons of bitches," he said, "you're not good for the United States or for anybody else. We're going to do something about you guys. You're going to fry. I'm going to see whether you're legitimate or not; and when I find out, I'm going to see that you fry."

He shoved Steve back into the other room, at pistol point, over to the prosecutor's desk. "Hold these two," he told him. The prosecutor shrugged. He had treated the DEA agents with great deference from the start, and now he agreed to the order from an American cop to throw two Americans back into the tank. The DEA agents left. The prosecutor told the prisoners, "You should have kept your mouths shut. Now you have to go back to the drunk tank."

They were in the tank for another couple of days and were then taken back to the prosecutor's office and given papers, written in Spanish, to be signed. Once their signatures were on the documents, they were told, freedom would be only a matter of time. Steve tried to read the papers. He

understood no Spanish at all, but he could make out enough to realize that it was an admission he'd been transporting a few hundred kilos of cocaine.

"I'm not signing anything," Steve said. "That's a confession, and I didn't do anything. I'm not signing."

A couple of *Federales* led Steve and Bob to a building next door. There were about a dozen prisoners, including several other Americans, in the single, large room. A large bucket filled with soapy water stood on the floor in the center of the room. "The water treatment," one of the other Americans said. The Mexican prisoners were put through it first. One at a time, each of the prisoners had his hands tied behind his back and was forced to kneel in front of the bucket. A *Federal* shoved his head under until he couldn't hold his breath any longer, and he had to swallow the soapy muck. Then his head was pulled out by the hair, giving him a chance to gulp air, and it was shoved under again. This happened re-

Steve was sure
that he was going to die,
but he felt he'd
rather die trying to
escape than being
dumped in the desert.

peatedly, until the stomach bloated up as if he were pregnant. And now the prisoner was thrown to the floor and kicked in the stomach until he threw up the water.

After the first one was treated this way, most of the other prisoners agreed to sign confessions. Steve knew that there was no way he could resist—he'd cave in and sign the moment the *Federales* pulled him toward the bucket. But he was near the end of the line, and he waited and watched. They were through with all the Mexicans in about a half hour, and they started on the Americans. The first American they worked over was a man named Bradley Speare. (Prisoners who have recently written to Steve say that Speare is still locked up and is suffering from tuberculosis.) As the *Federales* began shoving Speare's head into the bucket, DEA agent Anderson walked in. It was as if someone had told him that they were working on the Americans now and he had to see it. He watched Speare break down and agree to confess and watched as the head of the second American, John Putman, was shoved in and held under. When Putman was permitted to come up for air, he saw Anderson for the first time. He began to scream at the DEA

agent, cursing him, threatening him. Anderson smiled, walked over, and kicked Putman in the abdomen. Then he left.

The cops started on Bob Smith, but for some reason the torture session was called off just then, and they were taken back to the prosecutor's office, still insisting that they would not sign. Anderson was sitting there, and he said to the prosecutor, "I checked on this guy and his friend; they're nobody that can cause any trouble. I want you to nail these overeducated sons of bitches real good."

The next day, after witnessing the torture of other prisoners, Steve and Bob signed the confessions.

What was done to Steve Wilson and Bob Smith and scores of other Americans violates Mexican law, the Vienna Convention, and several United States-Mexico consular treaties. Contrary to international convention, the *Federales* as a matter of routine will not permit an American prisoner to call the nearest consulate for assistance until after he has signed a confession, when it is too late. And, as in Steve's case and dozens of others that have been documented, DEA agents encourage violations of the rights of Americans even when the agents aren't actively participating in those violations. It would be simple for a DEA agent to pick up the phone and alert the consulate that an American is being detained and may need help. But the agents are supercops, and they're not about to assist a prisoner when there is no higher authority to second-guess and criticize them later.

That higher authority would normally be the State Department, which by law is required to protect the rights of Americans through its embassies in the capital of each country and its consulates in the hinterlands. But for years, despite a lot of platitudes mouthed by State Department spokesmen in congressional testimony and in statements to journalists, State hasn't given a damn about Americans held in Mexico.

"Most of those Americans are involved in dope-trafficking charges," one State Department officer admitted to Bill Waters of the *Arizona Daily Star* during a not-for-attribution discussion. "Guilty or not guilty," State's spokesman went on, "they're mostly long-haired hippie types, and during recent administrations that kind of person is strictly low-priority. State's not about to be bothered with their civil rights."

Edith Wilkie, one of Representative Stark's aides who have been investigating Mexican justice, confirms that this attitude was common among State Department officials when Stark first began asking questions about California kids arrested in Mexico; most recently, under growing congressional pressure, the attitude is improving, Wilkie says.

State Department officers who speak frankly about the agency's attitude do so only after extracting promises that their names won't be revealed. And they have

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



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

1. How much camera do I need?

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

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

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

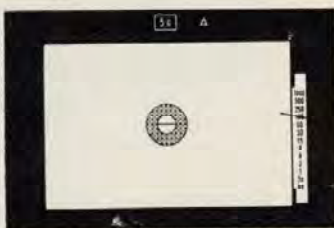
Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to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

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder?

First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.

Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

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



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

4. What range of shutter speeds do I need?

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

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

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



Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses?

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

8. How should the camera feel?

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



9. How should it sound?

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



10. How do I judge craftsmanship?

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



11. What is the camera's reputation?

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

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta

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

told Waters and other writers, including this one, that the DEA and the State Department have made it clear to Mexican police officials that the United States is willing to subsidize them to jail American citizens. That official license to Mexican cops—to hunt down and treat Americans any damn way they please—has grown so pervasive that even Americans involved in minor auto accidents are handled as if they were major criminals. David Julian, former assistant to Stark, points out that some Americans in Mexican prisons are being held on nondrug charges, such as refusing to pay a hotel bill after an argument over inflated charges. And Sheldon B. Vance, State's coordinator on international narcotics problems, conceded that of 130 imprisoned Americans checked by State, only six had ever been involved in narcotics before their arrest on drug charges; obviously, they were not the major traffickers that the DEA claims it is putting out of business.

The drug cases have provoked the greatest abuse by Mexican and American officials. DEA agents actively help the *Federales* frame men like Steve Wilson, and, say Representative Stark and his investigators, State will not investigate when an American charges that he has been beaten into signing a confession in a language he doesn't understand. The two agencies are working hand in hand in Mexico; it isn't by accident that DEA headquarters in Mexico City is in the American Embassy building. And Stark has said: "While my office was cooperating fully by opening our files and sharing the information we had collected, the State Department was concentrating its efforts on whitewashing the issue. According to one of the State Department officials involved in the work, only 5 percent of their time was spent on substantive investigations into allegations—the balance on 'covering our tracks.' And that remark has been edited." Stark refuses to disclose the name of the State official who made that revealing confession, insisting he's not out to punish individuals in State but is more concerned about getting justice for the imprisoned Americans.

State officials, most notably Leonard F. Walentynowicz, head of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, deny Stark's charges and insist that State is taking "appropriate measures to ensure that all Americans imprisoned abroad are protected from maltreatment." Indeed, in commenting on Stark's assertion that he has strong evidence in more than 100 cases that Americans were abused while under arrest and after imprisonment, Walentynowicz said in testimony before a congressional committee, "We find that too many times allegations of mistreatment later prove to be unsubstantiated and are motivated by the real desire to avoid the situation the person got himself into. It is a constant and recurring theme." And that, says Stark, is State's recurring theme: the complaining Americans are "felons," and you can't believe the word of a felon.

DEA officials are a bit more honest about their role in Mexico. They'll admit that a lot of those Americans who were actually caught smuggling and are now serving jail terms would never have been arrested in Mexico were it not for DEA pressure. These prisoners, most of them amateurs smuggling a pound or two of cocaine from South America to the United States, were arrested during stopovers at the international airport in Mexico City. They were charged with smuggling coke into Mexico, but in reality they were arrested because the DEA preferred to have them sweated out under Mexican laws.

"It would be just as easy for United States agents in South America to put the finger on them in the United States as it is in Mexico," an American narcotics official has said. But, added the official, Humberto E. Moreno, DEA's Mexican coordinator, the narcotics agency prefers to have them arrested in Mexico because Mexican laws are tougher. Moreno says:

“Guilty or not,
the long-haired hippie
type is strictly low-priority,”
said a State Department
official. “We’re not bothered
with their civil rights.”

"If we were to put a chart with our prosecution figures on it and the Mexican figures on it, it would show that the Mexicans do much better than our courts on convictions and penalties. Mexico has much stiffer narcotics laws and a much stiffer attitude toward enforcing them. The Mexicans are giving defendants six years in cases that we are losing in American courts."

And Moreno brags that "we motivated" the arrests at the Mexico City airport—that the DEA got the Mexican government to intercept amateur smugglers before they could get to the United States. Stark and others who have compiled evidence that many Americans have been the victims of frameups charge that the DEA is using Mexican police and courts to act as front men in subverting the American Constitution.

Steve and Bob were moved to the San Luis Prison, a couple of blocks from the prosecutor's office, the day after confessing. Two weeks later they were told that a court of first inquiry had found them sufficiently guilty to stand trial and that their case was being sent to a higher court for the real trial. That might take a year. Steve was granted

the right to make a phone call only after demanding for a month that he be permitted to notify his parents or his employer about the arrest. It took another couple of weeks after that for the American Consulate to contact Steve and the other American prisoners, long after they'd been convicted in the lower courts, of course. One day a guard rounded up Steve, Bob, and two other Americans imprisoned with them, Bradley Speare and Rex Heisler, and led them to an office to take a phone call from their government. At last, Steve thought, the embassy is going to get us out. He picked up the phone. Through the static he could hear a woman say that she was a consulate employee, but the connection was so bad that he couldn't get her name. Nor was she able to understand any of their names. After much shouting, she hung up.

Employees from the consulate later began visiting the prisoners. They said that they were from the consulate, but they usually refused to identify themselves by name. After a few visits the prisoners refused to have anything to do with consul employees, because they were, as Steve puts it, rude, depressing, and nasty. Their attitude was quite simple: "If you didn't want this to happen, you should never have come to Mexico; you got what you deserve." The American prisoners quickly understood what was happening—about once a month a consul employee, usually just a clerk coming into town to shop, would visit the prisoners so that he could make an official notation for embassy records that he had checked to see whether the inmates were being treated properly. Whenever a prisoner complained that he'd been beaten, or that he'd been sitting in prison for more than a year without a trial when Mexican law holds that this is illegal, the consulate's response was intimidating. "Well, we can file a complaint," was the standard line, "but it might get rough for you if you complain against the Mexicans."

Steve's boss had reached Sen. Sam Ervin, who called the State Department, demanding that it reveal what it was doing to protect Steve's rights and that it make certain that he was given a speedy trial; by then Steve had been held for about four months. Under such senatorial pressure, a man who identified himself as being with the American Consulate visited Steve. "You lousy troublemaker," he began. He grabbed Steve's shirt and shouted, "Look, you, don't you make waves. If you make us look bad, there's no telling what will happen to you." Steve does not recall the man's name.

Soon after Steve's first contact with consulate employees, the lawyer-leeches descended on his parents back home in New Jersey. They had somehow been tipped off about Steve's imprisonment—tipped off by consulate officials, Steve believes—and there is evidence from other cases to support that conclusion. Steve's mother, Mrs. Harris Wilson, says she received "a lot of collect phone calls in the middle of the night from Mexican lawyers who said that



MARILYN

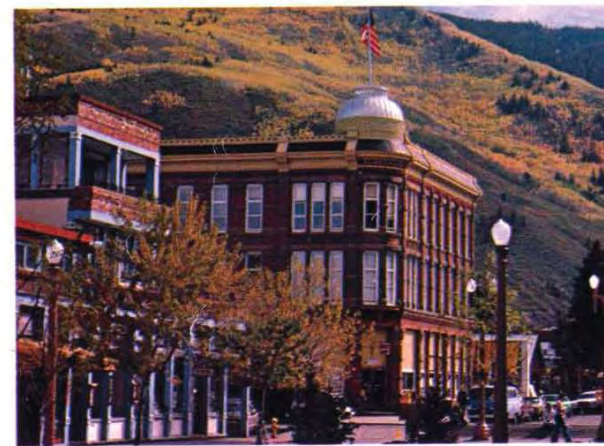
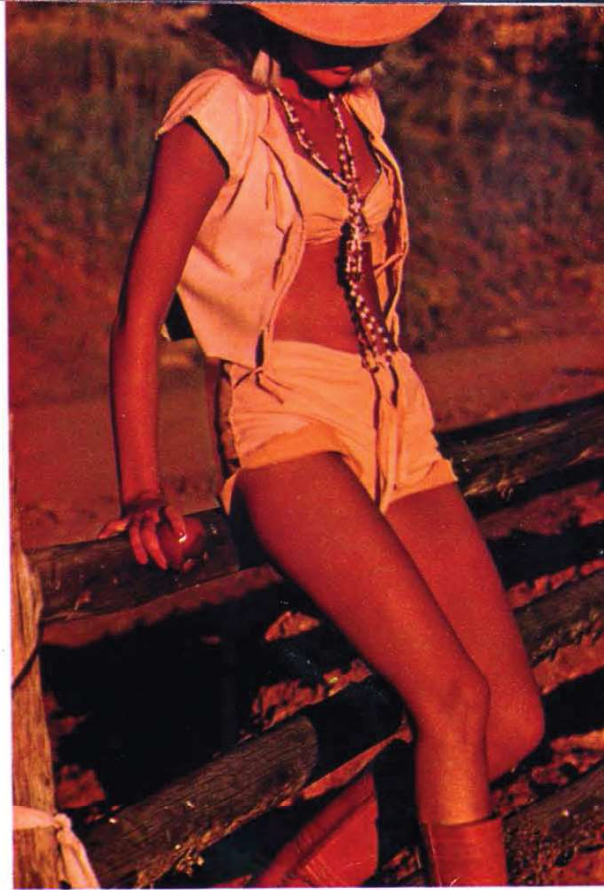
● I could write a
book on 1,001 different
positions. ●



NATURAL WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

"Basically, I'm a very shy, conservative person," says our January Pet, Marilyn Connor. "I like to go out and have fun, and it's not always good, clean fun . . . but I'm domestic at heart." Twenty-two-year-old Marilyn comes alive outdoors, exploring her Minnesota homeland via horseback or canoe. A nature lover who has in turn been endowed by nature with a magnificent five-foot-eight-inch, 35-23-36 form, Marilyn is in her element here, where she is stunningly offset against the stark, sylvan beauty of Aspen, Colo.





Wardrobe by Aspen Leather Co., The Other Half, Bah Bah, and The 20th Century Fox, Aspen; Fine jewelry by Gladstone Medici Ltd., Aspen; Haircoloring by Bob Lewis, Chicago; Hairstyling by Alan Kaufman/The Hairpower Co., Aspen; Lingerie from Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago; Locations provided by R.M.P. and R.L.B.

● I like
to be
caressed,
real soft,
all
over. ●

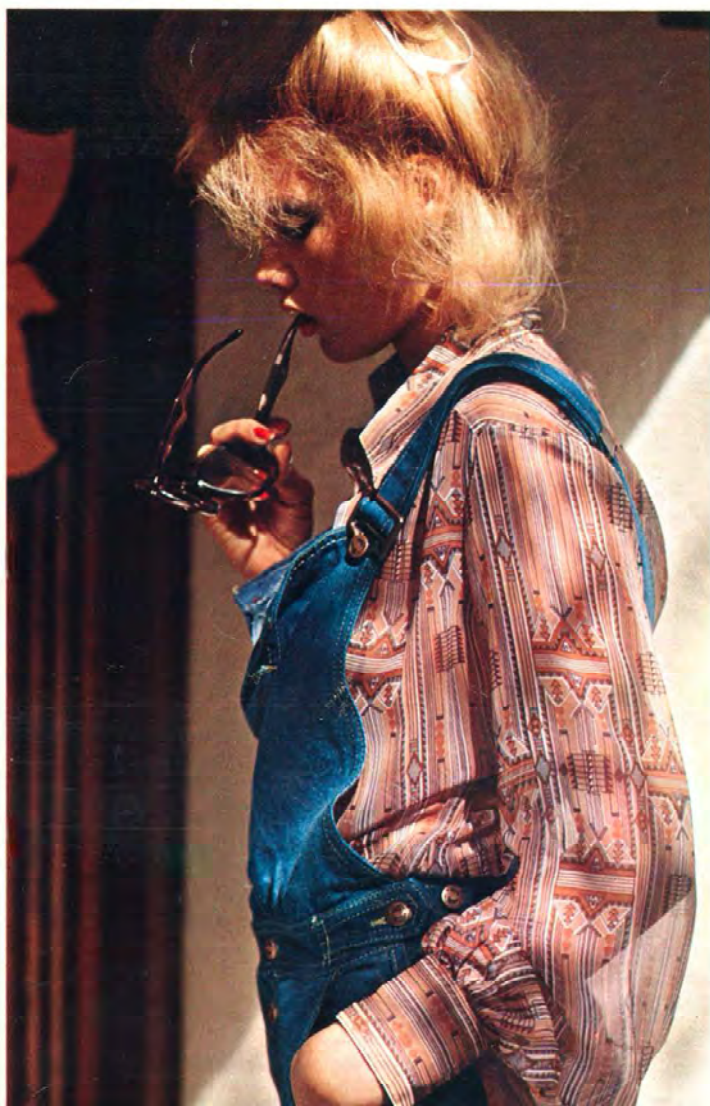
Marilyn
thinks of
herself as
being down
to earth: "I
love to run
around
naked. I hate
wearing
clothes; I
never wear
them around
the house.
So if I'm
with my
man, noth-
ing stops
us wher-
ever we find
ourselves."



A spark of adventuresome spirit lights up Marilyn's green eyes as she describes some of her more free-spirited antics: "Once I was out at a boat launch by the lake, and there were people all around. My guy and I started making it in a car. I don't know what those people thought when they saw four feet sticking out of the front seat and the door open! . . . My very first time happened on the lawn in front of the principal's office at school at one o'clock in the morning. I was fourteen then and feeling very rebellious. Then there was that time on the farm, when I was supposed to be out baling hay. . . ."



● My lover's
looks don't matter,
as long as he's
talented—does
something and
does it well. ●





I love to
 run around naked.
 I hate wearing
 clothes, never wear them
 around the house.

"I like to be
caressed,
real soft, all
over . . . and

I like to
spend lots of
time in bed.

I enjoy sex
when the guy
is really en-
joying it. If
he's really
into making
love, I love
just watch-
ing his ex-
pression. I
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a book on
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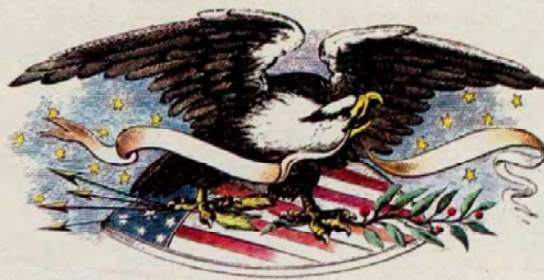




MISS MARILYN CONNOR/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

A less than honorable or undesirable discharge causes many Vietnam veterans to lose jobs and educational and disability benefits. Such a "bad paper" is like an albatross around the veteran's neck. As *Penthouse* has noted before, many thousands of these bad-paper discharges were determined on grounds that no longer—since the promulgation of Department of Defense guidelines in 1971—have any validity. And although a legal basis and an administrative procedure exist for the individual veteran to request a reappraisal and possible upgrading of his improperly awarded discharge, only a small percentage of these veterans have availed themselves of this right to redress.

Various Vietnam-veterans self-help organizations around the country have tried to help individual veterans in preparing the necessary request, but these efforts have been thwarted by both the lack of effective "outreach" programs and the frustrating, long-distance difficulty of dealing with the military's two major discharge review boards, located in Washington.

Penthouse has strongly advocated a policy of automatic upgrading of bad-paper discharges; in all cases, that is, where the grounds for the veteran's discharge fall within the 1971 guidelines. Such a course of action is well within the administrative capabilities of the Department of Defense. Not only does simple equity suggest such an approach, but also such a program would bring the number of cases requiring close individual attention down to a more manageable level.

In spite of the Department of Defense's bureaucratic obstinacy over doing the sensible thing, recent governmental action has eliminated at least some of the worse features of the discharge review program for former army personnel.

More than a year ago, in response to legislative prodding initiated by Sen. George McGovern (Dem.-S.D.) and Rep. Thomas J. Downey (Dem.-N.Y.), the Department of Defense decided to create regional discharge review boards for the army, navy, and air force. This decision, although a step in the right direction, failed to solve the problem completely because the "static" regional boards remained, in many cases, inaccessible for most veterans. Nonetheless, an increase in applications for discharge reviews did result—and only compounded the earlier problem by adding to the backlog of cases.

As a consequence, the army decided on August 1, 1976, to "hit the road" with a corps of (1) hearing examiners and (2) traveling panels—to bring its discharge review program

literally to the veterans. This decision followed a three-month trial period for testing the workability of such a program.

As the Department of Defense explained in its August 1 announcement: "The expansion program is designed to provide additional opportunity for a former soldier located away from a static Army Discharge Review Board panel to appear before an Army Discharge Review Board traveling panel or hearing examiner and personally present his case, minimize cost and inconvenience for a former soldier desiring a discharge review, and reduce the army's backlog of approximately 7,500 discharge review cases."

Of the army's six static or permanent panels, two are administrated in Washington, D.C. The others are located at Fort Carson, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga.; the Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.; and Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind. Among the twenty-

seven stopover cities now added to these hearing sites are Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Seattle, Boston, and Kansas City. Additional hearings will be held in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and within state and federal prison systems on an open, unscheduled basis (whenever sufficient applications are received). During January and December the examiners will probably be visiting Vietnam veterans at numerous penal institutions. As the program expands, other cities will be added to the itinerary.

“
The army's mobile
discharge-review program has
been a success.
Now it's time for the navy,
air force, and
marines to catch up.
”

In regard to the twenty-seven cities chosen, Col. William E. Weber, president of the Army Discharge Review Board (ADRB), says: "The determination of where we go and when rests with me. The twenty-seven cities were chosen on the basis of the population density of the United States and the distribution of our veteran population. No veteran who wants to get a hearing will have to drive more than 250 miles from his home under the geographic distribution we've selected."

Under the program both the review panels and hearing examiners will travel for ten months of the year. A decision to include any particular location on the schedule will be at the discretion of Colonel Weber, depending on the number of applications for hearings received from that location. On the road, the traveling boards and field examiners will first address themselves to those cases that are *already* received from applicants—cases, that is, prepared for presentation. A veteran who wishes to bring his case before either of the two types of traveling unit must submit an application at least six months prior to the visit scheduled for his location. (Vietnam-veteran readers of this January issue of *Penthouse*

When your taste grows up, so should your cigarette.

What you want from a cigarette changes. Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste. And Winston's real taste is what I want. Winston is for real.

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

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76

SCREWING AROUND WITH THE FIRST AMENDMENT

Goldstein was hated and despised by everybody, . . . every day and a thousand times a day, on platforms, on the telescreen, in newspapers . . . his theories were . . . ridiculed for the pitiful rubbish that they were—in spite of all this, his influence never seemed to grow less. . . . Goldstein[s] usual venomous attack [was] so exaggerated and perverse that a child should have been able to see through it, and yet just plausible enough to fill one with an alarmed feeling that other people, less level-headed than oneself, might be taken in by it. . . . There were . . . widespread stories of a terrible book, a compendium of all the heresies, of which Goldstein was the author and which circulated clandestinely here and there.—1984 by George Orwell

Al Goldstein has the kind of mouth mothers used to wash out with soap. He uses filthy words, tells tasteless jokes, and does—or at least claims he does—disgusting things. But lots of people are like that. What distinguishes Al Goldstein from other local degenerates is that he publishes a weekly newspaper—appropriately titled *Screw*—which prints his words, photographs his deeds, and reports on the dirty doings of the raunchy underground. As Goldstein admits—indeed proclaims—"What I'm selling . . . is tastelessness"; the photographs are the grossest; the language, the filthiest; and the humor, the sickest. Although *Screw* devotes much of its copy to the politics of sex, it brashly eschews any claim to "socially redeeming value." Goldstein is fond of saying: "A hard-on is its own redeeming value." *Screw's* effect—if not its purpose—is to offend everybody in sight. Goldstein has strewn his verbal garbage over the entire spectrum of society: his targets have included everyone and everything from politicians ("the ultimate hookers") to the women's movement ("Screw doesn't think too highly of wom-



By Alan Dershowitz

Alan Dershowitz, who is professor of law at Harvard, is also an active practitioner of criminal law, constitutional law, and civil liberties. He has appeared before the Supreme Court and other courts in some of the most important First Amendment cases of this decade. He has also written extensively on these subjects.

en's lib, or, in fact, women"). Nor does he immunize from his vitriol those who can help him: he has characterized the American Civil Liberties Union as "moronic . . . phony knee jerk liberals" and his own lawyer as naive for believing that "this kinda shit is defensible." A recent cartoon plumbed the lowest depths of tastelessness by picturing the nine justices of the United States Supreme Court—the men who may ultimately decide Goldstein's fate—engaged in an array of perverse sexual acts with each other and with a bizarre assortment of animals, vegetables, and minerals.

It is not surprising that the Nixon-Mitchell Justice Department—which listed pornography, but not gun control, among the five most important law-enforcement priorities—should have set its sights on Goldstein and his smut empire. Since *Screw* is published in New York City and since the vast majority of its 100,000 subscribers and readers live in that city's metropolitan area, the Southern Dis-

trict of New York would have been the natural locus of the investigation, indictment, and trial. But the government was not taking any chances on the relatively cosmopolitan jury likely to be empaneled in the Big Apple. It is difficult to offend a New Yorker. By that city's standards of salaciousness, *Screw* stood somewhere near the middle of any "peter-meter" of raunch (the "peter-meter" is a Goldstein-concocted measure of the sexual explicitness of porno films). Several publications that are even more tasteless than *Screw* (the stomach boggles) are regularly seen on local stands. One can find any possible combination of sexes and species entangled in lustful embrace on the screens of Times Square movie houses. And the proliferation of massage parlors, health spas, and encounter studios—or whatever euphemism brothels are masquerading under these days—caters

● If Al Goldstein deserves to have his mouth washed out with soap, the postal inspectors deserve to have their hands slapped. In America, reading other people's mail is worse than telling dirty jokes. ●

to all tastes, no matter how bizarre or anatomically inconceivable. There was a considerable risk that a jury daily exposed to this diet of degeneracy would return a ho-hum verdict of not guilty by reason of boredom. (As one New York federal judge recently commented: "In these times of . . . massage parlors with neon signs and street-corner pandering . . . , we suspect that many of our jurors selected within a fifty-mile radius of [New York City] are licentious or have friends who are.")

So the Feds took out a map of Middle America and sought out a Bible-belt jurisdiction where Goldstein was likely to be viewed as the devil incarnate and *Screw* magazine as his Gehenna Gazette. What they wanted was a city populous enough to have a few *Screw* subscribers but parochial enough to guarantee an indictment and conviction. This calculation led them to Wichita, Kans., a city of 375,000, of whom less than a dozen subscribed to *Screw* magazine. (There are no newsstand sales of *Screw* in that city.) None of these willing readers had ever complained to anyone, and so the government decided to create its own list of ersatz subscribers who would serve as "complaining" witnesses. During the very week of the Watergate break-in, several Wichita postal inspectors, apparently operating on instructions from Washington, filled out subscription applications for *Screw*. When the sealed envelopes arrived in Kansas, they were placed intact in another envelope and sent on to Washington. But, despite the fact that the pristine atmosphere of Wichita was never actually contaminated by exposure to these infectious publications, the nefarious felony had been completed: obscene material had entered the territory of Kansas through the United States mail. The stage was set for the trial of the "Screw Two"—Al Goldstein and his partner, James Buckley.

As the prosecution proceeded, it became abundantly clear that the government had shrewdly chosen the situs of its Bicentennial monkey trial. The grand jurors literally got down on their knees and prayerfully sought guidance from the Lord each day before hearing the evidence of *Screw*'s blasphemies. A thirteen-count indictment charging use of the mail to distribute obscene material was soon voted.

The first issue in this case was the legal propriety of having the trial in Kansas. The defense argued that the jurisdiction of the Kansas Federal Court was contrived by the phony postal-inspector subscribers. They raised the specter of the federal government's dragging black militant publishers from Harlem

to Mississippi and labor organizers from Michigan down to North Carolina in order to have them tried before maximally hostile jurors. Allowing a handful of contrived subscriptions to determine the locus of a federal trial, they argued, gives the federal government the power to impose the most parochial standards of obscenity on magazines published for the most sophisticated audiences. But the trial was to be in Kansas, and all motions to transfer it to New York were denied. (It will be interesting to see how Chief Justice Burger, who has frequently complained about New York City's imposing its sexual mores on Mississippi, will react to this ploy, under which Kansas can impose its mores on New York City.)

Once the four-week trial itself got underway, the government introduced a local literature professor as its "expert" witness. The expert—who conceded that modern literature was not his specialty—delivered a full-scale criticism of *Screw*: the editorials were unbalanced and abrasive; the movie reviews were shallow and poorly written; words were misspelled; grammar was sometimes incorrect; and arguments were not presented effectively. He acknowledged, on cross-examination, that most contemporary magazines and newspapers would flunk his exacting McGuffey standards. But he insisted that the public does not have an untrammelled right to choose what it wants to read: "I think there are some . . . books that shouldn't be published." Defense experts—who included Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, coauthor of the Kinsey Reports and currently head of the Sex Education and Information Council of the United States—testified that *Screw* accurately represented sexual mores of our society and contained serious literary and political value.

But despite the legal and factual complexity of the case, it apparently took the jury—eight women and four men, most of whom had not gone beyond high school—several hours to review the evidence, but only seventeen minutes of deliberation to convict the defendants on every count. The issue, after all, was quite elementary: according to the prosecutor's closing argument, the case had nothing to do with the First Amendment; it was a simple battle between "decency" and "specialists in degeneracy." Goldstein and Buckley now face substantial prison terms unless the conviction is reversed on legal grounds. The case will surely be appealed, eventually—if necessary—to the Supreme Court, where it would provide a compelling test of that Court's ability to apply the First

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

CALIFORNIA PEACH

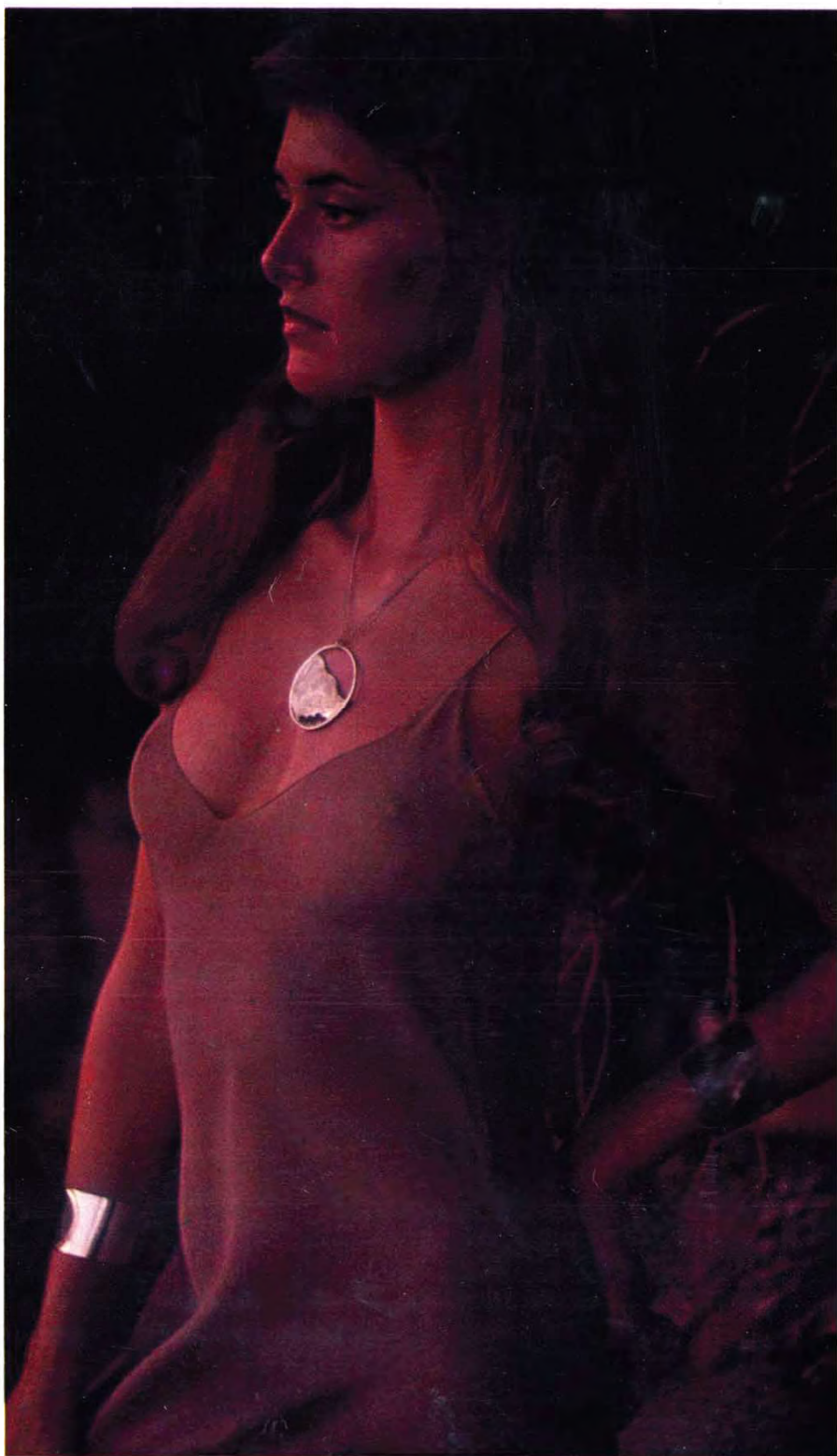
● I fantasize about balling two or three partners. Or perhaps an entire army of men. ●



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Rene La Fontaine is a nineteen-year-old child who is visibly blossoming into ripe womanhood. "I'm just starting to take the plunge into the big, wide world," says this 36-24-36 Libra, "and life is just a constant turn-on. My life is just a series of new excitements."

Miraculously, Rene has transformed herself into a totally liberated woman, as free as a Southern California zephyr. Her youthful exuberance led to Rene's decision to pose for *Penthouse*. "I wanted the experience, because it excites me and I want my body to excite other people."





"Sex for me," Rene confides, "is a matter of the mind. A woman's brain is the greatest playground in the world. If I'm horny and there isn't a man around, I'll fox myself up in fancy clothes and begin to fantasize. I pretend that I'm making it with a woman and can feel her softness all around me. Other times I imagine balling two or three partners or perhaps taking on an entire army of men. I can masturbate like that for hours."

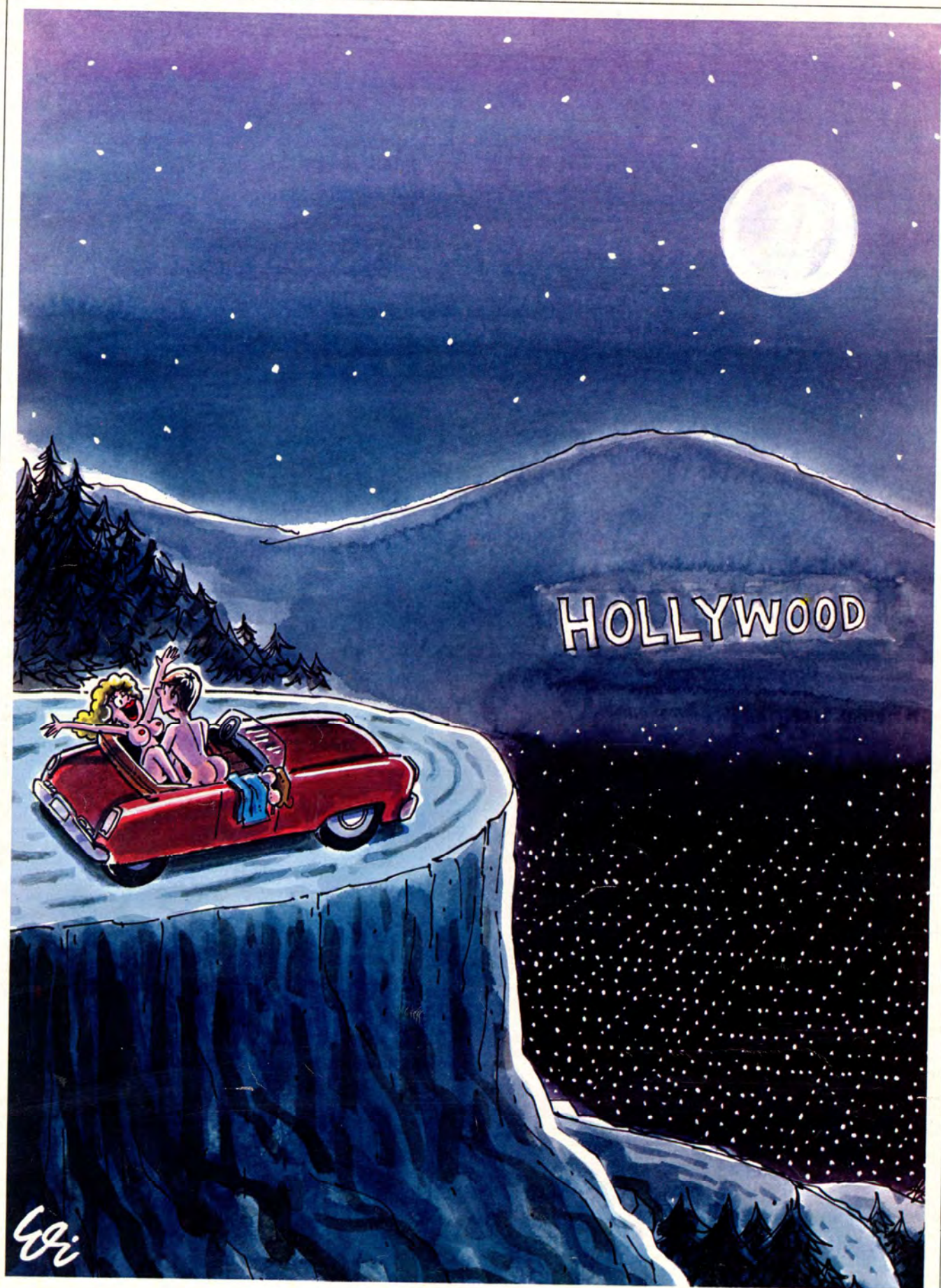




This blonde, green-eyed aspiring cartoonist draws the line between her fantasies and her life. "I've actually had sex only with men. Once I made love on a stony beach and just before I climaxed, my lover pushed me into the freezing water. Another man once put sliced peaches inside of me, then slowly sucked them out one by one. Ohhhh, I can't tell you how good that felt!" That, Rene, wins our award for creative packaging. ○ +



Wardrobe by Strip Thrills, Los Angeles; Jewelry by Aleris Geiger, Sherman Oaks, Ca.



"... California, here I...!!!"

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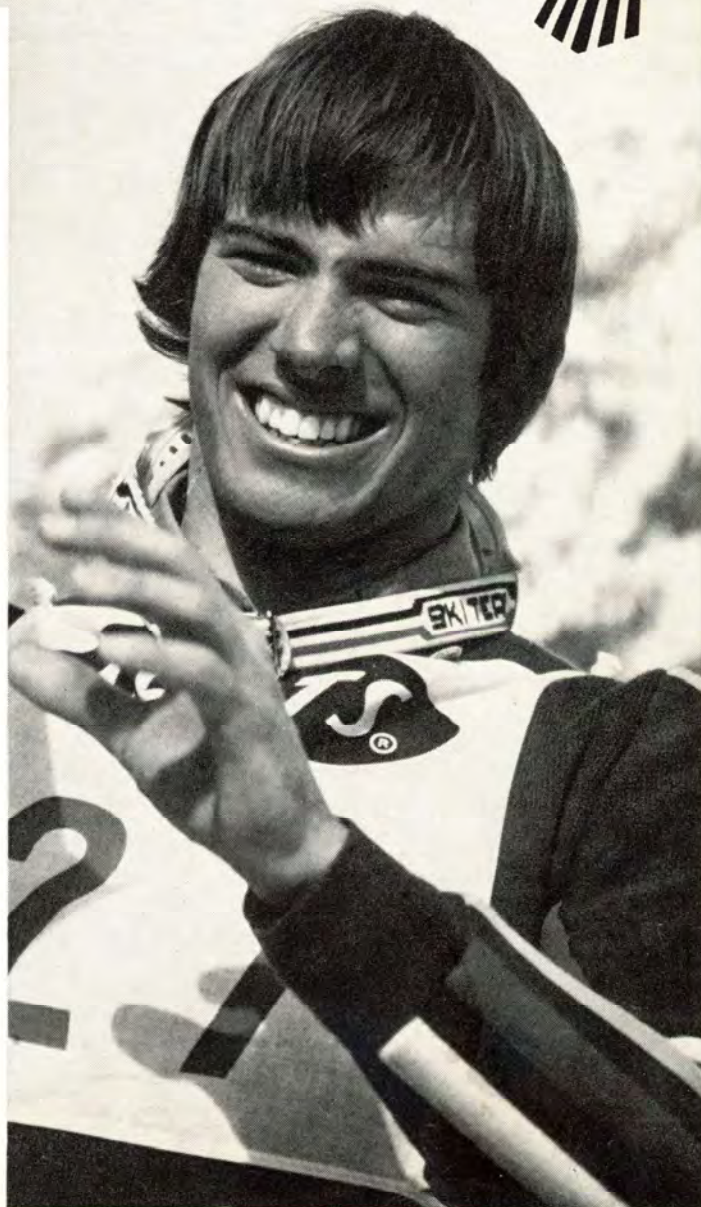


The U.S. Ski Team needs help.



Enclosed is:

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- ☐ \$10. Send me the U.S. Ski Team patch and pin.
- ☐ \$25. Send me the U.S. Ski Team decal, patch and pin.
- ☐ \$50. Send me the U.S. Ski Team decal, patch, pin and newsletter.
- ☐ \$100. Enroll me in the U.S. Ski Team Club. Send special club pin and newsletter.
- ☐ For larger contributions send me details of program offers.



NIGHTMARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

they had a message from Steve: 'Mom, help me. Dad, help me. Dear God, please help me.' Then they demanded thousands of dollars, or else we'd never see Steve alive again."

Despite the payment of thousands of dollars to several lawyers, "None of them did anything to help Steve," Mrs. Wilson said. "One lawyer told us he might have to charge us \$50,000; that's what it would take to get Steve out. If not, he would be tortured; and if he lived, he'd become a drug addict in prison. Then he dropped his price to \$40,000. We told him we didn't have that kind of money. Many months later a lawyer in New Jersey who represented us got a call from the first lawyer, who said, 'I have a doctor friend whose daughter was just arrested in Mexico. Do you know how I can help her?' And he had accepted our \$500 to help get Steve out."

The Wilsons and their relatives were fleeced of \$11,000 before Steve could convince them that the Mexican lawyers were simply extortionists. They spent another \$4,000 for getting food and clothing to Steve and for paying for his escape car.

The State Department maintains that it helps American prisoners by giving each of them a list of reputable lawyers compiled

with the aid of the Mexican Bar Association. One of the lawyers on that list took \$2,000 from Steve's father and never contacted him again.


Steve lost about seventy pounds during his few months in San Luis Prison because the Mexicans wouldn't feed American prisoners and because most of the money sent him by his parents was stolen. When he and Bob were told that they were being transferred to Nogales Prison, Steve felt that the transfer could only be an improvement. He realized that he was wrong the moment he arrived. The old prison, which was to be his home for several months, appeared like something out of an Anthony Quinn film. More than 600 inmates were packed into a boxlike structure about twenty yards wide and forty yards long. A tier of some thirty cells ran around the top of the prison, overlooking the dirt-floored courtyard. Half the Mexican prisoners were crammed into those cells. The others, and all the Americans, slept out in the yard, in the rain and snow and the 100-degree desert heat.

During many hours of talking about his experiences with an interviewer, Steve lost his composure only once. Describing conditions at Nogales, his voice wavered and then cracked, and he said: "If all my nightmares were ever thrown into one place, it was there. . . . I've never seen any place . . . so much like hell. . . ."

It was the heroin, primarily, that made the old Nogales so closely resemble hell. In Mexico prison directors are not given adequate federal funds for operating their institutions. Beyond the cost of food (a single plate of beans, weak coffee, and bread) and the guards' salaries, every item has to be purchased from the funds of the prisoners. It cost Steve more to live in prison than on the outside. But the main source of prison funds is the sale of drugs. A kilo of marijuana could be bought for only forty dollars; heroin was a dollar a shot, cheaper than on the outside. The director of the prison was an addict, and he and other prison officials pushed heroin; several Americans who had never used heroin before became addicted in Nogales.

The Americans traveled in packs, for protection against Mexican addicts. One day a young American was thrown into the prison. He was a small kid about sixteen or seventeen, too young even to grow a mustache. He said that his name was Daniel and that he was from Phoenix. He'd been an addict and had kicked the habit in a Phoenix drug program and was now working as a counselor there. He'd been arrested for possession of a single joint. The American prisoners warned him that Nogales was made deliberately frustrating, so that the prisoners would turn to heroin for relief, and they warned him against returning to heroin because if he ever lost contact with reality he would be robbed

Unfortunately, you only have room



But fortunately, one kind of Panasonic car stereo can give you several kinds of enjoyment. Because while they all play beautiful FM/AM/FM stereo, they play other things. Like CB. Or 8-track. Or cassettes. Even four-channel.

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CQ-840. Stereo cassette player with FM/AM/FM stereo radio. If you're into cassettes at home, take them along for the ride. This system is so compact, it fits in just about any car. But it has big system features. Like fast forward. A tape ejector switch that turns on the radio automatically. And circuitry that automatically improves FM reception. And more.

and probably raped by the Mexican prisoners.

They watched over Daniel for a few days, trying to protect him. But one afternoon he wandered off, and Steve and the others didn't realize that he was gone until they heard him screaming from the upper level, from one of the Mexican cells. The Americans were helpless; if they had tried to get up there, they would have been killed. They shouted for the guards. By the time Daniel was pulled out, he was dead from dozens of stab wounds; he had fought off rape attempts, and the prisoners had killed him. The guards took his body away. They probably buried it in the desert, other prisoners told Steve, and Daniel's parents will never know what happened to him because Mexican officials don't bother reporting the death of an American whose presence in prison hasn't yet been made known to the American Consulate. It was as if Daniel had never existed.

Shortly before Christmas, about six months after Steve and Bob were arrested, they were transferred with most of the other inmates to a new section at Nogales, a maximum-security prison the *Federales* bragged was absolutely escape-proof. Through all the months of his detention, Steve had discounted warnings and continued to write letters of protest to American politicians and the media; he had even written a long, rambling letter to the State Department detailing everything that had

been done to him by both Mexican officials and American agents. A week after Steve had sent that letter, three Americans came to visit him in the new prison. They didn't identify themselves. They needed shaves, and they looked as if they'd been hunting in the hills for a week.

"We read your letter to the State Department," one of them said.

"Great, great," Steve replied. "Maybe now I'll get some action."

One of the men pinned Steve's arms behind his back. The other two punched him, in the face, the chest, the abdomen, taking turns beating the hell out of him. They dumped him on the floor and then left. Steve didn't write protesting letters for a long time after.

But he was constantly trying to escape and was always caught before he could put a plan into operation. After a while he was blamed for any escape attempt by an American; and when one inmate almost made it past the electrified fence that surrounds the entire prison, Steve was put into solitary confinement for being an accomplice. He was in the hole for almost three months.

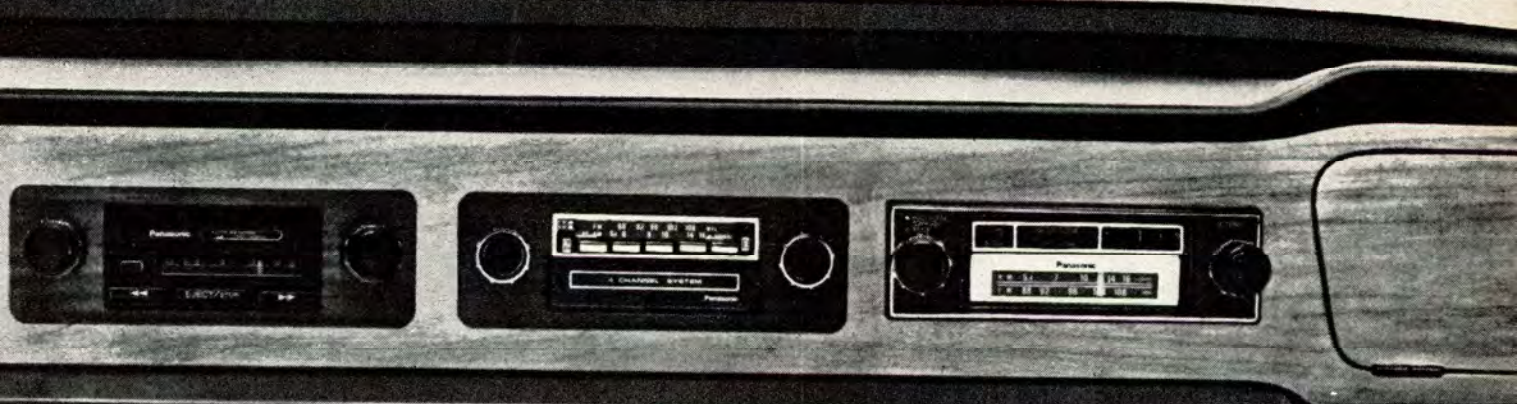
After solitary Steve decided to change his tactics. Protest usually resulted in beatings from Americans or in punishment from prison officials. It was futile, he realized; perhaps he'd get better results by proving to the Mexicans that he was worthy of release—that he had been rehabilitated.

He began to behave himself, waiting for an opportunity to demonstrate that he was trustworthy.

That opportunity came by luck. One of the prison officials, an army colonel, had discovered that some Americans were playing two board games, Stalingrad and Blitzkrieg. He excitedly confiscated them; this was what army men should be doing, defending Stalingrad and beating back Hitler's blitz. Unfortunately, the prison official didn't know how to play the games. Another American prisoner learned that Steve had played the games from childhood, and he suggested that it would be to Steve's benefit to teach the prison officials. So Steve became their instructor and the arbiter of the rules. A couple of days a week, Steve would be called into the prison director's office to watch him and the colonel play and to act as umpire. From January to March 1974, he slowly built a feeling of trust among prison officials, and the guards, who knew of it, of course, began to treat him with some respect. Steve was, as he puts it, trying to convince everyone with power that he was a good person.

It didn't help him much with the courts or with official American power. Despite a promise to release Steve that the judge hearing his case had given to a member of the prosecutor's staff, he and Bob were sentenced to five and a half years in prison. When the secretary of the court told Steve that he'd been convicted and given a long

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just slightly ahead of our time.

term, Steve asked what had happened to the promise. The secretary said three Americans spoke to the judge about his case, and the judge decided that Steve and Bob were hardened criminals who must be kept in prison. The secretary refused to describe the three Americans and refused to say anything further. They could only have been acting in an official capacity, of course; Steve believes that they were from the American consulate.

They appealed their sentences. In a short time Steve was told by a prison official that both appeals had been denied and that Steve's sentence had actually been extended to thirty years. Steve stared at the man, unable to believe the words. Finally, he asked, "Why?"

"Because you know too much," the official said.

But Steve's problems were just beginning. In October 1974 the sergeant of the guards, a gentle, elderly man named Don Orelia, warned Steve, "Soon they're going to have to take you away." Steve asked him to explain, and Don Orelia said, "They've put you in for transfer, and they will dump you in the desert." Orelia cried and gave Steve a silver medallion for good luck. Soon the word spread that Steve was to be killed, and all the Indians in the prison started giving him silver jewelry. And Steve began planning his escape.

The only way out of the prison, he decided, was in a car that would be brought in to him. There was a body-and-fender shop in the prison, another of the director's fund-raising enterprises. Using free convict labor, the director was able to undercut outside repair shops, and his garage was always filled with damaged cars that had been brought in for repairs from all over the state. The cars were carefully searched on the way in and on the way out, but Steve knew how to get his car past inspection. And he knew several people who would help him do it.

One of them was Lee Hare, an American prisoner who owed Steve a large favor. Lee had been put in solitary and was kept alive only because Steve sneaked food in to him. Although Lee had actually been caught with thirty pounds of marijuana, he had paid enough bribe money so that he'd be sentenced to a short term with an optional fine. He had paid the fine and was scheduled to be released in mid-November. Steve promised to pay Lee several thousand dollars to help in the escape.

"I want you to get hold of an old car," Steve said. "Not a Ford or Chevy, but some car the Mexicans wouldn't be familiar with. It has to be big enough to make a compartment for me to squeeze into. Maybe the guts can be taken out for a compartment, or maybe it can be put behind a seat. I'll leave that to you. Get a sheet-metal worker to work it out."

Hare agreed, but he would not bring the car into Mexico, because he didn't ever want to set foot inside the country again. Instead he would send it across the border with his girl friend, who had been arrested

with Lee and was also scheduled for release. "But you'll have to find someone else to drive it into the prison shop," Lee said.

Steve was also owed a favor by a Mexican prisoner whom he had helped to kick the drug habit, and he told the Mexican about his need for someone on the outside to bring in his escape car. The prisoner was frequently visited by a lovely teenage girl he called his cousin. She liked Steve, and she agreed to bring the car in for repairs when it arrived in Nogales.

And that evening in December, after shaking off his fears that he would be killed in that Volvo wagon that came through the gates, Steve slipped down to the body shop with Bob. "You're going to die," Bob kept saying, "but if you really want to die, I'll help you because I know what you're feeling." Steve still felt he was going to die, but he'd rather die trying to escape than being dumped in the desert.

They spent more than three hours searching for the hidden compartment.

Steve was certain that
the guards knew
he was hidden in the car. At
any moment, he would
be pulled out and
summarily executed.

Lee had had the old tirewell enlarged somewhat, so that it looked like a gas tank from underneath the car. The original gas tank had been ripped out to make room for the compartment, and a small one with just enough fuel for getting across the border and back had been hidden in the chassis. On the inside of the wagon, covering the entire floor, Lee had screwed wooden strips so that it looked like the deck of a boat. The hatch to the compartment could be raised only by removing the screws.

It was, Steve says, the smallest space he'd ever seen. He was down to 135 pounds from his original 200; yet he couldn't squeeze into it without the help of Bob, who shoved him inside like a sausage. When he was squashed into position, Steve bit off one of seven Mandrex capsules he had taped to his arm, and he began to grow groggy as Bob screwed the hatch closed. Each time Steve woke up during the night, he bit off another Mandrex and went out again until he realized it was morning; he could see a stream of light through one of the two airholes that had been drilled into the compartment. And after a time he realized that something had gone wrong. The fenders had been

banged out and had been painted the previous afternoon, before Steve got into the car, but now the workers were painting it again and the fumes were suffocating. The sun started beating on the car—it was often 120 degrees in the sun—and Steve's skin started to blister. He tried not to take any more Mandrex because he didn't want to waste it—he was certain the prison officials knew that he was trying to escape and were letting him roast to death. He started bleeding at the nose. His legs, the skin blistering and the muscles cramped from the contorted position he was in, felt as if they were being burned with a blowtorch. He passed out.

At night, when he awoke, he took more Mandrex. Unknown to him while he'd been unconscious, the car had been moved to another section of the prison, which Bob couldn't reach; so it wasn't possible to get him out.

He was in the car for three days. The Mandrex had run out. He was bleeding and vomiting, and he began to scream at the pain and futility of it all and then put his hand over his mouth and bit a wound in it to stop his screaming. He was certain that the guards knew he was hidden in the Volvo and that they were waiting for him to die. He heard guards talking about the car several times. Once it was moved to another part of the prison, and he knew that at any moment he would be pulled out and, if he was still alive, summarily executed. Then he heard a gate open, and the car was driven through, and then another gate open. And he knew that he was at the front gate, a few feet away from freedom.

Then he heard the guards begin to tear the car apart, pulling out the seats, lifting the hood and trunk lid, crawling around inside searching for him. It was clear that he had been reported missing and that they were trying to find him in the Volvo. Steve lay there, praying, "Please, please, please, God . . ." The car began to move again. Steve heard still another gate open and then close behind him, and he knew that he was out of the prison. And then he heard the voice of the young girl who had promised to drive him away from Nogales. A guard was arguing with her, giving her a difficult time about something. The car finally started up. The plan had been that the girl would release Steve when she was clear of the prison, but she kept driving and said nothing. Steve was certain a guard was with her, taking her somewhere for a more thorough search. And he knew that he had to break out and try to overpower the guard.

He screamed and rose up with such sudden force that he tore the hatch loose, tore the screws from the wood, and lifted himself part of the way out of the compartment. But his legs refused to move, he couldn't stand on them, and the heavy hatch cover fell back on him, covering his shoulders so that only his neck and head were sticking out. He was facing toward the rear, watching the trees flash by, and didn't have enough strength to raise the hatch

cover so that he could see who was driving. He began to cry, actually sob, and he was mumbling, "Oh, no, I came so close."

The driver slammed on the brakes. And Steve saw the outline of a person at the back of the wagon but was unable to recognize features because his mind had practically gone blank. He heard someone saying in Spanish, "You live, you live." And he recognized the girl's voice.

Later he walked across the border, because it would have been too dangerous to have tried going through in the Volvo. The moment he was certain that he was in the United States, he spent the few dollars he had in his pocket on a cheap bottle of wine and sat on the curb, drinking it. Then he went back to the border fence and screamed, "You motherfuckers. You can't get me, you motherfuckers."

A couple of days later, the day before Christmas, Steve returned to the home where he'd grown up in New Jersey.

John Atkisson, a lawyer who was then counsel to Rep. Otis Pike's special committee investigating the CIA and DEA, heard about Steve's experiences and called him to Washington a few months after Steve's escape. Steve was put through two exhaustive interviews. Atkisson then called DEA agent Anderson, who had since been shot in an ambush in Mexico and had been transferred to Texas. He questioned the agent about Steve's charges. Anderson denied ever having met Steve Wilson. Slowly, Atkisson led the agent into a trap: do you have a gun? Do you ever draw it?


Anderson said that he indeed had a gun, a nickel-plated .357. He never drew it unless he was forced to. Yes, the gun had scratches above the handle, not notches.

How, if you never met Steve, could he have described your gun so accurately?

After parrying a bit, Anderson said that he was a very well known agent and that any one of dozens of prisoners in Nogales could have described the weapon to Steve Wilson. And Atkisson felt that there was enough conflict between the two statements that a hearing should be called, with both Steve and the DEA agent testifying under oath. But because of complications, the hearings were never held.

"I believed Steve Wilson," Atkisson says today. "I wanted to go down to Mexico and explore the whole problem further, but it was beyond the scope of our investigation."

"I'll tell you something, though," he adds. "After hearing Steve's story and learning about everything that's still happening to Americans in Mexico, I wouldn't go down there unless I had a couple of congressmen with me, and full authority from the Congress to conduct an investigation. Any other way just wouldn't be safe."

Last June, Congress amended the International Security Assistance Act to require the president to communicate directly with the Mexican government about American prisoners. Mexico has proposed an exchange of American prisoners for Mexican prisoners in United States jails. Nothing has happened yet. — 

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TEXT BY NEIL HICKEY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ED SOREL

Those who don't remember the past," said George Santayana, "are condemned to repeat it." *Penthouse* agrees. Having survived 1976, the most gloriously absurd year in our Bicentennial history, we asked Neil Hickey and Ed Sorel to don Gypsy garb and whip out the old tarot deck. Here is their version of the New Year, and you can decide for yourself whether you want anything to do with 1977.



New York, May 15—Associates of Terence Cardinal Cooke, archbishop of New York, have been concerned lately about the churchman's emotional health, according to reports emanating from the Chancery.

The direct cause of the cardinal's mental state, reportedly, is the imminent publication of Judith Exner's

book describing an affair she had with John F. Kennedy.

"It's not the affair itself that's bothering him," said Monsignor Francis X. O'Toole, a Chancery spokesman. "It's Mrs. Exner's revelation that—instead of using the church-approved rhythm method of birth control—the president employed artificial means of contraception."



London, September 20—Following this week's precipitous decline in the value of the pound to twenty-seven cents, and in view of the expected total collapse of the United Kingdom, Parliament reluctantly voted today to accept the plan that the huge American conglomerate ITT put forth for the reorganization of the country.

Under the terms of the agreement, Great Britain will become a wholly owned subsidiary of ITT and will be operated by that company as a tax loss. ITT's management has announced a number of the steps that it will take to attempt to rescue Great Britain from its economic plight.

One of them calls for **Queen Elizabeth** and the royal family to vacate Buckingham Palace and take up residence in a room in Bloomsbury. ITT Chairman **Harold Geneen** announced that he would live in the palace but would be careful to turn out all electric lights not in use.

Parliament will be disbanded pending democratic elections, which Mr. Geneen said would be held "probably in a few years." In the interim period the country will be governed by a four-man military junta composed of **Nguyen Cao Ky**, Chilean "strongman" **Gen. Pablo Sanchez**, **Gen. Curtis LeMay**, and **Gen. William Westmoreland**.

Also in prospect are the following: massive urban-renewal projects for eliminating such decaying (and nontax-paying) structures as Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London, and St. Paul's Cathedral. "And not only that," said Mr. Geneen. "The trains will run on time."

Las Vegas, Nev., October 14—Former actor-producer **George Jessel**, eighty-five (?), was arraigned here today on charges of transporting a seventeen-year-old girl across state lines for allegedly immoral purposes. Mr. Jessel arrived here yesterday from Los Angeles with pert, blue-eyed **Tondelayo Mishkin**, whom he described as his "niece." Mr. Jessel and Miss Mishkin returned only one week ago from Israel, where the retired performer had participated in a tree-planting ceremony.

"She carries my seeds," Mr. Jessel explained at the time. He was held without bail in the Las Vegas county jail.

Edgartown, Mass., July 9—Following the enormous success of his two novels, *Jaws* and *The Deep*, author **Peter Benchley** announced here today that he is hard at work on a third novel, to be called *Deep Jaws*.

It will be the story, Mr. Benchley said, of a sex-crazed white whale which is driven by unfulfilled oral-sexual desires and, as a result, eats the Martha's Vineyard ferry boat en route from Woods Hole to Vineyard Haven.

The whale then makes a brazen sortie into New York harbor and eats Liberty Island, including the Statue of Liberty. After it devours the *Queen Elizabeth II* outside Le Havre, shipping all over the world is brought to a halt, while a hoary old sea captain who studied psychiatry under Freud (to be played by **Robert Shaw** in the film) is brought in to hunt down and kill the whale.

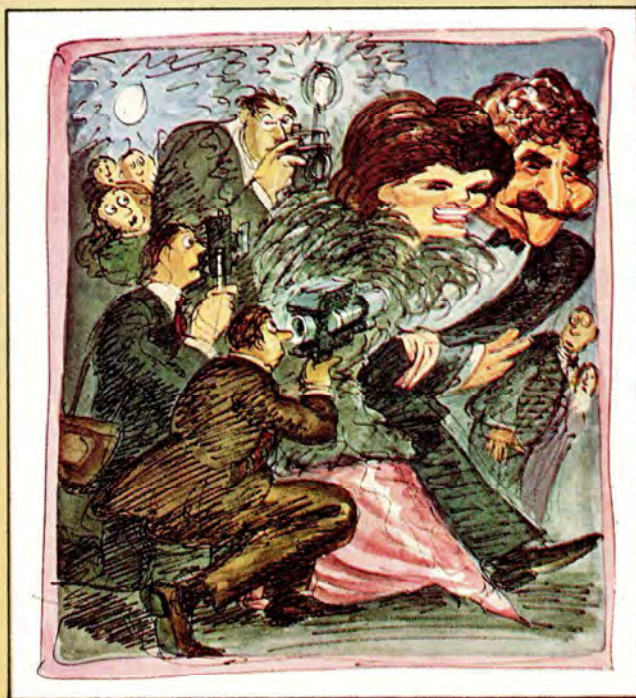
"That's as far as I've gotten with the story," Mr. Benchley said. "It's just a two-page outline so far, but my publisher, Doubleday, is checking with bookstores, book clubs, movie producers, paperback houses, toy companies, and T-shirt manufacturers to see if they like it."

"Literature!" said Mr. Benchley. "I love it. I just feel sorry that Proust, Beckett, and Joyce didn't get in on this."

Philadelphia, July 5—Twenty-eight members of the American Medical Association, which is holding its annual convention at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel here, died yesterday of a mysterious illness resembling pneumonia. Officials of the AMA were at a loss to explain the catastrophe.

"We've never seen anything like it," said an AMA spokesman. "We can't figure out what's causing it."

Reminded that twenty-eight members of the American Legion died last year after a convention at the same hotel, the spokesman said, "You're kidding." Assured that the Legion deaths did indeed occur, the AMA man said: "Well, that makes me pretty sore. I think somebody should have told us about that."



New York, October 7—Mrs. **Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis** attended the gala opening of the Metropolitan Opera season here last night. Her escort for the occasion was pornofilm star **Harry Reems**. "Just say we're friends!" shouted Mrs. Onassis, with a cheerful wave of her hand to reporters.



Paris, July 10—Fashion designer Yves Saint Laurent, who took the world of haute couture by storm last year with his Peasant Look, exhibited his new fall collection at his Paris salon today. He calls it The Coal Miner Look.

"Stunning! Simply fab!" said Grace Mirabella, editor of *Vogue*. "No woman who aspires to be well-dressed can afford to overlook it."

"Yves has done it again," said fashion writer Eugenia Sheppard. "I'm simply on tippy-toes to know what he has in store for us next year."

Las Vegas, Nev., October 16—In a daring predawn raid, a fifty-man team of Israeli commandos assaulted this desert gambling town today and stormed the Las Vegas county jail in a successful bid to free George Jessel, who was being detained here on an alleged morals charge.

"We did it before, and we proved we can do it again," said the commando leader, who also led last summer's rescue of Israeli hostages from Entebbe airport.

"This raid proves to all the citizens of the world once again that we will tolerate no harassment of any friend of Israel by foreign powers."

Arriving safely in Tel Aviv, Mr. Jessel was greeted warmly by pert, blue-eyed Esther Potempkin, a paratrooper whom the actor described as his "niece."

Washington, D.C., April 25—Clarence Kelley, director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, drew sharp criticism from a congressional watchdog committee today following his appearance yesterday afternoon on the television game show "Password."

Mr. Kelley's opponent on the program was Abbie Hoffman, the former Yippie leader who is one of the FBI's most-wanted fugitives and has been living underground for several years.

"I just plain didn't recognize him," said Mr. Kelley. "I thought he said *Dustin Hoffman*."

Los Angeles, June 1—Frank Sinatra and his bride of one year, Barbara Marx, showed up at the United States Passport Office here yesterday in order to obtain passports for a planned trip to Europe. "It's Frank's present to me for our first wedding anniversary," said the happy Mrs. Sinatra. Asked to sit for a passport photo, Mr. Sinatra punched the photographer and smashed his camera.

Newark, N.J., March 25—Sen. Hubert Humphrey addressed the Knights of Columbus here last night in a two-fisted speech that is being widely heralded as the opening salvo of his bid for the 1980 presidential nomination.

"I made a big mistake right here in New Jersey last summer when I decided against running in this great state's primary election. I don't intend to make the same mistake twice."

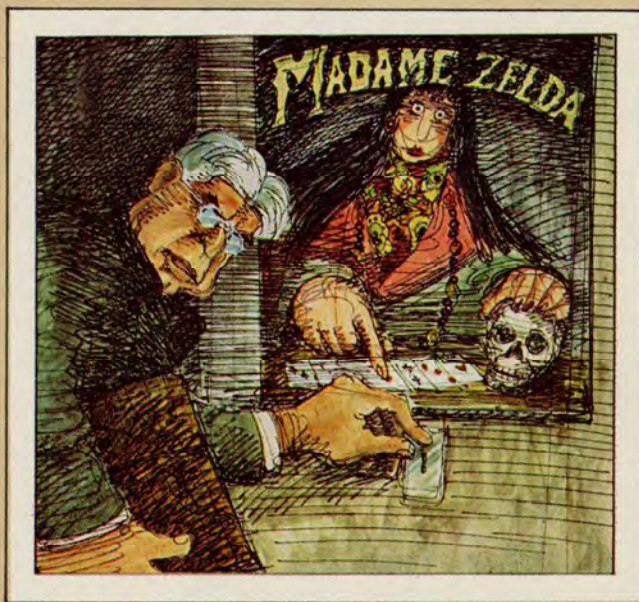
He hinted that a Humphrey campaign headquarters would soon open in the warehouse section of Newark.

Plains, Ga., February 20—"Amy's," the first restaurant in a projected nationwide chain of fast-food stores, opened here yesterday under the eye of its founder, nine-year-old Amy Carter.

The specialty of the new franchise chain is a sandwich called a Big Amy, consisting of peanut butter with lettuce, pickle, onion, and cheese on a sesame-seed bun.

At the ribbon-cutting ceremony, Miss Carter announced the food chain's special offer: free french fries to any customer who is born again. Baptism by total immersion will be a regular Wednesday feature.

Each store in the chain will have the distinctive architecture chosen by Amy and her family: arched, stained-glass windows set in white siding, dominated by a white steeple and cross, and surrounded by a white-picket fence. Attendants, dressed as altar boys, and standing in tiny pulpits, will accept customers' orders.



Washington, D.C., May 8—Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns said today that he would soon be announcing a series of dramatic new initiatives that will alleviate the country's worsening financial crisis.

"It's taken a lot of study, toil, and persistence," he said, "but after consultation with the best think tanks in the land—and I'm not at liberty to disclose which—we can now foretell economic cycles with great accuracy."



New York, November 9—New York Mayor Abraham Beame convened a press conference at City Hall today to announce a dramatic new step aimed at ending the city's desperate financial crisis.

"It's the essence of simplicity," Mayor Beame said. "We've opened a checking-plus account at a bank near City Hall. I saw the commercials on television. All we have to do is maintain a minimum deposit of \$500 in a Golden Passbook savings account, and we can write all the checks we want—even though there isn't enough money in our account to cover them. And the checks never bounce!"

"Think of it. No more payless paydays for the police and sanitation departments, the transit workers, and the school-teachers, and we're paying off the face value of our municipal bonds. We're able to consolidate all our debts, and the bank has extended to us an unlimited credit line on which we pay only 18 percent interest.

"I don't know why we didn't think of this years ago."

Hollywood, August 16—Former President Idi Amin of Uganda, whose regime was overthrown last month by a group of right-wing Ugandan extremists, arrived in Hollywood today to start his new career. The one-time dictator will star in his own television series, a half-hour situation comedy to be produced by Norman Lear.

"It's a great chance for me," said Amin. "I've always wanted to be an actor, and this fellow Lear speaks my language."

In the series Amin will play the deposed ruler of an obscure African nation called Ubetcha. He becomes a furrier in Forest Hills, where he caters to the upper-middle-class Jewish community. His white sidekick is played by Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., a character loosely based on the late George Lincoln Rockwell.

In the pilot, Amin's store is firebombed by Yeshiva students, and in retaliation he captures and tortures the president of the local Hadassah, whom he holds captive—until she is liberated by a raiding party of the Jewish Defense League (led by Rabbi Meir Kahane, playing himself in a guest appearance).

"It's all a lot of good fun," said Amin, "and we expect good ratings, unless they put us opposite that jive turkey, Archie Bunker."

Denver, Col., December 12—Terrorists from New York City's Pratt Institute today hijacked a Braniff airliner, its fuselage brightly painted by artist Alexander Calder, and they are holding it for ransom, along with 155 passengers and 14 crew members.

One of the gun-waving desperadoes broke into the pilot's cabin and shouted, "Take this plane to Provincetown, Mass., and nobody will get hurt." Meanwhile his five accomplices were forcing the passengers to look at pictures by Andrew Wyeth.

Landing at Provincetown, the terrorists threatened to blow up the plane and all the hostages on the runway unless \$1 million in ransom were paid to the Norman Rockwell Memorial Pension Fund for Representational Artists in Stockbridge, Mass.

Late in the day the Museum of Modern Art in New York City agreed to put up the ransom money in return for full ownership of the Braniff plane with its Calder markings. "We intend to install it in our sculpture garden and use it as a screening room for Buster Keaton movies," a spokesman for the museum said.

Dublin, September 15—The Provisional Wing of the Irish Republican Army announced today that it had made formal application to the United States State Department for the purchase of a nuclear reactor.

"Naturally, we're eager to have our own nuclear capability and to join the family of nuclear nations," said Terence O'Houlihan, IRA defense minister, at his secret hideaway in a warehouse section of Belfast.

"But I want to emphasize that this capability will be used 100 percent for peaceful purposes," Mr. O'Houlihan continued. "None of your mushroom clouds for us, and that's the God's truth on my mother's grave, and any Protestant who says otherwise will have his face bashed."

In Washington a State Department spokesman welcomed the IRA initiative and said he hoped that the sale would be as fully supportive of world peace as similar pacts completed during the last several months with Uganda, Rhodesia, South Africa, Lebanon, Chile, Taiwan, Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Saudi Arabia.



Los Angeles, February 2—Ronald Reagan announced today that he is resuming his film career, following last year's unsuccessful bid for the presidency. "Acting has always been my first love," said the former California governor. "Politics is dull stuff by comparison." His first movie—to be called *Wild Avocados*—will be directed by the Swedish filmmaker Ingmar Bergman. Costarring opposite Mr. Reagan will be Liv Ullman in the role of a tormented Swedish gynecologist. Mr. Reagan will play the spectral figure of Death, and Dennis Morgan will play his best friend.



Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 16—Executors of the estate of the late Margaret Mitchell, author of *Gone with the Wind*, have filed suit here against film producers David Brown and Richard Zanuck over their proposed sequel to the famous Civil War novel.

The heirs have heard reports that *GWTW-II* will be filmed as a porn movie starring Harry Reems as Rhett Butler and Marilyn Chambers as Scarlett O'Hara.

In Hollywood a spokesman for the producers said: "Listen, we've got a lot of bucks tied up in this turkey, and no Georgia crackers are going to tell us how to do it."

Washington, D.C., March 7—The Elizabeth Ray Secretarial School enrolled its first students today at the school's new headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"It's going to be a swell opportunity for all the girls who come to Washington from all over the country, looking for jobs," said the ebullient Miss Ray, former stenographer on the staff of Congressman Wayne Hays of Ohio. "Working on Capitol Hill is just the most fun a girl can have."

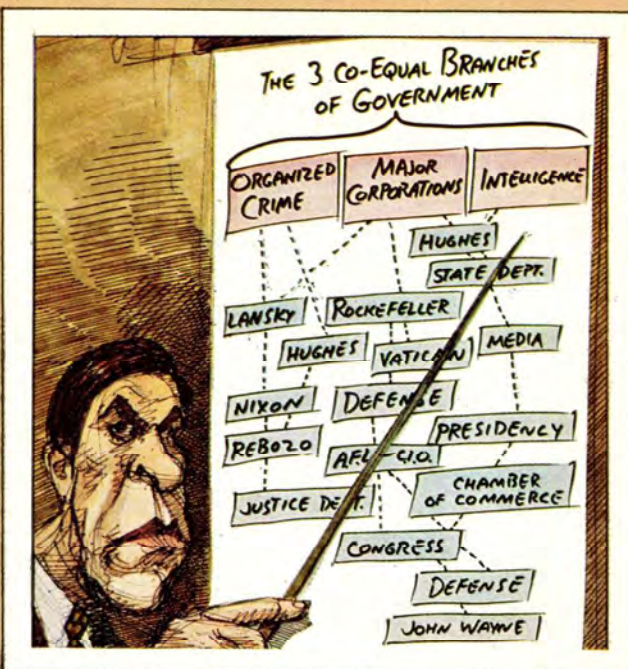
Students will learn how to type two words a minute, Miss Ray told reporters. They'll also study how to decorate and maintain a love-nest apartment, how to operate a hidden tape recorder, and how to negotiate for paperback book contracts and movie deals.

Upon graduation, students will be provided with a complete wardrobe from Frederick's of Hollywood, including peek-a-boo shortie pajamas (with or without tassels), a white, off-the-shoulder sheath dress and high, spiked heels, and the name of at least one *Washington Post* reporter.

Honor students receive subscriptions to *Congressional Quarterly*, dinner at the Sans Souci, and a copy of Wayne Hays's autobiography, *I Did It My Way*.

New Delhi, November 19—Mrs. Indira Gandhi announced today that she was establishing a two-party system in India. She'll head one of them herself, she said, and the other will be led by her thirty-year-old son, Sanjay Gandhi.

"This will bring new stability to our nation," she said. "One problem we have faced in the past is that every month—just like clockwork—I have the most overpowering desire to invade Pakistan. I can't figure it out. Golda Meir used to tell me she had the same compulsion about Syria."



San Francisco, June 27—H. R. Haldeman, former President Nixon's aide who resigned under fire during the Watergate crisis, has accepted a teaching post at the University of California, his alma mater.

Starting with the fall term, he will assume the Warren Harding Chair of Political Science, which was endowed recently by Disneyland.

His first course, Mr. Haldeman said, would be titled *Machiavelli 104*.

Los Angeles, March 1—Tricia Nixon Cox, daughter of former President Nixon, led a demonstration in downtown Los Angeles yesterday protesting the government's recent ban on hair spray.

"Sure, I know that aerosol cans are destroying the ozone layer in the earth's upper atmosphere and causing an in-



crease in the incidence of skin cancer," said Mrs. Cox in an interview. "But what's a girl to do with her hair? I mean, *that's* important, too!"

Mrs. Cox was joined in the line of march by Robert Abplanalp, a friend of her father's, who was an inventor of the aerosol can. ☐

pried off the lid, unfolded the embossed napkin, and saw . . . not silty ash drifting and banked, but chunks of white bone the size of almonds! Here was a groove where once had ridden the trunk of a nerve; there persisted an eminence, round and smooth, to which a muscle had attached. All together they had done some act for Barney. Raised his glass, perhaps. From the can rose the faint odor of scorch. I had been ready for ash; I was filled with dread of these staring bones. From the perpetuity of ash I could have departed in peace, but from these crusts and careless crumbs, I would take away no memory of the banquet of friendship, only a nausea of the soul.

But to the task. Quickly, as though to rid myself of incriminating evidence, I walked round and round the clearing, spilling Barney's bones upon the oak leaves until there were no more. Then I looked down to see them strewn, as if by some wizard who would read an Event in the pattern they formed. Nearby was a small park with benches and tables and tall trash cans. Trembling, I went there to sit alone, for it comforts—does it not?—to sit beside the dead and measure the distance between them and us.

All at once there was a noise, an *alive* sound. Less than a thump—a scabble perhaps. I looked behind me. There was no one nor any creature. Only the woods where, doglike, I had dropped the bones of my friend. I sat back; again I strained toward respectful elegy. Again! A whirring. I wheeled, and . . . nothing. But now I am terrified. Who's there? I called out, and the whiteness of my voice informed the forest of my vulnerability. I started to walk away, toward the road, backing off. I must not be seized from the rear. And then I heard it again, that soft thrashing. From the rim of my vision I saw a movement, a jiggling. It was the *trash can* wobbling. Once more there was the noise, and once more the jiggling of the trash can. Now I am torn by the need to run from this demonic place and by the need—yes, I must—to learn what lurks and leaps within that can, which is no one-pound tin but a receptacle that could hold a *man*. Back and forth I flopped between resolve and panic, from no-I-shall-run-away to stay-stay-for-I-must. I stayed and, stalking, crept until I had circled and sidled that horrid can three times, and heard again and again the challenge of its rattle. At last I had to act or die, and rising from a crouch, I ran full tilt toward it, kicking it with my foot high up near the top, with all my strength redoubled by fear. Over it went, rolled half a turn, and lay still. And from its gape there slouched and snarled the thinnest slice of winter I have ever seen. It was a raccoon, each one of its ribs visible in its flanks, its tail hairless, ignoble. Slow, contemptuous, the creature walked from the barrel. It moved six paces, stopped, and then turned to glare at me

with loaded eyes, with lips drawn back from mauve gums wherefrom yellow teeth hung like tines of the gates of hell. As I watched, the raccoon tilted back its head and loosed from its throat a sound that I shall remember all of my days. A long hiss playing out into a pneumatic rattle. It was what is left of a sigh when the rue and regret is exhausted. I felt the rank whiff upon my skin. Then, abruptly, the creature walked to the edge of the woods and disappeared in the direction of the clearing where I had not gladly, not reverently, thrown down the bones of my friend. I was once again alone. Barney, Barney, I should have stuck a flag in your heap.

Ah, you say, and smile. Spooks and banshees—childish frights. An overheated brain undoes the solid mind. Come, come, you insist. Laugh with us. And I try to join. But even now, years later, I start from my bed as I hear the hissing of those bones. And it does not matter what you say, or if you think that what I've told is true. It matters that I have been changed by it,

●

Man's most exhilarating
discovery was front-to-front
copulation, a stunning
innovation that ushered in
the process of selecting a mate,
now euphemistically
called love.

●

that I am not the same as I was.

Does the haughty orthopedist swaggering by, tapping his boot with a pet ulna—does he pretend to a courage he does not own? Does he retreat by night to his closet, quaking with fear, whilst all around his head the rumble of angry bones rolls and thunders? Or is it some fetish to which he is compelled, that he must see and touch again and again all those hard, smooth strokables? For who could gaze hourly upon the bones of man and not shudder at the intimations of his mortality?

So, I have decided. Strew for me no gourd nor royal drinking cup. Upon the wall of some quiet library ensconce my skull. Place oil and a wick in my brainpan. And there let me light with endless affection the pages of books for men to read.

Bone is most commonly afflicted with that ubiquitous degeneration that is known as osteoarthritis, wherein the wear and tear of usage is expressed as the grinding down of the discs of cartilage that cap the ends of the bones like icing and that facilitate the movement of the joints. As the cartilage is worn thin, the joint undergoes inflammation, with resultant deformity and

limitation of motion. Live long enough, and you will win a measure of this ailment which has, more than any other, come to be synonymous with the decay of aging. That it is most apparent in the spine and hips is no more than the wages we must pay for the sins of our forefathers.

Of all the imprudences dared by man in his brazen reach for ascendancy, the most arrogant was his decision to stand up, to eschew his all-fours, and, piling his vertebrae one atop the other, to thrust himself erect upon his twos. Admittedly, there were prizes to be won by this recklessness. An apple, heretofore wagging from a branch just out of reach, could now be plucked with ease. Ledges and rocks that had walled him in could now be overpeered. Prey could be seen advancing, as well as enemies, long before their arrival. And rocks could be flung farther from the new height. Most exhilarating was the discovery of front-to-front copulation, a stunning innovation that ushered in the process of selection of a mate, now euphemistically called love. Prior to his standing up, Man, like the others, copulated front-to-back, nor did it matter whose front, whose back. Now *homo erectus* picked and chose. This one had nice furry breasts; that one was gimpy. This one was bald; that one, one-eyed. Man having chosen and wishing to keep the good parts in view, bifrontal copulation seemed but the natural sequitur. Woman, in her turn, was rewarded with orgasm, a phenomenon unknown to all other species. (Ask any buffalo.)

It all seemed like such a good idea.

But it is not nice to fool with Mother Nature. This Man, who thrust himself from the earth, who wore the stars of heaven in his hair, was guilty of overweening pride. In an act most audacious, he had defied nothing less than the law of gravity. He was to pay dearly for such high imposture. The vertebrae, unused to their new columnar arrangement, slipped, buckled, and wore out. Next, the arches of the feet fell. The hip joints ground to a halt. Nor was payment extorted only from the skeletal system. The pooling of blood in the lower part of the body distended the fragile blood vessels beyond their limits. Thus blooms the fruitage of hemorrhoids; thus are we varicose. Worse still, our soft underparts have given way. Under the sag of our guts, we bulge into hernia. We turn to soft lump.

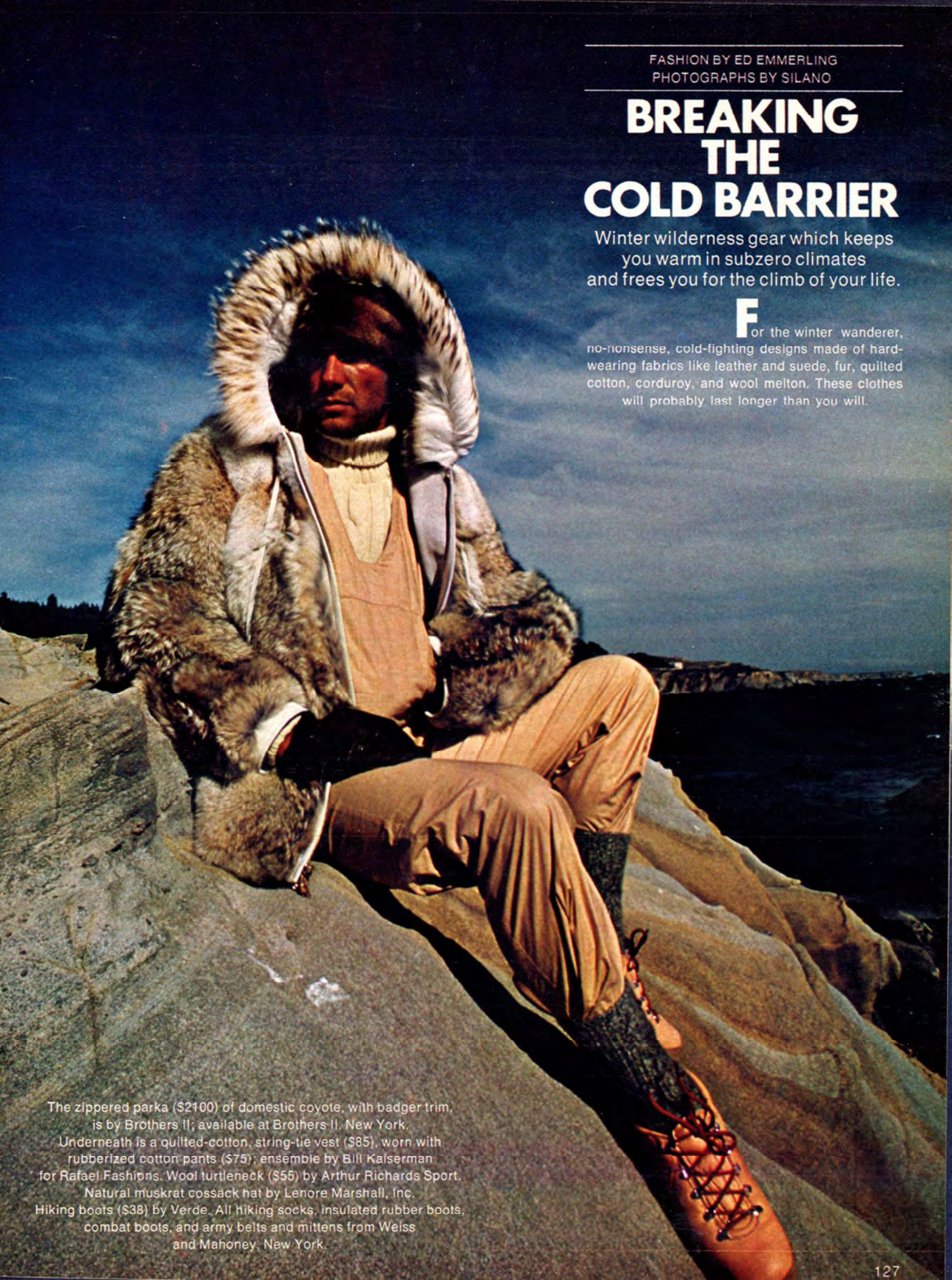
Alas, was there no pithecanthropoid Jeremiah who, horrified at the vainglory of the young, would scramble to some lofty place and cry out against this swagger? Would cry out to his fellow man, "Down, you fools. Get down, before it is too late"? So we have come to our pretty pass. Better to have maintained our low profile, content to nose among the droppings of mastodon. For it is swollen, bunched, sacculate, hung down, gibbous, hummocky, knobbed, sagging, adroop, warped, tipped, and tilted such that we are made to wage life, slouching toward our infernal copulations and our eternal reward. Such is the revenge of Bone. ○—

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO

BREAKING THE COLD BARRIER

Winter wilderness gear which keeps
you warm in subzero climates
and frees you for the climb of your life.

For the winter wanderer,
no-nonsense, cold-fighting designs made of hard-
wearing fabrics like leather and suede, fur, quilted
cotton, corduroy, and wool melton. These clothes
will probably last longer than you will.

A man is sitting on a large, grey, layered rock formation. He is wearing a heavy, fur-trimmed parka with a large hood, an orange quilted vest, orange corduroy pants, and brown leather hiking boots with laces. He is looking towards the camera. The background shows a dark, rocky coastline under a blue sky.

The zippered parka (\$2100) of domestic coyote, with badger trim,
is by Brothers II; available at Brothers II, New York.
Underneath is a quilted-cotton, string-tie vest (\$85), worn with
rubberized cotton pants (\$75); ensemble by Bill Kalserman
for Rafael Fashions. Wool turtleneck (\$55) by Arthur Richards Sport.
Natural muskrat cossack hat by Lenore Marshall, Inc.
Hiking boots (\$38) by Verde. All hiking socks, insulated rubber boots,
combat boots, and army belts and mittens from Weiss
and Mahoney, New York.


The military-style, all-leather, quilted parka jacket with elastic waist (\$145) is from the Members Only Collection by Europecraft. The zippered khaki field suit (jacket, \$40; pants, \$30) by Frank Bober for Arthur Richards Sport. The ski goggles were designed and executed by Bausch and Lomb. They can be found at Cohen's Fashion Optical in New York.



Photographed on the wild Sopom Coast near the Timber Cove Inn in northern California.

The corduroy jacket features extra warmth in quilted-cotton sleeves and collar, and zips into a turtleneck (\$60); by Scotts Grey, Ltd. and available at J. L. Hudson, Detroit. The leather vest is by Bert Paley, Ltd., division of After Six. Cotton jodhpurs with suede leg inserts (\$95) by Rafael Fashions. Turtleneck is by Blades by Robert Bruce. Riding boots by Frye Boot Co. The coyote hunter's hat with suede top is by Lenore Marshall, Inc.



A man is standing on a dark, jagged rock formation against a clear blue sky. He is wearing a dark leather trench coat over a light-colored quilted jacket, dark pants, and large goggles. He is looking off to the side. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

Soft glove-leather, World War I-style trench coat (\$600) by Jean-Paul
Germain, available at David Stephan,
San Francisco. Zippered, rubberized-cotton jump suit (\$180)
with outer quilted-cotton bush jacket (\$195),
by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael Fashions. Leather
racing goggles by Baruffaldi, available at In-Focus, Ltd., N.Y.

The hooded parka jacket of sueded lamb with zippered fly front (\$225) by Bert Paley, Ltd., division of After Six; available at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. Hooded, green-wool turtleneck sweater by Arthur Richards Sport. Leather pants (\$75) by Philippe Venet, Paris. Riding boots by Acme Boot Co. Hand-stained leather saddle bag by Dante, division of Genesco.



● I love to dress for bed—long stockings and garters, special makeup and carefully arranged hair—and seduce my man into bed. I like to play fantasy games. ●

A PINCH OF SASS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Give Jeri Lee an inch, and she'll take a mile. A streak of sassiness runs through this vivacious, twenty-one-year-old with snapping blue eyes. She admits she is dominant and hard to control. But the warmth of her native California sun brings out a softer, more mellow side in her nature, and she enjoys nothing so much as relaxing her gorgeous, 38-25-36 frame on a secluded beach: "I love living here. When I can sunbathe and swim in January, that's paradise to me!"

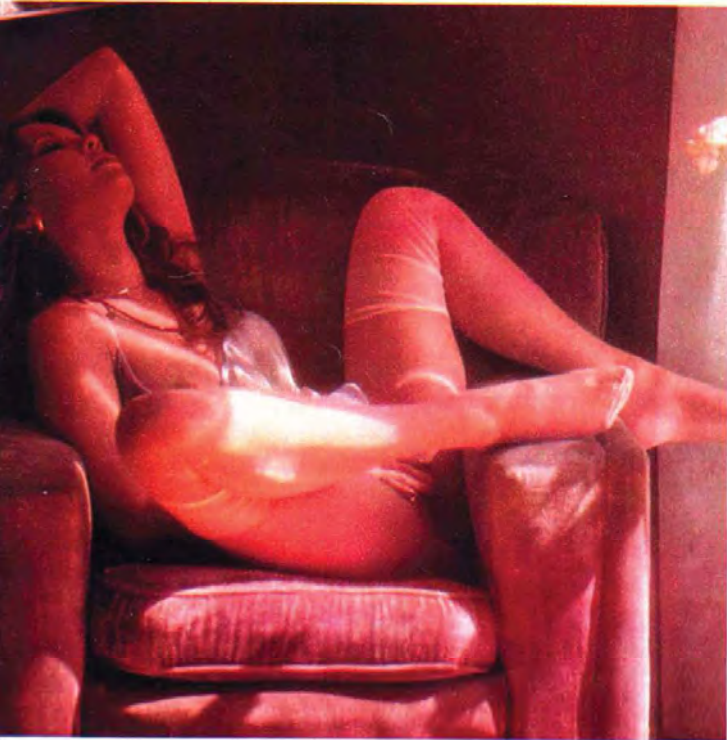








Sexually, Jeri is a romantic with a taste for novelty. "The most romantic place to make love is in a field with soft, green grass and a running stream . . . cool, damp overhanging trees with dark shadows. I have made love in a bathtub (with the shower running full blast, because I was too occupied to reach up and turn it off) and on the balcony of an apartment building with neighbors on their balcony not five feet away."



"I'm not a crotch-watcher.
When I look at a man
I notice everything.
My perfect man is blond,
big, and muscular. Every-
thing about his body is
firm, tight, and hard. I'm
definitely a one-man
woman and need to be
handled with a combination
of love and discipline."





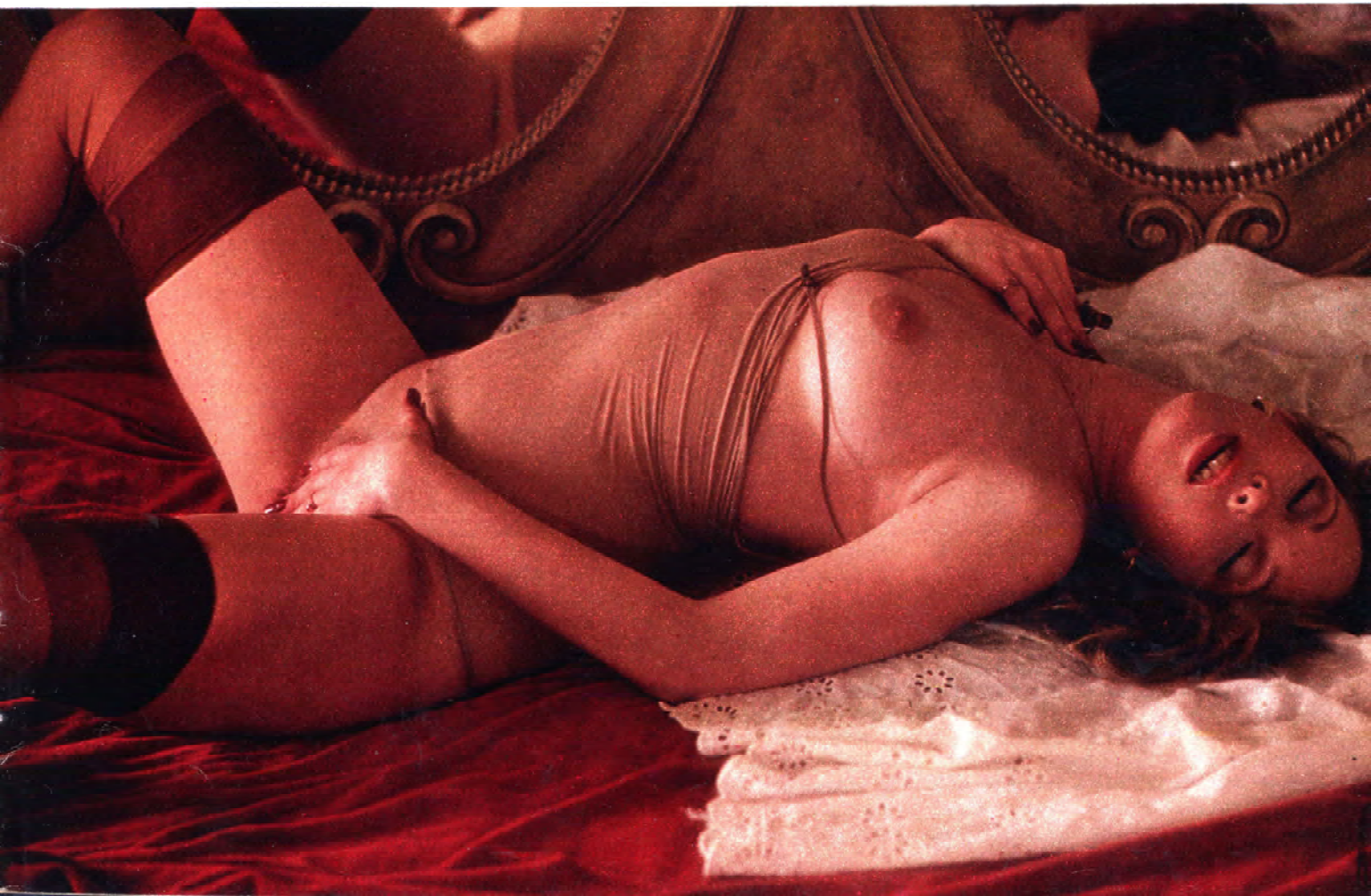
Wardrobe by Holly's Harp and The Pleasure Dome, Los Angeles.

Being the one-man type doesn't prevent Jeri from enjoying many lovemaking moods: "I love to dress for bed—long stockings and garters, special makeup, and carefully arranged hair—and then seduce my man into bed. I like to play fantasy games like sitting down alone in a bar and then having my man act like he doesn't know me and picking me up. It lends an air of mystery and excitement to our relationship. That way our love is constantly renewed by new situations."





"Love is something not many people know about, especially in a city like Los Angeles. Someone you love is a person you will give anything to and do anything for, without any hesitation. It's a rush, a special high of the heart you can't get any other way." ○✚



ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

Amendment to material that is both pornographic and political.

The Supreme Court recently devised a new test for determining whether a publication is legally obscene: the jury must decide (1) whether "the average person, applying contemporary community standards, would find that the work, taken as a whole, appeals to the prurient interest, . . . (2) whether the work depicts or describes, in a patently offensive way, sexual conduct, . . . and (3) whether the work, taken as a whole, lacks serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value." The *Screw* conviction tests the good faith of the Supreme Court's assurance that if those standards are applied "the First Amendment values are adequately protected."

If there is one value of the First Amendment that is beyond dispute, it is the right of a newspaper to criticize the government. If the First Amendment means anything, it surely means that when a newspaper publishes attacks against government officials, these officials may not respond by prosecuting the newspaper. They may answer the criticisms, but they may not decide that the public shall not read the newspaper. There is certainly no marketplace of ideas when government officials can close down any shop selling ideas critical of those officials.

It seems clear that the prosecution against *Screw* and its publishers was motivated, at least in part, by the vicious diatribes against our established institutions and those who run them. There are now more than two dozen imitators of *Screw*'s format and many hundreds of other periodicals that publish equally raw pictures. But *Screw* has been singled out for federal prosecution because it sells pornography *cum* politics. Its politics are the politics of promiscuous sex. It advocates an approach to the human body—a life-style—totally at variance with those espoused by the established institutions of our society. Its politics, though disagreeable to most Americans, are no less authentic than the politics of vegetarianism, of gun ownership, or even of the euphemistically labeled "right to life" (many of whose advocates favor the death penalty).

Screw, moreover, is a political newspaper in the more traditional sense of that term: it supports and opposes political candidates; it editorializes on current issues; it investigates and exposes corruption. Indeed, *Screw* performs one specific political function that no other medium attempts. It gathers information about the views and actions of politicians, judges, and other public figures in the area of sexual repression.

Just as the *Jewish Press* often asks the parochial question: is it good or bad for the Jews?—and just as the *Pilot* frequently asks: is it good or bad for the Catholic church?—so, too, *Screw* magazine asks: is it good

or bad for the purveyors and consumers of raunch? Advocates of greater sexual freedom have just as much right to cast their votes with parochial concerns in mind as do other interest groups; and in order to cast their votes intelligently, they must know about the records and attitudes of politicians on the issues that concern them.

The language Goldstein uses in making his political points and in evaluating political candidates is always strong—often rancid. While other newspapers may characterize disfavored politicians as incompetent, unintelligent, or corrupt, Goldstein is apt to call them "assholes," "scumbags," or "hard-ons." In urging the defeat of a particularly hypocritical district attorney, Goldstein recalled Spiro Agnew's putrid prose by urging the voters to cleanse the "hemorrhoids of democracy . . . out of this nation's asshole." But strong language has typified a certain style of American journalism throughout our history. Name-calling—including some fairly vicious sexual allegations against King George III—

It is not the
job of the government
or the courts
to serve as
supereditors of
Screw magazine.

was common among certain revolutionary elements in our population. The *Boston Gazette* called Governor Hutchinson "a rascal" snatched from the "dunghill." And a Tory writer retorted in kind by calling the *Gazette* "dunghill bred" and "Monday's Dung Barge." Another paper called on its readers to smear the houses of loyalists with "Hillsborough Paint" (a mixture of urine and feces that would warm the cockles of Al Goldstein's heart). The *New York Journal* likened mother England to "an old abandoned prostitute crimsoned o'er with every abominable crime." This penchant for scatological epithets did not end with American independence: a leading post-revolutionary case involved a man who publicly expressed the wish "that a cannon had lodged in the president's posterior." Nor is Al Goldstein the first journalist to insult a justice of the Supreme Court. The *Aurora*, the nation's leading Republican paper, penned the following rhyme about Justice Samuel Chase: "Cursed of thy father, / scum of all that is base; / thy sight is odious and / thy name is [Chase]." (Ironically—and relevantly—some of the worst abuse was reserved for postmasters

accused of opening mail by melting the wax.)

Goldstein's prose—though considerably less elegant—is not different in kind from that of some of our revered forebears: yesterday's "dunghill" is today's slightly less refined "asshole," but the excretory referent is similar. Surely this kind of name-calling is political speech protected by the First Amendment.

It is probably true that if *Screw* limited itself to printing *only* unillustrated editorials and political information, even the Nixon administration might not have dared to prosecute Goldstein. (It is noteworthy, however, that one count of the indictment specifically charged him with publishing reviews of pornographic movies. The judge initially upheld that charge, but then, after an adverse editorial appeared in a local newspaper, reversed himself and dismissed it. Under the government's theory of that charge, I could probably be indicted for publishing this article.) The hook on which the government has attempted to hang the *Screw* prosecution is the undisputed fact that *Screw* magazine publishes—along with its editorials, consumer tips, and advertising—very dirty pictures. Some of the photographs are straight hard-core porn; others are scatological. Some are prurient; others, emetic. *Screw*'s insistence on employing the media of scatology and pornography to dramatize its political message squarely raises the elusive question, Where does the pornography of politics end and the politics of pornography begin?

The interesting legal issue can be put in this way: assuming that some of the pictures, *standing alone*, are criminally obscene, but that the editorials and most of the other material, *standing alone*, are constitutionally protected, what then is the constitutional status of the newspaper as a whole, combining—as it does—constitutionally protected political speech with constitutionally unprotected smut?

The Supreme Court has stated: "The First Amendment protects works which, taken as a whole, have serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value, regardless of whether the government or a majority of the people approve of the ideas these works represent." But the Court has given no guidelines for determining how much weight must be given to the political and how much to the pornographic in a mixed publication.

A perusal of the indicted issues of *Screw* makes it clear that the vast majority of every issue consists of nonpornographic material. One such issue—the "strongest" one sexually—consists of the following: a cover drawing that is not even arguably obscene; an inside-page, hard-core closeup of a copulating couple; a 1,000-word editorial by Goldstein attacking everyone from the pope, to the owner of the New York Yankees, to Pan Am Airways, to the president of the Teamster's Union, to Vice-President Rockefeller, to New York City's Finest; a five-page interview with a porno-film pro-

ducer, accompanied by several nonpornographic photos; a pictorial feature—by a well-known photographer—of a couple urinating on each other; a three-page article on sex for older people entitled "Twat in the Twilight Years"; an editorial condemnation of "porno pirates" who sell bootlegged prints of sex films, accompanied by a boycott list of some fifty-seven theaters throughout the country where such prints are run; a two-page humorous potpourri of prose and pictures about the lighter side of sex, including one hard-core photograph; an item called "Smut from the Past," which reprints—in a humorous and nostalgic setting—one or two antique porno stills; a weekly column called "Shit List," wherein Goldstein castigates some unfortunate person or institution—this time the Chemical Bank—in scatological language; an autobiographical series by a stripper, entitled "Diary of a Dirty Broad"; a photographic collage of nonpornographic sexual sculpture; a column called "My Scene," which describes one reader's sexual adventures—this time a suburban housewife's floral fling with a plant salesman—illustrated by an explicit hard-core photo; a book column featuring reviews of several porno books as well as a review of Alison Lurie's best-seller *The War Between the Tates*; an absolutely tasteless editorial cartoon picturing President Ford attempting to insert his penis, which is marked "Nixon's Pardon," into the ear of John Q. Public, over the caption "Taking It in the Ear"; a column called "Dirty Diversions," which ranks porno films on the "peter-meter"; a five-page catalog of the sexual goings-on in New York, describing and ranking movies, burlesque houses, swingers' bars, and massage parlors; a weekly consumers' service called "Mail Order Madness," which cautions readers about mail-order houses that specialize in ripping off porno purchasers who are too embarrassed to complain. The rest of the paper is devoted to an assortment of advertisements for sexual products, services, and partners of every conceivable variety and price.

All in all, the forty-eight-page issue examined contained more than 100 illustrations, not more than 10 of which are even arguably hard-core. Most of the rest of the newspaper cannot be said—by any stretch of the imagination or contraction of the Constitution—to lack First Amendment protection. Yet a judge and jury concluded that this issue—"taken as a whole"—does not have sufficient value to warrant constitutional protection.

It would, of course, be possible to publish *Screw* magazine without the handful of dirty pictures. Only a few of the porno shots are really integrated into the editorial content of the magazine, and most of those could probably be softened a bit without losing their impact.

But the magazine is what it is, and it is not the job of the government or the courts to serve as supereditors. Moreover—and this is really the crux of the matter—the magazine would certainly lose a significant

portion of its readership if it eliminated the hard-core pornography.

The essential question, therefore, boils down to this: can explicit sex be used to increase the readership of a magazine that is, at least in significant part, political? Consider the following example. Assume that a small political magazine, whose specialty is exposing corruption in government, finds its readership dwindling to the point of bankruptcy; it adds a photo section, including hard-core pictures, and finds that this increases not only its circulation but also its political effectiveness in eliminating corruption. The government—which is being badly damaged by the magazine's increasingly widely read revelations—seeks to ban the photo section, knowing full well that this would reduce the political effectiveness of the magazine.

This scenario is not a contrived one: one of the most influential opposition magazines in Israel dramatically increased its circulation when it began to supplement its political rhetoric with pinups. It is a fact of life that sex sells magazines and that magazines that sell more have greater political influence. It cannot be doubted that magazines such as *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Esquire*, and *Cosmopolitan* exercise considerable political influence in this country. Nor can it be doubted that their circulation, and hence their influence, would be diminished significantly if they were not permitted to appeal "to the prurient interest" of their readership.

Screw simply takes that approach one step farther: it hooks the readers on its tasteless raunch and then exposes them to its often equally tasteless politics. The issue that the courts will have to face in the *Screw* case—if they are candid—is whether, and to what degree, explicit sex may be integrated into a political publication in order to increase its salability and, inevitably, its political impact (as well, of course, as its profits). The implication of a decision against *Screw* for the American publication industry—and for the American reading public—could be significant.

It is widely assumed that the courts will find some way to reverse this outrageous and dangerous conviction. Perhaps that, coupled with Goldstein's personal unpopularity, explains why the media has taken such slight interest in the *Screw* case. But lest anyone become too sanguine, it need only be recalled that Ralph Ginzburg did go to jail because he published *Eros*—which is indeed a work of art compared with much of today's fare—and that it was the liberal Warren Court which slammed his cell door shut.

Al Goldstein should not be imprisoned for using filthy words and pictures to sell his tasteless magazine to willing buyers. If he deserves to have his mouth washed out with soap, then surely the federal postal inspectors deserve to have their hands slapped. I was brought up to believe that in America reading other people's mail is worse than telling dirty jokes. ○—

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HITTER CHICKS

They're nymphets on the make, with libidos hung out for all to see.
They'll hump you in the hallways
or ball you in backseats. And they won't take no for an answer.

I first learned of the phenomenon to which I'm going to alert you in a restaurant called Boccaccio in Hicksville, Long Island, widely reputed among the cognoscenti to be the best Italian restaurant in the United States. I was sitting with Vincenzo, sampling spaghetti in a fresh-basil *pesto*, when Ian Firth, the rock-music publicist, came over.

"No," I said.

"I haven't even said a word, and already you're saying no," he said.

"Ian, precious, you're always trying to get me to interview one of your dumb-cluck rock-band clients. This time I'm passing in advance. I was trying to save you the trouble of asking."

"This isn't just another band, though. This is Pigfoot. It's a band from Miami whose members are girls, ages fourteen to seventeen. And I didn't come over to ask if you'd like to interview them. I came to deliver a message from Connie, Bonnie, Lonnie, and Ronnie: they'd like to fuck you."

I nearly whooped my spaghetti. "They'd like to *who*?"

"Ball you," said Ian. "But not now. Not here. I brought them here because I figured the place was classy enough so

maybe they wouldn't start throwing food for a change. You can wait till you finish your lunch and come over to the motel."

I looked across the restaurant. Right between two tables of lunching businessmen were four teenage girls with long blonde hair, wearing boys' white athletic undershirts, passing a bottle of Bolla Valpolicella, and wiping their mouths with their hands afterward as if it had been a gallon of Boone's Apple Farm. When they noticed me, they opened their eyes wide and started flicking their tongues in and out between their lips. I turned back to Ian.

"You represent *that*?" I said.

"I *manage* that," he sighed.

"My sincere condolences," I said.

"Look, if you'll come over to the motel and interview them, I promise to convince them not to tell anyone you balled them."

"Ian, poopsie, I have no intention of balling four chicklets from Miami whose names rhyme."

"I didn't think you would," he said. "But unless you interview them and get it into *Penthouse*, they threaten to tell everyone you did. That's a favorite hitter technique."

"A favorite what?"

"Hitter technique. Interview them, and

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL



they'll tell you all about it. Don't, and they'll tell everyone else."

"But, Ian, this is *blackmail*."

"How do you think they got me to handle them? I tried to call their bluff, but I finally relented and drove after them with the management contract. I caught up with them in front of my parents' house just as they were carrying the Sony in to show my mom a videotape of me and them playing strip backgammon that makes *Deep Throat* look like *Mary Poppins*."

I was beginning to get interested in this crew of juvenile delinquents. There was also the fact that I wanted to spare my parents any unnecessary video viewing. So I followed Ian back to the Holiday Inn and interviewed the members of Pigfoot.

"Where'd you get your name?" I asked.

"From an old Bessie Smith tune called 'Gimme a Pigfoot,'" said Lonnie, who had boobs like a rear view of two Siamese-twin guinea pigs with shaved buns. "It's about how she wants to get screwed, blued, and tattooed. Bessie Smith was on the Ten-Best-Fucked List of her generation. We relate to her because we're on the Ten-Most-Fucked List of our generation. We had other ideas for a name, but the lawyers said the record-store owners would be arrested for selling our album."

"What's the idea behind your band?" I asked.

"We're trying to get through to hitters everywhere with our message, which is in the title of our first album," said Connie, whose nipples stuck through her undershirt like a pair of tire valves. "Four Fs."

"Four Fs?"

"Yeah, you know. 'Find 'em, feel 'em, fuck 'em, and forget 'em.' That's what guys used to say? Well, that's what we say now. It's the title song of the album."

The four girls sang in harmony:

You got to find 'em
Before they find you.
You got to feel 'em
Before they feel you.
You got to unh unh
Before they do you.
And then forget 'em
Before they do you."

"What's a hitter?" I asked.

"You don't know?" they cackled.

"Where have you *been*?" said Ronnie, who had taken her satin track shorts off and was shaving her *mons veneris* with a straight razor. "Fletcher's Ice Island T-3 in the Arctic Ocean, jerking off over an old *National Geographic*? Hitters are teenage females who are tired of waiting to be asked. The current crop of boys our age is a bunch of wall-ballers, pimple-poppers, and high-school projectionists. Used to be a girl had to fight the boys off. Brassieres and girdles were like soft-core chastity belts. You needed a second line of defense after your date got your blouse open. Now we walk around without any underwear, with our boobs hanging out of halter tops

and our butts hanging out of cutoff jeans, but all those zit-pickers are too busy beating their meat and racing dirt bikes to touch us. So we hitters are taking the situation into our own hands by becoming what you might call sexually aggressive."

"Machisma!" chimed Bonnie, Lonnie, and Connie.

"God bless you," I said.

"Machisma is like the opposite of machismo," said Bonnie. "Hitters do everything boys used to do and should be doing now."

"And we don't take no for an answer," said Lonnie. "If I say, 'Wanna fuck?' and some dork says no, I'll reach in his pants and hang on till he says yes. Hitters always carry a box of condoms around in their pocketbooks, and do you know we have to show a lot of these idiots how to use them?"

"I was going through this one hitter's purse," said Connie, "and she only had one Trojan. 'What are you,' I said, 'some kind of a pessimist?'"

If I say, "Wanna fuck?"
and some dork says no, I'll
reach in his pants
and hang on till he says
yes. That's a favorite
hitter technique.

"Don't they use The Pill?" I asked.

"Well, personally, I don't, because I get bloated, but a lot of hitters who do use it use condoms, too. When a girl hits on a boy and they get in the backseat of her car and she whips out a scumbag, it has a powerful psychological effect on the guy."

"I'll give you an example," said Connie. "The other night I was cruising the hallways of the International Motel in L.A., where all the bands stay, and there's this really cute Tex-Mex bellboy, about eighteen. So I say to him, 'Are there any empty rooms on this floor?' And he says, 'You'll have to ask at the desk, miss!' So I say, 'Hey, Pancho, do I have to ask at the desk whether I can give you a *blowjob*?' Well, he starts to stutter something about how he thinks they need him in the lobby, and he turns around and starts to walk away. So I run around in front of him, drop to my knees, and unzip his fly. 'Not *here*!' he hisses. 'Not *here*?' I yell. 'Where the hell is it—attached to your ass? You don't know whether you're coming or going!' He says, 'I mean, not in the hallway.' 'Fine,' I say, 'So let's do it in a room. You have a passkey, right, or don't they trust you?' 'Sure they trust me,' he says. 'So open a room up,' I say."

"He fumbles in his pocket and pulls out a key and opens 906. I waltz in and turn on the color TV—first thing you should do whenever you walk into a motel room is turn on the TV. 'Let's get a good look at you,' I say, as I shove him onto the bed and pull off his clothes. He's built like the Turk in those Camel-filters ads. I start chomping on his popsie and diddling myself while Johnny Carson talks on the tube."

"Hey," he says, 'At least pay attention to me while you do it.'

"What are you, more interesting than Johnny Carson interviewing Florence Henderson?" I say. "I'm giving you an unsolicited cock cleaning. What more do you want? Next thing you're going to come in my mouth—and if you do, Pedro, I swear you're gonna get an eyeful of hot goo."

"You know what I did when we were through?"

"I can't imagine," I said.

"I *typed* him. He was a bellboy, after all. He ended up coming in the palm of his hand. I took out fifty cents and said, 'Here's something for your other hand.' I love that hotel. The night clerk is cute, too. 'I can't,' he says to me. 'If I'm away from the desk longer than it would take me to go to the bathroom, I could lose my job!' So I say, 'If it took you longer than that to ring my bell, I'd make *sure* you lost your job. I asked you if you wanted to ball; I didn't say anything about going steady.'"

Since my colloquy with Pigfoot, I've come across numerous males who are still recovering from brief encounters with hitter chicks. For instance, there's Tony, whom I met at a party in San Francisco. Tony was an English teacher who got hit at Bel Air High School in Los Angeles, a hitter stronghold that is said to make steamy Hollywood High look as dangerous as a convent of Marian Sisters.

"The first day I was at Bel Air another teacher tried to warn me," said Tony. "You must be the new English man," the guy said.

"That's me," I said.

"You know what happened to the *old* English man?" he said.

"Can't say I do," I said.

"Neither can we," he said with a smirk.

"Pardon me?" I said.

"Listen," he said. 'Do yourself a favor. Watch out for the hitters.'

"The who?" I couldn't imagine what he was talking about.

"Hitter chicks. School's full of them. If you want to survive here, you've got to make believe you don't have a cock. Think of yourself as a eunuch. No balls till after 3:30. But I have a feeling you're fucked anyway. Hello and good-bye, pal."

Tony didn't have to wait long for his first encounter with a Bel Air hitter. The next day, all through the third period as he lectured to sophomores about Herman Melville, he noticed that one of the girls in the class was staring at him. Her name was Nicole, alias "Nicky." She was wearing a purple tank top, which had shrunk about two sizes and left her midriff bare above her jeans. Her

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SWEDISH MODERN

BY FRED MACKERODT

The Saab 99 EMS brings to American drivers some special advantages dictated by its Swedish origins. And to understand this automobile's unique qualities, you've got to know something about Sweden.

Swedish roads are terrible. Saabs are built to stand up to the rigors of Sweden's road system. They're built with plenty of ground clearance (nearly seven inches in the EMS) so that they can get over the bumps. They have to be more durable overall than cars from other countries where the driving is easier. While it is true that Swedes are generally affluent, they wouldn't put up with having to buy new cars every three winters. And speaking of Swedish winters...

Swedish roads are heavily salted. Driving on Swedish roads is like driving on a pretzel. Hence Swedish cars also have to be more corrosion-resistant than cars from more tropical climes. So don't expect your Saab to rust at a rate much greater than that at which the pyramids erode.

It snows a lot in Sweden. Swedish roads are usually snow-covered, ice-covered, or just generally wet and slick. All in all, they're probably the most slippery roads in the world. Saabs have front-wheel drive, the acknowledged traction winner. When other cars will remain stuck, the Saab's front-wheel drive will usually pull it through.

Swedes are big people. A car interior that would be suitably proportioned for the Japanese or the Italians would be a sardine can for most Swedes. The Saab is designed to accommodate five big Swedes in comfort.

Swedes are used to quality. Swedish people have been design- and quality-conscious for a long time. You can't sell junk in Sweden. Saabs have a technological quality that is practically without equal in any other country in the world.

Swedish women are good-looking. The Saab is a good-looking car, but its beauty, like that of the Swedish ladies, is not fragile but healthy and strong.

The Swedish society is paternalistic. Swedes are protected and kept healthy from the cradle to the

grave. Saabs, appropriately, are probably the most safety-oriented cars in the world.

Generally speaking, the cars made by Saab are quite different from your average automobile. And the EMS version is a singularly different kind of Saab. First of all, it has bigger radials—175/70HRx15 Pirelli CN36 radial tires versus the 16-5SRx15 radials on other Saabs. While tire making is a black art and choosing tires usually a catch-as-catch-can affair, the Pirelli CN36 rubber has about the best reputation of all radials made.

The EMS has stiffer suspension than the other Saabs and also mounts gas-filled Bilstein shocks. This combination is delightful on the road and is just the thing for effortless high-speed touring, but driving over the potholes of New York City streets can be a jarring experience. Then again, no car is made for New York City streets.

For quicker response, the steering on the EMS has been reduced from 4.1 turns lock-to-lock to 3.43 turns; and a small, leather-covered steering wheel, which feels like a pregnant sausage and looks as if it were lifted from a race car, controls the action. The combination of the small wheel, quicker steering, bigger tires, and all that weight on the front axle does not make for easy parking. However, the feel is rock solid at real speed, and for most enthusiast owners that's the name of the game.

If you can tell a lot about a car from the people who build it, you can also tell a lot from the people who buy it. Saab buyers are not, traditionally, impulse buyers. Where buyers of other cars will be more concerned with colors and trim options, prospective Saab buyers usually enter the showroom armed with the facts. They are technically oriented (a lot of them are pilots), and they know what they're talking about when it comes to mechanics and automotive engineering. In this sense, the Saab buyer is not an "easy sell." But owner loyalty runs very high. While "Once a Saab owner, always a Saab owner," might

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178





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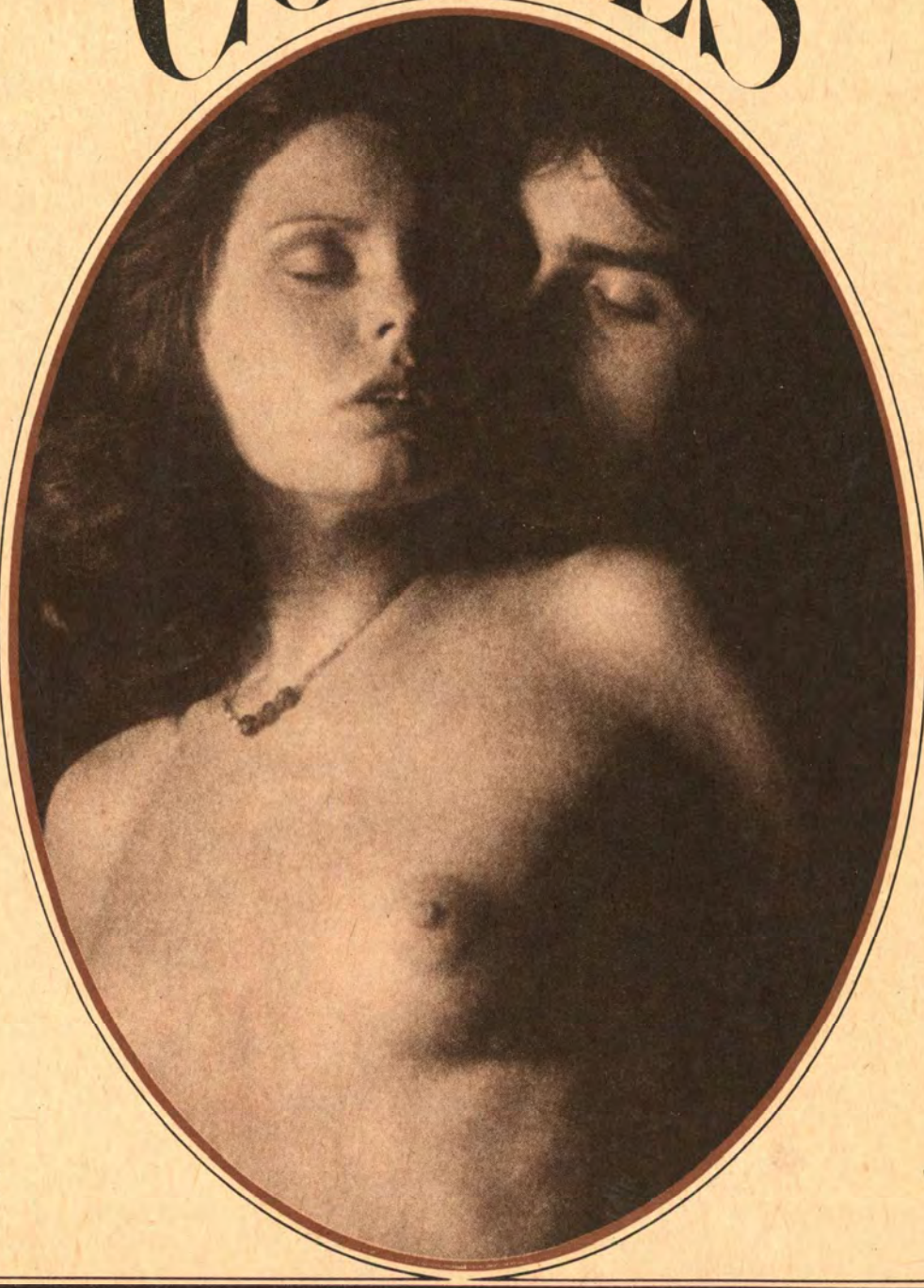
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COUPLES



THE RELUCTANT ECDYSIAST

Her life was her art, and her art
was their strife. She enjoyed stripping before the customers,
but with her boyfriend it
was an entirely different affair.





● Sharon's orgasms on stage were for me.
Hell! They were *with* me,
even though I was sitting across
the bar with a lot of other men.●

BILL'S STORY: This business with Sharon is ridiculous, because I get the feeling that she thinks I don't respect her. I used to think that she had more guts than any other woman I'd ever met. I know that I'm not the easiest guy to get along with, because there are special things I like and a lot of women have freaked out when I got into the heavy stuff. But the way I see it, Sharon of all people should be able to understand me.

It seems like I've always had this thing about girls. I know you're supposed to say "women" these days; but when I started out, they were really little girls and I was a kid. It was my sister who put me up to it. She got me into the whole thing. I was about eight at the time, and she was nine, and our parents went out quite a bit and left us with various sitters.

We really liked one of them—her name was Lynne—because all she did was sit around and smoke grass and she didn't care what we did. She had a boyfriend who sometimes came to see her, and I guess that Sis must have seen them necking once, and she told me about it. From then on, she and I would both spy on Lynne and her boyfriend whenever we got a chance, hoping to see something good.

Usually they would just fool around on the sofa, but one night they really got down to it. Sis and I were lying on the floor, peeking through the curtains on the French doors that separated the living room from the dining room. We had an incredible view of the baby-sitter's pussy once her boyfriend got her slacks down. I had the most incredible hard-on, and I could tell from my sister's breathing that she was pretty hot, too. It wasn't a question of touching my sister, though; she didn't go for that, but she seemed to want company while she got off. So she and I both masturbated while Lynne was getting it on the sofa. I remember how fascinated I was with the sight of the sitter's silky-blond cunt hair.

Because we were at an angle to Lynne and her boyfriend, it was actually possible to see everything she had. First, he kind of spread her legs wide, so wide that one of them was up and over the top of the low-backed sofa. He was looking in there,

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.

Photographs by Earl Miller

COUPLES

too, like he was going to dive into her juicy little pussy or something. He went down on her first, and Lynne went wild, her legs flailing about, and her kind-of-stifled screams were real squeaky and high. I guess she was worried about waking up my sister and me, but believe me, we weren't sleeping.

I was jerking off, of course, in a cramped position down on the floor, and from the way Sis's whole body was shaking beside me, I figured that she was, too. I couldn't see her very well because we were in pitch-blackness in the dining room.

Then the boy took out his enormous-looking, beet-red cock, and Lynne kept saying, "Oh yes, oh yes, yes," while he was trying to fit it in. It looked like a tight squeeze, and for a few seconds I was worried that it wasn't going to get in. But the guy gave a thrust with his hips, pulled Lynne's little ass up toward him, and sank it in up to the hilt.

It sure must have felt good, judging from the sounds that both of them made, and I was so turned on that I came right then and there. Sis was whimpering beside me, and her moving arm brushed against mine, and she felt hot and moist.

It was without a doubt the most intense, most exciting moment of my life. With variations Lynne and her boyfriend repeated the same scene a few times at our place, because they probably thought that it was the best place for fucking. She couldn't have been much more than fifteen at the time, now that I look back at the whole thing.

Later on, as Sis and I got older, I got a chance to watch her with her boyfriends. At first, she didn't know that I was watching, but she must have remembered about our childhood adventures one day, and she brought the subject up. I told her that I watched her making out whenever I could, and she really didn't seem to mind too much.

All that ended when she went away to college, and the next year I went to a big rah-rah school in Massachusetts. I had a vast collection of films, dirty films by that time, especially scenes where women displayed themselves naked before just about anybody who happened to be around. I had lots of peephole stuff, too.

Naturally, I was pretty popular with the guys. As for the girls, well, a couple of them were pretty far out and would go along with the kind of games I liked. But what I wanted was somebody who would really want to give me the kind of charge I needed, somebody who would enjoy my getting off on her. I didn't want it to be a favor if I asked a girl to masturbate for me; I wanted someone who could initiate the action, who could in fact show me a thing or two.

By the time when I'd graduated from college, I'd gotten so that I wanted more and more in terms of sexual performance from the girls I knew. Sometimes I had to pay, which kind of ticked me off, but every now and then it was worth it.

I'd spent a year with the company I'd taken over after Dad had left off. One night I had a business client in from the Orient, and the only thing he had on his mind was sex. But instead of the beautiful call girls from the Upper East Side—Sutton Place and the like—he wanted sleaze. That wasn't exactly my speed, but in my business it's anything for an

account, and I showed him around Forty-second Street and took him to a few of the burlesque shows that are still in Manhattan. I was practically running out of ideas and getting bored with the tired-and-beat-looking women this client seemed to enjoy, when I thought of taking him out to Long Island. It was a long drive, but comfortable enough in my Jaguar. Frankly, I was a bit annoyed at the prospect of sitting through yet another dreadful show of gross female nudity, but I'd psyched myself up enough to appear interested.

I found a tacky club outside of Massapequa. It was pitch black when we walked in except for the spotlight illuminating the girl who was dancing behind the bar. My client and I ordered drinks at the bar, and I was wondering if I ought to call my girl friend, Pat, and have her wait for me at my apartment until I got back. Suddenly, the tinny orchestra started playing a vague version of *Swan Lake*, of all things, and the most beautiful young girl I have ever seen came out, wearing something like a ballet outfit complete with feathers.

Sharon (as I later learned her name was) danced gracefully for a few seconds, completely clothed, and I was mesmerized by the sight of her obviously natural-blond hair and by the look of freshness about her face, not to mention that body. She had large, absolutely perfect breasts—a 36C cup, I surmised correctly right then—and when she got to taking that feathery stuff off, I could see that she had nipples the size of quarters, the nice taut kind that protrude saucily.

I didn't know how far the girls went in that place, but the size of my erection and the way my cock was throbbing were telling me that I wanted it to be as far as possible. Luck was with me, because Sharon took it all off that night. What was more, her dance got pretty wild in the middle, with the orchestra doing some pretty wild improvising on the *Swan Lake* theme. Sharon had the tiniest waist I'd ever seen and a sweet thatch of pussy hair that I desperately wanted to touch—especially since she started

spreading her legs and slipping her own hands down over her cunt, spreading the lips of her pussy so that I could see the coral inner lips inside.

She bent her head back, and I could swear that she was diddling herself with her fingers, and the music seemed to be going into crescendos. She was supposed to be having an orgasm, and from the sight of her, the way her skin was twitching and her breasts heaving and swaying, I was certain that she was really coming onstage.

By the time she'd finished her act, I knew that I had to meet this girl. I knew that I had to have her and soon. I didn't have any idea how long it would be before I'd actually be able to sleep with her. I rushed my client out and pulled a fake sick act, speeding him back to Manhattan in record time. Then I headed back to the theater. It was still early, and I knew that Sharon would probably be making another appearance before the night was out. I felt like a fucking fool, but I still had a raging hard-on, and I had to find out if I could do something about it that night.

I was just in time. Sharon had been on for a few minutes

I was certain Sharon
was really coming onstage. The
way her skin twitched,
with her breasts heaving and
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when I elbowed my way back to the bar. We made eye contact, and I realized that she was at least aware of my presence among the other heavy breathers. And this time I got the impression that she was dancing just for me. When she got to that big ending and started rubbing at her exposed pussy, I could feel chills going up and down my spine and my cock just gave up and exploded. *That* hadn't happened to me in a long time, not since the good old days with Sis, and I couldn't help being impressed.

I sent a note backstage. I told her that I'd take her to dinner and, to simplify matters, that I'd be waiting at the next corner in the Jaguar. She came—like I figured she would—but that was about the only thing that happened the way I had expected. She didn't seem overly impressed by my car, my credit cards, the way I thought she might be, for one thing; and she was a hell of a lot classier without the sordid background of the club. There was no question of sleeping with her that night or of getting anything else to happen, for that matter. It didn't take me long to realize that Sharon was for real. She really meant it when she said no.

We went out quite a lot. Several times a week turned into every night before either one of us knew it. The more I got to know Sharon, the more I liked her. It happened gradually.

And the crazy thing was that our sex took place every night without my ever touching her. I would go watch her perform and be more stimulated than I had been with Pat or anyone else, for that matter.

I felt like a little kid every night before I went into the place. It was the most amazing experience, and I knew that it was like that for Sharon, too, while she was doing her act. Her orgasms were for me; hell, they were *with* me, even though I was sitting across the bar.

About a month later Sharon moved in with me. Anyway, I couldn't wait, and I guess she couldn't either. She'd told me she was practically a virgin, and I don't know if I really believed her until I got into that snug cunt of hers. And that I did almost the moment we closed the door of the room. It was incredible, to say the very least. I, for one, was glad I'd waited, silly as that sounds. But then this wasn't any ordinary relationship; both Sharon and I were special people. And at that point I still felt that we were somehow destined for each other.

Feeling Sharon's resilient breasts beneath my chest while I filled her tight, wet pussy again and again with my cock was something next to heaven. We didn't leave my apartment for two days.

A few months later I took her on a vacation with me to Saint-Tropez. I figured it would be quite a treat for Sharon to let it all hang out on the beaches in southern France. But I couldn't get her even to take off her top at the beach. She was practically the only woman around with her breasts covered. Hell, I was so proud of Sharon's beauty that I wanted the world to see it. But she absolutely refused, no matter how I pleaded.

That day I made love to her on the beach. Well, I just couldn't control myself anymore. She was lying there looking so luscious, and I could see every man who saw her wanted

her as much as I did. Her pussy tasted like sand and sea, and for a long time I thought that we'd finally made it. I thought that she knew and was grooving on it like I was. But she was really asleep. She was furious when she awoke.

Back in New York I started right away back with Pat and a few other call girls. Sure, Sharon and I screwed—especially at first. But after the night she flirted with me and Don, I'll be damned if she didn't act as if we'd *raped* her. Well, that was enough for me. I need more than that Sharon does, too.

At first she wouldn't admit it. Believe me, it was difficult cutting through all her hangups about sex. You have to remember that Sharon had only had sex once before she met me! Now that's a girl with hangups.

SHARON'S STORY:

It seems funny that I should be talking about all this, because I've always had this thing about not discussing details of my private life with anyone. I've always been a loner, I guess, in that respect; and even when I read things in the magazines about people, like movie stars, I feel like I shouldn't be knowing such things. No one should know. But I would do anything to help straighten out things between Bill and me. For the first time I don't care about talking about us, about me, as long as it will help our relationship. That's how much I want it to work.

One of the reasons I've learned to just keep to myself is the business I'm in. When you're a stripper, or an "ecdysiast," as I prefer to call the job, well, just about all those people who aren't in the business (and a lot who are) are likely to get you wrong. Even now it makes me angry that people would think that I'm free with my body, that I sleep around, just because I show my body onstage.

I guess I was about fifteen when I had my first orgasm—which was pretty late, according to what some of the girls have told me. Oh, I would always feel pretty excited, especially at night, thinking about some dream

lover who would never touch me until we had been married. I was always pretty vague about what would happen after that, but I knew that it would be wonderful. I was wearing tight jeans to school in those days, so tight that the crotch fit right up into my pussy, and it always made me feel a little nervous and on edge when I'd walk down the hall and the boys would look at me and carry on.

One day I was walking down the hall between classes, and this one boy was standing there looking, and I could feel the fabric of my jeans rubbing against my clitoris, and I was getting wet down there. I hurried down the hall because he was talking dirty to me, talking about spreading my legs, something about how my legs would feel wrapped around his neck. It was awful, but at the same time, well, I went into the girls' room and leaned against the wall of the toilet booth. I stuck my finger down between my legs and rubbed just the tiniest bit while I held my thighs as tightly together as I could. Without even taking off my jeans, I had an incredible orgasm that seemed to go on and on. I was terrified, but at the same time I knew that I wouldn't be able to live without feeling that

Don was there watching
us screw on the floor. He had
this funny smirk on
his face. It was the same
look that men had when
I used to strip for them.

COUPLES

sensation again. After that, I did it sometimes two or three times a week at school. It was my secret, since I didn't have many friends, and studying didn't interest me at all.

After high school I was supposed to go to a business college to learn how to be a secretary, but I didn't have enough money for that. I was still a virgin when I left home to live with Linda, a girl who had been in my graduating class at school. She was the one who turned me on to stripping. She got me a job at the topless bar on Long Island where she worked. Once I realized that no one was actually going to touch me, I didn't mind doing the dances. And the music was fun. It got so that I really enjoyed myself, and I got better and better in my performance.

In the club we'd dance right on a little platform over the bar, and the guys were real close. But there were plenty of bouncers around to make sure that the audience never got out of hand. Even knowing the dirty things going on in their minds didn't bother me after a while. In a way it was perfect, having men admire my body without having to let them do anything to me. It made me feel desired and possessed but still clean.

Sure, I felt a little lonely and frustrated sometimes, because satisfying myself in bed at night or in the morning was not as fulfilling as it used to be. Then Vince, the manager, had me do this special dance for the show, and we went topless and bottomless. I had to pretend I was having a climax onstage. Well, on a really good night, I didn't have to fake it. There comes this point where I throw my head back after I've taken the second pasty off, and my hands go down between my legs. Just slipping my little finger up into my vagina would touch it off. Sometimes it was fantastic. I'd be off in another world.

That was the act I was doing when Bill came into the club. I still feel guilty about not being a virgin when I met Bill, even though he says that it doesn't matter. I told him how it happened. I've always tried to tell Bill everything about me. It was this guy that Linda introduced me to. He was a friend of one of her boyfriends. Linda probably thought that she was smart leaving us alone in the apartment. She was always trying to fix me up with *somebody*. He'd brought a bottle of something, gin, I think, and he kept making us drinks. I was drunk all right, but that's still not any excuse. He got me to do a little private dance just for him. I did it, down to the strip. I was having a good time, turning myself on, lost in a fantasy world somewhere. But he had his clothes off before I knew it, and the next thing I knew he was holding onto me and dancing with me, rubbing his cock up against the split of my pussy through my panties.

It felt good, but I was scared and started pushing him away. He was holding onto my nipples, squeezing my breasts as he forced me down onto the floor, and he pulled my panties down and started pushing his hardness up into me. He came right away, deep inside me, and I just felt this burning wet sensation.

I just lay there, kind of stunned. It had all happened so fast, and he was muttering about how tight I was, but I guess it was

beyond his imagination to think that I'd never been with a man before. I found the whole experience pretty disappointing.

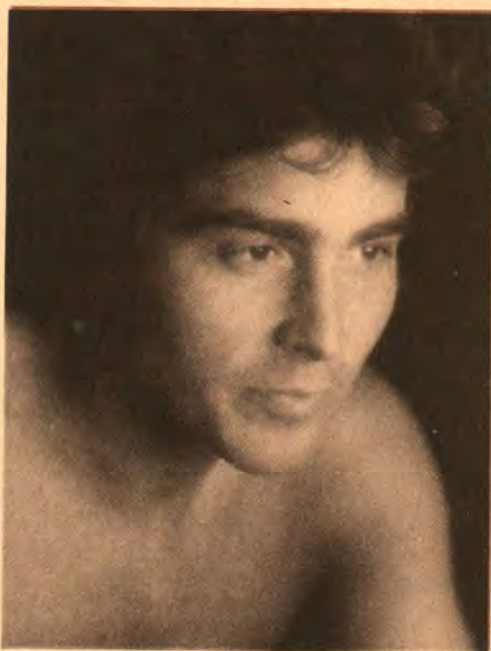
It wasn't long after that that I met Bill. And the way we met was a lot like the fantasies I used to have about meeting the man I would later marry. He was sitting there at the bar one night with a friend, and I came out for the first set. I noticed him right away, because he was so clean-cut and handsome, different from the other types at the place. The music was good, and I was dancing well. My breasts were a little heavier than usual because I was expecting my period; and when I shook them, they felt warm and good. Bill never took his eyes off me, and I remember thinking how sweet he looked with a really butch, dark crewcut and dark, kind of piercing eyes. Then he and the guy with him left. But when I came out for the second set, there he was again, this time alone. He sent a note backstage to me by one of the waitresses, who later told me that he had given her ten dollars to make sure I got it. I knew right away that it wasn't another creep wanting to make it with me. It was different. Already, before I even knew Bill, my head was spinning with ideas about him.

I'm not saying that Bill didn't try to make me. But I set him straight right from the beginning, and he was a real gentleman. We were going out together almost a month before he proposed that I live with him, and I knew that I had been right about not sleeping with him, even though I wanted him. He kept on coming to see me every night. And when I did my special dance, well, we both knew that it was real. The whole thing was incredibly exciting.

Since I had never traveled, Bill took me to Europe. And I guess that's where the first trouble started—when he wanted me to take off my top at the beach. I wasn't able to explain that somehow I couldn't do it when we were together like that. I mean, it was totally different being with Bill on the beach in the south of France and being a performer onstage. We argued about it, and he kept saying how silly my attitude was. Also it

made me uneasy when Bill's bedroom passions started creeping out of the bedroom to anyplace we happened to be. At first it seemed complimentary. You know, I wanted him to desire me, to find me beautiful.

One afternoon, shortly before we returned to New York, we went to the beach the way we usually did every day. I must have fallen asleep under the umbrella, and I don't know how, but Bill must have undone the little strings on the side of the bottom part of my bikini. I thought that I was dreaming. I seemed to be in the water, and an incredible fish was putting its lips right up to my pussy and was sucking gently and moving its mouth wetly up and down the slit between my legs. I was on the verge of orgasm, because it kept flicking at my clitoris as it moved up and then made a funny sideways motion as it moved down. The orgasm came slowly, but it was getting so strong that it woke me up, and I remembered where we were. I looked down, and there was Bill's head between my legs. His face was wet and glistening, and he was groaning softly into my cunt. I could see that he was lying stretched out on the sand so that his cock was rubbing down into it as he



moved up into me. The umbrella was tilted slightly to the side, and a bit farther down the beach, only a few feet away, a man was watching us, and behind him, a teenage couple were necking while they enjoyed the spectacle we were making.

However worked up Bill's sucking had made me, I was still mortified by the way he'd chosen to do it in that public place. I jumped up and ran back to the hotel. I didn't speak to Bill for two days, and I had no intention of letting him touch me.

Well, we flew back to New York a few days later, and we made up during the time we were moving into the new apartment on Central Park South that Bill had bought for us.

One night he brought one of his clients home to dinner. I was wearing a light green silk shantung dress, which molded every inch of my figure. I knew that he loved to see me in this dress, which was made out of material he'd brought back from Indochina during a business trip there. I felt particularly beautiful, and my one hope was that Bill and I would make love after his client had left.

The three of us were having after-dinner drinks in front of the fireplace, and I thought my strategy was working because Bill was sitting really close to me on the sofa. I'd also caught that certain look in his eye more than once that night. His client's name was Don, and I could tell that Don liked my looks, something that I thought was working in my favor with Bill. I thought that he might just be the slightest bit jealous; so I turned on all my charm with both of them. I really went for broke.

At one point Don got up to get more ice for drinks. While he was out of the room, Bill kissed my neck and his hand went up under my skirt. He started tickling at my pussy and finally inserted one finger into the band of my panties and wormed it up into my vagina. Bill and I hadn't made love for so long that I felt myself melting then and there. He started pinching my nipples with his other hand through the material of my dress, making them stand up like hard, little pebbles, and at the same time he was tugging downward on my panties. All I wanted was to let it all happen, to feel him deep inside me. I didn't even notice when Don came back into the room. Then I must have heard a noise or something, and I remembered that Bill and I weren't alone.

I turned my head a bit and saw that Don was there watching us, just looking at us with this funny smirk on his face. I recognized it immediately as the same look the men at the club had when I used to strip in front of them. I felt as though my whole life depended on what happened next. I guess I thought that it did, because I knew that Bill wanted this to take place. So I let myself go. Bill took off all my clothes right there on the sofa and took me. He was passionate and intense, every muscle taut, and even his penis seemed harder than it had ever been before. I was dreadfully ashamed, but at the same time I started coming almost the first second that he was surging up inside of me.

Afterward I just lay there exhausted until Bill lifted himself up off of me, leaving me naked and exposed on the couch. I knew that Don would be waiting, and so he was, with his

clothes off, too, and I saw Bill nodding his head, signaling to me that this was what he expected of me. I felt myself being lifted in the air, but I felt limp as a rag doll. Don sat me on his lap and then lifted me up so that he could thrust his cock up into my spread pussy. Over and over he forced me up and down on him until I could feel him spending himself. And I knew that his cock was where Bill's had just been.

After that episode I couldn't speak to Bill for days. Naturally, I was upset at him for letting this happen to me. When I cooled off, though, I realized that I'd genuinely enjoyed the experience—the exhibitionistic aspects of it.

Stripping is a very real fantasy for me, and Bill's taught me how to live that fantasy out. There's nothing wrong with your body, right? So how can it be wrong to show it to others?

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Many strippers say that they enjoy stripping because it makes them more sexually powerful than men. By exhibiting their bodies, they know that they can make men horny, so horny that many of them come off in their pants. The strippers, on the other hand, aren't even soiled by a fleeting touch from their aroused admirers. I think that this is also true of Sharon.

To me, Sharon has fulfilled her exhibitionistic tendencies in a perfectly legitimate way; that is, she shows herself off frankly and not surreptitiously. I would say that she has few hangups. Even a stripper is entitled to self-respect, whatever her motive, and this is something which Bill seems intent upon taking away from her.


Bill seems to be a compulsive voyeur and a rather uncommon one at that. He's been conditioned into being a Peeping Tom through childhood experiences, though his economic circumstances have not necessitated his becoming the surreptitious Peeper.

There are voyeuristic and exhibitionistic tendencies in all of us. Usually, these are quite harmless in nature.

The psychological makeups of the compulsive voyeur and exhibitionist, I believe, have different origins. The voyeur peeps because he or she is psychologically immature, rather like Sharon and Bill, who are afraid of shared sex.

Her refusal to go topless on Saint-Tropez stems from guilt. By remaining covered in a crowd of naked women, she is emphasizing her own sexual responsibility.

Sharon and Bill would seem to be the perfect couple. Of course, they are not. Unfortunately, Bill's voyeurism has strongly sadistic overtones, which are not matched by masochistic desires in Sharon. Bill has no respect for Sharon's susceptibilities. What he wants is what matters most to him. Only the sadistic voyeur would compel—and I stress the word *compel*—his partner to submit to being fucked while he looked on.

I'd suggest that Sharon find a nice, gentle voyeur who will treat her with the respect she deserves. Right now, I think, she is trying very hard to achieve some sense of "shared sex." It's a good goal, but I'm afraid that Bill will only hinder her realization of that objective. 





"And another thing, total war would wipe out all those niggly little minority groups."

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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ED SADLOWSKI

The American worker should get a larger share than he's getting now. That's simple—a simple solution to a simple problem.

All I'm advocating is for the worker to get his just due.

When Ed Sadlowski says that nobody should work in a steel mill, he knows whereof he speaks. His grandfather, a Polish immigrant, worked in the mills around Chicago for most of his life. His father did, too. And in 1956, when he was himself eighteen years old, young Ed continued the tradition of his family—indeed, the tradition of most of his southeast-Chicago neighborhood. He began working for U.S. Steel.

Ed Sadlowski quickly became an activist—which is another family tradition. His grandfather had participated in the big steel strikes of 1906 and 1909, and his father was an organizer. By the time he was twenty-one, Ed was shop steward. Three years later he became president of his 10,000-man local. The next year, a union official recalls, Sadlowski attended his first United Steelworkers of America convention as a local union president. Pointing at David McDonald, the Steelworkers president standing on the podium, young Sadlowski predicted to a friend: "Someday I'll be standing up there."

Last August, Sadlowski achieved at least part of his ambition: as a member of the resolutions committee, he sat on the speakers' platform during the Steelworkers convention in Las Vegas. At the other end of the table sat the current union president, sixty-eight-year-old I. W. Abel, who will retire this February. Sadlowski has accused Abel of "tuxedo unionism" (ironically the same phrase Abel used against McDonald in 1965, when he was an insurgent). And now Sadlowski is challenging Lloyd McBride (who heads a pro-Abel ticket McBride calls "the administration team") for the union presidency.

One of the things Sadlowski thinks wrong with the current leadership of the 1.4 million-member union is that it has lost touch with the membership. "It's almost beneath a leader's concept to go and have a beer with a guy," he has

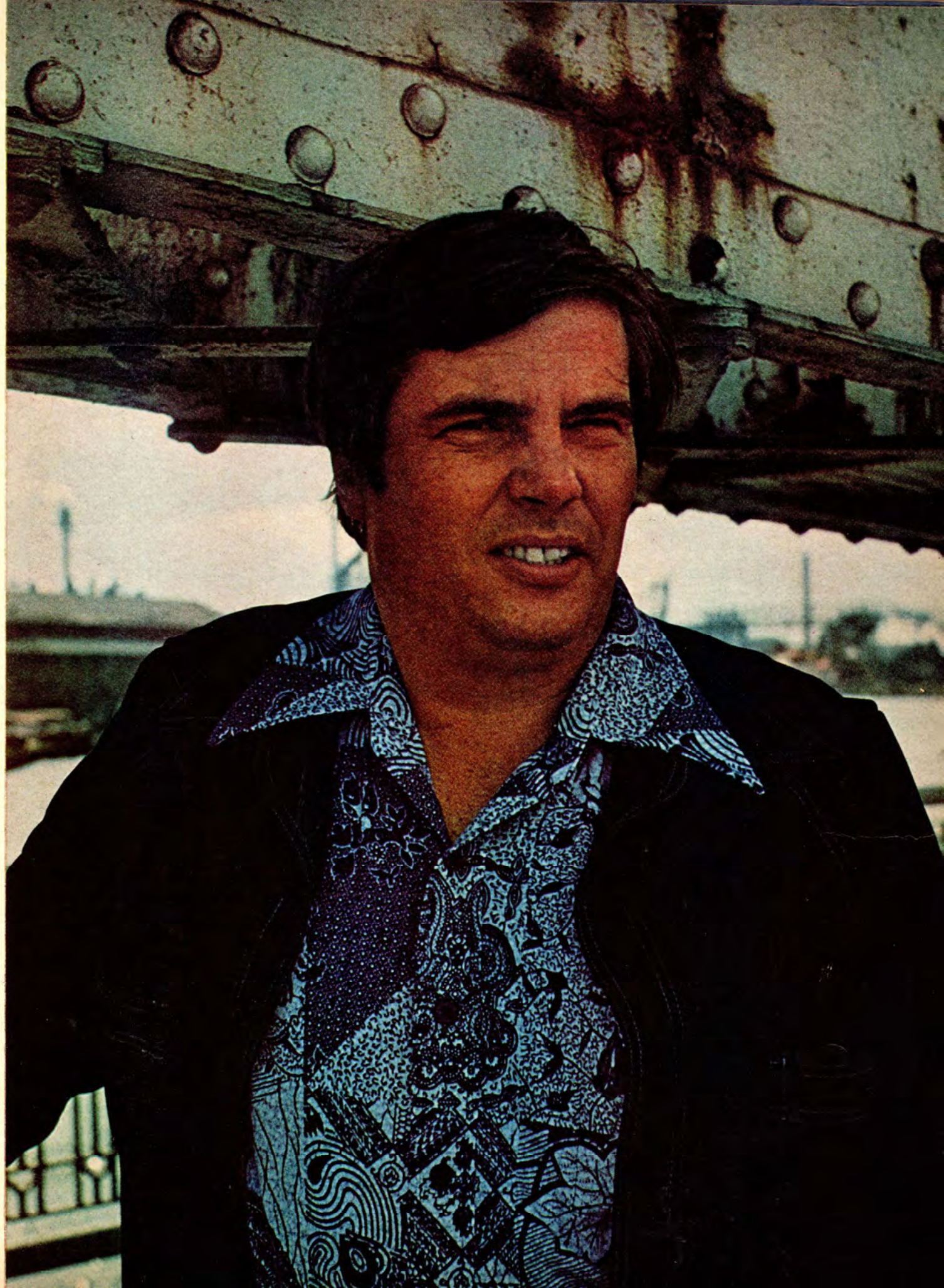
said. Sadlowski knows most of the men he represents on a first-name basis. He lives in the same ethnically mixed, middle-class neighborhood in which he grew up. Unlike many of his peers in union leadership positions, he sees his goal in life, not in terms of personal gain or the imitation of management life-styles, but in terms of getting a better deal for his men; and to his way of thinking, a better deal is not a perfunctory wage increase every few years.

As Sadlowski put it: "We need a new president that's aggressive, thinks like a steelworker, respects steelworkers, and is respected by steelworkers. Abel has an attitude that the workers should be working for him, rather than him working for the workers." Sadlowski especially disagrees with Abel's "no-strike" agreement with management.

The Abel forces, while dismissing Sadlowski with the old saying, "The more noise you make, the less you get," have been trying to defeat him for years. In 1973, for example, Sadlowski decided to run for the office of district director of District 31, which constitutes one-tenth of the total Steelworkers membership. If he won, Sadlowski knew, he would be one of twenty-five directors who in effect run the union. He would also be in a strategic position to challenge Abel.

Abel, needless to say, had other ideas. He handpicked Samuel Evett to oppose Sadlowski. Evett was the longtime aide to the retiring Joseph German, who was the leader of District 31 since its inception and a power not only in the union but also in the mighty Daley machine in Chicago. According to the smart money, Evett was a shoo-in.

But Sadlowski's opponents hadn't counted on the broad, grass-roots disaffection among the rank and file or on the brilliant campaign—and postelection—techniques of Sadlowski and his fellow insurgents. To be sure, it was uphill all the way for Sadlowski, who was seemingly the loser. Evett's forces, although they controlled the union machinery, squeaked by in the election, with a margin of



barely 1,700 votes. But Sadlowski promptly filed protests with the Department of Labor, charging that Evett's election was fraudulent. Sadlowski also recruited the services of Joseph Rauh, Jr., the Washington attorney who had been an important figure in the 1972 United Mine Workers election, in which Arnold Miller decisively defeated incumbent Tony Boyle.

Under its powers devolving from the Landrum-Griffin Act, the Labor Department conducted an intensive investigation. It found that fraud was, indeed, rampant in the election. The department filed to obtain a court order for another election, but the remedy was slow in coming. For the next year and a half, the hotshots of the international tried to shelve the whole thing. When it became apparent Sadlowski was going to get his rerun, Evett reluctantly consented to the new election, to be conducted under the close supervision of U.S. marshalls. The court set the election for November 12-15, 1974, and more than 300 Labor Department representatives supervised the voting. For four days they maintained a constant vigil at scores of polling places. When the dust had cleared, Sadlowski was the winner—by almost 20,000 votes.

The reasons for Sadlowski's vast appeal are obvious. He is charismatic, extremely articulate, and has a firsthand understanding of the plight of the worker—and not just that of the steelworker.

Penthouse: What are the chief problems of the workingman today?

Sadlowski: The fact that we're capable of producing but not capable of purchasing. The overabundance is the system's fault. It becomes unbearable for the consumer. In 1975, 11 million cars were produced, a 3 or 4 percent increase, and it keeps growing. That many cars just aren't needed. We should start looking at what we're producing, but there is a trained materialism that blinds everyone involved. Schools, textbooks—things like that—are really needed, and they aren't to be had. What is needed is a whole revamping of the social needs and wants. That isn't to be had yet, but we may be on the threshold.

Penthouse: Are you advocating institutes such as those the Roosevelt administration created—the CCC or WPA?

Sadlowski: Those were stopgap measures. The thirties were different, because you had a statistically higher percentage of unemployment. What is called for now is taxing people to the point where they pay a fair portion of their share. We need, too, governmental programs that clean up the environment while putting people to work. I don't mean enforced labor projects, but we need to start things where people can be creative. That means a reevaluation of what work itself is all about.

Working forty hours a week in a steel mill drains the lifeblood of a man. Nothing is gotten from that. A steel mill is not right unless that lifeblood is used for something better, unless workers can progress, build mentally, contribute to society. There are workers there right now who are full of poems and doctors who are operating cranes. We've run the workers into the ground. Ultimately, society has nothing to show for it but waste. We need to start exploiting them for society. And they would willingly work to this end.

Penthouse: U.S. Steel isn't going to make any more money putting a Ph.D. on the crane.

Sadlowski: No, the connection is much more fragile, but we have to look for it. What

I advocate doesn't rip off U.S. Steel. I'm simply pointing out that a doctor is more useful to society than a man with the capacity to be a doctor spending his life on the crane. Such men are kept from functioning at their best—not only by U.S. Steel but by doctors themselves. Doctors are very shrewd people in that respect. They've tried to keep people—such as me or people from my neighborhood, guys that I know—from going into the medical profession. It keeps the price up.

I advocate putting people who work in the steel mills into medical professions. They have the brainpower to become scientists. One shouldn't sell people short. Yet the system sells them short. There's no open marketplace. There never has been. They teach kids that in school, and it never has been true; it never was meant to be true. But it's a pretty motto; so let it be true.

Penthouse: Are you talking about an industrial unionism, instead of a trade unionism?

Sadlowski: No, I go beyond that. If I sit on the labor side of this thing, I have to recognize what happens on the other side of the table. The industry multiplies itself out of my reach. The sixties saw the advent of the conglomerate, or the multinational company, which is so diversified that you can't grab it. One steelmaker, Jones and Laughlin, which in my day was strictly a steel company, now makes bedsprings and bed pillows in Japan and in Europe. It makes cars. It does any and everything.

The labor movement isn't trying to become the big, capturing octopus, grabbing the economic system of the world. It's just trying to keep abreast of developments. The labor movement has to start joining hands in order to fight for itself. We're going to have to break down those internal barriers in the AFL-CIO and start talking about one big union. The companies are doing that to their advantage, but the labor movement has not been successful in doing the same thing for the last forty years.

Penthouse: Why not?

Sadlowski: The CIO immediately advocated becoming part of the system; that's the

He is self-educated and has made the study of the labor struggle in this country the primary focus of his scholarship. His every nuance and gesture displays his desire to improve the workingman's lot. He is handsome and huge—240 pounds plus—and he speaks with a down-home, tavern brogue that is as winning as the cause he espouses. And while he avoids formalized ideology, Sadlowski is as comfortable quoting Hegel as he is John L. Lewis. It's clear that Lloyd McBride is going to get a run for his money in the race for the union presidency.

But Sadlowski is, once again, in an uphill fight. As former Steelworkers president David McDonald, now retired in California, puts it: "Unless Sadlowski has an overwhelming victory in the United States, he will not win the presidency. The Canadian return sheets will carry enough votes in favor of Lloyd McBride that he will be declared elected. I know how to run elections. . . . I stole four of them." But win or lose, Sadlowski's power is a signal to the old guard in the American union movement that their heretofore secure power base is up for grabs by a new breed of challenger.

Penthouse interviewer Ken Kelley spent two days with Sadlowski at several union functions in the Midwest. What follows is a blunt, no-holds-barred exchange, in which Sadlowski talks about his philosophy, experience, and ambitions.

mistake in a nutshell. Of course, John L. Lewis and company would not have been very successful in organizing if they had talked about changing the system at the time. This could have been introduced, however, and was not. The distribution of wealth never entered into the organization. This has nothing to do with Communist ideals. This is simply confronting the fact that U.S. Steel made 140 percent profit from 1973 to 1974, while the workers made only 10 percent. It's inconsistent. I'm not downgrading Abel or Meany. It's part of the goddamn scheme, and we have to put our priorities in a different direction.

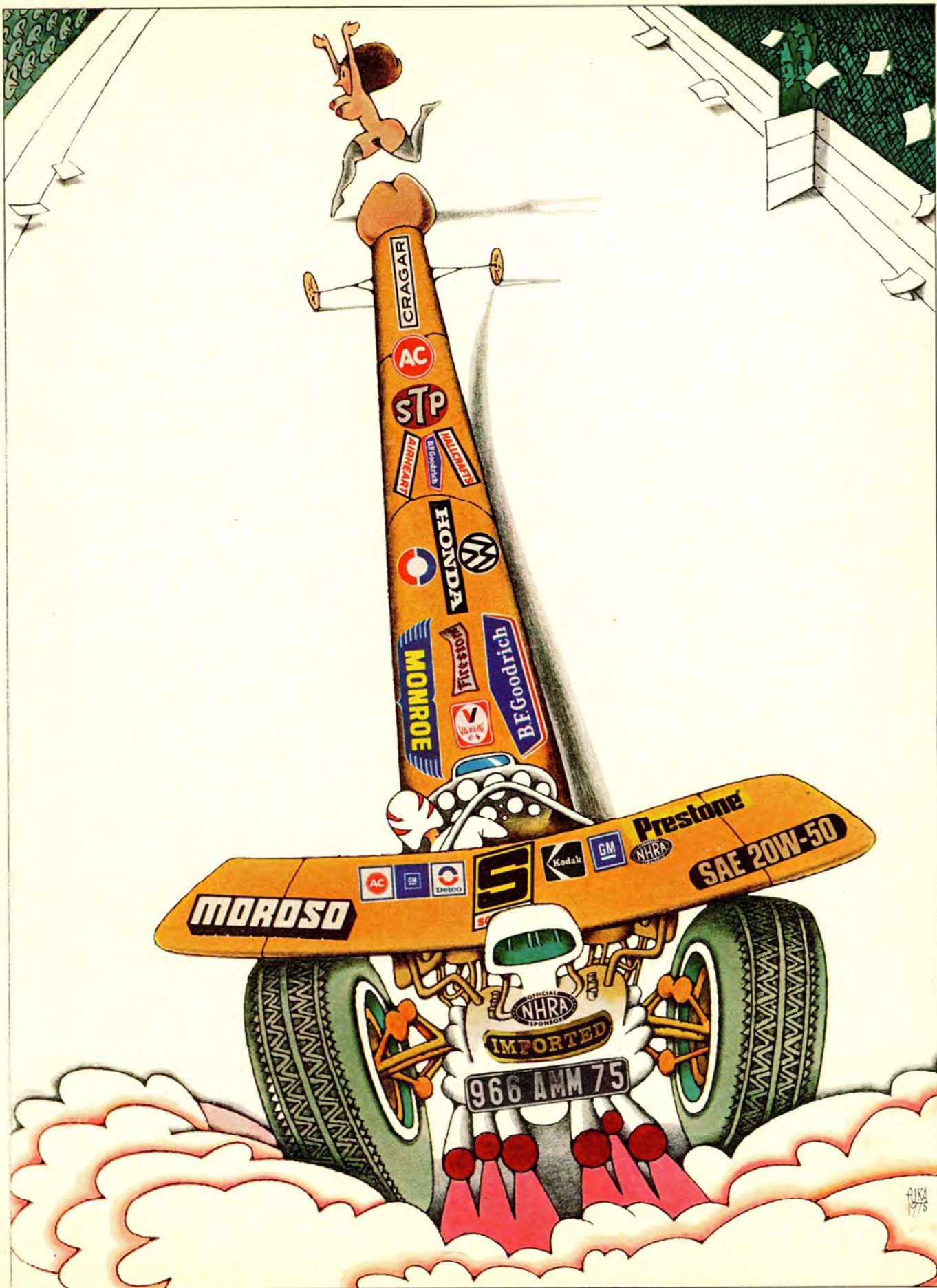
There have been wage-price freezes, but I haven't heard anything about profit freezes yet. Nobody talks about profits running rampant. Something has to be done about that. I can remember how no more than a few years ago a guy was a sharpie if he got an 8-to-10 percent return on a dollar invested. Now, if he doesn't realize a 25-to-100 percent return, he's a jerk. It's always done to bludgeon the worker, to sacrifice the worker, to make the worker pay the toll. It doesn't matter what administration—Republican or Democrat. There are always the same characters on both sides, regardless of who is going to be a candidate two or three years from now. And the labor leaders buy the whole muck—and advocate it.

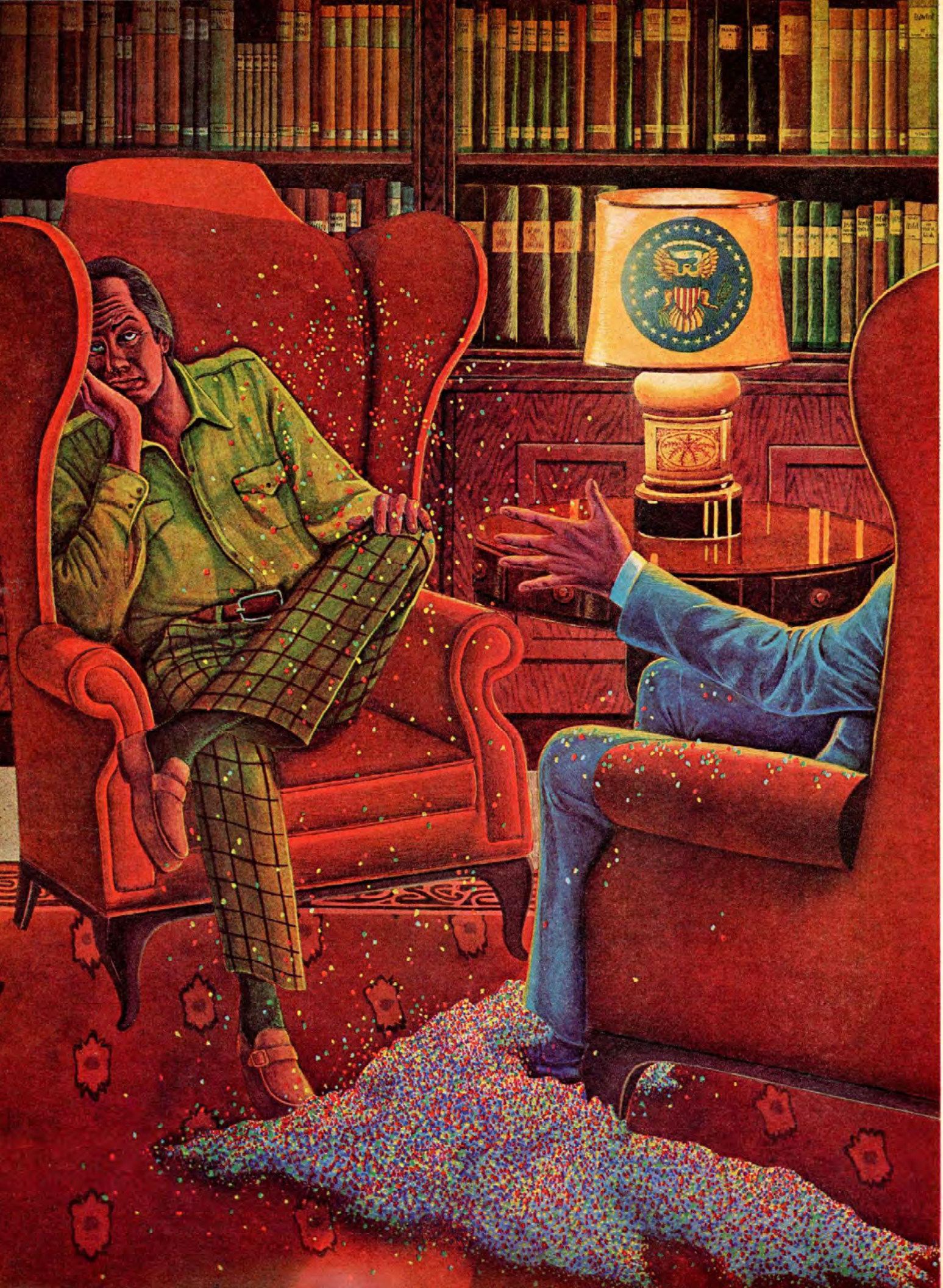
Penthouse: Is this true of George Meany?

Sadlowski: That's too easy. Meany is the only crap game in town. It's easy to say—and is said, all the time, by these so-called left-wing organizations. I wonder how left-wing they really are. The fact of the matter is, I have the firm conviction that the National Caucus of Labor Committees and the Labor Party are not only crazy; they're not even left-wing. They're right-wing fascists, I'm firmly convinced, who are being financed by fascist elements in this country.

Penthouse: Do you think the government is also involved?

Sadlowski: I hope to God not. But I'm so disillusioned with the CIA and the FBI that I just don't know anymore.







October 20—It was inevitable, I suppose, that the president should finally seek a confidant. He had never seemed to me to be an especially self-assured man, which is primarily why I didn't vote for him, although it was perhaps unnecessarily frivolous of me to use the ballot for an *origami* exercise. What he doesn't know won't hurt him, however, and I admit that I'm more or less flattered and pleased that he chose me. The choice certainly came as a complete surprise.

There I was, having dinner in one of Honolulu's most luxurious hotels with one of the firm's lawyers and doing my best to focus attention on his ponderous legalistic monologue without being distracted by the abundance of picturesque *décolletage* in the immediate vicinity, when abruptly the headwaiter appeared, bearing a telephone on a red-velvet pillow. I am, of course, accustomed to receiving business calls at all hours of the day, but never in so ceremonious a fashion.

ing by two Secret Service men, who escorted me to the airport and a private jet that was waiting to fly me to Washington. At Washington National Airport I was picked up by a Chrysler Imperial limousine driven by a chauffeur who would discuss nothing more controversial than the weather. He took me to the Hay-Adams, where I was given a suite and told by the desk clerk to wait for a call. I watched half of *Advise and Consent* on television before I dozed off.

Why the president chose me remains a mystery. As children, we were never very close. (It was his habit of trying to end every snowball fight with a treaty and his conviction that baseball games should be umpired by the Joint Chiefs of Staff that kept me at some distance.) I did teach him to play Monopoly, though, and once I talked three of the older boys out of filling his catcher's mitt with shoe polish. Still it seemed to me that there must be several others who would be far more likely candidates for this uncertain honor than I was. Or had the president already ap-

In the Oval Office the pressures never
cease, and even the round-the-clock presence of his
closest friend could not prevent

THE PRESIDENT'S CRACK-UP

Nonetheless, retaining that air of breezy nonchalance which has helped me to corner the plastic-dahlia market in three midwestern states and build two condominiums in Pasadena, I picked up the phone, identified myself, and asked who was calling. The party on the other end of the line said he was the president and wanted to know how I'd been. That startled me a bit, because I recognized the voice; it was the president, and I hadn't spoken to him for thirty-three years. I asked him what was up, and he said that he needed a friend—which was easy to believe, judging from the past week's newspaper headlines. He said that he would like to talk to me privately and in person and that if I could possibly find the time, he would take care of the travel arrangements. After some consideration, I found myself consenting. After all, who could resist the opportunity to acquaint himself with one of the most important men of our time even if he does seem considerably less impressive than the average contestant on *Let's Make a Deal*?

Consequently, I was called on the following morn-

ing by two Secret Service men, who escorted me to the airport and a private jet that was waiting to fly me to Washington. At Washington National Airport I was picked up by a Chrysler Imperial limousine driven by a chauffeur who would discuss nothing more controversial than the weather. He took me to the Hay-Adams, where I was given a suite and told by the desk clerk to wait for a call. I watched half of *Advise and Consent* on television before I dozed off.

October 21—This morning the president called. He said that he was scheduled to make a statement to the press, expressing his disapproval of the bumper sticker on the secretary of state's Toyota (Impeach What's His Name!), have lunch with a singing group called the First Executives (who, his press secretary has warned him, intend to threaten him with a lawsuit to keep him from using their name), and visit his tailor (a fashion writer for an important metropolitan newspaper recently wrote that he dresses like "a lower-middle-class Hun"), but he assured me that we would get together sometime in the afternoon or evening for a long talk.

He showed up at seven o'clock, introduced himself awkwardly (I extended my right hand; he, his left), and spent the initial twenty minutes or so pacing back and forth while he explained why he had asked to see me. He felt alienated from everyone around him, he said, and was unable to relate to

BY LARRY TRITTEN

even his most intimate supporters and advisers without evoking the suspicion that they were either fearful or resentful of him. Being the president, he said, meant that he could never really relax with any of his political associates because the title imposed a sense of protocol that was all but formidable. What he needed was someone he could talk to in a straightforward, down-to-earth way, someone he could relax with and confide in, especially during these tense preelection days. Someone he could talk to about his fears and fantasies. A confidant.

I told him that I'd give it a try as long as I didn't have to dress formally and there were no early calls.

October 22—The president is not a happy man. Unhappiness shows in his eyes, in the subdued tone of his voice, and in the way he springs suddenly toward the nearest closet whenever a light switch is flicked or a pencil is dropped. He visited me incognito (dancer's leotard and beret) at the Hay-Adams today, and we talked for about two hours before he suddenly realized that he was late for an appointment. It was an enlightening exchange, and I think that I gained some insight into the way the man lives. Not only does he face the ordinary problems that we all have to deal with in our personal lives, but also he is compelled by his position to concern himself with governing one of the most complex countries in the history of civilization. I wouldn't trade places with him for anything, and I'm bald and take Valium myself.

October 23—Today the president talked to me for an hour in his office. He asked me point-blank if I thought that he should stop smoking. I said, "Sure, if it doesn't hurt our foreign policy." He asked me what I meant; and I told him that if he stopped smoking, it would undoubtedly make him nervous and tense, and a possible side effect could be a blunder at a conference which might result in anything from an increase in the price of bread to a nuclear showdown. He reluctantly agreed and I offered him a stick of gum, but he declined, reaching for a cigarette instead.

October 24—The president is afraid of violence, which he called a contagion of the times. And who can blame him? Our country is rapidly acquiring a reputation for violent events. Only yesterday a pacifist was arrested in Baltimore for killing a man by means of a spoon. The president said that he used to feel relatively safe if he kept a night-light on and carried his lucky coin, but no more. Nor does he consider his Secret Service bodyguards very reliable, especially since last week, when they drew an X on his office door with the blood of a lamb and then went out for a pizza. He asked me whether I thought it would be proper if he took some precautionary measures of his own, such as sleeping with a hand grenade under his pillow and making

all of his speeches from a cellar in Greenland.

October 25—The president was unusually remote and preoccupied today (he stood with his face to the wall and with both hands clasped over his cheeks as he spoke); and when I asked him what was wrong, he told me about an article in yesterday's *Washington Post* that compared his administration unfavorably with Zapata's.

October 26—The president called me early this morning in high spirits and suggested that we go on a picnic tomorrow, just the two of us and maybe a quintet of Secret Service men. He was really excited about the idea and said that it would do us good to get out of the city for a while, loosen up a bit, pick berries, throw pine cones, kick logs, wade in a creek, and such. I told him that it sounded like a lot of fun but that I'd have to pass because *Advice and Consent* was going to be rerun on channel 2.

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The president doesn't
consider his Secret Service
bodyguards very reliable,
especially since they drew an
X on his door with
the blood of a lamb and then
went out for pizza.

●

October 27—To the public the president appears to be a reasonably strong-willed, decisive man; but I've learned from our intimate conversations that he is really timid, frightened, and uncertain, the victim of all sorts of haunting fears and fantasies—for example, what would people think if they knew that in solitude he threw confetti to calm his nerves? Are his dreams (particularly the one in which he and the vice-president are arrested for littering in West Potomac Park) omens? Should he wear pajamas? Had Truman worn them? Would Carter?

The president is the most public figure in the world; so he can't really be blamed for being a little edgy. But I sense that his fears are starting to get the best of him. When I was leaving his office today, he seized my arm and asked if I'd heard anything about a plot for reducing his travel allowance to a sum that would keep him inside the city limits. I countered by quoting Roosevelt (Knut Rockne?) to the effect that "we have nothing to fear but fear itself." The president's reply was curt and to the point, consisting of a facial tic and the kind of sound a debutante makes when someone touches her neck with tripe.

October 28—The president looked good on the news on television last night, but you should see how he looks without makeup! He stopped by for ten or fifteen minutes today, and the first thing I noticed was that he looked and acted like the protagonist of a Kafka novel. He talked at length about the pressures of his job, occasionally breaking off in mid-sentence and suddenly spinning around in his chair six or seven times before going on. He told me that he feared a secret CIA scheme to put a leopard in his bedroom. But he was not discouraged, he said, since he felt that he could ultimately elude all of his opponents simply by putting ashtrays on both shoulders and looking like a piece of furniture.

Before he left, I asked him if he would do me a favor and use his influence to get me a good ticket to *The Best Man* at the American Theatre. He said that he'd try.

October 29—I haven't seen the president for a couple of days. It's hard for him to find any spare time as the election approaches. He's been busy, and so have I. I've been getting lots of calls from people in the home office. They want to know what I'm doing and how long I'll be gone. I told them that they should sit tight, that I'd be in touch.

This afternoon a messenger delivered an envelope to my room. There were five tickets to a film society's revival of *Broadway Melody of 1940*, with a note saying: "I almost forgot. Sorry. Enjoy the show. Your friend."

October 30—I made up my mind last night to leave Washington and get back to living my own life. I was going to tell the president about my decision at our next meeting, but it looks as if that won't be necessary now. I just heard the story on the radio. Early this morning the president wandered away from his office and turned up an hour or so later at a downtown employment agency. The interviewer who received him said that he was poorly disguised (a false mustache stuck lopsidedly to one cheek), spoke in an abject whisper, and would say only that he was looking for work as a night watchman or a lighthouse attendant.

I hope he finds it.

November 1—The president's preelection funk was reinforced today by an odd incident. He called me and told me that he had received a package at the White House. It was wrapped in plain brown paper and covered with pictures of Harding and Coolidge that were pasted on decoratively like Christmas seals. Inside the package was a heavily sedated duck with a broken leg. There was no note, no explanation. He didn't know what to make of it. He said that none of his advisers seemed willing to comment, although he had the distinct impression that they were holding something back. He asked me if I could imagine why anyone would want to send him a handicapped bird. I suggested that he look up the phrase "lame duck" in the dictionary and draw his own conclusions. ○✚

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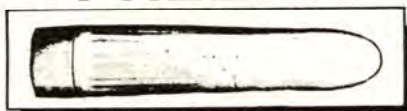
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SPOOKED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

seemed to be run by the minions of the late J. Edgar Hoover, with neither Clarence Kelley, the director, nor Ford's attorney general, Edward Levi, having much of an idea of what the bureau had done in the past or what it is doing now. As a Church committee senior staffer, who helped investigate both organizations, remarked recently, "Next to the FBI, the CIA smells like a rose."

Both the military intelligence establishment and the FBI pose serious accountability problems. Under a 1976 internal reorganization plan, the Pentagon has brought all its agencies under a director of defense intelligence (a new post) who, in turn, reports to a second deputy secretary of defense (also a new slot), with special responsibility for intelligence. This was judged necessary by the Pentagon bosses because several of their intelligence agencies, notably the huge and supersecret National Security Agency (NSA), had long enjoyed quite a bit of independence from just about everybody in Washington.

But there was a double purpose in reorganizing the military intelligence establishment. First, Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld wanted to tighten up the operation, an intention which is probably commendable. But the reorganization has also served to isolate this whole empire from di-

rect civilian control.

In theory, the director of central intelligence (who is also the CIA director) runs the entire United States government intelligence complex. In the past, agencies such as the NSA and the Defense Intelligence Agency (as well as the CIA) were directly responsible to him—at least operationally—and they couldn't ignore him. Under the Rumsfeld reorganization, they no longer have this responsibility. Now the director of central intelligence, known as the DCI in professional parlance, has to go through the Pentagon intelligence command to deal with these military agencies. Thus a filter has been established.

Moreover, the DCI (George Bush) has lost control over the intelligence community's purse strings, which is the real power. In November 1971 Nixon decided, in one of the few rational moves he made in this area of government, to vest in the DCI the full power to allocate budget resources to the various intelligence agencies—including the military. The idea was that a strong DCI was essential to keep order in the community. However, the DCI (then Richard Helms) never chose to exercise this authority. Responding to military pressures in 1976, Ford moved the budget allocation authority to a new steering committee, in which this responsibility is now divided among the DCI, the deputy secretary of defense, and the deputy director of the National Security Council staff.

Because Defense controls 90 percent of the overall intelligence budget (which stands around \$25 billion annually, although the administration insists it is no more than \$10 billion—actual figures are secret—by ignoring the vast sums spent on research and development of electronic intelligence hardware), it becomes clear that today the Pentagon is actually the most powerful voice in foreign intelligence.

And considering the qualitative weakness in military intelligence evaluations—analysis is the strong suit of the CIA, and most of it is remarkably honest—there is a growing danger that the intelligence product given to the president and top policymakers will be slanted toward "worst-case" assessments endemic with the military. These assessments, of course, influence the formulation of national defense and foreign policies. It should also be added that covert-action responsibilities, including paramilitary operations, are increasingly being shifted from the CIA to military intelligence agencies.

So, once again, we face the question of full-time civilian control (including the president's) of the intelligence apparatus. With the DCI effectively deprived of his role as the president's principal adviser on intelligence, it becomes debatable whether the chief executive can truly be accountable and responsible for all the actions of the intelligence community.

The principal conclusion of the Senate Intelligence Committee after its lengthy investigation is that the president *must* be fully accountable for United States intelligence. Speaking of the CIA, the committee's report noted that "Washington is where the problem arises. No one outside the CIA, unless it be the president himself, is responsible for directing and supervising CIA clandestine intelligence operations or is authorized access to the information necessary to do so." This, of course, applies equally to the military agencies, particularly the NSA; as matters stand now, the law even prohibits the public disclosure of the NSA's mission.

It is generally known, nevertheless, that the NSA is in charge of everything affecting technological intelligence. It monitors all electronic communications in the world, military and civilian (it illegally eavesdrops on all international telephone calls by Americans and reads all the cable and telex traffic sent and received by Americans); it surveys developments in Soviet and Chinese strategic-arms testing and deployments (as it should); and it is deeply involved in breaking secret foreign codes and devising U.S. codes it hopes will be unbreakable.

Investigators for the Senate Intelligence Committee acknowledge privately that, as a practical matter, they were unable to study adequately the NSA and other military agencies. But they have seen enough to conclude that the NSA's principal weakness is that it is not allowed to analyze the data it obtains. Raw data, often wholly meaningless, is sent on to the White House,

sometimes described as "hot" items. The trouble is that often nobody can make any sense out of it. As one staffer noted, "The state of Maryland [NSA headquarters are located at Fort Meade in Maryland] is sinking under the weight of NSA material that nobody has the time or capability to use." When investigators for another congressional committee, which was pursuing NSA's illegal eavesdropping on private telephone and cable traffic by American citizens, requested pertinent information, NSA officials asked them to sign first a secrecy pledge, which meant that they would be unable to pass on their findings to members of Congress. The investigators refused and went home.

In terms of domestic intelligence, the FBI was—and is—by far the worst offender. In testimony before the Senate committee, Attorney General Levi simply refused to make data available on the FBI's illegal operations ranging from wiretapping to physical surveillance and "black-bag jobs," unauthorized break-ins into homes and offices of individuals and organizations considered radical, dissident, or subversive. FBI director Kelley first convinced committee staffers that he was lying when he said that these operations had ended in 1966; later they learned that Kelley did not know what he was saying.

In what unquestionably was one of the most pathetic public performances on record, Kelley kept repeating on the CBS program "Face the Nation" on August 8, 1976, that he had been "deceived" by his own bureau about "black-bag jobs"—the latest had occurred three weeks earlier—and other lawless FBI operations. Just as pathetically, he acknowledged that he had been unable to find out who in the bureau had so deceived him.

If the FBI director and the attorney general cannot control their runaway bureau, how can the president be accountable for its actions? Considering that the FBI is a vital agency in domestic law enforcement, now long can American presidents tolerate this state of affairs, including the emerging evidence of financial corruption in the bureau? (Kelley himself has been accused of misusing government services and property and accepting expensive gifts from his subordinates.)

The problem of accountability also underlies the five secret intelligence community endeavors mentioned earlier.

(1) *Foreign students' recruitment.* In general, according to the Church committee's report, "The CIA considers . . . operational relationships with the United States academic community as perhaps its most sensitive domestic area." The report added that "the committee has far from the full picture of the nature and extent of these relationships and the domestic impact of foreign clandestine operations. Nevertheless, it has enough . . . to underscore its serious nature."

The report spoke out against the overall use of the United States academic community by the CIA, which ranges from pay-

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ing scholars to engage in intelligence collection while they travel abroad to provide "leads" and making "introductions" for intelligence purposes. It was unable, as noted above, to go in any detail into the recruitment of foreign students as agents (it did not even mention the subject) but it emphasized that "time and experience would . . . give increasing currency to doubts as to whether it made sense for a democracy to resort to such practices as the clandestine use of free American institutions and individuals—practices that tended to blur the very difference between 'our' system and 'theirs' that these programs were designed to preserve."

The foreign students' recruitment program has a long history. It was initiated in the 1950s by military intelligence and then taken over by the CIA, which simply refuses to terminate the program although it is now supposedly at a much lower level than in past years.

The idea behind this extraordinary program, concentrating on students from Latin America, the Far East, the Middle East, and Africa—the Third World—was that through recruitment on American campuses, the CIA would in time acquire "deep-cover assets" inside foreign governments, educational and cultural centers, private industry, the military, and so on. These are known as "agents of influence" or, more commonly, as "moles."

The CIA created this covert program on the theory that many young foreigners educated in the United States would become part of ruling elites in their countries. Embedded in governmental or private power, these agents can render two types of services to the CIA: influencing policies favoring the United States, and supplying vital inside intelligence.

Such recruitment is, of course, a long-term investment. The CIA does not expect results for years, even decades. But patience is a hallmark of intelligence work, and the agency is working for the future. However, the agency cannot be certain that, once recruited, these students will remain faithful to the CIA and respond to the control of case officers. The rule of thumb is that no more than one out of ten recruited agents will actually remain in CIA service once he matures and acquires a responsible position.

To assure itself of loyalty, the agency can, and on occasions does, avail itself of blackmail; if a "subject" refuses to cooperate, discreet ways are found to spread the word about his CIA connections—which could ruin him at home. Yet blackmail in this instance could be double-edged: disclosure of recruitment could be immensely damaging to the CIA, to say nothing of the reputation of the United States educational system. But, as a CIA official remarked in a recent conversation, "It was a risk worth taking."

It is impossible to say how many such "agents of influence" are nowadays operational. This is one of the CIA's closest kept

secrets, known only to a handful of people in the agency. But we can suggest the magnitude of the potential pool of recruits available to the CIA.

In 1955, for example, there were 34,232 foreign students in the United States. The number went up to 82,045 in 1965, and to close to 250,000 in 1975. Over a twenty-year period, therefore, the CIA had its pick of some 1 million foreign students. But those familiar with the program doubt that more than 100 or so foreigners would be recruited during an average year. Extremely high selection standards had to be applied, considering both the promise a student held for the future and his political receptivity to CIA enticements.

It is believed that one of the most important recruitment areas was the foreign training program of the Agency for International Development. AID in the past has served as a "cover" for other CIA operations, most notably through its refugee relief programs in Indochina. The CIA believed that a foreign "contract" student had at least a moral debt to the United States and thus might be more open to its persuasion.

Agency officials still claim that this is a necessary ingredient in building an effective foreign-intelligence network. They profess to see no difference between it and the open recruitment of American students.

Another side of this story is the way in which the CIA has been using—and continues to use—"academics" (professors and administrators) to help in its recruitment. As noted above, some 60 percent of these academics were selecting promising candidates for recruitment and making "introductions" in full knowledge that they were acting on the CIA's behalf. In an undetermined number of cases, money would change hands. The other 40 percent of these academics were "unwitting": they did not know that they were fingering recruits for the CIA, thinking, instead, that they were being helpful to the students by introducing them to prospective above-board employers. The CIA recruiters worked, of course, under deep cover.

Evidently, both the CIA and the "witting" academics were guilty of vastly reprehensible behavior. They were—and still are—responsible for polluting, prostituting, and degrading the American educational system, one of our most admired institutions. The CIA is guilty of suborning the academics. The academics, in turn, are guilty of allowing themselves—and their institutions—to be corrupted. Often they do it because they have individual CIA contracts for research or books that they do not wish to jeopardize.

Curiously, no investigative body has ever thought of looking into these relationships that exist in more than 100 American colleges and universities.

(2) *Use of American news media.* In 1976 the CIA admitted that it had relations with some fifty United States journalists "accredited" abroad, although it refused to disclose their names. It also said that "effective immediately, CIA will not enter into



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any paid or contractual relationship with any full-time or part-time news correspondent accredited by any U.S. news service, newspaper, periodical, radio or television network or station."

The Senate committee believes, however, that "fewer than one-half [of the fifty] will be terminated under the new CIA guidelines." At least one staffer believes that 194 American news-media personnel had CIA ties if "infrastructure" workers, such as telex operators, are included.

In some instances American journalists were CIA employees while performing *bona fide* professional functions. "Infrastructure" workers used these jobs as "covers" for other activities, usually taking advantage of the fact that they had unusual working hours and thus their movements escaped suspicion. Speaking of CIA-employed newsmen, a Church committee staffer said, "They were CIA case officers masquerading as journalists rather than newspeople who were used 'wittingly.'"

Although the Senate report has not gone into these operational details, it is also known that in numerous instances special relationships existed between CIA officials and legitimate newsmen based either on professional favors or even payments for specific jobs performed. For example, according to a Senate staffer, "a correspondent would be told by a CIA officer that 'so long as you're going to such or such city, why don't you look into this or that

for me?'" This procedure, it should be noted, is distinct from normal relationships between foreign correspondents and CIA officials, who maintain special contacts and exchange information or opinions on a "two-way-street basis." A great many newsmen engage in such relationships, just as they do with State Department or U.S. Information Agency personnel.

The CIA's use of the media is dangerous because it undermines the credibility of the American press both abroad and at home. Thus it is, in the long run, a disservice to United States institutions. That the Soviet Union, say, uses its journalists for intelligence work is, obviously, not an excuse. As the Senate report observed, the line between "our" system and "their" system should not be blurred.

(3) *Vietnam "stay-behind" spies.* The Vietnam peace agreement, negotiated by Henry Kissinger for the United States and signed in January 1973, provided that "the United States will not continue its military involvement or intervene in the internal affairs of South Vietnam" and that within sixty days of the signing, the United States would withdraw all "troops, military personnel . . . and military personnel associated with the pacification program, armaments, munitions, and war material."

Two months earlier, however, the Pentagon approved a top-secret plan designed to violate the peace agreement the moment it was signed. Worked out between

the American military command in Saigon (MAC/V) and the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, this plan, denominated "Organizational Changes in Southeast Asia," provided for the establishment of a covert minicommand in South Vietnam, heavily emphasizing intelligence operations, when the peace agreement went into effect. The cover for this minicommand was the Defense Attaché Office (DAO) at the American Embassy in Saigon.

Normally, defense attaché offices are staffed with a handful of military personnel. The new Saigon DAO, however, was assigned 50 military personnel and 1,345 persons described in the document as "Department of Defense civilians." In this case "Department of Defense civilians" were created by changing from military uniforms to slacks and sport shirts. Of the 1,395 personnel attached to the Saigon DAO, 219 were described as "intelligence personnel." The operational order noted candidly that six military personnel in DAO "will perform traditional DAO missions and/or functions." It was a carefully engineered piece of deception.

Dated November 27, 1972, this immensely detailed order included a contingency plan for the reintroduction of American tactical air operations into Vietnam should the Communists violate the ceasefire. But the main emphasis was on intelligence operations.

The minicommand thus encompassed

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the 219-man "Intelligence Division" charged with responsibility for "continuing essential aspects of operations, intelligence and contingency planning, [and] force development." An "Intelligence Branch" of DAO's "Readiness Operations Section" acted as the "primary U.S. element for collection, evaluation, and dissemination of intelligence information pertaining to NVA/VC [North Vietnam Army/Viet Cong] activities in the Republic of Vietnam [RVN]." A "Surveillance Section" coordinated "Humint" (human intelligence) activities, which was the Pentagon's espionage network to be left behind after the cease-fire. This surveillance section was also the "in-country contact point for coordinating unilateral 'Humint' operations with Department of Defense collection units from out-country." This was the plan for secretly introducing military intelligence teams into Vietnam from abroad. These teams, crossing by air from Thailand to be dropped in Vietnam, worked with the South Vietnam army's intelligence units under DAO's coordination.

Additionally, DAO provided daily intelligence summaries on South Vietnam and "adjacent territories," indicating that military intelligence operations in Cambodia and Laos (and, presumably, North Vietnam) were run out of Saigon by Americans. A "Counter Intelligence Section" formulated "security policies to prevent, detect, neutralize hostile espionage and subversion attempts, conduct discreet liaison with ARVN [Army of Republic of Vietnam] counterintelligence and police agencies."

The plan took into account the possibility that United States military intelligence operations would "not be authorized" in South Vietnam under the DAO cover, probably because they would be violating the peace agreement. Noting that in such an event there "would be appreciable degradation of intelligence available to support U.S. objectives," the document devised alternative methods.

Thus a small group within DAO "would be required to obtain the total intelligence output" of the South Vietnamese military intelligence and "to forward it in some meaningful format to an agency capable of collating, analyzing, and disseminating this intelligence." This would be "externally" coordinated. The top-secret "Fast Pass" operation—the standing arrangement for exchange of intelligence with South Vietnam—"would be appreciably expanded."

Because Americans held South Vietnamese intelligence in low esteem and were particularly concerned about "coverage" along the borders and in Laos and Cambodia, United States military intelligence personnel were stationed not only in Saigon but also in Da Nang, Pleiku, Bien Hoa, Can Tho, "and other areas as required."

This Pentagon intelligence network had to be removed when South Vietnam was taken over by the Communists in the spring of 1975. But intelligence experts say that

there are still American, or American-directed, "stay-behinds" working under deep cover in Vietnam.

(4) *Insurgent training.* Military intelligence agencies, with CIA assistance, are training foreign insurgent groups at abandoned airfields in out-of-the-way areas in California. The purpose of this effort is unclear except for the likelihood that the United States wishes to have ready-to-move foreign guerrilla units for possible covert operations in different parts of the world.

Among several hundred guerrillas being trained in California there are Laotians and Cambodians drawn from post-1975 refugees as well as Afghans, Kurds, and Russians. The Kurds are the survivors of the Kurdish tribal army that fought for years the government of Iraq with help from the Iranians next door and from the CIA under a secret program approved by Nixon in 1972. The Kurdish army was destroyed in 1975 when the shah of Iran, who struck a deal with Iraq, withdrew his support and the CIA followed suit.

There are, of course, ample precedents for secretly training foreign guerrillas on American soil. It was done with Cuban exiles in preparation for the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion and with Tibetans secretly brought to Colorado by the CIA in the mid-1960s for reasons that still remain mysterious.


The California training program suggests that the Pentagon is increasingly taking over paramilitary covert-operations responsibilities from the CIA.

(5) *Space warfare.* This information is extremely limited and closely held in the White House. Reliable sources say, however, that during 1976, Soviet satellites damaged one United States "spy-in-the-sky" satellite and destroyed another by firing a laser-beam charge.

Under the provisions of the 1972 Soviet-American agreement on limiting strategic arms, both sides are permitted to use space satellites and other "national means of verification" to police the enforcement of the pact.

Washington specialists are perplexed over these Soviet attempts to interfere with United States satellite verification procedures. Some of them suggest that the United States has not yet fully developed its laser-firing capability in space.

In any event, these attacks on American satellites are a top intelligence secret. As far as can be determined, the Ford administration does not wish them to be known publicly so as not to damage current negotiations on a new strategic-arms agreement with the Soviet Union.

But it seems that the government always feels there is a reason why Americans "should" be kept in the dark about what the intelligence community is up to. Clearly the time has come to end the cover-ups and stonewalling, and to inform our citizens about what the intelligence agencies are doing that affects all of us and the legitimate interests of the United States. 

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CHICKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

brown hair hung down to her waist—the tips bleached blonde—and she was wearing no makeup. Her skin was brown as the nose on a teacher's pet, and she sat there sucking on a pencil and staring.

When the class ended, the kids jumped up and climbed over each other to get out of the room. The girl with the tasty pencil stayed in her seat. As Tony packed up his briefcase to go to lunch, she just sat there licking her Eberhard Faber Mongol 482, looking him up and down. Tony broke out in a sweat. Finally, the girl spoke.

"That white whale is nothing but a big prick, isn't it?" she said.

"Well, I don't know about that," Tony said. "I mean, I guess that's one way you could look at it. A phallic symbol of sorts—"

"The world's oldest established permanent floating prick. Di-i-i-ving all the way to the bottom." She used her pencil to show how the world's oldest floating prick dove all the way to the bottom.

"I think it's supposed to be somewhat more mystical," Tony said. "More like a symbol of evil or fate or—"

"Moby Dick," she said. "As in Moby Cock."

Tony's heart was pounding. "Well, maybe you're right."

She shifted in her seat. "Say, can I ask you a question?"

"Shoot."

"Wanna ball?"

Tony nearly dropped a load in his B.V.D.s. "I'll pretend I didn't hear that," he said.

"As long as we're pretending," she said, "I'll pretend that you did and you said yes." She got up and walked toward him. He backed away, right into the blackboard, hit his head, and saw stars.

"Okay, young lady, that'll be quite enough."

"Aw, come off it," she said. "This is your wildest fantasy coming true. Relax. It's no big deal! I just want to fuck you before any of the other hitters get to you. I've got more firsts than any of the other girls, and I want to keep it that way." She grabbed his hand. It had the temperature of a recently deceased mackerel. "Jesus," she said. "You're going to get frostbite. I better stick this in the oven for a few seconds."

Before he could stop her, she had unzipped her fly and shoved his hand inside. She wasn't wearing any underpants. He pulled back, but she held onto his wrist and kept his hand against her hot bush. His head was swimming. Where was he? Who was he? What was going on?

"What if someone comes in?" he asked weakly.

"Nobody walks into a classroom at Bel Air voluntarily," she answered. "Come on. My van's in the parking lot."

He found himself walking behind her, down the corridor, out the front door, to-

ward the parking area. He felt as if he had been hypnotized, as if his will weren't his own. Her van was a '77 Econoline, with a desert panorama airbrushed on the sides. The windows were covered with batik curtains. She opened the door, and he saw that the floor was covered with a foam-rubber slab—a bed on wheels. She guided him gently inside and shoved a Pigfoot tape into the eight-track.

You ain't hard like you think you are.

You're just Mister Softee.

When I touch your chocolate bar,

You're just Mister Softee.*

She pulled off her top and her jeans. He sat there looking at her as if she were from Mars. She had no bathing suit marks. Her tits looked like two scoops of mocha ice cream with maraschino cherries on top. She had no behind, was an outie, and had an appendectomy scar. Tony felt faint. Everything started to grow just a little dark. The air in the van was thick with the smell of sweat and foam rubber. Obviously, Tony was had. "Come on," she said. "If we don't hurry up, you won't have any time for lunch."

Tony was in a daze. He began taking off his clothes. *It's my second day on a new job, he thought, and I'm in the back of a van in the parking lot with a naked student, taking off all my clothes!*

She sat cross-legged, kept her eyes closed, and fingered herself. "I got to give myself a head start," she said. "I can see you're not going to be able to hold out for very long."

Finally, she crawled toward him and pushed him over until he was on his back. She slid over him, grabbed his cock, and stuck it in. She was loose as a goose inside. With her on top and the foam rubber underneath, he started to feel claustrophobic. He began to roll over on top of her.

"Hey! Cut it out!" she said. "What is this, Celebrity Wrestling?"

"I just want to—"

"You just wanted to be on top. I'll tell you what: we'll alternate. Next time you can be in the driver's seat. But this time why don't you be a nice teacher and lie back and let yourself get fucked so we can both get out of this stuffy van?"

As she pumped, she dug her nails into his arms and bit the skin on his collarbone. The whole experience—the starting-a-new-job jitters, the sudden shifts from teaching nineteenth-century American novelists to having a fifteen-year-old's teeth in his neck and pussy around his prick while the Pigfoot group harmonized about penises—was giving him a sexual charge that he hadn't had since the first time he'd been laid. He was rising and rising and itching and throbbing and thinking, *This one's going to be it: the Big Bang.*

But suddenly Nicky bounced away from Tony and was daubing her slit with a Wet One.

"Wham, bam, thank you, ma'am," she said. "You surprised me. I thought you'd

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squirt the minute you saw me with my clothes off."

"Hey, I didn't come yet," he said.

"So whack off," she said. "There's a copy of *Penthouse* in the rack there."

"Hey, that isn't right," he said.

"Come on, stop whining," she said as she pulled on her top and jeans. "You just got to ball a student on the second day of school. You want to come, too? Count your blessings. Hey, listen, if you're not going to tickle your good foot, let's go. I've got to lock up the van. You better get to the lunchroom before they close the line. I think you need to refuel."

Tony stumbled out of the van, heading toward the school. His balls were as blue as a varicose vein under fluorescent light. The thought of eating lunch turned his stomach.

"I didn't go into work the next day," says Tony. "Didn't even call in—just walked away from the whole teaching thing. I've got a cousin who has a management-recruiting agency out in Palo Alto—sort of a glorified employment agency. He let me go to work on a commission basis, and in six months I've built my take up to where I'm clearing \$2,000 a month. You couldn't get me back into a high school for twice that much. For all I know, they've got hitters in the elementary schools, too. By the way: if you're doing a story and you run across a company that's looking for executive personnel, you ought to let me know. We could split the commission. This is my card; that's my home number. I had to change it after I left Bel Air—girls kept calling me and making propositions you wouldn't believe..."

Then there was Chris, a young consulting engineer whom I met on the line for Galatoire's restaurant in New Orleans. We got to talking, I told him whom I wrote for, and the very next thing, over mint juleps at Napoleon House, he was telling me about his love life.

"I was driving from Atlanta to Savannah, and around nine at night I got hungry and pulled off at a fast-food franchise—let's call it Burgerama. I walked up to the counter and asked for the deluxe model. Instantaneously, the girl is handing it to me. I give her the money, and she gives me my change and says, 'Y'all come back. Wanna fuck?'"

"I whip my head around, but no one else is within earshot. This girl—she couldn't have been more than sixteen—is standing there in this pastel uniform with a plastic name tag, 'Marcy.' Shining pink nose and a touch of acne, but built.

"I don't believe you said that," I said.

"You can believe it," she said. "Come on, you want it or not? If you don't, you're gonna regret it all night. Come on, decide. While I'm standing here waiting for you to make up your mind, I could be cleaning the deep-fat fryer."

"I didn't think she was serious, but just to fool around I asked her what time she got off. I had no intention of waiting for her; I had a meeting the next morning, and I had to get to Savannah and get some sleep.

"She didn't say a word, just turned around and ran into the back. I shrugged and walked out of the place. So she was kidding around after all, I thought. Just as I got in my car and started it, there she was with a raincoat over her uniform, knocking on the window. I opened the door, and in she got.

"You're through with work," I said.

"We can cut away for a fast one any time we want to," she said. "Me and three of the other girls on the four-to-twelve shift. We take turns sitting on the night manager's face, and that's our reward. I can only take a half hour now. I got to scrub out that fryer."

"I think you're serious," I said.

"We'll see if you are," she said. "Turn left out of the parking lot and stop at the Teepee Village Motor Court about 500 yards up the road."

"The Teepee Village was a decrepit motel with freestanding units which looked like Indian Teepees that could use a paint job. We drove to Teepee number fourteen. Inside I smelled that special, non-Holiday Inn, non-HoJo, non-Travelodge perfume. They ought to bottle it and sell it to Hilton International. There were burn marks on the edges of all the furniture, the TV was a black-and-white with rabbit ears, and the Magic Fingers ate my quarter."

"Then what?" I asked Chris.

"That's what I'm still asking myself. I took my clothes off; she took her clothes off. I lay down on the bed; she lay down on the bed. Next thing I knew she was back in her uniform, standing by the door, looking at her watch, tsking while I took too long to comb my hair and drawing. 'Come on! I told you I got to go back and clean the fryer. I made a deal with the other girls at the Burgerama the other night when the four of us hit these four semi drivers at the same time in one teepee. Whichever one of us picked the guy with the biggest prick had to scrub out the french-fry machine. Hey, listen, you're beautiful enough to drive to Savannah. Come on!'"

"That's all there was to it?" I asked Chris. "Didn't you ball?"


"I guess we must have. I mean, I put it in, and she closed her eyes and wiggled and grunted. But before I had even gotten started, she said, 'Touchdown!' Then she rolled out from under me, started getting dressed, and looked at her watch and began tsking. Hey, nurse? Another mint julep, if you will. And I'll tell you what—I think you better make it a double."

Hitter chicks, ladies and gentlemen. Who knows where one will strike next? The man-on-top-ism of the Fifties and Sixties is coming home to roost, and there's no way of defending yourself. You can try saying: —Hey—what kind of boy do you think I am?

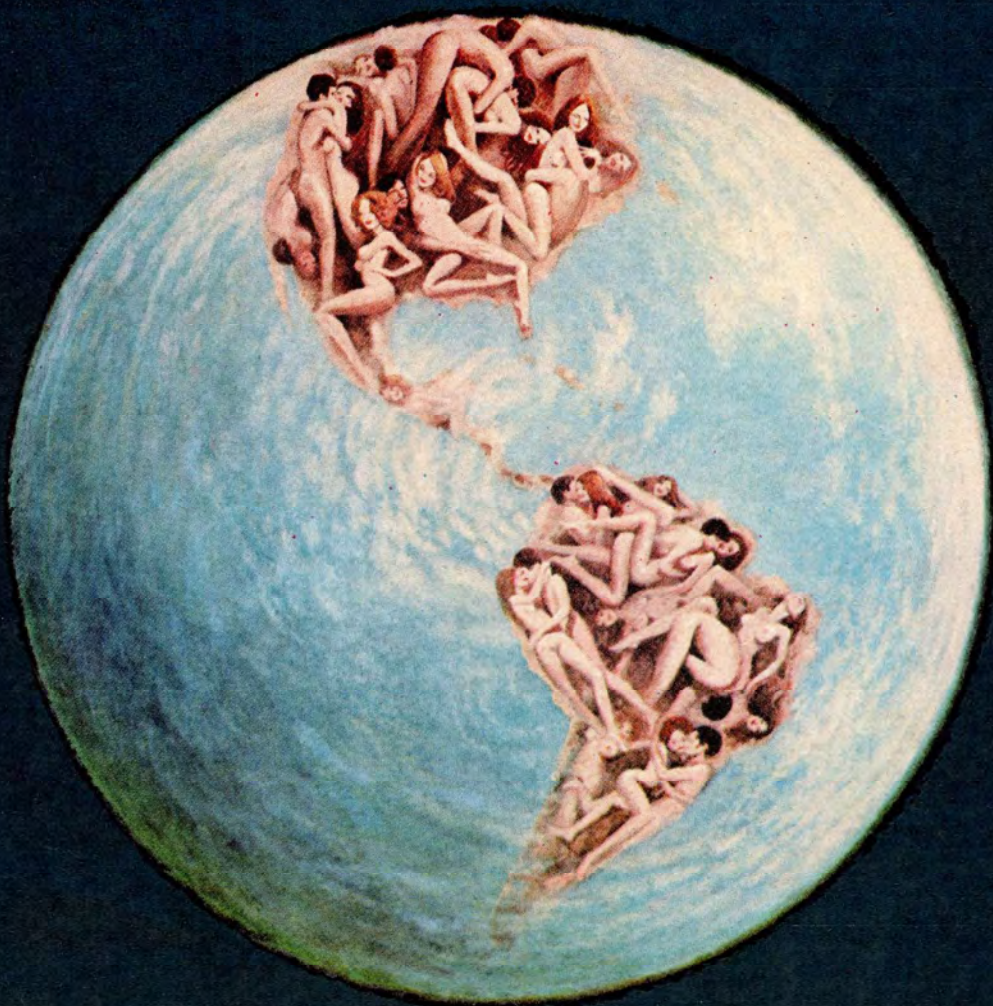
—I've got my reputation to think of.

—I'm saving it for when I get married.

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SAAB 99 EMS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

be a little extreme, a great majority of people who own or have owned Saabs will buy only another Saab.

The overriding factor that all Saab owners seem to appreciate most is the safety that is built into their cars. Saab has been deeply committed to safety for over thirty years; and the kind of safety you find in a Saab is not the government-legislated kind you find in American cars—like air bags and heavy bumpers and ignition interlocks. Saab safety begins in the car's bones and permeates the vehicle, down to the last fleck of paint.

Saabs have a unitized construction, as well as a built-in roll bar that will allow the car to flip on its roof without collapsing the driver and passengers. The front and rear segments are designed to "crush" or cave in at a predetermined rate, so as to absorb impacts rather than transmitting them to the passengers.

All Saabs have dual-diagonal braking. On many other cars the hookup is the front pair and the rear pair. With the Saab, when one system fails, you still have (diagonally) one rear and one front brake for stopping. In demonstrations we've seen of this system, when one set of brakes was deactivated, the car would still stop—from 60 mph—in a straight line; it took a little longer to stop, but it *did* stop straight.

When more front- and rear-end protection was legislated into being in this country, most manufacturers appended heavier bumpers and built in heavy shock-absorber systems. Of course, about the best place to put weight if you want to louse up the handling of a car is where the bumpers are. Saab's solution beats any other system we've seen. The unobtrusive-looking bumpers consist of aluminum channels holding plastic blocks; the unit is coated with rubber and held in place by a stainless-steel strap. The bumpers deform on impact and then pop back into shape.

Above all, Saab has *active* safety characteristics. The engine is the latest version of Saab's four-cylinder, overhead-cam, 1,985cc power plant. It was originally designed for Saab in England and manufactured by British-Leyland. Saab, however, has been working on this particular engine for years, and it is now a distinctly Saab creation.

The success of the Swedish modifications is proved by the fact that the engine doesn't require a catalytic converter for handling emissions—not even in California. In that state an air pump keeps the emissions within what are probably the strictest limits in the world. Power output is 115 hp for the forty-nine-state car and 110 hp for the California version.

The power in the new EMS comes on strong, and the engine winds smoothly well past the 5,500-rpm red line on the tach, with no bad effects. The engine is torquey enough not to require, in normal cruising,

too much shifting out of fourth gear; it will pick up perkily from under 2,000 rpm in fourth gear, even on a grade. The exhaust note, while not loud at all, has a throaty, sports-car-ish sound.

The 0-to-60-mph times we recorded are by no means outstanding—in the eleven-second range. But what makes Saabs such superlative rally cars is their consistently high speed over all types of roads. With its combination of front-wheel drive and superb suspension, the Saab EMS, while not the quickest on pickup, will usually get to where it's going first. The average mileage we recorded was commendable for a car weighing 2,650 pounds: 28 mpg. Since the EMS has a 14.5-gallon gas tank, this comes out to a cruising range of more than 400 miles.

The interior of the Saab EMS is all luxury, comfort, and practicality. The driver's seat incorporates a built-in heater that switches on automatically when the interior temperature goes below sixty degrees—a nice touch in this country and a necessity in Sweden. The height of the seats (and of the car itself) gives you the feeling that you're driving in a position of authority. The low hood line (facilitated by the 45-degree tilt of the engine) also contributes to the excellent frontal visibility.


The upholstery is exceptionally good-looking and has a nice feel. It is mainly nylon velour, with leather-looking, vinyl trim. Unique pop-out headrests are incorporated into the backs of all seats.

Head room, hip room, shoulder room, leg room—you name it, there is plenty of it in the Saab. The backseats are especially roomy and comfortable for this day and age of four-seat cars capable of carrying only two people and two moppets. The backseats also fold down, providing 45.9 cubic feet of carrying room that accommodates objects up to six feet long.

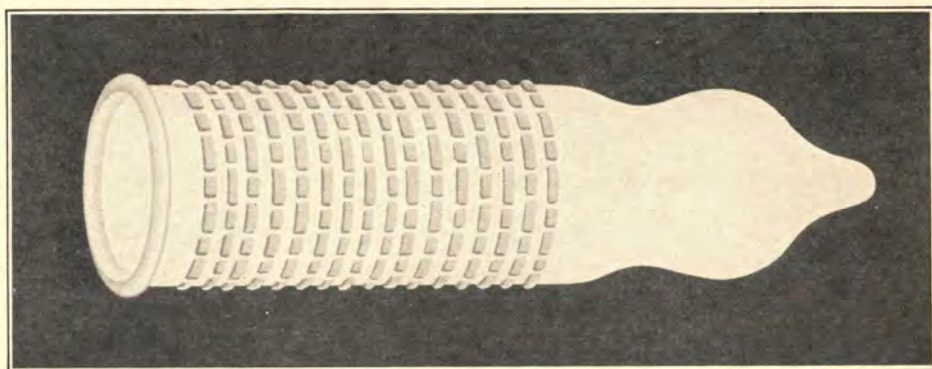
Like most front-wheel-drive cars, the Saab "understeers": it seems to want to go straight ahead when you're going around a fast corner. However, the amount of understeer is very predictable and controllable—just back off on the gas. Also like most front-wheel-drive cars, the Saab displays some torque steering—a slight tendency, under hard acceleration in a tight corner, for the front wheels to want to straighten out.

Complaints? Remarkably few. We don't particularly like the seat belt arrangement. Unless the belt loop is perfectly smooth, the latch won't close, and this can be a headache. The door openers on the inside are located pretty far out of reach, and they aren't the easiest things in the world to operate. The ignition lock is located between the seats, and it is also not the easiest thing to find at night.

There are some aspects of the Saab EMS that require getting used to, but in the long run it's worth it. At a little more than \$7,000, the EMS could be classified as an upper-middle-priced car.

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SADLOWSKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

Penthouse: George Meany?

Sadlowski: You ask me about Meany. I ask what you're measuring him by. That's a horseshit answer to an unfair question. I don't consider him the epitome of what the labor movement should be. Meany has been very, very consistent on domestic affairs. I think, however, he should have said more than he said.

On foreign affairs he's been simply terrible. The grain question I'm not so sure about. The grain companies are going to benefit greatly by this. But on détente Meany was absolutely incorrect. I'm not against détente. I'm all for guys sitting down in the back room and talking. There's nothing wrong with Russians or Chinese or Arabs or Jews. The sooner we realize it's one world, the better. That's not Marxism; that's humanism.

I don't have a political philosophy. I'm not that sophisticated.

Penthouse: When you started at U.S. Steel, back in 1956, what was the main gripe among the steelworkers?

Sadlowski: The same gripe we have right now, so far as gripes against the union are concerned, and that is that there are no democratic principles in the union. In 1957 we had local elections, and nobody could get heard. Another thing that people were griping about—and this is contrary to my principles—was, "Goddamn it, we're always on strike!" But I guess it was true at that stage. The steelworkers had been on strike in 1949, 1952, 1953, and 1956. They went out again in 1959. Every time a contract came up for renewal, everyone was on strike. But let me tell you something—the best gains were made during that period. All the economic gains were made then, the rules, the improvement of conditions in the plant.

We've done nothing since 1959, and the union has gone sour. This is contrary to what a lot of labor leaders—Abel, David McDonald—would like you to think. But they've become "statesmen." They have no responsiveness. There's no compatibility between these diplomats and the guy in the shop. The guy in the shop doesn't want to chuck the union. He wants it so bad he's grasping for it. It's not there for him to grab. He doesn't know where to turn. The shop foreman isn't motherfucking the union. He wants to grab on. But "statesmanship" has dissipated militancy. It's dissipated a thousand things the worker ought to have.

Penthouse: Are you talking about things like sweetheart contracts between Abel, McDonald, and U.S. Steel?

Sadlowski: No, that's not what I'm saying at all. Abel doesn't get money from U.S. Steel. They don't pay him for being a dinosaur. Abel is very inconsistent. I've seen him come out strong. I've seen him backtrack. Abel is his own boss. The Steelworkers Union is not corrupt in the conventional sense of some industrialist paying off some

union chief. That's not the name of the game.

What I'm talking about is attitude and responsiveness versus "statesmanship." Abel is no grafter—the man's decent in that respect. He just doesn't know what's coming down. He does not develop an attitude of giving the workers the benefit of what they produce. His attitude is one of more sweat for more productivity. He talks about striking in order to produce more. That alone puts me at loggerheads with him.

Penthouse: When did you decide to challenge the union leadership by running for Chicago district representative? What made you take a stand?

Sadlowski: The direction the union was going in. It needed to become more responsible. The system itself required a very prohibitive nominating system. It required a certain number of local unions to make nominations—specifically five, plus one for every 10,000 members in the district. That's only 5 or 6 percent, but it conceals the actual mechanics of an operation, which didn't allow a candidate to know what time elections were being held or where the polling sites were going to be; and which denied observers—denied all kinds of information needed to campaign and to understand how to campaign.

All this shit existed in the Steelworkers Union. There was no way of knowing what was going on. Each local union would select its tellers autonomously, select its polling sites autonomously, select its hours during the election day arbitrarily—fifteen hours to vote in one place, one hour in the next. And you write asking where and when the elections are going to be held, and you get no answer. Having gradually wormed out the information, I got my observers into some of the polling places, only to have them kicked out.

When you talk about breeding social mobility, social progress, social upheaval, labor unions are in the forefront in this country. But when it comes to their own houses, the unions leave a lot to be desired. Like George Meany. If you compare him to the money changers on Wall Street, he's a real sore thumb of a good guy. Inside the labor union, however, there's no standard by which you can judge him.

Penthouse: Was the AFL ever an appreciable force in representing labor in this country?

Sadlowski: In certain areas, sure. That's what I'm saying about Meany. He came out of the AFL—representing the plumbers. I sometimes wonder if the ice carriers and harness makers are still where he's at. I wonder if Meany doesn't come out of the great era of horseshoe-making.

But there are distinct periods in AFL history. William Z. Foster organized the 1919 steel strike under the auspices of the AFL. Then Samuel Gompers, that asshole, advocated a back-to-work order in late 1919. The AFL blew it and continued to blow it. The 1930s were tragic. Unemployment insurance, a social movement—any and everything was opposed by the AFL. Even

today the AFL would be very opposed to much of the social legislation.

Penthouse: Do you envision ultimate ownership of the industry by the people who work in the industry?

Sadlowski: No. That might work in Western Europe, to some degree, but it doesn't seem likely here. Legends have it that the old International Workers of the World advocated that. The IWW claimed that there's no compatibility between the workers and the boss, but nowhere do I find the IWW saying the workers should take over a shop. They were decent guys, but I'm not all that enthralled by the hero-worship surrounding them. That's gone out of my blood.

Penthouse: Who were your heroes?

Sadlowski: Babe Ruth. He hit the ball farther. That's what the American dream was all about. That's my kind of hero. If you hero-worship someone like John L. Lewis, you're going to get emotionally fucked up. John L. Lewis was a great guy between 1935 and 1938. His organizing in 1939 was a tragedy, but people can't see through the mysticism surrounding him. Babe Ruth hit sixty homers. How many homers did John L. Lewis hit?

Penthouse: Do you think the CIO provided an effective alternative to the AFL then?

Sadlowski: Yeah. The CIO was fresh. But it didn't follow through.

Penthouse: Do you think this was because of all the witch-hunting and Red-baiting that went on in the CIO after World War II?

Sadlowski: It may have happened in numbers noticeable to newspaper reporters after World War II, but the purges really started in 1938-1939. What John L. Lewis did then was to install Murray as the head of the Steelworkers committee. Under Lewis's guidance Murray got rid of every left-wing organizer. This was 1939-1940. There must have been ten or fifteen major organizers who were drummed out of the Steelworkers alone. Lewis himself left in 1941, with the election of Roosevelt. From then on, Murray, who was then head of the CIO and head of the Steelworkers, set the tone. People emphasize the purges of 1946. The purge that happened then was not a purge of the overzealous guys. It was a purge of the hangers-on.

Penthouse: How did this affect the Steelworkers?

Sadlowski: When I was a kid, I remember that when the Steelworkers went on strike, the shoemaker would have a Steelworker's Special: \$5.99 for a pair of shoes. And the saloon keepers would have signs in the taverns, "Steelworkers Special." When I was a kid, all you heard on the streets was CIO since it was a fucking Steelworkers' neighborhood. You don't hear that anymore. Abel contributed to this apathy. McDonald contributed to it. We hear this bullshit about the Steelworkers Union having responsiveness to the industry. I'm sure Abel didn't talk that kind of shit years ago.

Penthouse: What was the significance of the merger of the AFL and CIO?

Sadlowski: They gave out lead pencils to

commemorate it. Meany looked like shit—I thought he was going to die. He had to be helped up onto the platform by his men. He looks a lot better now. The whole thing symbolized ideology. It was an act of self-preservation. It was a question of rate pacts—there was a lot of internal strife in the labor unions in the country. The price that the country has paid for the merger has been dear. The price we paid was 50,000 kids in Vietnam.

Who could have put a stop to that? Not a kid in the street—but the American labor movement could have. The involvement in Southeast Asia was supported by the AFL-CIO. I feel sure that ten years earlier the CIO would have opposed it. The price we paid in 1955 bore fruit in 1965. I'm firmly convinced the CIO would earlier have had enough balls to stand up to it. But now I think there will be a revitalization, a move toward the old CIO spirit.

Penthouse: Why did you decide to run for office in your union?

Sadlowski: I wanted the job, and I thought I could do the job better. Why does anyone run? That's an asshole question.

Penthouse: There are a lot of assholes in America, and one of the things assholes ask is why the unions constantly want wage increases. How do you answer that?

Sadlowski: I think that all that the unions want is their just cut in what they're producing. I want the same cut of profit as U.S. Steel gets.

Penthouse: That's a pretty radical premise, wouldn't you say?

Sadlowski: That's not radical; that's the common sense that's been around the labor movement for a hundred years—and ignored for a hundred years. Debs talked about that. A lot of people talked about that.

Penthouse: And they were knocked off. What makes you think you're any different?

Sadlowski: It's a different ball game.

Penthouse: How long is it going to take you to get your men the same cut as U.S. Steel gets?

Sadlowski: There's no timetable on that.

Penthouse: What kind of opposition did you encounter when you decided to challenge the district leadership?

Sadlowski: You didn't know where the polling sites were. You weren't told where the locals were located. You didn't know what time anything was happening. And when you found all this out, bit by bit, your men were stomped on for being around. The first election had supposedly 45,000 votes cast. We lost by 1,700.

We appealed through the internal mechanism, which is a swamp and a fallacy. I appealed and got the margin narrowed down. It was still a fallacy. We went into federal court. The federal government sued, about ten months after the election, and set the election aside because of massive voter fraud, ballot-box stuffing, misuse of union funds. You name it—they did it.

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supervised by about 300 federal marshalls. We won by a two-to-one margin. The hierarchy of the Steelworkers made our propaganda for us, actually. The best thing I had going for me was I. W. Abel and his organization.

Penthouse: How do you see yourself affecting the status of the worker?

Sadlowski: Many people have been critical, but I think that we're on the threshold of bringing about a total change. We're at that first stage, that of making people feel they're a part of the union. We're trying to give people the right to vote on their own contracts, to give people the right to sanction what is negotiated for them. Right now, the terms of grievance are too narrow, and we want to widen the definition.

Penthouse: And to do this, you want to be president of the Steelworkers Union.

Sadlowski: I would say it is something that anyone in my position would strive for. It's a question of what you could do with it. Right now, the individual on the shop floor has no rights. Our union has deprived him of democracy. Democracy is not alive and well, contrary to what Abel says.

Penthouse: What do you think of Cesar Chavez?

Sadlowski: He's basically a very decent man, one of the best people in the labor movement. He pursued the course the people he represented wanted pursued. He's been very successful in that. Chavez comes out of an industry that's never had any semblance of organizational structure. Steinbeck wrote about an organizational structure in the 1930s that was a castle in the air. It didn't exist.

But what the Teamsters are doing is a very bad thing. Chavez's farm-workers union should have jurisdiction over the farm workers. Where the fuck were the Teamsters forty years ago? They sure weren't in the farm fields of California. Now the Teamsters come in and sign workers; it's what the fucking growers want. It's pure self-aggrandizement on the Teamsters' part. Who knows how far their tentacles go inside the pension plans, how much they make off it in the long run?

Penthouse: How would you describe Meany's relation to the UFW?

Sadlowski: It's a bunch of bullshit. Meany has been consistent with the UFW—consistently slow. The reforms could have been enacted ten years ago if Meany had given his support.

Penthouse: Do the farm workers suffer the worst conditions of all large labor groups?

Sadlowski: Far from it. There are tens of thousands of millions of laborers of all sorts suffering the worst possible conditions. How do you differentiate between different kinds of dehumanizing conditions? The girls punching key punches for IBM machines all day long aren't that different from those working the spindle forty years ago. And Pinkerton detectives are still running rampant. They're doing a land office business; they're bigger today than they ever were when they were breaking strikes.

Now we have not only Pinkertons to con-

tend with; we also have government-subsidized state and federal agencies, the CIA, the FBI—a thousand fucking agencies to contend with, and they're all coming up with the same shit. They screw up things in court. They distort reports. They still find Commie organizers in every saloon. They manipulate political fears when the problem has nothing to do with ideology, when it involves no more than two guys sitting in the back room, trying to figure out some way to better their lives.

Penthouse: Are you a capitalist?

Sadlowski: No, I'm not a capitalist. I've never owned anything.

Penthouse: If you could replace capitalism, what would you replace it with?

Sadlowski: It's not a question of a system. It's a question of the *distribution* of the system. The worker should get a larger share than he's getting now. That's simple—a simple solution to a simple problem. All I've ever advocated in my life is for the worker to get his just due.

You know, I never met anyone who works

Right now,
the worker on the shop floor
has no rights. Contrary
to what the union leaders say,
democracy is not alive
and well.

in a steel mill who loves what he's doing. No one likes to get up at five in the morning. I did term work for a while, and I remember going to bed at nine o'clock and getting up the next morning and being so tired I couldn't move. I never met anyone in his right mind who loved working in the steel mill or who said he did. And I have a feeling that if such a guy exists, he's some liberal punk who will last two months—and feel like a he-man because he's sweated for once in his life.

Penthouse: Do you think that the people who work in the plants are always going to feel alienated?

Sadlowski: I do. I think that the plants are *made* for that purpose. First of all, to start an industrial society, you have to capture people. You get a bunch of immigrants without any legal resources, and you put them in plants. You make a language barrier. If they strike, you beat their heads in. Or you try psychic blackmail, coming up with some Calvinistic scheme whereby the worker will think he's saving his soul by becoming an ox who works from sunrise to sundown. It's a good way to repent for being born. You make propaganda about

the salutary effects of hard work. You make propaganda about the moral stamina involved in becoming a slave. You surround it with the glamor of the American dream.

The poor motherfucker who works for forty years and has nothing to show for it, who feels his whole life has been wasted—he'll disprove all of that bullshit in forty seconds. Put the son of a bitch whose father has a million dollars to work at the blast furnace for the same amount of time, and I guarantee that kind of shit will cease to exist.

Penthouse: That's very nice, as an emotional argument, but how are you going to change this?

Sadlowski: Technology. With technology, the ultimate goal of organized labor is for no man to have to go down into the bowels of the earth and dig coal. No man will have to be subjected to the blast furnace. We have already benefited from what our brains have produced technologically. We've reduced labor forces from 520,000, fifteen years ago, to 400,000 today. Let's reduce them to 100,000. The coal miners went from 400,000 to 68,000.

Penthouse: But what happens to the guys who get laid off?

Sadlowski: In the present structure, they find employment somewhere else. Society absorbs it.

Penthouse: How does society absorb it? There seem to be a lot of unabsorbed people right now.

Sadlowski: That's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about shared technological advancements in the industry. How many guys in that mill could be whatever they want to be? Whatever the need is—carpet-layers, doctors, plumbers—whatever society needs. Let's have the steel industry, by virtue of what it is capable of producing, subsidize education. Do that!

Penthouse: I thought that with the so-called energy crisis, a lot more people were digging coal.

Sadlowski: They're fucked up. This goes into the multi-billion-dollar-defense budget, and that's the reason behind the energy crisis. Cut down on that, change your priorities, and it wouldn't happen.

Penthouse: Do you think that there's an increased consciousness among American workers as to the conditions under which they are working and how these might be ameliorated?

Sadlowski: If you had asked that question five to seven years ago, I would have answered yes. Today, however, the economic situation dissipates a consciousness that needs to take better root. The "consciousness" now is just wanting to have a job.

Penthouse: I thought you said society would absorb those people?

Sadlowski: Well, it can. It won't right now, but it could—any time. Just now, the consciousness reverts back to what it was five or six generations ago. In the sixties there was a degree of social consciousness, a humanitarian consciousness about the workplace. What happens is that a recession is made in order to throw people back

into their earlier positions. The industrialist benefits by that—that motherfucker ain't gonna lose on this thing. The same for the antipollution movement: the manipulation of the economics dissipates an understanding of that.

Penthouse: Are you referring to a continued pollution of, say, Lake Superior, a pollution that is upheld because it provides jobs for a few years?

Sadlowski: Exactly. That's how the industrialists operate. They say: force us into changes, and we'll have to put a few of you out on the street. We get hoodwinked by that kind of shit. Look, I've been snow-jobbed, too, like everyone else has been snow-jobbed. It's time to bring that era to an end. What kind of legacy is going to be left to my children? It's one hell of a thing to say, but an *important* thing for me to say—we just don't *need* any more steel mills. We don't need that kind of industrial growth, at the expense of what the environment should be. We can't, as a matter of fact, consume what the existing steel mills produce; so let's call a halt. Enough with the car! How many more cars do we need? It's too much. It's gagging me. I like candy, but I get a bellyache.

Penthouse: Do you think that the majority of the steelworkers would agree with that position?

Sadlowski: Sure, but you've gotta expose them to the truth first. Not educate—just expose. People learn very quick.

Penthouse: Do you think that nonplant workers still look down on plant workers?

Sadlowski: I don't know. The fact of the matter is that there are supposed to be 87 million people actively involved in the marketplace. Do they all look down on one another? If I said that the people in the marketplace were "nonplant workers," I'd probably have at least 55 million people bitching at me. The fact of the matter is that 35 million people produce all the goods for 210 million people in America today.

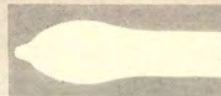
The person who looks down his nose—and this is the real tragedy—is the menial, chickenshit suckhole who happens to be a clerk, an errand boy, a corporal in the army. There are hospital workers who act real aloof because they have some technical title—for mopping the operating-room floor. Society is loaded with corporals. They look down. It's goofiness. I know shoe-store owners who have three employees and who call each of them a "manager"—morning manager, evening manager, night manager.

I remember the time when I was laid off at the mill. I was drawing about ninety bucks a week on unemployment, lying on my ass, and I go down to buy a pair of shoes. I find I'm making more than one of these "managers"—and I'm laid off! And he's *working* eight hours a day! He's getting very indignant about unions, saying the labor movement created the situation. I tell him to get a job in the steel mills. He didn't want that. He wanted clean fingernails.

Penthouse: How do you assess Walter Reuther's place in history?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

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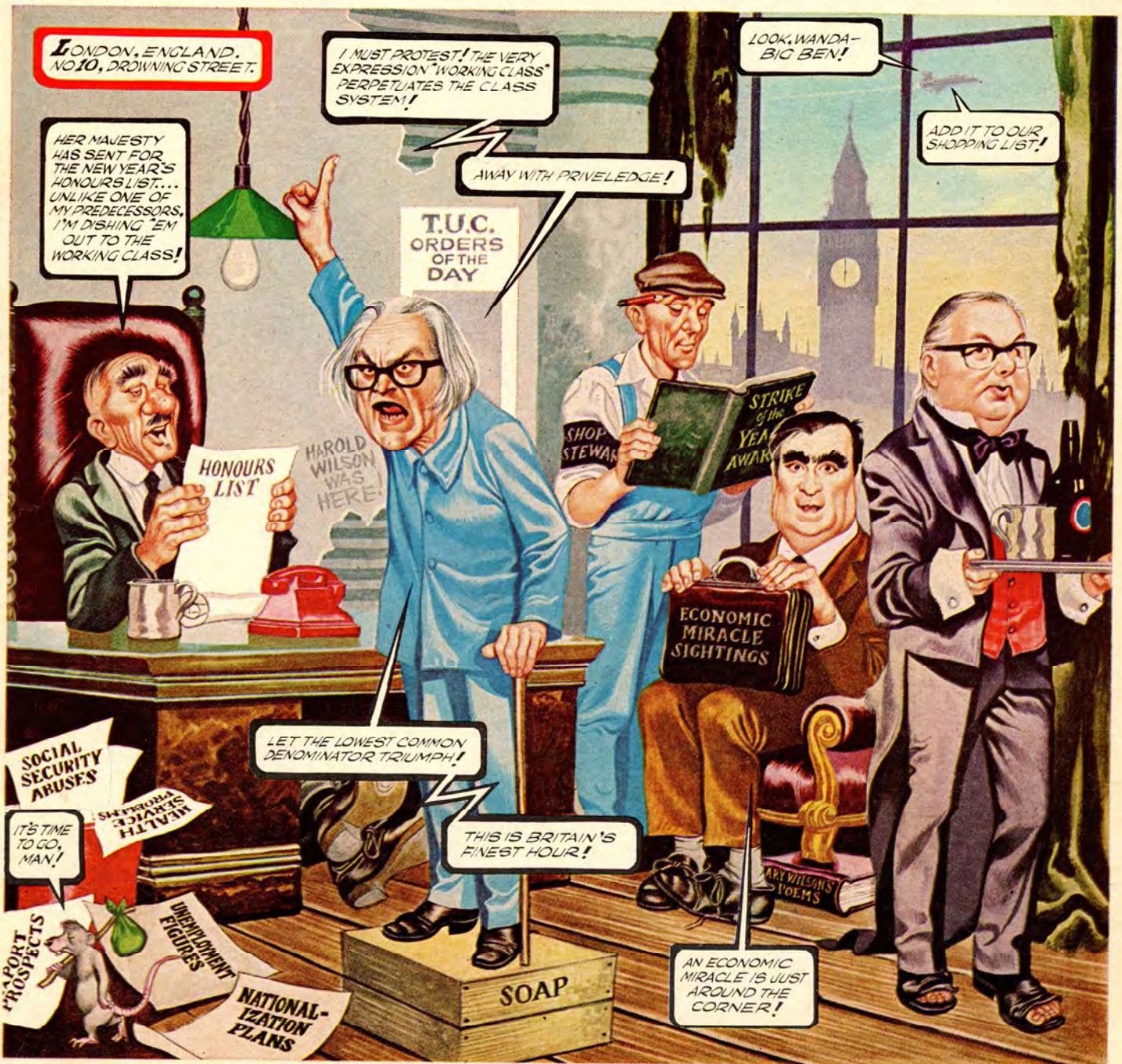
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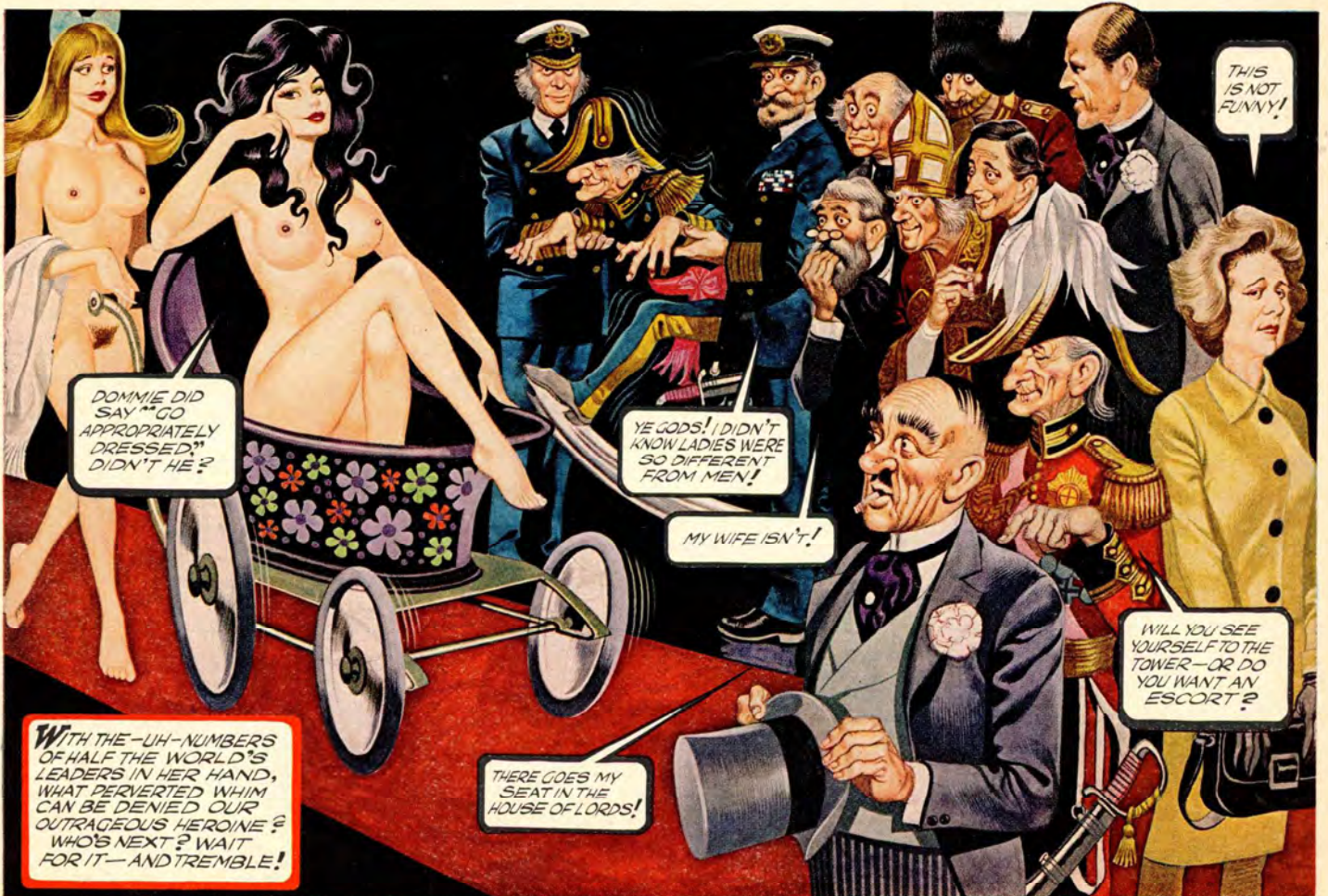
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NOW! I'LL
JOLLYWELL
INTRODUCE
YOU!

I'M THINKING
OF PUBLISHING
RAVEN'S MEMOIRS!







SADLOWSKI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 183

Sadlowski: Reuther I met a few times, when he was speaking—that was years ago. I'm not caught up in his mysticism. Yet I think that Reuther was probably the most significant, decent labor leader in the last quarter century. In my opinion, he was progressively sound.

Penthouse: Do you regard him as someone who was politically smart?

Sadlowski: I don't know. What do you mean?

Penthouse: Well, he got recognition from the three automobile manufacturers for the UAW.

Sadlowski: That's not that keen; that's pure muscle. A guy on the street can do that. From a social viewpoint, I think his outlook could have made the labor movement far more progressive, if he had only been given some room. Reuther's whole output would have been different if he hadn't had to pass through the fifties' drudge. Coming into that period, he really got boxed. The Auto Workers led the scene among industrial unions for nine or ten years. Then Reuther withdrew. It's easy to be critical, but God knows what some of those guys went through. Those fucking guys took a browbeating! I know guys who sit down and cry about that shitty time, even now; it's that fresh in their memory. People were drawing blank walls. There was nowhere to turn.

Penthouse: What about Hoffa?

Sadlowski: Well, I'd get \$50,000 if I knew where he was buried. No doubt about it, somebody nailed him. Hoffa was never a hero of mine, but I never considered him a monster either. There was a real goofiness about him, a goofy romanticism that he played up. He said to himself: things aren't so bad as long as I have a piece of the pie. It's almost naive.

Hoffa's trouble really came into being in the early sixties, when he started advocating a national agreement. Fifteen years ago you found Hoffa saying that if they didn't make concessions to the union, every wheel in the country would stop. That's when the government started coming down heavy on him. They didn't give a fuck whether Hoffa was tampering with this pension fund or that fund. They threw him in jail for jury tampering. There were a thousand other things they could have thrown him into the bin for—I know what I'm talking about. The son of a bitch really deserved to go into the shithouse. But Hoffa got thrown into jail only for talking about large-scale strikes.

He wasn't changing anything. He wasn't making any sand. He wasn't advocating any social change. Some guy grabbed him up on the street, put him in a car, drove him to wherever. He was dead the first day. Everyone knew it.

Penthouse: Is there racism inside the union?


Sadlowski: Well, we can't stick our heads in

the sand and say racism doesn't exist. It's very prevalent in craft unions. In the Steelworkers, the racism is furthered by a nepotism that finds positions for cousins, brothers, and so forth. It's existed for a long, long time. It goes back to the magnate who hired blacks to work the blast furnaces and whites for the machine shops. Theoretically, the CIO created a lot of openings. It remained theoretical. Now we have to look at our faults and correct them.

Penthouse: Is that happening?

Sadlowski: To some degree, but not enough. I'm not one to advocate that blacks get this and whites get that, by virtue of percentage. I think that's the worst thing we can do. That reverts to nationalism, and I'm a bitter opponent of nationalism. I hope that someday we can say a guy is just a guy.

The Steelworkers Union has a great deal of prejudice in that there's no representation reflecting black membership. But again, the blacks haven't come forward. A man will argue, "How can they?" I agree. There are no simple solutions to this sort of thing. But I think we're going to see a tremendous insurgency on the part of blacks. It's long overdue.

I hope the day comes to pass when we don't elect people because they're white or black, but because the guy is good and wants to do what's right. That is the best compliment I can pay somebody. 

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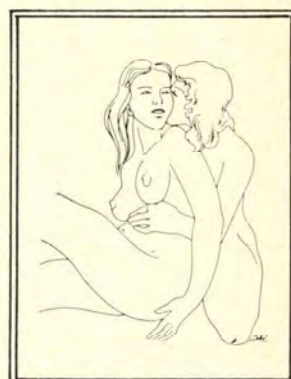
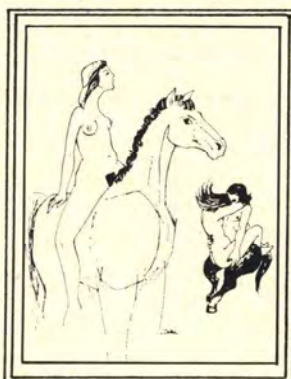
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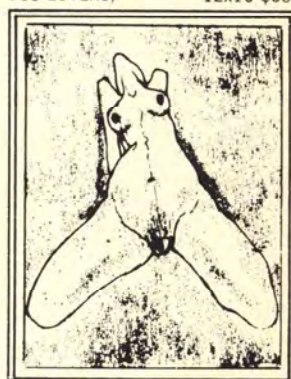


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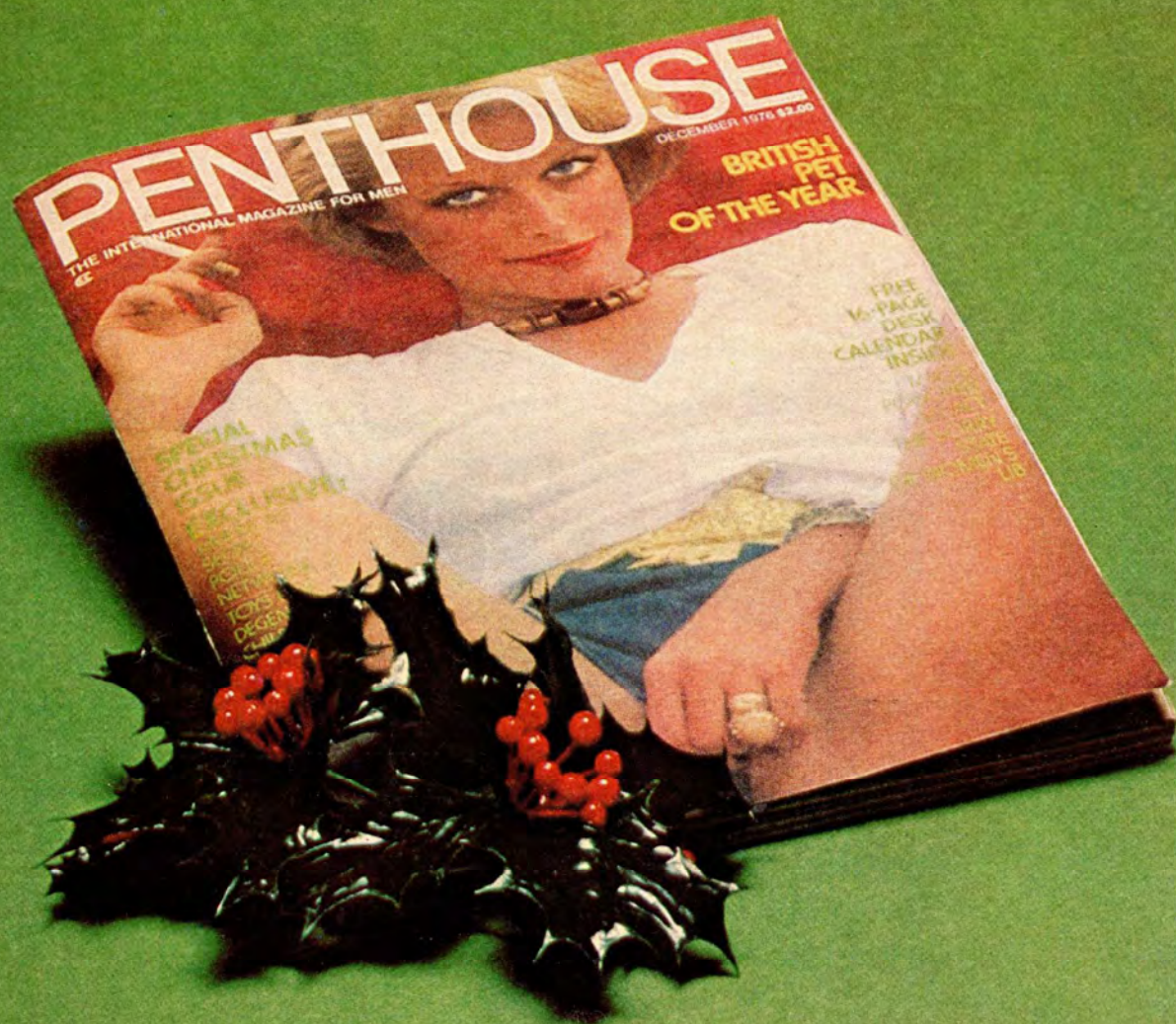
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ADVISER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

can apply for a hearing in June of 1977.

Ten major American cities are scheduled for visits by a traveling panel during 1977. Each traveling panel comprises six field-grade officers and can hear and decide any case referred to it.

The hearing-examiner teams, on the other hand, will serve seventeen other United States cities, as well as Hawaii, Alaska, and Puerto Rico. In each case both an examining officer from the ADRB and a video technician will travel to the scheduled field location, where applicants, with

counsel, can present their cases before the examiner and video camera. The examiner may question the applicants, as well as any witnesses who appear. Later, a review-board panel in Washington, D.C., will "hear" the applicants' cases by viewing the videotape and reviewing any written evidence presented. (The hearing examiner is not a voting member of the ADRB panel deciding the case.)

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The 1977 schedule for ADRB traveling panels and hearing examiners is as follows:

Month	Traveling Panel	Hearing Examiner	Hearing Examiner	Application Submission Date
January	None Scheduled	None Scheduled	None Scheduled	1 Mar—31 Aug
February	Los Angeles, Calif.	Mobile, Ala.	Spokane, Wash.	1 Apr—30 Sep
March	Salt Lake City, Utah	Syracuse, N.Y.	Hawaii**	1 May—31 Oct
April	Jackson, Miss.	Phoenix, Ariz.	Puerto Rico**	1 Jun—30 Nov
May	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Omaha, Nebr.	Las Vegas, Nev.	1 Jul—31 Dec
June	Minneapolis, Minn.	Buffalo, N.Y.	Shreveport, La.	1 Aug—31 Jan
July	Seattle, Wash.	Helena, Mont.	Alaska**	1 Sep—28 Feb
August	Austin, Tex.	Raleigh, N.C.	Madison, Wis.	1 Oct—31 Mar
September	St. Petersburg, Fla.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Norfolk, Va.	1 Nov—30 Apr
October	Boston, Mass.	Boise, Idaho	El Paso, Tex.	1 Dec—31 May
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I'm a twenty-year-old male with a secret fetish. You see, I get very turned on by a young lady playing the pedal board of an organ in her stocking or bare feet. She must, however, have shapely, sexy-looking feet, with long, slender toes. I love to go to different churches regularly, sit up front, in the first pew next to the organ, and watch some female organist's feet push those pedals.

Well, this one night a college choir was to sing at a nearby church. Of course, I was there, in the first row, next to the large pipe organ. I hadn't been sitting there long when a gorgeous blonde came up to the organ, sat on the bench, and kicked off her clog shoes. I want to tell you, Xaviera, they were the prettiest pair of shapely female feet I'd ever seen. As she started sliding about the pedals in her stocking feet, I creamed in my jeans. I knew I had to get to know her better.

After the church service, I asked her for a date, and now—two months later—we have a great relationship going.

Many times I'll go with her to the church when she wants to practice on the organ. I usually lie on the floor next to the pedal board so I can be as close to her feet as I can. Many times, when she's finished playing, she'll rub my face with her sweet-smelling feet. Her excuse, as she puts it, is: "My feet are cold, and your face is so nice and warm." She just doesn't realize what she does to me when she plays the pedals in her stocking feet. I go crazy inside.

My problem is that I'm afraid to tell her that her feet turn me on so much. I'm afraid she'll think me odd and leave me.—K.B.

I've been told that a beautiful young organist who frequently played at the Victoria Hall in Geneva used to wear haute-couture, sheath-tight dresses, which she would unzip before using the pedals. What's more, she'd perform this operation with her back to the audience.

Regarding your fetish, it certainly is innocent enough. I think you can tell her the truth. From the sound of her excuse, she already knows your secret and enjoys rubbing your face with her feet.

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I've been married to my wonderful man for almost a year. But before I met my husband, I had been sexually involved with just one other man, quite some time ago. This other man was nineteen when I was thirteen. He was black, and he used to cut my father's lawn. One thing had led to another, and before long he was cutting a lot more than my father's lawn.

The problem is that this black man's cock was extremely long and thick. Because I was a virgin at the time, it was no easy trick taking in his penis. We tried having sex a number of times. It must have been sweet torture for him, because I could only take

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half of his cock for the first few sessions. After a while, however, I was able to take the whole thing. Even when he'd really slam it to me, I didn't feel pain anymore.

Even after I married my husband, I'd still sleep with this black guy. In fact, I had a little sex session with him just last night. After all these years, he still really hits the spot. Which brings me to my problem.

You see, Xaviera, my husband's erect cock is about half the size of this other guy's. I love my husband dearly, but he just can't satisfy me with the vaginal orgasm I need. I'm afraid that this other man's huge cock has stretched me all out of shape, and my vaginal canal is by now so large that I can't really satisfy myself or my husband. As a result, we've become expert at oral sex. Still, I'd like to achieve a profound or powerful orgasm in sexual intercourse with my husband.

Is there any way, or anything I can do, to control my vaginal muscles so that I can satisfy my husband and myself? I've tried using the urinary exercise of peeing and stopping, peeing and stopping, but it just hasn't worked. Can you suggest some other exercises?—V.C.

You can at least be thankful that you and your husband can share a clitoral orgasm. If the peeing exercise doesn't work, try taking a pencil and gripping it with your vagina. If your vagina won't grip the pencil, use a slightly larger object; in time you should be able to grip that pencil. If your husband's penis is smaller than a pencil, well, that's a different problem altogether.

I must relate a funny anecdote. I once met a world-famous Calypso singer-cum-actor who was chocolate brown and gorgeous. We met at one of his concerts, we flirted, and he asked me for an autographed book. When I gave him a copy of *The Happy Hooker*, I inscribed the following: "The bigger, the blacker, the better?" He laughed and said, "You bet, baby." Well, I was right!

If exercise doesn't help your vagina, you might try surgery, whereby so-called tucks are taken in your vagina. It's an easy operation, and some women have them the same way movie stars have face-lifts. But be forewarned: your twat may end up so tight that you can no longer fit your lover friend.

SWITCHING WIVES

My friend and I each have an overwhelming obsession about making love to the other's wife. The problem is: how do we approach the women? We've all been close friends for the past eight years. When my friend and I first realized, about a year ago, that we wanted to swap, we began playing games that would put our wives in compromising situations. For the past year we've been heading for this goal. Xaviera, have you any recommendations as to the best way to go about this?—E.G.V.

You two men might very well want to get it on with each other's wife, but how about them? Would they be willing to swap as

well? Instead of your swapping wives immediately, I'd suggest you all try a common or communal vacation. Rent a house so that you can all spend some time together. Set up some rules so that no one has any hang-ups about walking around naked or touching somebody else gently. Whatever happens, be honest with one another and discuss the possibilities. You might even get the ball rolling by making love with your own partner while the other couple watches. Once you're all turned on, ask the other, observing couple to join in for a wild four-way. From that it should be obvious to everyone involved where the wives stand on switching partners.

I recently met a very interesting couple, Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, two well-known sexologists, whose book on multiple relationships (threesomes, four-somes, etc.) will soon be published. They've interviewed hundreds of couples and singles who live in communes. The Kronhausens have found that foursomes are generally the most successful. However, even these relationships have their problems. Mind you, this life-style is easier to talk about than to live.

I'd be most happy to hear from my readers on the subject of group sex and living arrangements. If you've had any firsthand experiences with switching partners or with group living arrangements, please let me know. Other readers would be most curious to know how you've approached this problem.

XAVIERA'S PUBIC PATCH

You say in *The Happy Hooker* that you are Jewish, and you seemingly have blonde hair. But an acquaintance of mine once said to me that he'd made it with you and that your pubic hair is black. Any comments?

Also, in one of your Penthouse columns you said you preferred circumcised men because there was no need to wash when you gave head. Does this imply that you'll suck any circumcised man without washing his cock?—Bill

You don't have to be dark-haired to be Jewish, you know. There are such beings as Ashkenazi and Sephardic Jews. The Ashkenazi Jew originates in central Europe and is generally blond and blue-eyed, while the Sephardic Jew comes from Spain and Portugal.

Whether I'm a natural blonde all the way down is for you to find out. Don't believe everything your friends tell you about me. I often used to get phone calls from people saying, "Miss Hollander, I'd like to meet you because I'm the best friend of one of your best friends." And when I'd ask them my "best friend's" name, it was usually someone I'd never heard of. When I'd ask them about this supposed "close relationship," it usually turned out to be someone I'd met in a bookstore in the course of autographing copies of my book.

To satisfy your interest in the color of my snatch hair, I'll tell you my secret. It is

brownish blonde; and when I sunbathe in the nude, it will turn a golden brown. I usually keep it trimmed short, especially around the clitoris. Occasionally I'll use tweezers to make it heart-shaped. Now, don't tell anyone about this. It's just our little secret.

You misunderstood me concerning cleanliness and circumcised men. I always like to go to bed with a man who's clean. However, if I'm in a car or in the woods, say, and I get in the mood to suck off a nice young man, I will tactfully ask whether or not he's circumcised. You see, those men who are blessed with that piece of extra flesh need special attention each time after they urinate. The foreskin must be cleaned constantly. No, I have nothing against uncircumcised men. It's just those unwashed cocks that I don't like.


THE WHIPPED-CREAM LOVER

My wife and I lead a very good sex life. One night, when she was joking around, she said that she wanted some whipped cream so that she could put it all over my body and then lick it off. She wasn't really serious, but just the thought of it turned me on. I went to the store and got some whipped cream. She thought I was crazy, but when I got home with it she also was getting turned on to the idea.

I put it all over her. I started with her nipples, and she went wild due to the sensation of the cold whipped cream on them. When I licked it off, she got as hot as a furnace. I covered her pussy with it, even putting some inside. When I started licking it off, she was going wild. When I sucked it out of her pussy, she added some of her own cream.

We've pulled this trick many times since then, but now my wife won't let me put any of the cream inside her pussy. She says she's afraid it'll cause some kind of infection. What do you say, Xaviera?—H.L.

I've made love several times with whipped cream all over my body. It's particularly nice so long as the cream is still fluffy. If it starts to melt, the cream goes sticky and sour; it's just not as much fun. For this reason, it's best to apply the whipped cream in sections. Your wife can even put some whipped cream on the top of your erect penis and cover it with crushed nuts or chocolate flakes. Top it off with a slice of banana and she'll have a marvelous banana parfait. I put whipped cream in my vagina, and I've never had any problem with infection. I think your wife will be okay so long as she washes her vagina thoroughly after each session.

In my book *The Best Part of a Man*, I describe several unusual techniques for making love. Try some good oral sex with a peachy flavor. Cut a ripe peach into two halves. Take the pit out. After the two of you have stretched out in the sixty-nine position, rub the two halves against each other's genitals. Once you've rubbed the soft wet peach against her crotch, eat out her pussy. You'll experience an entirely different feeling—and it's less calories than whipped cream. 

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TRAVEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

you can avoid the two worst aspects of Intourist's cuisine: waiting for it and eating it.

But the Arbat has other virtues. By 10:00 P.M. the card players—always up to no good—have arrived but *only* to rendezvous. A few (probably Georgians) bring girls (pretty ones are scarce; if the KGB hasn't got them, members of the foreign press and diplomatic corps have). If the group is particularly civilized, you may be asked to bring a condom (a *gondon* or *pakatik*); simply ask the pharmacy girl for "*chetire kopeyki*," "for four kopecks, please," because that's what a rubber once cost. The game is *ochko* or "21," called "eye." The stakes are food, drink, money (called "air") . . . and the girls . . . *Kovo ebat budyem?* "Whom are we going to fuck tonight?"

Swiftly they adjourn now, to a restaurant that is "unknown" (except to the most "in" Muscovites and, of course, the police), such as the awful Saturn (Kirov 24; 294-75-31), where Geller and his tubercular dance band have enjoyed a faithful following. Even more popular is the revolting Izmailovo, miles from Dzerzhinsky Square at Ninth Parkovaya Street 62 (468-12-28). But the worst restaurant of all, and the funniest, in town is the poor Bega ("The Horse Races") at Begovaya "Racecourse") Street 22 (256-15-66) in the bizarre (c. 1834) Hippodrome Race track, where the odds are computed by big, old *babushki* with ancient abaci *after* all bets are in. The restaurant hides a pathetic choir of gypsies, Tartars, touts, tricksters (in the toilet, about five rubles), and layabouts who cry in their *Kotlety krasivyy zaezd* ("Cutlets à la Beautiful Race" . . . to the toilets!) for the days when the Dynamo Metro, as it is called, embraced czarism's most exciting nightlife area.

The most outrageous and reliable action may occur in the most unreliable places, the "secret" transitory restaurants of Moscow called "*poplavok*": literally, a "fisherman's float." At best they last from a few months to a year in disused cellars and boarded-up log houses on the peripheries of town. Sometimes there is a banquet "*à la Peter the Great*," who enjoyed stripping dwarfs of all sexes naked and having them baked live into enormous pies. (Modern Russians, like the American Legion, prefer pretty girls emerging from cakes.)

Floating restaurants, good Georgian and Armenian hash, and grass (penalties up to fifteen years in Potma Prison, Southeast 250); Soviet and czarist pornography; Red blue-film shows; hungry girls and hungrier young boys (the best of them cruise the Bolshoi Theater), and other forbidden fruits (up to fifteen years at Butyrki Prison, Lesnaya and Novoslobodskaya Streets, beyond the Hippodrome). All these may be reconnoitered among Moscow's forty-five working churches and four congregations

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of Old Believers, which are not to be confused with the state "museum" churches and their KGB priests, like those in and around the Kremlin. The females outnumber the men about seven to one, but not all are old grandmothers. Some are young ones; and many are among the most attractive nonconformists in the U.S.S.R.

Try Yelokhovskiy Cathedral (Spartakovskaya 15) first, the largest working church in town and the seat of his Holiness Pimen, Patriarch of All Russia. It has wonderful liturgical music. The finest ikon collection is at the Old Believer's Intercession of the Virgin (Rogozhskoye Cemetery). And the Transfiguration (Rusakovskaya 17) is Moscow's only log church.

You and I were done a great wrong when Lenin set in motion the extraordinary forces that eventually closed joints like Armenian Nikita Baleieff's The Bat; the illegal, and extremely popular, Podpolye cellar cabaret in the raucous Okhotny Ryad (that is, "Hunter's Row," until the 1920s the city's major street-market area and now part of the barren, sober Karl Marx Prospekt); and the legendary Maria Nikolayevna's equally infamous Streilna gypsy-cabaret restaurant.

Gone, too, are the wicked Okhotny Ryad *traktiri*, inns like the Egorevskii, where Gogol enjoyed "tea with a towel" (for mopping the sweat from one's brow). They inspired ravishers' restaurants like Filipov's (c. 1865), which is now the Tsentralny at Gorki Street 10 (229-02-41). It has surprisingly good food, no foreigners, extremely private curtained booths, and several lechers who resemble Pasternak's Komarovskiy, if not Rod Steiger himself. Not even Stalin himself could close the hallowed Slavianskii Bazaar (c. 1870), on Twenty-fifth of October Street 17 (228-48-45), but nowadays Tchaikovsky would go straight to the nearby Lubyanka to feed any of the Bolshoi corner boys.

All the Hippodrome's horses and all the Bega Restaurant's whores and men couldn't put Streilna together again. The Bega's prototype was a fabulous miniature crystal palace set beneath the gigantic, soughing fir trees of Petrovsky Park, which has been replaced by Dynamo Stadium. One could then savor the *charochka*—a gypsy song and a toast as well as a drink—champagne quaffed in one Ivan-The-Terrible gulp from Siberian-sized goblets. In pine-walled private *kabinet* dining rooms, open-hearth fires roared at dancing bears. And blazing, doomed aristocrats, swollen with the finest French foods and French tarts, wiped their tinted, scented, and singed beards on all the latest Rasputin rejects.

Out Tverskaya (now Gorki Street) they'd swoosh, two to a white-lightning troika, exploring each other beneath ermine- and Siberian-wolf robes, warmed by a rainbow of flavored vodkas ... the driver gnashing the cud of his icicle-bound beard amid the endless folds of his *shuba* while Arab stallions snorted at the "feathered rain." (They haven't revolutionized the

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COMING IN THE FEBRUARY PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND JANUARY 11

THE MEXICAN CONNECTION

From the barrio to Beverly Hills, the hot new drug is horse. Once again heroin has reached epidemic proportions, and reports of overdose deaths and crime-inspiring addiction have ceased to make an impact. In the Midwest o.d. deaths are at an all-time high. In New York dealers call out "brand names" to sell the stuff. *Penthouse* reporter Dan Rosen gives an intimate look at the entire ugly chain—from dealer to grower—of the new "Mexican brown" heroin connection. With Turkey no longer producing the opium poppy and the Marseilles "French connection" having lost its vital force, the focus has switched to Mexico. Rosen not only shows where the deadly poppies grow but also names the twelve most important "families" who link the chain together. He tells why it's so difficult to infiltrate the Mexican Connection and why an entire region of Mexico threatens revolt if its most vital industry is shut off. If you thought that the Mexican dealer was just a bum on the street, take another look. Dan Rosen's article busts the heroin trade wide open, and *Penthouse* puts you right inside.

A WOP BY ANY OTHER NAME IS STILL A LOUSY WORD

Is "the Mafia" a racist myth? Fred Ferretti isn't sure, but in a provocative "Advise and Dissent" column, he raises some issues that have been hitherto overlooked. Ferretti, a top *New York Times* reporter, points out the vagueness of the language the Kefauver committee used in their report on the Mafia and the unreliability of witnesses like Joe Valachi. He wonders, too, if there isn't something peculiarly American behind the new-old need to identify "furriners" with the rise of crime. There is one thing that Ferretti is sure about: he doesn't like rich Italians called "Mafia" any more than hearing poor ones called "wop." Ferretti's essay raises the fundamental question of whether we may not be doing a disservice by believing in "organized crime." Perhaps, he argues, if we looked to our own society and not to a mythic "black hand," we would discover cures for evils that are a bit more effective than dirty words.

TINTO BRASS—THE MAN WHO'S MAKING THE MOVIE

All Rome has been buzzing about *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, now being filmed in the Eternal City. Studded with stars like Malcolm McDowell, John Gielgud, and Peter O'Toole, the movie is probably the most erotic spectacle that has been staged in Rome since the emperors threw their marathon orgies. The man directing all this sex and gore is a rotund, imperious Italian named Tinto Brass, which is not a household name, but just wait till *Caligula* hits the silver screen. Reporter Peter J. Shaw takes you behind the scenes on location, profiling Tinto and offering you the first glimpse of the sexiest historical epic ever.

HAPPY MASSACRE DAY

More than any other man in history, Al Capone made St. Valentine's an adult holiday. Tony Escott may not leave quite so large a mark, but the estimable British cartoonist will at least give you a better insight into what those little greeting cards should look like. Escott's cherubs do what you always hoped went on in heaven. Who knows?

Perhaps Escott may give you and your valentine a few bright ideas.

PLUS

Fiction about the American West—as *Bonanza* never showed it—by the noted writer John Clellon Holmes . . . Xaviera tells all . . . Wicked Wanda shocks her Boo'ful . . . An intimate look at the life of a couple . . . And, of course, what *Penthouse* is never without, the most beautiful girls in the world.

magnificent Midnight in Moscow Snowfalls. Thus fall or spring is best for visitors but *never* the tourist-jammed, oppressively hot summer.)


Their sleigh would blur past the Club of the Noblesse, now Trade Union House, where Lenin spoke on some forty-two occasions, the glitter of its famed chandeliers vying with the diamonds of a dragoons' ball. It would pass the English Club (now Gorki Street 21, the Museum of the Revolution, whose gates are still guarded by old, sculptured lions, and the Brest Railway Station. The wildest Moscow nights have always occurred out here, as much for secrecy as for allowing sobering up on the long ride back—to Yar!

Here, near the Hippodrome (then called Skachki) was Yar, the most notorious of prerevolutionary night haunts. Here was Yar, with its uproarious music hall and those carefully imported English doxies in the fornication *kabinets*. They were the great favorites of the Riabushinski brothers, Moscow's richest millionaires.

And could that be Rasputin himself? In the corner booth, the only one with open curtains? Is that he diddling the Riabushinskis' sister, Madame Nossova, with his balalaika? Or is that the Princess Gagarina? No matter.

Police records of that fateful year (1915) suggest that V. F. Dzhunkovsky, the czar's minister of the interior and the head of his secret police (*Okhrana*), and some outraged husbands, ordered the Mad Monk's index fingers out of neighboring vaginas and the rest of him put in the nearest jail. Hours later Rasputin had the czarina's ear—and perhaps the rest of her—in St. Petersburg (trains were swift), Dzhunkovsky was fired (so was justice), and sixty years later I mourn it all in my pub, Roskies' Wine Bar, opposite the Russian Embassy in London's Bayswater Road.

The Soviet government insists that the Yar still exists, in the Hotel Sovetskaya (Leningrad Prospekt 32; 250-74-50). But tonight I'm taking no chances and a Lady to a *real* Russian restaurant: Nikita's (65 Iliad Road, London S. W. 10; 352-6326; ask for Shura). We'll choose from eleven flavors of vodka, which are served in carafes frozen in blocks of ice. There'll be steak tartare and snogging in the *kabinets*. And the emigrée *patron* will again remind me that "loving Russia is like loving a woman who says your penis is too small."

But if you decide to go to Russia anyway, your local American Express office has by far the widest and cheapest selection of all-in-budget excursions, especially if you fly first to London. Have them contact Mike Lawn at their 6 Haymarket office (930-44-11). He and his Moscow counterpart John Marschalko are your best friends when it comes to unsnarling the inevitable *Red* tape. Marschalko (room 384, Metropole Hotel; 225-63-84) can arrange a *troika* trip—including *zakuski* snacks and vodka—and so can his charming assistants; Nina, Zina, and Valentina. See you next month in Lusty Israel. 

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Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
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