

PENTHOUSE



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE 1977 \$1.50

THE PENTAGON:
KILLER DOLPHINS
AND THE
ORGANIC ARSENAL

CONFESSIONS
OF A NYMPHO

HOWARD HUGHES:
MORE INSIDE DOPE

WHY NORMAN LEAR
HATES
ARCHIE BUNKER

PET OF
THE YEAR
PLAY-OFF

KIDNAPPED
BY A UFO

WHO'S
ALIVE
AND WELL
IN THE NEW
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THE SPORTS CARWAGON

The 1977 Corolla Liftbacks uniquely combine the features of a sporty car and a family wagon. Plus Toyota's durability and toughness—like welded unitized-body construction, not nuts and bolts, so you get a quiet ride.



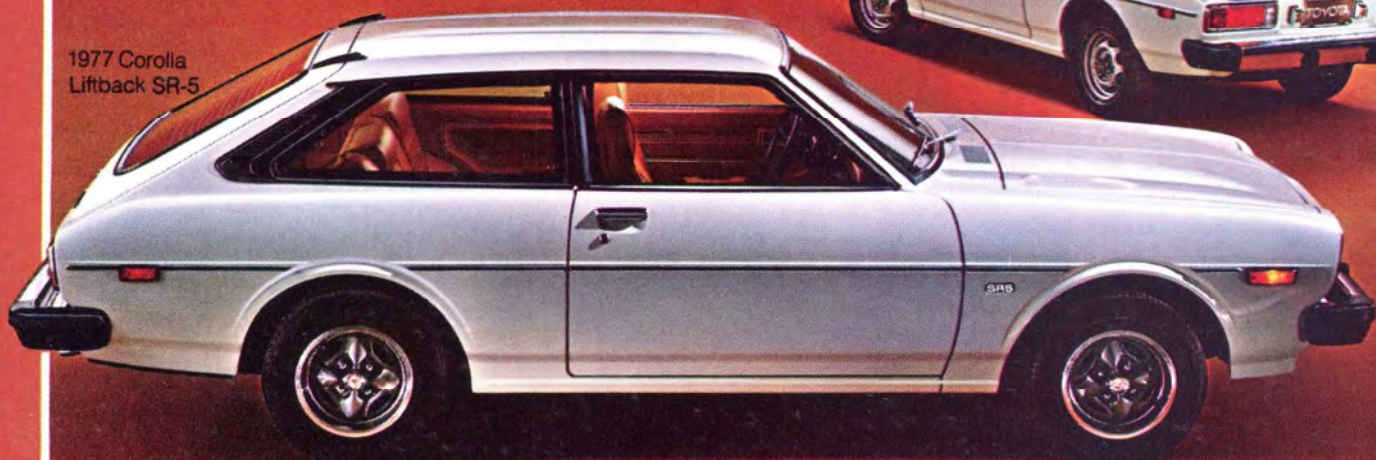
Practical. A fold down, split rear seat makes these '77 Liftbacks three ways convenient: Carry two passengers. Carry one. Or carry up to 20 bags of groceries. And every Liftback comes with no-cost features like power front disc brakes, steel-belted radials, and many more. SR-5 Liftbacks also come with 5-speed overdrive transmission and sporty mag-type wheels as standard equipment.

Sporty. Performance is backed by a 1.6 liter engine. Match it with a 5-speed, the Deluxe model's standard 4-speed, or the optional 3-speed automatic, you'll get great gas mileage and performance. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Deluxe model with 4-speed transmission got 39 mpg highway, 28 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower. If you can find a better built small car than Toyota... buy it.



YOU GOT IT.

1977 Corolla
Liftback SR-5



1977 Corolla
Liftback Deluxe



THE TOYOTA COROLLA LIFTBACK

The key, of course, was 110 film.

Which had gotten to the stage where color slides and enlargements were comparable to 35mm.

Except for its cameras.

Some of which were more advanced than others:

But all of which were limited.

And most of which were toys.

This single lens reflex eliminates the limitations.

It's 5.3 inches wide, 4.3 inches deep.

And only 2.1 inches high.

It weighs just 15.1 ounces.

The lens is a zoom.

Which goes from 25 to 50mm.

From normal to 2X telephoto.

It's like being able to choose from more than 25 focal lengths.

Except that they're all on the camera, not in a camera bag.

The lens is also a "macro."

Just turn the collar on the zoom and you can focus as close as 11.3 inches from your subject.

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You set the lens and the shutter sets itself automatically.

For anything from time exposures at 10 seconds to a fast 1/1000th.

The shutter is metal (not cloth). And "stepless," so that it gives you the exact shutter speed you need, not a compromise.

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You view and focus through the lens.

What you see is what you get on film. The microprism center spot keeps the image "fractured" until it's razor-sharp. And focusing is always with the lens wide open for maximum brightness.

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And when to.

One tells you your batteries are O.K.

(If they're not, the finder blacks out.)

Another, that the light's not enough or too much.

Another, if the shutter's on B (bulb) or X (electronic flash) instead of A (automatic).

Some other interesting advances.

The camera has a hot shoe for electronic flash at 1/150th of a second. That means there's less chance you'll get "ghost images" in action shots.

Safeguards: the shutter release locks. The shutter selector dial's locked until you unlock it. All to keep you from taking a picture you don't want to take.

Instant loading, of course. 4 supports hold the drop-in 110 cartridge rigidly for maximum sharpness. And the exposure system sets itself automatically for the right film speed.

The one-pounder vs. the two-pounder.

No contest.

For literature, see your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

**We've created a
15-ounce single
lens reflex camera
that can do what you
usually do with a big
two-pounder.**



Minolta 110 Zoom SLR

There's never been a camera like it.

**10 years ago
your hair didn't need
the protein it needs
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Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses protein—continuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

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**Protein 29
Hair Grooms**
Liquid, gel and sprays

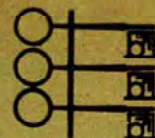
**Do something about
the next 10 years.**



PENTHOUSE

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To get your rebate, just see your local Fiat dealer, pick the '76 Fiat 131 2-door coupe, 4-door sedan or wagon you want from his stock, and make your best deal with him. (He'll give you the details of when you have to take delivery to be eligible for your rebate.)

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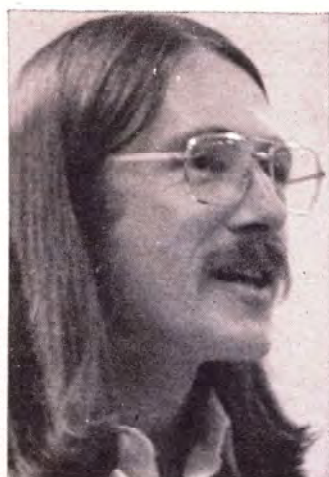
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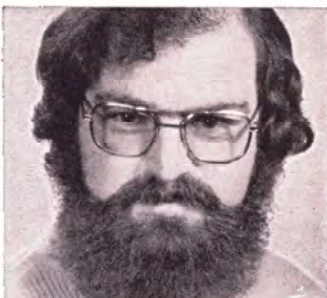




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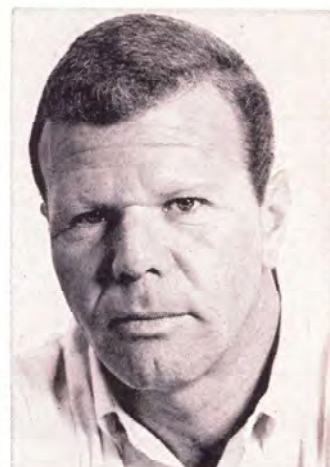
DAVID HALDANE



THOMAS PLATE



LARRY LINDERMAN



BILL BARRY

HOUSECALL

It would be a terrific gimmick for a new disaster movie. They could call it *Snout!*, and it would be about the normally gentle, sensitive dolphin, which is trained by an elite force of nefarious nasties to maim, kill, and generally attack anything that moves underwater—thus enabling the nefarious nasties to take over the world.

The plot *may* be too farfetched for the moviegoing public but not for the Pentagon. Our generals and admirals, real-life superstars of the disaster plot, have been keeping some extraordinary company these days. Bats, crickets, pigeons, beetles, dogs, sea lions, whales, geese, goats, and, of course, the traditionally strategic bedbug—no animal is considered too absurd for the Pentagon to use. Dolphins, especially, with their sonar capabilities, speed, power, highly developed intelligence, and emotional affinity for humans, are naturals for zoological warfare. They have been successfully trained to kill "enemy" frogmen, ferret out and track Russian submarines, plant explosives in the hulls of ships, and locate underwater missiles.

In "The Pentagon's Deadly Pets," page 48, author **Steve Chapple** reports, in mind-boggling detail, on the kinkiest weaponry around. Would you believe that B.F. Skinner, the famous behavioral psychologist, has developed pigeons that can guide missiles?

There are fishy tales, and then there are fishy tales. When forest ranger Travis Walton was abducted by a UFO in front of six coworkers (page 68), a few people were naturally skeptical. Especially since it happened in Snowflake, a little prairie town in Arizona's Rocky Mountain timberlands that is, perhaps because of an isolated but aerially prominent location, a town rife with UFO sightings. Walton himself was an admitted UFO "nut." When he reappeared, five days later, he told an incredible story. Psychological tests proved that the six witnesses and Walton were *not* lying. Could it be that Walton really was spacenapped?

"Right now I can't draw any firm conclusions," says author **Bill Barry**. "But I *do* believe these men encountered a UFO of some sort—there's too much supporting evidence." Barry, who is currently at work on a book about this unsettling incident, is a distinguished writer with twenty years of newspaper, magazine, and television experience under his belt.

And once you're thoroughly unsettled, you'll be in perfect shape for "The Hibakusha Gallery," page 72, this month's short fiction, in which author **Edward Bryant** weaves a chilling tale about the proprietor of the most macabre tourist attraction in history. The Hibakusha Gallery specializes in deformity and death. People line up there to buy huge posters of Hiroshima victims or to create personalized picture postcards with their own faces superimposed on the maimed bodies of others. The gallery does a smashing

business. The proprietor, however, is having problems...

On page 27 you'll meet another gallery of real-life rogues. Organized crime, it seems, is "as permanently encrusted a feature of the American landscape as fast-food franchises—and as universally accepted." So writes contributing editor **Thomas Plate**, in the first of a projected series of columns on crime. Plate, who is the author of *Crime Pays*, a bestselling investigation of this great American pastime, specializes in the criminal-justice system, police work, criminal behavior, and narcotics. His first column concentrates on the Mafia East, where the breakdown of the traditional "family structure" has facilitated the rise of independent gangs of all ethnic backgrounds.

Investigative reporter **James Phelan** comes from the old school of journalism, which still believes in "the facts, ma'am, nothing but the facts." "Basically," says he, "being a reporter is like being a bird dog looking for rabbits." The biggest rabbit that Phelan has bagged so far is Howard Hughes. For years Phelan worked to uncover the incredible true story of the bashful billionaire, and the result is his bestselling book *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years*. In an exclusive interview with **David Haldane** (who has known Phelan since high school), the crusty Mr. Phelan talks about Hughes, himself, and his rather cynical views of the "new" journalism.

Speaking of cynicism, those hard-nosed Las Vegas casino pit bosses may well have invented the sentiment. These fellows have got to be the wariest, least gullible people in the world. But even under their unflinching eyes, hustlers and gambling cheats take Las Vegas casinos for millions of dollars each year. On page 55 **Lawrence Linderman** describes a plethora of scams employed by the sharpest shysters in the world.

Joe Flaherty, the longtime *enfant terrible* of the *Village Voice*, makes his *Penthouse* debut in our "Advise and Dissent" column this month by taking on Norman Lear's pet project, "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman." Flaherty considers the show not only boring but also elitist and antiheterosexual. His desire for blood came "after going to countless obligatory cocktail parties and listening to all that blather about Lear's being a revolutionary."

It would take a revolutionary with more balls than Mr. Lear, however, to turn **Sylvia** into a late-night television heroine. When Sylvia was a teenager, her long-range plan was to get married and have lots of babies. Somehow something went completely wrong—Sylvia discovered sex... with a vengeance. In "The Nympho Tapes," page 104, Sylvia gives us, in her own words, a blow-by-blow account of her particularly devastating fall from grace.

And it's June again, that delicious month of the year when all faithful *Penthouse* readers are asked to cast their votes for the Pet of the Year. Turn to page 57, and you'll find a fascinating array of fetching finalists who have graced these pages in the past twelve-month. Not as important as the recent presidential elections, of course, but just as American. 

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

To this day, Cutty Sark is distilled, blended, and bottled in Scotland, using the water of Loch Katrine. This results in a Scots Whisky of uncommon smoothness which is worth every penny you pay for it.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which our readers discuss their experiences, opinions, and interests in every aspect of human behavior. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The views published in this column are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Spankfully yours

I must be the luckiest guy around. I met Kathy about a year ago. She is a beautiful five-foot seven-inch blonde. She is a pretty, perfectly shaped, and smooth-skinned twenty-three-year-old. This girl should be a model. But that is not the reason I am the luckiest guy around.

It all began about seven or eight months ago. One night, Kathy and I lay in bed, and she started fooling around—lightly wrestling with me. After a while, she became carried away with herself and tried to use different wrestling holds on me. I tried stopping her, but she was one ball of fire. She was wrestling me for all she was worth. As she tried jumping on me, I pushed back, sitting up, causing her to fall over my lap, exposing her two lovely, white ass cheeks to my delighted eyes. Well, I didn't know it then, but the rest was inevitable.

Suddenly, she felt like a little girl who was being unruly, and the only way to stop her was to spank her. In an instant I found myself spanking her creamy-white ass. As I proceeded to swat her lovely rear and as my hand made contact with her smooth skin, a rosy-red color began to appear on her cheeks. I rapidly got hard. But I was not the only one enjoying myself. Although Kathy tried struggling away, I could feel her becoming wet. Her ass was a bright, fiery red, but she was no longer resisting. I began to slow up, easing my grip. I started to let my hand rest on one cheek, giving a little squeeze and reaching for more tender parts. I don't know how long we continued like that—she must have taken fifty swats that way. By the end, I was rock hard, and Kathy was drenching wet. We screwed as we had never done before. Later on, after talking, we each discussed how fulfilled and satisfied we both felt with our spanking experience and how surprisingly spontaneous it all was.

Since then Kathy and I, not always but often enough, use spanking in our sexual discovery of each other. We have tried many spanking fantasies and games—from bending over to counting each swat. And after seven or eight months, one thing is sure: I love to make Kathy's lovely, creamy-white ass cheeks a fiery red just as much as she likes receiving heat on her seat. It makes the combination perfect. We are not weirdos, just two people who enjoy spanking. We both share in that pleasure, hurting no one, and just satisfying each other.—Name and address withheld.

That's what they mean by turning the other cheek.

Breaker sixty-niner

Last night I added a little more spice to my sex life and a lot more spice to the CB world. It all started out as a normal evening. I was taking my girl to dinner and then back to my apartment to celebrate Valentine's Day. The dinner was fine, and once we got to the apartment, we both relaxed by sipping a little creme de menthe in front of an open fire. As the fire warmed, so did we, and we were soon in the bedroom, which also is used as a study and for my CB base unit, which my girl friend has used on occasion.

As our lovemaking progressed, we undressed each other and I began kissing her ears, throat, shoulders, and neck. It really turns her on, and when she gets turned on, she wants it and wants it bad. She started squeezing her breasts and pinching and pulling her nipples until they were hard and pointed. As I moved to kiss her breasts, her hands moved on down to her stomach, and finally she gently started to finger herself. Wanting more, she grabbed me by the ears and guided my mouth between her legs. I really didn't need much encouragement as I love to eat her and have done so by the hour ever since we went out on our second date.

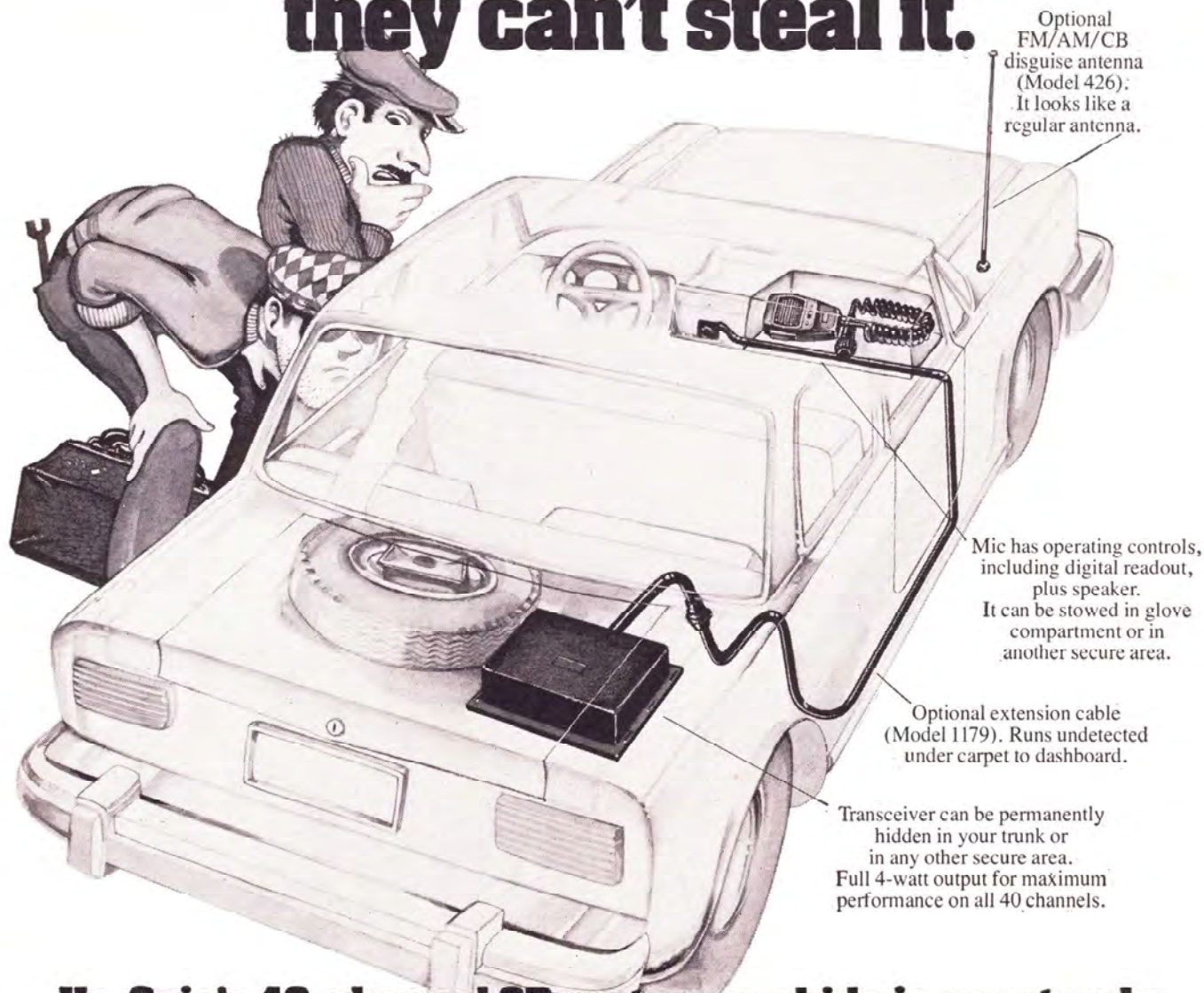
As my tongue and lips searched and sucked, she became quite verbal, telling me things like how good it felt and how she wanted to come without stopping. Looking up at her to assure her the best, I caught sight of the CB mike only inches from the bed. The idea popped into my head in an instant. I told her that if it felt so good she should share the experience over the CB. I'm not sure what channel it was on, but as I returned, she grabbed the mike and called "Breaker 69, Breaker 69—come oooooon, Breaker." That brought about fifty responses, and she was on the air.

She called herself Lucky Lady and proceeded to tell the CB world just what was going on. As she got more excited, her words became broken, and those listening heard: "Oh, yeah—damn, he's eating me. Oh, it feels good, oh, suck it, lick it, oh, damn, damn, damn—eat me, make me come—yes, yes—I'm coming—Breaker 69, I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coooming." And she did. As she set down the mike, it literally buzzed with action as dozens of people tried to find out who the Lucky Lady was.

She reciprocated the favor, and I, too, let the CB world know the fine job she was doing. After I had come in her mouth, we rested a bit and then had a very fine fuck while we listened to all our "good buddies" out there encourage us on.—Name and address withheld

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RONSON

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Vicarious Virgin

I am a student at an eastern state university, and I should start by telling you that I suffer from a not-so-rare disease known as chronic virginity. Thanks to my roommate Paul (which is not his real name), I have learned to suppress some of the adverse conditions of this disease. As you know, party life at large universities is plentiful, and our apartment is no exception. At a party one night, I found, as usual, that the female species was not attracted my way; so I retired to my room to go to sleep. Soon after, Paul brought a young lady into the bedroom to do some prolonged penis plunging, but to his surprise, he found me in bed. Since the rest of the apartment was crowded with people, he and the young lady retired to the bathroom. Not knowing that I was still awake, Paul continued in the usual fashion of lovemaking. Knowing quite well what was going on, I had acquired one of the best hard-ons that I had ever experienced. Soon I heard the bottles in the medicine cabinet start to rattle violently and the toilet seat start to thump. I could not resist the urge anymore; so I slipped a hand down to my groin and started to jerk off. Nearly out of my mind with ecstasy, I could imagine myself inside of that chick's juicy cunt, going in and out, in and out. I had never experienced such an orgasm before and was surprised by the beautiful sensation I had received as I came all over my sheets.

Now my roommate and I set these situations up at every party we have. While he is getting a piece of ass in the bathroom, I lie violently pounding my meat in bed. The result is the best pleasure both of us have ever known. — Name and address withheld

For a college boy, you're pretty slow picking up your roommate's message.

Pleasingly plump

Even though it has been suggested before, I would nevertheless like to add my vote to those who would like to see plump girls occasionally. Not the balloon comical type, but the full, curvy, pleasingly plump lady who oozes more bounce and sweats more profusely than her trimmer sister. Such exposure would add a spicier, fuller dimension to your already appealing publication.

The heavier crowd would greatly appreciate their type of babe offering her full charms, and possibly the trim and slim set might very well be turned on by an overpadded broad or two. I am not advocating a feature spread or a multipage layout—that would be expecting too much—just an occasional plump babe wrapped up in herself or spread invitingly open.

When you boob-fuck a thick-bellied broad and enjoy the frictional sensation of her quaking stomach on your dragging balls, it makes your tool even harder. It's wild, really wild—especially if you reach behind yourself and finger-fuck your bouncing mount into a mutual orgasm.

This winter I have succumbed to the hot charms of yet another plump gal—my wife's best friend and our next-door neighbor. We

MOST \$600 RECEIVERS SOUND AS GOOD AS THIS ONE. UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM, THIS ONE SELLS FOR UNDER \$300.*



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If \$600 is your kind of price, an SX-650 should qualify as your kind of receiver. Not only will it give you the kind of features and sound quality you'd expect for that kind of money; it'll also leave you with roughly half your receiver budget unexpectedly unspent.

But suppose your idea of a receiver price is somewhere under \$300*. The SX-650 is going to sound better to you than anything you thought you could afford. Because it has more power, a wider frequency range, less distortion, and far greater versatility than most other receivers in that category.

All this might sound a little extravagant; but an authentic breakthrough, an achievement like the SX-650, doesn't happen often. We've learned that when our promises seem to sound especially rich, the best thing to do is simply review the facts.

It's a fact that the SX-650 provides a continuous power output of 35 watts per channel, min. RMS into 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.3% total harmonic distortion. It also delivers each instrument and voice at its intended level, balanced within ± 0.3 dB of the RIAA curve.

The facts of its stereo separation, selectivity and sensitivity must really be experienced: numbers are impressive, but sometimes only hearing is believing.

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On your next visit to a high fidelity dealer, listen to a Pioneer SX-650 with any reasonably accurate speakers.

You'll find either its price or its performance amazing. Depending on which you hear first.

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Since 1967 six cases of Canadian Club have been hidden and never found.

Here's where you can find them:



Mt. Kilimanjaro. Your driver will take you from Nairobi Airport 240 miles southeast to the slopes of Kilimanjaro. You'll climb through the Giant Heath Forest to Mandara Hut, 9,000 feet up. The following morning you'll stumble

outside to stare straight up at your real work—over 10,000 feet of sliding rock, hidden crevasses, and ice avalanches. In addition to boots, ropes and ice axes, you'll need a sound heart, strong lungs, powerful legs and plenty of luck. But somewhere 19,340 feet over Equatorial Africa, a case of Canadian Club is still waiting for you.



Great Barrier Reef. When you reach calm waters between Little Hope and Big Hope Islands you'll need all your courage before facing the deep. Beneath the warm, soothing waves of the Coral Sea lurks the world's most treacherous mass of twisted coral and rock, the Great Barrier Reef. As your captain tosses the dinghy over the side, someone will shout "Dabargo warkigo" (good luck). And you'll need it. You'll be exploring the eerie world where 200-pound clams filter the clear water. Where giant man-eating sharks patrol. And where we submerged a case of Canadian Club on August 14, 1968.



Death Valley. Head south out of Furnace Creek. You'll pass Badwater, a brackish pool 280 feet below sea level and as close to Hell as man on earth can get. As you cross the boundary of Death Valley National Monument turn right and look for an old road that leads straight to the hills. The road forks and becomes a wash to the right. As you glance around, notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. 144 paces up from that rock turn west for 13 more steps. There, where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the soles of your shoes, 12 bottles of the wettest whisky in 87 lands lie buried.



Robinson Crusoe Island. Fly to Santiago, Chile, then on to Robinson Crusoe. Once there, the men who run the radio shack will help you pack your gear down the side of a steep cliff to the beach. There, one of the island's handmade cypress fishing boats will be waiting to take you on the long trip to the other side. Several thousand six-foot waves later, you'll pull into Pangal Bay. Buried somewhere inside one of the caves that spot the coastline, beneath one of the boulders thrown there by the winter storms, is our treasure. It has been waiting patiently for you since August 1, 1970.



Loch Ness. Fly to Inverness and then drive the few miles to Loch Ness along General Wade's Military Road until you get to the tiny hamlet, Dores. You will be at the northeastern tip of the 24-mile Loch. There's a small inn in town where you can enjoy a Canadian Club and get a good description of the monster from the owner. He and the lady who works with him have actually sighted the beast. In back of the inn, about 250

yards straight out from the dock looking toward Tar Point and about 30 yards off the perpendicular shore to your right, we dropped a sealed, watertight case of Canadian Club.



Bigfoot's feeding ground. Deep into the Cascade

Mountains in America's Pacific Northwest lurks a massive 8-foot-tall, 500-pound humanoid they call Bigfoot. The buried case lies smack in the middle of his feeding ground, about the same number of miles south of Canada's Good Hope Mountain as it is north of Bluff Creek in California. Somewhere between 6 and 9 miles from the peak of a dormant volcano you'll find an unnatural pile of broken green rocks. From the top of this pile walk 65 paces east to a stream. Turn and walk 70 paces south. Exactly 11 inches below the virgin forest floor at your feet lies that case of Canadian Club.



Every year courageous men and women respond to the Canadian Club challenge and follow its invitation to new experiences in exotic places. But the flavor of those exotic places can be sipped from a glass, comfortably, at home or in the local tavern. Taste the smooth, light flavor of Canadian Club and taste the spirit of adventure.

Canadian Club
"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

have discussed and have been leaning toward swapping; however, I am probably the prudish obstacle standing in the way. Now I feel obligated and willingly offer the charms of my plump little wife to my neighbor in return for the taller, more abundant body of his wife, which I have recently sampled. I know that he has the hots for my wife, and by the time this is published, he in all likelihood will be fucking her. And I hornily look forward to some more of his wife's heavyweight screwing again.

I put my wife on a plane to visit her folks for a few days. Almost as if it had been agreed to beforehand and those two had planned it (which they may have), I was overpampered by our neighbor, Pat. I felt like a newly acquired pet. Her husband, Fred, is out of town on the road the first three days of every business week, and she fussed over me endlessly the first day. During the evening meal, I was impressed with her, because she wore full makeup and a dress that was just on the verge of allowing her tremendous tits to spring out. She also wore no panties. I found this out later in the living room, over coffee when she flashed her dark, hairy pussy at me more than once as she crossed and recrossed her heavy-calfed legs. Like a numb-nutted dodo, I saw her to her door but had a hellish time with my conscience and my balls—one said no, and the other said go.

The following day at a local tavern hang-out, I had a few more beers than usual and

brought a pair of six packs home to share with Pat. She greeted me in one of my wife's favorite quilted, and partially open, robes, which she was almost spilling out of above and below the sash belt. After opening one for Pat and me, I put the beer in the fridge and then had to rush to the john. Then just for the hell of it, I left the bathroom door ajar. Standing in relief, splashing a heavy, fire-hose stream into the resounding bowl, I wasn't too surprised when she sidled up alongside me and took my beefy, beer-flushed hose in her hand, saying, "You sounded like a horse in here, and you feel like one, too. Hot dog!"

I turned and unfastened her familiar robe, and as I had suspected, she had nothing on underneath. We engulfed one another in kisses, our tongues rolling and tumbling together. My left hand hefted a football-sized, heavy-heaving breast, and her right hand squeezed and manipulated my growing cock, rubbing it into and over her hairy, puffed-out, damp pussy.

Neither of us was interested in foreplay, and so we rushed into the bedroom. She wanted my hefty, throbbing cock up inside her, and I could not wait, either. Her cunt was like a furnace—tight, steamy, and syrupy with juice as I slipped my cock almost to the hilt into her, then withdrew, and then plunged all the way again. We fucked slowly and steadily for several minutes, our tempo increasing with our passion. Pat came up on her high notes and climaxed with her big,

thick thighs scissor-locked around my middle, and I erupted my hot load deeply into her. It was amazing the number of times we came that first night—boob-fucking, anus-fucking, cunt- and cock-sucking, and cunt-fucking again.

Pat told me that her old man is a bit more heavily hung than I. However, she likes the cute way I get on and off, my lengthier fucking power, and the quicker way my hard-on returns for continued loving. This is understandable, for I always have had a hankering for heavyweights, and she surely is big and hot.

My sweet little plump wife should be pleased, for she knows Fred has a huge nine-inch cock and has wondered out loud to Pat in their head-to-head plotting if my wife could take it all or not. I know she can and will when our wife-swapping begins.

Horny Pumps for Honey Plumps.—G. S., address withheld

Or, different rumps for different humps.

Sister's girl friend

I have always enjoyed letting myself be seen in the nude. I am a twenty-four-year-old male, and I love to fantasize and jerk myself to a climax. At my parents' home, where I live, I share a bathroom with my twenty-year-old sister, Julie. The bathroom is between our bedrooms, and there is a door opening into each room. The other night Julie had one of her friends over, and something happened beyond my wildest imaginings.

The girl (I'll call her Susan) had quite a reputation for being an aggressive, hot-blooded chick. Knowing this and being really horny, I prepared for her arrival. I opened Julie's bathroom door completely, then stripped and donned a Japanese wrap-around which barely covered my cock. When the car pulled in the drive, I was seated with my side to the door, my coat carefully arranged so that my left leg would show completely, but not my prick or pubic hair. Even though I pretended not to see them, Susan definitely took notice as soon as she walked in. And my cock stirred when I saw the tight cutoffs and the perfect ass that peeked deliciously from the bottom.

I waited about ten minutes for the girls to get settled in Julie's room; then I went to my bedroom and took off the kimono. When I had jerked off until I had a huge hard-on, I flung open the bathroom door and stood a few seconds as though surprised. Julie and Susan stared with astonishment at my huge organ as I slowly moved across the bathroom. I muttered an apology, mumbling something about taking a shower, but I doubt if they believed me—especially Susan, whose face showed a trace of a lewd smile as she devoured my cock with her eyes.

Closing it behind me, I listened with my ear to the door for their reaction—just in time to hear Susan saying how she'd like to suck my cock. I heard her tell my sister she would talk to me when I got out of the bathroom. All this time the shower was running, but I was listening to the girls. I waited an appropriate



"Don't worry. We'll have her up and sleeping around in no time."

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length of time and then went into my room and lay on the bed. Five minutes passed before the bathroom door opened from Julie's room. Susan stood in tiny black panties.

It was unbelievably easy to persuade her to wrap her soft lips around my prick, and when I pulled her cunt to my face, we ate each other madly for fifteen or twenty minutes. By sunrise, I had gotten blown and fucked by Susan until the old rod wouldn't even twitch anymore.—*Name and address withheld*

Stocking up

Like many men, I am turned on by the sight of a shapely leg encased in a nylon stocking. My wife realizes this and has purchased many pairs. But she constantly takes pains to purchase the sheer nylons, not the agilons, which look like dried balloons.

One night, after I arrived home from work, I found my beauty rather anxious to try out an idea she said she just knew would turn me on. First, we both stripped naked. Then my wife had me put on a garter belt and a pair of sheer black stockings, and she did likewise. Next, she took out another pair of stockings, rolled them up, and put them over her breasts. Then she put another pair on her arms, like long evening gloves.

She then took out a pair and laid them on the side for later use. I lay down on the bed, and she took five more pairs in her hands and slowly began to rub the shaft of my

prick. The tempo of her massage steadily increased until I let out a gusher.

After she let me rest several minutes, she took the last pair of stockings from the side and slid them over my dripping cock. It was soon hard again, and I entered her sweet pussy, using the nylons as a condom. The feel of stockings on our legs, on our organs, all over, was simply fantastic. We had one of our best sessions ever.

I guess we help keep the stocking distributors in business. But we really get off on this type of experience.—*Name and address withheld*

Corset queen

My wife and I both got quite a kick out of your March 1977 photo display of Nicole Carole by Tim Perior on pages 114 through 123, with clothes by Shari Eubank of Los Angeles. Nicole is a gorgeous woman and really built to take advantage of the corset she was wearing in the display.

But the fact of the matter was that the corset was on her beautiful body upside down and backwards. Such a corset clips in the front and laces in the back. The photos on pages 121 and 122 show the bottom of the front as being up between her shoulder blades.

How do we know? Well, my very shapely wife has been wearing lacing-type corsets for dress-up occasions now for well over twelve years—and it is my pleasant chore to do the lacing. Her normal five-feet-four-inch

figure is 38-24-37, but laced, the waist is from eighteen to twenty inches, depending upon the type of garment she is wearing. In fact, her corset wardrobe is quite extensive. The styles range from half bra, hourglass, wasp waist, and divorce style (fits up between the bosom), to waist nipper, and merry widow, and the materials—all of colors—include satin, nylon, contril, and leather.

It all started when she played a role in an amateur play, and the costume she was to wear included a back-lacing corset. Her figure was pretty spectacular to begin with; and when she saw what the corset did to enhance it (build up the difference between the bust/hip dimension and the waist), she was really enchanted. I was, too!

She talked with a friend, who managed a local dress shop. Through her she ordered her first corset. Over the years she has picked up additional styles and models. Also we have researched women's fashions back through the time of Catherine de Medicis. Perhaps the most complete work on corsets is the book *Corsets and Crinolines*, which should be available in any good public library.

So may we please offer a suggestion? Nicole is such a beautiful and shapely girl that she should do it again. Show her in a variety of styles of tightly laced corsets. I am sure that your readers would appreciate it.

My wife just came out of the bathroom, and now it is my little job to lace her into a black satin, stem-waisted corset with built-in, half-cup bra top. We are going to a cocktail party tonight, and my wife will proudly display her corseted eighteen-inch waist.—*P. and B. J., Chicago, Ill.*

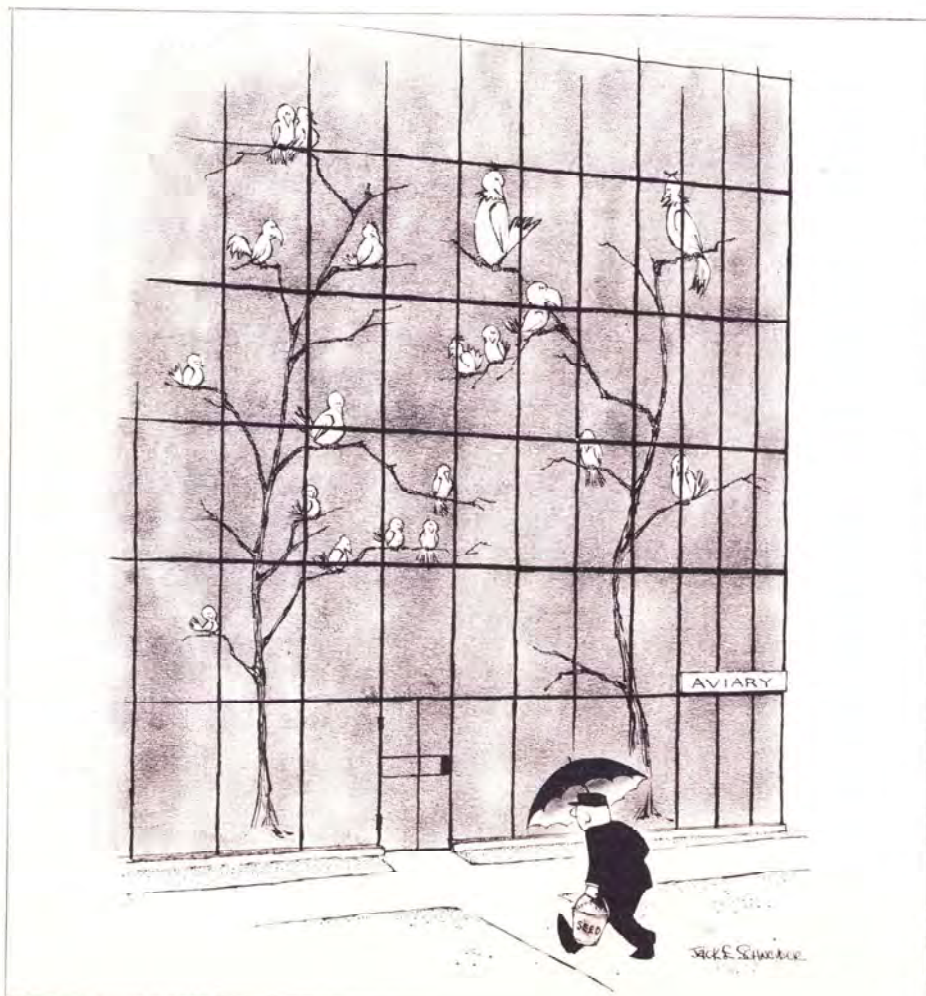
Just so she doesn't get uptight about it

Pedal-phile

I am a great fan of *Penthouse*, but I am astounded by the fact that your Forum has never printed a single word about the erotic art of sniffing bicycle seats. Because I am on a naval ship, I must go without sex for long and painful periods. Not being homosexual, I must resort to various means of masturbation. Nothing excites me more than my private collection of slightly used bicycle seats. I am a world traveler and have seats from Spain, Sweden, France, New Zealand, and Australia.

When the lights are out and everything is quiet, I crawl into my rack all alone (except for my tactile saddles) and begin drifting into the past. My favorite memory is of the time I was in France, where there are ten female-type bicycle seats for every lonely sailor.

While I was waiting at a small restaurant for a friend, three young ladies, about seventeen, rode up for a late-night snack. Seeing them get off their bicycles, I waited with great impatience until they entered the snack shop. The second the creaky entrance door slammed, I raced for the leather pieces, stumbling in the dark of the night. I caressed a ten-speed's leather seat with one hand and spanked my carrot wildly with



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the other—all the while filling my nostrils with that pungent, musky odor of cunt sweat and leather. Just as I was reaching a tremendous orgasm, I felt a tap on my shoulder—the girls had only stopped so that they could find someone to buy them wine!

I stood aghast, my pants at my knees. Before I could recover, the blonde trio began laughing and chatting. They gave me a proposition: if I would buy them a couple of bottles of wine, they would let me sniff anything I wanted to. It didn't take long for me to decide, and we were soon off to a summer cottage, my helmeted Spartan at attention for the entire ride.

Can you imagine the rest of the story? And if the mention of bicycle seats doesn't bring a rise in your Levis, you are obviously leading a sheltered life. But be careful. Once you smell leather, you'll never find better.—*Name withheld, U. S. S. Long Beach*

Screen scene

I am a great fan of your magazine and have been for years. But in all the letters from other readers you print, I have noticed that not many are about voyeurs. I am really turned on by the thought of seeing someone taking off her clothes when she thinks she is unobserved, and I especially get aroused at the thought of a girl masturbating. Being a good, red-blooded American male of twenty-eight, I think there is nothing more beautiful than a young girl's cunt. Seeing in your pages the girls who have fingers and hands close to their pussies gives me an instant hard-on, and the girls who write in describing how they finger themselves are terrific.

One day five years ago, my dream of watching a young girl work on herself was fulfilled. I was in South Carolina on a business trip and dropped by to visit my brother-in-law and sister-in-law. She is the sister of my wife whom I have since divorced. Ginny is just like my wife except that she is smaller. At five feet four inches with long, light brown hair and about 36D breasts, she is the picture of pure sex. Besides her great body, she has a very pretty face, a kind personality, and real charm. Her husband, though a nice guy, never quite seemed right for her.

They invited me to stay at their house for a couple of days while I carried out my business, and we all had a great time talking over

the old times we had had together. The third morning I was there, the typical jokes about being away from home without a woman came up in the breakfast conversation, and I admitted it was tough being without any good satisfaction. My brother-in-law made the comment that maybe I ought to pick up somebody and bring her back to the house. I said that I thought that would be a little bit too much, especially since Ginny was my wife's sister. Ginny was listening to all this talk with shyness, acting very embarrassed about such intimate subjects. Then the bomb dropped. They confessed that they would both like to see what it was like to watch another couple making love. I couldn't believe what they had suggested, but the whole thing was so exciting to me

key I had been given. As I went upstairs to the bedroom to get my case, I noticed that the master bedroom door was open. I could see it was dark in there, but there was also a flickering light and a strange whirring sound coming from inside. I quietly went over to the doorway.

Inside was Ginny, fully dressed, with a set of earphones over her ears. The whirring noise was coming from a home projector, which was showing a movie on a large screen. Despite the dark, I could see Ginny very clearly because of the bright light reflected from the nearby screen. Ginny was right in front of the screen and sitting on the bed, facing the picture. She couldn't see me because her long hair hung down the side of her face and because of the intensity with

which she was watching the screen. I realized right away what the picture was because my brother-in-law told me the night before he had gotten some smokers—with sound and all—from a friend. He said not to tell Ginny about them, because he wasn't sure how she would take them. Apparently, my twenty-one-year-old sister-in-law was on to what they were and wanted to find out before he came home from work.

As the picture progressed, it showed a good-looking blonde in her bedroom, getting ready for bed. First, she started taking off her blouse, and I almost choked when Ginny started doing the same. Then the girl took off her bra, and Ginny reached for the catch of her own. I couldn't believe what was happening. My hand dropped to my

crotch, and I started rubbing my already erect penis. Then the girl took off her dress, and Ginny lay back on the bed and wriggled out of her slacks. I rubbed harder. When both girls took off their panties, I thought I would go mad. I knew what was next.

The girl on the screen moved her hands all over her body, and they came to rest on either side of her pussy. Ginny did the same thing again, but it was too much for me to keep up the rubbing through my pants. I quietly unzipped and got my dick out and started to stroke it. I tried not to go too fast because I wanted to watch the end of this terrific action before I came.

The two girls were like mirror reflections. What one did the other did also. Then both were kneading a thigh with one hand while

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that I decided to keep the discussion going.

After about a half hour of this suggestive talking, my brother-in-law suddenly said that he wished he didn't have to leave for work (even though we both should have left long before this time). He said that he would much rather take Ginny into the bedroom, but since he had been late so many other times, he thought that he would have to leave. I expressed the same feeling and got ready to go. Poor Ginny was still sitting at the breakfast table with a combined look of lazy sexiness and eager anticipation.

He and I left together, but I realized after a few miles that I had forgotten my briefcase. When I returned to the house, I knocked, but there was no answer. I figured Ginny was in the shower and couldn't hear, so I used the

the middle finger of the other hand rode slowly over and over and back over the clit. My dick was oozing juice from its slit. Ginny was moaning and groaning, when suddenly the girl on the screen leaned over and picked up a vibrator from a nightstand. Ginny did the same—except that it was an even bigger vibrator. She turned it on and put it right to her juicy quim, running it all around her clit. By this time both Ginny and I had forgotten about the screen.

Finally, Ginny put the thing in her cunt, just a little at first while she worked it around in a circular motion. Then she slipped it all the way in and just lay there motionless, with the shaft vibrating. Her hips started to lift up and down as if she were fucking. One hand worked the vibrator in and out, and the other was rubbing her clit feverishly. I couldn't take any more and let loose with one of the longest, hardest orgasms ever. My eyes closed with sheer pleasure as I cupped my other hand in front of my cock to catch the spunk. I heard Ginny groan and scream as she came, too.

Suddenly, she turned to my side to reach the projector's off button, and I froze. She gave out a shriek of surprise, but when she recognized me, she froze, too. Her eyes went from my eyes to where my hand was still holding my smoking rod. I figured this was it—I was caught and was going to have to pay for it. Then Ginny slipped a hand down to that beautiful bush of hers and placed a finger along the length of her glistening pussy lips. I started stroking my cock again, and she groaned her approval. I walked to the bed.

Ginny soon had me harder than ever, and I was deep into her, her pussy squeezing the whole length of my rod tighter and tighter. My balls ached, and I was getting tired. Then she reached down with both of her hands to where the action was. One hand slipped onto her clit, and the other cupped and squeezed my balls. That shot me over the top, and I came in her beautiful little cunt.

We both lay there for several minutes. Ginny broke the silence by saying that she had gotten so horny during the breakfast conversation that she just had to get herself off. She said that she usually masturbated at least once every other day and had always wondered what it would be like to see a guy jerking himself off. She said she would almost always fantasize about watching some guy rubbing his cock as she fingered herself.

When she turned and saw me with my oozing cock in my hand, it was her dream come true and she couldn't help masturbating again.

Since that day Ginny and her husband have moved closer to my town, and we get together frequently for socializing.—H. G., Los Angeles, Calif. ○✎

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The views published in this column are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Nixon without tears

"The Breaking of a President" (March 1977) represents a major, comprehensive, and realistic attempt at focusing into proper perspective the political forces that led to Nixon's resignation.

A foremost spokesman of the ultraliberal, eastern media, as well as one of the more vociferous of the Nixon haters, Nicholas von Hoffman has been careful not to appear in any way remorseful. Given his background, it is truly remarkable that *he* should have undertaken to highlight some of the more blatant hypocrisies, lies, innuendoes, and trivia that had to be the core of a successful dehumanizing process.

Although he frequently lent his voice to the "media roar" that he so aptly describes, von Hoffman deserves credit for this piece, proves that some liberals may have a conscience after all, and earns a measure of grudging respect from me in the process. — *Vladimir Marik, address withheld*

Nicholas von Hoffman's article makes an important point: Richard Nixon's offenses were trivial. His real offense was offending the powerful sectors of our society that can bring down a president, even one elected by an enormous majority during the crisis.

However, Mr. von Hoffman's focus is insufficiently narrow. Although Nixon may have offended business and the military, those groups lack the power to strike outside their own bailiwicks. They have no nationwide constituency that can be moved. Indeed, business and the military have serious problems in preventing other power groups in America from dictating to them.

In fact, only one group has the power to affect the public so strongly that mountains can be moved and presidents removed. That group is, of course, the television and print news writers, editors, and reporters. Their job is, in a sense, to advertise political views, just as Madison Avenue's job is to sell soap. Starting with John Dean's appearance before the Senate Select Committee on Watergate, the media began to advertise the message that Richard Nixon is bad for your health.

That message, repeated endlessly and imaginatively, sent Richard Nixon back to San Clemente. There simply is no way that a president can withstand a daily, sixteen-month-long media attack in a country so wired to the media as America is.

The question of why the media attacked Nixon so ferociously and continuously is most interesting. I think the likeliest explanation is that fads travel quickly in the print and electronic media, and the fad of outdo-

ing one another in hatred of Nixon grew like hula hoops.

There is an alternative explanation, however, which bears examination. Many people have suggested that the CIA had a role in setting up Nixon on the Watergate burglary. Some CIA involvement is taken for granted. But little attention has been directed to the role of the CIA in coordinating media strategies. Stories surface from time to time that CIA "assets" in the journalistic community take orders from Langley on various subjects. Similarly, journalism has become more and more a part of the eastern old-boy network from which the CIA draws its staff. The "Front Page" journalists of yesteryear are a dim memory. Today's reporters and editors come from Yale via Saint Paul's; the same route traveled by CIA men since the agency's birth. I would expect fascinating results from a thorough study of what the CIA was telling its "assets" to write about the man whom they saw as an upstart from Whittier, Calif., utterly without class or breeding. — *Benjamin Stein, Los Angeles, Calif.*

I read with interest the *Penthouse* article by Nicholas von Hoffman on the breaking of the president.

As a somewhat detached reader, I only know that its publication in your magazine makes it refutable in the "intellectual circles"—on college campuses, say, or among practicing politicians (who of course have known what von Hoffman said all along anyhow). And it will probably make it automatically refutable "abroad"—say, among members of the Swedish Academy, who are not about to convey any dynamite money to American dissidents in any case.

Be that all as it may, I am really writing to congratulate him for having written it at all—never mind its fate as a feather waved against a foul storm (as Yeats called it). It is a brave feather. — *R. V. Cassill, Providence, R. I.*

Nicholas von Hoffman's excellent article "The Breaking of a President" (March 1977) was probably as objective as it could have been in regard to so controversial a man and subject. My congratulations for the clarity of your presentation.

I am a Nixon hater of long standing. Since 1946 I have been unable to think one good thought about Richard M. Nixon. For the sake of argument: even if any one favorable thing could be said for him, the main objection in my mind against Nixon and his coterie of loyalists and sycophants is his vindictiveness, which was mentioned only

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in passing in the article.

Through the years whenever anyone of any importance dared disagree with R. M. Nixon, he automatically became a "traitor to the United States" according to the Nixon camp.

I'm sure that the omission wasn't deliberate, but I am curious why von Hoffman didn't elaborate on this particularly provoking characteristic of R. M. Nixon—*Name and address withheld*

Mr. von Hoffman replies:

This Nixonian trait has been so widely remarked on through the years that I didn't think it was necessary to dwell on it.

Divorce American style

I very much enjoyed reading the two articles on divorce in the February *Penthouse*.

"Is There Life after Divorce?" accurately portrays, from a man's point of view, the rip-off that accompanies many divorces. Like the person discussed in the article, I was ripped off of my house and life savings. My ex-wife doesn't even live there anymore; she closed it up and moved in with her boyfriend—who is also her lawyer.

The article "Divorce Lawyers: A Glimpse under the Rock" is a superb exposé of the sort of slime that practices divorce law in the United States today. I particularly enjoyed the quote "Divorce is to the practice of law as proctology is to medicine." Most appropriate!

In my area of Michigan (Detroit), we have found only two solutions to the divorce-lawyer problem.

One of them is the divorce kit. These kits are available at a reasonable price. The Michigan Supreme Court has recently ruled that it is legal to sell them. However, one must be careful, since many people don't fully understand law, especially the appellate process.

The only other method we have found is to work diligently at law until you have mastered it and are fully competent to handle your own case without an attorney. One amazing example of this latter method is Paul W. Cousino, a self-taught legal expert who is, by profession, a schoolteacher. His exploits are considered front-page news to the *Detroit News*, and other area newspapers have frequently covered his adventures. He has worked on cases varying from divorce settlements to traffic infractions.

A third solution to the rape of men in divorce court is suggested by the actions of Cousino teaming up with Ralph Wilson and other respected area divorce-law-reform workers, to form an organization known as the Society to Provide Equality in Divorce to push for needed reform of the Michigan divorce laws. Such a group certainly deserves the support of all high-minded American citizens.

Cousino himself has been in the divorce-law-reform movement for more than six years. Perhaps through the work of such

men the laws can be changed and future generations won't have to put up with the degradation that accompanies many divorces.—*Name and address withheld*

Congratulations on your article "Divorce Lawyers." Your short description of some of the abuses of these legal "proctologists" who prey on the public, generating litigation, ruining them financially, and raping them and their children emotionally, is only the tip of the iceberg. An investigation on a national basis or even into the practices of attorneys and courts in Oakland County, Mich., would be even more revealing.—*Name and address withheld*

Hong Kong Kultur

I, along with several other people here in the British colony of Hong Kong, am alarmed and upset over the fact that *Penthouse* magazine was banned from newsstands here on February 9. Although the situation here is obviously less important to American readers than, say, the *Screw* and *Hustler* cases in the United States, I think that it's significant in pointing out one more instance of Anglo-Saxon morality as applied to Asians.

There are about 5 million people living here, of whom 98 percent are Chinese. Britain allows the colony a modicum of autonomy; however, the Colonial Office, which is located in London, directs and administers the show through the Gover-

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nor's Office and the Colonial Secretariat.

Penthouse is on sale throughout England. It competes with dozens of other magazines on the shelves. No one in London has seen fit (or has been foolish enough) to declare *Penthouse* objectionable, thereby curtailing its sale in the United Kingdom.

It would appear, therefore, that what's good for the round eyes in England is a little too good for the Chinese of Hong Kong. Mr. N. G. Scriven, a round-eye judge in the service of the Crown (and all that it represents) has handed down an arbitrarily negative decision vis-à-vis *Penthouse*. His decision constitutes a minority opinion, and no one (to my knowledge) polled or consulted any of the Chinese who actually live here.

Where I come from the joke is—and it is a joke as old as the hills—that Oriental girls are built differently from Occidental girls. I wonder if it isn't possible that the Colonial Office and the powers-that-be in Hong Kong aren't victims of this myth. Maybe it's a case of their wishing to perpetuate the myth.

Whatever the case, I find this Hong Kong situation passing strange. This type of colonial jurisprudence (with emphasis on the third syllable) holds true for all the movies shown in Hong Kong. Each film is censored three (count them—three) times before it is allowed to be viewed by the Chinese population. By the time everyone has snipped to his satisfaction, the screen is filled with nothing but butchered pap. But what the colonialists seem to be overlooking is the

fact that the Chinese had refined the art of fucking a few thousand years ago. That is why more than 25 percent of the citizens on this earth are Chinese. I think that it's just a little late for the people associated with the Colonial Office to start telling the Chinese to stop rubbing their bodies together.

Somewhere Aristotle wrote: "Why, in order to kill our fellow men, do we always choose an open plain and commit our slaughter in the bright of day; yet when it comes to creating, why is it that we sneak off to a dark place removed from the sight of others? Perhaps it's because our bodies and our lives mean nothing."

If you publish this letter, please withhold my name. Otherwise, the Colonial Office will have me on the next plane out of Hong Kong. That's the way dissenters are taken care of here, and that's why the Chinese keep their mouths shut. And that's how the Colonialists get their way.—*Name withheld, Hong Kong*

Children of the Corn

After reading the March 1977 *Penthouse*, I would like to congratulate and thank you for the inclusion of Stephen King's "Children of the Corn" in that issue. Mr. King's writing is superb. His creative thought is enhanced by excellent diction and effective dialogue. The subtle word images increase the suspense in crescendo-like form. The end result is chilling.

I hope that *Penthouse* will continue to

have this caliber of writing in the future and to encourage American fiction writers like Mr. King.—*Wayne P. Castello, Gainesville, Fla.*

Datsun pick-up

Your article "Z," Datsun 280Z, was excellent. But I have a complaint about the last paragraph, in which a "young lady" describes a Z-car as "so American." What kind of garbage is that? As if women didn't have enough problems with stereotypes! Did you have to publish that asinine remark? What's more important is that it's an insult to the car! Who cares what nationality the car is? What matters is that it's a fantastic automobile! I've owned my 280Z for two years, and I have as much fun with it now as I did when I first bought it. It handles great, rides smooth, and, best of all, it has power and quick acceleration.

I know that I sound like a commercial, but my car actually saved me from several nearly fatal accidents. I retain my respect. And there is something you forgot to mention in the article: a "Z" is also a great car to pick up guys with or whatever... —*Ms. T. S., address withheld.*

Reeking poor Harry

March 1, 1976, marked the end of the first year since I first entered the federal courthouse in Memphis, Tenn., to stand trial for my participation in the film *Deep Throat*. The conviction that resulted from that trial is



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now history, and the implications of that decision have been analyzed and discussed endlessly in the media.

Nicholas von Hoffman's piece in the October 1976 issue of *Penthouse* was, however, perhaps the most articulate and comprehensive review of the case to date. He succeeded in clarifying both the serious First Amendment infringements and the dangers to our artistic and creative freedoms—two basic rights that are in jeopardy if my conviction is not reversed.

I appreciate your having printed the address of the defense fund, as many of your readers have written to express their opinions of my position and quite a few have made generous financial contributions as well. I really appreciate the input.

So, thank you for your help, and thank you, Mr. von Hoffman, for a superb piece of investigative journalism.—Harry Reems, New York, N. Y.

Editor's note:

For those who are still writing in to contribute, please mail checks to: Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund, Suite 1030, 120 East Fifty-sixth St., New York, N. Y. 10022.

Philly assassins

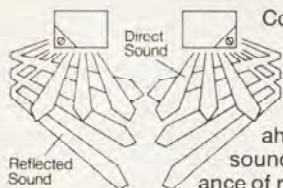
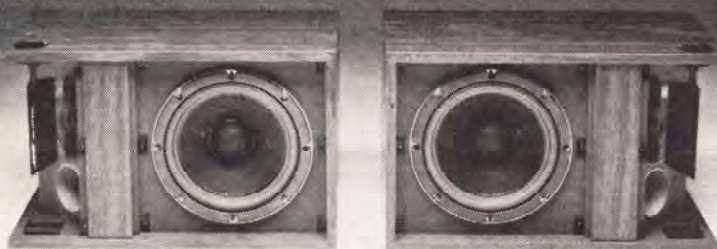
I am writing in response to Mark Goodman's article "Assassins on Ice" (April 1977).

It is my opinion that the Philadelphia Flyers are not a hockey team, but assassins. Their tactics on ice go far beyond a strategy of intimidation and border on terrorism and the promise of bodily harm. Only the Marquis de Sade could call this kind of hockey "sport." Something must be done in order to protect the other players in the league who want to play hockey and prefer not to get involved in a war on the ice.

In the recent series of games between the two teams from the Soviet Union and the NHL, two games stand out in my mind. First, the game between the Soviets and the Montreal Canadiens. To me, this was hockey in the truest sense of the word. It was the way hockey was intended to be played: with good style and sportsmanship. Furthermore, it was an excellent example of what can happen when two outstandingly talented teams get together to play a game of hockey.

The other game that stands out in my mind is the game between the Soviets and the Flyers. The actions of the Flyers were brutal and inexcusable. When Ed Van Impe leveled Valery Kharlamov, there should have been a penalty. That ruthless attack surely was not legal according to any hockey rules. While I have my reservations about coach Loktev's removal of his team from the ice, I do feel that the officials should have done something other than sleeping throughout the game. The blame for the Flyers' tactics should fall not only on the players but also on Fred Shero and the commissioner of the National Hockey League. I feel that it is unsportsmanlike and inhuman for Fred Shero to encourage and tolerate these vicious and savage tactics that his team practices.

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And it is the responsibility of the commissioner of the NHL, Clarence Campbell, to keep control of his sport. If he lets the Flyers (and other teams guilty of such brutal practices) continue to run amok, there will probably be more cases of players being hauled into court on assault charges or, worse yet, on murder charges. I hope that things won't get to the point where the death of one player at the hands of another will prompt some kind of action. I'm against the courts' intervening in the world of sports; but if the sport is getting out of hand, as the cases of assault prove, then something must be done. Hockey is violent enough as it is. I don't like seeing it turn vicious. All the other major sports (football, baseball, basketball, etc.) eject the participants of a fight, no questions asked, in a majority of cases. Why can't hockey follow suit?

Obviously, there will be fights in every sport, and they can't be entirely prevented. But why can't the hockey teams do something so that their sport will not be compared to a terrorist attack?—*Mitch Metcalf, address withheld*

Yan Khur fan

Your article on Yan Khur, the Polish sculptor (March 1977), was excellent. Khur's realism comes through loud and clear. In the earthy statues shown on page 96 for instance, the funny, nearly childish portrayal of "relations between the sexes" (as compared with the phony, highfalutin treatment we usually give them) makes us laugh at ourselves.

And I really like the work on page 98, which gives "equal time" to all breasts, whether small or big, high or sagging.—*D.B., New York, N.Y.*

I wish to commend you on your article about Yan Khur. He is brilliant.

I hope that you continue to inform the public about his artistry.—*Name and address withheld*

Poster fan

I've been a fan of *Penthouse* for several years, and I've just seen one of your most outstanding innovations since I first read the magazine. I'm talking about the *Penthouse* Pet Poster in the January 1977 issue. Bob Guccione can be justly proud not only as editor and publisher but also as photographer of the lovely Laura Doone.

I admire the taste of all those who had a part in choosing Laura Doone as Pet of the Year, for she is truly—next to my wife, of course—the most beautiful, sexy, young example of femininity imaginable.

The beauty of Miss Doone is by no means diminished by the lingerie that she is wearing. Please let me know the name and address of the store where I may purchase the lingerie—particularly the pants and bra in the cover photograph.—*W.R.B., Fort Jackson, Calif.*

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THE PIN-STRIPED, PENCIL-PACKING MODERN MAFIA

BY THOMAS PLATE

Remember the good old days when gangsters behaved like criminals and government officials like bureaucrats? Now our public officials act like *consiglieri* (or bumbling burglars) while organized-crime figures operate through the legitimate channels of government.

Take a gentleman named Sanford Rafsky. A fifty-year-old graduate of Pennsylvania State University, he is described by law-enforcement officials, in rather typical official hyperbole perhaps, as "a criminal genius...the new Meyer Lansky." But in most respects Sanford Rafsky seems a whole lot closer to, say, John Dean.

Rafsky and his friends—including Las Vegas-based Samuel Ray Calabrese, the brothers John and Daniel Lombardozzi, and Thomas F. Regan, who happened to be the district director of the federal Small Business Administration in Richmond—ripped off \$1.4 million without using a single gun; they merely waved some forms. This was the scheme: Rafsky set up four phony corporations and had each apply to several Virginia banks for \$350,000 in SBA-guaranteed loans. The banks were, of course, quite willing to cooperate with any company that was vouched for by the local SBA district director (besides, the feds would reimburse them if Rafsky's friends defaulted, which they soon did, as had been planned).

Now \$1.4 million is a lot more than most gun-and-note bank robbers get; the national average is only about several thousand a pop. And most gun-and-note bank robbers get twenty-five years upon conviction. Rafsky, after pleading guilty in federal court to one count of interstate fraud, was sentenced to seven years, despite the fact that a considerable portion of the big take is still unaccounted for. And he might have received an even lighter sentence, except that he made the mistake of associating himself criminally with some well-known personalities who lack the respectability of, say, John Dean.

It may be perhaps all too typical of government to be less offended by Rafsky—whose behavior was in some respects less egregious than that of its own servants—than by some punk who grabs a few grand from Chase Manhattan. This bias of collars (white versus blue) seems to be the clear message of recent developments. In 1973, for example, the IRS made a conscious decision to cut its efforts against organized-crime figures in half; its endeavors, by the nature of what IRS has to offer investigators, inevitably concerned themselves with pencil-point, rather than with gunpoint, holdups. Late last year the federal strike forces against organized crime (which produced between 1972 and 1975 a substantial total of 6,727 indictments, including those against Rafsky and friends) were curtailed by the Ford administration, and four regional offices were entirely eliminated.

Last year Congress chipped in with a tax-reform bill so massive that few evidently picked up on the "reform" in section 1205, which requires that investigators first notify the targets whose bank records are being examined. Congress then gave the targets the right to challenge the examinations in court, thus effectively permitting well-heeled organized-crime figures to litigate an investigation to death.

"I'm going into the defense business," says one very prominent U.S. prosecutor in disgust. "It's so easy. Now I can tie these prosecutors up in knots." This throw-in-the-towel cynicism is hardly the lone expression of a crank. Conscientious prosecutors and cops today feel more helpless than ever before. One head of a regional office of the FBI became so frustrated with pedestrian directives from Washington that he risked his job by throwing them away in the "future" folder. "They were worrying about car-theft rings, bank robbers on the lam—low-level sort of stuff," says one source. "It was as if Washington were saying: 'We're going to keep you so busy you



won't have time to worry about the big stuff, like organized crime and corruption."

Unfortunately, very few FBI officials out in the field have the courage, or the disregard for their careers, to ignore the pabulum from Washington, and so as a result many FBI agents, especially the younger ones who actually give a damn, are today more demoralized than at any other time in recent memory—or are waiting hopefully for evidence of more than good intentions out of Griffin Bell's Justice Department.

On the other side of the street, the American underworld resembles the stock exchange in a chaotic bull market. So much is going on that the traditional identification of organized crime as primarily a product of Italo-American ethnicity is now viewed by virtually all informed hands as an utterly inadequate explanation of anything. One top official says flatly that the old Cosa Nostra family structure is just about kaput. "What's happening in the Mafia," says federal prosecutor William A. Aronwald, "is almost the same thing that is happening with the American family." Just a few years ago such a statement not only would have been inconceivable but also would have had Aronwald's colleagues wondering about his sanity.

The reason for this breakdown in traditional structures is that crime today is almost an employee's—rather than an employer's—market. "There is just so much bread around, so many guys to go after it,"

says John Dowd, a top Justice Department attorney involved in organized-crime investigations, "that you don't have to be associated anymore. One guy we hauled in told us: 'I can operate anywhere in the country.' This is because, to use their language, the total pigeon is so much fatter. There's lots of suckers around."

On the East Coast, organized crime seems to have become so accepted that it's almost—but not quite, fortunately—boring. Up and down the coast, gambling and loansharking are still the meat-and-potatoes, and government, following suit with weak off-track-betting programs and often-suspect lotteries, has not even been an *Avis* to organized crime's Hertz. Hard-core pornography is the biggest growth industry, and government has either looked the other way, like a blushing maiden at a compromising situation (despite the obvious violations of law), or has created special demilitarized zones in which organized crime can operate (for example, Boston's Combat Zone). So acceptable is sex for sale that major credit-card companies deal with obvious organized-crime establishments as if they were nothing more than specialty-food shops. Indeed, one well-known massage parlor in Manhattan, owned and operated by a Queens organized-crime family, demonstrates more consideration for its clients' domestic peace than do the credit-card companies whose stickers are plastered outside the door. The massage parlor will

run your card through one of its Queens Italian restaurants so that when the bill comes home the next month, it will look as if all you had was a very expensive plate of spaghetti.

In sum, there is less resistance, official or otherwise, to organized-crime enterprise now than at any other time since the heyday of J. Edgar Hoover, who dealt neatly with the enforcement problem by making believe that it didn't exist. This official indifference is part of the reason for the underworld's recent successes in legitimate business. "To get into this," says Aronwald, "they rely on accountants and lawyers, who of course recognize fully the roles they're playing. The bar associations have done nothing." In the New England area Raymond Patriarca, the blue-chip racketeer, is back in his Coin-O-Matic Distributors office on Federal Hill in Providence. When the question of his parole from federal prison came up a few years ago—he was released in 1974—the Speaker of the Rhode Island House wrote quite a touching letter to his parole board (subsequently, the Speaker moved up to chief justice of the State Supreme Court). "The only letter against parole was the one we sent," said U.S. Prosecutor Jerry McDowell in Boston. "It made me feel like the Lone Ranger."

Meanwhile, in the nation's capital, Joseph Francis Nesline, one of the world's absolute experts on the operation of gambling casinos, fixed or otherwise (he once helped Meyer Lansky and Marshal Tito set some up in Yugoslavia), heads the gambling faction of the mob, while Mickey Zaffarano is reportedly organizing the district's flourishing hard-core pornography trade, visible now like a fever blister all over the downtown area. Washington police are so on top of their game that when a reporter asked them for help on a story on organized crime in D.C., Deputy Police Chief Ted Zanders replied: "You just don't have the right city. Why don't you go to Philadelphia?"

The breakdown in the traditional family structure has been exacerbated in New York by the passing away of major domo Carlo Gambino. Various unpleasanties—John Cutrone (shot outside Danny's Luncheonette on Avenue M in Brooklyn), Pietro Licata (shot emerging from his Caddy on Sixty-eighth Road in Queens), Andimo Pappadio (shot outside his Long Island home), and Gennaro Basciano (shot in Frank's Diner on Nevins Street in Brooklyn)—attest to some trouble in paradise. But finally, with Carmine Persico in jail, Joey Gallo gone to his eternal reward, and Joe Bonanno in the Arizona sun, it is hard to see why it shouldn't be a walk for either Aniello Dellacroce (the early-line favorite) or Carmine Galante (the outsider) to succeed Gambino.

But Galante may have to bend with the times. In New England, for example, a second major underworld organization has taken root. They call it the Winter Hill gang. "The kind of people who make up this organization are the friends of Eddie Coyle," explains McDowell, referring to George Hig-



"Everett, please—I've asked you not to pick your nose!"

gins's best-selling novel about Boston-area criminals. "If the Cosa Nostra was like it used to be, Raymond Patriarca wouldn't be letting this happen." This echoes the view that the family structure of organized crime is history.

The decline of the family structure and the rise of independent gangs of all ethnic backgrounds will trouble the chart drawers. Things are not going to be so neat. About a dozen different Mexican gangs, as Dan Rosen has recently reported in this magazine, have put together a troubling south-of-the-border heroin industry, and Latin and black gangs, working the numbers as well as the dope rackets, continue to thrive. At the same time, Southeast Asian and French Corsican outfits remain in business, despite all the recent attention given to Mexican heroin. In fact, according to one well-informed source, some Asian heroin has been dyed brown to give it a Mexican look and perhaps to keep the law-enforcement heat where it's been these past few years: south of the border. Whether or not the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration is aware of the protective coloring of some Asian heroin (and whether it wishes to keep that fact a secret in view of its tremendous investment in the Mexican crackdown) is, at this writing, unclear.

In the face of all this activity, it's hard to see how legitimate business or honest government officials have a chance. "We see cases where businessmen throw in the towel," says one FBI agent. "because it makes no sense to go to court against a pencil [a front man in a planned bankruptcy fraud aimed at a legitimate businessman] when he knows who's really behind it." Some businessmen, of course, would rather switch than fight. "Lots of times we see a seemingly independent businessman blown away," says another investigator, "but on further digging we find he was trying to set up shop as an independent *loan shark*. Loansharking is one activity where independents don't usually work out so well." Government, even where it's not compromised (as in the Virginia SBA case), seems otherwise uninterested. Organized crime now seems as permanently encrusted a feature of the American landscape as fast-food franchises—and as universally accepted.

In future columns we shall meet the big producers in this growth industry as well as the government regulators, which at most levels of attention have failed us even more miserably than we had possibly supposed. We will be looking at a new frontier in American life—the shady place where a guy like John Dean and a guy like Meyer Lansky meet. The ability to laugh uncaringly at those cute, colorful organized-crime figures—because they seemed so clearly and safely on the other side of the boulevard—has diminished as criminals have become indistinguishable from businessmen and politicians. The best and the brightest of them are now clearly walking the middle of the road. Maybe they were always there, but today it just seems a much easier place to get to. ○

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm in my late thirties and make most of my money by posing in the nude for art classes. I've got a great body, with smooth, flowing muscles, but my main asset is my prick. Perhaps that's why I'm in demand for nude posing.

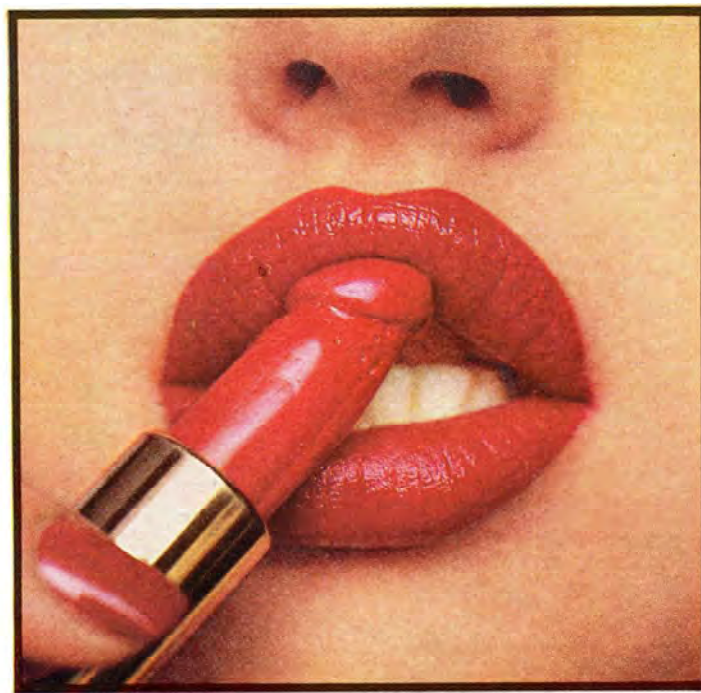
Ever since puberty, I've had a large prick. For example, when I was twelve years old, my soft prick was six inches long. And today, when compared to other men's genitals, my dong is enormous: it's fourteen inches at rest and fifteen inches when erect. My mother used to tell me I'd have no trouble getting women, and she was right. But none of them will screw with me. I've had to content myself with being masturbated or blown. The girls say they're afraid that I'll tear them up if we screw, and I guess that is more or less the case.

I've been to several doctors about it. All they do is stare, take X-rays, look at negatives, and call in other doctors for consultation. Their concerted opinion is that they can do nothing to reduce the size. They won't even try.

I have two, very separate balls, one on each side of my dong, and each is the size of a tennis ball.

You can imagine some of the problems I have. Just disguising my cock is a trauma. To keep a low profile, so to speak, I either keep my cock flat against my leg or folded upward. The latter procedure is the best disguise, but it can be uncomfortable. The other way is not bad when I'm standing, but if I should bend over or sit at a table, my cock bulges right out. Needless to say, the reactions from people are very strange. The men look almost hostile, the women gasp and blush, and the teenage girls burst out laughing. This can be most embarrassing.

I've never been married, although I've proposed to women a



couple of times. I guess the two women were afraid that I'd insist on screwing them—and of course I would have, since I'm really quite horny most of the time.

Now for my questions—I've got quite a few:

Have you ever known a woman who could receive a fifteen-inch prick? What's the biggest you've ever seen and screwed with? Do you know of a doctor who could help me by reducing the size of my organ?

Would I really hurt a woman if I tried to screw her to the hilt? Would a woman's vagina stretch to accommodate me? I've never tried, so I really don't know.

What about porno flicks? Would the people who produce them be interested in me? That kind of work seems like a seamy life, and

I'd be afraid of the police raiding the movie set—a real scandal.

I used to be so proud of my dong, but now it seems like it's just a liability to me. Do you have any suggestions?—Jay

In your case, in finding women you face the very unromantic prospect of not only looking for a pretty face but also of taking into account some basic facts of body size and "supporting" or "receiving" measurements. But try being truly realistic about this. In general, a woman who has had children will be a better bet to scabbard your mighty sword. Since a mother's vagina has been greatly stretched in childbirth, it is more likely to accommodate you than that of some sweet teenager (if that's been your choice in women). If you try looking for some older, more experienced woman, one who's not so uptight, perhaps you'll be better off—and in, slowly but surely.

Personally, I've never invaginated any man's cock that's been quite your size, but I do know of women who have. Perhaps you'll

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have to satisfy yourself with sticking in a mere ten or twelve inches. Maybe if you give your lady just a little bit at first, you can work your way in, little by little.

I wouldn't see your family doctor about this problem, but I do suggest that you consult a first-rate plastic surgeon regarding the latest advances in blood-vessel surgery. If this doesn't provide any solutions, you can always take your own advice and become a porno star. If nothing else, I'm sure those X-rated starlets will be able to accommodate you. After all, that's their job.

MASTER FOR A NIGHT

I've read many letters in your column regarding women who are dominating mistresses. For some reason this scene turns me on like nothing else.

After several months of begging and pleading, my wife finally agreed to act as my mistress. I told her I would obey any command she gave me, so long as it didn't involve bodily harm.

Well, one night my wife came home with a dog collar and a leash big enough for a large animal. She said, "You want to be a slave? Well, tonight is the night." Although she was going to act as my mistress, she was not very happy at the prospect. The evening began when she told me to take all my clothes off—she refused to take hers off. When I was nude, she put the collar and leash around my neck and led me to the bathroom.

She kept asking me what I wanted her to

do. I suggested she might want me to shave around my cock and balls. She thought this was a good idea, and so I proceeded to do so. After the shave, I told her to walk me through the house by the leash. In the living room she asked me to jerk off so that she could watch, which she enjoyed. She then asked me to perform a number of other sex acts, like eating her pussy and licking her ass. She seemed to be enjoying these things, but all in all my wife really didn't have her heart in the domination game.

The problem, then, is that my wife doesn't enjoy being a dominating mistress. I continually have to push her to have this type of sex. How can I help her to really behave as, and like being, a true dominant mistress?—H.L.L.

It seems your wife just goes along with your rather harmless fantasy because you like it. Perhaps you can buy her some good books on S & M that detail some rousing bondage scenes. *The Story of O* is a favorite, and you might try giving her *Philosophy in the Bedroom* by the Marquis de Sade. Then again, maybe you shouldn't give her too many ideas. After all, how rough a sex life do you want?

CONDOMS FOR HIS BIRTHDAY

I'm a fifteen-year-old girl and have a boyfriend whom I've been going with for about a year now. Before I tell you my problem, I want to tell you a little about my parents.

There are four kids in my family. My older brother ran away from home when he was thirteen, because he couldn't stand my parents. My younger brother and sister are very immature for their ages. My parents overprotect us kids like crazy. If they ever found out I read your column, they would beat me. If they ever found out that I agree with your opinions, they would beat me to death!

Well, here's my problem. My boyfriend and I have not yet had intercourse, although we have had sixty-nine. We would like to have intercourse, but if I got pregnant, my father would beat me to death. There is no way for me to get any type of birth control. My mom always comes shopping with me, and I'm not allowed to go anywhere without a grown-up.

I've heard that birth-control foams are not always very effective, so I can't take any chances. The only other contraceptive we might use is a condom.

You see, my boyfriend's birthday is coming up pretty soon, and I'd like to give him a good fuck for his present. But if I'm afraid of getting pregnant, it wouldn't be a very good fuck. Xaviera, I was wondering if you would send me some rubbers, since you have access to a lot of novelty sex stores. If you send me the bill, I will pay you for them. I really want to give myself to my boyfriend for his birthday. Please send the condoms in an unmarked package, because my parents would kill me if they knew.—K.S.

I'm sorry, but I really can't be sending you condoms in the mail. I have enough problems with the law right now.

Why not have your boyfriend supply himself with the rubbers? Isn't your virginity enough? Must you also buy the rubbers?

Funny, but since I'm presently living in Amsterdam, I've noticed a totally new, or should I say old, trend among many teenagers with regard to sex. Five years ago kids wanted to get all the sex they could, preferably with as much booze and drugs as possible. But nowadays, with so many liberal parents, the kids seem to be reacting against the permissiveness of their parents. I know teenagers who are actually hanging on to their virginity!

I think you ought to think twice about your birthday present. It might just be more than you can handle.

CREAMING WITH CREAM

In some recent novels, I've read about some oils and ointments which have interesting effects on the genitals. As I recall it, they were:

Oil of peppermint—the girl fills her mouth with the oil before giving a blowjob.

A cream of menthol—this is rubbed on the penis before insertion, causing the penis to remain cool while in the hot vagina.

Xaviera, are you familiar with the uses of these and other creams? Where can they be bought?—P.C.

I'm familiar with the use of certain creams



"I'll have to hang up, Mother. John is home and he wants to unwind."

and oils, and these can usually be obtained from your local druggist. You might also try any of the following products: mentholated toothpaste, Ben-Gay cream, Delane creme (which prevents premature ejaculation), tabasco sauce, or the Indonesian rice-table spice called sambal oelek.

Tabasco and sambal oelek will give your penis a burning sensation, and if you're somewhat of a masochist, you might like it. Warning: use in small doses until you get the hang of it. If you prefer a milder burning sensation, simply squeeze a lemon over the top of your cock. For the opposite effect, you might have your girl friend suck you off with a few ice cubes in her mouth.

THE WILD LUNCH

I wonder if you can answer a question that's been puzzling me for some time. Several years ago I read a novel that contained a sequence of events in which several men sat down to eat a dinner and were "entertained" by young boys hidden under the dinner table. The book stated that it had long been the custom of epicures in China and Indochina to hide young boys under the dinner table to "entertain" the guests while eating. Have you ever heard of such a thing, or is it merely fiction?—Tim

In Japan, Indonesia, and other Eastern countries, people have always been far more sexually permissive than here in the West. What that book related is quite true. I was born in Indonesia, and I remember being told this story about young boys under the dinner table. When wealthy men were entertaining, with their guests being seated around a round table, little, lap-dogging boys would often blow the guests off. However, in the middle of the (usually wooden) table there was a young boy of perfect features. This boy would do anything the guests wanted, from serving drinks to sucking off whoever wanted it.

I have been told that even in countries like America and Canada, hookers—male and female—are being hired to suck off card players under the tables (proving that gamblers can have aces farther down than their sleeves). Stranger things have been requested of prostitutes.

MUTINY ON THE BOOTY

I'm married to a marvelously gentle and sexy man. We complement each other completely, and our sex is absolutely great. We are always looking for new and different ways to please and excite each other more, and I would like to know if you can tell me about an effective method for massaging the prostate gland. I understand that this is complete ecstasy, before and during ejaculation, for the man. Could you shed some light on this subject? I presume that massaging the prostate gland has to be done through the man's anus. We have tried to do this during anilingus and also during intercourse, but I have not been exactly successful in locating the prostate.—Sally



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To find the prostate gland, insert your index finger into the man's anus, pointing with the top of your finger in the direction of his stomach. Press gently against the walls of the rectum, feeling for the little knob that is the gland. In some cases the prostate does not protrude, but it's there, nevertheless, and can be massaged.

It can be very exciting to insert your finger into your lover's anus while he is penetrating you. If you do this shortly before orgasm, it will drive him wild, giving him an even better orgasm.

AM I ASEXUAL?

I suppose my problem began when I was twelve and was gang-raped by six guys. The worst part is that I knew all of them, as they were good friends of my brother. I never told anyone about this, and to this day I have nightmares about the incident.

I've learned to live with this, but now I'm twenty-four, and I don't know where my sexual preferences lie. I hate to fuck. It really hurts, but I have forced myself to do it with different men. So it can't be the guy's size—it's mine. When guys fondle my tits, I don't feel anything, and I have never been aroused by fingering or cunnilingus from either a man or a woman. I really hate being touched! I also can't stand to give a blowjob or perform cunnilingus on a woman. I do, however, enjoy sucking on a woman's tits. But that's all.

I hang around gay bars, since I don't like to be picked up by guys. If I wear jeans and shirts, most girls think I'm butch and wait for me to make the first move. But I always leave others alone. People ask me if I'm gay. I feel that I'm not, because I don't enjoy making a woman come. I'm not heterosexual, however, because I detest fucking. So I must be asexual, right?

Let me tell you what does turn me on. I love looking at naked men and women in pictures, or pictures of men fucking women, or pictures of men fucking men, or pictures of women doing each other. One more thing that turns me on is watching movies of a woman being raped by a number of men or of a man being sexually abused by a crazed woman.

One more thing: the only really enjoyable sexual act I've ever had was with a very young nun, who allowed me to suck her tits while she masturbated herself. Unfortunately, she felt this was too close to lesbianism, and she left me.

Xaviera. I've now been to five different psychiatrists with this problem, and all they've done is to let me talk about it. What can I do?—Sexless

What you've missed in life is a bit of love and tenderness. You shake off this incident of gang rape as if it meant nothing to you, and yet it's the probable cause of your problems. Since you enjoy erotic pictures, you are not asexual. You just prefer the pictures to live action because the photographs are not threatening.

You sound very restless, and I doubt that you've given any of these psychiatrists



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enough of your time. Remember, it generally takes even a good shrink about one year to really probe your mind. Perhaps it would be better for you to try some kind of group therapy. You need contact of any kind with other humans, and this might be the answer.

Don't rush into any kind of sexual involvements just to prove yourself. Straighten out your heart first.

CLITORAL CIRCUMCISION

I once read an article written by a woman regarding her own circumcision. The term in this context referred only to the surgical removal of the clitoral foreskin, so as to permanently expose the glans. This woman seemed pleased with the results, for it gave her better orgasms. How do you feel about such results? What are your thoughts on the subject?—J.R.

The normal female circumcision is the removal of the clitoral foreskin. It is not yet as fashionable an operation as circumcision for boys is, although it might well be a few years from now. So far, only those women who suffer sexually because of a hooded clitoris seem to have this operation. For them, it is extremely difficult to reach orgasm, if not impossible, because the glans is not exposed for stimulation. Many women I've known who had hooded clitorises have had the operation, saying that they have never regretted it.

My thought on the subject is: if you enjoy good, regular clitoral orgasms, don't bother

with the operation. If this is not the case, check with your doctor. Your problem may be a hooded clitoris.

A BELLE GIVES THEM HELL

I am a twenty-one-year-old college coed who can't stop daydreaming about being raped by a gang of black men. I find this sex fantasy particularly upsetting because it involves rape, something I abhor; and yet I find myself incredibly aroused whenever I dream in this vein. In fact, whenever I masturbate, I'm usually fantasizing about this gang rape by black men. I'm into women's lib, Xaviera, and so I can't understand why this fantasy arouses me so. Maybe you can explain its attraction.

You see, I fantasize that I'm studying for my finals. I'm busting my ass to finish a paper. So I go up to the top floor of the science building to study.

The elevator takes me up but stops halfway to pick up another person. As the doors open, there stands a huge black man. He quietly gets on and rides to the top floor with me.

The elevator stops on the top floor and the doors open. I step forward, but I'm pulled back by the black guy, and as he grabs me his free hand hits my groin area. I yell and manage to get free. I stand there momentarily, looking at this big black hulk, and he asks me if I would suck his cock. I get scared and tell the guy no. To my surprise, he backs off and lets me go.

I immediately go to find a room to finish my report. I get so involved in my work, I forget the time. Soon it's late, and all the classes have ended for the night. The only people around are the janitors and me. The elevators are now shut off, and so I have to use the stairs.

As I go down the stairs, I hear some voices above me. Suddenly, I see these four black men running down the stairs after me. They jump and knock me to the ground. I scream. One of the men is the black guy from the elevator. Fear fills my voice as I plead with them to let me go, but they say they have other plans. Two of them take me from behind, locking my arms behind my back. The big black from the elevator goes right for my pants—I'm wearing a skirt; I kick, but he meets me with a punch that makes my head spin. In a few seconds he has my pants off and is fondling my vagina. The other guys are getting all excited, and one of them rips off the rest of my clothes. I look down at the big black and see a huge bulge in his crotch. One of his friends comes over and starts playing with my vagina, too, sucking on it and licking my clitoris.

Although I'm being humiliated, it isn't long before I begin responding to the stimulation. These four brutes know they've succeeded, too. They drag me up to one of the empty classrooms, where they throw me down atop a desk and spread-eagle me. Each then takes his turn, licking and sucking my vagina. I feel fire shoot through my loins and an orgasm building up inside of me.

The big black drops his pants, and there is the biggest cock I've ever seen. It must be eleven inches long. He walks over and lifts my head and shoves that penis into my mouth. He orders me to start sucking, and I almost gag. Slowly, he pulls it in and out until his moans can be heard and his pace quickens. One of the other blacks keeps sucking me, and I can't hold back any longer. I start bucking my hips while the big black still has his huge penis pumping away in my mouth. The two others hold me down and tighten their grips as I achieve my first explosive orgasm. The juices just roll out of my vagina and into the mouth of the guy going down on me.

The black guy's huge penis, still in my mouth, keeps me excited; he keeps driving it deeper into me. Then he comes. Gushes and gushes of sperm rush into my mouth and down the sides of my chin. The other three guys are getting hot just watching us. The one holding my feet has his cock in his hand and is wacking off furiously—he soon comes all over my genital area. The guy who had been eating me out bends over and starts sucking me again. The big black hasn't lost his erection yet and pulls me up and tells me he wants to fuck me.

The other three blacks switch positions as the big one prepares to do me. With my crotch stuck out to greet his gigantic pole, I wait for the brutal thrusts of his cock to begin. I feel the giant glans poke into my vagina, and with one thrust he sinks that



"You're too young to be in love. It's probably just jock itch."

big, fat penis into me. And again I come...

Just writing you this letter, Xaviera, has made me masturbate once again. I've tried fantasizing this dream with white men, but it doesn't work. Why do I want these black men to gang-rape me? I'm sure that if this incident occurred in real life, I would find it horrifying. Why this fantasy?—Jane

In case of rape, lie back and enjoy it. And above all, stop feeling guilty. Do you really want a black man so much that you can only imagine him in a rape situation?

Certain white women feel they aren't supposed to have black lovers. Still, they want them anyway, and so within their sex fantasies they imagine the black man as a rapist. If he takes me by force, the white woman imagines, then I'm not guilty for desiring his body. Is this your problem, Jane?

I find it very interesting that you find it necessary to mention your involvement in women's lib. Are you really a liberated woman, or are you just playing the role of a domineering female? If you truly are a passive person, then don't force yourself into being an aggressor. You will be a more liberated person if you just accept your true sexual nature. Perhaps you so dislike being the aggressor, particularly in bed, that your dislike has manifested itself as a rape fantasy.

As you've written, Jane, I'm sure you'd find a gang rape to be most "horrifying." Still, that's no reason not to have sex with black men. You'll find that the majority of blacks are not rapists. If you start dating blacks, and stop seeing them as men of violence, your gang-rape fantasy will probably subside. Isn't it time you stopped seeing yourself as a virgin in a white antebellum hoop skirt, sniffing magnolias on the old plantation? If you want to be a real belle, give 'em hell!

TESTED BUT NOT CURED

I was urinating this morning, and before I finished, I sneezed. I don't have a cold, but right after I sneezed, I felt a burning sensation inside my penis. I continued to urinate despite the pain, and after I had finished, I held up my penis to look at it and saw blood. The bleeding lasted for about five seconds, and then it stopped.

Unfortunately, I've caught gonorrhea twice—at the ages of sixteen and nineteen—but I went to the doctor both times and was cured. The pain I felt today is similar to the pain one feels from urinating while having gonorrhea.

For various reasons that I won't go into now, I've not had sex for a year. Why this flare-up with gonorrhea? Or is it something else?—Ricky

It could be that you weren't properly cured the last time you had gonorrhea. Sometimes people can be cured—the culture test comes back negative—and yet a few months later the symptoms recur. And there one is again—a VD victim.

See a doctor, for he will at least put your mind to rest. It may not be gonorrhea, but in any case find out. Ignorance about things like this is certainly not bliss. ☐

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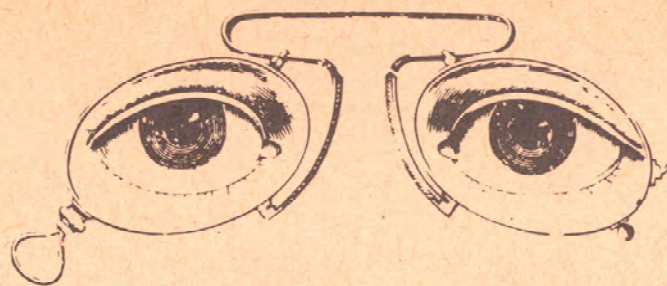
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

DODGING THE DRAFT

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The faint music you may have been hearing on solitary country walks or late at night, when you thought you were alone, is probably the distant sound of the call to the colors. People—powerful and influential people—are talking about bringing the draft back.

The reasons for this are many and varied. Some are pretty ignoble, such as the concern that the percentage of blacks in the armed forces is getting too high and the belief that the draft is needed to make sure we don't wake up some morning to find that the blacks we armed and paid to guard us whites have become our jailers.

In the military you hear the complaint that the quality of the personnel in the all-volunteer army is lower than it was during the happy days of the draft. Exactly what is meant by "quality" doesn't get too carefully defined, but more often than not it relates to the accusation that the new recruits are lazy, spoiled, and less easily disciplined...presumably because they're doing it for money. The money thing bothers a lot of people. They talk about how the all-volunteer army has become the all-mercenary army, which is supposed to be very bad.

Odd, isn't it? From our first days in kindergarten, we've been told that capitalism is the most elevated, the most socially useful motive to get people to do things and get them to do them well...except when it comes to the army and the navy. Then the universally praised profit motive, the celebrated idea of a day's pay for a day's work, is called mercenaryism. Not that history shows that mercenary armies are inferior to armies that are recruited in other ways. Some of the most successful empires relied on them. The Romans had excellent results from their mercenary troops; and the nineteenth-century English, who considered conscription a dangerous grant of power to the government, used mercenaries—that is, people who signed up for the money, not the glory—to man both their army and their world-dominating navy.

Liberals are very bothered by the thought that the armed forces are filling up with lower-class enlisted personnel, commanded by upper-class officers. This is a carry-over from the case of the guilts that the liberals contracted from Vietnam, when the middle-class college boys got out of having to serve and the working-class boys went over and got shot. It certainly was unfair, but it is also pretty much how we've always fought our wars. In the Civil War, for example, one could buy his way out of the draft, with the result

that poor people had a mandatory opportunity to serve their country.

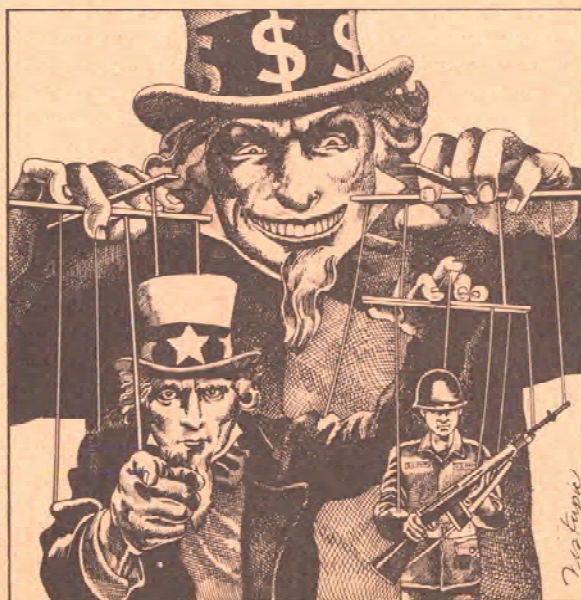
If the liberals convince the country that it is wrong to have lower-class corporals and upper-class lieutenants, it will mark a big departure in our social philosophy. Up until now, our national passion for making everybody and everything equal hasn't extended to pulling down the class structure of our society. It may be One Man—or One Person—One Vote on election day, but the rest of the time the upper-class people give the orders and the lower-class people carry them out.

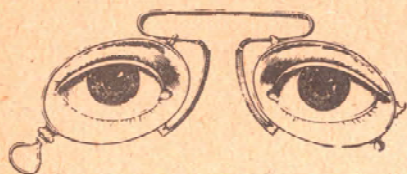
Even in such highly authoritarian countries as West Germany, workers participate in management decision making through having union representatives on the boards of directors. That is unheard of here. In the last few years big corporations have been putting women and blacks on their boards in token numbers, but they are always upper-class women and upper-class blacks—never, *never* workers or individuals who could even vaguely be said to represent workers. Why should the army, which is so often called a reflection of the society at large, be any different?

Traditionally, the value of the draft has been that it isn't equitable. Its designers in the late 1940s had that debate on equal liability and decided that an inequitable conscription program would be far more valuable to the country. That's why it's called the *Selective Service System*: some are selected to serve and others aren't. By granting deferments and exemptions, based on occupational status, Washington was able to assign the various segments of the male population whatever kinds of work the social planners thought best.

It's thanks to Selective Service "channeling," as this process was called, that we now have too many teachers and too many engineers and a lot of guys with Ph.D.s driving taxis. The government planners had the power to move everybody around but not the wisdom and foresight to do it correctly. Nevertheless, they want to try it again.

One of the reasons they want to try it again is the unemployment problem. There is a creeping consensus taking hold of both Democratic and Republican economists and economic advisers that it is impossible to get the jobless rate down much below what it is now. Since 1914, about the only times that we haven't had an unemployment problem have been the periods of war or of war preparation. Moreover, unemployment is highest among young people, and one way to solve that problem is to clap them into the

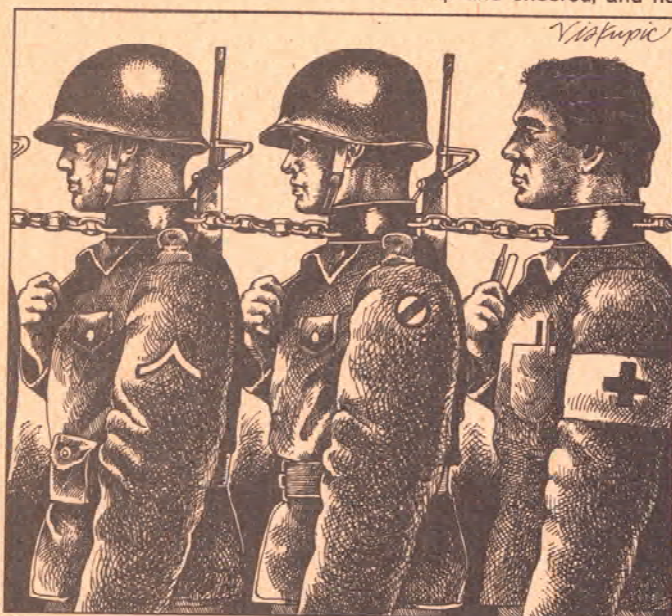




army and be an economic hero.

Liberals and conservatives are also prone to thinking that putting a kid in the army is good for him. The conservative is convinced that it builds character—not a belief based on any evidence, especially now that the new “action” army has drug addiction as an added element in its character-building program.

No card-carrying liberal would ever suggest that the army builds character. The liberal says, rather, that it can build mental health. The reasoning is that young people with too much time and material advantage spend it cooking up neuroses for themselves.



Without the necessity of work, without enduring the experience of a significant degree of loss of freedom such as the military life provides, young people can't appreciate the good things about America and aren't psychologically prepared to make their contribution to the nation.

Of course, that's absolute bunkum. It's tantamount to insisting that the best mental and emotional formative training for a free man is undergoing slavery. In fact, slavery teaches obedience and a frame of mind that doesn't question orders. The army, which is but a modified form of slavery, teaches the same, as any drill

instructor or general will tell you.

Conservatives and liberals alike are great believers in the doctrine of sacrifice, and there is no better way to practice it than through conscription or—better yet—a universal national-service corps, such as Margaret Mead and many, many others propose. This doctrine says that we all owe something to our country and that we should therefore make a sacrifice for her and serve her. “Ask not what your country can do for you,” President Kennedy told us, “but what you can do for your country.”

When he said that, everybody stood up and cheered, and no-

state. Here, in a land that boasts of an almost fetishistic love of individualism, there is, side by side with that love, the collectivist or totalitarian belief in submerging the individual for the greater cause—in finding satisfaction, not in one's own life, but in the power and the glory of the state.

Notice that the least plausible and least frequently advanced reason for reinstating the draft is national defense. Five years ago, when there was actual shooting going on in Vietnam, the government found it next to impossible to convince the country that the war there had anything to do with national defense. It's even harder to invoke that argument for the draft when the nation is at peace.

In the missile age we probably don't even need an army to defend ourselves. Civilian killer-engineers could be hired to man the technology of warfare. Or we could even contract the business out to private-sector, profit-making corporations.

A big conventional army and navy is of little practical use for defense, but it's indispensable for getting ourselves into situations where we probably don't belong. You have to have a lot of foot soldiers and the traditional paraphernalia of war if you're going to play neo-colonial games. How is America to demonstrate her “presence”—to use the State Department jargon word—either in the Eastern Mediterranean or Western Samoa unless we have a lot of fat men o' war floating about?

The only real objection one can make to any of this is that the Thirteenth Amendment to our Constitution prohibits slavery or involuntary servitude of any kind unless the person undergoing this punishment has been tried and legally convicted of a felony. Maybe being young is a felony—it's certainly a crime of some sort. As for the trial, before involuntary induction into service for the state, you can always, rest assured, find a federal judge to rule that the Constitution doesn't mean what it says.

SCENES



CHICAGO

David Mamet is Chicago's hottest playwright. He has written twenty plays, most of them produced in regional theaters outside New York, and won an impressive share of playwriting awards and grants. All these distinctions, along with a token and a strong stomach, will get him a subway ride under Manhattan.

American Buffalo may change all that. Starring Robert Duvall, in a smashing return to the stage after a ten-year movie-making hiatus, the rugged play about small-time crooks proved an auspicious Broadway debut for the twenty-nine-year-old playwright—especially auspicious for being sandwiched in between a few other noteworthy Mamet stage projects: last season's Off-Broadway hit, *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, which Mamet is currently adapting for the movies; *A Life in the Theatre*, an earlier hit this season at Chicago's Goodman Theatre; and *The Water Engine*, opening in mid-May at the St. Nicholas Theatre in Chicago.

All this Mametian activity has won the praise of leading critics and theater observers, including those at the *New York Times*, which dubbed the young Chicago writer “one of our brightest and most original new playwrights.” For anyone making book, the kid is definitely a comer.

Quite apart from raising David Mamet's personal stock, *Amer-*

ican Buffalo and its companion theater pieces should remind complacent New York that the world doesn't drop off into eternal darkness at the west bank of the Hudson River. Mamet's gutsy dramatic voice brays out of the side of its mouth in the juicy, distinctively flavored accents of Chicago.

You remember Chicago. Home and inspiration for Saul Bellow and John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell and Theodore Dreiser, Nelson Algren and Vachel Lindsay, Studs Terkel and Frank Norris, Richard Wright and Carl Sandburg. "City of the Big Shoulders," Sandburg called it. "City of



David Mamet: American myths.

orgies, walks, and joys," Walt Whitman anointed it. "Huge, roaring, dirty, noisy, raw, stark, brutal," chanted Richard Wright.

Funny thing about Chicago: its writers and champions always compose chants and litanies to describe it. Pretty prose pictures might do for Boston and San Francisco, but Chicago demands long, luscious lists of adjectives and proper nouns to capture the peculiar tumble and sprawl of its life. Like Saul Bellow's litany of the city's "dizzily affluent" style of consumption: a "Pig Heaven" of "washers, dryers, freezers and refrigerators, air conditioners, vacuum cleaners, Mixmasters, Waringblenders, television and stereophonic high-fi sets, electrical can openers, glossy cars in giddy colors."

Bellow might have been de-

scribing the set for *American Buffalo*. Set in a Chicago junk shop—a hangout for three small-potatoes hoods who are setting up the robbery of a coin collector who lives around the corner, on Lake Shore Drive—the play takes its essence and atmosphere from that muck-heaped junk shop. Like the chants and litanies so dear to Chicago authors, the mounds of rusty egg-beaters, worn-out appliances, and plastic Maidenform bra forms are worthless as individual objects. Only through the sculpted accumulation does the junk achieve a certain breathless majesty.

The language of the play is also junk—torrents of verbal debris that Mamet heightens, through sheer mass and volume, into something like poetry. Secure in that "literary litany" tradition of Chicago writers, the playwright lets his characters wallow in verbal crud as pungent as the stockyards on a hot day. Each of the play's three characters bends this aromatic idiom to his particular needs. Inarticulate men, they use words not for substance or content value but for their very taste. The verbal grunts and groans of these men become eloquent signals communicating what they feel.

Carefully orchestrated by Ulu Grosbard's direction, a brilliant Broadway cast finds rich character subtleties in this primitive language. As the proprietor of the junk shop and the laughably designated "brains" of the robbery, Kenneth McMillan barbarizes "elegant" words by twisting them into ungrammatical constructions that make no sense but somehow makes him sound wise and paternal. A young punk, played by John Savage, is so shy and inarticulate that all communication is a threat, any word more complex than a monosyllable a source of pain. In the show's most dazzling performance, Robert Duvall plays a foul-mouthed and belligerent crook who uses language as he uses his fists, to punch out his rage at being a punk and a loser.

"Chicago had a lot to do with these people," David Mamet says of the colorful hoods he created in *American Buffalo*. Recently relocated in the Chelsea neighborhood of Manhattan, the playwright lives alone in a sparsely furnished apartment, screens his own telephone calls by pretending to be an answering service, and nurses an obsessive fascination with the city he's left behind him.

"I knew guys like that all my life," he shrugs. "I knew them from the pool hall, from playing poker, from shooting craps." A member of the "staunch middle class," as he calls it, Mamet deserted it to work as a cab driver, short-order cook, and salesman in a variety of "marginal businesses," where he rubbed elbows with the people who turn up in his plays. "Everybody in Chicago has his own special neighborhood," he says. "Like the neighborhood where *American Buffalo* is set, the uptown area that abuts Lake Shore Drive. It's full of junk shops and pawn shops, used-book shops, karate academies—second-hand, broken-down sleaze shops."

Marginal businesses fascinate Mamet, who sees in pawn-

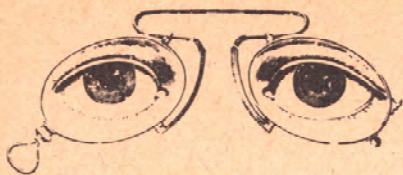
brokers, real-estate hustlers, and other species of "silver-suiters" the remnants of Chicago's peculiar brand of commercial enterprise. "It has to do with carving something out of nothing," he says, staring at one of the brass buffalo mementoes that litter his desk. "You have to remember that Chicago was the forefront of commerce. People went out there to carve their fortunes in wheat, natural gas, street railways, and especially real estate. Real estate—that's the Chicago sickness. People went out to steal land from the Indians or the Swedes or whoever happened to be there at the time. Dreiser wrote all about it in *A Trilogy of Desire*."

American Buffalo, Mamet says, is "a play about business and violence" that examines the same spirit of commercial privateering that motivated the profit-grabbers who swarmed all over the Midwest in the nineteenth century. Instead of railroad titans and real-estate barons, Mamet uses small-time crooks for his models.

"Same difference," he says with a shrug. "In Chicago, people still maintain the myth that they will eventually matriculate into the mainstream of American



Robert Duvall and John Savage in *American Buffalo*.



business. Some day, they think, they'll just put on a suit and tie, leave the junk shop behind, and step into big business. In Chicago, people from what Thorsten Veblen calls 'the delinquent classes' still believe in the possibility of achieving upward mobility by maintaining their fealty to the business ethic. My characters, they believe in that myth."

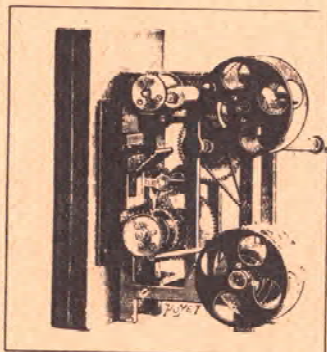
Mamet's dramatic subjects range far beyond robbers and robber barons. *A Life in the Theatre* takes a backstage look at a veteran actor and a hot-from-the-griddle novice. As they blunder through a series of abominable plays, the actors reveal a comically eccentric teacher-student relationship—one that is echoed in *American Buffalo* between the elder-statesman crook and his punk pupil. Other Mamet stage and film projects embrace such characters as merchant-marine sailors, pool-hall sharks, and short-order cooks. Only *Sexual Perversity In Chicago* uncharacteristically focuses on young, middle-class people.

Separated now from the Chicago neighborhoods and the Chicago people that have given his plays their peculiar flavor and vitality, David Mamet looks around his Manhattan apartment, hung with posters from the 1933 Chicago Exposition, and thinks out loud about New York.

"The myths are different here," he decides. "We're on an island. You can't run somewhere to find cheaper real-estate values, like you can in Chicago. It's hard for a guy to own a marginal business here. It's strictly a colonial environment, in the sense that goods and labor are stolen from the lower classes. In New York there's really only a corporate class and a staunch middle class, with no real mobility between the classes. There's no real lower middle class here, like there is in Chicago."

David Mamet doesn't seem disturbed by the differences. Just interested. "It's different here," he repeats. "It's not Chicago." — Marilyn Stasio

FILMS



THE WAY WE ARE

For anybody writing about them or actually going to see them regularly over the past several years, one fact about the movies must be glaringly clear: there aren't as many as there used to be. It's not just that there aren't as many good movies as ten, twenty, forty years ago. There aren't, but that's another story. There aren't as many movies of any kind at all: good ones, rotten ones, kiddies' matinee specials, feature-length fictionalized porn. The summaries of international production starts, printed from time to time in the trade paper *Variety*, tell the story. Specific numbers may fluctuate a bit from year to year, but the long-term trend is down.

In the trade, movies are known as "product." As in any other industry, the less produced, the less there is to sell. Theaters now close frequently from lack of product, reopen for a while, and close again.

Along with fewer movies, fewer people are going to see them. To the untrained mind, this might seem a classic example of cause and effect. However, some commentators on the issue have had trouble deciding which is cause and which is effect. I appreciate the confusion, because I share it. A certain small-scale panic accompanies it, because movie critics have their own labor statistics to worry about. To take the most prominent example: six years

ago the *New York Times* employed four regular film reviewers; now it uses two, and the second-string man spends half his time covering Off-Broadway plays.

Just to complicate matters, box-office receipts have been pretty high recently—owing partly, of course, to what it costs these days to go to the movies. When something like *Jaws* comes along, those receipts go absolutely astronomical, even without allowing for inflation. I think that the *Jaws* phenomenon scared a lot of movie people at the same time that it was making some of them rich, because it overwhelmed theatrical exhibition by pulling in a vast number of customers who normally don't go to the movies. The frightening thing about that audience was that so much of it was young. It used to be our grandparents who didn't see a movie from one season to the next; nowadays, it's a fair proportion of college kids who don't. And those who claim that movies drive away their audience by being too stupid or violent, or whatever, should take note: *Jaws* didn't appeal by being intelligent or peaceful.

You can find more explanations for the state of the film in-

dustry than you'll find real films playing in a medium-sized city during any one week. All the explanations will tell you how much worse things are now than they were in the old days—though the "old days" were a tremendously mixed bag; and Hollywood has always been in crisis. Usually the blame falls on television. At one time, television was supposed to be keeping people out of the movie theaters. Nowadays it keeps movies out of the movie theaters—not only the full-length movies made for television, which are by no means 100 percent garbage, but also a good portion of the hour-long action series, which take much of the energy (not to mention the audience) that used to go into Hollywood's B movies. As for the notion that everything has gotten worse, a few weeks of watching "Kojak" returns on "The Late Show" persuades me that in the largest sense things haven't gotten that much worse—only different, and with a different set of formulas and limitations to match the demands of the medium.

But for the theaters things are worse, with complaints from people who make their living showing movies and dark hints that the



Fun with Dick and Jane: safe satire that's dreadful.

film industry, like the oil industry, is playing games with artificial scarcity so as to create a more favorable seller's market. If that's indeed the case, it seems to be working for some producers, whose goal is larger profits from fewer movies. To the film critic this calls up a particular recurring nightmare: that the industry may finally have discovered what for the past sixty years it has secretly sought, a way to make money without making pictures. That is part of what the *Jaws* phenomenon meant to reviewers, and it is the private warning hidden in the commercial success of each miserable new rip-off of *The Exorcist*. All it takes is the right formula, and perhaps not even that.

I recently spoke with a writer on his way to New England to do one of those movie-production paperbacks, to be called (he thinks) *The Making of Jaws, Part II*. But he doesn't know what's going to be in the film or his book. It seems they have the title and the location, as well as a handsome projection for box-office receipts; they just haven't figured what the movie will be about.

Faced with such powerful indifference to what we like to think is the *raison d'être* of our profession, film critics have come up with some disheartening responses, lunging after quality with all the desperation of people who may not know much about art but who do know a meal ticket when they see one passing them by. Sometimes this involves the journalistic inflation of a decent movie like *The Late Show*. Sometimes it involves the simple expedient of calling bad things good.

The dreadful *Fun with Dick and Jane* went through half a year of screenings and postponements before they finally released it. Then it opened to a chorus of barely qualified raves from critics who, I can't help feeling, knew how bad it was, just as they knew that it starred Jane Fonda and offered a safe and utterly co-optive satire on the "establishment." It's a matter of

which straws you choose to clutch at: swim with Paul Newman in *Slap Shot*, a film ostensibly about ice hockey but ultimately about very little except its own desire to please an audience, or sink with Gary Conway in *The Farmer* which tries to exploit both pastoral nostalgia and gratuitous violence but manages only to raise unanswered questions about what the cameraman can possibly do next.

My own moods change, and if the near future offers something as good as *Carrie* or *Small Change* or *Islands in the Stream*, I won't be too unhappy. For New Yorkers, and for audiences in

old Hollywood spontaneity, from *Twentieth Century* to *Notorious*, is what we teach in college classes now. The depression in the industry and even those multimillion-dollar questions about who's minding the store seem to me not much more than the confusions of a popular medium that has lost its popular cachet. All recriminations aside, those things happen. Movies virtually dominated the national imagination for a good thirty years of our recent history. They've held considerable importance for at least another twenty years besides. Compared, say, with the flowering of the Elizabethan theater or the vogue of



On Ike and Newman in *Slap Shot*: how to please an audience.

some other cities this spring, there have been special film series, such as the "Perspectives on French Cinema" programs of very recent work (presented by French film agencies in this country) or the stunning career retrospective of films by the prolific young German director, R.W. Fassbinder. New York, especially, has had a whole season of old movies from the Columbia Pictures vaults. Indeed, if you want to discover or rediscover classics, I doubt if there has been a better time in film history, now that the classics have once again become commercial.

But this is film history; or it is, self-consciously, film art; and the

the nineteenth-century novel, that's not such a disgraceful run.

At times—as, possibly, right now—there are periods when no medium is especially popular. The decline is relative. Unlike most of the other arts, the movies pay their own way. They still make money, and even the most rarefied cinematic *succes d'estime* attracts an audience that would send book publishers and concert managers reeling. But the palmy days are over. The casual, glorious notion of "the movies," the way we always naturally wasted our time, has begun retreating into everyone's darkening memory. — Roger Greenspun

WORDS

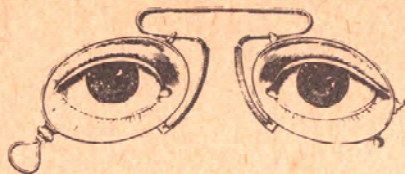


THE FIFTIES AND BEFORE

America is increasingly a place of unfinished business. Perhaps that is what "future shock" is all about. The present is always littered with the detritus of yesterday, with loose ends and discards that must be carted off or ignored as they decay. But that is a different problem. A society as lucky as ours has been confronted a historical crisis only when its past must be sifted to find a path into the future.

There is not, I imagine, much real disagreement that we are in the midst of such a crisis now. If there is a single proposition on which Americans of every caste and circumstance are presently in agreement, it is that we have, as a people, somehow lost our way. There is no concurrence on how this happened or on how the lost path can be regained. There is not even agreement on what the true route looked like or on where it led. But everyone seems to agree that we aren't on that path.

In arts and letters the search for the fork wrongly taken has led, with a certain remorseless logic, to the fifteen years between the end of World War II and the end of Dwight Eisenhower's presidency. For most of us, this decade and a half, from 1945 to 1960, lies just a bit beyond instant recall. Either we never knew the period or we have forgotten enough about that time that it is possible for us to learn something from an examination of it now, a decade later.



As has been stressed by all of the authors who have recently dealt with those years, the post-World War II period brought momentous changes. The atomic and hydrogen bombs, the Cold War, Nixonism-McCarthyism, rock 'n' roll, the civil rights revolution, Billy Graham, the space age, the Kinsey reports, and people's capitalism all were birthed back then.

There is an odd conflict in the memories Americans have of that decade and a half. There is a tendency—particularly among thoughtful men—to regret the course back then, but to recall also the general satisfaction that people had about their personal destinies.

Joseph C. Goulden has explored this duality at length and with considerable skill in *The Best Years, 1945-50* (Atheneum, \$12.95), whereas Douglas T. Miller and Marion Nowak conduct a less explicit but no less comprehensive examination in *The Fifties: The Way We Really Were* (Doubleday, \$10.95).

Goulden is a writer by trade, and

his book is the smoother and more stylish of the two. On the other hand, that of Nowak and Miller, who are historians, seems more organized and comprehensive. But both books are very well done, full of nostalgic surprises, and well worth the attention of the curious, to say nothing of the soul-shriven.

Both reach similar conclusions about the lost way—at least, in my reading of the books. "America did achieve a material well-being unsurpassed in the prior history of mankind," Goulden says in summary. "Yet the best years left memories elsewhere that were not nearly so pleasant. Thus the shabby maliciousness of the inquisitors who drove... men... falsely maligned... to ruin or death, their unfeeling violation of the standards by which decent people live, stand as a tombstone for the decade [the forties]—a more meaningful one, in the perspective of history, than the gadgetry of Detroit and Mr. Levitt's houses."

Miller and Nowak are more sweeping: "The adverse effects of

anticommunism from the late forties to the present have been great. Critical dissent has been constrained. National debate on basic issues has been hindered. Civil liberties have been widely violated and a premium put on unquestioning Americanism. Absolute internal security and containment [of communism] have remained fundamental U.S. objectives, while being 'soft on communism' continues to be a serious, and frequently used, political charge. America is a nation poised on the knife edge of violence and hate..."

That last sentence seems more than a little too much. But the rest of the paragraph that I've quoted comes close to representing the consensus of one of the largest and most ruminative wings of the "lost fork" controversy; except for those who find their favor with fringe publishers, almost everyone writing about the fifties these days would find it an acceptable credo.

Richard J. Walton, the author of *Henry Wallace, Harry Truman, and the Cold War* (Viking, \$12.95), would, I imagine, buy the Miller-Nowak thesis without any quibble whatsoever. His book is a feisty, impressively logical reappraisal of Wallace's doomed run for the presidency as a left-wing, third-party candidate in 1948. FDR settled the issue of presidential succession and the course of post-World War II American foreign policy when he bounced Wallace from the vice-presidency and anointed Harry Truman in 1940. Roosevelt screwed Wallace to the wall in the process, and Wallace was thereafter doomed to irrelevance in one form or another.

Wallace was a complex and, sometimes, rather silly man. He is also an enduring reminder of how much losers pay for the crime of losing. Wallace would have risked a little in a quest for friendship with the Russians at a time when they were drained by their incredible losses from World War II, panicky about protecting their borders from World War III, and lack-



Tony and Alger Hiss.

ing the atomic bomb.

Truman's foreign policy, in fact, was probably sillier still. Truman did not use the bomb to cow the Soviet Union into a *Pax Americana*, nor did he brandish it to bargain toward peace. Wallace would have done the latter, sharing with the Russians the science and the technology of the most revolutionary weapon in the history of warfare as a gesture of trust and friendship. This may sound hopelessly naive, but the Russians got the bomb quickly enough—and with no thanks to anyone. One of Walton's more telling points is that Wallace's notion of how we should get along with the Soviets looks a lot like the detente of Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford.

The real issue in all this is whether Stalin's paranoid fears would have been calmed by a kindlier American policy. We'll never know. But it's clear enough that we met the Soviet paranoia head on, with paranoid terrors of our own. These manifested themselves on the domestic front in the best-known witch-hunt in American history. The phenomenon is known as McCarthyism, but I've always thought this unkind to Nixon: he was in the field earlier and more successfully. He brought in the single scalp that legitimized the witch-hunt in the eyes of a great many Americans for many years.

The celebrated scalp was, of



course, that of Alger Hiss, a veteran New Deal bureaucrat who was high enough in government that his conviction in federal court, on the charge that he had lied about his Communist connections, gave credence to the grotesque assumption that Communists were so well situated in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations that they could make national policy, foreign and domestic. Hiss was hardly at that level himself. And to believe that he was a Communist spy, you have to buy into the credibility of three singular men: Nixon himself, who took and deserved full credit for bringing Hiss to trial; J. Edgar Hoover; and Whittaker Chambers, a self-acknowledged ex-Communist, ex-liar, ex-homosexual, and ex-nut.

As has often been true in such trials, Hiss's unusual personality is the key to understanding how an otherwise preposterous affair could have come to pass. There is not much evidence that Hiss was ever possessed by the Soviets (and none of that stands the test of time, in my opinion), but Hiss was possessed by something. His behavior, coupled with the breathtakingly cynical manipulations of his accusers, is what got him put on trial, got him convicted, and has kept the case alive—even after his chief persecutors stand substantially discredited.

In 1973 Hiss recalled a sentence from Enid Bagnold's play *The Chalk Garden*: "Your honor, you do not realize the record of a trial is the shadow of a life with all the important parts left out." But it is not just the two perjury trials (the first brought a hung jury) that are the shadow of a life. It is the whole Hiss case. From its beginning to its end, the chief protagonist is AWOL. Hiss may be the ultimate bureaucrat: he talks and writes like a mimeograph machine. I don't know how to demonstrate this without quoting yards of officialese from his lips. But it may be indicative that on August 17, 1948, after Hiss had been viciously badgered by the House Un-American Activities Commit-

tee—after his loyalty and integrity had been questioned and his character impugned—the committee chairman, a future jailbird named J. Parnell Thomas, thanked him very much for his testimony. Hiss responded: "I don't reciprocate," with which response, he indicates in his memoirs, he thought he had stuck it in the committee's ear. The public would seem to have assumed that no man so incapable of self-defense could be innocent.

I had hoped for clues to Hiss's passivity and curdling propriety from *Laughing Last* (Houghton Mifflin, \$8.95), a memoir about his father by Tony Hiss, long a writer for *The New Yorker*. Tony Hiss does offer a garland of anecdote and reminiscence, and he does help to flesh out what he calls "a naturally private man." But he does not really confront his father's weird reticence; so his book does not deal with the questions about Hiss that seem crucial. It's a bust.

While the witch-hunters were poking about in government, they also turned their attention to Hol-

lywood. The tale of the blacklist is now very well known but can hardly be told often enough. It can surely be told better, though, than it is in *Dalton Trumbo*, by Bruce Cook (Scribner's, \$12.50). This is the biography of the most talented of the Hollywood Ten, and a commendable job of fact gathering it is. But in its awestruck fervency it is entirely lacking in proportion. If Trumbo had also written *Moby Dick* or Emily Dickinson's poetry, such a reverent examination would be warranted. But Trumbo was essentially the fastest and straightest gun in the movie-writing business. Cook goes into breathless raptures over Trumbo's miracles of productivity-under-pressure that are simply embarrassing, since, after all, it is only another one of the better movie scripts that is being ground out. The author has failed to distinguish between Dalton Trumbo's political role, which is deserving of respect, and his trade, and the result is a disaster, not least of all for Trumbo himself.—

Patrick Owens

SOUNDS

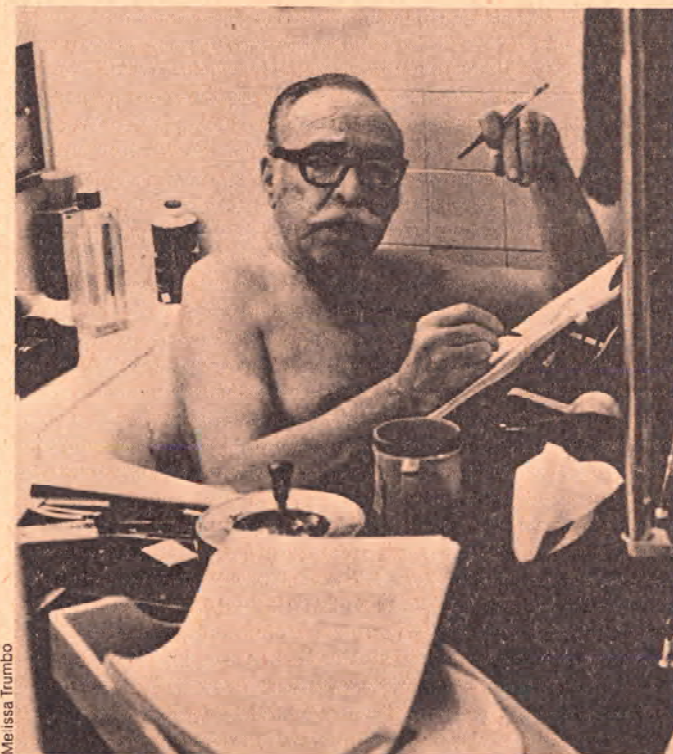


MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN

Memphis, Tenn., the magnolia-scented city at the apex of the Mississippi Delta, used to be the most prolific source of blues, rock, soul, and country music in the United States. There W. C. Handy wrote his famous "Beale Street Blues" and "St. Louis Blues"; the Memphis Jug Band made some of the best-selling blues records of the 1930s; and a local record label called Sun spawned Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, and Charlie Rich during the 1950s. Otis Redding, Booker T. and the MGs, Isaac Hayes, and Al Green carried the Memphis tradition into the sixties and seventies.

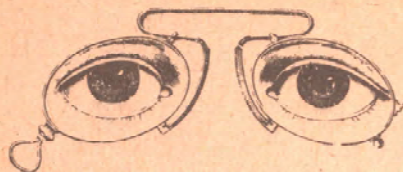
Then Memphis faltered. Stax records, home label for most of the Memphis soul stars, went bankrupt in a flurry of lawsuits and scandals. Al Green's new records no longer rose automatically to the top of the charts. Elvis, unable to maintain the momentum of his comeback of the early seventies, was in decline. The prospering country-music industry in Nashville began draining away Memphis's most talented musicians and producers, and recording studios began shutting down or were left idle. Memphis had the blues.

"The problem with the music scene in this town," record producer Jud Phillips said recently, "is that it's been like a roller coaster. There were lots of ups



Meissa Trumbo

Dalton Trumbo at work: fighting the Hollywood blacklist.



Booker T. and the MGs: intuitive Memphis soul.

and lots of downs. People would form little cliques and say to hell with everybody else, plus there was never much interest at the chamber-of-commerce level. Now look at Nashville. Every housewife there knows that it's supposed to be Music City. There are Music City gas stations and Music City motels. That's total promotion."

The everyday Memphian has often seemed unaware of his city's musical wealth. The man on the street knows about the Memphis Blues—they're a basketball team—but he probably doesn't realize that B.B. King, Bobby ("Blue") Bland, Howlin' Wolf, and scores of other blues stars got their start along Memphis's Beale Street and on WDIA, one of the first black-operated radio stations in the country.

Every rock musician and record collector in the world knows that Sam Phillips, Jud's uncle and the founder-owner of the old Sun label, practically invented rock 'n' roll. He discovered Presley, Lewis, Cash, Carl Perkins, and most of the other early rockabilly stars, and he encouraged them to add rhythm-and-blues songs to their conventional country repertoires. He recorded the first purposely distorted, superamplified rock guitar solos as far back as

1954. Phillips's Sun studio, at 706 Union Avenue, was internationally renowned for its unique slap-back echo and full-bodied sound. Now it is an abandoned automobile repair shop. European blues and rock enthusiasts who ask to visit it, as a kind of pop-music Mecca, are startled to discover that its acoustics are still intact and that it is for rent, for less than \$150 a month.

Clearly, Memphis's musical history is at least as distinguished as that of New Orleans. There is no Memphis Preservation Hall, but the city has indigenous talent—something Nashville (which was never a music center until studios were built there) has always lacked. And now it looks as if Memphis music is about to rise again. Mercury became the first national record company to open a new branch office there last year—with Jud Phillips as director—and already there's been a resounding hit: the Bar-Kays' "Shake Your Rump to the Funk." Beale Street, where Handy wrote his blues, is being renovated and will be the site of a major festival of Memphis blues on May 14 and 15. Local rock, folk, and country artists are reaching out for national recognition, and some of Memphis music's old reliables are showing

healthy signs of renewed vigor.

The vitality of Memphis's white country-black blues crosscurrents is reflected in Jerry Jaye's recent album, *Honky Tonk Women Love Redneck Men* (Hi). Twangy, cutting electric guitars and a chugging shuffle beat that is typically Memphian dominate the backup sound, and Jaye, a veteran of the rockabilly period who has been kicking around the country-and-western circuit ever since, sings with a raw, very UN-Nashville-like rasp. There are a few conventional C & W trappings, such as steel guitars and a couple of bar-crawling ballads, but basically Jaye plays Memphis music, charging, chunky, and aggressive.

Sid Selvidge, a younger and



Al Green.

somewhat gentler white folk-singer, has synthesized a remarkable variety of strains from Memphis's past and present for his album *Cold of the Morning* (Peabody). It includes a song written by Beale Street bluesman Furry Lewis, an outlaw ballad, some white country tunes, and several lilting originals, all sung in a voice that mediates between honeyed lyricism and a throaty growl. Selvidge accompanies himself capably on guitar and is joined on two cuts by a group of Memphis studio veterans who call themselves Mud Boy and the

Neutrons—a memorable name.

The **Bar-Kays** are an altogether different proposition. They were one of the first self-contained black rock bands when they burst onto the soul scene during the 1960s; now they are a flashy, post-Sly funk group. Their album *Too Hot to Stop* (Mercury) is a churning mesh of disco rhythms and vocal harmonizing. In overall sound it's not unlike the Ohio Players or Kool and the Gang, but the jabbing horn-section punctuations and intense, "testifying" lead vocals are squarely in the best Memphis tradition.

The new reunion album by **Booker T. and the MGs**, *Universal Language* (Asylum), demonstrates that the Memphis sensibility can even withstand transplantation to Los Angeles. Although the MGs now make the West Coast their home and have taken up the synthesizer, the wah-wah pedal, and other modern accouterments, they still play tight, intuitive Memphis soul with unmatched precision, lyricism, and drive.

Finally, **Al Green's** *Have A Good Time* (Hi) serves notice that the team of Green and producer-arranger Willie Mitchell is still delivering the finest in contemporary soul. Green and Mitchell, after an astonishing string of early hits and a period during which they seemed to be floundering without a direction, have returned with a richer, more complex approach—one which nonetheless retains the rhythmically incisive essence of the Memphis sound. Al is still crooning softly and then shooting up into his angelic falsetto, but he is also digging into his lyrics with a new fervor. On "The Truth Marches On," his electric guitarist opens up with a rocking Delta-blues riff that was popularized thirty years ago by Memphis-area bluesman Elmore James. It's a striking touch, and the riff and the gritty singing that follow it signal the continuity of a profoundly fertile musical heritage. —Robert Palmer

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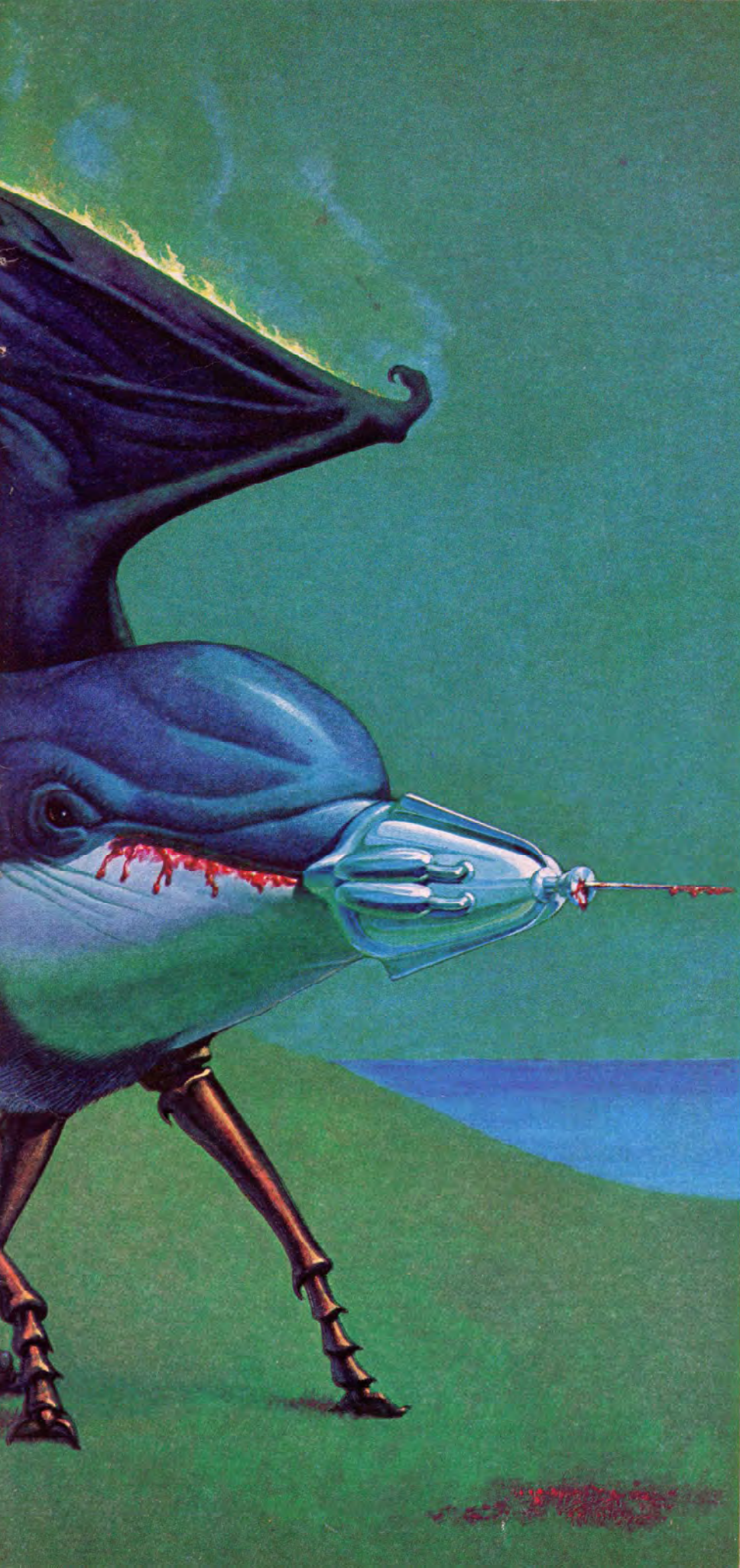
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THE PENTAGON'S DEADLY PETS

The dawn is rising like a bright moon over Camranh Bay. It's 1971, and the strong, orange light of the sun on Asian waters glints off the dozens of huge American transport and cargo ships, destroyers, cruisers, and aircraft carriers that lie off the coast of Vietnam, waiting quietly to be unloaded. At dawn few sailors are walking the decks of their ships. Yet farther out, at the entrance to the harbor, six of the navy's newest recruits are hard at work scanning the water for Vietnamese frogmen who may be making the long underwater swim to the anchored fleet.

Every thirty seconds the recruits make a perfect 180-degree sonar sweep of certain approaches to Camranh Bay. It is a superhuman effort, but then the recruits are not human. They are dolphins. Like whales, seals, dogs, and bats, they are the Pentagon's pets.

The six drafted dolphins are housed in an elaborate pontoon boat provided with float-

BY STEVE CHAPPLE

ing pens, a guardhouse, and a support team of trainers and researchers. The dolphin pens can be raised hydraulically out of the water and the boat moved if Vietnamese demolition divers have been spotted at other ports.

Dolphin sonar works in the water in much the same way that a bat's radar operates in the air. High-frequency pings are echoed and retrieved off objects. Dolphins make a few mistakes in spotting small tuna and butterfish. With targets as large as a swimmer, they are unerringly accurate up to 1,200 feet away.

If Camranh Bay is clear of scuba divers, the dolphins will hit a "normal response" paddle. But this morning a Vietnamese swimmer with a magnetic satchel charge in his diving pack is slowly moving toward the underwater hulls of the big, gray ships. Instantly sensing the intruder, one dolphin pokes its Coke-bottle nose into a cone conveniently placed in a water-level weapons rack. The lance-like cone is tipped with a heavy-gauge, hollow needle that is connected to a high-powered CO₂ cartridge similar to those that are used to blow up rubber rafts.

The dolphin weighs around 300 pounds; the Vietnamese frogman, about 130. It is no contest. As a CIA dolphin researcher once perceptively phrased it, "The dolphins are the ones in their natural habitat, and they're in control of the situation." When the dolphin reaches the underwater swimmer this morning, he plunges the needle easily into him. It is for the military, again, to provide the perfect medical description of death in this manner: "After ripping the muscle planes of the tissue apart," the "continuing expansion

of the gas brings about the prolapse of the colon through the rectal orifice, while the stomach in turn is caused to balloon out through the mouth."

In other words, the dolphin syringe explodes the frogman from within.

It has been reported that originally the navy, as well as the CIA in a rival program, had experimented with a switchblade apparatus in the nose lance. Later they planned to inject drugs. Neither procedure was developed, because, although lethal, neither confirmed the kills. The CO₂ syringe, first developed as an antishark weapon at the Navy Underseas Center in San Diego, ensured that the dead swimmers would float to the surface like so many harpooned whales to be toted up by navy scientists.

In a proud use of bureaucratese, the navy called death by dolphins "swimmer nullification." "They were deployed for fifteen months," said James Fitzgerald, one of the CIA's top civilian dolphin men, "and they had no swimmer attacks—no successful attacks."

Ironically, however, the navy's swimming assassins may have been too efficient. Two U.S. swimmers were reportedly nullified. Like the German shepherd dogs the Pentagon used on shore, the dolphins had not been taught to differentiate between friend and enemy.

The Navy Underseas Center here in San Diego is one research facility where dolphins are trained by Naval Intelligence. I am standing on my tiptoes at the fence surrounding the guarded compound at the end of Point Loma. A hundred feet beyond lies the Pacific, as beautifully blue here off San Diego as it is in Camranh Bay. Two PT boats

are charging up the deep water channel to the navy's fleet base at Coronado Island, and two miles out a gray whale—one of the first in the fall migration—is spouting.

Inside the compound I can see four dolphin pools. Like the pools in the backyards of retired naval officers all over San Diego, these pools are made of redwood and lined with turquoise-colored plastic. I don't know how bored a retired admiral gets, reminiscing over a margarita at poolside about Midway and Vietnam, but the dolphins look plenty bored in their little tanks.

They are about eight feet long, and they swim round and round—two and sometimes three of them in their no-exit swimming holes—as if some Captain Queeg had restricted them to circular quarters. Every few minutes they stop their pacing to tap an orange flotation balloon, which is tethered like a baby's rattle to a pole over their tank.

To the right is a row of little dog cages, each of which is fitted with a cement hole about the size of a bathtub. This is the sea lion area. The sea lions are smiling and barking in a goofy manner just as they did on Don Ameche's televised circus show. They want a smelt or two, and a seaman first class, wearing faded blue fatigues and knee-length rubber boots, is tossing them morsels from a yellow bucket.

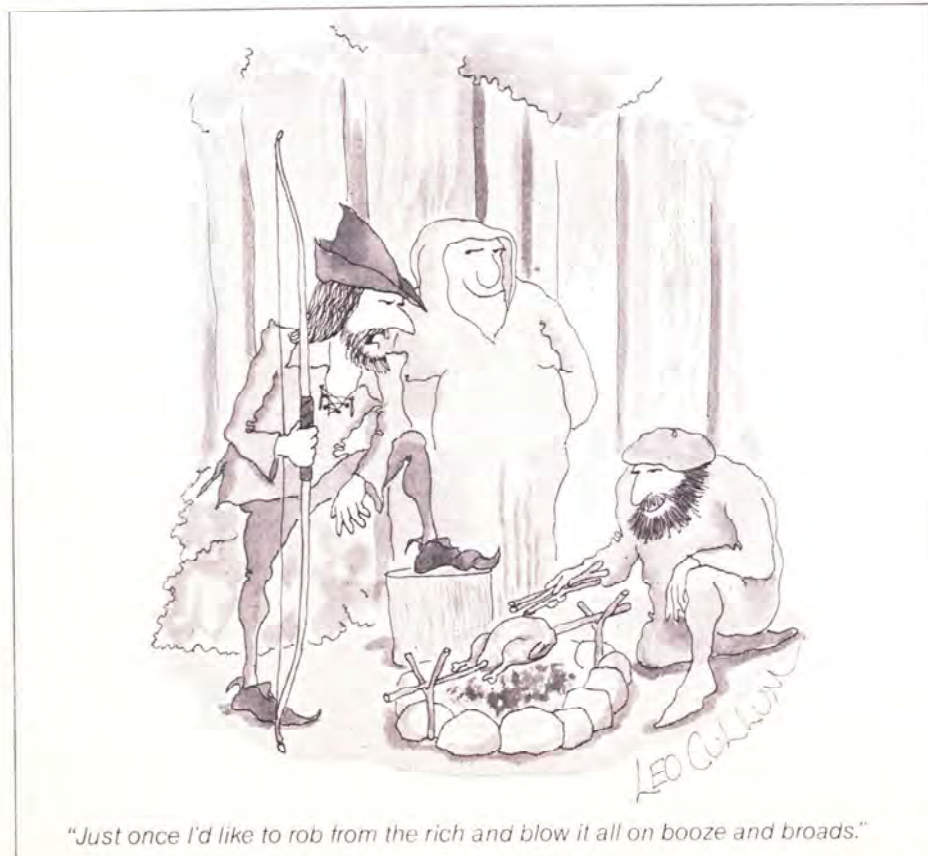
Here in its San Diego facility and in Hawaii at the more secret Kaneohe Bay research center, the navy has trained sea lions with grabber harnesses to recover costly practice torpedoes from depths up to 500 feet. In a similar program that has been code-named Deep Ops, naval scientists have taught pilot and killer whales to attach flotation devices to missiles and torpedoes that have been lost as far down as 2,000 feet.

But to me the dolphins, with their massive, tapered bodies and amazing sonar abilities, are more interesting. They remind me of streamlined trout as they rise to the surface. Next to me a lone surf fisherman with his small daughter is walking toward the isolated lighthouse. "Look at the big fish there, Daddy," the little girl says. The fisherman is in a hurry to catch high tide. He doesn't have time to explain to his daughter. Dolphins are not fish, like trout. They are mammals, like humans.

In fact, since the dolphin brain is 20 percent bigger than the human brain and the corrugated thinking matter is larger than the corresponding area in a human brain, several eminent marine biologists, such as Dr. John C. Lilly, believe that dolphins communicate and are as intelligent as humans.

I leave the research center and put in a call to Bill Powell, the head of the training program. I want to know what he'll say about his dolphins' spearing Vietnamese.

Mr. Powell turns out to be a nervous man when he comes to the phone. "Kamikaze porpoises? No, no, that's not well founded." What about recent disclosures before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence? "No, I'm sorry, no CO₂ gases, no nullification." Things are very hectic under the lazy San Diego sun, it seems. Powell can't talk any longer.



"Just once I'd like to rob from the rich and blow it all on booze and broads."



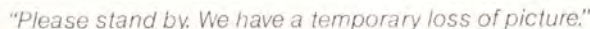
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What about the United States? "Well, we ran several thousand Superdogs in Vietnam

Dr. Fox should know. Besides being a consultant to the military, he is the author of the bestselling pet book *Understanding Your Dog*. Unfortunately for the army, the American Humane Society and dog lovers took issue with the way Dr. Fox understood the creation of Superpuppies. The program was shut down.

Skinner's classified work with pigeons has been carried on by Dr. Richard Herrnstein, who is a Harvard colleague. After the Korean War the Pentagon experimented with biological ambush detection: using amplified warning cries from monitored beetles and crickets in order to detect the movement of North Korean troops. Herrnstein cooked up an auxiliary early-warning device based on patrolling pigeons. "The pigeons wore radio transmitters," explained Professor Herrnstein. "When they spotted an enemy platoon, they would stoop their bodies, activating the transmitter and alert-



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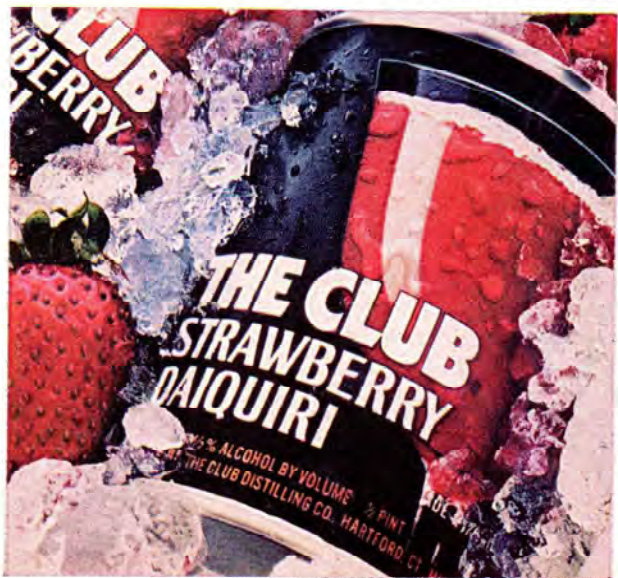


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ing U.S. sentries back at the base coop."

But Herrstein's pigeon plan was rejected out of hand. "There isn't much openness to technical adventurism in the military establishment," sighs Herrstein now, "unless it is an 'in' idea like McNamara's ground sensors." Still, maybe the good doctor is only naive. The Pentagon may simply have been unable to deal with the spectacle of a Harvard professor's recommending the elimination of thousands of ground troops. What would all those army officers do if they and their men were replaced by a single squadron of pigeons?

In this love affair with the biologically bizarre, it hardly seems possible that the trainers and their superiors in the animal warfare divisions of the navy and the army have any clearer idea of the "Communist enemy" than of the pigeons and crickets they train. No animal is considered too absurd for the Pentagon to use. The list is endless. Bats, beetles, crickets, pigeons, dogs, sea lions, whales, dolphins. It even includes geese (which squawk when sappers approach), goats (which are intentionally wounded to train combat medics), bedbugs (which scream with amplifiable hunger when human flesh presses near), and miscellaneous migratory birds (which are delivery systems for germ warfare and picture-snapping spies with tiny cameras inserted in their rectums). If earthworms could be electrified or kittens induced to carry napalm, the Pentagon would enlist them in its menagerie.

But of all the animals in the Pentagon zoo, the admirals and generals still love the dolphin best. With sonar capabilities and intelligence, grace of movement, and an emotional affinity for humans (unfortunate for the dolphin), it has become the biological weapon of choice.

The CIA was first into the sea with dolphins. In 1964, at a cocktail party in Annapolis, a CIA-connected research and development entrepreneur named James Fitzgerald joked to an admiral that dolphins might lend a hand in sonar experimentation. The admiral took Fitzgerald seriously and introduced him to a relative who was a CIA specialist in underwater warfare.

Fitzgerald set up shop on a small finger key just off the naval base at Key West, Fla., where the United States had stored its nuclear warheads during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Astounding results came quickly: Dolphin sonar could tell the difference between aluminum and copper, could acoustically "see" a three-inch ball 200 yards off underwater in total darkness, and could be quickly taught to tow or push 110-pound payloads through a hundred miles of open sea. Dolphins also learned to plant magnetic satchels on the hulls of ships, although they often misplaced their dummy explosives underneath the yachts of some very surprised sportsmen. The CIA covered these mistakes by explaining that the dolphins were part of an experiment for the Bureau of Marine Fisheries.

All in all, the venture was proceeding nicely. James Fitzgerald was happy to trans-

late the dolphins' capabilities into Pentagonese, referring to the dolphins as living, breathing submarines. "For operational purposes," he bubbled, "you can consider a cruising speed of five knots, an operating speed of ten, and a flying speed of twenty. They develop the shaft horsepower of perhaps one horsepower at cruising speed ... with a fuel rate of fifteen pounds of fish a day."

Apparently satisfied, the CIA went ahead with its first scheme. Anchored off Havana like a rumrunner, a disguised CIA yacht released a dolphin from a special stern porthole beneath the surface. The dolphin swam down an acoustic "path" that was laid by sonar beams sent from the dolphin ship to the harbor. The dolphin helped obtain information about the power plant of a Russian nuclear-powered ship by placing instruments against the hull of the vessel.

Dolphins continued to be draped in the Stars and Stripes. They were secretly sent to locate a nuclear warhead that had acciden-

If earthworms
could be electrified
or kittens induced
to carry
napalm, they'd be
enlisted by the
Pentagon.

tally been dropped in shallow water off Puerto Rico. The mishap had occurred soon after a similar incident near Palomares, Spain, in 1966. "The Pentagon never informed the American people of the Puerto Rico incident," commented a former CIA dolphin researcher, "because it did not want to alarm public opinion or own up to the bumbling breakdown of its 'fail-safe' system."

The warhead was found by underwater divers and electronic devices, but the dolphins demonstrated that they could locate the acoustic signature of sunken bombs in the future, and that they could be helicoptered to unfamiliar territory, almost like paratroopers, without becoming disoriented.

Fitzgerald continued his own Florida operation. He even made overtures, possibly with CIA and navy knowledge, to sell dolphin torpedoes or "open-ocean weapons systems" to Mexico, Peru, Colombia, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil. This private merchandising astounded one of Fitzgerald's associates, who observed: "The work in Key West had been top secret, with only a small handful of people in the whole country knowing of its existence, not to mention its purpose." Yet Fitzgerald wanted to make

some fast bucks on the side by turning small countries "into instant naval powers." The Pentagon couldn't possibly object for fear of exposing its whole operation.

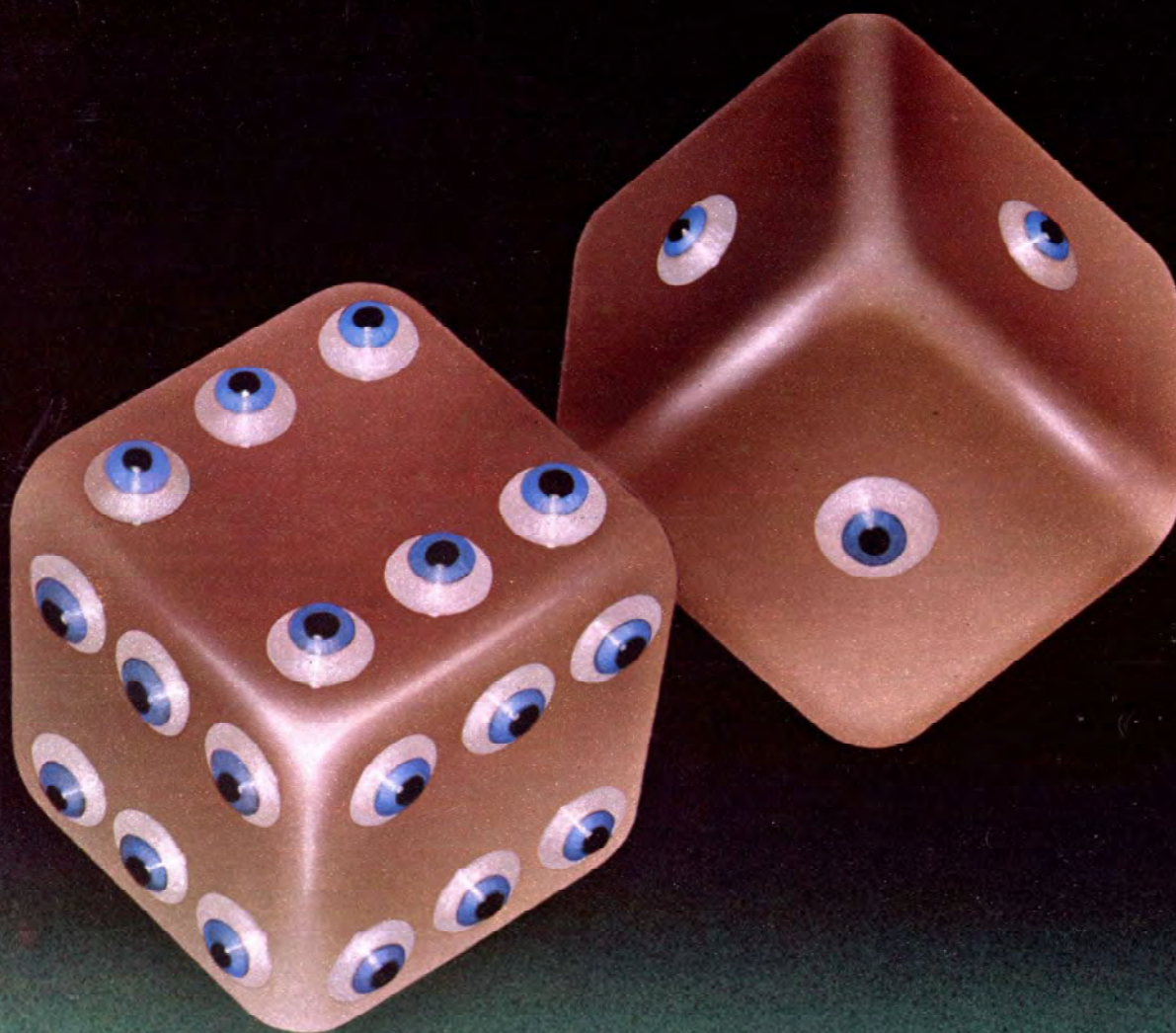
But by 1970 Naval Intelligence had won the dolphin rivalry. Vietnamese frogmen were mining U.S. ships in South Vietnamese harbors. A reliable underwater defense—Swimmer Nullification—was a necessity that the navy was willing to fund at high cost.

With the development of the Polaris missile, which can be launched underwater, submarines—especially nuclear-powered submarines—gained tremendous destructive potential. The navy and the Pentagon placed passionate emphasis on research for submarine defense and, at the same time, for systems that could locate Russian submarines. When the United States withdrew from Vietnam, the dolphin underwater-defense team was sent to guard a submarine base in the Philippines. Plans were also made to deploy a second squadron around the nuclear submarines in Holy Loch, Scotland. Navy admirals believed that dolphins should be mass trained to find Russian submarines. On an important inspection of the secret Hawaiian dolphin-training center, an admiral from Pearl Harbor ordered researchers to "immediately produce a demonstrable prototype system capable of being delivered to open ocean sites, via air, surface ship, or submarine, that would be able to locate, identify, and tag Russian submarines" with underwater sound transmitters.

If successful, the program would solve the central problem of the navy's silent warfare, tracking missile-firing submarines. A by-product would be the development of techniques that would mask the noise of operating U.S. submarines by disguising them as schools of dolphins. Since dolphins are able to dive about only a thousand feet, the navy also wanted to enlist the services of killer and pilot whales.

But if the full deployment of dolphins and whales as a mobile underwater DEW line would solve a defense problem for the Pentagon, it would only create one for whales and dolphins themselves. In the twisted linear logic of the Pentagon, a weapons system like the dolphins can be blocked only by a countersystem or by elimination of the original system. So far, no word has leaked out that the admirals are drafting the dolphin's only natural enemy, the shark. If the Soviets are forced to build an armada of whales and dolphins to counter ours—as one admiral has stated—the logic of the Pentagon leads to a clear Orwellian solution: liquidate dolphins and whales in pre-emptive strikes. As early as 1956 *Naval Aviation News* reported "another successful mission against killer whales off the coast," which "destroyed hundreds of killer whales with machine guns, rockets, and depth charges."

A dramatic example of what could happen occurred off Hawaii in 1971, when researchers lost a large killer whale instrumented with a radio pack. "He swam away," recalls Michael Greenwood, a dolphin sci-



How some clever gypsters
rip off Vegas casinos for more than
\$50 million every year.

CHEATING THE HOUSE

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

Illustrated by Danis Luczak

The wariest, least gullible people in the world are not—as you might expect—agents of the KGB, Scotland Yard, the CIA, the FBI or the Secret Service. No, that honor rightfully belongs to Nevada casino pit bosses, that breed of men with New York accents and unchanging sneers of suspicion, hovering like avenging angels just beyond the gambling tables. If the light has gone out of their eyes and the charity out of their hearts, they mustn't be faulted, for their jobs—to make sure that casino games are run honestly—are delicate, difficult, and de-

manding. Indeed, they are impossible, for each year the world's richest, nerviest, and most duplicitous gambling cheats manage to hustle Nevada's casinos out of at least \$50 million. Whereas visiting high rollers once had to fear being bamboozled by the house, today the shoe is on the other foot, and in spite of elaborate security measures that only a terminal recluse like Howard Hughes could have dreamed up, the hoaxsters continue to treat Nevada casinos as if they were merely a collection of easy marks.

Which they're not. In addition to scores of

grim-faced pit bosses and platoons of armed guards, almost every major Nevada gambling casino employs an eye-in-the-sky surveillance system that allows table play to be observed from booths camouflaged in the ceilings. These Big Eye isolation chambers are staffed by seasoned snoops and reformed grifters, who can spot a gambling scam faster than a big loser can swallow his Maalox. To make certain that there's a permanent record of the action for legal purposes, the hawkshaws are assisted by various recording devices. Eye-in-the-sky se-

curity systems in Nevada's major gambling halls feature motion-picture cameras that are equipped with telephoto lenses and closed-circuit TV systems with videotaping capability. As if that weren't enough, Griffin Investigations, a private-security firm, supplies the casinos with an up-to-date photo file on nearly 4,000 known or suspected gambling cheats.

Still, each of Nevada's biggest casinos is bilked out of a minimum of \$2 million a year—and if they can hold the line there, they have no complaints. "The casinos are continuously victimized by cheaters, and there just aren't any easy answers for stopping it," says Shannon Bybee, a former member of the Gambling Control Board. "They take every possible precaution, but the plain fact is that casinos are up against some of the most scientifically proficient and imaginative cheats in history."

A case in point occurred several years ago, when a group of dice players took Las Vegas's biggest Strip hotels for more than a million dollars in five nights; and since casino executives can sniff out a hustle even faster than they can count their winnings, the Dunes Hotel—which alone had dropped \$300,000 to the crooked craps artists—launched an immediate, intensive investigation. Using a modified Geiger counter known as a scintillator, traces of radiation were discovered at the dice table where the players had cleaned up. An informant supplied information, and the details of the Dunes disaster were pieced together: during table play the sharpers had coated the casino dice with radioactive Cobalt 60, and by using a concealed, miniaturized oscilloscope, they were able to control which numbers turned up and when. The culprits were never caught.

Although the Dunes caper marked the first documented nuclear-gambling hoax, it was hardly the last word in technological humbuggery. Consider, if you will, a roulette coup that not long ago netted three Australian tricksters more than \$750,000 before they were caught. For four nights running the Aussies had racked up enormous roulette wins at various Vegas casinos, and the town's gambling officials and undercover lawmen quickly concluded that a master hustle was being carried out. "There was no way those guys could have been legit," says Charly Blue, a former Las Vegas hotel executive. "Roulette tables pay off numbers on the basis of 35-1, and those jokers were hitting on better than one out of every ten bets. That can happen for maybe an hour or two, but reality tells you it can't happen four nights in a row. The only thing was, nobody could figure out how they were doing it."

On the fifth night the Australians showed up at the Sands Hotel and again proceeded to devastate the house. Their system was simple: they'd bet on a group of three numbers adjacent to each other on the wheel, with the middle number their key bet. Once again, the gamblers began raking in stacks of black \$100 chips; and after several payouts, the Sands' management removed the roulette wheel from its bearings

and examined it. The effort was to no avail: the wheel hadn't been tampered with, and the Aussies continued to pile up their winnings and were ahead by more than \$80,000 when a rather surprising thing happened.

"The place was really going crazy," Charly Blue recalls. "A huge crowd was watching, and betting with them, and it looked like the Sands might wind up taking a million-dollar lump in one night. Anyway, these guys placed their bets, the people were shouting, the wheel was turning, the croupier spun the ball out—and all of a sudden the ball exploded!"

It was pandemonium. After the three men were led off the floor, they quickly confessed. It turned out that they were electrical engineers and had developed a tiny device that, when inserted in a roulette ball and operated by remote control, could cause the ball to stop dead as it hurtled around the roulette wheel. The Australians had spent thousands of hours practicing how to stop

Gambling is Nevada's
chief tax source,
and the state deals with
cheats as
hospitably as Albania
treats cocaine
peddlers.

the ball so that it would drop down into one of the three numbered cups they'd bet on.

"Those guys really had their act together," Blue says. "They put infrared markings on the doctored roulette balls; and when they got to the States they bribed a warehouse clerk to slip some of them into the regular shipments of casino gambling supplies. The clerk would let them know where the phonies were shipped to, and the rest was easy. The only thing they didn't count on was some circuits overheating. That's why the ball blew up."

Such complicated schemes are relatively few and far between, and for a very simple reason: in the long run the hustler's hand really is quicker than the casino's eye-in-the-sky. For example, the police were once called in by Las Vegas Hilton officials to witness a phenomenon that had been taking place with alarming regularity at one of the hotel's blackjack tables. As investigators looked on, a house stack of \$100 chips gradually just *disappeared*. Films were made, videotapes were scrutinized, undercover lawmen were dispatched to the table. Nevertheless, piles of \$100 chips continued to vanish during every shift worked by a particular dealer. Within a week agents were

sure that they'd identified the man's card-playing accomplice, and one night they stopped the game and searched the suspect player. His pockets were filled with \$100 chips, and he and the dealer had no choice but owning up to their stratagem: each time the dealer collected a \$5 losing bet from his partner, he'd pass him a \$100 chip. The result was passage of a rule throughout the state's casinos prohibiting table personnel from receiving chips out of a bettor's hand. (If you try it, you'll be met with a stony glance and instructions to "drop them on the table, please.")

Although casino managers properly fear talented free-lance scam artists, their darkest worry is that the hired help will join together in a conspiracy. This was precisely what happened in 1972, when at least six Las Vegas Strip hotels fell victim to the most extensive and expensive casino hustle in the town's ill-starred history. All told, from 50 to 150 casino floormen were in on the action, and the plotters may have ripped off as much as \$4 million. The scheme came to light only after three of the conspirators broke into the home of a suspicious Thunderbird Hotel executive, whom they pistol-whipped—and who shot and killed one of the intruders. Las Vegas is not a place for powder puffs.

In any event the slaying brought to light an old ruse that had been highly perfected and was operating all over the city. Members of the conspiracy would make \$15 bets at selected craps tables; and when they won, conniving dice "dealers" (to use Las Vegas terminology) would pay them off with expertly wrought aluminum cylinders designed to look like three \$5 chips. Inside the false stack the dealer would insert two chips, which the player would pocket, returning the cylinder to the dealer on the next losing bet. Using one false stack, the criminals could siphon off more than \$5,000 an hour from a dice table.

It is not surprising that geniuses infected with gambling fever spend years perfecting bogus dice. Perhaps the most intriguing variety has been developed by a Californian, whose cubed brainstorms each contain minute, near-weightless strips of cellophane. The transparent cellophane melts when the dice are held in a clenched fist for about six seconds, at which point the liquid is channeled into grooves engineered to produce startling results: when a player grips the dice for six seconds with the sixes facing up, he'll roll a seven every time out; and with snake eyes facing up, he'll roll everything *but* a seven. "The dice cost \$1,000 a pair and are just about foolproof," says a West Coast gambling authority. "The best part about them—from the cheater's point of view—is that after they're thrown, they become natural dice again and can pass any casino test. That means a cheat can crap out anytime he wants to without worrying about switching dice again before he leaves the table."

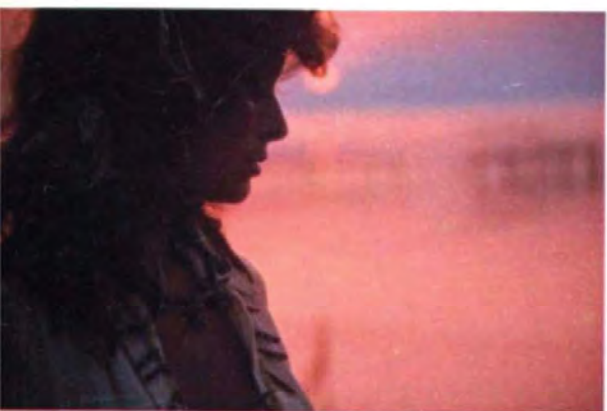
Slot-machine cheating is also widespread. Nevada casinos earn nearly a third of their profits from one-armed bandits, and

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE



PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

EACH YEAR IT IS OUR DELIGHTFUL DUTY TO SELECT THAT SPECIAL PET WHOSE ATTRIBUTES PERSONIFY THE PRIME QUALITIES THAT GREAT MEN ATTRIBUTE TO GREATER WOMEN. THE PLAY-OFF WAS CREATED TO GIVE THE READER A CHANCE TO NOMINATE HIS OWN CHOICE FOR THE RICHEST PRIZE IN BEAUTYDOM. LAST YEAR'S ULTIMATE PET, MISS LAURA DOONE (PICTURED ABOVE), WILL SURRENDER HER CROWN TO ONE OF THE QUINTESSENTIAL QUINTET OF SEMIFINALISTS WHO ARE DELICIOUSLY DEPICTED ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES. TO VOTE, SIMPLY MAIL THE NAME OF YOUR CANDIDATE TO EITHER OUR NEW YORK OR LONDON OFFICE, MARKING YOUR ENVELOPE OR POSTCARD *PET OF THE YEAR*. PLAY-OFF RESULTS, ALONG WITH AN ALL-NEW PICTORIAL REAPPRAISAL OF THE CHOSEN LADY, WILL APPEAR IN AN AUTUMN ISSUE.





BONNIE DEE Next to remaining herself, Bonnie Dee's first priority in life is men—very special men. "I love turning men on. It's what I was born to do," says the 29-year-old Texan temptress, who is a very well endowed 36-23-35½. "I can be anything my man wants me to be. I'm very strong sexually—almost voracious—but then it's my nature to give more excitement than I get." Bonnie confesses that she is an incurable romantic who can't help but cry whenever she hears "The Eyes of Texas are upon You." With you around, Bonnie, we don't have to tell you where our eyes are focused.

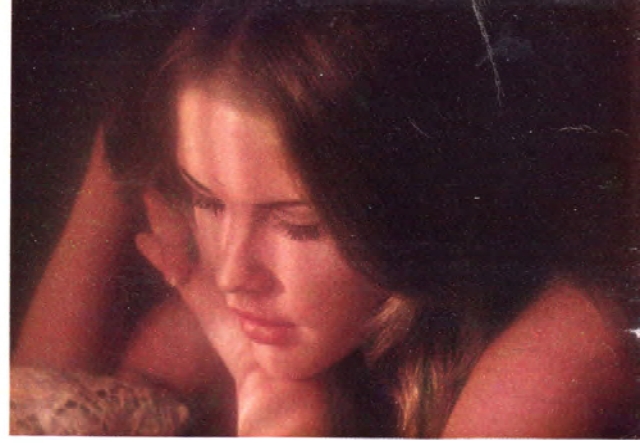
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



SUSAN WAIDE "I'm not a manufactured sex goddess like Marilyn Monroe," says sumptuous Susan Waide. "I'm just sexy in a very natural, normal way." That's quite the understatement for California's most enticing piece of scenery. Glistening white beaches are Susan's preferred backdrop for her 36-24-36 extremely *natural* beauty. "I'm a free spirit who gets carried away by the joy of a moment," 23-year-old Susan admits. "But really *caring* for my man is my ultimate pleasure." Gazing at you, Susan, is an ultimate experience

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDDIE ADAMS







MARTINE LE MAUVIEL Despite her extraspecial allure, her youth, and her comparative inexperience, 20-year-old Martine's desires are quite specific: "I want a man who's not too passionate right away, who is nice and loving and uncomplicated." Martine's first, current, and only job to date is as a Penthouse Club cocktail pet in London, where her perfectly formed 36-24-36 body is the toast of the town. "I don't believe in wife swapping, threesomes, or homosexuality," she says most candidly, "but if I do it, it's okay." With you, Martine, anything goes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



SONNY SMITH When Sonny gets blue, she just thinks about the rolling fields and clear blue skies of the Midwest, where she grew up. A genuine old-fashioned girl, Sonny is happiest outdoors, where her stunning 37-25-36 body can breathe. "I know what my body can do, what my hands and lips and my breasts are for," this stunning 23-year-old says saucily enough to make us want to share her knowledge. "But I have to know a man, really know him, before I go to bed with him. If that's old-fashioned, fine!" We'll take one old-fashioned girl, Sonny-side up.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE









VICTORIA LYNN Virginia is for lovers, and it's especially true when 24-year-old Victoria Lynn graces the beach with her exquisite, 35-24-35 presence. "I'm a Pisces," says Vicki, "I love the sea and the feeling of salt water on my naked body. I love to make love on the beach at dusk and hear the water lapping on the shore." A model and an aspiring actress, Vicki finds time to enjoy her sexuality: "Making love in front of a fire is my version of heaven," she says. We'll be looking forward to the new Victorian Age.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STAN MALINOWSKI





KIDNAPPED!

Was Travis Walton shanghaied aboard a UFO by a band of dwarfish, intergalactic "creatures"?

Eyewitnesses say he was. But many of his neighbors in Snowflake, Arizona, think it's a con-job, and the controversy has torn the town apart.

It happened in Indian country, high in the rocky timberlands of the Sitgreaves National Forest, 156 miles northeast of Phoenix—a rugged, desolate, pinewood mountain range of primeval beauty. This is the ancient home of the Apache and Navaho and Hopi, all steeped in misty centuries of sacred lore that tells of mysterious spirit creatures who journeyed down from the skies. They winged their way on engines of clouds that flashed. And sometimes they departed on ships of rock, carrying away human warriors they had taken from the tribes.

Mike Rogers had a Forest Service contract to thin out 1,277 acres of scrub. His crew consisted of Travis Walton, Ken Peterson, Alan Dalis, Steve Pierce, John Goulette, and Dwayne Smith. Three men cut with roaring chain saws, and three followed behind, piling the debris. Rogers supervised.

On November 5, 1975, he was behind on his contract. So the crew worked until last light, about 6:00 PM. They were bone-tired when they final-

By Bill Barry

ly stopped and climbed into Rogers's crew-cab International truck for the ride home to Snowflake, a small Mormon settlement town thirty miles north. Rogers drove, Peterson and Walton sat beside him on the front seat, and the four others sat in the back.

They were moving slowly at about four miles per hour over the old, hump-backed logging road, joking about going swimming in Snowflake's heated indoor pool. The night was clear and crisp; the temperature, in the mid-forties. The truck had gone only about 100 yards when Alan Dalis leaned out from the backseat passenger window and said: "What the hell is that out there?"

Light was glowing inside the thicket of jack pines that they were passing. To Travis Walton, the glow first looked like the sunset, even though it was not seen on the western horizon. Smith thought that it might be a crashed airplane hanging in the trees. Somebody said, "Maybe it's a hunter's camp, a fire, headlights."

The truck came around a small bend. To the right was a clearing. Three slash piles (logging debris) were in the clearing, which was all lighted up. Suddenly, all the guys sitting on the right side of the truck stopped talking, and somebody blurted: "Stop the truck!"

Travis Walton had already opened his door, jumped out, and was running into the clearing. Mike Rogers cut the engine, leaned to his right to see out the window, and there it was: hovering 15 to 20 feet above one of the slash piles, about 100 feet away. It was glowing milky yellow, almost the color of hot molten iron coming out of a blast furnace. Its structure was about 20 feet in diameter, an oval, 8 feet from top to bottom, with a milky white dome on top.

It hung motionless and silent, below the tallest trees, not near the trees. During the first seconds nobody said a word. They just stared at the object, dumbstruck.

Abruptly, Mike realized that Travis was walking directly toward it. That just looked like a dangerous thing to do. So he hollered: "Hey, what the hell are you doing?" Then the others yelled: "Travis! Get the hell away from there... Come back from there!" Some of them heard a high-pitched beep, like the warning bell on an airliner when the captain switches on the seat-belt sign. Travis stopped at the slash pile. The object hung just over the opposite side. He stared straight up into its golden-glowing underside. It was smooth, without ports or hatch-
es, without bolts or rivets. It looked like a huge light bulb. It was beeping.

And then it made a louder noise. It rumbled, as if it were coming alive. And then it moved. Travis dropped to his knees, hiding behind a log sticking out of the trash pile. The rumble grew louder, like a turbine generator winding up to full power, rising in pitch. The object was spinning slowly, rocking, wobbling, gaining speed as if it were going to take off.

The guys were all screaming at Travis to come back. They could feel the rumble now. Travis glanced at the truck, started to stand up, as if he were going to get the hell out of

there. Suddenly, a beam of brilliant light blazed out; it blasted the whole area bluish white.

Peterson and Dalis saw the shaft of light streak out of the craft's bottom and hit Travis in the head and chest. He shot straight up one foot off the ground, stiffened, his head thrown back, his arms and legs flung out, his whole body silhouetted in sharp light, and he was hurtled backward and banged to the ground ten feet away, just as if an explosion had gone off in front of him.

The guys were screaming at Mike: "Get the hell out of here! Get out of here!" He was already hitting the gas pedal, mashing it to the floorboards, and the truck careened down the humped road, bucking berserkly. Pierce was wailing. Dalis was trying to hide behind the front seat. The others were shouting and praying aloud. Mike was just trying to get them out of there, fleeing in a blind panic, so scared that he could hardly see, his fingers and feet numb, nausea flooding into his stomach and throat.

A shaft of light
streaked out
of the craft and hit
Travis... He
shot up and banged to
the ground
ten feet away.

"Is the damn thing following us?" he screamed. All he could see in his jouncing rearview mirrors was wildly bouncing light. He was sure that the thing was right on their tail, and he was driving like a maniac to get away from it, oblivious of the way he was speeding. He couldn't even see the road. Suddenly, a huge pine tree loomed up in the headlights. He swerved the wheel, missing the tree, and the truck came to a jerking halt, straddled crossways on a bulldozed-up mound of dirt.

Nobody could see it. It wasn't following them. They sat frozen, wordless, catatonic. Mike was ready to take off again if he saw even a glimpse of it. Just ahead was the rim road, the way out of the forest. They had gone about a quarter of a mile.

Nothing happened; so they all climbed out of the truck. Dalis was running his mouth at 100 miles an hour, making absolutely no sense at all. Pierce was crying and wouldn't respond to any questions. They stood there in a hubbub of words, screeches, a complete hysterical turmoil, utterly confused and terrified.

Kenny Peterson had a blank look on his face. Kenny, twenty-five, and Mike, twenty-eight, were the older, surer, most respected

members of the crew. Kenny finally exclaimed: "What in the hell are we doing? Do you realize that Travis is still back there? We just ran off and left him. What in the hell happened to him?"

For the first time Mike realized what they had done. "We'll have to go back and get him," he said. But Pierce, Smith, and Goulette flatly refused to go back. Nor would they wait where they were, alone, either. They pleaded with the others to drive out to Heber and get the sheriff. Mike and Kenny said that they were going back. Travis could be hurt, or he could be lying there dead. They were going to find out, one way or the other.

As Mike got to his door, he saw a flash of light take off from the woods behind them and disappear into the black sky. He was sure that was it, sure that it was gone. It just lifted straight up and Pffffff! it was gone—a streak and a blur and then empty sky.

They drove back to what they thought was the spot. Many of the clearings looked the same. They drove in slowly, shining the headlights on the slash piles. Kenny had the flashlight out, shining it around. There was no sign of Travis.

"We'd better get out and look around," Mike said. They argued a little about getting out of the truck. Finally, Mike got out and the others followed. They stayed close together, searched all around the slash piles, then circled up through the woods to the ridge, searched the ridge, and then traced back again. They found no sign of Travis, no tracks, no blood, no clothing, nothing. They kept looking for about half an hour. Mike broke down. Travis was his best friend. He fell to his knees, crying.

Then they drove out of the woods, down to the nearest town, Heber, to get some help. About 7:45, Navajo County's deputy in Heber, Chuck Ellison, got their call. He summoned the sheriff, Marlin Gillespie, in Holbrook, forty miles away. Gillespie hurried over with his undersheriff, Ken Coplan.

All the witnesses told the same story. They were all upset. One was crying. *If they're lying*, Ellison thought, *they're damned good actors*. So Sheriff Gillespie decided that they'd go back and search some more with flashlights and a spotlight. But they found nothing. Near midnight Mike said: "We'd better tell his mother."

So he and Deputy Coplan drove over to her isolated ranch at Bear Springs, about eleven miles east in the woods. Mary Walton Kellett was preparing to move back to her house in Snowflake for the winter. She was alone, and when she heard the car drive up, she came to the door with a gun. Mike looked as if he were having a nervous breakdown; she knew that something was wrong.

"Have you seen Travis?" Mike asked.

"Why no, not since I saw him in town last time I was there, a few days ago. Why? What's wrong?"

Mike told her the story. She had him repeat it again. Coplan didn't like her reaction or, rather, her lack of reaction. She didn't cry, wail, scream; she showed no visible reaction at all. That looked suspicious to him.



DO YOU GET A LITTLE BEHIND IN YOUR READING?

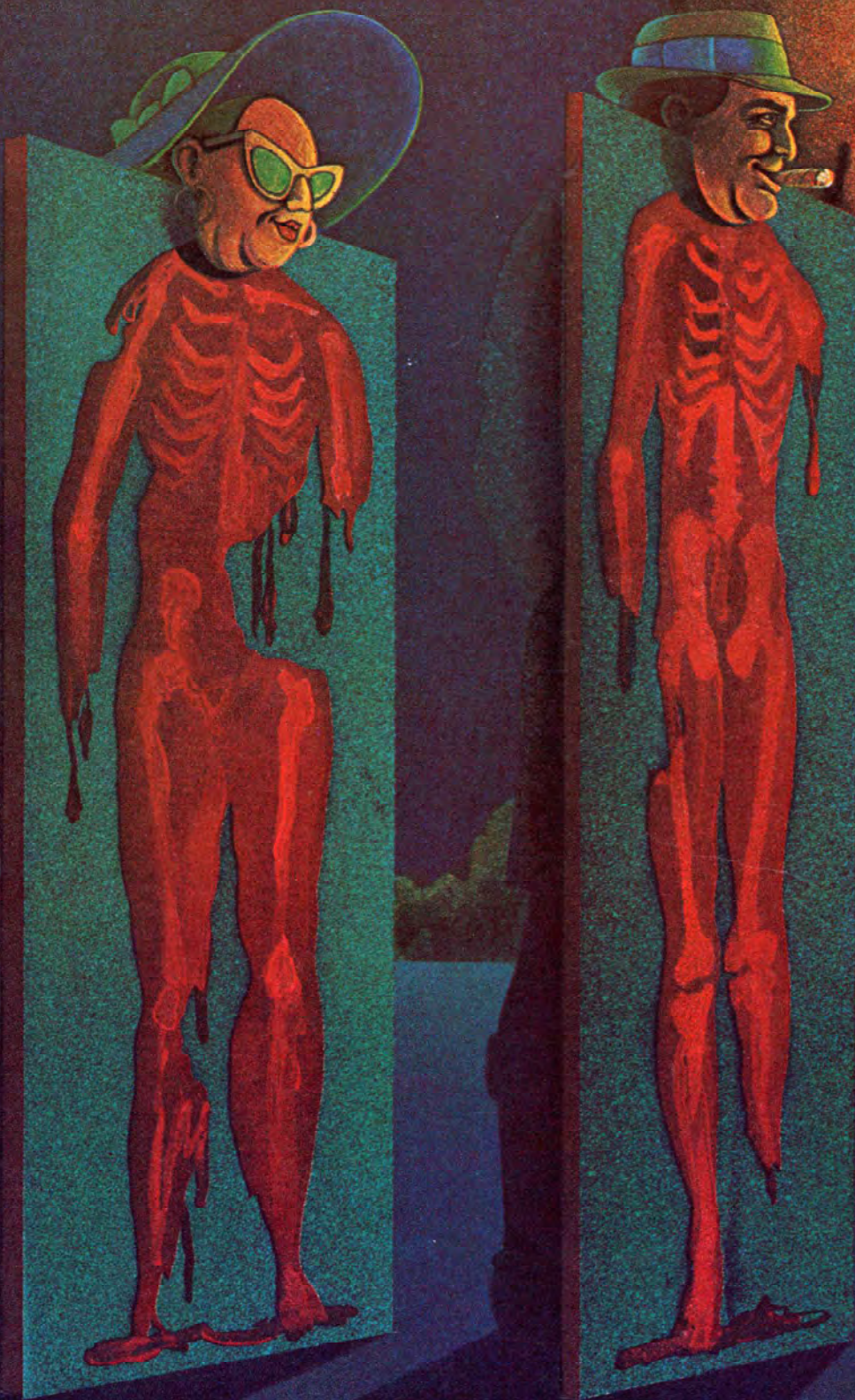
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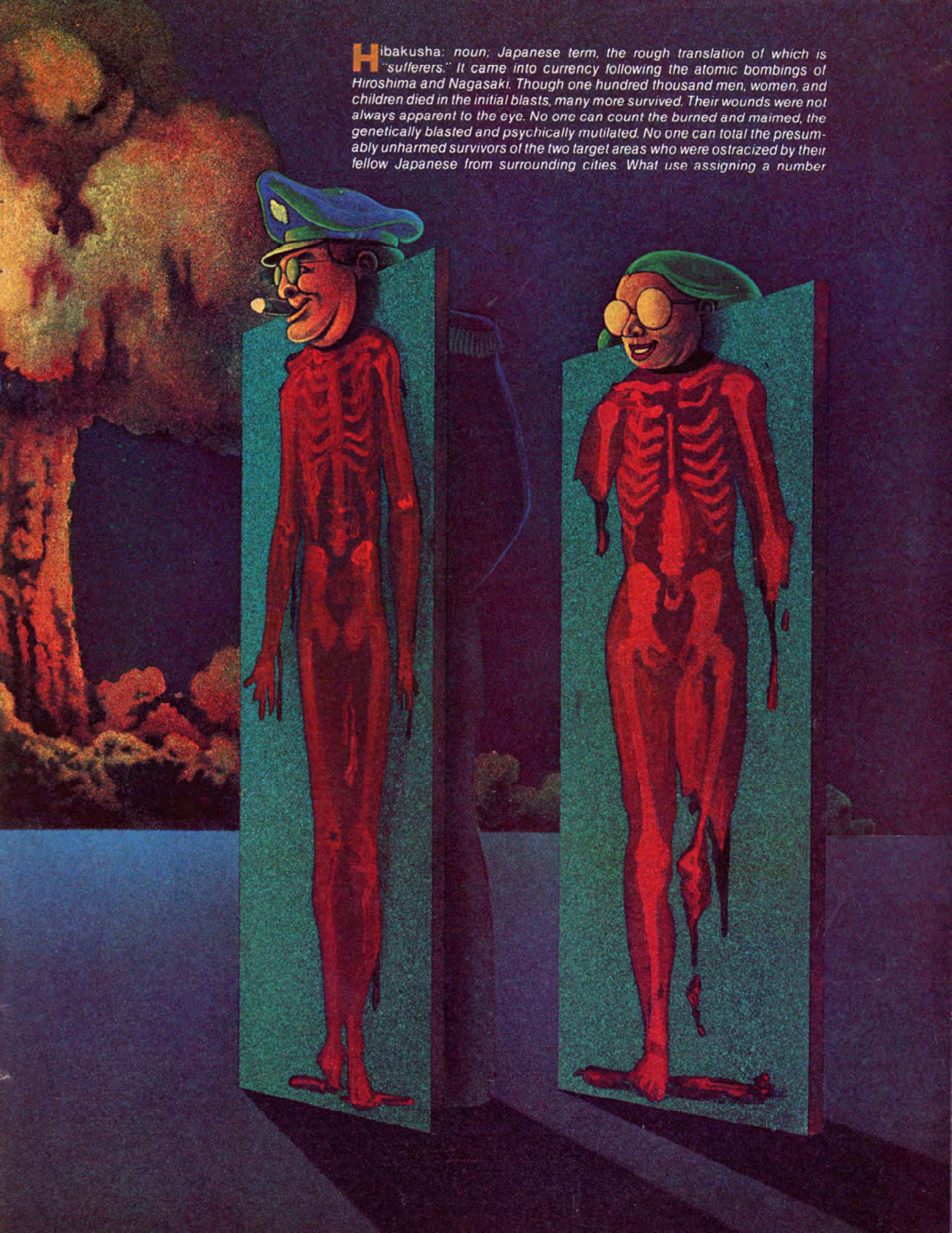
THE HIBAKUSHA GALLERY

He dealt in daily doses of death.
He didn't really mind. It was only a job.

Fiction by Edward Bryant



Hibakusha: noun; Japanese term, the rough translation of which is "sufferers." It came into currency following the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Though one hundred thousand men, women, and children died in the initial blasts, many more survived. Their wounds were not always apparent to the eye. No one can count the burned and maimed, the genetically blasted and psychically mutilated. No one can total the presumably unharmed survivors of the two target areas who were ostracized by their fellow Japanese from surrounding cities. What use assigning a number



KIDNAPPED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

because the Waltons were not descended from original settlers. They were a high-spirited family and had had some scrapes in town. Travis had been a wild teenager whose IQ tested out to genius in high school.

Meanwhile, Flake was heaping fuel on the fired-up rumors that the whole Walton family was obsessed with UFOs: "They talked about it all the time. His mother told me she saw them all the time. She saw a whole fleet of them flying in and out of her ranch one night. She said she just sat there on the porch and watched them." The press jumped all over the accusation. The Waltons were UFO buffs; therefore, they reasoned, the abduction story was a hoax.

Marshal Flake did not tell the press that he had once been chased by what he thought was a UFO: "I was just a kid and working the [late] shift at the lumber mill. Just before dawn I was driving home with a friend when we saw this light rise up over the trees on the ridge behind us. It seemed to follow us, and it scared the hell out of us. We raced home to wake up our families. It followed us all the way. But it was just a star, I'm sure. I'm convinced it was just a star."

Flake explains the many UFO sightings he's heard about as "just things that happen everywhere, all the time. But they're just stars, or people are mistaken about what they are seeing. A lot of people around here believe in them, though. And that's what Duane and Travis took advantage of."

Sank Flake's brother, Deputy Sheriff Glen Flake, began as a disbeliever. Teamed with Ken Peterson, searching the ridge, he tried to kid Ken out of the story, saying, "Come on, where'd you hide the body, heh?" But Kenny was as serious as a hen laying an egg. "He didn't want to kid about it. He was concerned, and he was definitely looking for the missing Travis." Glen became a believer. But events were about to confound his belief. Five days after the disappearance, about midnight, the phone rang in Grant and Allison (Walton) Neff's home in Taylor, three miles outside Snowflake. Grant, Travis's brother-in-law, answered. "This is Travis," a strained voice said. "I'm in the phone booth at Heber. Get Duane and come and get me."

TRAVIS WALTON'S STORY

"The slash pile stopped me from getting directly beneath it. It was glowing this yellowish-white golden color, like a huge light bulb.... A sound was coming from it, not very loud, like beep-beep-beep. Then I heard Mike, or somebody, holler, 'Get away from there!' And I looked around at them. When I looked back at the craft, it suddenly made a real loud noise, and it started to move, like it was coming alive, kind of an erratic spin-type movement. I jumped down behind this log, and I made up my mind right there. I was going to get the hell out of there."

"I stood up, and as I turned to go, I just felt this... electric shot, and a blow, like I'd been

hit with a baseball bat. It all happened very fast. Then I went out:

"I don't know what happened after that, but when I woke up, I was lying on my back. There was a light about three feet above me. ... I couldn't focus my eyes, and I had a lot of pain, in my head and chest mainly, but all over. I kept going in and out."

"When I regained consciousness, I could hear movements around me. So I looked and saw these creatures standing there. I just came unglued, became hysterical. They were short, maybe five feet, with large, domed heads—very large, bald. They had these enormous brown eyes—oh, man, those eyes—they just stared through me. They didn't have any eyelashes, no eyebrows, and their mouths and ears and noses seemed real small, maybe just because their eyes were so huge. They were wearing loose coveralls, orangish-brown, tan."

"I jumped up, screaming at them, and this thing fell off my chest. It was like a thick plastic strap that went halfway around me."

It's very possible
that a lot
more people have seen
UFOs than will
admit it.
Nobody likes being
ridiculed.

When it hit the floor, it rocked back and forth. A light came from beneath it, but there weren't any wires or tubes in it. When I jumped up, I hit this one creature on my right, pushed him back, and he fell real easy into the next one. They had this white, marshmallowy skin, and their bodies were real lightweight.

"I couldn't stand up very well. I staggered back against the wall. There was a shelf on the wall, and I grabbed this clear tube from it and tried to break the end off it for something sharp to defend myself with. It was too light for a club. They started toward me, and when that tube wouldn't break, I just lashed out at them with it, screaming stuff like: 'Get away from me! What are you? What's going on here?'"

"I was just hysterical. They stopped and kind of thrust their hands out, like they meant no or stop or something. They didn't try to attack me or anything. Then they all just turned and walked out, hurried out. Shoo! they were gone."

"This room was really hot. The air was so wet and heavy I could hardly breathe. And my mind was just raging the whole time. I felt like I was burned, inside and out, and I ached all over, too, like I'd been crushed....

"Anyway, after a couple of minutes, I went to the door and looked down the way they had gone. It was a curved hallway that went right and left. I couldn't see anybody. They had gone right; so I went down to the left. I just took off running and went right past another door. I wanted to find a way out, but I was just hysterical. That's the one thing I had in my mind: get out of here. I was claustrophobic, frantic. But I finally got hold of myself a little and told myself to check out the next door. I ran up to it, on the right, and it was open; so I went in."

"It was just a round room with nothing in it, except a metal chair sitting on one center leg in the middle of the room. It was high-backed, and I was afraid there might be someone sitting in it. So I kind of sidled along the wall, until I could get a look into the chair. And a real funny thing happened."

"When I got closer to the middle of the room, it got darker. And when I stepped back, it got lighter again. When it got darker, I could see the stars—through the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Everywhere I looked."

"There was nobody in the chair. On the right armrest, there was a panel of buttons and a small, green screen with black lines across it. The left armrest had one lever on it. I wanted to find a way out of there, and across the room there were some rectangles on the wall, like they might be doorways, just cracks really. I thought if I pushed the right buttons, I could open the doors. So I punched a couple of the buttons, and nothing happened. Then I moved the lever... and the stars started moving all around, the lines on the screen moved. The stars stayed in their same patterns. They just moved all together, on the ceiling and through the walls."

"It was upsetting. I didn't know what was going on. But I quit doing that. I was afraid I would really mess something up. I could really hurt myself. Then I heard a sound. I turned around, and there was a man standing there, near the door. He was a man just like a human being—not exactly Caucasian, but like a dark, evenly tanned Caucasian. He was big, over six feet, built heavy, and he was wearing tight-fitting blue coveralls, with a helmet over his whole head."

"He motioned me over to him with his right hand, and I ran up to him, screaming stuff like: 'How'd you get in here? How do I get out? What is this?' I thought he was American, just people, as far as I could tell. This helmet on his head was like a clear bubble, flattened on top, and it came down to his shoulders. There weren't any wires or hoses or anything on it. He didn't answer me; so I thought maybe he couldn't hear me."

"He just kind of smiled, tolerantlike, and he took me by the arm and led me out of there. I thought, *I'll go with him, and maybe we'll get someplace where he'll take that helmet off and he can hear me.* His eyes were kind of strange, bright golden hazel."

"We went down that hallway and through some empty place, kind of an air lock. I thought we were outside. The air just got cooler, fresher; it felt like out of doors. And the light was much brighter, like sunlight. I

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The ball is automatically ejected and you pull the plunger to project it into action. The ball bounces from side to side from bumper to thumper. Lights flash and the scoring begins. You use the separately controlled flippers by pressing the flipper controls on the sides of the playfield which are low enough so that even a five year old can reach them.

Flip a switch and Fireball can be programmed for beginner or advanced skills although pinball is the only game everybody knows how to play within seconds after they step up to a machine.

"WE'RE IN THE MONEY"

The thrill of winning a bonus score or extra ball is enhanced by Fireball's songs and scoring tones. The computer's synthesizer plays seven songs—everything from "We're in the Money" when an extra ball is awarded to "The Party's Over" when the game ends. Various scores sound five additional tones making the game a total sight and sound experience. A volume control lets you keep it loud at a party or turned down in quieter surroundings.

COMMERCIAL PARTS AND FEATURES

Fireball contains the same heavy-duty devices and scoring features as a commercial pinball machine. The game has a tilt feature—tilt Fireball and a tilt sign glows and the scoring stops. The full-sized, full-color commercial playfield even has a special friction silk-screened surface so the ball will roll and not slide. Fireball differs from an arcade unit only by the start button which has replaced the coin slot and its new electronics. In fact, all future commercial machines will resemble Fireball within a year.

MANY NEW FEATURES

Fireball's computer is as powerful as the million dollar IBM computer sold in 1964. The solid-state LED scoreboard replaces the old electromechanical pinball scoring wheels so Fireball's backboard is thinner and its scoring more reliable. Its memory not only keeps track of everybody's score but the exact playfield configuration and extra bonus balls—something present arcade games can't do.

The American-made Bally Fireball—the first computer pinball machine designed for both home and office entertainment centers.

Although the playfield is just as large as the commercial machines, the entire unit has less weight, less bulk, and practically no service requirements making it ideal for the home or office. It takes up a space 2 feet by 4 feet and weighs 160 pounds.

HOW TO JUSTIFY PINBALL (TAKE THIS TEST)

If you paid more than \$600 for either your TV set, stereo system or pool table—you should consider a pinball machine. You'll have more fun and action than watching TV, listening to your stereo or playing pool.

And when guests pop in, your Fireball will be the talk and highlight of their visit. Your TV and stereo are used primarily for private viewing or listening. Your pinball machine is for all times—from your personal family enjoyment to big parties. It's the great new idea in home entertainment.

TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Consider Fireball for your office as either an executive toy or a free new benefit for your office or factory employees during their breaks. You get both an investment tax credit and depreciation. Fireball combines participation, action and entertainment. A pinball machine is so intriguing that people pour dollars into them at arcades. It requires skill, sharpens responses and can become the single most talked about entertainment product in your home or office.

LASTING PLAY VALUE

Fireball, unlike the new TV games, is partially a game of chance and thus can never be mastered. Even an experienced professional can lose to a youngster. A daughter can beat her father, grandma can beat grandpa and the surprise of an upset is what adds to the long lasting play value. A professional pinball machine is an amusement game that you rarely get tired of—no matter how good you get, no matter how long you've played. Ask any arcade operator. His customers will tire of his video games which he continually rotates with newer models but his pinball machines are played and played and played.

Don't be confused. There are other games made by toy designers selling for one half the price. Fireball is not a toy and is built by a company that specializes in pinball machines. With all its sophistication it is the most service-free, quality pinball machine ever produced.

When you buy an expensive product you must be absolutely satisfied that you get the service and a solid company standing behind your purchase for many years to come. Fireball is backed by a substantial company, Bally—in business since 1931 and now the world's largest manufacturer of coin operated amusement games. JS&A is America's largest single source of space-age consumer products and also a substantial company—further assurances that your investment is well protected.

A FRANK DISCUSSION OF SERVICE

Fireball is a solid-state computer with its electronics condensed on integrated circuits—all hermetically sealed and all pre-tested for a lifetime of service. Fireball is also self-diagnostic. Let us say something goes wrong with the system. Simply press the test button on the back panel of your machine and the exact

problem is displayed on your scoreboard in digits. Check the instruction booklet and simply remove the designated plug-in circuit board, light bulb or part and send it to the service department closest to you for a brand new replacement. Even your TV or stereo isn't that easy to repair.

Please don't think service requirements are common. They're not. But we wanted to assure you that service was such an important consideration in its design that Fireball practically repairs itself. And any defective component will be replaced free-of-charge during its one year limited warranty.

SHIPPING AND THE TRIAL PERIOD

Each Fireball comes in two sections with four metal legs. The two sections quickly bolt together with the top portion also plugging into the bottom to make all electrical connections. Within minutes after it arrives, your unit is ready to operate.

Attach the metal legs, plug it in and start playing. Don't even read the instructions on how to play it—you should know how within minutes. Then after you've played Fireball for awhile, go to your local arcade and play a standard \$1500 pinball machine. It's only then that you'll realize how much more value you are getting with Fireball.

But let's be realistic. What if you don't like what you get? Simple. A toll-free call to JS&A and we'll arrange for the pick-up of your unit and we'll pay all the pick-up and return costs. And you can play Fireball for one month before you make up your mind.

A GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

The cost for your own pinball machine is \$795 (Illinois residents add \$39.75 sales tax) plus the freight which you pay upon receipt and which will run approximately \$34 from our facilities in Northbrook to Los Angeles or less if you live closer. You can order Fireball with any major credit card by calling our toll-free number or you can send your check for \$795 to the address shown below. We will then promptly ship your unit and advise you.

We back Fireball with an outstanding service program made possible by plug-in commercial components. We provide the opportunity to use Fireball for one month without obligation and if 1) it does not live up to every one of your expectations 2) for any reason you get tired of playing it, or 3) you don't find it more challenging after one month than when you first played it, give us a call and we'll pick it up at your door at our expense and refund your money. We provide fast service turnaround time should service ever be required and we have been in business for over a decade providing the same conscientious service that has built our company into America's largest single source of quality space-age products.

Why not let the fun and action of your very own pinball machine add to your home or office entertainment picture? We'll make just trying Fireball the best entertainment move you've ever made. Order one at no obligation today.

JS&A NATIONAL
SALES
GROUP

Dept. PH One JS&A Plaza
Northbrook, Ill. 60062 (312) 564-9000

CALL TOLL-FREE... 800 323-6400
In Illinois call ... (312) 498-6900

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CHEATING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the state's hundreds of thousands of slot machines hold out the promise of easy money for legions of grifters. "It's like a war," says the manager of a Las Vegas Strip hotel's slot operation. More cheats work the slot machines than work the rest of the games combined, and they can take out a slot so quickly that you have to be on the lookout all the time."

The slot mechanic's favorite tool is the portable, battery-operated electric drill—especially models that are small enough to be concealed in the palm of the hand. Cheaters bore through the side of a machine and then insert a wire that triggers the payoff mechanism. Roy Larralde, an investigator for the Gaming Control Board, recently told a reporter: "It's easy to drill a machine—it only takes four seconds. There are guys who go around and do the drilling and then sell the whereabouts of the drilled machines to other cheats, who'll go in with the wire for the take."

Slot plots are the most prevalent casino hustles only because they're relatively easy to pull off. The toughest game to rig is roulette; and until our Australian friends came forward with their micro-electronic maneuver, roulette pit bosses had very little to worry about. Few connivers ever get the chance to fiddle with a roulette wheel in privacy; and when they do, they almost invariably go with the oldest roulette scam in the book: magnets installed beneath certain numbers in the wheel, with croupiers then bribed to use steel-centered roulette balls. Occasionally, a hustler dreams up a

variation on this hoary theme, as was the case when a roulette mechanic gained access to a wheel just before it was shipped to Las Vegas's Nevada Club. His tactic was to insert thin strips of lead beneath each of the wheel's black cups; the inserts deadened the cups' resilient hardwood bottoms, causing the ball—and the cheat—to spend most of one evening in the black.

Although casino chiselers of every stripe still succeed, only the most adroit can make a career of cheating, for gambling officials compare notes the same way doctors and stockbrokers do. Thus, whenever a new hustle appears on the horizon, the industry is quickly clued in on it. Unfortunately for the gambling industry, cheaters also pool their knowledge. Longtime gyp artists who've become *personae non gratae* at casinos often establish schools for aspiring sharpers, with tuition either a flat, four-figure fee or a percentage of their students' first month's earnings. Nevada's Clark County Sheriff's Department has raided a number of such schools in Las Vegas, the majority of which concentrate on taking out slot machines.

In addition to all the underhandedness attendant at every game, casinos have to cope with a myriad of related dirty tricks, some of which have allowed four-flushers to laugh all the way to Brazil. It may, for instance, be a federal crime to mint your own money, but the Treasury Department won't come calling if you happen to manufacture counterfeit chips—and, on the whole, counterfeiters would rather go up against Nevada casinos than the U.S. government.

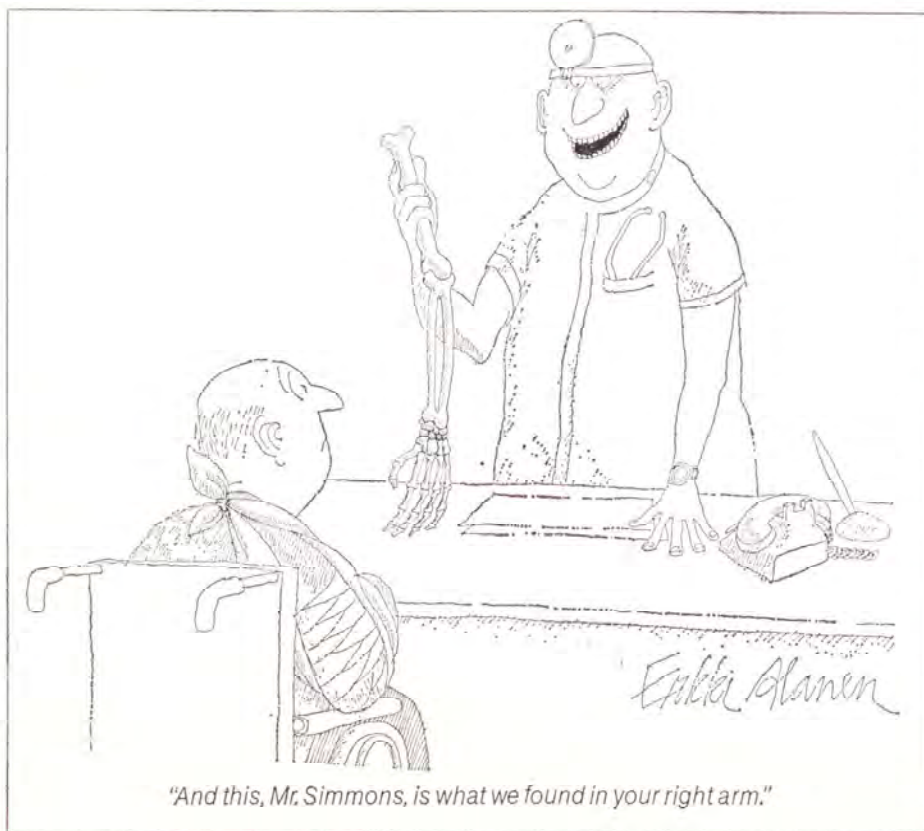
One needn't be a pro to con the casinos. Las Vegas visitors who suffer disastrous losses often stop payment on personal or cashier's checks written to cover their gam-

bling debts. Since gambling debts are unenforceable in court, there's really nothing casino owners can do short of hiring thugs as collectors. That they no longer care to do, thank you, for Las Vegas has gone wholesome and would much rather be regarded as a Disneyland for plungers than the broken-arm capital of the United States. Only in Nevada is it a crime to stop payment on checks written to cover gambling losses. So just make sure that you're out of the state when the casino finds out. And try to remember that the hard guys never forget. Casinos can be deceived, but after they discover that they have been bamboozled, subsequent attempts can result in visits to the pokey—*long* visits. Legalized gambling is Nevada's chief source of tax revenue, and the state deals with casino cheats as hospitably as Albania treats cocaine peddlers.

But once around can suffice, and perhaps the optimum time for hoaxsters to operate is during a casino's opening night, when all is uncharacteristic chaos. In addition to celebrities, media representatives, well-known gamblers, and every type of chiseler mentioned thus far, a casino's opening night attracts quick-strike con men whose long suits are *chutzpah* and impersonation.

According to several shady gamblers in a position to know, the first-night score of all time is said to have taken place at Las Vegas's Riviera Hotel. According to the story, on opening night a Riviera executive spent a good part of the evening signing for chips that were supposedly destined for the crap tables. The following morning hotel officials discovered that the casino was short more than \$200,000—and that the executive who'd signed for that very amount was an impostor. That night security guards and law officers planted themselves at the tables and waited for their man to reappear, but the stakeout was in vain—as they knew it would be. Like any well-reared thief, the con artist followed the underworld's oldest dictum—he simply had taken the money and ran.

Lest the life of a casino cheat sound too tempting, consider what Jerry Davis (not his real name) has to say. From 1963 to 1974 Jerry hustled Nevada casinos out of more than a million dollars. He now plies his trade in Europe and South America. Davis reports that there are only a few dozen full-time casino cardsharps in the world and explains that the fraternity remains exclusive because of fear. "You're always afraid, and don't believe anybody who tells you different," he says. "There are all kinds of bedroom scufflers who can astound you with the scams they're able to demonstrate in their motel rooms, but they can't win fifteen cents in a casino because they don't have the balls for it. When you sit down at a casino table, you know you're going up against the cameras, the guys behind the two-way mirrors, the pit bosses, and security guards who'll tear your fuckin' head off if they catch you cheating. There are times I'm at a table and my legs actually start shaking, but then I take a bunch of deep breaths—and I go to work." ○✚



"And this, Mr. Simmons, is what we found in your right arm."



DOMINIQUE



“I like to feel
very sexy,
very feminine, and
good sex makes
me feel that way!”

OUR LADY IN HAITI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MALINOWSKI

The name Dominique rolls off the tongue as comfortably as a taut nipple. And what better place for our French-born Pet of the Month, Dominique Mauré, to light than the erstwhile French colony of Haiti? “It’s the most gorgeous place in the world ... The Haitians are the friendliest, most loving people I’ve ever met. We did the shooting there, and it’s the most natural thing in Haiti to walk around nude. Feeling the sun beating down on my body was fantastic! The men didn’t want me to leave.” Considering our pet’s 36-24-36 proportions, it sends frissons up the spine.



● *I like to have sex in cars, alleyways, wherever there's the slightest possibility of getting caught.* ●

Not that life is so tough for Dominique in her adoptive New York: "I have a superbusy life as a model and, of course, some very special men in my life." Since she draws men like an oversexed magnet, the twenty-four-year-old beauty has to be quite discriminating: "I like men who are strong individualists. Looks aren't as important as having a forceful personality. I'm especially attracted to men who live dangerously, rough and tough men who know how to be gentle with me."





"I want a man who takes over my life and tells me what to do, but I also want my own independence . . . I like to have my cake and eat it, too. In sex sometimes I like to be the one who takes over. I completely satisfy my lover, doing everything he likes while he just lies there. Other times I want *him* to be the strong one, just making me feel it all happening. I like to feel very sexy, very feminine, and good sex makes me feel that way! Sex is the big preoccupation of my life. And why not?"

☛ *I fantasize about having three men at once. Complete strangers who make love to me furiously.* ☛



“Good porn movies make me cream. And so do my vibrators. I love my man to use them on me.”

“I fantasize about having two or three men at once—complete strangers who make love to me furiously and passionately. And since there’s nothing like the thrill of the forbidden, I like to have sex in cars, alleyways, wherever there’s the slightest possibility of getting caught. Once my lover and I had a complete orgy on an unused stairway in an office building. It started off with just a little oral sex, but before we knew it, we couldn’t control ourselves. We did all that a stairway allows.”









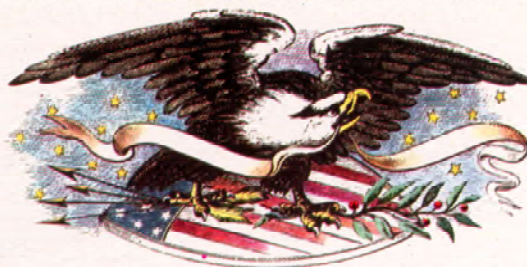
"I'm a moon-child, which makes me very warm and affectionate. Like a true Cancer, I'm a lady of many changing moods. The mood I'm most in is an amorous one. In bed I wear very little or nothing, and I like a lot of caressing, a lot of foreplay. Good porn movies make me cream, and so do my vibrators. I have quite a collection. I use them often, but it's more fun when my man uses them on me..."
You're giving us good vibrations, Dominique, you're giving us excitations. ◯ +

◀ Sometimes I like to be the one to take over. I completely satisfy my lover, do anything he likes... ▶



MISS DOMINIQUE MAURÉ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Hon. Max Cleland
Administrator, Veterans Administration
Washington, D.C.

Dear Max,

Congratulations on your appointment as Administrator of the Veterans Administration. Yours is not an enviable task. The state of veterans' affairs is not good. The problems confronting all veterans seem greatly to exceed workable, effective solutions for them. Having said that, however, *Penthouse* believes that the opportunity you have to turn the VA around and to solve those problems is greater than at any other time since the appointment of Gen. Omar Bradley to head the VA, following World War II. The VA, as a governmental institution with more than 100,000 employees, is an organization badly in need of real leadership. This top-level dedication you can provide—you've already demonstrated this in the past.

Penthouse believes your first task should be the establishment of a realistic set of priorities to deal with the various problems. You need within the Administrator's office a planning and evaluation group, one that can tell you which programs are working well or poorly and what needs to be done to make them work better. In addition, such a planning group can provide you with an "early warning system," which should be used to anticipate possible problems with future programs—notably the program envisaged in President Carter's promise to allocate one-third of the jobs in his Public Service Jobs program to Vietnam-era veterans. If you are to avoid such administrative debacles as the government's recent and ill-fated swine flu program, it is imperative for all other government agencies with a piece of the action—such as HEW, the Department of Labor, the Department of Defense, and so forth—to be closely tied in to VA plans and actions.

Another "first" task is establishing credibility with your constituents. We believe that the causes of Vietnam veterans can best be served if you, as Administrator, make it clear from the outset that you will represent all veterans equitably. The Vietnam veterans ask no more—or no less—than fair and just treatment. Nevertheless, as you know and have already stated, some extra effort on their behalf is required to make up for past governmental shortchanging. In short, *Penthouse* strongly suggests that you maintain an "open" Veterans Administration, one that is sensitive to all veteran-related problems, and one that is not beholden to special-interest groups when their requests are inconsistent with general

veteran priorities (or with the monetary and fiscal constraints under which you must operate).

Because the people at the head of the VA are especially instrumental in implementing the various programs, it is incumbent upon you to make certain that the noncareer staff that you bring into the VA be selected strictly on the basis of personal competence. Similarly, it is your responsibility to depoliticize the VA's career bureaucracy. For too long, appointed positions in the VA have been offered as payment for past political favors or contributions, and this practice has had a damaging effect on morale in the agency. You should also be mindful that in addition to being judged by what you do, or fail to do, as Administrator, the sincerity of your stewardship will also be judged by the quality and performance of your subordinates. If these subordinates are nothing more than political hacks or sycophants, unimaginative and insensitive to the needs of those whom the VA serves, no public-relations gimmick will cover up their inadequacy.

In conclusion, *Penthouse* suggests that your greatest task will be to assure and convince the Vietnam-era veteran that your stewardship of the VA will fully and honestly reflect the implications and substance of the testimony you gave before the Senate Subcommittee on Veterans' Affairs in 1970, in which you said: "To the devastating psychological effect of getting maimed, paralyzed, or in some way made unable to reenter American life as you left

To the devastating effect
of getting maimed or paralyzed
in Vietnam is added the
psychological weight that
the war may
have been a cruel hoax.

it, is added the psychological weight that it may not have been worth it, that the war may have been a cruel hoax, an American tragedy that left a small minority of young American males holding the bag. These doubts go beyond just the individual involved. They affect his family, his friends, and, many times, his community."

Penthouse reaffirms your testimony and stands ready to help you in translating it into improved programs, care, and treatment for all veterans. *Penthouse* wishes you well in the tasks which lie ahead and promises to continue to be an honest critic of you and of the VA—as well as a supporter of your best efforts.

Max Cleland, thirty-four, lost both of his legs and his right arm in a grenade accident near Khe Sanh in 1968, while serving as a captain in the First Air Cavalry Division. Although he wasn't eligible for the Purple Heart, because he wasn't wounded in combat, he received the Silver Star for gallantry in action and the Soldier's Medal for heroism.

Announcing new Winston Light 100's.



Extra length.
Low tar.
Real Winston
taste.

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

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ADVISE AND DISSENT

OPINION

MARY HARTMAN AND ARCHIE BUNKER: Norman Lear's Cheap Shots at the Working Class

Urban survival aside, one of the lesser inherent evils of living in New York City is that one has to deal with mental muggings. In a way, it's a self-inflicted dilemma, since it comes from reading too many slick publications instead of books and from attending parties that have all the spontaneity of a *Bund* meeting.

The magazines are merely inanimate versions of the parties, since the same "in" subjects are discussed. In more civilized times your host at such soirées expected you to arrive at the door with a bottle and a few standard lines of patter. And if there was concern about your sexual organ, it was confined to the hope that you could aim it straight at the urinal as the drinks multiplied and the time flew. Ah, Wilderness!

Currently, you can't get through a door to cavort unless you're in mid-life crisis, can discourse on est, bisexuality (in my boyhood Brooklyn that would have been misconstrued as meaning when you both wanted it), transsexuality (getting laid on a train crossing state boundaries?), and the profundities and social significance of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman."

Now, unless you want to spend the evening talking to your host's or hostess's plants (perfectly acceptable but boring), you have to be conversant with the phenomena of the last decade. There always is a singer you *must* hear—Bette Midler; a movie you *must* see—*Pink Flamingos*; and now a television show to follow—"M.H., M.H."

You might rightfully ask why such boobery abounds. With a bow to that Greek philosopher, Spiro Agnew, we might begin by examining the press. In the sixties, hysteria replaced critical faculties on the entertainment pages. Rock "critics" led the way by finding grooved "masterpieces" weekly, until you began to think that Chuck Berry's disc "Roll Over, Beethoven" was a dire prophecy. One assumes that by these "critical" lights Johnny



By Joe Flaherty

Free-lance writer Joe Flaherty has written several books, among them *Fogarty & Co.* and *Chez Joey*. Listening to the fatuous cocktail conversation of New York's *nouveau chic* soured him forever on "Mary Hartman."

Ray's caterwauling would have been equated with *Medea*.

Movie reviewers were quick to fall into goose step. Such directorial dogs as Roger Corman and Sam Fuller began to receive fulsome analysis, when, in fact, one should have seen their films only if seduced with the promise of a gravy boat at the door. Indeed, considering the economy, the death of Dish Night might be the true cinematic tragedy.

There had to be reasons for the advent of this madness, but one can only guess. First, it's within our nature to heighten and gloss our activities. Stand in any bar, whether it be blue-collar or button-down, at cocktail hour; if the conversation were to be believed, the hoisters have managed to salvage not only the Republic but also the Western world at least once before lunch and many times more before punch-out time.

But this can't be the sole reason, since self-aggrandizement has always been with us. The psychic sewer runs deeper than that. Could it be that

the tots of the electronic age, steeped in education like no generation before them, had to justify that education (to their indulgent mommies)? Thus anything that crossed their eyes and entered their ears had to be anointed to a higher order. Since McLuhan rendered the last rites to the printed word (his own style was the foremost pallbearer), had his disciples, so lazy in their reading habits, taken it upon themselves to celebrate their electronic voyeurism?

And besides, records, movies, and television were part of their affluent youth—their teething ring and pacifier. So what better way to forestall dread adulthood than taking the trappings of adolescence and graduating them to solemnity and grandeur? It's not an uncommon gambit. Aging athletes will take jobs as scouts, coaches, assistant anything within the confines of the play world, in order to keep the big bad wolf of

● Archie Bunker is more real than the viewers who
feel superior to him. It was his class whose sons died in Vietnam,
unable to afford college deferments or trips to Sweden. ●

reality outside the door. The true forerunner of this ploy might have been Ponce de León.

But none of this explains older heads who wax rhapsodic about trivia. Here I think we have to return to our deeply ingrained Puritan work ethic. That is, if one spends time with anything, it must be justified. The idea that one should consider wasting time or "pissing it away" is a sin that the self can't reckon with. Why this guilt exists I can't explain, except to say that that particular emotion has been the most hungered-after whore since psychiatry hung out its shingle.

And consider that there is no cosmic ground (or sky) to the notion that idleness is wicked. The stigma is man-wrought, because if one is to believe the Good Book, the Lord worked six on and one off and hasn't been heard from since. His Son languished away for thirty years in obscurity, playing catch-up ball for the last three. So, I beg, why the need to justify simple time killing? Is it *this* guilt that has produced so much bilge about inanities?—the dam buster being the subject of our consideration, "M.H., M.H." and its creator, Norman Lear.

It is now irrefutable dictum that Norman Lear is a "revolutionary" in Television-Land, a regular Che of the channels. He has been called a Marxist who is chronicling the decline of capitalist society, the guiding light to the mores of working-class America, a more profound domestic investigator than Ingmar Bergman in *Scenes from a Marriage*, a Freudian frontiersman who is exploring our sexual dilemmas, a satirist, an absurdist, *ad infinitum*. In short, he has been canonized as the proprietor of Lourdes—come to his well, and he can cure what ails us.

If these opinions had appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Silver Screen*, one could giggle. Or, more properly, it's the kind of stuff one expects from *Mad Magazine*, with Alfred E. Newman's tongue deeply planted in his cheek. *Au contraire*, these august opinions appeared in the *New York Times*, the *Village Voice*, and in the Tutankhamen of Think—the *New York Review of Books*. One presumes that these writers' tongues were in their proper place, while mine was clenched between my teeth.

Though Lear has a stable of TV shows, his iconoclastic reputation derives mainly from two of them, "All in the Family" and "M.H., M.H." With "All in the Family," Lear was applauded for venting the subject of bigotry into our secure living rooms through the foul-mouthed, jingoistic Archie Bunker. On the face

of things "AITF" should be a threatening show, forcing the viewer to look at himself and American life through the glass darkly.

But, in fact, it serves the opposite purpose because of the makeup of the main character. One can look at the stogie-puffing, malaprop-laden Bunker and see nothing of oneself. Why, my dear, he uses words such as *coon* and *spic*, and his syntax is more fractured than Evel Knievel's physiognomy. So the middle-class viewer can sit back in smug comfort and say, "That's bigotry," and never frisk his own soul. And this appeasement of the higher classes is what Lear's "genius" is all about.

If the Bunkers of the country were all that minority groups had to contend with, their problems would be solved. Weekly, Archie suffers his comeuppance at the hands of his liberal son-in-law and daughter, those he abuses, and even his dotty wife. To grant Lear company that he doesn't deserve, he's like Shakespeare in his mania to restore civilized order at the end of an ordeal. In Shakespeare's case, the reason was his love of monarchy and the divine right of kings; in Lear's case, it's his love of Nielsen that moves him to give his "enlightened" audience a placebo.

The power structure of bigotry is never questioned: those who control the jobs, frame the zoning laws, and isolate themselves from the poor through money, doormen, private schools, and neighborhood. That would be a true kick in the ass to Lear's liberal devotees. Indeed Archie, with all his misguided opinions, is more real than all the viewers who feel superior to him. He lives in Queens, where neighborhoods are integrated, his class are the guinea pigs for busing, and the patriotism of his class is valid, since it was they who sent their sons to die in Vietnam, unable to afford the luxury of college deferments or trips to Sweden and Canada. Archie's ideas and hostilities have been shaped by experience, trial and error, while his "betters" have no idea of the depth of their emotions, since their theoretical equations rest in secure laboratories.

The true insanity of America is that we don't know the meaning of our commitment to social justice. The line of division between action and lip service has never been measured, so as long as we have straw men like Archie and men like Lear propping them up, we will never know. The real message in "All in the Family," as it is in "M.H., M.H.," is working-class mockery. Archie's accent, his dress, his dull palate, his not "with it" ideas on sex, his cornball love of the flag, his lumpy furniture,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164





BOUND FOR GLORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN THORNTON

Once upon a time, a successful seduction occurred only after a long candle-lit dinner, some ardent nibbling and blowing about the ear, and some smooth, suggestive whispering. No longer! Today's man wants his satisfaction, and he wants it now! Today's woman, however, still has romantic notions in her pretty little head, feminism notwithstanding. She still expects her cigarettes—and her inner fires—lighted. Fortunately, there is a solution to this dilemma—bondage. Simply tie her up!

Drawing from *The Adventures of Sweet Gwendoline*, published by Belier Press.



To avoid the possibility of barking up the wrong tree, equip yourself with a diamond-studded dog collar and soft leather handcuffs. She'll soon be baying for more!





To rope or knot to rope — that's the question. French maids adore it, and there are simply

trunk loads of possibilities and variations. Try it yourself. She's bound to adore you. 



KIDNAPPED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

"Let's go to town," she said. "I'll have to tell the children."

There were six children, all grown. She had raised them by herself, after her husband had run off with another woman. In order to support them, she had operated a fifteen-room boarding house and an answering service in Phoenix. Then she raised five foster children, three of them Apache sisters, until illness struck her down, leaving her partially crippled. She was part Cherokee, stoic in the face of trouble, stronger in spirit than many of the mountain men were. She was a doer, not a crier. Hysteria only got in the way of doing what needed to be done.

Her older son, Duane, was asleep in his suburban Phoenix home when the phone rang. Minutes later, he was driving hell-bent for Snowflake. It is a rugged drive: through the empty desert, into the rocky buttes, climbing ever higher into timber country, over snaky hair-curve roads with falling-rock zones on one side and straight-down mountain plunges on the other. The road finally emerges onto the high plateau named Mogollon—a frontier of vast, rolling prairie, harsh, isolated, brooding, both beautiful and forbidden. The elevation pops the ears at 6,000 feet. And on a clear night, you can see forever across the endless skies. In these skies people have watched strange and mysterious lights for years.

Named for its Mormon founders (1878), Erastus Snow and William Flake, Snowflake is a dusty *Last Picture Show* town. The town marshal is Sanford ("Sank") Flake. The resident Navajo County deputy is his brother, Glen Flake. Their families control ranches, The Emporium, The Feed Bag restaurant, and a few other holdings in a town that is only a couple of blocks long. One full square block is occupied by the Mormon Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints, which is hewn from huge slabs of coppery-tinted rock. Nearby is the town's biggest business—the Snowflake Union High School campus and stadium, home of the Lobos.

A block off Main Street is farm country: horse ranches, cattle, pigs. There is a feed mill and a lumber mill. Some 4,000 people are spread about the surrounding countryside. The men wear cowboy hats and cowboy boots. In the evenings they drive their pickup trucks back and forth on the darkened main street. The next full towns are twenty-seven and thirty-five miles away. At night the wind whistles across the bare winter earth, chilling the graybeard grasses. Woodsmoke curls up from every chimney. And very late the baleful wail of a south-bound freight echoes through the silence.

It is a lonely place.

Duane arrived before daybreak and took charge for the family. That morning Sheriff Gillespie mounted a full-scale search. During the succeeding days fifty men on foot scoured a two-mile-square area; then

horsemen expanded the area; four-wheel-drive jeeps were used and, finally, a helicopter. No trace of Travis Walton was found, and there was no sign that any craft had landed at the "abduction" site: there were no broken branches, no ground burns, no pod prints, no significant radiation.

Three days later word finally leaked to the outside world. One of the first outside investigators to arrive was Fred Sylvanus, director of the Arizona Regional UFO Project. The project is based in Phoenix, which is the home of a number of respected UFO experts.

Sylvanus tried to interview Mike Rogers, but Duane Walton excitedly interrupted Mike's description of the UFO: "I saw one almost identical to what they describe," Duane said. "I saw it for a period of almost thirty minutes in broad daylight, about twelve years ago at one o'clock in the afternoon, about eight miles from this location right here. And it followed me around these woods for about thirty minutes, and it

"When the room
got darker, I could
see the stars—
through the
walls, the ceiling,
the floor...
everywhere."

was never more than 200 feet from me at any time."

Duane was six foot three inches, about 240 pounds, a boxer and a horseshoer, quick of mind and tongue. "Pushy" is what some people call him. His interruptions were beginning to irritate Sylvanus. But the investigator's alarms went off when Mike said that Travis ran right under the craft, and Duane blurted: "Travis and I discussed this many, many times at great length, and we both said that we would immediately get as directly under the object as physically possible.... We discussed this time and again. The opportunity would be too great to pass up, and at any cost, except that of death, we would make contact with them. And whoever happened to be left on the ground, if one of us didn't make the grade, we'd try to convince whoever was in the craft to come back and get the other one. He performed just as we said we would, and he got directly under the object, and he's received the benefits for it."

Sylvanus, a veteran UFO investigator, smelled a rat. "Unusual" previous interest in UFOs forewarned of tainted stories. Although Sylvanus suspected a hoax, Sheriff Gillespie more and more suspected murder.

There had been bad blood between some of Rogers's workers, especially between Travis and Alan Dalis. Travis could have been killed during a fight, then buried, and the entire UFO story could have been concocted to conceal the murder.

Two factors nagged his theory: he had seen possible UFOs himself; so the story was feasible, if not probable. And a conspiracy of either hoax or murder seemed unlikely for this mixed-bag crew. Both Mike Rogers and Ken Peterson were known as utterly trustworthy, straight arrows. Steve Pierce at seventeen was still a boy and not personally close to anybody in the crew. Dwayne Smith was from Phoenix and had been on the job for only three days. This was not a close, tight-knit group by any means. And their stories all remained the same.

On Monday they were given polygraph tests by Cy Gilson of the Arizona Public Safety Department. He asked each of the six witnesses four basic questions: (1) Did you cause Travis Walton any serious physical injury last Wednesday afternoon? (2) Do you know if Travis Walton was physically injured by some other member of your work crew last Wednesday? (3) Do you know if Travis Walton's body is buried or hidden somewhere in that Turkey Springs area? (4) Did you tell the truth about actually seeing a UFO last Wednesday when Travis Walton disappeared?

Gilson reported: "Each of the six men answered no to questions 1, 2, and 3. And they each answered yes to question 4. The test results were conclusive." Five of the men were telling the truth. "The polygraph examinations prove that these five men did see some object that they believe to have been a UFO, and that Travis Walton was not injured or murdered by any of these men on that Wednesday. If an actual UFO did not exist, and the UFO is a man-made hoax, five of these men had no prior knowledge of a hoax. No such determination can be made of the sixth man, whose test results were inconclusive."

The sixth man was Alan Dalis. Gilson said: "He was obviously agitated. He was belligerent. He was the only one of the six who wouldn't cooperate. I couldn't make heads or tails of any part of his test." Unknown to Gilson, Dalis was an accused burglar and most fearful of being asked something in relation to his secret life. Months later he was convicted of armed robbery and jailed at the Arizona State Penitentiary. At this time, authorities say, he confessed to everything he had ever done in his life but stuck absolutely to his UFO story.

Meanwhile, Town Marshal Sank Flake publicly announced his opinion: "I think the whole thing is a hoax, set up by Travis and his brother, Duane, to make some money. I believe the other kids did see something, but they were hoaxed, too. What they saw was an inflated rubber raft, or something like that, all lit up and hung in the trees to look like a UFO. Travis set them up, telling them stories about UFOs; and when he had them ready, it happened."

Duane Walton said Flake was prejudiced

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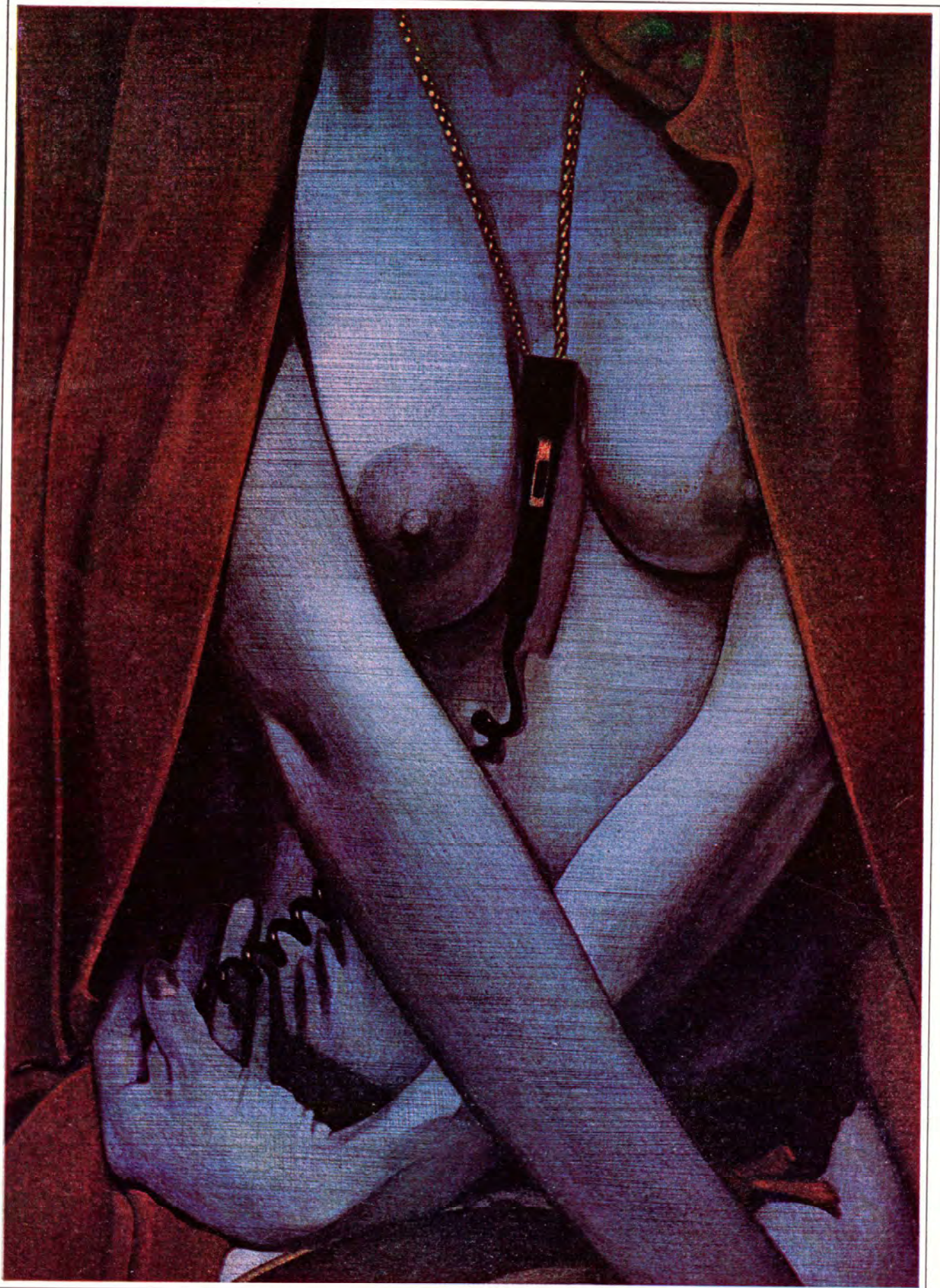
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The Nymph Tapes

Nothing would be finer than to
do it with her vagina—and thousands of men did.

"Be long to me,"
was all she asked in return.

BY SYLVIA

TAPE 1

Nymphomaniac? Oh, no. I don't think so. A nymphomaniac is a crazy person, isn't she? I don't think I'm crazy. Everybody I know is always going off to get laid. That's normal. That's what I do. I have a good, healthy sex drive. My best friend tells me that she thinks I have fucked more guys than most girls have. She's wrong, I think. She's just forgotten.

Statistics? You mean like how many guys? Oh, about 2,000, maybe 3,000. I've had dozens of abortions and seven or eight doses of clap. Syphilis, too, I think. Orgies? Is an orgy three people or more? Well, I don't know. Maybe a hundred, I guess.

No, I haven't done it for hire very often. I told two guys yesterday that if they'd steal me a vibrator I saw in the local drugstore, they could do whatever they wanted to me. But that's not really for hire, is it? I mean, no money was involved. Sure, I fucked them. A deal's a deal. Just because I fuck a lot doesn't mean I'm not a lady.

Define the word *fuck*? Well, it means to make love, the physical part of it. Like lots of guys will suck my clit while masturbating themselves to an orgasm. I call that fucking even though they don't put their penises inside me. There's a guy here, in town, who comes by the house maybe twice a year. We go off together in his truck to the big supermarket parking lot. He has a fine big penis, and he's very

proud of it. We masturbate. He masturbates himself, and I masturbate myself, and we watch each other and talk while we do it. I consider that the two of us are "fucking" even though we don't even touch each other. Yes, we do this in the daytime sometimes. The cab of the truck is so high that people can't see what we're doing.

He says that he's never seen a girl rub herself as hard as I do. I think I'm not so sensitive there as other girls because of the vibrators. How do I do it? In the truck? Well, I scrunch down in the seat and put my knees on the dashboard, spreading them far apart. With my left hand I spread the lips so that the clitoris is fully exposed. Then I rub a million miles an hour with three fingers of my right hand. No, I don't put the fingers inside myself. I just massage the hell out of the clit.

Sure, I fuck, too. You know, the penile-vaginal thing. I used to let a neighbor's teenage son come over and fuck me. When he told me that he used heroin, I cut off the affair. I feared his sperm might make me a drug addict. How times have changed!

When I was a teenager, my short-range life plan was to stay a virgin. My long-range plan was to get married and raise lots of babies. My ambition in life was to be a famous writer. Nothing ever works out. I quit school when I was sixteen and went to work in a club. I lied about my age. But it was not a B-joint, and I was always fully clothed and never

stripped. Between the acts the girls like me would join the guests in conversation, if invited, and try to keep them amused—no, not sexually amused, conversationally amused.

The girls did not receive salaries; they lived on tips. The customers were mostly men, but sometimes they brought their wives or mistresses, and they were all rich. They were rich enough, many of them, to leave hundred-dollar tips for the girls.

It was at this joint that I met the first man I loved and the first man I fucked. Charles was thirty-eight, and I was working at the club. When I first saw him, I thought he was far too old for me.

TAPE 2

There was an elegance about Charles that is difficult to describe even though it is common to many very rich men and women. This quality comes from fabulously expensive barbering and tailoring, from wearing handmade shoes that cost a hundred dollars or more, from going to the right preparatory schools and the right universities.

He came into the club one night and right away I noticed him. He was tall and straight, and had a shock of iron-gray hair that made him look like Leonard Bernstein. He had dinner, and he picked me up after the last show. We drove to his pied-à-terre in the city's leading hotel. It was the most magnificent suite of rooms

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO

I had ever seen. I don't know anything about furniture or furnishings, but even so I knew that what I was seeing was very special, very low-key, subdued, and elegant.

He said that he would like to make love to me and started to take off his jacket. I told him that I had never been to bed with a man in my life and that I would go to bed only with my future husband and no one else. He looked terribly surprised and put his jacket back on again. We went downstairs, and he drove me home. In the car he tried to get me to change my mind by telling me what fun sex was and how it's good for you. But when we arrived at my house, I just kissed him good night and went off to bed. Alone.

The next afternoon, when I awakened, my mother said that there were some flowers for me. Every afternoon for the next month flowers from Charles were delivered—every single day. And every single night he took me back to his suite for a little food and necking. Night after night he got more and more frantic and passionate, and finally one night at the club he told me that he loved me and could not live without me.

By this time I was beginning to fall in love with him. He was always kind and considerate and polite. He wanted sex with me, but he always stopped the moment I asked him to. He asked me to move to his home town, New York.

I told him that I'd think about the offer. My mother and I talked it over the next day. He came to meet her that afternoon. After he had gone, Mother said she thought that it would be proper just so long as I lived in my own apartment as his ward or protégée.

That night I told him I would go. He said I should quit my job and gave me a thousand dollars to get whatever clothing I thought I might need. He said it would take him a few days to find and furnish an apartment for me. (As it turned out, he never did.) I quit after the last show, deliriously happy. We parked the car in front of my mother's place and necked for a few minutes. He told me that he wanted to make love to me so much—he needed sex so much—that he felt he had to go to a prostitute for relief. I told him I thought that this would be a perfectly splendid thing to do. He could have his sex with prostitutes, and we could be just good friends. He was crestfallen.

After we arrived in New York, I wrote my mother, telling her of Charles's plight and of my decision to spend the rest of my life with him. I told her that even though we would never marry, I felt he was close enough to being a husband that I could give him my virginity. Before I mailed the letter, I showed it to Charles, who broke down and cried. He went down on his knees in front of me and started kissing my hands. We went into the bedroom. I started taking off my clothes, but he stopped me. He took his clothes off first, his rings and watch and everything. I shook all over with fright. How could that little thing between my legs take in all that meat?

TAPE 3

I lay back on his bed while he knelt beside
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me, and very slowly and gently he took my clothes off, kissing each piece of clothing before proceeding to the next. The last thing he took off was my panties. He appeared delighted with what he saw. He slid my panties off and gave a little cry of delight at what he saw. He leaned over and gave my cunt a long kiss and a tiny lick. I jumped when I felt his tongue. Nothing had ever touched me there except a washcloth. I didn't like the feeling.

He began by softly caressing one of my breasts and gently sucking on the other. He did this for a long time; and while still sucking, he moved his hand between my legs, moving them apart, and began rubbing me there. Finally, he rolled me on my side so that I faced him. He tried to put his cock in.

It wouldn't go in. I was too small and too frightened. When he shoved his cock at me, I moved away. He went to the bathroom and lubricated himself with something, but still he couldn't get it in. By this time he was crying again, and I knew what his trouble

●
When a lover
told me that he used
drugs, I cut
off the affair. I feared
his sperm
might make me
an addict.
●

was: he was having a bad case of lover's nuts. I was afraid to touch him, to touch his cock, but I made myself do it anyhow. I put my hand around it and stroked him up and down. He rolled over on his side. He watched my hand moving slowly back and forth, and so did I. My hand looked very small. I looked at him, and the look of gratitude on his face was so intense that even though I didn't like what I was doing, I felt I had to continue until I gave him an orgasm. He put his hand on mine and increased the pressure of my fingers on him and asked me to stroke him harder and a little slower. In a minute he started saying my name with every stroke, forward and back. And then he came, little spurts at the beginning, building to big ones and finally some little oozes. My pubic hair and my thighs were flooded with sperm. The spurts had come out hot, and I liked the feeling.

TAPE 4

Every night, for a week or so, I massaged and rubbed myself and put my fingers in there, and afterwards Charles would try to get his cock in without success. Then one night he said, "It's in. I'm inside you."

I didn't feel a thing. I was lying on my side, facing him. His pelvis was slamming against mine, and his breath was coming faster and faster, and then he started saying my name over and over. I felt some wetness inside myself, and that's all. His penis felt as pleasurable as my fingers. Which is to say I didn't feel anything except a rubbing sensation.

This is sex? I thought. Where are the great surges of feeling, the fiery pinwheels and skyrockets, the tremendous shudders, and all the other things I'd read about in books and magazines? Shit!

Charles went to sleep, and I went into the bathroom and cried. I had made the greatest sacrifice that a woman can make for a man. I had given him my virginity without making him marry me. And what had I gotten in return? Nothing. Zero. Zilch.

As little as fucking meant to me, it seemed that to Charles it was the most important thing in the world. Quite often he would call me from the office to tell me to meet him somewhere for dinner. All I had to say was, "Let's go to bed first," and he would be home as fast as the law allowed. Or if I were depressed and wanted him to stay with me for a while in the morning, all I had to do to make him stay was to let him see me in my underwear. He'd drop his briefcase, and we'd be in bed in a second. To make him stay longer when he'd finished the first time, all I had to do was to whisper the word "more" and he'd fuck me again.

We lived together for a year. During this time I never felt anything but rubbing. I used sex as a lever on Charles. To get something I wanted, I withheld my body. When I got what I wanted, I bestowed it as a reward. But I hated that word *mistress*.

"Mistress." I was somebody's mistress, a girl one fucks and keeps. But not a girl one marries. Not good enough to marry. Oh, he could have married me if he'd wanted to. But I wasn't good enough. What he'd told me was that he was a professional bachelor and that he would never marry anybody. He didn't believe in marriage, he said. What he meant was that he was a professional bachelor as far as I was concerned.

We had been living together for about a year. I was making money, not much, but some, as a model. I had about four thousand dollars saved from the job at the club. With these savings plus the money from modeling, I was ideally set up to walk out on him.

After he went to work one morning, I collected everything I owned and moved out. I found my own apartment. Somehow he found where I'd gone, and his telephone calls started around dinnertime a month after I'd moved in, and lasted till about midnight, when I took the phone off the hook. On the very first call, I laid it on him. I'm not coming back until you marry me, I told him. He told me that marriage for him was definitely out. He just didn't believe in it, he said. "But be a good girl and come back."

He offered to take me to Europe for a month and said that my mother could visit us for as long as I liked. Then he offered me every material thing he knew I wanted, but

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KIDNAPPED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

because the Waltons were not descended from original settlers. They were a high-spirited family and had had some scrapes in town. Travis had been a wild teenager whose IQ tested out to genius in high school.

Meanwhile, Flake was heaping fuel on the fired-up rumors that the whole Walton family was obsessed with UFOs: "They talked about it all the time. His mother told me she saw them all the time. She saw a whole fleet of them flying in and out of her ranch one night. She said she just sat there on the porch and watched them." The press jumped all over the accusation. The Waltons were UFO buffs; therefore, they reasoned, the abduction story was a hoax.

Marshal Flake did not tell the press that he had once been chased by what he thought was a UFO: "I was just a kid and working the [late] shift at the lumber mill. Just before dawn I was driving home with a friend when we saw this light rise up over the trees on the ridge behind us. It seemed to follow us, and it scared the hell out of us. We raced home to wake up our families. It followed us all the way. But it was just a star, I'm sure. I'm convinced it was just a star."

Flake explains the many UFO sightings he's heard about as "just things that happen everywhere, all the time. But they're just stars, or people are mistaken about what they are seeing. A lot of people around here believe in them, though. And that's what Duane and Travis took advantage of."

Sank Flake's brother, Deputy Sheriff Glen Flake, began as a disbeliever. Teamed with Ken Peterson, searching the ridge, he tried to kid Ken out of the story, saying, "Come on, where'd you hide the body, heh?" But Kenny was as serious as a hen laying an egg. "He didn't want to kid about it. He was concerned, and he was definitely looking for the missing Travis." Glen became a believer. But events were about to confound his belief. Five days after the disappearance, about midnight, the phone rang in Grant and Allison (Walton) Neff's home in Taylor, three miles outside Snowflake. Grant, Travis's brother-in-law, answered. "This is Travis," a strained voice said. "I'm in the phone booth at Heber. Get Duane and come and get me."

TRAVIS WALTON'S STORY

"The slash pile stopped me from getting directly beneath it. It was glowing this yellowish-white golden color, like a huge light bulb.... A sound was coming from it, not very loud, like beep-beep-beep. Then I heard Mike, or somebody, holler, 'Get away from there!' And I looked around at them. When I looked back at the craft, it suddenly made a real loud noise, and it started to move, like it was coming alive, kind of an erratic spin-type movement. I jumped down behind this log, and I made up my mind right there. I was going to get the hell out of there."

"I stood up, and as I turned to go, I just felt this... electric shot, and a blow, like I'd been

hit with a baseball bat. It all happened very fast. Then I went out:

"I don't know what happened after that, but when I woke up, I was lying on my back. There was a light about three feet above me. ... I couldn't focus my eyes, and I had a lot of pain, in my head and chest mainly, but all over. I kept going in and out."

"When I regained consciousness, I could hear movements around me. So I looked and saw these creatures standing there. I just came unglued, became hysterical. They were short, maybe five feet, with large, domed heads—very large, bald. They had these enormous brown eyes—oh, man, those eyes—they just stared through me. They didn't have any eyelashes, no eyebrows, and their mouths and ears and noses seemed real small, maybe just because their eyes were so huge. They were wearing loose coveralls, orangish-brown, tan."

"I jumped up, screaming at them, and this thing fell off my chest. It was like a thick plastic strap that went halfway around me."

It's very possible
that a lot
more people have seen
UFOs than will
admit it.
Nobody likes being
ridiculed.

When it hit the floor, it rocked back and forth. A light came from beneath it, but there weren't any wires or tubes in it. When I jumped up, I hit this one creature on my right, pushed him back, and he fell real easy into the next one. They had this white, marsh-mallowy skin, and their bodies were real lightweight.

"I couldn't stand up very well. I staggered back against the wall. There was a shelf on the wall, and I grabbed this clear tube from it and tried to break the end off it for something sharp to defend myself with. It was too light for a club. They started toward me, and when that tube wouldn't break, I just lashed out at them with it, screaming stuff like: 'Get away from me! What are you? What's going on here?'

"I was just hysterical. They stopped and kind of thrust their hands out, like they meant no or stop or something. They didn't try to attack me or anything. Then they all just turned and walked out, hurried out. Shoo! they were gone."

"This room was really hot. The air was so wet and heavy I could hardly breathe. And my mind was just raging the whole time. I felt like I was burned, inside and out, and I ached all over, too, like I'd been crushed. ...

"Anyway, after a couple of minutes, I went to the door and looked down the way they had gone. It was a curved hallway that went right and left. I couldn't see anybody. They had gone right; so I went down to the left. I just took off running and went right past another door. I wanted to find a way out, but I was just hysterical. That's the one thing I had in my mind: get out of here. I was claustrophobic, frantic. But I finally got hold of myself a little and told myself to check out the next door. I ran up to it, on the right, and it was open; so I went in."

"It was just a round room with nothing in it, except a metal chair sitting on one center leg in the middle of the room. It was high-backed, and I was afraid there might be someone sitting in it. So I kind of sidled along the wall, until I could get a look into the chair. And a real funny thing happened."

"When I got closer to the middle of the room, it got darker. And when I stepped back, it got lighter again. When it got darker, I could see the stars—through the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Everywhere I looked."

"There was nobody in the chair. On the right armrest, there was a panel of buttons and a small, green screen with black lines across it. The left armrest had one lever on it. I wanted to find a way out of there, and across the room there were some rectangles on the wall, like they might be doorways, just cracks really. I thought if I pushed the right buttons, I could open the doors. So I punched a couple of the buttons, and nothing happened. Then I moved the lever ... and the stars started moving all around; the lines on the screen moved. The stars stayed in their same patterns. They just moved all together, on the ceiling and through the walls."

"It was upsetting. I didn't know what was going on. But I quit doing that. I was afraid I would really mess something up. I could really hurt myself. Then I heard a sound. I turned around, and there was a man standing there, near the door. He was a man just like a human being—not exactly Caucasian, but like a dark, evenly tanned Caucasian. He was big, over six feet, built heavy, and he was wearing tight-fitting blue coveralls, with a helmet over his whole head."

"He motioned me over to him with his right hand, and I ran up to him, screaming stuff like: 'How'd you get in here? How do I get out? What is this?' I thought he was American, just people, as far as I could tell. This helmet on his head was like a clear bubble, flattened on top, and it came down to his shoulders. There weren't any wires or hoses or anything on it. He didn't answer me; so I thought maybe he couldn't hear me."

"He just kind of smiled, tolerantlike, and he took me by the arm and led me out of there. I thought, *I'll go with him, and maybe we'll get someplace where he'll take that helmet off and he can hear me.* His eyes were kind of strange, bright golden hazel."

"We went down that hallway and through some empty place, kind of an air lock. I thought we were outside. The air just got cooler, fresher; it felt like out of doors. And the light was much brighter, like sunlight. I

felt really relieved, out of that heat, and I could breathe again.

"We were in this building, or larger craft, that had a high, curved ceiling. It was like a quarter of a cylinder on its side. The ceiling curved into one wall at one side, and there were three flat walls. There were two or three craft parked in there. They were shaped differently. They were rounded, oval, and saucer-shaped, but they didn't have any angles to them. They were smoother and shinier.

"We went through that room and down the hallway to another room, smaller. There were some other people in there, two men and a woman. They all looked like they were from the same family. They weren't wearing helmets. Their hair was long, dirty blond.

"The first man put me in a chair and went across the room and out a door without saying a word. I was talking to these others, asking them questions, but they wouldn't answer me either. They just kind of smiled at me. Their expressions hardly changed. Then the woman and one of the men took me by the arms and started to put me on a table. I was going along with it, but they wouldn't answer my questions, and I started to resist, yelling: 'Hey, hang on there a second!' I was getting hysterical again. They just smiled, tolerant, like I was misbehaving. They weren't mad or anything. They started to pull a mask down over my face, like an oxygen mask. I reached up to pull it off, and I went out. . . .

"That's the last thing I remember till I woke up on the highway outside Heber. It was dark, and I saw one of those rounded craft hovering about four feet over the highway. I looked up just as a light went out, like a hatch closing, or just a light going out. And then it just shot straight up. I don't see how anything could move that fast without shrieking. It didn't make a sound. It was just gone.

"I ran down to the phone booths at the gas station, and I called my brother-in-law because he was the only nearby one in the family with a phone.

"Then I just slumped down in the booth, thinking about it. I couldn't get those eyes out of my head. They were big, glassy eyes, hardly any white in them, all brown. When they blinked, it was like shades on a window going up and down. I didn't want to look at them, and I couldn't avoid them either.

"I was really tired and really thirsty, but I didn't hurt so much anymore. I just burned and ached a little bit. That's how Duane and Grant found me, stuffed down in that phone booth. They took me back to my mother's house in Snowflake. On the way somebody said something that struck me funny, something like how everybody had been worried about me. And I said something about how it had only been a couple of hours. And Duane said, 'Travis, feel your face!' I had a real heavy growth of beard.

"And he said, 'You've been gone five days.'"

After stopping at his mother's house, Duane drove Travis to his own home in Glendale, a

Phoenix suburb. Travis insisted on seeing a doctor. Bill Spaulding, of Ground Saucer Watch, sent them to Dr. Lester Steward, for medical help. But Steward turned out to be a hypnotherapist, not a doctor, and Duane took Travis back home.

Shortly thereafter, they received a call from Jim Lorenzen, international director of one of the most respected UFO investigating organizations, the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO). Lorenzen immediately arranged for Travis to be examined by doctors Howard Kandell and Joseph Saltz.

The medical examination determined that Travis was not suffering from any unusual physical injuries: he had allegedly lost from ten to fourteen pounds but might have received some nourishment during his disappearance. Dr. Kandell noted "a 2mm red spot in the crease of the right elbow" that could have been a puncture wound, not inconsistent with the thorn wounds with which woodcutters are normally afflicted during their work. The wound was healing and approximately one to three days old. Dr. Kandell stated: "His condition was not that of a man who had been wandering around the woods for five days, but the possibility could not be ruled out."

Late on November 11 Sheriff Gillespie questioned Walton: his story fitted exactly with the stories of the six witnesses. But Gillespie came away unconvinced. The *National Enquirer* and APRO assumed unofficial responsibility for investigating the case. The *Enquirer* paid hotel and test expenses.

On November 12 Walton was placed under regressive hypnosis by Dr. James Harder, a University of California professor of hydraulic engineering and research director of APRO. Under hypnosis Walton exactly recounted his original story, with increased detail, and without the intense fear previously evidenced in him. Harder concluded that he was not lying; it was not a hoax.

On November 15 the *Enquirer* hired polygraph expert John McCarthy to test Travis. But the polygraph measures stress, not lies. And Walton was obviously suffering from intense stress already. McCarthy said that he would take that into account. His questions dealt with the UFO story and the possibility that Travis had lied to Harder and Gillespie. McCarthy reached this conclusion: "It was obvious during the examination that he was deliberately attempting to distort his respiration pattern. Based on his reactions on all charts, it is the opinion of this examiner that Walton, in concert with others, is attempting to perpetrate a UFO hoax, and that he has not been on any spacecraft."

However, Dr. Jean Rosenbaum, chairman of the Southwest Psychoanalytic Association and a court-recognized expert in the field, said the polygraph session was meaningless. Speaking for the half-dozen experts who had examined Walton at the time, he noted that "a comprehensive battery of psychiatric and medical exams was conducted on Travis Walton, and our conclusion, which was absolute, is that this young man is not lying, that there is no collusion involved. The [full test] results show he really believes



FORUM



Photo by Les Underhill

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these things, that he is not lying.

"He really believes he was abducted by a UFO. But my evaluation of the boy's story is that although he believes this is what happened, it was all in his own mind. I feel he suffered from a combination of imagination and amnesia [transitory psychosis]—that he did not go on a UFO, but simply was wandering around during the period of his disappearance. But I'm unable to account for five witnesses having the same story and passing lie-detector tests about it."

Subsequently, a whole new host of "hoax charges" arose concerning those tests. But by then the "facts" of the case had been mangled beyond easy redemption. Each "factual" error, distortion, misconception, falsehood, was automatically repeated in investigative reports and news stories. If the reporters had checked more carefully, they might have discovered how flawed some of this "evidence" was.

For example, "suspicious" statements allegedly made by Mary Walton Kellett "to troopers" at her ranch the night she was told Travis had disappeared were tracked back to Deputy Ken Coplan (the only "trooper" present). He denied that she had made the statements.

After laborious backtracking, Coplan was also identified as the original source for this story: before the "abduction" Travis had called a radio talk show and volunteered to be a guest. The talk-show host called him a kook. After the "abduction" Travis called again and said, "Now who's the kook?" Coplan said he did not know of any such talk show: he denied making the original statement—which, by then, had become "evidence" against Walton.

Despite Duane Walton's hyperactive statements to investigators about his UFO "pact" with Travis, a thorough investigation of the Waltons' previous UFO interest showed a normal interest, which is shared by approximately 100 million Americans.

During Mary Walton Kellett's polygraph test, she was questioned most pointedly about being a UFO buff. She denied this, and the test indicated that she answered truthfully. But the test also indicated "animosity" toward Sheriff Gillespie in that regard. "Sure," she admits. "He sat out there [at the search] and told me of two or three incidents when he had seen UFOs. Twice when he was out hunting in the woods. Once when he was escorting another car back to Holbrook. A lighted object ran the other car off the road. Later he came back, and the thing was still sitting there." (Both policemen and other witnesses confirmed hearing Gillespie tell the same stories.) "Then he turns around and calls me a UFO buff, and everybody in the press picks up on that, like we're all nuts, hallucinating or something like that."

"Gillespie's stories would have ruined him. He's got an elected job. He doesn't want to lose it by admitting that he knows there are UFOs. We have seen lights, lighted objects, and almost everyone around here has seen them. We don't discuss them

much, and we don't claim to know what they are. . . . It certainly doesn't give us a reason for creating a hoax. We had no reason for that. And we sure don't have the money it would take to manufacture what all these witnesses say they saw."

The accusers charged that Travis plied the work crew with UFO stories, until they were ready to "see what he wanted them to see." But the witnesses deny this. Says John Goulette: "In the month and a half I worked on that job, it only came up once or twice. . . . Travis said that if he ever saw one out there, he'd try to communicate with it. . . . We saw what we saw, and it wasn't any story Travis had told us. It was real."

So the controversy swirls about the little town of Snowflake and its most notable (if not most respectable) citizen, Travis Walton. No one can prove that he was abducted by a UFO; nobody can prove that he was not. Officially, the police have closed the case: the Walton story is feasible but not prob-

●

"I couldn't get those
eyes out of
my head. . . . When they
blinked, it
was like window shades
goin' up and
down."

●

able. If it turns out to be a hoax, the hoaxers will be prosecuted for creating public mischief.

Walton and Rogers say that people explain the story according to their fields of expertise: the cops see it as a crime, a hoax; drug experts see it as a drug experience; the psychiatrists see it as something in the mind, probably rooted in childhood fantasies and/or deprivations (a temporary psychosis somehow shared by six witnesses). And Travis says: "The ideal UFO witness would have to be someone who was never in trouble, never saw anything mystifying before, never thought of UFOs, never spoke of them, never even heard of them at all. Maybe, just maybe, he'd be believed."

So scratch one fifth-grader at the Snowflake school. His teacher noticed that the boy seemed sleepy and inattentive in class. She told him: "You're going to have to stop watching television at night and go to bed on time."

"I don't watch television at night," he replied.

"Then why are you so sleepy every day?"

"Because we watch the UFOs from my bedroom. Sometimes they're back by the hills all night long."

And other people see them. A drilling crew was working on the Glen Flake ranch, ten miles outside town, one night when a bright light suddenly popped on directly above the drill rig. The men all looked up, startled, and had to shield their eyes from the intense light. After a while, the light popped off, and the thing, whatever it was, was gone. Immediately, the foreman came racing down the dirt road from the highway, screeched his car to an abrupt stop, and quickly jumped out.

Trying unsuccessfully to be casual, he asked, "Did you, uh, fellas see what I just saw?"

They excitedly affirmed that they had and asked him what it was anyway.

"I don't know what in the world it was," the foreman said, "but I'm damned glad you saw it, too. I'd never have said a word about it if you hadn't seen it."

So it's entirely possible that a lot more people have seen UFOs than will admit to having done so. Nobody likes being ridiculed. One woman, whose car was "just turned right off" by one, said: "No way I'm going to tell people about it, so they can say I'm out hallucinating on drugs at night. I'd die if that ever got around."

Glen Flake said: "A lot of these people are . . . good, honest, reliable people. . . . We've seen the lights. They're maybe a half a mile off and moving. And then they just stop. Or they shoot off at crazy angles. I don't know what they are. . . . When I think about all the Walton story, all the for's and all the against's, I tend to believe it. Or, I can't disbelieve it, like my brother does. I don't believe it, and I don't disbelieve it. I just don't know what the truth is."

And that is about where the evidence leads in the Travis Walton case.

One night, right in the midst of the full hubbub over the story, Flake was on desk duty at sheriff's headquarters in Holbrook. "We were getting calls from all over the country about the UFOs," he explains. "TV, newspapers, magazines. Even some from Europe. On the dispatcher's radio the sheriff's office in Pinetop broke in, and their deputies were talking about a blue-red-white light sitting out there, not moving, just changing color. They're about sixty to seventy miles south of us. Then the St. John's sheriff station came on, about sixty miles east of Pinetop, and they were watching the same thing. So we went outside and looked, and we saw it, too. It was just sitting in the middle of this triangle of sheriff's stations, not going anyplace and changing color from red to blue to white."

"About then, we got a call from Boston, or Chicago, and the man says: 'Have you seen any more UFOs?' and he's kind of laughing. And I said, 'Sure, we're watching one right now.'"

"He nearly fell over, had me go out and check if it was still there. It was. 'Well, what is it?' he wants to know, real excited."

"I don't know what it is. It's just there, and it's not moving, and it wasn't there before. You tell me what it is." ○—■

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

JAMES PHELAN

Howard Hughes embodied
the tragedy of America today;
the tragedy of
pointless acquisition, of materialism,
and of technology
that becomes a goal in itself.

For perhaps more than anything else, the decade of the 1970s will be remembered as the decade of investigative journalism. First, of course, came Watergate. Then there were the spectacular CIA revelations. Now, with the publication of James Phelan's *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years*, one of this epoch's most incredible stories has been unveiled: the total disintegration of one of the century's most powerful figures. And it's a story that's likely to get bigger as we approach the 1980s.

James Phelan belongs to that old school of journalism that still believes in "the facts, ma'am, nothin' but the facts..." He was born sixty-four years ago in the little town of Alton, Ill., across the river from St. Louis. From the time he was ten, he wanted to be a reporter and read with awe the daily editions of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, then in its golden age. "Reporters were my heroes as a boy," says Phelan. "They were like white knights, illuminating a world of darkness."

But becoming a reporter in the midst of the Great Depression was not easy. Phelan did a stint at the University of Illinois School of Journalism but had to drop out in his junior year for lack of funds. He got a job in the petroleum industry, but that, too, ended in a layoff. After several false starts, he finally moved to Chicago in 1935 and was hired as an editor for the Federal Writers' Project.

"It was a fascinating time," Phelan says of the experience. "There was a lot of talent all in one place at one time—guys like Nelson Algren and Richard Wright. Even Saul Bellow was part of the project for a while. At that time none of us had been published. We were all running around with manuscripts under our arms, borrowing money from each other and trying to get somebody to read our stuff."

Eventually, he landed a reporting job on the staff of his hometown newspaper. The pay was nineteen dollars a

week, low even in those days, but it was a real paper and a real beat. He had made it at last: he was a working reporter.

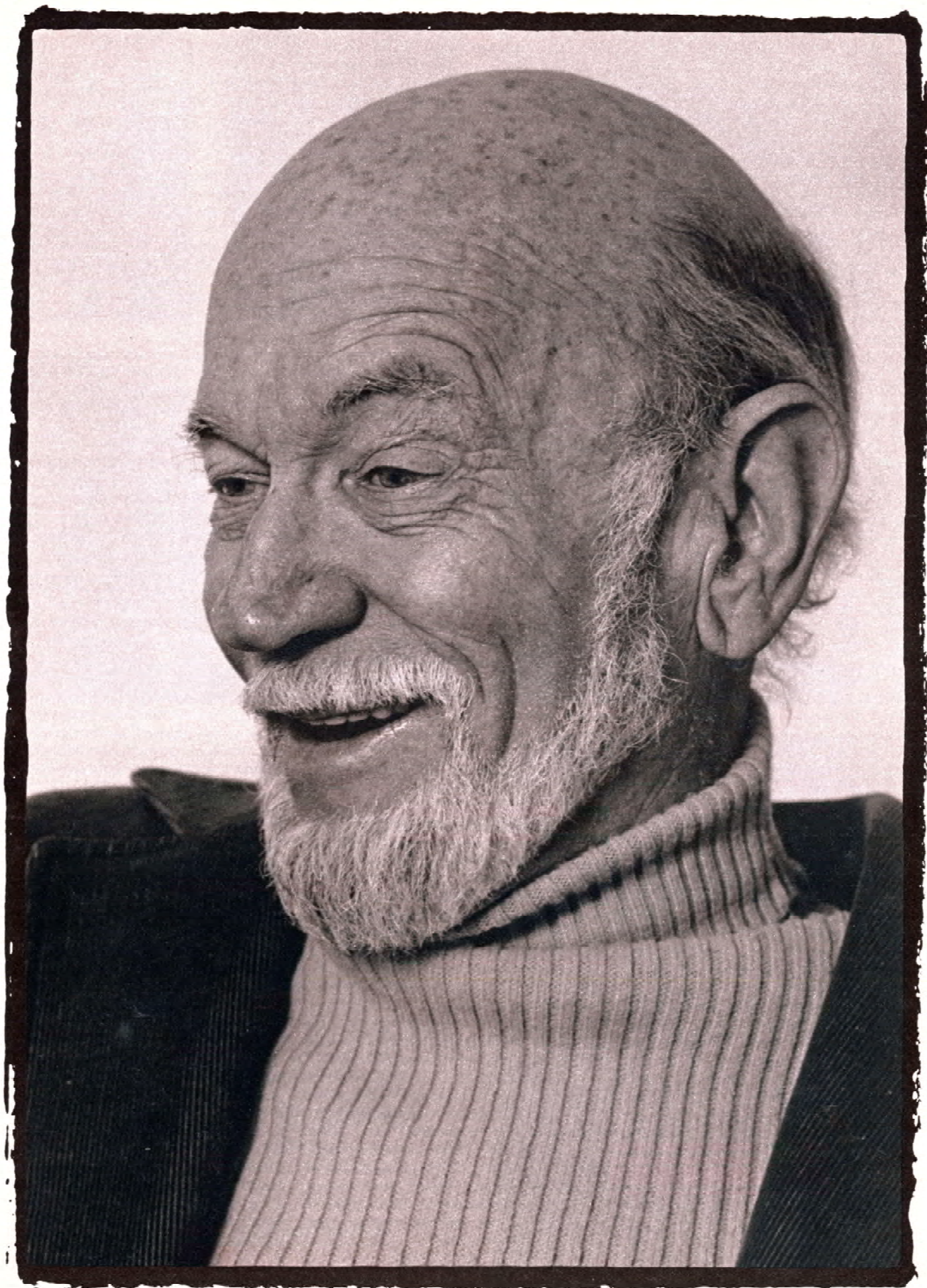
After the war Phelan moved to the West Coast and went to work for what was then the *Long Beach Press-Telegram*. It was during this period that he first became interested in Howard Hughes. "I was irresistibly drawn," he told *Penthouse* interviewer David Haldane, "to a man who had that much power and who used it so ruthlessly."

Some of that ruthless power was to be employed against Phelan himself.

By 1954 James Phelan was chafing against the restrictions of newspaper writing. So he quit the *Press-Telegram*, aimed for the magazines, and became a free-lancer. "In six months I sold one article for \$125," he says. "It was a piece about a quack in Los Angeles who flushed out people's intestines. I ended up on the guy's table, having my intestines flushed for a supposed heart condition. *Life* magazine turned it down because it was not a picture story. They were right, of course." At the end of those six months, he was a man with a wife and two kids to feed but no money in the bank. He was ready to give up and go back to the newspapers. Then he hit: he sold a big one to *Cosmopolitan*. And he's been hitting ever since.

In the past twenty years, Phelan has probably published articles in sixty to seventy major magazines throughout the world. During the fifties, when *True* was at its height, he wrote some fifty pieces for that publication alone. He has also written for *Fortune*, *Time*, *The Reporter*, and *Women's Home Companion*, and he conducted some of the first *Penthouse* interviews. From 1963 to 1969 he was a staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, and up until the time he got involved in the Howard Hughes book, he was writing almost exclusively for the *New York Times Magazine*.

Phelan played major roles in several of his stories. For instance, back in the sixties Phelan was the first journalist to



write an article critical of then New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison's case against Clay Shaw, named in the alleged conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy. The article was published nearly two years before Shaw was acquitted of that crime in a jury trial in which Phelan testified for the defense. According to Shaw's lawyers, Phelan's testimony was instrumental in the acquittal, a fact of which Phelan is still proud.

The Howard Hughes story is one that Phelan has been watching for twenty years. Before becoming involved in *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years*, he wrote several major articles on Hughes—enough to establish his reputation as a Hughes expert among members of the journalistic community. In 1970 he collaborated on a book with Noah Dietrich (Hughes's longtime right-hand man), but he and Dietrich had a falling-out, and the book was never published. In fact, it was this unpublished Phelan manuscript that formed the basis for Clifford Irving's famous hoax two years later, when—once again—Phelan was instrumental in seeing that truth prevailed. Working with *Time* magazine's Frank McCulloch, he uncovered the Irving plot bit by bit until Irving's publisher had no choice but to cancel publication and Irving himself had nowhere to go but before a grand jury. Phelan played a major role in Irving's eventual conviction for fraud.

Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years came about because, during the years that Hughes lived in taped, blacked-out bedrooms, quietly going mad (1966-76), Phelan was one of the few journalists in America to whom the Hughes people paid serious attention. So, after Hughes died, it was natural that the two aides who wanted to tell their story would go to Phelan. The two were Mell Stewart and Gordon Margulis, men who had been with Hughes since the Las Vegas period of the late sixties. Neither was a member of the inner circle around Hughes, but both were close to him physically and knew what was going on. It was Margulis, in fact, who in Acapulco

had carried the expiring, emaciated Hughes to the airplane on which he died.

Three weeks later, Stewart and Margulis contacted James Phelan through an intermediary and proposed the book project. Phelan dropped what he was doing, flew to New York, and returned to California with a contract from Random House. Under a fictitious name, he rented a two-bedroom apartment near Seal Beach, surreptitiously set up Stewart and Margulis there, and in three weeks talked the story out of them. For the next five months he worked in utter secrecy—even at Random House only two people knew of the project. Completed portions of the manuscript were hand-delivered to the publisher, never mailed. Phone calls, it was agreed, would not be permitted.

The result is a book that has caused shock waves around the world. The first U.S. edition of 60,000 copies was sold out in days, and this year alone seven foreign editions of the book are due to appear—the first of an expected twelve to fourteen. The book has been selected by the Literary Guild in the United States, and already movie and TV rights are being discussed.

James Phelan is philosophical about his success.

"Being a free-lance writer is merely a state of mind," he says. "You could say equally well that you're unemployed. Basically, you're a hustler—a bird dog out in the bushes, looking for rabbits. And every time you finish one piece, you're unemployed again."

At sixty-four, he resembles the stereotype of a crusty old reporter—sort of an Ernest Hemingway with less flesh. He lives with his wife, Amalie, in an unspectacular three-bedroom house in the section of Long Beach, Calif., known as Naples, not far from the secret Seal Beach apartment he rented for his meetings with the two Hughes aides. *Penthouse* interviewer Haldane visited him there to obtain his exclusive magazine interview.

Penthouse: How did you get involved with Howard Hughes in the first place?

Phelan: My first conflict with Howard Hughes occurred in 1956, when Hughes sent two registered lobbyists to Sacramento to "kick Long Beach in the ass" on a tideland oil settlement that had been five years in the making. The problem was how to distribute tideland oil profits between the city of Long Beach and the state of California. After years of complex litigation, a solution had finally been drawn up in the form of compromise legislation, giving each proponent 50 percent of the profits. The bill had been sailing through the state legislature when, suddenly, it hit a rock, and the *Long Beach Press-Telegram* sent me up to Sacramento to find out why. What I discovered absolutely astounded me.

It seems that Hughes had leased a hangar from the city of Long Beach in which to house his old *Spruce Goose* [Hughes's gigantic wooden seaplane]; and apparently he'd gotten into an argument with the city, and they were not going to renew his lease. So Hughes had sent these lobbyists up to Sacramento in retaliation. He had absolutely no financial stake in it—he was doing it merely to get his own way about this junky little hangar.

What intrigued me about this was the amount of money involved, and also the fact that the state intended to use this money to begin work on the water project that would have brought water down from northern California to southern California. So here was a project of immense social value, one that everybody wanted, being blocked by one man. He was like a little kid, holding his breath until he got his way. When I found out

what the score was, I called Long Beach and told them, and they said, "Well, hell, give him his hangar." Long Beach renewed Howard Hughes's lease on his old hangar, the two lobbyists disappeared, and the oil compromise sailed through. What astonished me was, one, that he would do this, and, two, that he had sufficient clout in the legislature to actually slow this thing down.

Penthouse: Did you write the story?

Phelan: Here's where it gets interesting. I contracted to write the story for a national magazine, going into the whole situation and the background of the *Spruce Goose* and so on. I did my fact-hunting quietly as long as I could, but then I had to come out and start asking some questions. And when it surfaced that I was researching this, I got a call from an official of a major Hollywood studio, offering to help. So I went over there. But instead of helping me, it turned out he wanted to buy me off. He said that he understood I'd put a lot of work into this but that there really wasn't any story here; and the only thing he knew to do, since I'd already put so much time into this "nonstory," was to pay me what the magazine would have paid me. Actually, the figure he mentioned was *five times* what the magazine would have paid, and he made it quite clear that money was no problem. "Don't worry about *that*," he said. "You just tell me what's right." Then he said, "By the way, you know we have a free list at TWA [Hughes owned TWA at the time], and we'd love to put you on it. You'll have free travel anywhere in the world as long as you live."

Well, I thought that this in itself was quite a story. So I told him that if I'd been stupid enough to work on something for four or five

weeks that wasn't a story, I didn't see why Mr. Hughes should have to pay for my stupidity. That night I called my editor in New York and told him what was happening. He said, in effect, "Good for you—go ahead with the piece."

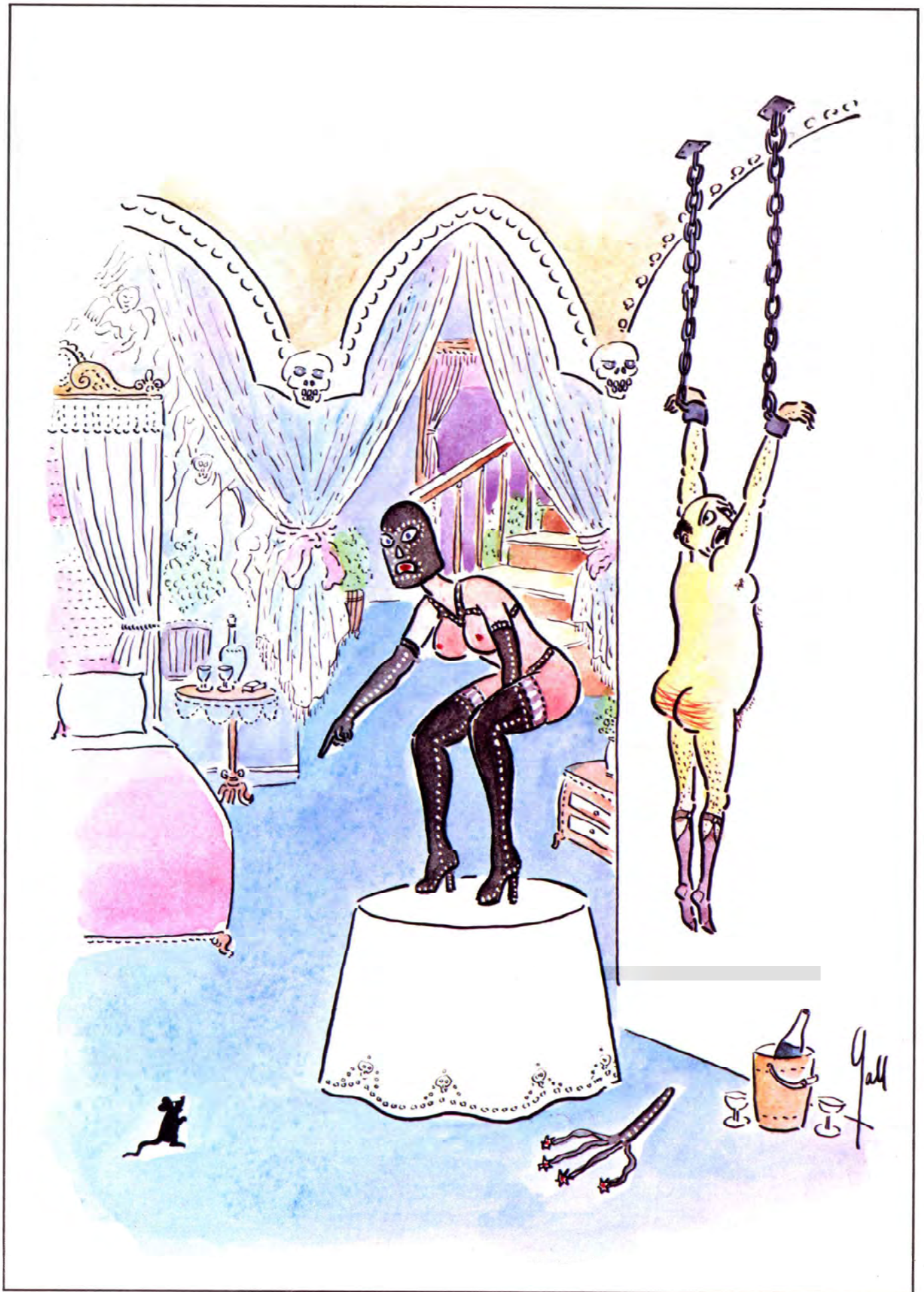
Penthouse: So you wrote the story?

Phelan: No. A few days later the same fellow called and said he was flying to New York to talk to the magazine publisher, and asked if I would like to come along. He said he had a job to do but didn't want to do anything behind my back. Of course, I told him no; so he went off alone. Two weeks later the magazine editor called and said to kill the story.

Penthouse: How did Hughes swing that?

Phelan: It just so happened that at that time, a very, very well-known movie star was suing seven fan magazines for putting misrepresenting headlines on their covers, and two of those magazines were owned by the same company that owned the magazine I was working for. Since the movie star was friendly to Howard Hughes, she agreed to drop the suit against those two magazines in exchange for the publishers' killing the Hughes story. It's fascinating, the extraordinary lengths Hughes would go to to get his own way. From then on I was a Hughes-watcher. I was irresistibly drawn to a man who had that much power and who used it so ruthlessly.

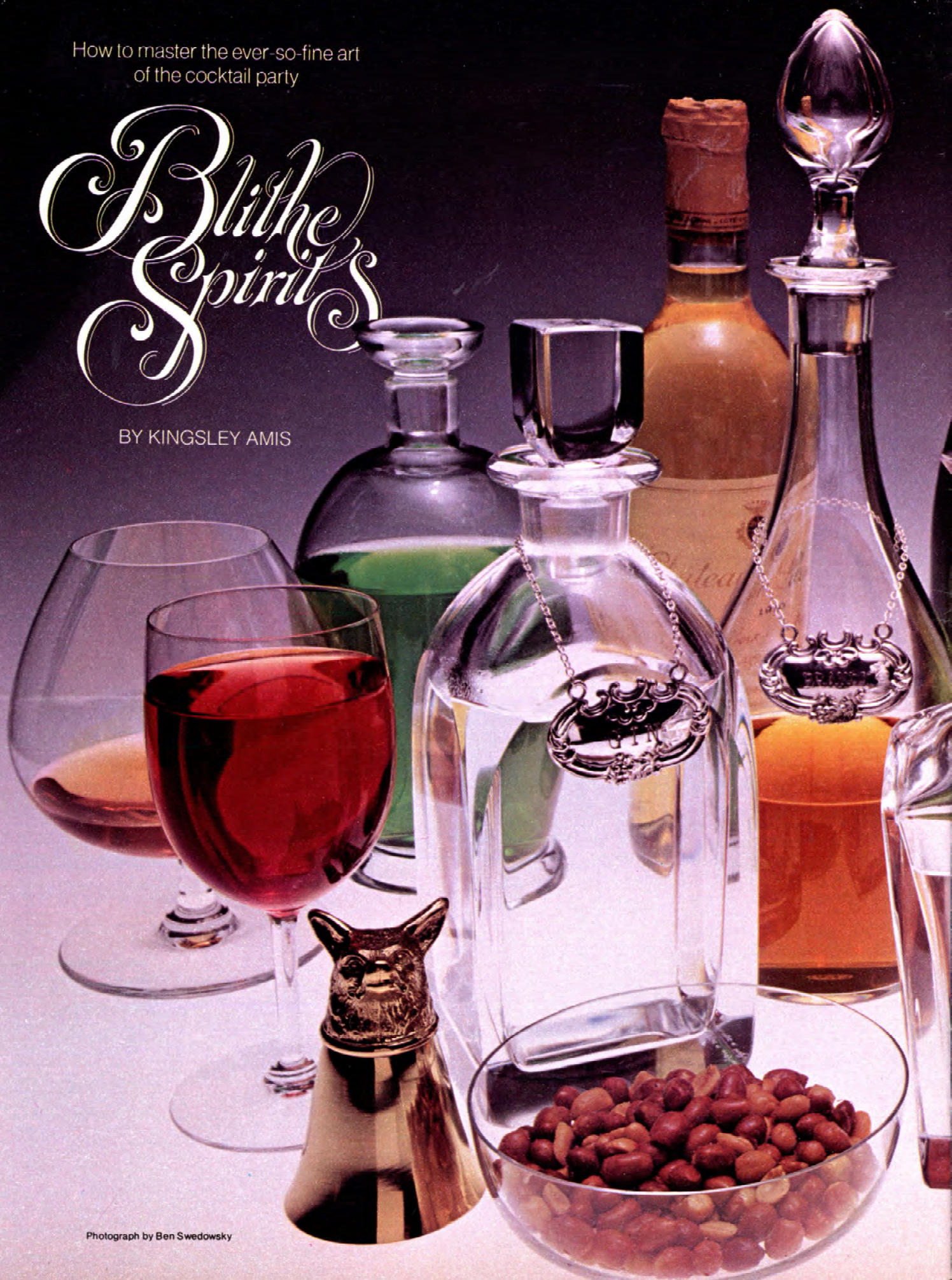
Penthouse: In 1972 you were responsible for uncovering the Clifford Irving hoax, involving the faked autobiography of Howard Hughes. During Irving's trial it came out that he had actually based his fraud on an unpublished manuscript of yours. How did Clifford Irving end up with one of your



How to master the ever-so-fine art
of the cocktail party

Blithe Spirits

BY KINGSLEY AMIS



Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

Running your own bar successfully is a fine art that may take thirty years to master. Out of my vast experience with potables of every description, I hope to offer you some shortcuts. There's no single secret to it, or we'd all be instant wizards, but there are a few general principles to be borne in mind. One is to keep everything as simple as possible. Another, to take a

lot of trouble, but take it in advance, before guests arrive. A third, to be boss at your own party: to stay in tactful but firm control. More on these in detail later.

To begin with basics. The most basic basic of all is ice, a necessary but dull subject to be gotten out of the way. You may care to invest in one of those fancy ice-making machines, but they're expensive and can



require constant maintenance. The ice compartment of a regular domestic refrigerator will give you enough for small parties if you buy some extra ice trays from your local five-and-ten-cent store. Plastic or rubber trays are cheap—and convenient, when you want only a few cubes at a time—but they do wear out. The more expensive metal trays do their freezing much faster. Have some of both. For nonsmall parties (above eight or ten), buy ice outside, *always* getting more than you could "possibly need."

The other basic tools are as follows:

A large ice bucket. to hold the cubed contents of at least three trays.

A martini pitcher. A good department store will provide you with those china water jugs often seen in British and American drinking establishments (and carrying a design advertising something, usually a brand of Scotch). Get several. You may want to put water in one of them.

Some carafes or serving wine at table. Your department store probably has the right kind, holding a liter. Also, several respectable California and Italian wines come bottled in carafes—quite an enjoyable saving.

A French waiter's corkscrew, the kind with a handle at one end and a lever at the other.

A very sharp knife for cutting off slices of lemon rind and the like. (Do anything like this *before* you start drinking if you want to end the evening with all your fingers where they were.)

Glasses. You need only three kinds and not more than a dozen of each. Any liquor store that you patronize regularly should be glad to lend you as many more as you might need for populous occasions. (Note that any drinking vessel not made of plain glass is out.)

(1) A large old-fashioned glass, the familiar heavy, squat tumbler, but *large*.

(2) An eight-to-ten-ounce highball glass.

(3) A tulip-shaped wine glass that holds about eight ounces when full (though you won't want to put more than about five ounces of wine into it at a time). Okay for other drinks, too, like brandy.

Purposely omitted from this list are ice tongs and cocktail shaker. Both are *out*.

Now to the more alluring topic of the liquors you will need to keep in stock.

With bourbon or Scotch whiskey, price usually determines quality. The two vary quite a lot, and all the brands are good, or at least passable; but differences in age, blending, and so on produce differences in flavor. Shop around, then, till you find the one you like best, remembering that in this department quality does matter and you can't afford to cut corners pricewise. Start with a first-rate bourbon like Wild Turkey, Jack Daniels, Old Forester, or Jim Beam; or with a first-rate Scotch like Johnnie Walker, Chivas, Cutty Sark, or Usher's Green Stripe. Thousands of drinkers have never moved on from these old reliables.

For those guests who have just discovered the joys of distilled spirits from sunnier southern climes, you should also lay

in a stock of rums and tequilas. In the case of rum, you should keep both light and dark on hand, since these not only make for high-spirited drinks on their own but also can add character to summer coolers and other punchlike concoctions. Many different countries produce rum, and the flavors, as well as the relative qualities, vary widely, depending on the point of origin. If you are looking for dependability as well as value for your money, I would suggest any of the rums of Puerto Rico.

With regard to the newest fashion in cocktails, it is quite impossible to make a decent margarita without tequila, since that is the one potion that is essential to this brew. Although there is now a confusing assortment of brand-name liquids on the market that contain this strangely potent substance, your best bets are either Olmeca, Jose Cuervo, El Toro, Pepe Lopez, Arandas, or Two Fingers.

You'll also need something to drink with your after-dinner coffee. Here there's one

Remember, the host
is boss and
must be so from the start.
Urge drinks
on guests—they won't
be offended.

requirement you just can't get out of—a bottle of cognac or, for a change, armagnac. (See my article in the December 1976 issue of *Penthouse*.) You should offer at least one cordial or liqueur as an alternative to this. Females, and some perfectly acceptable males as well, like something sweet at such times. Orange-flavored brandies like Grand Marnier or Cointreau are popular; so is the famous Peter Heering from Denmark and Kahlua. My preference is for those unsweetened fruit brandies that are simply named after the fruit from which each is made: Poire (pear), Framboise (raspberry), Fraise (strawberry), Mirabelle (a type of small plum), and others. Serve these chilled.

Now that American wines have improved so much in quality, it's usually a mistake to opt for the more expensive, imported article. Unless you are so rich that you don't know what to do with yourself, abandon the idea of serving French wines, even on special occasions. The really good ones cost a fantastic amount; and in the lower price ranges they're inferior to the products of California and New York. The wines you need to keep by you are as follows:

A bottle or two of California champagne. Korbel is the brand to look for and extradry

the style. In the context of champagne in general, "extradry" turns out in practice to mean "slightly sweet," which is how most people like their champagne—though they also like to *think* they like it extradry. This form of harmless deception is evident in the whole range of champagnes marketed, so that medium-dry or demi-sec actually indicates a wine of pronounced sweetness. Anyway, always have a bottle of Korbel Extra Dry in the refrigerator for whenever somebody is promoted or gets off a drunk-driving charge.

With table wines, the quantity that you should keep depends on your storage space, but the minimum is a pair of gallon jugs of California wine at, say, six dollars each: one dry white, one dry red of the Burgundy or Bordeaux type—Zinfandel, which reminds some people of Beaujolais, is a good red. Your liquor store may well offer such wines under its own name and for some cents cheaper; if so, try them.

Exception to the general rule about avoiding imported wines: it's becoming increasingly fashionable (and has always been very enjoyable) to drink a couple of well-chilled glasses of an Italian white wine in the early evening or before a meal. Soave and Verdicchio are both excellent. (These are not brand names. Soave is a place and Verdicchio a type of grape; labels and packaging may vary, but the wines themselves are pretty consistent.)

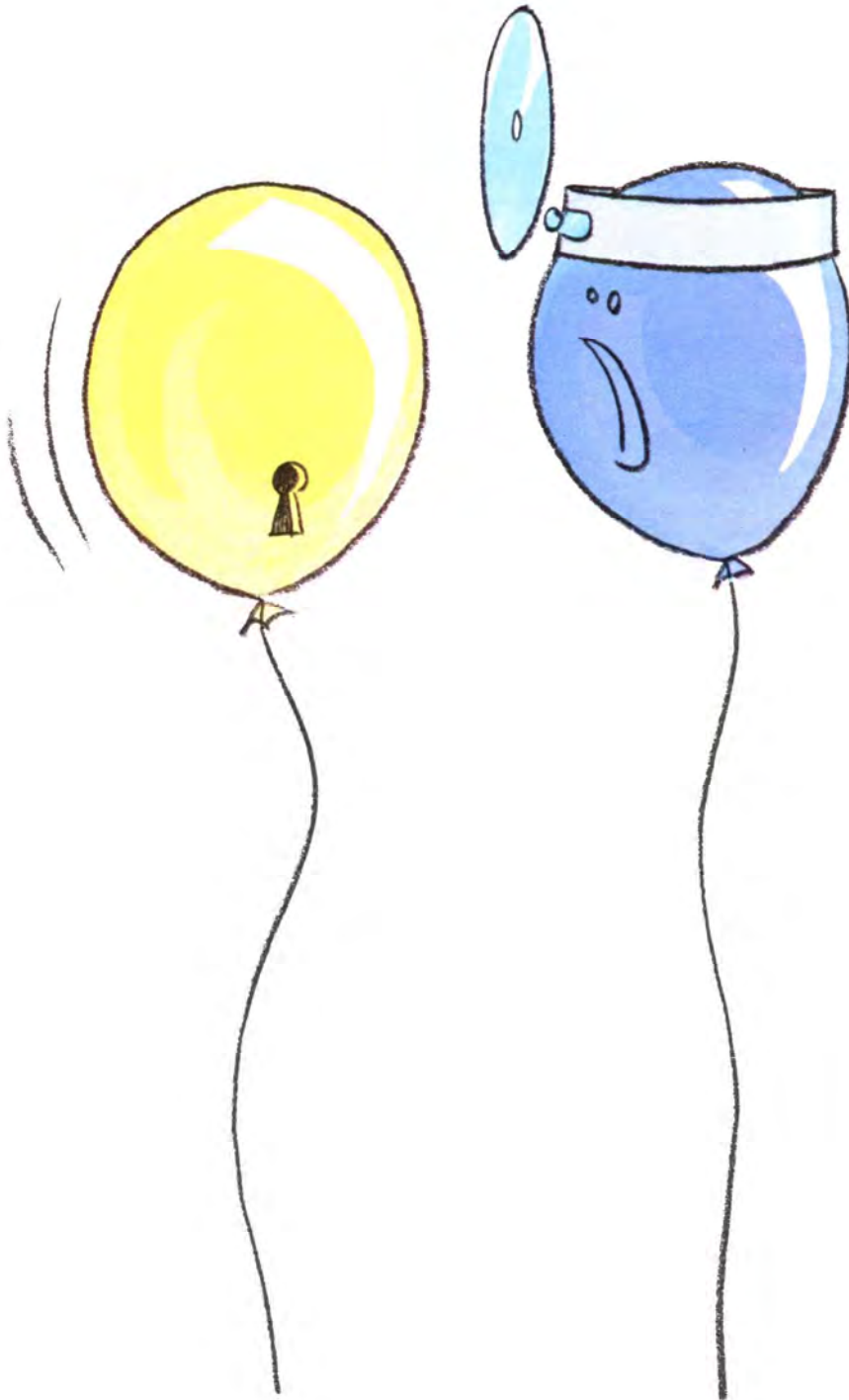
Vermouth, while it isn't usually thought of as such, is a wine; its distinctive flavor comes from the added herbs and spices. You want the dry, white kind with the green label, often marked as suitable for dry martinis—that's the obvious use for it. But in Europe there's a definite trend for drinking it by itself, on the rocks with a dash of club soda. Some good choices here would be Martini & Rossi, Noilly Prat, Paul Masson, or Tribuno. Remember, in any case, that vermouth starts to deteriorate a couple of weeks after being opened; so always keep it refrigerated.

Here are two optional extras, which will cost you but which should bring you the return of being deemed a discriminating host. First: malt whiskeys from Scotland. Aged longer than the regular brands and made in a different way, these are becoming all the rage in Britain, and their fame is spreading; it's reached Japan, of course. All the kinds I've tried are excellent and good value for the money; so I won't name any. They are full-flavored drinks of great quality. (One French connoisseur was reportedly offered one without being told what it was. After some minutes of tasting, pondering, and retasting, he suggested it must be an unusually fine armagnac he hadn't come across before.) Serve neat or, better, with a little branch water. Nothing else; anyone reaching for ice should be instantly evicted.

Second expensive extra: Perrier, the naturally sparkling spring mineral water from France. This is just starting to catch on in the United States and is now available in many supermarkets in metropolitan areas. As an additive to whiskey, it beats any club soda to

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



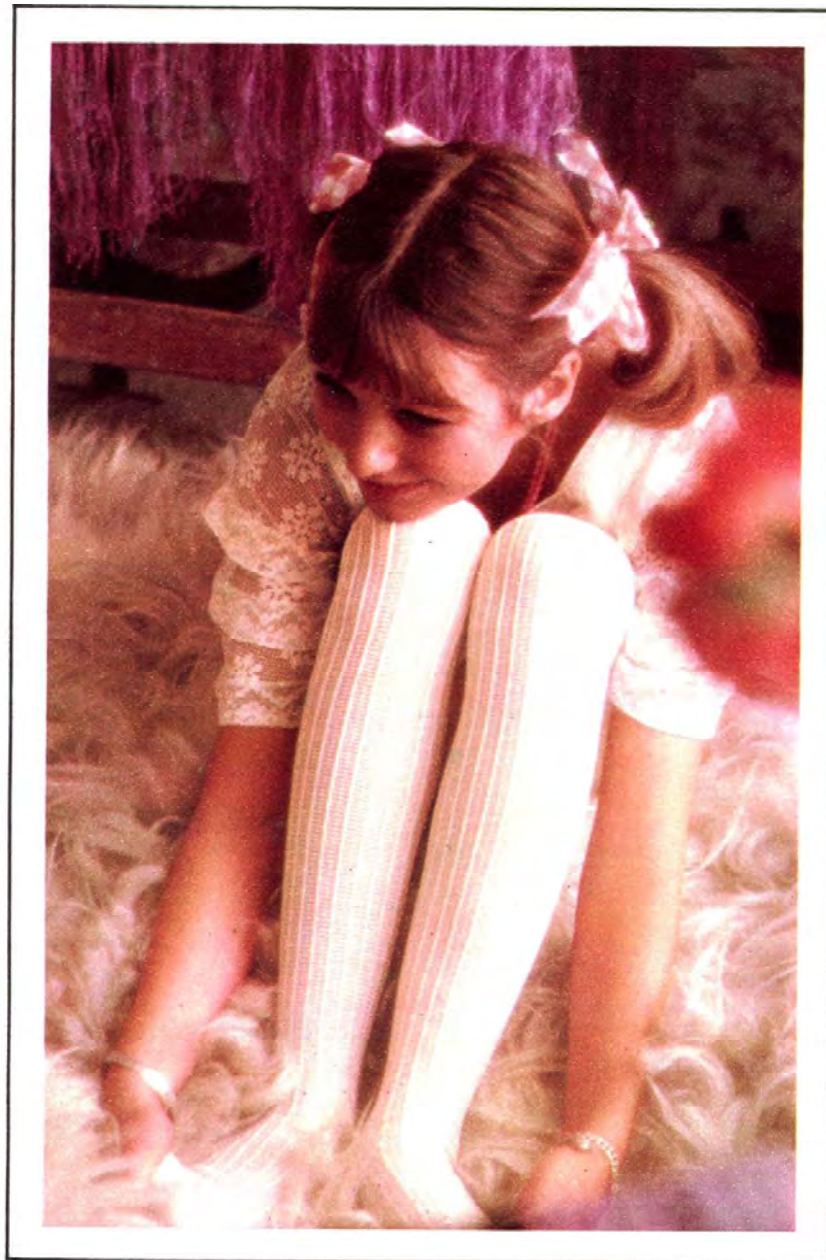
"You don't need a gynecologist, Miss Farnsworth, you need a locksmith."



LEMOINE/SYGMA

THE PRINCE AND...

What a difference a title makes! Prince Charles, heir to the crown of England, has fallen prey to the charms of lovely Fiona Caroline Mary Watson, daughter of Lord Manton, the famous soap heir. That, so far, seems perfectly ducky. The story might have rated a line or two in the London gossip columns. But it seems the luscious body that turned the crowned head had been previously—and quite publicly—revealed to full advantage, under the alias "Francis Cannon", in the October 1973 issue of *Penthouse*. The photo became, well, the shot heard round the world. Purple-prosed headlines screamed of the match on the



THE PET

front page of nearly every newspaper in England, and Fiona's charming visage graced quite a few dailies in the U.S. of A. as well. The hungry press, leaving no stone unturned, contacted Fiona's millionaire dad, who hotly denied the royal romance. "This is absolutely wrong," lathered the soap czar. Then why was Fiona's previous boyfriend, Patrick Anderson, so jealous? Granting interviews right and left, poor Patrick pilloried the prince and threatened to "have words with the fellow's mother." The soap opera's plot thickened when Patrick's own mother got into the act. "Patrick is so silly," she told reporters, "His remarks will cause a lot of unhappiness."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

As is immediately apparent from the accompanying photographs (taken from the original photo-spread), the prince is to be congratulated for his royal perceptions. An appreciation of all things noble and beautiful has been a tradition in the house of Windsor, and Prince Charles has been furthering this custom with commendable gusto. The prince's regular girl friend (reported by the press to be a "commoner") is allegedly none too pleased with her swain's meanderings. But, as history does show, noblesse oblige will out.







When these photographs first appeared, the furor at St. James and certain shooting clubs in Yorkshire was deafening. Perceptive noblemen noted the remarkable resemblance between "Francis Cannon" and their cohort's daughter, Fiona's mother, Lady Manton, was in a state of shocked silence. "I can't believe this," she said upon recovering her voice. "One's children are so precious, and Fiona is *such* a darling." And what did Charlie's Angel have to say for herself? "My parents let me grow up believing that my body is beautiful. I'm not ashamed of what I have done." **OT**



unpublished Howard Hughes manuscripts? **Phelan:** Just the year before, I had completed the first draft of a book with Noah Dietrich, who had been Hughes's right-hand man for thirty-two years. I'd done a draft of his memoirs. Then Dietrich and I had a falling-out, and he hired another writer. So I took my manuscript, put it in my file, and forgot about it.

While we were working on the book, a friend of Dietrich's, a down-on-his-luck TV producer by the name of Stanley Meyer, injected himself into the project and said he was going to make Dietrich rich and would handle his agenting. One of the things that caused a lot of trouble between Dietrich and me was that when I'd finish a chapter, Dietrich would demand that I hand it over to him right away, and he would pass it on to Stanley Meyer. Of course, I was opposed to this and told him it was no way to write a book, but he was a fairly strong-willed man.

As it turned out, with Dietrich and me having trouble, Stanley Meyer said he would find a new writer. They did this behind my back. Meyer had known Clifford Irving ten years earlier, when Irving was living in Venice, Calif., trying to get into the script-writing business. Well, after ten years Meyer ran into him by chance one day and tried to hire him as the new writer on the Dietrich book.

Irving said, "Well, let me look at the manuscript." So Stanley Meyer gave him my manuscript, and Irving xeroxed it. The minute he had his copy, he said, "Man, I've hit the jackpot!" and took off for Ibiza. He had already started on his own "authorized biography" of Hughes for \$500,000. He now converted it to an autobiography, jacked the price up to \$750,000, and constructed the fake autobiography of Hughes around my manuscript.

Penthouse: How did all this come out?

Phelan: One day I was reading a *New York Times* account by Wallace Turner in which he quoted sections of the Irving book that he'd gotten through his own devices, and I spotted one story in there that only I knew. It was a story that had been told to me ten years earlier. I'd put it into the Noah Dietrich book, and I was the only guy who knew that story. I called New York immediately, took a plane that night, and the next day spent five hours with the editors of McGraw-Hill, comparing, page for page, my manuscript with the Irving manuscript. We discovered a whole series of parallels. That evening, Time-Life, which had bought excerpt rights for \$250,000, declared the Irving manuscript a fake, cancelled publication, and got their money back. Irving was indicted for fraud in a federal court.

Penthouse: How did you get involved in your present book?

Phelan: Three weeks after Hughes died, I got a phone call one night about ten-thirty.

Someone asked me if I'd like to talk to two guys who had been with Hughes in his last years. I met with the intermediary, and we had to satisfy each other on a lot of points. Then I was given an address down the coast, in a town between Long Beach and San Diego, and told to be there at a certain time. I went there, and I met one of the men. I met Gordon Margulis first. We talked it over for several hours, and a few days later he brought in Mell Stewart from Utah, and we had another meeting here in my house. The next day, I flew to New York and met with my editor at Random House, Bob Loomis. In three hours I was able to convince him of the authenticity of what I was proposing. The next day, we met with the vice-president of Random—the three of us in a closed room—and he authorized a sizable advance to get things rolling. At no time did anyone at Random House other than those two know about the project.

I flew back to California, got Stewart and Margulis out here, rented a two-bedroom apartment near Seal Beach under false names, and in three weeks—working every day, seven days a week—I talked the story out of them. Aside from the two guys at Random House, only my wife and one other person knew I was working on this. All my dealings with the publisher were in person—never by mail or phone. Stewart and Margulis had accumulated some vacation time; so they told their bosses they'd be on vacation and would be out of touch. We did all the interviewing during that three-week period, and I got them back in place before anybody knew what was going on.

Penthouse: Why all the cloak-and-dagger stuff?

Phelan: It wasn't just paranoia. I didn't want any interference, harassment, or surveillance. The Summa Corporation, which controls all the Hughes interests, hires people to do these things—they hired Intertel, for instance, to spy on Bob Maheu [former Hughes aide] and "prove" he was a thief. Summa ended up buying his garbage from the garbage collector and going through it. I didn't want anybody going through my garbage, because all they'd have done would have been to get their hands dirty and mess up the alley behind the house. I didn't want them coming in with injunctions and lawsuits and so on—I wanted to get this book done. Once it was done, I wasn't afraid of any litigation on it, but I didn't want to be harassed while I was writing the thing. Anyway, the security paid off. Summa didn't find out about the book until I had half of it written.

Penthouse: What happened then?

Phelan: They called Stewart and Margulis to Summa headquarters here in L.A., grilled them about it, and demanded to see the contract with me. Then they asked them to appear before the board of directors. Both men said that they had an airtight contract with me and that if they were going to appear, I had to appear with them. Rather than let that happen, Summa dropped the thing—and a short time later fired both men.

Penthouse: What were the motives of Stew-



art and Margulis in seeking you out?

Phelan: First of all, they were very resentful toward the so-called palace guard around Hughes. They felt that Hughes had not been treated right. They felt that the palace guard's loyalty was to the people at Encino, who were running Summa, and to Bill Gay, who ended up as president of Summa, rather than to Hughes himself. They felt that Hughes was not properly taken care of or properly informed. Both of them liked Hughes and felt a certain amount of responsibility for him. Also, Stewart and Margulis were the two lowest-paid men in the entourage. The other aides received from \$85,000 to \$110,000 a year, and these men each made \$20,000 a year. They did all the hard, dirty work, and they felt that these other people—because of their connections with Bill Gay—were getting special privileges.

The three of us are sharing profits from the book equally; so I guess Stewart and Margulis also saw the book as a means of recovering from financial discrimination. They told me they wanted me as a writer because, over the years, Hughes's senior aides and officials—who did not pay a great deal of attention to most stories about themselves—got very upset every time something appeared with my by-line on it.

Penthouse: Reading your book, one is impressed by the incredible depths, both moral and physical, to which Hughes fell in his last years. Why would a man of such stature allow himself to deteriorate the way he did? Was Howard Hughes psychotic?

Phelan: Well, that's a very precise term. Certainly, a man who hid himself from view, who was deathly afraid that somebody would look at him, who was so concerned with germs that even a spoon being handed to him had to be wrapped in Kleenex—a man who put paper towels between his bed and the bathroom, towels on which only he was allowed to tread, and who each morning had those paper towels shredded and fresh towels put down—certainly such a man is not, in my opinion, a sane man.

But, at the same time, he had a brilliant mind, and he certainly was a financial genius. The memos he wrote during this period were lucid and well organized. So I'd say that he was always eccentric. But the stresses that were laid on him in the early 1960s pushed him to the outer limits of human behavior, where sanity and madness blur.

Penthouse: What were those stresses?

Phelan: I think it was a series of events that all occurred about the same time. He broke up with Noah Dietrich, and at the same time he married Jean Peters. Also at the same time, he was involved in major-scale litigation with Trans World Airlines. He was always a man who did what he wanted to do. A lawyer once told him, "Mr. Hughes, you have to do this," and Hughes replied, "Don't ever say that to me. I've never done anything because I thought I *had* to do it."

So Hughes found himself with a wife who would not tolerate his having the sort of harem he was used to having; he'd lost Dietrich, who had acted as his buffer, who had handled all his business problems while

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Hughes went wandering around the world, indulging his whims; and he was immersed in these tremendous problems with TWA, financing the conversion of TWA into the jet age, an enterprise involving hundreds of millions of dollars. This is my own analysis: he suddenly found himself in a world that he couldn't control, and he'd always controlled things. So, in the early 1960s, he took a group of his aides from Romaine Street, the "message center" headquarters in Hollywood, and went into the first blacked-out bedroom. He sealed away the world by putting masking tape on the draperies. For the last fifteen years of his life, he lived in a world that he created himself, a small, controlled world. He saw no one but the senior aides. He shut away the outside world. He lived in a little, constricted world where he controlled everything.

Penthouse: Did Hughes really have a harem?

Phelan: Hell, yes. He had gals stashed in five different houses. Up until 1962, when he went into seclusion, Hughes was quite a womanizer. Of course, he was still married to Jean Peters then; so he had to make up lies: he'd tell them to Bill Gay, and Bill Gay would tell them to Jean Peters. But she was too smart for this, and she eventually left Hughes, who blamed Bill Gay for the whole thing.

During the last ten years of his life, he changed drastically. He never once saw a woman. He didn't even like the sexy parts of

movies. He'd tell his aides, "Let's skip the mushy parts."

Of course, Hughes was in bad shape. If he had brought a broad up there then, it would have scared her silly just to look at him. There's a funny story about one of his women, one of his last ones. She testified that she used to receive her paycheck in a basket. She'd drive over to Romaine, honk her horn, and they'd lower her check from a second-story window on a string.

Penthouse: What do you think such a man represents in American culture?

Phelan: I think he somehow embodies the tragedy of America in the last half of this century; the tragedy of pointless acquisition, of materialism, and of technological advances that turn out to be goals in themselves, rather than the means toward human betterment. The richer and more powerful he got, the emptier his life became. He really is a tragic figure and a man to be pitied. The emptiness of all this heaping up of money and power will be, in the end, a lesson to this country. This is probably the greatest good that he will ever do, and it may turn out to be a very great good indeed. Probably not the good he intended, but the example is a stunning one.

Penthouse: Perhaps that's why you felt so strongly motivated to write the story.

Phelan: I wouldn't want to say that. Although I'm sure it was a factor, I must say, as a reporter, that Hughes was intriguing. He was probably the greatest mystery of our

time. I think all reporters are very competitive, and to me Hughes sort of represented the Mount Everest of investigative reporting.

Penthouse: Is the Hughes era at an end, now that he's dead?

Phelan: I think the Hughes empire as such will not survive his death, but I don't think the story is over by any means. Hughes's real significance is the intertwining of his organization with the federal government. The Hughes organization was given preferred status over other federal contractors; it was practically exempt from the normal examination that other companies and contractors have to submit to.

For example, as of now, two years after the fact, nobody knows the whole *Glomar Explorer* story. The *Glomar* [a huge ship supposedly built by Hughes to recover a sunken Russian submarine for the CIA] cost the taxpayers of this country something like \$400 million. The money was hidden in the federal budget, and when the CIA embarked on whatever they were doing with this, they told a false story. When that story began to fall apart, they told another false story; and when they had to start facing up to what the *Glomar* was doing, they told contradictory stories to different reporters.

Nobody, to my knowledge, has ever called the Hughes organization to account for this *Glomar* project—they seem almost immune to examination by regular federal agencies. How they acquired this immunity and how they maintained it is one of the things, I think, that's going to come out. It's going to come out because there's too much known already. That's why I say my book is a beginning. Five years from now we'll still be learning things about what the Hughes organization did and about its covert relations with the U.S. government.

Penthouse: You say that no one knows the whole *Glomar* story. Yet Seymour Hersh of the *New York Times* and other respected reporters have written extensive accounts of the *Glomar's* raising part of that Russian sub. Do you have reason to doubt these stories?

Phelan: Well, I talked to Sy Hersh recently, and we went over the material he has. Based largely on what he told me, and based on my respect for him as a reporter, I now believe that the *Glomar* did indeed recover part of the submarine. But you must bear in mind that we have two of the great secrecy machines of our time collaborating on this story—the CIA and the Hughes organization. None of this information is firsthand. For example, the CIA talks about burying the bodies of the dead Russian crew at sea and photographing the funeral in color—so they wouldn't offend the Soviet Union, they say. Well, no one has seen that film. And no one has seen what was recovered. But, as I said, because of my respect for Sy Hersh, I'm inclined to believe his story.

Penthouse: Do you think that some other Hughes people will come forward to tell their stories, now that the cat is out of the bag?

Phelan: I tend to doubt it. They may eventually, but I don't think they will imme-



"I don't mind going in, but I'll feel pretty silly coming out."

diately. They're all back on the Summa payroll, and they're people who could not earn anywhere else the sums of money that Summa is paying them. I think they'll hold onto their jobs as long as they can. They won't keep their jobs if they talk.

Penthouse: How high does the Summa pyramid go?

Phelan: Well, the man who hired the palace guard and put them in place is now the president of Summa Corporation, and that's Frank William Gay. I don't know how long he will continue to be president, but he's president as of today, and he can fire them.

Penthouse: But, now that Hughes is dead, why are they so afraid of his personal story coming to light?

Phelan: They're not so much afraid of Hughes's personal story as they are of revelations about their own involvement in manipulating him and in concealing information from him. I think they have a lot to hide, and I don't think they're going to put themselves in a position where they have to answer a lot of questions, particularly under oath.

Penthouse: You've written that Hughes, in his last years, seemed to be hooked on some kind of drug or drugs. Do you think that this may be one of the revelations that Summa is afraid of?

Phelan: Yes. Knowing the pattern of the Hughes organization, which kept everything a secret—even where he was getting his apple strudel—I would seriously doubt that they obtained the prescription drugs, including the codeine we know about and perhaps a lot of drugs we don't know about, with prescriptions bearing the name of Howard Hughes. As I understand it, this would be illegal—you can't obtain drugs without the name of the patient. And I think they would be very sensitive about this.

Penthouse: Why else do you think the Hughes empire will not survive?

Phelan: It certainly won't survive unless they find a valid will. The federal government is going to take 77 percent of the money in inheritance tax, and the empire will have to liquidate to pay the tax.

Penthouse: What are Stewart and Margulis doing now?

Phelan: Looking for jobs.

Penthouse: Will their involvement in this make it difficult for them to find work?

Phelan: It will certainly make it difficult for them to find jobs with anybody connected to Summa Corporation. Summa controls a lot of things, particularly in Las Vegas, where Margulis works, but it doesn't control everything. I think they'll both find work.

Penthouse: Back in the sixties you were instrumental in discrediting Jim Garrison's investigation of the Kennedy assassination. Garrison ended up believing you were working for the CIA. Any comments?

Phelan: I've never had anything to do with the CIA in my life. You know, this word "linked" that journalists use all the time—I consider it an extension of the Joseph McCarthy, guilt-by-association mentality that people rebelled against in the 1950s. It's very easy these days to "prove" through

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some remote series of associations, that certain people are "linked" to certain other people when, in fact, there's no significant connection at all. So Garrison shows "links" based on associations I had with people who were active in the CIA. Bob Maheu, for instance—Maheu certainly was an element of the CIA. My associations with Maheu were simply those of a journalist with a source. I don't know... I think the cult of the conspiracy in this country is going stark, raving bonkers. I think they're promoting this notion, and I think it's falling on fertile ground with the public because of all the revelations about the CIA, about Watergate, and so on. I think people are willing to believe *anything*.

Penthouse: Does part of the fault lie with journalists?

Phelan: Certainly. With the exception of Woodward and Bernstein, I'm not greatly impressed with the new generation of journalists. This so-called participatory journalism, where the journalist becomes a central figure—Norman Mailer helped create it—doesn't impress me. I think that too many younger journalists, represented by publications such as *Rolling Stone* and *New Times*, are looking for a bigger story than they have. Too often they take an inadequate set of facts and project them into a bigger story than they can document. It grows out of this cult of the conspiracy that I was talking about.

Penthouse: Presumably, then, you're not too fond of writers like Hunter Thompson and

Tom Wolfe, the so-called New Journalists. **Phelan:** Basically, they're entertainers. They put on a great pyrotechnic show, and it's all very readable. But when you squeeze down on it, there's very little solid information. I think that journalism *has* to deal with information. One of the truly sad developments in journalism today has been the increasing use of blind-source stories. Obviously, there are circumstances in which the only way you can get a story is to quote an unnamed source. But the ease and willingness with which newspapers and wire services now use blind sources is harmful. What you are basically saying in a blind-source story is, "Somebody who doesn't want his name used told me that..." To me this is almost indistinguishable from gossip.

Penthouse: Are you opposed to shield laws?

Phelan: Definitely. The First Amendment is the only shield we need. When a journalist writes a story and signs his name to it, he ought to be open to the penalties of the libel law. In other words, he can invoke truth as his defense, and that means that he'd better be careful about what he prints. If we passed a law saying that any journalist could at any time refuse to divulge his sources, we'd be converting journalism into gossip.

Penthouse: Earlier, you said you were impressed by Woodward and Bernstein's reporting. Yet isn't it a fact that their book on Nixon's final days was based almost entirely on blind sources?

Phelan: Yes, and it bothered me. But working on the level that they had to work on, it was the only way to get the story. At the time they were writing the book, there was no way that all those people would go on record; so they either had to go with blind sources or not do the book. I try not to be absolute about these things, because I've had to use blind sources myself.

Penthouse: How much proof should a good reporter require before assuming that a blind source is telling the truth? Do you ever worry about being manipulated?

Phelan: That goes to the heart of journalism. I do worry, of course, about being manipulated—I worry about it all the time. I think it's largely a matter of experience—after a while you develop a certain sense. There's an art to reporting, though I'm not sure you could write a manual on how to do it. After a few people try to use you, you begin to develop a sense about whom you can trust and whom you can't. There's nothing mystical about it. It's like the mechanic who's seen so many cars that, just from the sound of one, he can tell approximately where the trouble lies. I don't have any hard and fast rules. I'd rather have two sources than one. I'd rather have four than two. And above all, I'd rather have documentation than eye-witness testimony. I tend to be cautious and would rather be second on a story and get it right than be first and get it wrong.

Penthouse: Speaking of blind sources, you must be aware that there has been much speculation that the greatest blind source of them all—Woodward and Bernstein's "Deep Throat"—is really a man named Robert F. Bennett. What do you know about Bennett, and what do you think about this speculation?

Phelan: In 1970, when Robert Maheu was deposed as Hughes's second-in-command, Bill Gay installed Bob Bennett as Summa's Washington representative to dispense political funds for the Hughes corporation. In preparation for this, Bennett was instructed to purchase a PR firm in Washington, and he bought the Robert Mullen Company. Among other things, Bennett inherited E. Howard Hunt, who was a Mullen employee and who was, of course, connected to the CIA. In fact, the Mullen Company also served as cover for two CIA agents working abroad.

Well, when the Watergate story broke, Bennett either sold or dissolved the Mullen Company, and he is now director of public relations for Summa. But many people seized on the Bennett-Hunt connection, even though Bennett fired Hunt right after Watergate. I've interviewed Bennett and found him to be very forthcoming. The fact that he "inherited" Hunt, of course, lessens the importance of that connection. Bennett says that he is not Deep Throat, and I'm inclined to believe him. He did have a friend in Charles Colson's office, and he did know Bob Woodward, but I don't think he would have had access to the information that Deep Throat had. All these connections, of course, are very complicated, and the reality gets condensed when people are trying to



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make a case to "prove" one thing or another.
Penthouse: What are your current plans?
Phelan: I'm going to finish the book that I was working on before this all started. It's a book about investigative journalism. It covers ten stories I worked on as an investigative reporter over a period of about twenty-five years. I retell the stories, and at the same time I tell how I worked them—you know, three days looking through files in Phoenix and that sort of thing, how you develop a story. People frequently have asked, "When you come up with a story, how do you put it together?" This book is going to tell how a reporter works.

Penthouse: It seems that in post-Watergate America, the investigative reporter has become something of a folk hero. Is that good?

Phelan: Well, I think we in this country are at a juncture when there is a growing need for what is called investigative reporting. I myself dislike the term—I think there's just reporting. I mean, what is an investigative reporter? He's just a reporter who is given more time to look into a story, to find out what really happens on it. I moved out of the newspapers because I felt they didn't give me the time to explore a story. You can't do it in three or four hours, talking to a few people on the phone, from which you get only the surface image of what a story is about.

Penthouse: Do magazines give you the time you need?

Phelan: Unfortunately, many of the major national, general-interest magazines have

died since television took the advertising away. The advertisers found that they could reach more people for less money with a television spot than they could with a page in the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Life*. So the magazines were killed by the drying up of their economic underpinning. This is very unfortunate, because television simply can't do the kind of reporting that print journalism can. You can't do in a half hour—and half an hour for a television documentary on a single subject is very rare—what a writer can do in 5,000 words. So, as we come to a point where we need more of this kind of journalism, we're getting less of it.

There are a lot of good reporters in this country, and they simply don't have the financial backing they need. To do a difficult, complex story takes five, six, eight, ten weeks, and it's expensive. There are very few sources left that will invest \$10,000 in keeping a reporter going and in paying his expenses on a single story. Yet television will blow hundreds of thousands of dollars on a half-hour show that draws a lot of viewers and is forgotten the next day.

Penthouse: Isn't part of the problem the fact that much of the American public would rather sit down and switch on the television set than make the effort to open a magazine and read it?

Phelan: Look, you can't open a magazine that isn't there. At the time the *Post* got into its last, fatal trouble, we had 6.5 million readers, a good readership. You can't say

that the American people are too lazy and just want to turn on the TV. There were millions who were interested in what the *Post* and *Look* and *Life* were doing. Those magazines died because of a loss of advertising. It comes down to sheer economics.

Penthouse: How can it be turned around?

Phelan: I'd like to see television move over into this field and make more funds available for good reporting. Take a show like "Sixty Minutes"—it's enormously popular, and they do some good work. Each network should have shows like that and devote more time and money to them—God knows, the networks have the money. This would be a decision, I think, that some of these television executives should make. I know many of them want to get over into this field, and I think that in this there lies some hope of rectifying the imbalance.

Penthouse: Did Watergate have the effect, perhaps, of beginning to reverse the trend? Woodward and Bernstein, after all, were newspaper reporters.

Phelan: I think it shows the inadequacies of present-day television journalism that two basically inexperienced guys on the *Washington Post* were able to break this story loose, when the same thing was being covered by the topflight television journalists. These two guys in print journalism just walloped the ass off all these \$150,000-a-year television reporters.

Penthouse: And ever since, it seems, journalism schools have been overflowing with kids who want to be investigative reporters...

Phelan: Or maybe they want to be Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford.

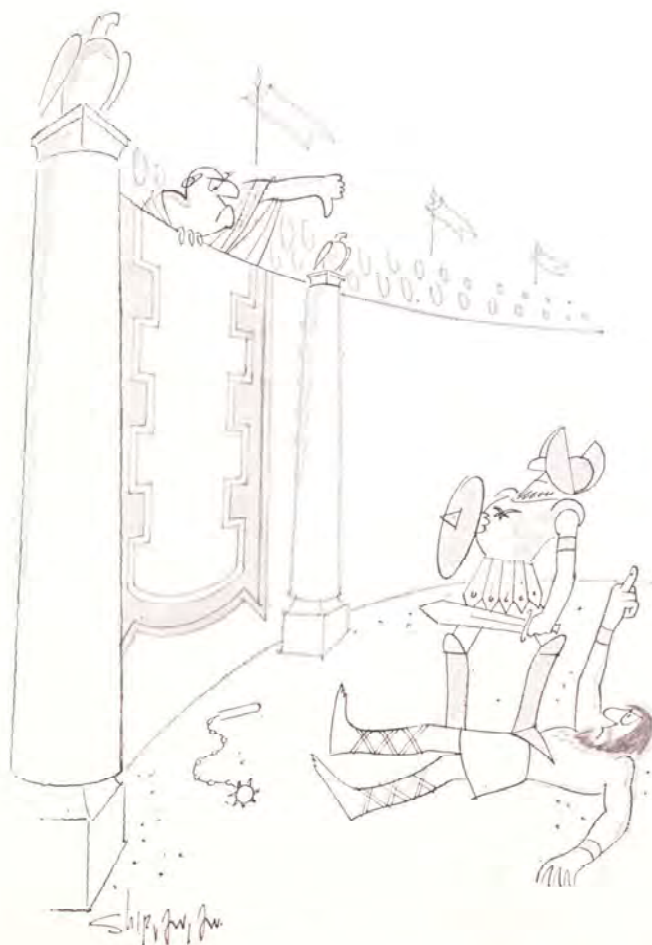
Penthouse: You sound cynical.

Phelan: I don't want to paint too bleak a picture, because the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Miami Herald* all spend money to develop a story. More and more, since Watergate, publishers are beginning to turn guys loose, and that's all to the good.

Of course, there's an unfortunate aspect, which is that there are a lot of reporters getting into this kind of journalism who have no real background. One of the sad things about it is that as the sponsors for this kind of reporting were drying out, there were fewer people practicing it and therefore fewer opportunities for young reporters to learn from older reporters how to do it. As a result, there have been unfortunate instances of guys getting into it whose desire was not matched by their training and ability.

Penthouse: Is the Hughes story going to continue? Will you be involved in it in the future?

Phelan: It looks as though I already am. I've got a lead on a new aspect of this story that goes well beyond my book. It's a subject that's in progress now, and I can't discuss it. As I said, my book was merely the beginning. Because of the book and because of the sources I have, new information keeps coming in. And some of it is startling and so significant that I simply can't turn the faucet off and walk away from it. 

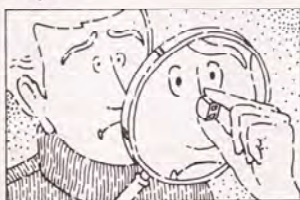


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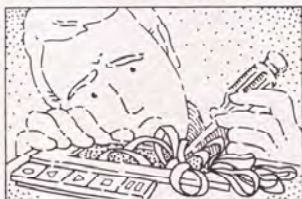
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COUPLES



MARRIAGE COMMUNAL STYLE

Sex was one for all and all for one — until they had to get a job. He still believed that they were living in "the Age of Aquarius," but his flower-child bride took a more realistic approach and advised, "Get it while you can."





• Originally, Clark and I would only have group sex when the other was present. But in the last year, our schedules conflicted, and I didn't like being a virgin five nights a week. •

CLARK'S STORY: Back in the late sixties and in the early seventies, I was what you'd call a grade-A, number-one freak — what the uninitiated used to call a hippie. From the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-two, half the time I was stoned, completely spaced out. The rest of the time I was either studying, demonstrating against the Vietnam War, or balling every chick I could get into my bed.

I've got to admit that what I liked most about being a freak was the screwing we did. We felt that we were all brothers and sisters and that nobody had a right to refuse a commune member sexually. Maybe it was the constant drugs that broke down all our inhibitions. Maybe it was just because we needed an outlet for all our frustration and anger, for all that youth and energy. So I joined a commune for political and sexual reasons. Originally, there were eight of us, all good friends, all into the movement and dope, and we decided that we should have a live-in experiment in sexual freedom.

That commune was like one extended orgy. If you walked into the kitchen at three o'clock in the afternoon, there'd be Laura and Fred screwing their genitals off, right on top of the kitchen table. I'd make a sandwich, take a few tokes, and watch them until I felt like joining in. Then I'd grab for a piece of Laura's pussy, and Fred (or whoever else might have been fucking her) would oblige by moving on over to partake of another orifice. He'd drag her ass to the edge of the kitchen table and start tonguing her. With my joint still in my lips, I'd leap up onto the table and drive my cock deep down in Laura's pussy. I'd drive into her again and again, until we were both weak from surging orgasms. Then out of the corner of my eye, I'd probably catch a glimpse of a fellow communitarian, hungry for Laura's cunt, and like a cooperative, sexually liberated member of the house, I'd get down off my sweet mount of Venus on the kitchen table and give her a marijuana-flavored kiss.

After forty-five minutes or an hour, I would take an "involuntary" study break. One of the other commune girls would see me sitting in a couch alone. Then she'd suddenly get the hots

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

for my body. Invariably, the chick would interrupt my concentration. I'd be fighting her off with one hand, trying to finish reading a chapter in my textbook, and the girl would be giggling and unzipping my fly with her teeth, nibbling along the edges of the denim, chewing at stray pubic hairs, until it was impossible for me to get any more studying done. I'd drop my book and submit to my blowjob—a skillfully performed, hippie-style blowjob. After I had spurted my creamy come down her greedy throat, she'd politely roll me a thank-you joint, and I'd pick up my book again and resume studying. I didn't even have to leave my easy chair to get whatever I wanted: dope or sex.

It was at the very end of the summer before I entered my senior year in college when I first met Sally. I had gone to a gigantic, end-of-the-freak-era rock festival in Wisconsin with a couple of people from our commune. We drove up together from Chicago, but I somehow lost them at the festival. Small wonder! I was completely freaked out, tripping out on a thousand mgs of sunshine acid, the champagne of hallucinogens. I must have been wandering around for hours before I finally came down in the LSD rescue tent. As I later learned, I had tried to walk onstage right in the middle of the Grateful Dead's set while I was tripping. They brought me to a tent for protective custody. When I came down from the acid, I found myself lying on an army cot, looking up into the most beautiful, angelic face I'd ever seen. Enormous brown eyes appeared above a tiny, upturned nose, which was suspended above full, rosy red lips. She looked so beautiful. That was the first time I ever saw Sally. Right then I knew I had to have her.

Sally was just eighteen; she told me that she had come from a little town in Wisconsin and that she planned to start college in Chicago in the fall. That disclosure was my cue; I knew all about Chicago. I volunteered to take her around the city. I said I'd make her feel at home there. I even offered (well, insisted actually) to drive my VW bus up to her hometown and cart her and her belongings down

to Chicago. Sally agreed, and I was in a superhigh energy rush for a whole week from the time I last saw her at the festival until the moment when I drove up to her parents' driveway.

Well, we didn't even manage to make the 120 miles to Chicago before Sally and I made love. We were driving past farms and fields, and the day exuded that soft beauty so typical of Indian summer. While I drove, I told her how she had completely turned me on from the moment we met at the rock festival. My eyes were glued to the country road ahead of us, because I was afraid to look at Sally, afraid that she'd reject me. Instead, Sally asked me to pull off the road and stop. I got out of the bus and went around to her side to help her down. She looked too fragile to jump down by herself. I opened her door, and she fairly leapt down on top of me, her work shirt completely open. The round, smooth globes of her breasts were topped by small, nut-brown nipples, which pressed against my chest as we kissed, our tongues hungrily thrusting into one another's mouth with the in-and-out motions of intercourse. I undressed Sally tenderly, and we lay together in the field behind the van. Her fingertips stroked the inmost part of my thigh, and

she whispered, "Please be gentle with me, Clark. I've never loved anybody before you." I was flabbergasted. She was young, but I couldn't believe this gorgeous girl could still be a virgin. "Is this your first time?" I asked her. "It's the first time I've ever loved a man," she told me. Yet in a very unvirginlike manner, she eagerly bent to kiss my circumcised cock into an erection, and her small hands roughly caressed me, placing the full length of it directly into her pussy.

We didn't just make love. It was as if we had melted together to become one person. With every thrust of my cock into her cunt, Sally responded with instinctive rhythm, moving in perfect harmony with me. It was one of the most achingly beautiful fucks I've ever had or hope to have. From that minute on, I knew we would belong to each other.

We went out together every evening for a month. Every evening ended in sex, each time better than the last. Fortunately, I soon convinced Sally to move into my commune, so that we could share the same room, the same bed. Sally visited the commune only one time before she agreed to move in.

During that visit, she witnessed a seven-person group grope in the living room, everybody heaving and panting, the come splattering onto the walls. But that scene didn't scare her away. Instead, she insisted on moving in so that she could be closer to me. I thought that the reason was that she was jealous and that she didn't want me making it with all those other chicks. How wrong I was. Sally wasn't jealous; Sally was horny as hell. She was just made for communal sex. She loved to use her body to make other people (male or female) happy. She used to ask me, "What better way to cheer people up than to ball?"

Sally and I worked out a special commitment to each other within the communal-sex scene: neither of us would have sex with anybody else unless the other partner was present. This arrangement worked out pretty well for the first few years. Our favorite gambit was to get all the commune

girls together with Sally and me and let them all compete to see who could give me the most pleasure. The girls would all dive onto me—each licking and sucking a different part of my body: nipples, buttocks, cock, balls—until I was like an insect trapped in a web of sticky passions. Then while one girl carefully encircled my balls with her lips, Sally would take my cock in her mouth, her tongue first flicking around the slit, then the entire glans, and then going down on me almost to the base, until finally I'd shoot my load. Meanwhile, one of the other girls might be sitting on my face, shifting now and then on her haunches, so that my tongue could delve and explore each lip, each little throbbing bump around her vagina, until I narrowed in on her clitoris and drove her crazy. Sometimes the spare chicks would give Sally head while she was blowing me or else start necking with the girl who was sitting on my face. Other times, for variety's sake, we'd shift around so that I could get a rim job from another girl, her little tongue and nose and fingers teasing and tantalizing their way up the tight hole in my behind. When I came during one of these communal-sex jamborees, it was an earth-shaking experience, because my orgasm, instead of just

I adored the people in
the commune. I used to lie on
the dining room rug
and let whoever might come
along pile onto my body. They
thought of me as a
beautiful sex object.

being centered on my cock, seemed to emerge from several different stimulus areas at once. It was as if my body had become a great gland of honey that had enlarged and burst.

Except for the fact that Sally and I never had any extra money, living in the commune was probably the most ideal existence imaginable for us at that stage in our lives. But things didn't stay ideal for long. The rents got too steep in our commune's Lincoln Park neighborhood; so we had to move farther north, up to a big old building in New Town. The new house was so large that we had to take relative strangers into the commune in order to cover the rent. The house underwent a gradual evolution until it was more of a rooming house for sex fanatics than a commune of brothers and sisters involved in the political and sexual-freedom movements. After several more years, Sally and I were the only commune-oriented people left in the house. We would've moved out, too, but we just couldn't afford to do so then. After I finished college, I had to serve two years of alternative service work as a conscientious objector. That required me to do orderly work at Cook County Hospital. The pay was incredibly low! Sally's parents had disowned her when they found out that she was living in a commune, taking drugs and fucking all day until she was exhausted. Sally went to work as a waitress in a health-food restaurant on Clark Street, and our combined salaries during those years were less than a clerk's. We couldn't afford our own apartment, even if we had wanted to.

Did I mention that Sally and I got married after we'd lived together for about three years? Neither of us believes in marriage really, unless children are involved, and Sally wasn't pregnant. We decided to get married on impulse. Both of us were going through prolonged depressions, and one day, when we were stoned out of our skulls, we decided to liven things up by having a party that would end all parties. We figured that a wedding would be a good excuse for a party; so we got hitched purely on a stoned whim. Can you believe that? I think that the grass was causing us to hallucinate by then.

In a way, it was good that Sally and I became man and wife. That way, I figured, the rest of the men in our communal house would think twice before they propositioned Sally, since she was a married woman. The only vow of fidelity I would hold Sally to was our old agreement: not to ball anybody else unless the other partner was present or participating. But she was unfaithful, even to that sliver of a commitment.

We'd saved up all our money and had bought a plant store. I was working day and night for months, trying to get the business to show a healthy profit. Usually, I worked late on Thursday nights, but on one particular night, I came home early and discovered Sally in the commune dining room in the center of a bisexual gang bang. She was lying on the rug, the focus of everybody's attentions, and men and women were swarming over her body like honeybees in search of a hive. One guy had mounted her and was pumping away at her cunt for all he was worth. Simultaneously, some other dude was groveling on the floor, spreading the cheeks of her ass and alternately sticking in his long tongue and his long, red prick. A girl was sitting on

Sally's face, and my wife was making slurping noises—slurps and moans. And the other woman's cunt juices were dripping down Sally's golden-brown cheeks. Another two women were sucking at her breasts, sometimes straying away from her nipples to suck her armpits, to lick her palms and taste her fingertips. They were totally unaware that I was standing nearby ready to lambaste them all for fucking my wife without me being in on it. I don't think I'd ever been so furious before in my entire life. I slugged people—men, women—I didn't care.

I informed Sally in no uncertain terms that I wanted to move out of the house with her immediately, but she pointed out that we still couldn't afford to leave the commune—not until our plant store made more of a profit. Besides, she said, she *liked* living in the commune. I gave Sally holy hell for breaking our vows of fidelity communal-sex-style, and she was very apologetic and even wept. At first, she wouldn't admit to me that she'd been fucking the entire commune, that is, twelve people plus guests, without me on the nights I worked late. I threw her over my knee and started to spank her with my bare hands until

her bottom turned scarlet. Only then did she finally admit how she'd betrayed me. She begged my forgiveness. I was pretty stunned, not just at her guilty admission but at the realization that I'd become an animal, a disgusting brute, all because of sexual jealousy. I would never have dreamed of hitting Sally if I hadn't been berserk with passion and love and jealousy. I kissed her paddled backside to take away the sting of the spanking, and we made love slowly.

This whole encounter was pretty traumatic. I was afraid that it might even break up our marriage. But we weathered the storm somehow. I stashed away more money for our apartment by giving up grass and hash. At first, Sally kept begging me to let her stay in the commune. She would start in at the most vulnerable moments, right before or after we balled, just the two of us, alone and intimate. But I stood my ground. She finally agreed to a compromise in

which we got our own private apartment, but she could invite as many girls over for sex as often as she wanted. She could make love with chicks without me, but from now on I was going to be her one and only man—and God help her if I wasn't!

Three months ago we moved into our new apartment. Sally is six months pregnant now. It will be our first child. I love her more than ever now that she's mine alone, and I think she loves me more, too. But I think our experiences should be a warning to any couple who might jeopardize their permanent relationship by turning the lady into a communal-sex object. Maybe you'll think I've become old-fashioned since my hippie-freak days, but I just think I've grown up.

SALLY'S STORY:

In our relationship Clark has always been the sexual romantic, and I've been the sexual realist. Clark just can't seem to believe that a woman like me can be just as purely physical and objective about sex acts as a man can be. Clark can't accept the fact that I can be faithful to him mentally, no matter how many other men and women I have sex with.

When I came during one of these communal-sex jamborees, it was an earth-shaking experience. My orgasm seemed to emerge from several different parts of my body, not just my penis.

COUPLES

I'm the realist, and he's the romantic in our everyday life together, too. For example, we were strapped for money when Clark was doing his alternative service as a conscientious objector. Now he's conveniently forgotten that it was *my* idea to get married so that we could straighten out our finances, because I knew his grandparents would give us a few thousand dollars as a wedding gift. That gift and the money I brought in by working as a waitress were just about all that kept us off welfare for those two years. But Clark persists in seeing me as a delicate flower, the angel-lover of his fantasies. It's not that he's a male chauvinist exactly; I couldn't stand him if he was. It's more that Clark is an unreconstructed romantic. Very spiritual, very into our "mystical union of flesh and mind." I think that all that stuff came from taking too much acid and peyote before he turned twenty-five.

I was reared in a small town in southwestern Wisconsin. My parents were middle-class, very conventional, very strict. They could never conceive that their little girl could want a strong man to stick his meat up her untouched teenage pussy. I was supposed to be pure, virginal, and frustrated. But I was a rebel even then. That's what made Clark and me mesh so well: both of us were rebelling against all forms of authority over lives. Out of sheer rebellion against my parents, I set out to get fucked by every good-looking boy in my high-school senior class. I was fairly pretty; so it wasn't any trouble getting dates. The problem was to get the boys to know that I wasn't some nice girl—that it was all right to screw me. They were afraid to approach me for sex; it was partly the times and partly that damned "angelic" look of mine—whatever men see in that. I almost had to yank the boys' cocks out of their jeans, so that I could jerk them off or suck them off or whatever. I finally lost my virginity in the back of a pickup truck to the editor of the school paper. I wasn't overly infatuated with him, but the only place to ball without hassles in town was the back of a pickup or station wagon, and he was the only boy I knew who had his very own pickup. Sexually he was for the birds. He was too young and hung like a sparrow. He came about thirty seconds after he stuck his itty-bitsy cock up my cunt. I remember that after I lost my virginity to him, I came home heart-broken. It was the old cliché. Is that all there was, I wondered. How I laugh when I think back on that now!

I systematically tried about a dozen other boys during my senior year. Some were better than my first, but none of them seemed to regard me as much more than an orifice to tuck his hot tumescence in. This intentional promiscuity served its purpose: I learned how to be good in bed, how to compensate for the boy's shortcomings.

Clark was the first boy—man, really—I'd met who was different. We are both rebels, and we are both sex crazy. But Clark isn't just an in-out-in-out-until-climax kind of lover. Clark is gentle and caring, even as he is powerful and fiercely masculine.

I must admit that one big incentive for moving in with Clark was the fact that he lived in the most incredible commune on the whole Near North Side of Chicago. Eight rooms full of

people having a marathon fuck-for-all. I could have Clark and a taste (literally) of other men and women lovers, too. In short, I could have the best of both worlds. What difference did it make if I had to leave college and get a job? That was fine with me, because in my off-work hours I could lose myself in an atmosphere of unbelievable passion at the commune.

Sex life in the commune took many forms. Sometimes the scene was close to an orgy: everybody grunting and groaning, shoving it in and licking it out. Sometimes I thought my tongue would be rubbed raw from circling round and round so many cocks in a row. At other times, communal sex consisted of just a couple with one or two more commune members invited to join in or simply watch. Some of the guys in the commune were really into voyeurism; they'd rather look than touch.

To some extent, Clark gets off on voyeurism. One of our favorite sex scenes used to be for Clark to round up a few other dudes to ball me while he observed. One guy would squat near my head so that I could take his cock and balls into my mouth and suck him to climax. I love the taste of cock, the smooth and

spongy textures of a man's firm penis held against my lips and tongue. I used to love it when the first guy's come would dribble over my face, while at the same time another man was pumping away at my cunt or even taking me doggy fashion, his stiff cock blasting open the layers of flesh. It hurt so good to be taken from both ends at once. Rubbing the first man's come into my face and neck, smelling his manhood, I could get even more excited about the other man, who was forcefully working on my cunt. We would thrash about, arms and legs tangling roughly. And in the back of my mind was always the delicious knowledge that Clark was sitting there, watching every move I made. I tried to look beautiful as I came and came again, just to please my man. When the first two men had had their fill of me, Clark would almost savagely push them aside. I lay trembling, afraid to move but bursting with desire for the best orgasm of the

evening, the one I knew I would get from Clark. I was completely warmed up now. My blood was churning, so that I felt my thoughts struggling through a reddish haze of complete lust. Clark would begin slowly, perhaps blowing his warm breath over my nipples, over my crotch, over my labia, touching yet not touching. I lay rigid, so I wouldn't break the sexual spell that he was weaving around just the two of us. Clark would start tasting me, nibbling at my thighs, tonguing my inner wrists, biting the circumferences of my breasts. By then, I'd be moaning, half-delirious, and Clark would swiftly and smoothly penetrate my pussy with his wonderful dick. He would draw me up next to him so that I seemed to hang suspended on top of his erection, while he kissed me deeply and his big, manly fingers dug into my buttocks. We rolled over, he atop me, I atop him, and came to rest precisely before Clark would explode inside me, and I would have a surging climax that began in my clitoris and vagina and spread outward like circles in a dark pool into which a leaf is thrown. Finally, my whole body would be convulsed. To think so small a thing as a cock could do such things to my body. It was amazing!



Clark's supersexual performance made it hard for me to understand why he got jealous of me making it with other people in the commune after we'd lived there for five years. He had nothing to worry about in competition from the other men, and he should have realized that. Clark was always my one and only man, no matter how many other mutual friends I'd balled. Maybe Clark resented the fact that the commune wasn't as close-knit and chummy as it was when we first lived there.

Originally, Clark and I had an arrangement whereby we'd only group-fuck when the other was present. But in the last year or so, our work schedules conflicted (especially since Clark has been slaving away at his new plant store), and we seldom got time off at night to spend together. Of course, I got horny, and Clark was no longer conveniently around to act as my chaperone and partner in communal group sex. So I decided to try it alone. At first, I felt guilty about what I was doing, but I soon got over it. I mean, is it really two-timing your husband when you have sex with the same bunch of people you would if he were around? I don't think that's infidelity or betrayal of trust. Emotionally, I was faithful. He was the one I loved.

Besides, I adored the way the new bunch of people in the commune thought of me as a sex object. I knew I was the prettiest woman in the house, and they let me know they thought I was terrific. My favorite kind of sex was to lie on the rug and let whoever might come along pile onto my body. Sometimes eight people would end up working over my body at one time: one guy shoving his cock up my cunt, another one pushing his fingers and then his whole huge, swollen member up my ass, a girl sucking my toes. A man or woman sat on my face so that I could either suck hard on a cock or drink in cunt juices while rolling her tumescent clitoris on my lips and tongue. My breasts would be endlessly sucked by girls until my nipples stood up to attention like little rock-hard cocks on my own chest. If I had a spare hand and didn't feel too wasted from this group assault on my

body, I might even manage to give some dude a half-decent handjob. Getting all these people onto my body took some gymnastic feats, I have to admit. I was dragged onto tables as if I were a rag doll. On some occasions, I was propped up into a near-headstand. Or my body would be grasped by a dozen hands and flipped over, from my back onto my stomach and back again. My legs would be pried apart, spread, lifted—you name it.

After the group had brought me to a half-dozen tiny climaxes, they would abandon me to go to work on each other in more intimate twosomes or threesomes. I would lie quivering on the floor, nearly numb with exhaustion. And then, amazingly, in this hallucinatory afterglow, I would get a thudding, gigantic orgasm, something like being in the middle of my own earthquake, my entire body down to my toes convulsing in delirious spasms.

I never told Clark about these sessions. I didn't want to hurt him, and I didn't want him to forbid me to participate. I knew that if he forbade me, I'd just get so angry that I'd have to rebel. Unfortunately, one day Clark closed his store early, because he

was horny for me, and he caught us in mid-orgy.

Well, it wasn't long after that episode that we moved out of the commune into our own apartment. Sometimes I invite the girls from the commune over, and instead of playing bridge or reading Tarot cards, we get together for some girl-type sex. Clark knows, and he doesn't mind. Sometimes he joins in, too. I think he assumes that isolating me from the commune life-style will eventually cool me off. But so far, thank heavens, Clark's been proved wrong, dead wrong.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

The first three or four paragraphs of Clark's narrative disturb me greatly. The events he describes took place in the late sixties and the early seventies. This was the period when a certain section of the younger generation, under the encouragement of Dr. David Reuben, were freaking out sexually in what he called "fun sex." Other young people were also taking drugs. Depending on the types of drugs, a sex trip often accompanied the drug trip, because most drugs taken in small doses do not affect sexual capacity and they do release inhibitions. Not that Clark and Sally's sex drives need any help.

Clark and Sally each have incredibly high sex drives. But this couple seems unable to realize that a high sex drive does not exonerate its possessor from blame. In other words, a high sex drive does not mean that there is a license to degrade sex.

How does one degrade sex? To my way of thinking, any sexual experience that does not have as its criterion either love or respect for the partner degrades sex, and this I find unacceptable. To insert a cock into a cunt and manipulate both until climax is achieved is an obscenity, unless there is a degree of feeling involved. This is why so many of the sex communes established in the late sixties have not been successful.

Note Clark's description of his commune: "From the time I was sixteen until I was twenty-two, half the time I was stoned. . . . The rest of the

time I was . . . demonstrating against the Vietnam War, or balling every chick I could get into my bed." And so the members of Clark's commune "screwed their genitals off."

Sally is a highly sexed female operator, and her sexual operation involving Clark demands very little comment on the physical plane. She has an easily turned on cunt, and she needs a cock to turn it off.

However, for all I've said about Clark and Sally and their early experience in the commune, I have to admit that despite their drugs and their free-for-all sex, they have come to little harm. Indeed, they have been incredibly lucky. After a number of years, and through a number of experiences, Clark and Sally are not only still together but also married!

All I can say is no, I don't think that Clark has become old-fashioned since his hippie-freak days. Clark and Sally can consider themselves extraordinarily lucky not to have been irreparably hurt by their earlier experiences. Not all young people who have had such experiences possess the intellectual strength and determination to risk being called "old-fashioned" by friends who are not so strong.

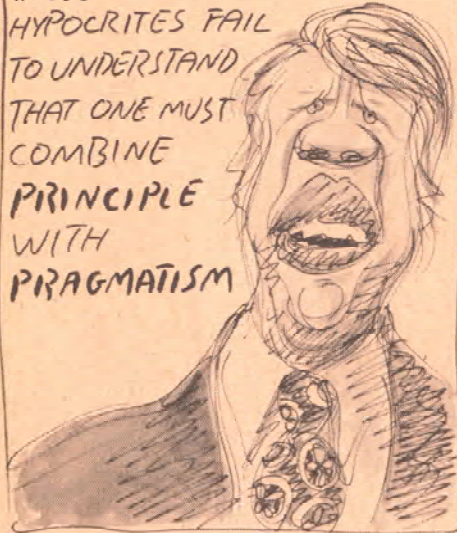


PARTING SHOT

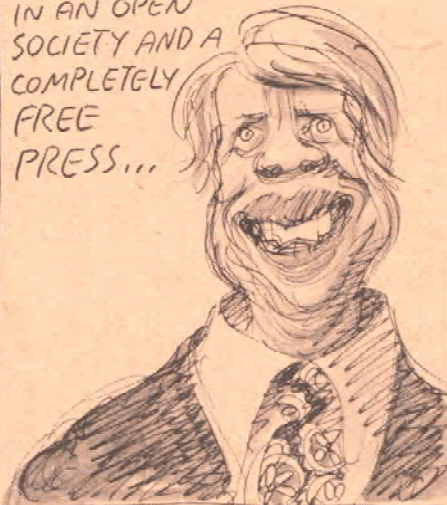
THE PRAGMATIST

By Edward Sorel

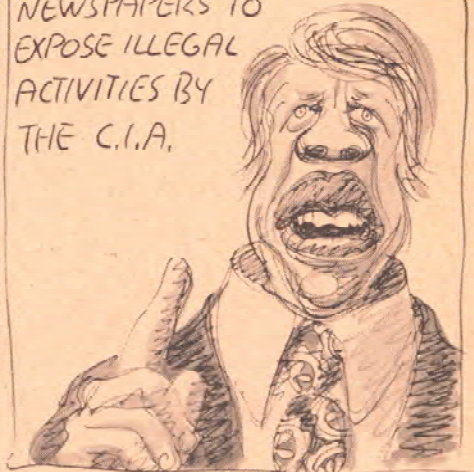
THOSE WHO CALL POLITICIANS
HYPOCRITES FAIL
TO UNDERSTAND
THAT ONE MUST
COMBINE
PRINCIPLE
WITH
PRAGMATISM



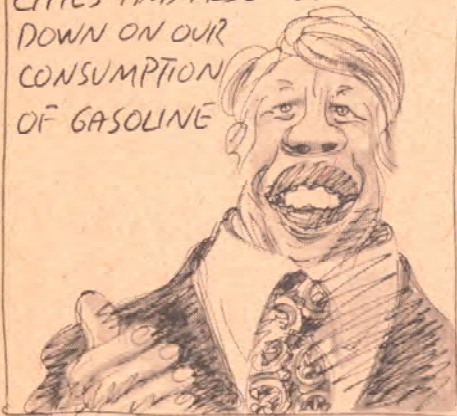
IN PRINCIPLE I BELIEVE
IN AN OPEN
SOCIETY AND A
COMPLETELY
FREE
PRESS...



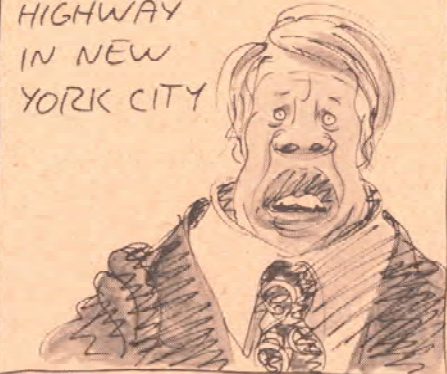
...BUT AS A PRAGMATIST
I FEEL IT IS WRONG FOR
NEWSPAPERS TO
EXPOSE ILLEGAL
ACTIVITIES BY
THE C.I.A.



IN PRINCIPLE I BELIEVE
IMPROVING MASS TRANSIT
IS THE BEST WAY TO HELP OUR
CITIES AND ALSO CUT
DOWN ON OUR
CONSUMPTION
OF GASOLINE



BUT AS A PRAGMATIST I'VE
APPROVED A PLAN TO HAVE
THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
BUILD AN EIGHT-LANE
HIGHWAY
IN NEW
YORK CITY



IN PRINCIPLE I KNOW WE MUST
PUT AN END TO TAX LOOPHOLES
FOR THE RICH, PROTECT THE
CONSUMER FROM UNETHICAL
MANUFACTURERS AND STOP
INDUSTRIES FROM
POLLUTING OUR
ENVIRONMENT



...NEVERTHELESS AS A
PRAGMATIST I FEEL IT IS
IMPORTANT TO REASSURE
THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY
OF MY FRIENDSHIP BY
APPOINTING CORPORATE
EXECUTIVES
TO MY
CABINET



IN PRINCIPLE
I BELIEVE THAT
ANY MAN WHO
BECOMES PRESIDENT
WILL GROW
IN OFFICE...



...BUT AS A
PRAGMATIST I'VE
DECIDED TO GET
A NEW TAILOR.



How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom In 1977

"Millionaires Are Not 100 Times Smarter Than You, They Just Know The Wealth Formula."

We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Because of this common interest, I think we can be of great help to each other. You see, a little over twelve months ago my net worth reached the magic million dollar mark, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me four years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house as 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow \$150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average and I think that if you'll stop and think, you'll realize and agree, there is not a single millionaire that is 10, 20, or 50 times smarter than you, or that works 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

Now, how can we help each other? I am willing to share everything I have learned and know that would help and guide you to achieve your own financial freedom and independence. But the only way I would ever give you my secrets, methods and formulas is if I benefit also. Because as you will find when you reach your ultimate financial goals, you really don't want to stop there but you are motivated to go and make more. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step by step plan to actually do it.

You may have seen part of my formulas described in various publications, such as the November edition of Nations Business, page 69. This work is entitled *How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You*. The various formulas contained in the volume will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as \$100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put \$10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property)
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to spend three weeks out of every month doing anything you care to do, and I think, at

that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what real freedom is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put \$10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people actually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

These formulas of mine do not have to be used with income properties only. They actually can be applied to virtually any asset.

While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the \$12.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

What will this \$12.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step by step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency, with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

What would you do, if you were in my shoes. You have in excess of \$1,000,000 net worth, you have a desire to share your formula with others, because you not only have a simple, honest and workable method whereby others too can enjoy the riches of this land, but you also want to benefit and make money from sharing this information, so you can continue to grow financially.

I think you might do what I'm doing — that is to write a simple open letter to the type of people who share similar goals as mine asking them to try the formulas for themselves, to see if they work as well as the claims described. Because, I know, as you would know if you were in my shoes, that if I can just convince you to test my formulas and methods, you will see for yourself that they will work as easily for you as they did for me.

It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple, direct approach, I can convince



Mark O. Haroldsen
Millionaire in 48 Months

you to try my formulas.

It seems the majority of the people in our rich country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even will-power, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to subscribe, do it now, not later. Otherwise, you may lose, just by default.

To order, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom Package", and send it along with a check for \$12.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. E-701, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 South Holladay Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

If you send for my material before July, 1977, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can easily borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

Mark O. Haroldsen

P.S. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, (because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others) I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order. Also, if you would like to check a few of my references, I have listed some below.

Tracy Collins Bank & Trust, 4707 S. Holladay Blvd. Salt Lake City, Utah, Attn: Beverly Smith, Assistant Manager.

Charles Huber, C.P.A., 1850 Beneficial Life Towers, Salt Lake City, Utah. 801-531-8286.

© Mark O. Haroldsen 1977



THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

MAY 21

GEMINI

JUNE 20

THE GEMINI MALE

Gemini is restless—always seems on the go, in quest of a fresh experience, a new romance. He'll never light permanently in one place. He's the hummingbird of the Zodiac.

Gemini makes friends as easily as polyester picks up lint. Everyone is drawn to his charming gregariousness. He likes people and expects people to like him. Watch a Gemini on line outside a theater box office. Everyone else may be standing sullenly, shifting their feet and becoming irritable. Not him. He's already struck up a conversation with the couples behind and in front of him, and all along the line people are peering to see

where the talk and laughter are coming from. No one can resist Gemini's ebullience.

Especially women.

Gemini loves women, and it's a rare woman who doesn't encourage this amorous con man. But just as the beguiled female begins to take him seriously, he vanishes like a puff of smoke. What did she do wrong?

Probably nothing, except to fall for Gemini in the first place. He has the most fickle fancy of all the astrological signs. When he gets too involved with someone, he soon discovers he isn't that crazy

about her and begins looking for someone who is a little harder to get. The plain fact is that Gemini is made uneasy by love. While he thinks sex is fascinating, because it continually renews itself, love to him is terminal. Change is the name of his game. All the fun is getting there, not being there.

What he values most is his freedom. He wants to follow his own star, and he knows he'll get to it if too many people don't cling to him. If a woman develops tentacles, he will do anything to escape from her.

What Gemini lacks most, then, is stick-to-it-iveness. If he keeps doing the same thing too long, he starts to ossify. So he jumps from one project to the next, with-

BY MARTINE

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MAN WHO HAS
EVERYTHING
AND NO
PLACE TO
PUT IT!**

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out finishing what he set out to do, and as a result he doesn't succeed as well as less imaginative but more tenacious types. On the other hand, in business or a profession he is an outstanding performer. Give him a job to do, and he'll figure out a way. He's versatile, energetic, and has imagination enough for three ordinary men.

The Gemini male is a true nonconformist. Don't expect him to be on time, to dress like everyone else, or to take the orthodox path. That isn't his nature. But he will accept any dare, confront any challenge, and try his absolute damndest to solve any puzzle that catches his interest.

The Gemini is many different people rolled into one. And not a single one of them is dull.

GEMINI AS A LOVER

He's a bed hopper who can't stay in one woman's bed, any more than he can stay in one job, one apartment, one city...

But while he's in bed with a woman, she's sure to have a good time. He's an adventurous lover who can tantalize her erogenous zones with his sexual acrobatics. Those born under the sign of the Twins need to have more than one activity going for them and often perform like a one-man band.

Gemini is a past master at the art of arousing a woman. He has all the attributes of a dream lover, but if those aren't enough to bring her to the right pitch, he calls out the reserves. One of his methods is to disguise his real intent until everything gets out of control. Many a girl begins "just fooling around" with an attractive, "nice," "unaggressive" Gemini only to find herself suddenly in bed with him—and she isn't quite sure how it happened.

He's also very aware of himself in the act of making love. This makes for a certain lack of concentration on the job at hand. Sixty-nine is his favorite number, because both he and his pet can work at it.

Bisexual activity is also attractive to this dualistic lover. The more opportunities for change and interchange a situation—any situation—affords, the better he likes it. That leads him naturally to group sex, where the combinations and variations are much more intriguing.

Geminis are skilled at foreplay. Their endless curiosity leads them to explore each and every crevice and cranny of a partner's body. They're great at all the preliminaries. As for the main event, well... be prepared.

It may be over sooner than you think.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR GEMINI

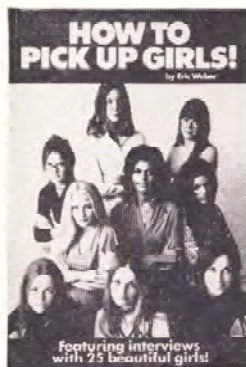
Try to avoid having so many promising beginnings turn into discouraging endings. Don't talk about what you're going to do; do it. You probably never heard "Actions speak louder than words." *Always try to finish one job before you start another.*

THE GEMINI FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

Dorothy Parker, the celebrated wit (and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

PICKING UP GIRLS • MADE EASY!



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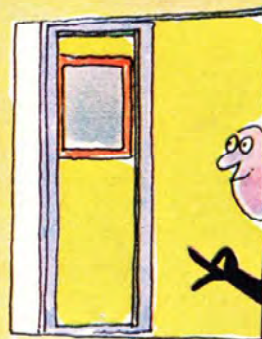
HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL •

Here's a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL**, and it contains over 160 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph at right. They show you—step by exciting step—exactly how to turn on a single woman. Here are just a few of the techniques you will master:

- How to get a woman to "let herself go" • "Magic caresses" • Stimulating a woman • The building of sexual power • Special sexual motions • Dozens of exotic positions • How to take off her clothes • Rocking motions • The magic of Warm Baths. Most guys think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!!!!!! **HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL** will teach you how to thrill women so intensely, they'll actually see it in your eyes.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL costs only \$12.95 plus \$1 postage and handling. It'll help you become the kind of lover women can't wait to go to bed with!





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THE AIR BED™ takes the sea-sickness, immobility, water and weight out of water beds, but gives you the same relaxing, "give and take," sensation. **The patented 1-Beam, construction—with multiple, controlled air chambers—supports your body evenly**...you don't sink down and the sides don't fly up as with inexpensive plastic furniture. No frame or box spring is required, yet your **AIR BED™** is more comfortable than a conventional mattress.

The AIR BED™—unbelievably strong (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). Incredibly light. Clean it with soap and water. Colors stay bright. Take it with you wherever you go. It is the perfect way to vacation, camp, sleep, relax and play. Try it for 10 days—no obligation.

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(Add \$4.95 shipping per bed)

☐ Also send high-powered AC air pump @ \$29.95 ea.
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 Signature _____ PW-6/77


Contemporary Marketing, Inc.
 790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106

the sear. Lighter silhouettes remained frozen. Shadow pictures. The shadow children pointed at the sky.

Daniel leaned close to the photograph. "God." I heard the pain in his voice.

"It draws a clientele."

He straightened and looked at me for a long moment. "Do you actually feel the cruelty I heard in your voice?"

For a moment I wanted to snap back the glib line: It's just a job. You get used to it. "No," I said.

Daniel turned back to the shadow portrait. "Nagasaki?"

"Hiroshima."

"I was there once," said Daniel. "I shot the complete portfolio to go with a text."

"You're a photographer?"

"What does it sound like?"

"I mean a professional," I said.

He pulled an envelope from the inside pocket of his jacket and spilled a half-dozen slides out on the marble counter. He proffered me one; I held it to the light. I saw a bronze wall dwindling to a distant horizon. "The Downwind Monument," I said. I had seen it too many times before. I had read it, memorizing a very small part.

Daniel said, "All thirty-seven thousand names." I must have looked at him questioningly. "Did you know they're listed alphabetically?" I said nothing. From Daniel, a mirthless smile. "The neat aesthetics are spoiled each time a new name has to be inscribed out of sequence." I still said nothing. "And when there's no more space for additional names?" His smile now was genuinely gentle.

"Shut up," I said.

"Just a simple memorial," said Daniel, "for a small nuclear accident."

I detected no maliciousness in his words. Something in my expression must have signaled him.

"I didn't mean to offend." He looked away awkwardly. "May I see the cutouts?"

"The sets," I said.

"Yes, the sets."

I touched a button behind the counter, and the black velvet curtains whispered back along the traverse. I depressed another button, and the lights came up. I took a deep breath. "Aren't they fine?"

"You make them yourself?"

I wished I had, but I'm no artist. "They were fabricated by my predecessor."

"They are incredible." Daniel stepped close to the first and extended his hand, stopping short of actually brushing one fiberboard shoulder with his fingertips. He stared from one figure to the next. In his face I read an emulsion of horror suspended in fascination. I tried to gauge his reaction as he wandered among the faceless cutouts.

Nuclear blast victims, burn victims, figures of char and chance. Men, children, women, flesh like seared pork, skin leprous with radiation lesions. All of them without features, ovals cut away so that other faces could be substituted. I can't say when I had last let myself look so closely at the sprawl of ravaged bodies, all linked in the anonymity of masklessness—all of them wait-

HIBAKUSHA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

though I stand better than a meter and a half. His dark eyes looked out of a face asymmetrically framed by a bush of curly black hair.

"I'd love some coffee," he said, though I hadn't offered any.

"The what? Coffee?" Again, without thinking, I picked up his cue and turned away, fumbling behind the percolator for another chipped mug. I filled it and said, "Cream? Sweetener?"

Daniel shrugged. "If you've got it. Otherwise, don't make no never mind."

"What?" The mug pivoted like a live thing in my hand and, before I caught it, spilled tepid coffee down my trouser leg.

"You okay?"

I nodded. "Percolator doesn't make it very hot." I again filled the mug to the brim and set it down on the counter. "That thing you said."

He smiled. "Just an affectation. I said all sorts of regional things after I lived in the South. A few stayed with me." He sipped the coffee and nodded appreciatively.

I was watching but not seeing or listening. Don't make no never mind, her self-conscious irony. Leila... it meant "dark as night" in Arabic, but she was the opposite. She loved life and brightness; I saw that while she swam and rode and flew and

made love. I had picked her up on the road in an Indian summer afternoon. She was burning her way around the world. I was hauling baled hay for a suburban farmer. She stayed—too long.

The barren glare of the corridors absorbed her brightness; the antiseptic smell smothered her clean hair. She fought, but finally nothing had made any difference. She lay there in the special bed, connected to the attending machines, progressively weaker as cells by the millions cannibalized one another and died. Each day the fingers plaited in mine were weaker. Eventually, she asked me to kill her. Pull the plug. I could not.

"... Never mind, never mind," she said, finally bitter.

Again the dream died.

"Are all those authentic?" The sweep of Daniel's stare indicated the near wall of the gallery.

I motioned, paralleling the row of glossy atrocities. "Every one. If they weren't authenticated, they wouldn't be here. Look closely. They are Japanese masterworks."

"You sell these?"

"We have prints." I touched one painfully brilliant portrait with proprietary fingers. It was a twelve-by-twenty of what had been a children's playground, evidently quite close to ground zero. The three children had been vaporized by the initial blast. The heat had blackened the wall behind them, except where the children's bodies had absorbed

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ing for the vicarious participation of some customer.

"Is the process as simple as it appears?" said Daniel.

"Pick one." I wound my camera, counting the clicks until the first frame was set. I checked the light meter, then cocked the shutter.

"This." Daniel chose the cutout I privately called the Matisse. It was a chance parody of an odalisque, rarely picked by clients because of its inconvenient posture. Daniel took off his jacket, then lay down on his side on the carpet behind it. The set had been taken from a fire portrait, a photograph shot by rescue personnel moving back into the firestorm area.

The old man lay on his side against the juncture of sidewalk and wall, supported partially by a blistered, twisted elbow. His head was pillowed on a concrete step. What had been his garments and his skin was indistinguishable. He was still alive and not yet blessed by shock. At the end of his outstretched forearm, a hand like a charred chicken claw begged, as though for a cup of water or a sodden, cooling cloth.

"I'm ready," said Daniel.

"No," I said, "you're too tall." To smile was painful. "Your feet show."

He doubled his legs behind him. "Okay?"

"Great."

Daniel craned his neck, setting his head at the precise angle the old man's face would have occupied. "Still okay?"

"You're the perfect model." I went through the weary routine that had been taught me: "Now watch the birdie and . . . smile."

"That I can't do," said Daniel.

"You aren't alone." The lights glared; the small muscles around his eyes twitched as he tried not to blink. "Sometimes they try, but it rarely works." I took a half-dozen shots. "That should do it."

Daniel got stiffly to his feet, testing his limbs gingerly as though they were brittle. "Now what happens?"

"It takes a day to process the film and make up the cards. You want the usual package of a dozen? Fill out the slip, and I'll have them mailed tomorrow morning."

"I'd rather stop back and pick them up."

"Whatever." I checked off the "will-call" box.

He hesitated. "How's business?"

"Terrific."

"It's none of my affair," he said, "but as a professional I want to ask you. What did you do to get this job?"

Just lucky, I guess. "Nothing," I said. "Absolutely nothing. I just applied for the job, and I got it."

He gave me a tight, bleak smile. "That's what I thought. I'll be back tomorrow."

"The pictures will be ready."

"You'll be here?"

I nodded.

"Then I'll see you in twenty-four hours. Take care, friend." As Daniel turned toward the door, something on the wall caught his eye. He gestured at the calendar pad. "When I left my hotel room an hour ago, it was still April."

I said, "Here in the gallery it's always the sixth of August."

I awoke disoriented and staring at streaked windowpanes, gray dawn beyond. My lover's face, drawn tight like a silk stocking across a skull, faded. The daylight had a texture and taste: cold copper metal clenched between my jaws. My tongue was dry and cracked, sore where I'd bitten it. My head throbbed.

When I could no longer stand the feeling of damp sheets entangling my body, I got up and dressed in yesterday's clothes. Still not fully oriented, I stumbled and nearly fell on the stairs down from my apartment above the gallery. I entered a new morning, the sun not fully risen above the horizon. I walked along the boardwalk toward the beach and listened to the hollow cadence of my heels upon the wood.

This dawn the sea was quiet; the waves, restrained. I slipped off my shoes and walked in the cold sand. The sky brightened above the ocean, but my mind was still night, pondering the eerie aesthetic of bombed and burning cities. I walked blindly but saw an alien beauty: Guernica, Shanghai, Dresden, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Quang Tri City, Haifa, Denver. The bombers fell from the sky like burning angels; the sea accepted them all.

Children's voices pulled me back. They were the only other human beings on this gray beach. Two boys and a girl, they played with their toy soldiers in the sand. One boy yelped and pointed to the sky: a white gull. I followed its flight with my eyes until it soared up into the east and full into the sun.

I don't remember returning to the gallery. I only remember sitting in my chair behind the counter and looking up as the door chime pealed and Daniel walked into the gallery.

"You look terrible," he said.

"I feel lousy."

"Do you want me to leave you alone?"

I shook my head. Without a word Daniel made coffee for me. And then somehow, without deliberation or prompting, I started talking about my nightmares. After a while I stopped because it had all been said. I checked beneath the counter and scavenged a half-full liter of brandy for the coffee. We silently sat and drank, and I contemplated him looking back pensively at me.

Then we both jumped as the door chimed. They trooped in single file—an early-venturing tourist family, out looking for unusual souvenirs. All five were clad in bright beachwear.

"Good morning," I said, faking professional courtesy. "May I help you?"

The male met my eyes. He was a florid, hearty man who looked to be in his fifties. His sport shirt seemed to burn with flame-wreathed orchids. "Those cards," he said. "How much?"

The family proceeded with uncanny exactness to play out the scenario I'd described to myself the previous day. The five of them—the three children ranged from.



about five to fifteen—decided jointly on a family grouping. I shot an extra roll as a precaution against poses ruined by the squirming of their youngest. It must have been close to the end of their vacation: the father scowled, the mother displayed her own irritation, and none of the kids smiled. Part of it was my fault; there was little heart in my clown act this morning.

The father gave me a traveler's check and an address while I wrote out a receipt. His mood apparently buoyed up, he gestured expansively around the gallery. "I was a military adviser once." He grinned. "This is tame stuff."

I gave him the receipt and thanked them all for their patronage. "Nice place," said the man. "Really educational." He tried to give me a dollar back from his change as a tip; I put the wadded bill into his shirt pocket; he seemed affronted.

At the door the middle child turned and looked with wide eyes at the *hibakusha* sets. She said, "Are they really people?"

Her father answered: "No, they're dead."

"Unassailable logic," said Daniel after the door had swung shut. "'Forget the dead you've left...!'"

More than once Leila had said, "I don't understand it."

"What don't you understand?"

"You were downwind, too." She looked up from the sterile slate of the hospital bed, her blue eyes briefly accusing. "Why not you,

too?"

"I don't know," I said. "I wish it were me."

"No," she said. "Never wish that."

"I can't help it."

"No," she repeated. "It wouldn't help." But she rang for the nurse and told me to leave.

"What?" I said.

"Just a poet."

"I've had poets come into the gallery," I said. "I've had nearly everybody." I suddenly remembered the packet that lay at one end of the counter. "Here, the cards are ready." I slipped one off the top and handed it to him.

Daniel turned it over and over, examining first the side that showed the dying old man with his face, and then the opposite side with space for the address and message. "It's very professional."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

Daniel riffled the pictures as though they were a deck of playing cards. "Have you ever refused a customer?"

"Once. A man wanted to deface a set."

"How do you mean?"

"He wanted to cut an additional hole so he could expose his genitals."

"Was that so bad?"

I drew a breath. "The sets were sufficiently mutilated in life. In death..." My palms spread. "I drew an arbitrary limit."

"You do recognize the *hibakusha*?" said Daniel, "the sufferers?"

"Each day and night."

"And you don't recognize me?"

I stared. "What—"

"I thought it was very plain." Daniel shrugged. "Maybe not." He examined the backs of his hands. "There are no sores, no scar tissue."

I started to say a word, but it stuck in my throat. "You?"

"I was visiting a city at the far edge of the downwind zone that day. I didn't *have* to be there—just a weekend trip to see friends. The doctors tell me I breathed at least eighty micrograms of plutonium oxide dust... not even enough to see with the naked eye." He looked at me calmly. "In the hospital they gave me a lung lavage to try to remove most of the particles; they pumped my lungs full of saline solution and then drew it off. Three times I was drowned and thrice revived."

I said, "Then perhaps it was —"

"It wasn't. Some of the dust was encapsulated in the lung tissue. It's still there."

"Years have passed," I said.

He shook his head. "Even thanks to the accident, there are no actuarial tables for dust victims. The biological half-life of plutonium is two hundred years. I don't expect I'll be waiting nearly that long to see."

I said awkwardly, "I'm sorry."

He again showed me his humorless smile. "I didn't travel this far for your stumbling sympathy."

"Then why?"

Again the click and chime of the door—more customers. These were both young and beautiful; I guessed that neither was out

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● The three children had been vaporized by the blast. The heat had blackened the wall behind them, except where the children's bodies had absorbed the sear. ●

of their teens. Each was a creation of the summer; skin tanned to a rich shade of cocoa, hair bleached to drawn gold. They dressed expensively, were well fed and healthy. The two shared a youthful arrogance. The boy smelled of lime and oranges. I distractedly asked them if I could help.

"We're just looking," said the girl.

I directed them to the wall of photographs. Fingers entwined, the pair roamed along the lines of portraits. The examination was cursory. They returned to the counter where I stood rigid and Daniel was pouring more bitter, black coffee.

I said, "Find anything interesting?"

"No," said the girl.

"What we were looking for," said the boy, "was something special."

"What's more special that you could wish?"

"Don't you have a scene with people making love?"

"The victims?" They nodded. "No."

As if suspicious that I might be holding out and concealing other pictures beneath the counter, the girl said, "Are you sure?"

"Perhaps you ought to try a straight porn shop."

"No," she said. "This is the shop we want."

"Then I'm sorry. I don't have what you wish."

The pair exchanged glances. The boy said, "Is there another gallery like this one?"

"None."

"Do you think maybe you'll be getting some more pictures?"

I said, "I wouldn't know."

The girl shrugged and took the boy's hand. She said to him, "Come on. We'll try somewhere else."

"Sorry," I said. "Maybe another time."

They left without answering, taking with them their fresh citrus scent. I slowly turned back toward Daniel, who was again shuffling through his deck of photo cards. He laid them out on the counter facedown in a Tarot configuration.

"But they're identical," I said.

"How astute."

"I don't need sarcasm."

"You need honesty." He shook his head. "I don't know what you need." As he had the previous day, Daniel pulled out the envelope of slides. "Let me show you something."

They stood framed against evergreens and snow; her eyes flashed blue like the clear winter morning.

I stared unbelieving at the transparency. "Leila and you?"

"I was her lover long before you."

"Daniel?" I said. "Daniel." I shook my head. "She never mentioned you."

"She was too private a person."

I continued drinking Leila's beauty from the slide; my thirst had never abated. Daniel gently plucked her from my hand. Reflexively, I reached for her. Daniel recoiled, his fist closing upon the transparency; when he opened his hand, the film was creased and split, the frame crushed. Blood gathered on his palm like a jewel.

"She's dead." I looked away from the ruin in his hand. "Why did she leave you?"

"She would have left you eventually. She wasn't a woman to be held." As I watched, he set the crumpled slide in an ashtray and lit it from a pack of matches.

"You bastard," I said. "You didn't come here for the postcards." The question was implicit.

Smoke curled briefly up from the ashtray. Daniel took a handkerchief from a pocket and blotted the dot of blood on his palm. The sadness in his face was overpowering. "I shouldn't have come—not now."

"So why did you?"

"I took it upon myself to judge."

"Judge?" I said. He didn't respond. "Me?" Finally, he nodded. "What for?"

Gesturing around the gallery, he said, "How you, a survivor, one of the few fortunate ones, can do *this*. I'd hoped to make you feel guilty that you survived. I was stupid. I failed to realize there was no need."

I recognized what was filtering into his words. "Don't pity me," I said. "Don't pity me." "All right," Daniel said. But his eyes contradicted his voice. And with the pity was a sick understanding. "I'd wanted to see what sort of man had loved her and then survived her so badly."

I didn't reply.

"Such a luxury, self-pity. You don't use it well."

"At least," I said, "I'm alive."

He inclined his head as though to indicate I'd scored a minor point in a meaningless game. Then Daniel turned and walked out, leaving behind his pack of picture postcards. They remained on the marble slab of the counter.

"Hey," I called. "Don't forget your cards."

"I didn't." He paused at the door without turning. "Nor will you." And was gone.

I slowly sat down at my desk in front of the windows overlooking the ocean. I sat listening to the faint, carnival sounds of the arcade. I heard the tread of my potential customers outside on the boardwalk. Their footsteps echoed and deepened to a roar like the long march of waves tramping up the beach and then back into the sea.

I counted the waves and multiplied them into the days and weeks and years to come. Within each day is buried another night, and within that, the certain knowledge that I will live through it. ○ — ■



"And may I say I don't think I've ever visited a more efficiently run city."

* "A woman has to be interested in my body. . .,"
says Omar Sharif.

* "Generosity makes both a man and a woman good. Selfishness never makes good sex,"
says Peter Finch.

* "Love adds something to bed, but I am not sure what,"
says Stacy Keach.

* "Age makes a woman good in bed,"
says Oliver Reed.

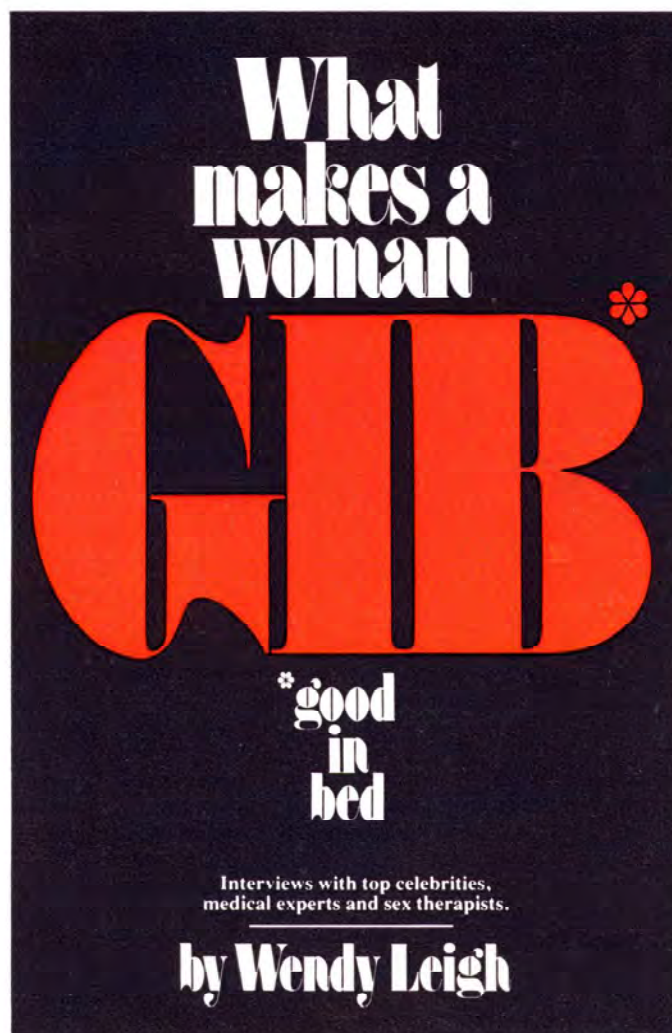
* "Napoleon used to say: 'There are no bad armies, only bad generals,'"
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* "You don't buy being good in bed off a shelf,"
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DEADLY PETS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

entist then working for the navy. "And at that time the Russians sailed through the Molokai Channel—which was all of twenty miles from where we were working—their largest and newest cruiser shadowed by half the American navy. If that animal had indulged in its instinctive behavior of homing on that ship as we have trained whales to do, to ride a bow wave or follow astern, what would a ship's captain have done? He could surely have fired a shot which could have been heard around the world."

Michael Greenwood is on the verge of becoming the navy's Daniel Ellsberg. In 150 carefully worded pages of confidential testimony before the Church Committee on Intelligence, Greenwood has exposed the well-publicized navy and CIA "man-in-the-sea" experiments as benign public-relations covers for dolphin and whale programs designed to murder enemy frogmen, track Russian submarines, and spy inside Chinese and Cuban waters.

Greenwood first saw dolphins when he was a boy rowing on Scotland's Holy Loch, now a submarine base. Dozens of cartwheeling dolphins jumped and dived around his small boat. "In my fear I saw clumsiness, where I was later to see a perfection of form and grace." He was a cadet in the English merchant marine. After reading the writings of Jacques Cousteau, however, he decided to become a scientist. With its advanced technology, the United States seemed the place for a serious scientist to move. Greenwood moved here in 1952, and, faced with the draft, enlisted in the U.S. Air Force. At the end of his tour, he was asked to participate in his first CIA research project: developing scanning devices for America's U-2 spy planes.

"Naively, but enthusiastically, I threw myself into my work. Never once did I question or even think of questioning the purpose or necessity of what I was doing. The words 'top secret' seemed in themselves to be the highest possible form of authentication," he says. Soon the scope of his work broadened to include the study of underwater-diving techniques and, later, the training of marine mammals. He was in a position to realize his dream as a boy among dolphins. One afternoon a dolphin returned him a favor. Diving deep, the dolphin caught an eighteen-pound tuna and tail-walked a hundred feet to the stern of the research boat where Greenwood stood spellbound. Its body almost completely out of the water, looking eye-to-eye at Greenwood, the dolphin cleaved the tuna in two neat halves, which fell to the deck. Only a reasoning animal could have made a gift of such a delicious snack, decided Greenwood.

But his navy superiors had little appreciation for the dolphin's nonmilitary abilities. They saw dolphins only as "circus performers" to be turned into weapons systems. "According to our sponsors," Greenwood bitterly told the Church Committee, dolphin

training "should involve nothing more than putting a whistle around your neck, taking a bucket of dead smelt and rowing yourself out into the middle of the bay with Flipper following along, and getting the animal to start doing his tricks."

Earlier, as director of the ocean-floor program of Sealab III, the navy's project to set up a deep-ocean habitat, Greenwood had cautioned against a dangerous 600-foot dive. Preparations were rushed and inadequate. Greenwood was overruled by the Sealab commander, and a veteran diver, civilian engineer Barry Cannon, died a horrible death, "stumbling and convulsing in clear view of our underwater television cameras" 600 feet below the support vessel.

Greenwood then learned that Sealab's stated goals were only a public-relations cover. The navy's real intent was the development of deep-water techniques for salvaging downed Russian fighter planes and nuclear submarines. Divers could be ejected from the torpedo wells of U. S. sub-

Two U.S. swimmers
were killed
in Vietnam by navy
dolphins who
couldn't differentiate
between "friend"
and "enemy."

marines within Russian waters, where the CIA's top-secret salvage ship, the *Glomar Explorer*, would have been spotted.

"After Cannon died, I vowed that never again would I sit down out of fear or career interest, when I had something important to say relating to the integrity of research that I was in any way involved with," Greenwood explains. When Naval Intelligence suggested that he train his dolphins to retrieve advanced harbor mines from Chinese waters and tag Russian submarines, he balked.

Then the boom fell. First he was offered a transfer to any research facility of his choice—anywhere in the world. He was given two months to decide where next to move. In return he had to submit a letter of resignation—as security—which would be held until he decided where to go. Greenwood rejected this offer. Next he was threatened with demotions, forced to give up his office, and ordered to report to the fish-storage lockers to defrost and cut fish all day. He again refused and requested that a formal hearing be held. He was told that that would never happen. Fraudulent documents appeared in his personnel file.

"I demanded an investigation of the dolphin program by the navy assistant secre-

tary for research and development, Dr. Frosch," Greenwood told me. When Frosch turned him down, he decided to speak at a closed-door session of the Church Committee. Greenwood's secret revelations made some waves, but the committee sidestepped the issue by labeling the testimony a "military matter."

Speaking of the issues at stake, Greenwood observed, "The point to me was that the CIA and the Pentagon were successfully throttling scientific research by channeling it to classified military ends." "The implications and findings" of dolphin research "would be revolutionary to psychological thinking and theorizing"—if only the research were decontrolled. Greenwood decided that a *cause célèbre* would be necessary. Like Daniel Ellsberg, he went public.

Other animal researchers, however, have fewer problems with logic. B. F. Skinner, for one, would rather dolphins be destroyed than men. In an attack on "dolphin lover" Ashley Montagu in the letter column of the *New York Times*, Skinner wrote, "Porpoises are no doubt especially friendly creatures, but has Professor Montagu never made friends with a draftee?" Skinner's reservations about the use of animals by the Pentagon are really very minor. "Nothing could be more painless than my pigeons hitting the target in their nose cone," he told me. "Is it wrong for us to eat meat? Is it evil to raise chickens in breeder machines? Do we consider that beef cattle are clubbed to death with baseball bats?" Skinner states his views with a weird passion. He is convinced that the distinction between animals and humans is the central ethical question.

Yet dolphin and whale researchers like Dr. John Lilly dismiss Skinner's distinction with a wry smile. "Skinner thinks that any non-human animal can only feed, fight, and run away," says Lilly. Lilly, the author of *Man and Dolphin* and *The Mind of the Dolphin*, is the scientist who served as the model for George C. Scott in *The Day of the Dolphin*, the fictional movie about the Pentagon's corruption of dolphins for war-making purposes. When I talked to him in his functional desert home high above Malibu Beach, he spelled out his disagreements with behaviorists like Skinner. "Not only are whales and dolphins as intelligent as we are," said Lilly, "but their ethics are also more highly developed than those of most humans." Lilly feels that whales operate under a "negative Golden Rule." They act toward humans as they want humans to act toward them. When the navy bombs them, they do not retaliate with human vengeance—an eye for an eye,—but rather try to teach by example.

Lilly told the story of a large yacht that had been rammed and sunk by killer whales. When the owners climbed into their tiny life raft, the whales did not harm them. If these whales had been bombed, conjectured Lilly, they were only showing humans what it felt like. I thought back to the dolphins swimming in circles at the navy's underwater center in San Diego. It would be a long time, I decided, before the Pentagon would ask them any ethical questions. 



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Now, I know that most of the people who read this letter will not act upon it. They will be suspicious, timid and unmoved by what I have revealed here. They will reject it quickly as some kind of con game or a lot of bull. This is good and this is as things should be, because if there were too many people with enough faith in themselves to act on my "Smart Money Plans," it could be made useless to the rest of us.

So to you who will not act, please accept my thanks. Your indecision and inaction will help make the rest of us rich! I will leave you with this closing statement. Every word in my manual is true! Every technique workable exactly as stated and can be put into immediate operation. I offer my manual to you only once! I have no future discount deals or the like. My offer is \$10.00 for the complete manual and you gamble that \$10.00 on yourself. There are no refunds and I guarantee you no extra charges or come-ons for additional money. I have absolutely nothing else to sell and, of course, I will keep your name completely confidential.

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KIT INSPECTION, YOU DOPE!

I'M HALF SWEDISH, BOO'FUL! DIDN'T I TELL YOU HOW I WAS CONCERNED?

Mission accomplished
Mission projected

NO APPROVAL

CAN I DO MY IMPRESSION OF BARBRA STRESAND NOW, LORDESS?

D'YOU WANNA LIGHT?

WHAT THE HELL DOES HE THINK HE'S UP TO? THIS IS PENTHOUSE - NOT DISNEYLAND!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON





"MY MOTHER TO BE,
BRITT SUCKSDORFF,
WAS AN AIR-HOSTESS
ON THE PARIS-
STOCKHOLM RUN..."



MERDE! MAYBE
THERE'S SOME
TALENT IN THE
ECONOMY CLASS!

"...MY FATHER:
THE FAMOUS
FRENCH FILM
DIRECTOR,
M'SIEUR X"



THE FAMOUS
M'SIEUR X!

CHEST WHAT I
WAS LOOKING
FOR!



"IT WAS LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT...."

TOILET

A MEAL
TICKET-IF
EVER I SAW
ONE!

AN INTENSE
MEANINGLESS
EXPERIENCE-
IF EVER I
SAW ONE!

WANNA FILM
PART?

MMMM!

WHERE CAN
WE TEST?

HOW ABOUT
RIGHT BEHIND?

"MISINTERPRETING,
M'SIEUR X
TEE-ED OFF
WITH A VIGOROUS
DRIVE....."



"...WHEN THE PLANE HIT AN UP-DRAUGHT, CAUSING HIM TO HOLE IN ONE!"

THUD!

"THE RESULT OF THAT LITTLE ESCAPE WAS A CURIOUS BIRTHMARK, NOW FADED, WHICH INSPIRED MY CHILDHOOD NICKNAME-BOOB!"

AND HOW'S MOMMIE'S LITTLE MEAL-TICKET, TODAY?

I'VE DECIDED TO STIMULATE YOUR INVENTIVE GENIUS, EGGBOUCE!

BLESS YOU, MOSTRESS! I LOVE YOUR SORT OF INSPIRATION!

ALL VERY INTERESTING, CANDYFLOSS, BUT IT WON'T GET ME A NOBEL PRIZE! HOWEVER, YOU'VE SPARKED AN IDEA!

SKID!









A STANDING
TRIBUTE, GENTS,
FOR THE
WINNER —
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, LADY?

SO THIS IS WHERE
YOU GO AT NIGHT,
YOU NASTY LITTLE
MAN!

JUST CALL
ME "THE
BALLBREAKER!"

CLEAN
UP
STOCKHOLM

OKAY, YOU
REACTIONARY
PERVERT!
THIS IS A DIRECT
ATTACK ON
HUMAN RIGHTS!



WHAT ARE YOU —
SOME SORT OF
SUBVERSIVE?

NEXT EVENING, IN THE
GOLDEN ROOM OF THE
STADHUSET, STOCKHOLM



.... AND THE PHYSIOLOGY
PRIZE TO WANDA VON
KREESUS FOR HER
PIONEERING WORK ON
NATURE'S SUBSTITUTE
FOR THE PILL!

DEMONSTRATION,
PLEASE!

WHO-VON KREESUS?
—AND WHAT DID
HE DO?

MORE
DATA!

LAY OFF THE
BRANDY AND
GET UP — THE
SPEECHES
HAVE STARTED!

BIRTH CONTROL?
AIN'T GONNA
BE MUCH USE
TO ME NOW!

BACK IN THEIR HOTEL...

FANTASTIC!

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MARVEL!

WHY WEREN'T
THERE ANY
LIKE THAT
AROUND WHEN
I WAS A LAD?

BRAVA!

I'VE DEVOTED
MY ENTIRE
LIFE TO SCIENCE!
I MUST'VE BEEN
OUT OF MY
MIND!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING—
WASTING YOUR TIME
WITH THIS STUFF?
YOU SHOULD BE OUT THERE
WITH THE WORKERS OF
THE WORLD—STRIKING!

THE WORLD
OWES ME
A LIVIN'

I'M SPLITTING
THE PRIZE WITH
YOU, PUSSCAKE,
FOR GIVING ME
THE IDEA!

YOU MEAN, LIKE
"OUT OF THE
MOUTHS OF
BOOBS AND
SUCKLINGS"?

AS CANDYFLOSS TUCKS
INTO HER SMORGASBORD,
A PALPITATING WORLD
MAY WELL ASK: WHO'S
NEXT ON THE WANDA LUST?

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ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

are the real targets of Lear's snide mind.

Just as the real target of "M.H., M.H." is the desperation of Mary as "The Number One Typical American Consumer Housewife," with her entombment in the kitchen, chicken-fried steak, Twinkies, beer cans, bawling, lunch pails, sports on TV, country-and-western music, and baseball caps—all of which moved Robert Craft in the *New York Review of Books* to call the portrayal of the social stratum "remarkably accurate." One presumes Mr. Craft popped his head into the kitchen at Elaine's in his research into the "social stratum."

It's the new snobbery of the sixties and seventies that certain "life-styles" connote superiority and, indeed, moral grace. And in Lear's case, it's not even original, since the first foray into this cultural fascism took place in the movie *Joe*.

Many might have thought that that film was a confrontation of hawks and doves, but that was merely the "high-minded" hype to getting down to real sneering (later to become leering). After all, the Kennedys, Gene McCarthy, George McGovern *et al.* went along with the war for a lengthy spell, but they didn't suffer from the real sin—Joe's "gaucheries." His pot belly, his T-shirt (not tie-dyed), his taste for "Seven and Seven" (Seagram's and Seven-Up), his atrocious grammar, his slapping his middle-class dinner guest on the ass and then sending out for Chinese food, his meat loaf smothered with catsup, and, yes, his bowling trophies.

But class slander has successful roots. By applying many of the same tactics, an obscure corporal found fame and fortune. Since I come from the working class, I don't want my arguments to be misconstrued as an attempt at blue-collar canonization. In past print much of my spleen has been vented on the aberration of the labor movement and the political direction of workers (formerly have-nots) toward the muckety-mucks. Indeed, one of my favorite pieces of satire is the Peter Sellers movie *I'm All Right, Jack*, which (though British-based) rings true in the colonies. But peanut butter, Twinkies, and beer?

As a child, I was a "Devil Dog" devotee, and I've always presumed that a child's penchant for junk food has nothing to do with class but with an unidentified organ in tykes and teenagers that craves shit. And I must add that it was not until I became engaged in liberal politics in Manhattan that I was subjected to evenings during which guests had to survive on Fritos, cheese dip, potato chips, and a half-gallon of vin rose (Macy's own brand). A can of Coors would have been an immeasurable step up in class.

But what of the canard that Lear, with "M.H., M.H.," is satirizing soap operas? Think of the inanity of this. It must be classified in the sale-of-the-Brooklyn Bridge school of aesthetics, since soap operas themselves are travesties on life. Is this the target of a

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"revolutionary" in these helter-skelter times? Besides, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca on the old "Show of Shows"—and, more recently, Carol Burnett—spoofed the genre with more wit and zest.

Writing in the *Village Voice*, Clark Whelton opined that "Lear's genius was to understand that millions of TV viewers were just waiting for an excuse to sink into a nice bubbly box of Oxydol, as long as they were permitted to call it something else."

More interesting, in the same article Whelton quotes gay columnist Arthur Bell: "There is no way to explain how popular 'Mary Hartman' was in the gay community. At eleven o'clock everyone was inside watching television." Perhaps Bell was too close to the scene to discern the attraction. After decades of watching the straight world portray homosexuals as swishing, limp-wristed screechers, "Mary Hartman" had to be sweet revenge on straight life. Mary with her pigtails, pinafores, and vacuousness is the embodiment of that cruel stereotype, the "dumb cunt" (Edith Bunker is her aged counterpart). Add to this the fact that Mary's husband, Tom, who, Craft says, would rather spend "time with the boys," was suffering from impotence at the series' inception.

The show's ongoing "stud," Charlie Haggars, got his comeuppance (or "down-ance") this year when his balls were blown away by a gun. The current tomcatter, Merle Jeeter, told his new wife, Wanda, that he would try to be loyal to her if he could get over his "perverted lust for women." Now that's an old-fashioned wrist-slapper if I ever heard one.

But sexual dysfunction aside, the gay appeal of the show has to be the drab depiction of heterosexual life, with its tacky taste. The use of the terms "straight" and "gay" reek of a lopsided superiority in the latter's favor. Hetero and homo don't do the trick. But "straight" dishes up "straight shooter," "straight-laced," "straight and true"—all the mockeries of Main Street—while "gay" promises *la bohème* in Montmartre. It's not for nothing that gay bars in Greenwich Village advertised the showing of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" in their windows and the wearing of baseball caps proliferated on Christopher Street.

Craft praises the show's "progressive attitude" toward homosexuals, which is embodied by Howard and Ed, who long to get married. But this is less a heartfelt attitude in Lear's case than a calculating reading of his audience. The same is true of another of his shows, "The Jeffersons," which deals with a black family. The Jeffersons are portrayed with dignity (as with Ralph Bunche, one wouldn't mind living next door to them), while the Bunkers are to be looked down on. The extent of Lear's courage on "The Jeffersons" is depicted in their neighbors' interracial marriage, a coupling that in the real world would be steeped too often in unbelievable tension and pain. On "The Jeffersons" this social phenomenon is glossed over, and Lear, of course, takes the easy way out. The wife is black and the husband white, a pairing Alex Haley reminded us

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we've never had compunctions about. And not only is the husband white, but his attitudes suggest that he might be Eleanor Roosevelt in drag.

If Lear had reversed this pairing, we might have seen some real heat on the tube and curious audience and sponsor reaction. But Lear is no different from the other hucksters of the airwaves in slipping us sugar-coated pills, except that he falsely labels his products dangerous. The main function of the Lear shows is to take pain out of our existence by telling us that we're superior to it. Thus we can indulge in "camp," a *shtick* that does no harm when it's confined to Batman and Carmen Miranda movies but is deadly for the soul in deeper matters.

"Camp" was to the homosexual what "shuffling" was to the blacks—a defense, a safeguard against a hostile, unjust society. And if society hasn't altered greatly, the attitudes of the oppressed have; so Lear is doing them no service in resurrecting the old gambits. But he has added one wrinkle: he is pitching his campsite in middle-class living rooms.

So one can now watch "Mary Hartman" and snicker at death, madness, wife beating, child abuse, impotence, and dismemberment at the expense of the trolls he puts on the screen. Unlike the gays and the blacks, the "Twinkie eaters" have no lobby.

To highlight the point, just consider the conveyance of death on "Mary Hartman": drowning in chicken soup, choking on a TV dinner, being electrocuted in bathwater. How gloriously tacky! Who would be caught dead in such instances!

Lear's defenders point to the way he occasionally takes shots at psychiatry, TV, trendy upper-class movements, and also to his sympathetic handling of Dennis Foley, the cop. But this is the emperor's-clothes play that Whelton wrote about—a smoke screen to muddle the already muddled middle-class mind. From a historical point of view, shrink jokes are as old as "The Ed Sullivan Show." TV often spoofs itself (to no great damage), and est and women's lib get short shrift in such palaces of "radicalism" as Caesar's, the Sands, and the Dunes.

In the case of Dennis Foley, it takes only marginal intelligence to ferret out the play: "For contrast, gang, let's make 'the pig' enlightened and sympathetic. That will really fuck 'em up."

No, I'm afraid television's Turk's true role in life is no different from that of his producing counterparts, that is, to lull us to sleep with self-satisfaction. Art is not only the communion of joy but also the sharing of pain, and in Lear's world the province of pain is our dull, dumb neighbors' backyards. The Archies are the bigots, the tacky shifts of Fernwood are the ones who can't cope with life, every black has Jeffersonian pretensions.

What a lovely world. The scourges of modern life have been farmed out. And when Norman's last show of the evening goes off the air, we can say "Nytol" to those woe-ridden strangers and sleep the sleep of the pampered who think the proletariat is to be pissed on. 

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NYMPHO TAPES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

there was no proposal. I held firm, and so did he. Then I thought about that trip to Europe. That's a good idea, I thought. But I'll go to Europe on my own. I got my shots and passport and booked passage.

TAPE 5

Just after the ship had sailed, first-class passengers who wanted to see the ship were invited to go on a guided tour. I didn't know anybody on board, and I had nothing else to do; so I took the tour and followed the guide. I was bored until the gym instructor took over for his part of the tour. He was about the cutest man I had ever seen. I guess he was about twenty-five, slender, and muscular, an Italian, I think, with dark glossy hair. As he led the small group of us through his domain, explaining the uses of the various items of exercise equipment, his eyes constantly kept returning to mine. After a while, the guide led the other passengers off to the next location, and I hung back a little and gave the gym instructor my room number.

"Eight o'clock?" he asked. I nodded and left.

At exactly eight, he rapped softly on my cabin door.

"Who is it?" I called.

I don't remember his name, Carlo something, maybe. Anyhow, I recognized his voice. I stood behind the door and let him in. As soon as he was inside, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. I was stark naked.

While he fumbled with his shirt, I went to work on his pants. They fell on the floor, followed by his boxer shorts, and I helped him with his shirt. In a moment or so, despite his awkwardness, he was undressed. Then I stepped back to see what sort of man I had found myself.

Sometimes I think that the sight of a naked man is the most ridiculous thing in the world, but other times I think that a naked man is magnificent to look at. This Carlo, who stood before me, was magnificent. Not an ounce of fat, stomach muscles that rippled, and a fine, large penis that was bobbing up and down, the exposed glans glistening, bulging with evil intent.

It was large, larger than Charles's, but not too large. I thought, to fit into me. I felt the head butt against me, felt it spread my lips, felt it go in deep, deep, and deeper still, saw the look of surprise on his face when he could get the full length in no deeper. I felt a flash of pain, severe, but it vanished as quickly as it had appeared, and felt all the rest of his wonderful hardness slide into me, filling me in a way I had never known before.

Then he started to pump in and out. Not like Charles, slowly, dignified, with a steady, predictable rhythm. He smashed into me, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, but always with great force. When Charles and I had made love, we started in one place in the bed and finished in the same place. It was

not like that with this Carlo. Sometimes we were high in the bed, sometimes at the foot, sometimes diagonally across in the bed, sometimes straight across. He had me stand beside the bed on the floor and lean on it while he screwed me from the back, and then he rolled me over on my back, while I was on the bed and he stood on the floor and smashed and crashed into me that way. And then I felt him come. Not like Charles, who just created a wetness an inch or so inside me that dribbled right out. This was a pleasurable feeling deep inside. Carlo's come spurted up hard against some inner wall, which was sensitized to feel the spurts and derive pleasure from them.

TAPE 6

When Charles had his orgasms, it took a few minutes before his erection came back. I did not know that many men can hold their erections throughout a number of ejaculations. Carlo was such a man. His fine penis came out of me, still bobbing up and down, still the same size as when it went in. The only change was that there were traces of blood on it. "You were a virgin?" he asked.

I nodded. I lied, thinking that it would turn him on more.

"Why me?" he asked.

I didn't know the answer then.

"It had to be someone," I answered. He went to the bathroom and washed himself off. When he came back, his penis was clean and still erect. I knew that he was ready for more sex; yet he began putting on his clothes. For the first time, I saw that in his haste, he had neglected to take off his socks. "I am sorry to have hurt you," he said. "The first time it should be with love." He adjusted his cock inside his pants and zipped up. His jacket concealed the erection a little. Before I could tell him I wanted it again, he was gone.

I washed my face and hands, fixed my hair, put on a sexy dress, and went out on the deck. It was about ten o'clock at night. The moon was high and lustrous, the stars were bright, the evening was cool, and there was a fine breeze. A steward brought me a drink. He was a really groovy-looking young guy about my age. I could feel him looking me over while I signed for the drink. I signed my name and cabin number and gave him the chit. I took the glass off his tray with one hand and brushed my other hand slowly and deliberately across his fly. His mouth fell open.

"What time do you get off duty?" I asked. He turned and fled.

TAPE 7

I wandered around the deck of the ship until I had finished the drink and then turned in for the night. I wondered if the steward would recover himself enough to return to my cabin. Then I took off my clothes and turned out the lights. I opened the porthole to let the soft night air in. The noise of the great ship smashing through the water temporarily soothed the agitation in my mind. I got into

bed, pulled up the covers, and fell asleep.

I awoke with a start. It was still dark. I sat up in bed, listening. Above the throbbing of the engines, I heard a light tapping at the door. I put on a robe and opened the door a crack. It was the steward. He bowed deeply.

His eyes were so large that they seemed to be coming out of their sockets. He looked as if he'd never seen a naked woman before. He stood there in the middle of the cabin with his mouth hanging open, running his eyes up and down my body. Then he suddenly reached out to touch me. But he was so timid that he withdrew his hand.

I stood close to him, close enough that I could feel the heat of his body an inch or so away. He began to sweat. He folded his hands in front of him, looked up in the air, and began to pray. At least, I think that he was praying. That's what most people are doing when their hands are folded in front of them and they're looking up, muttering. I don't know what he was praying for. Strength? Deliverance from temptation? A heavenly piece of ass?

Apparently, God told him that it was okay. He took his clothes off and tried to get his cock into me while I was still standing up. I backed over to the bed and lay down with my feet still on the floor. He pumped his throbbing meat in and out a couple of times, and before I knew what had happened, he had an orgasm. He collapsed on top of me for a few seconds and then began again. This time he lasted longer. After he came, he pulled out of me and staggered to his clothes like a drunken man. "Thank you, thank you, thank you," he said maybe a hundred times while he was dressing. He backed out of the room, bowing and thanking, and zipping up his pants. The look on his face was that sort of mystical, adoring look you see on plaster saints.

The trip across took four days. I guess about twenty or thirty guys had me. The only time I left the cabin was for an hour or so in the evening, for dinner. On the third night I had a scare. I went into the elevator after dinner to go back to my cabin and was followed by a drunk-looking man who kept staring. We were alone. When I stepped out at my deck, he grabbed my arm roughly. "I want to fuck you," he said in a kind of rough whisper. I jerked my arm away and ran to my cabin, taking the key out of my purse as I ran. I got in and slammed the door behind me. He rattled the doorknob. I was terrified that he would rape me. Eventually, he gave up. I didn't see him again.

Did I sense something unusual about being fucked by a whole bunch of strangers? Well, no. I mean fucking is perfectly normal. It's what people do, isn't it?

I got fucked several hundred times in the course of a few days. What I am trying to say is that the me that all those cocks shot off info was not the same person I am today. Today I've got it all together. I know who I am and what my strengths are and what my value is. Then I didn't know. Before, I didn't have orgasms; now I do. Today I'm a woman. Then I was just a cunt.  

(To be continued in a forthcoming issue)

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IN THE JUNE VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

INTERVIEW WITH A RAPE LAWYER

Rape victims are brutalized twice: first on the street, and again in the courtroom. And the legal tables will continue to be turned *against* women—unless they learn the simple facts that all rape lawyers know. Judi Kesselman and Franklynn Peterson have gone to the source: the facts are not pretty. What they are is essential reading.

STAYING YOUNG FOREVER

Biologists are coming up with some amazing answers to the riddle of human senescence and death—discoveries that may allow us to slow down, delay, and even reverse the effects of aging. Some of it may sound like science fiction, but it's all true!

THE DIARY OF "Z"

The seven-year marriage of "Z" is falling apart at the seams. She turns to another for understanding. And so does her husband—to another man. Z's diary chronicles her agonizing discovery of the two people she never really knew: the person beside her in bed and the person inside herself.

LIBERATED LYRICS

As pop music goes, we may still be "Going to the Chapel" and "Standing by Our Man," but these days women are doing it on their own terms. Bruce Pollock reports.

LONELINESS OF A HIGH-PRICED, PROFESSIONAL LOVER

When Barbara Condos wrote *Beautifully Kept*, she was talking about a territory that most women only dream about. Once the richest men in the nation kept Barbara in diamonds, sables, and the plushiest aeries of Central Park South. Now that the Great Life has dwindled to a mere "good life," Barbara tells all to Viva.

PLUS:

The truth about muscle pumpers, fifty fantastic jobs, the barest swimwear, and Oriana Fallaci's blockbuster novel.

ASTROLOGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

Gemini), once said of another Gemini woman: "She can speak five languages and can't say no in any of them."

In that statement you can also observe another key trait of Gemini women—caustic humor. Consider Judith Crist, the sharp-tongued movie critic, or Lilli Palmer, famous both as actress and author, who is rightly feared for her scalpel wit. If you run across a Gemini who doesn't have this quality of mocking, ironic humor, then you're probably being taken in by a carefully contrived camouflage.

Whatever Gemini is doing, she will be the one who sets the pace. She's an innovator, a schemer, a conspirer, and the one in charge—in the most enchantingly feminine manner. She is clever enough to let others (especially if they're men) see how dependent and vulnerable and anxious she is; so, instead of opposing her or resenting her, they more than likely console her on the difficulties of having to be in her position.

Not a homemaker by nature, she prefers an equal relationship in which both the man and the woman are responsible for getting household tasks done.

She's emotional, intuitive, oversensitive. But she also believes that her brain is the most important part of her anatomy: she knows she is as intelligent as any man. She doesn't believe for a minute that women are less aggressive, less rational, or less polygamous than men. She has a need for freedom, and the words *permanent* and *enduring* are no part of her vocabulary.

All this makes for something of a problem if you're out to become Number One in her life. You have to be a composite man, one who can interest her on both a sexual and mental level. If you can do this, she will be your devoted companion, faithful lover, and all-seasons charmer. You can *almost* be sure of her. But if she's holding center stage with her scintillating personality at a party—and she will be—keep an eye on all the attractive men in her vicinity. And don't go too far away. Better yet, try to avoid such edgy situations. Never put her in a situation where she might be tempted.

Would you hire an alcoholic bartender?

GEMINI'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

GEMINI AND ARIES Activities in the bedroom will be lively and varied, for you're both enthusiastic about sex. Aries will have a tolerant eye for your occasional wanderings. **GEMINI AND TAURUS** You'll find Taurus's lovmaking a bit on the dull side. Your outside dalliances won't sit well with jealous Taurus. Passions quickly cool.

GEMINI AND GEMINI You're both unstable, mercurial, and easily bored. Sex is fun and games. But when you move outside the bedroom, you find everything too chaotic.

GEMINI AND CANCER Passionate Cancer fulfills all your physical needs, but your tendency to play at love wounds oversensi-

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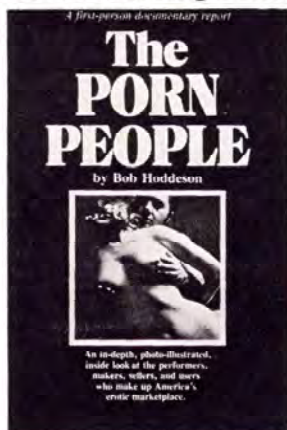
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tive Cancer. No promising rapport here.

GEMINI AND LEO You'll find an eager, physically responsive sex partner in Leo. Compatibility in the bedroom spreads to other enjoyable activities.

GEMINI AND VIRGO You won't find sex too stimulating at this address. Passion runs on a very low thermostat.

GEMINI AND LIBRA This can be a lovely, lighthearted affair. Sexually, you're both fervent. Neither of you is jealous or demanding, and Libra goes along with your taste for all-sheets-to-the-wind experimentation in bed.

GEMINI AND SCORPIO You'll find out that sex isn't everything. Sensual, passionate, demanding, and jealous Scorpio may provide a memorable interlude, but it won't be long before enough becomes too much.

GEMINI AND SAGITTARIUS Neither of you is an overly demonstrative lover, for Sagittarius takes sex as impulsively and lightly as you do. Look for a good deal of compatibility but few fireworks.

GEMINI AND CAPRICORN Your anything-goes attitude toward sex meets opposition from conventional, conservative Capricorn. You won't start off with a high emotional voltage, but you'll help Capricorn develop sensual potential.

GEMINI AND AQUARIUS You appreciate Aquarius's bold ideas about lovemaking. With your unpredictable nature, things can't always go smoothly, but love should keep getting better—and sexier.

GEMINI AND PISCES The passion quotient is high, and so are the problems. Dependent Pisces scolds and whines when you stray, and the emotionally charged atmosphere eventually makes it hard for you to breathe—and you need breathing space.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21—April 19) A problem that has been troubling you for some time moves closer to a solution this month. Unless you are on guard, you will find yourself in a highly explosive confrontation on June 8, that endangers an important relationship. Avoid envy and jealousy, and all will go well. During the last days of June, money questions have to be resolved. *Sexually Potent Days:* June 1, 6, 10, 20, 28—29.

TAURUS (April 20—May 20) An affair that is a stabilizing influence for you suddenly turns unstable. This happens sometime after June 5, when Mars and Venus move into your sign and stir up conflicts. *Sexually Potent Days:* June 4, 12, 16, 22—23, 30.

GEMINI (May 21—June 20) A quarrel with someone can have unexpected benefits. This is a good cycle for you, and you should press your luck. In a love affair, frustrated sexual feelings are what is causing a crisis—although the issue seems to be about something else entirely. Reconsider the conflict in this light. *Sexually Potent Days:* June 2, 8, 15, 19, 24—25.

CANCER (June 21—July 22) Your ability to read people's motivations is at a peak. In a sexual matter, you should be cautious, but trust your own insight to guide you. A chance meeting has a most unexpected outcome. When the Moon is in your sign,

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BLITHE SPIRITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

hell. It's better yet by itself, on the rocks with a slice of lemon, when you can fully appreciate the clean, clear, fresh flavor—a really elegant soft drink. It costs about seventy cents for a liter bottle, I'm afraid, but you may well decide it's worth it for guests who notice what they drink.

Beer must not be neglected. Always get it in bottled form; cans are *out*. If you want something a little on the fancy side, try Heineken lager, Hofbrau Bavaria, or (forgive the plug) Bass Export from England. But for everyday purposes the regular U.S.-brand beers, such as Schlitz, Budweiser, Pabst, and Miller, are perfectly sound and most refreshing.

Last, but by no stretch of the imagination least, come the clear spirits—gin and vodka. Although gin is no longer favored in the United States, as it once was, it is a spirit that can be counted on to rise again, and no one should be without a bottle or two. It is especially important to the martini, the significance of which I shall explain further on. Best bets here are Plymouth, Gordon's, Beefeater, and Seagram's Extra-Dry. By all accounts, vodka is currently the most popular spirit in all of Western civilization, and with good reason. Vodka, because of its strength and its ability to mix with almost anything else in a liquid state, should form the cornerstone of your liquor cabinet. Depending on the demands of your taste and your pocketbook, you should shop around among such labels as Smirnoff, Gordon's, or Wolfschmidt, or do your bit for détente with Stolichnaya.

Always buy the necessary mixers in the smallest bottle size; by so doing you will see to it that every drink is fresh. There's nothing more depressing than, say, a gin and tonic made with the flabby bottom half of a half-pint bottle opened hours before. Since small bottles guarantee no leavings, they're actually an economy. Your mixer list, relatively short, goes as follows: club soda, tonic water, bitter lemon, whiskey-sour mix.

If you want to provide for teetotalers as well (and some of them are relatively harmless), lay in, too, some ginger ale and some apple juice or soft cider. Your required ingredients for making a bloody mary are listed in the recipe near the end of this article, but here I'll mention that a superior, more expensive tomato juice is worth the extra few cents.

So much for fluids. As to eats, I'm assuming both that you'll want to give that occasional dinner-party—much cheaper and more convivial than taking people out to a restaurant—and that you can wheedle or bully some defenseless female into doing the cooking for you. But cocktail snacks are your responsibility. Keep these to a minimum. I turn very Puritan and start muttering about starving peasants when I see the piles of uneaten food that are left lying around after the typical cocktail session. The other thing is simply that any more than

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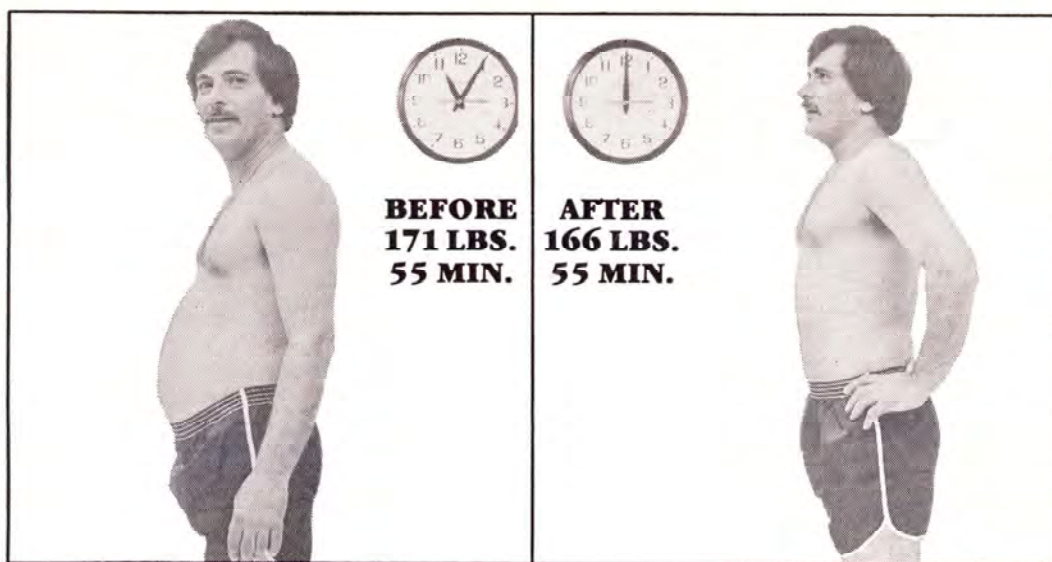


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a couple of mouthfuls will spoil an appetite already under attack from liquor. For this reason, cheese dips or any other dips are out. Offer peanuts and olives only. The best peanuts are Spanish, obtainable at your supermarket in gallon cans. As for olives, just make sure that they're of the pitted variety; if they're not, some fellow who assumes they are will lose a tooth or two when his hungry jaws converge on one. Potato chips are out for being messy and greasy. Which reminds me to say: see that you have plenty of cocktail napkins handy.

All right, so you now have your materials and are set to throw a cocktail party. The first question is obviously that of numbers. Up to you, even more obviously. But remember that there's a kind of barrier at around twelve guests. Below that figure you can keep just about everyone supplied and still manage to get a fair share of the chat; much above it, and you're spending all your time preparing and serving and refilling. What you need is a barman. But what you don't need is a professional barman, who will cost you anywhere from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars. (A British accent, however badly done, means fifty dollars.) So call up your local university, ask for the department of student employment, and arrange to have them send a student along. He'll enjoy the job, will do as he's told more readily than the average professional (who has his own, very set ideas on how things should be run), and should cost you no more than fifteen dollars.

As I said at the beginning, do everything you possibly can before the first guest is on the horizon. Assemble glasses and bottles, fill the ice bucket, prepare pitcher(s) of dry martinis, bloody marys (see recipe below), or any other cocktail that mixes readily and keeps its freshness. Stash these in the freezer until the moment of serving. Cut off small pieces of lemon rind and also lemon slices, check the hall for space to hang coats, check the toilet(s).

Introduce the subject of drinks to the arrival's as soon as possible, which means before anybody has had time to say more than hello. Don't ask them what they'd like; most women and quite a few men won't know or will want what you don't have. Say firmly, "I can offer you martini, gin, vodka, bloody marys, bourbon, tequila, Scotch, white wine, beer." This overture really is important—it means you keep the initiative. Once you let anybody start in complaining about the traffic or admiring your new wallpaper, the whole thing goes slack; you will be trying to interrupt, with reasonable politeness, and your thirstier guests will be wondering why the hell you're letting it happen. Remember, the host is boss and must be so from the start. Urge drinks on guests—don't wait for them to come to you. They won't be offended.

You'll have some added preparations to make when you give a dinner party, but first a serious word about numbers. Four, including you, is good. Six is ideal and is also the

upper limit. With more, there can be no general conversation, the party breaks up into groups, and it's always another group you want to be with, not the one you're in. And (now that you think of it) cooking for more than six is no laugh.

Dinner-party drink preparations concern dinner and after dinner, oddly enough. For the meal, all you need to have done is to have filled a couple of your fake Italian carafes with California wine, red or white, according to what you're eating. The white should be chilled but not ice-cold. For later, you will have prepared a tray, with brandy, other after-dinner drink(s), and fresh wine glasses on it, and put it wherever you propose to have everybody congregate for coffee when the meal is over. Don't serve brandy or the like at table. After maybe a couple of hours in one place, the company needs a move. Remember, though, to allow for the growing custom of continuing to drink the table wine after dinner. Then, in a little while, offer highballs and beer.

I must now give you reliable recipes for the two essential mixed drinks, the dry martini and the bloody mary. (It's true that a whiskey sour is a mixed drink, but anybody who needs to be told how to make a whiskey sour out of whiskey and whiskey-sour mix needs a lot of other help, too.)

The dry martini is a simple drink, easily spoiled in the making. The first rule is that it should be *really dry*. This means that you should put in less vermouth than you can

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S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-677
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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COMING IN THE JULY PENTHOUSE



THE LOWDOWN ON GETTING HIGH



AMERICAN MERCENARIES

UPI



NYMPHO TAPES



WATERGATE REVISITED

American Mercenaries—War is hell, but for many Vietnam vets it was a hell of a lot better than anything else. Lusting for the thrill of combat, hundreds of grunts went looking for a fight—anywhere they could find it. They found it as mercenary soldiers, first in Angola, now in Rhodesia. Most are fiercely anti-Communist, many are acknowledged racists. Investigative reporter Joe Treaster went scouting around mercenary territory in Africa, and his chronicle of these soldiers of fortune makes compelling reading. As a companion piece, Treaster profiles Robert K. Brown, editor and publisher of blood-and-gutsy *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. Brown is hardly bullish on Americans: "This country's becoming filled with pussies," he says in disgust, "a bunch of spineless namby-pambies who couldn't fight if their lives depended on it." Brown started out to change all that with \$10,000 and an initial press run of 8,500. Today, the circulation is 100,000—and growing. Can Robert Brown teach Americans to fight?

The Lowdown on Getting High—With marijuana now decriminalized in eight states and numerous other states likely to pass similar measures, many people might suppose that smoking anything is now all right in the eyes of the law. Not so. If you're traveling this summer or just tending your garden, you'll need to check out Frank Donegan's Maine-to-Hawaii survey of the perils of pot. For all those who give credence to that familiar maxim "Look before you light," *Penthouse's* guide to Smoking, U.S.A., is must reading.

Bill Baxley and the Greening of Alabama—Ten years ago, when the good old boys ruled the roost, Bill Baxley would have been as unlikely as chocolate grits. But Alabama's tough attorney general has made himself a household word down south with his efforts to clean up his state. During his six years in office, Baxley has blocked Mobil Oil from drilling in Mobile Bay, harassed strip miners, and taken huge corporations to court for polluting Alabama's environment. He has unleashed an unprecedented reign of terror against white-collar criminals and corrupt officials. Peter Biskind profiles this controversial crusader.

Surviving in the Corporate Jungle—Do you play it the company way? Do you shuffle papers in your cell-like office, waiting out the day until quitting time? Chances are you'll keep your job, but you might as well get a prefrontal lobotomy. Wouldn't it be better if you could break out of the mold and do your own thing—at least once in a while—so you don't stay submerged in the company sinkhole until the day you retire? Author Lee Berton tells you how others have done just that and offers some valuable tips on how you can, too.

Plus—Sylvia, who is our resident nymphomaniac, bares even more of her soul in *Nympho Tapes, Part II*; Edward Sorel celebrates the fifth anniversary of Watergate in a wild and willy cartoon feature; and our magnificent midsummer maidens celebrate the body beautiful with characteristic panache.

Imagine anyone seriously suggesting—one part to twelve or fifteen of spirits (gin or vodka). The second rule is that the thing should be *really cold*. Fill your pitcher with ice, pour in spirits and vermouth, stir vigorously for about a minute, remove ice, put pitcher in refrigerator until time for serving. When this comes around, pour over fresh ice cubes in old-fashioned glasses and add to each drink a piece of lemon rind. But add the rind only after squeezing it, to liberate the pungent oil within. There's a trick to this which I've never mastered; watch the barman at a good bar and, if you have the nerve, ask him to demonstrate in slow motion. Alternatively, substitute an olive for the lemon rind—the olive was fashionable years ago and is now coming back in.

One fifth of spirits plus the vermouth and the ice water—the mixture produced after stirring the pitcher—will give you eight to ten drinks. I don't know your friends and hence can't predict how many drinks you'll need altogether, but don't hesitate to stir up plenty beforehand—two pitchers or even more. There's an old tale that a martini starts to lose its "bloom" as soon as it's made and that consequently every round must be a fresh creation. This is nonsense, invented by the kind of rich bastard who hates to see anyone saving himself unnecessary trouble.

Remember—*really cold*. Be ready to drop an extra ice cube or two into any slow drinker's glass.

The bloody mary is, or can be, much more complicated, and so is harder to spoil. With this concoction, go for the full treatment. Which is: put into some smallish container about half a pint of vodka, two tablespoons of tomato ketchup, one tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, and one teaspoon of celery salt. Stir furiously, until the ketchup is fully emulsified and the lumps in the salt broken up. Then, in a pitcher, mix about two pints of tomato juice, four tablespoons of fresh lemon juice, and four tablespoons of fresh orange juice. When this is thoroughly mixed, stir in the other lot of stuff and go on stirring. Add ice and stir for another minute. Remove ice and refrigerate. Serve in wine glasses, with or without fresh ice.

You can make a simpler version of this drink out of just vodka, tomato juice, and soy sauce. Cut the ketchup, celery salt, and orange juice out of the full recipe. But let me say this in a neutral tone: the effect of those trimmings isn't just that they give you an interesting drink; they also disguise the alcoholic strength of the mixture. So if you should, from any curious motive, want to get more booze into a female than she'll be aware of, this might be the way. An added advantage is the bloody mary's reputation as a healthy, nourishing potion.

I end as I began. Even after reading my words of wisdom, you still have plenty to learn. (I have a little myself.) So talk, read, ask about the subject. Cultivate the man at your liquor store. If he doesn't respond to polite questioning, change your store. But he surely will, because fellows in the liquor trade tend to be rather good-natured. I wonder why. ☐

This time of year you don't ever want to be out of Schlitz.

It's the one for sun.

It's right. Right now. After all, we've been improving what's right about our beer for over a century. Because we know you never lose your taste for quality.

So look for the big Schlitz display.
And take home the one for sun!



**There's just one
word for beer.**

And you know it.

Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	15	1.2
Brand W 100	15	1.2
Brand M	15	1.1
Brand S Menthol	13	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	13	1.2
Brand BH 100	13	1.0
Brand M Box	7	1.0
Brand K Menthol	7	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



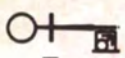
Soft pack-1 mg.
Menthol-less than 1 mg.
Box*-less than 1 mg.

Less than 1 mg. tar.

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

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton 70: less than 0.5 mg. tar,
.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



MISS DOMINIQUE MAURÉ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

