

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1977 \$1.50



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STATE BY STATE**

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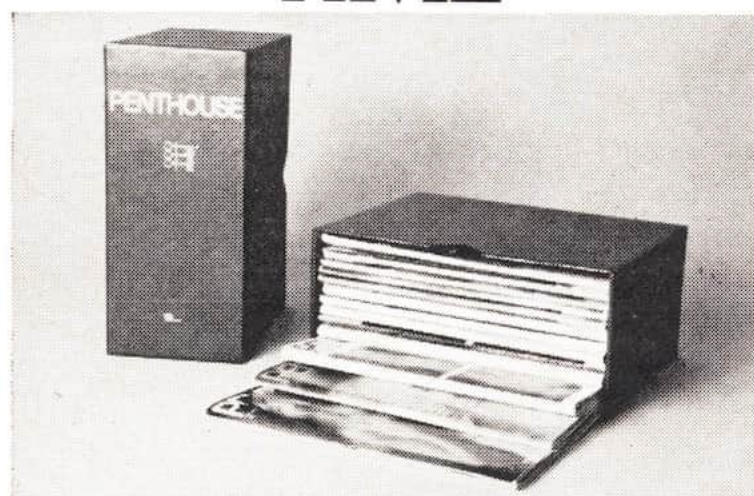
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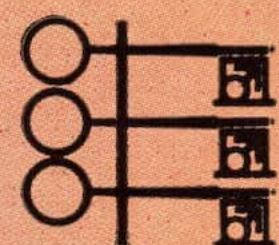
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HOUSECALL

War is hell, but for many Vietnam veterans, it was a hell of a lot better than anything else that the U.S. economy could come up with. Although the rest of America may have had enough, the end of the Vietnam War was the dead end of an era for many of our boys in green. They came home, bitter and disillusioned, to insufferably dull jobs as bartenders, shipping clerks, parking-lot attendants, whatever they could pick up. But even for those erstwhile sappers who found jobs, nothing could beat the thrill of combat. Hundreds of grunts went looking for a fight—anywhere they could find it.

And they found it as mercenary soldiers, first in Angola, now in Rhodesia—fighting to maintain a white-minority government in a nation that is 95 percent black. The U.S. government may frown on such deadly free-lancing, but at least 450 Americans have joined the Rhodesian army, and more are arriving every week. Most are fiercely anti-Communist, some are acknowledged racists, and all have a pronounced case of bloodlust. Reporter **Joe Treaster** spent five weeks with the mercenaries in Africa, and his chronicle "Soldiers of Fortune" (page 44) puts you right at the heart of the action. The story was illustrated by Wilson McLean, a *Penthouse* veteran whose dramatic artwork for "Assassins on Ice" (April) won him the Certificate of Distinctive Merit at the Fifty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Art Directors Club.

Treaster, himself a veteran *New York Times* reporter who spent five years in covering the Vietnam War, scouted about Rhodesia, dodging bullets in the bush and insults at hotel bars. His sojourn confirmed his feeling about the dehumanizing aspect of war. "These soldiers don't identify with the guerrillas as people," Treaster says. "They objectify the enemy; so they don't have to weep about it."

For a companion piece, Treaster traveled to Boulder, Colo., where he interviewed Robert K. Brown, the editor, publisher, and chief inspirational force behind the blood-and-gutsy *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. Himself a Vietnam vet, Brown has little respect for his fellow Americans: "This country's becoming filled with pussies," he says in disgust, "a bunch of spineless nambie-pambies who couldn't fight if their lives depended on it." Brown started to change all that with \$10,000 and an initial press run of 8,500. Today *Soldier of Fortune's* circulation has hit the 100,000 mark, but Brown is still hungry. You'll be provoked, perhaps horrified, by this portrait of a man with a hell of a mission.

But any talk of political, racial, or religious fanaticism these days leads inevitably to the IRA fighter. So far, there have been thou-

sands of senseless deaths in Northern Ireland and England. If the IRA has its murderous way, many more people will surely die. Through a series of incredible undercover machinations, old-fashioned journalistic guts, and a lion's share of luck, the editors of *Penthouse* have exclusively obtained a copy of the IRA's hit list, a memorandum on murder containing the names of sixty-six people whom the revolutionaries aim to kill—or have already killed. And on page 64 you'll find author **John Shirley's** "The IRA—Portrait in Terror," a fascinating account of the Six-Day Siege, during which the British police surrounded and eventually captured four IRA kingpins and discovered the current list of those to be executed.

On the lighter side, this month marks the fifth anniversary of our favorite public debacle, Watergate, and we simply couldn't remain silent on such a memorable occasion. Can you imagine what would happen if that charming bunch of conspirators decided, for old time's sake, to have one last fling? Cartoonist and political savant **Edward Sorel** can and does. Turn to page 71 for his hilarious extrapolation in "Watergate Reunion."

Above and below all else, Watergate made a tragic if not somewhat exaggerated impact on American politics. Once a revered and respected subculture, politicians are now regarded by society as a bunch of half-assed criminals. Although the shoe often fits, there are some notable exceptions. A case in point is that of Bill Baxley, attorney general of Alabama. Forthright, idealistic, and intelligent, Baxley may be the vanguard of a hopeful new trend toward honest government and responsible officials.

Ten years ago, when the good old boys ruled the roost, Bill Baxley would have made as much sense as chocolate grits. But today he has become a household word in the South, largely through his efforts to clean up his state. During his six years in office, Baxley has blocked Mobil Oil from drilling in Mobile Bay, forcefully opposed strip miners, and taken on huge corporations for polluting Atlanta's environment. He has unleashed an unprecedented campaign against white-collar criminals and corrupt officials. In **Peter Biskind's** profile of the controversial crusader (page 100), you just may find a couple of new reasons for being high on America.

Chances are, with marijuana decriminalized in eight states and other states taking an increasingly lenient attitude, you've been pretty high already. But don't let those hash brownies poleax you legally. There are still plenty of places where possession of a single joint will land you in the slammer for a twenty-year stretch. Before traveling this summer or even planting a few seeds in your garden, check out "Grass Routes" (page 103), **Frank Donegan's** Maine-to-Hawaii survey of the shifting perils of pot.

And to get you through those long, hot summer nights, we also provide a magnificent muster of midsummer maidens—the kind that make you think it's the heat, not the humidity. ☉



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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

Twice the relief

Several years ago I happened upon a placebo that I thought was very interesting. Many of your readers may already know and use it. But since I haven't seen anything written about it, I assume that there are still some who haven't. So I'll explain.

The first time I became aware of this medicine was about two years ago. My wife and I were on vacation in a rather remote area in northern California. We had been hiking all day and had just returned to our camp. It had been a very hot day, and the sun at that altitude was extremely bright. Consequently, during the day, I had developed a very nagging headache. When I looked in the first-aid kit, I discovered that there was no aspirin.

My wife proceeded to massage my neck and shoulders. The headache was still there, and I had in fact acquired another ache—in the crotch of my jeans.

Well, as you can guess, the newly acquired ache took top priority, and my lovely

wife and I decided to heal it. After an hour or so, I discovered that by taking care of my dip-stick, we had also taken care of my headache.

We tried this method several times later with the same results. So now, whenever either of us gets a headache, we just reach for the "Layer" aspirin. It works fast and, if we are careful, with no side effects.—D. F., Hawthorne, Calif.

Remember to ask for it by its generic name.

Plastic man

I have this crazy desire to see nice-looking girls in plastic—not rubber—panties and bra. The idea really turns me on. I've seen lots of photos of girls in every kind of undies imaginable, but hardly ever plastic.

My girl friend knows about this penchant of mine and tries her best to please me. She is very petite, and on my last birthday she really gave me a great surprise. She told me to close my eyes. When I opened them, she was nude except for a pair of toddler-size plastic panties she had managed to squeeze into. She said that she had searched all over the supposedly exotic undie shops for a plastic bra, but it just couldn't be found. She even tried sewing herself some plastic panties and bra, but the thread tears the plastic, and they fall apart. We noticed that the toddler plastic pants are not sewn, but heat-sealed. We are getting sort of discouraged.—F. A., Baltimore, Md.

Helping hand

When I get your magazine, I always turn to Forum first. At one time I thought it was all bullshit, but something happened that makes me believe every letter I've ever read.

My friend Dave and I were driving home from Hollywood one night in my car. Suddenly, it broke down near L.A. airport. So we left it at a gas station and decided to hitchhike home the twenty-eight miles to Long Beach. After about twenty minutes of thumbing, a car pulled over to pick us up. We hopped into the car and thanked the driver, who was an older, well-dressed man of about fifty. A young lady, also elegantly dressed, was leaning against him. She had apparently had too much to drink.

The man inquired where we were going; so we told him. He told us his name was Sam, and he said he would take us to Long Beach if we would first help take his "secretary" up to their room. Not wanting to walk at 2:00 in the morning, we both quickly agreed. After we got her up to the twentieth

floor at the airport Holiday Inn, she immediately crashed on the bed. Sam just laughed and asked us if we wanted a drink. I said sure, but Dave gave me an anxious "let's get moving" look. I ignored him and graciously accepted the drink.

About this time Sam said to me, "How much do you guys think it would cost to take a taxi home? I'm kind of tired. Why don't I just give you the money, and you can take a taxi home?" We declined very softly, but he insisted; so he gave me twenty bucks. All smiles, we accepted. Then his secretary let out a quiet moan and slipped the top of her evening dress down, exposing two very small but hard-nippled breasts. Sam then laughed and turned to us. "Hey, you want to have some fun?" I smiled and said, "Well, fun is fun." He said, "Come over and help me take her clothes off. She'll be more comfortable." I went over to her and undid the side zipper of the dress, transfixed by her soft, white breasts and their puckered nipples, while Sam took off her skirt. He then proceeded to take off her panties—leaving her long legs still in nylons and garter belt—to expose the black bush of hair surrounding her moist pussy lips.

As Sam went down on her, he motioned to us to help ourselves. She was too damn good-looking to pass up; so I kissed her on the mouth, and she responded with her wet tongue. Dave started sucking her tit on one side, and I went down for the other. All this time she either pretended to be semi-conscious or was drunk, because she never opened her eyes and just moaned softly. After a little of this, Dave and I stripped and took turns giving her a taste of our dicks. Her mouth was so warm and wet and she acted so relaxed that it turned me on even more. By this time Sam was still fully clothed and was only watching, but Dave had climbed on and was fucking away while she was still sucking me off. Sam called me over, and we had another drink while we talked and watched Dave enjoying himself.

While Sam and I were talking, he said, "Maybe that twenty bucks isn't enough to get you guys home. Here, take another twenty." I couldn't believe it. I thought to myself, *this is just like something out of Penthouse*. Here we were fucking a good-looking chick and getting paid for it. Forty bucks. But that wasn't all. Next he said, "Hey, look at my new camera." It was a brand-new SX-70, which he showed me how to operate. Then, at Sam's suggestion, while Dave was still going at it, we took pictures of him.

Then it was my turn to put my dick in her already wet pussy. All the while I was pumping into her I was hearing the Wrrrr-Click! of the camera. The whole scene was bringing both me and the lady off like crazy. I finished with a bang—and several scratches on my back—and Sam said he was ready to crash, too. As for the sweet young secretary, she just rolled over on her stomach without saying a word. I still can't remember her ever having opened her

THE PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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Edited by Edward Springer

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JULY

eyes—the only thing kept closed.

We all three shook hands, and Dave and I thanked him for the taxi money and the drinks—and just a general all-around good time.—*R. M., Long Beach, Calif.*

Four-play always pays.

Special effects

I think your readers will be amused by this little stunt I pulled on a friend. Up until a year ago, my wife and I had a very active sex deal going with the couple next door. Bud was a great home-movie fan, and he introduced me to the technique of film processing in your own home (really quite simple with a daylight processing tank). We both made thousands of feet of movies of our sex sessions and would project them on a large screen as a prelude to our social and sexual get-togethers.

A year ago Bud was transferred to California. But we kept in touch by exchanging letters and movies. One day he wrote to say that he had discovered some mystic who taught people how to control their own physical functions by mental control. One of the things Bud was going to learn was how to increase and extend his orgasms. I wrote him that I thought it was a bunch of crap.

Well, some time later, we got a film in the mail showing him jerking off. There was a clock in the picture, with a sweep second hand to show how long he could keep his come flowing. It lasted about twenty seconds, which didn't seem to be unusually long to me. I ribbed him about it, and he challenged me to do better.

I timed myself a couple of occasions and found I couldn't do as well; so I decided to fake it. I first tried splicing together two or three different come sessions, but it was obviously fake. Then my wife, always inventive, had an idea. I got a rubber bulb with a thin tube attached. We filled the bulb with half a dozen egg whites. I taped the bulb to my back, ran the tube between my legs, and attached the tube down one side of my cock. I had my wife take the movie in profile so the tube wouldn't show.

The results were sensational. I started jerking off and kept squeezing the bulb with my hand. I was shooting and spilling come all over the place. I made it last for more than forty-five seconds. By the time the bulb was empty, I was ready to shoot my real load.

I mailed the film with a letter saying I, too, had found someone who taught mind-over-body control. As soon as he got it, he called me long distance, begging me to tell how it was done. I told him that my "mystic" has warned me that if I gave away the secret, I'd never be able to get a hard-on again and that I believed it.

I've never told him the truth, but he reads *Penthouse*, and if you decide to print this, he'll learn the "secret" for the first time—with my apologies.—*Name and address withheld*

Coming soon to your local theater...

Mind blower

Being a timid sort of guy, I don't get laid much. But I have a good imagination, and that helps. At least, it did the time I got my mind blown on a Boston trolley. I was coming back from school during rush hour, standing amid a crowd of students and working people. It was stuffy and uncomfortable. Everyone was lost in his own little world—reading, dozing, staring into space.

I began to feel strange and uncomfortable. Looking down, I saw the most beautiful girl imaginable sitting in a seat. She seemed an Irish vision, with intricate swirls of red hair and peaches-and-cream complexion. Her saucerlike breasts and erect nipples subtly showed through her T-shirt, and her denim cutoffs were hiked high over crossed and perfect legs. I suddenly realized that she was staring at my crotch, which was only inches from her mouth.

The crowd pinioned me in front of her. I couldn't move. I could only blush at my predicament and feel my prong stiffen under her scrutiny. When she saw my bulge grow and pulse, she slowly began to move her head toward it and then away, with slight movements of her mouth, as if fellating me. She continued that motion for several minutes, punctuating it by puckering and unpuckering her mouth and rolling her tongue languorously over her full lips. I looked into her eyes as she seemed to be mouthing whispered, inaudible obscenities to me and squirmed her bottom and thighs against her seat.

Several times I looked away to see if any of the other passengers had noticed us. But they were all oblivious of my pantomime rape.

I realized that I was hers, and I succumbed. It was just what she wanted. We became one mentally, if not bodily, and she continued to play me like an instrument, finally orchestrating an unbelievably powerful orgasm. I came and I came in shuddering, spine-chilling paroxysms, which began to soak through my crotch. I could only hope the acrid smell of sperm would not be too noticeable in the crowded compartment. My head spun. My knees grew weak, and my legs trembled.

Luckily, I was able to collapse into a nearby seat. When my head had cleared, I looked around for my exquisite ravisher. But she had vanished. I never saw her again, even though I searched and searched. But I'll always remember the incredible time when she really blew my mind.—*P. S., address withheld*

Due credit

Mary Pat and I have been married for five years, and while we don't consider ourselves prudish or sexually inhibited, we're both just introverted enough to have assumed that sharing our sexual relations with anyone else was impossible. That was before I started bringing *Penthouse* home.

During those first few months when I was a *Penthouse* reader, Mary Pat didn't pay much attention to the new magazine that

He taught you to appreciate the finer things in life.
Make him glad he did.



sometimes kept me sitting up on my side of the bed through the wee hours of the morning. But after a while, when she noticed my new fascination was persisting issue after issue, she finally had a look herself. It happened to be an issue that contained a pictorial of two mutually affectionate women.

I had no idea how arousing Mary Pat found those pictures until a few nights later. We were fondling each other when she whispered, "Eat me tonight." I enjoy performing cunnilingus as much as she enjoys having it performed on her; so I was ready to move on command. But before I had readjusted my position, Mary Pat added, "Bring me the new *Penthouse*." She experienced an unusually powerful orgasm that night by staring at your pictorial while I gave her a more fervently wild "tongue-lashing" than usual.

In the weeks following this episode, Mary Pat wanted oral sex more frequently—and always while fantasizing over the same pictorial. After I'd give her some terrific head, she'd either jack me off while kissing my entire body or we would have sensational intercourse. Even at this early stage in our metamorphosis, I was grateful for the change. I didn't know sex could be so great.

More issues came home with me, and similar pictorials, which crop up from time to time, continued to arouse my wife. Eventually, she came around to a lesser degree of erotic arousal over your "solo" pictorials as well. But during our oral sex sessions, she restricted herself to the titillation of "duet" pictorials.

After this had been going on for eight or nine months, I was beginning to wonder if her bisexual affectations were mere fantasy or if there was a possibility of her bisexuality emerging to the point of a ménage à trois including some as yet unknown third party. I don't need to tell your readers that the latter possibility intrigued me.

The next stage in our sexual metamorphosis occurred about eighteen months after that first issue of *Penthouse* arrived in our home. Mary Pat and I live in a large, three-bedroom home which accommodates two full bathrooms—one off the master bedroom—and we have unconsciously fallen into the habit of using separate bathrooms for convenience. One evening,

when I had brought my work home with me, Mary Pat nonchalantly stuck her head in my den and said that she was going to take a bath and go to bed. Immediately after this announcement, I went to the kitchen for a snack. She didn't see me in an intersecting hallway as she quietly made for her bath.

I postponed my snack, stayed put long enough for her to run her bath and get settled in, and then tiptoed through the master bedroom to the bathroom's side entrance. I found the door ajar just enough for me to indulge my voyeurism. Sure enough, Mary Pat had the magazine open to the two-women pictorial. It tottered on the edge of the tub while she caressed her breasts and masturbated. It was quite a show. She was exploring every orifice in

skipped a beat (though there was certainly an instant of surprise in her eyes). A few seconds later, she climaxed with a squeal and a shudder, and I came a stroke or two later, spurting jism into the tub, on the magazine, and on the bathroom rug.

Nothing much was said about the incident that night, but the next day Mary Pat (almost in tears from needless guilt) explained that she had tried to masturbate secretly because she was afraid I wouldn't understand her heightened desires since the advent of the pictorials in our relationship.

She confessed that she had had one or two very satisfying relationships with other women in college, but that after graduation she and her lovers had parted ways. Then

she resolved to limit herself to "normal" heterosexuality, and that's when I had entered the picture.

She went on to insist that since our marriage she had learned to enjoy our heterosexual relationship as much as her previous lesbian affairs and had even dismissed her past from her fantasies before I brought the *Penthouse* home. She admitted the photographs revived old memories and desires. But she also concluded that our five years of marriage had "converted her" to bisexuality. She was relieved—no, delighted—to learn that her past and even her present confession did not anger me but, quite the contrary, excited me.

This conversation occurred about three months ago, and since that time, we

have on one occasion, for the sake of experimentation, solicited the services of a call girl. It was not entirely successful, because our naiveté about threesomes made the situation awkward and the incident lacked a necessary degree of mutual affections. It did manage to prove, however, that Mary Pat remains capable of responding to and returning another woman's physical attentions and that I am capable of enjoying—even relishing—my amended role as a third party.

Now we're searching for a more affectionate third party. In the meantime there is *Penthouse* (a few badly worn back issues), fantastic recollections, and, for the first time in five years, a state of marital harmony. Thanks!—N. D., Denver, Colo.

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her body with her fingers, finally ending up with one hand under her, a finger in her rectum, while her other hand moved rhythmically from clitoris to vagina and back again.

Watching her was driving me crazy, and silently I slipped out of my clothes. I had originally intended to masturbate while watching her and then steal off to my own bathroom to clean up; but I was so excited to see her jerk herself off that I wanted her to know she'd never again have to be clandestine about it. So, just as she was reaching her climax, I stepped into the bathroom—nude, cock in hand—and blurted out that I wanted to watch.

My timing was perfect. She was too far gone to stop, and her strokes never



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Private conference call

I am a married man, thirty-one years old. I am in a professional field, as is my wife, also thirty-one. We have been married ten years and have two children. My wife, Jeanette, is a very attractive woman, has a nice body and pretty face, and sexually we have it good. There is not much that we haven't done. We are of the belief that if it gives us pleasure, we should do it. And believe me, we do: fucking, sucking, anal entry, whatever happens to turn us on. We try to be honest about it; if one of us does not like a certain thing, we don't do it. And if one of us suggests something new, the other will usually at least give it a try.

Anyway, one afternoon some weeks ago, I was in for a real surprise. I guess no matter how well you think you know a person, there is always some part of that person that remains secret. I was looking for some important papers, and Jeanette was not at home. I don't know what made me think they would be in her dresser, but I looked anyway. In one of the drawers I found a small notebook. I had never seen it before, and so I opened it. The pages were filled with men's names, phone numbers, and even dates. My very first thought was that my wife was selling her ass.

But as I went further into the book, it became obvious that this was not the case. The back half of the book was what I slowly figured out to be a kind of diary of phone calls. The men's names were duplicated, and the conversation was written down. It suddenly hit me that my lovely Jeanette was making obscene phone calls!

I assumed that what she had written down had really happened. Here is an example: "Hello, Richard. How would you like a hot fuck? I would love to suck your cock. Do you eat cunt?" She went on to say that she was fingering her pussy and that she was coming. There were dozens of entries like that.

I read the entire notebook and began to detect a pattern. The calls were all dated at one-week intervals. Checking a calendar, I discovered that all the calls occurred on Wednesday—the one day of the week when my wife did not work and was alone in the house. Many dates had more than one call; some, as many as three and four. I next

checked the phone book and found that each name was listed, the address generally being a large apartment complex. It was unbelievable. At first I was really disturbed; then I realized that this pastime really had very little to do with our own sex life. It was her own private world.

For the rest of the week, I could not get this discovery out of my mind. Another Wednesday came and went; and on Thursday I managed to get her notebook and read the latest entry. She had made two calls—one to a man whom she told how much she would love to have his cock up her ass, and another to someone whom she invited to lick and suck her tits. Then I made another discovery. I was getting turned on.

she said was, "I want to fuck." Then she hung up. Her Wednesday morning session began right after that, and the next Wednesday, her book. I asked her if she would let me join her once in a while. At first she was a little reluctant. Then she said okay, but not every week. I agreed.

Wednesday came, and after the kids had gone to school, Jeanette looked at me and asked if I was ready. I sure was. We went upstairs, and I asked her to go on as if I weren't there. She said she would. She got out her notebook, her phone book, and also her vibrator.

I watched as she took off her pajamas and got on the bed. She played with her tits and cunt a few minutes, using the vibrator. Then she reached for the phone book. With

the first few numbers she dialed there was no answer, but on the third she connected. Jeanette then proceeded to say—in a very soft and sexy voice—how juicy-wet her cunt was and how she wished that the man's cock was ramming her. She told him that she would love to suck him off and do a few more things to him; then she hung up.

By now, I had a terrific hard-on, and Jeanette said I should get undressed. I did, and as she made her next call, she began jerking me off. I was as hot as she was. I went down on her as she was telling someone that she needed her cunt licked. We ended the morning in a wild sixty-nine, coming for each other beautifully.

Now, at least one Wednesday a month, I join my wife for her

calls. Jeanette has called business friends of mine, sometimes while I am actually fucking her. It is fantastic. She has even asked me if I want to make any calls to women, but so far I am not ready for that. I know this whole thing is crazy, but we are enjoying it very much.—*Name and address withheld*

Loud words and soft actions

My wife and I are very much into sex, and since we are regular readers of Forum, we thought we would share one of our recent experiences with your other readers.

Although we have never been too inhibited in our sexual delights and have enjoyed a full variety of fucking and sucking, we were never perfectly candid in express-

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I wanted to let her know that I knew what she was doing; yet I didn't want to upset her in any way. That weekend we had a torrid sex session of sucking and fucking, and while we were both hot, I told her I knew. At first Jeanette was upset—and embarrassed. But I assured her that I was not upset, angry, or jealous. In fact, I told her the situation excited me. I finally soothed her, and she explained what had happened.

She said that one day months ago she had gotten a dirty phone call at home. It didn't bother her but rather excited her. In fact, it excited her so much that she thought about doing it herself. She said it took a lot of doing, but she finally made the first one—to someone we both knew slightly. All



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ing our sexual fantasies to each other. Recently, all that changed.

The first barrier to be vanquished was our sexual language. One night, during a particularly hot lovemaking session, I was unable to restrain myself any longer and told her that I loved to "fuck" her. Rather than being angered by my use of the word, she sighed and groaned back that she loved "fucking" me too!

Our new sex talk turned us both on. During the next several days, we spoke nothing else. She would talk of her sucking my strong, hot, throbbing cock; I, of licking her wet, warm cunt. Both of us would hug and grab and grope and tell how badly we needed to fuck and which position we wanted. Language was the catalyst.

The next "discovery" was masturbation. Not that either of us was ignorant of the subject, but both of us felt that it wasn't necessarily a part of our otherwise spectacular sexual relationship. We were very wrong.

Often, when fucking my wife, I didn't hit her clit—such as when I took her from the rear or when she lay back on a chair or bed and I lay on my knees—I would bring her to orgasm by stroking her love button. Occasionally, I would ask her to play with herself, but she was reluctant to do so. Then, not long after our revelation in sex talk, I asked her to finger-fuck herself. She took off as if obsessed. While I was fucking her from the rear (one of our favorite positions), she reached down and grabbed her clit and manipulated it magnificently. She had a tremendous orgasm, and so did I.

From then on she would perform her love dance whenever I would ask her—and sometimes even when I didn't—always culminating in a wonderful orgasm. She even finger-fucks while in the shower and while we are driving in the car—this is especially erotic. Once, she was in the back seat when suddenly she dropped her pants and revealed her luscious, long legs and moist pussy. Then she unzipped her top and began caressing her already hard nipples. Her other hand reached down to her cunt, and she grabbed her clit and performed once again.

My wife is a stunningly attractive woman with a beautiful body. It's a beautiful sight to

see her writhing in ecstasy as she finger-fucks, her pussy arching upward as she approaches orgasm, her head thrust back, and her tits standing upward. Indeed, I have now taken several pictures of her. She enjoys it, too, not only because it feels so good but also because she loves watching my cock stiffen while she performs. It is definitely a mutual turn-on.

So it was inevitable that she soon asked me to masturbate for her. I was hesitant at first, having never stroked my cock outside the privacy of my shower and only rarely during all our married years. However, I slid off my pants and grabbed my rock-hard penis. My shyness prevented me from really letting go with my thrusts and strokes, but I still exploded all over her waiting

in orgasm, I am rock hard and crazy with desire.

Even though masturbating will never replace fucking and sucking my wife's warm, sweet, wet cunt, or her sucking me with her waiting mouth and tender tongue, it has added a new dimension to our sex life. We recommend it to all loving couples.—*Name and address withheld*

Barberotica

I've read your Forum for a few years now and have enjoyed it immensely. I have occasionally come across articles about shaven pussies. Well, my ultimate fantasy has always been to have a girl friend with a completely shaven pussy—one I could lick and play with—and, of course, enter—for hours on end.

Last night my fantasy came true. I was spending the whole weekend with my girl friend, who is a freshman at a small liberal-arts college outside Boston. After a superb Chinese dinner, we decided to go back to her place and spend the rest of the night in a leisurely and enjoyable fashion.

Once we got to her room, we put on some Stevie Wonder records and started talking. At this point we were both quite horny; and while Jenny (not her real name) was lying on the bed, I started to fondle and caress her inner thighs and pussy. She was just lying back, taking in the music and sensations when all of a sudden she asked me if I would like to shave her pussy. I was most incredibly shocked! In the past,

I had suggested this to her, but she always said no for one reason or another. Naturally, I jumped at the opportunity by getting a bowl of warm water, scissors, shaving cream, and two razors. First I just clipped her brown bush. Then I spread the cream all over her pubic hair and proceeded to rid her of her little forest. I shaved around her thick, red outer lips until all that could be seen, clear and true, was her shining bright pussy. I gave her a small mirror, and she just gazed at her cunt.

After cleaning her up with a hot washcloth, I rubbed baby oil over her now even more voluptuous cunt. By this time we were hornier than ever, and she asked me if I thought she would taste any different now. She lay down and, spreading her legs, re-

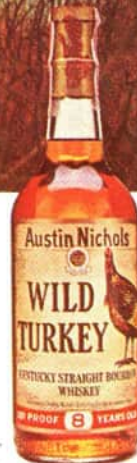


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breasts. We both loved it.

Soon her excitement over watching me caused all my inhibition to vanish. I was able to put on the same kind of show for her that she performed for me. I would groan as my hand slid over my straining cock, sigh as I fingered my balls and ass, and gasp as I shot my semen toward her. We both think it's fantastic fun.

Eventually, we began masturbating together, and now we often climax at the same time in mutual ecstasy. More recently, my wife has started calling me at the office; she performs over the phone. She will strip completely and lie spread-eagled on our bed; then she will begin to finger-fuck, first slow, then fast, until all I can hear is her heavy breathing. By the time she screams

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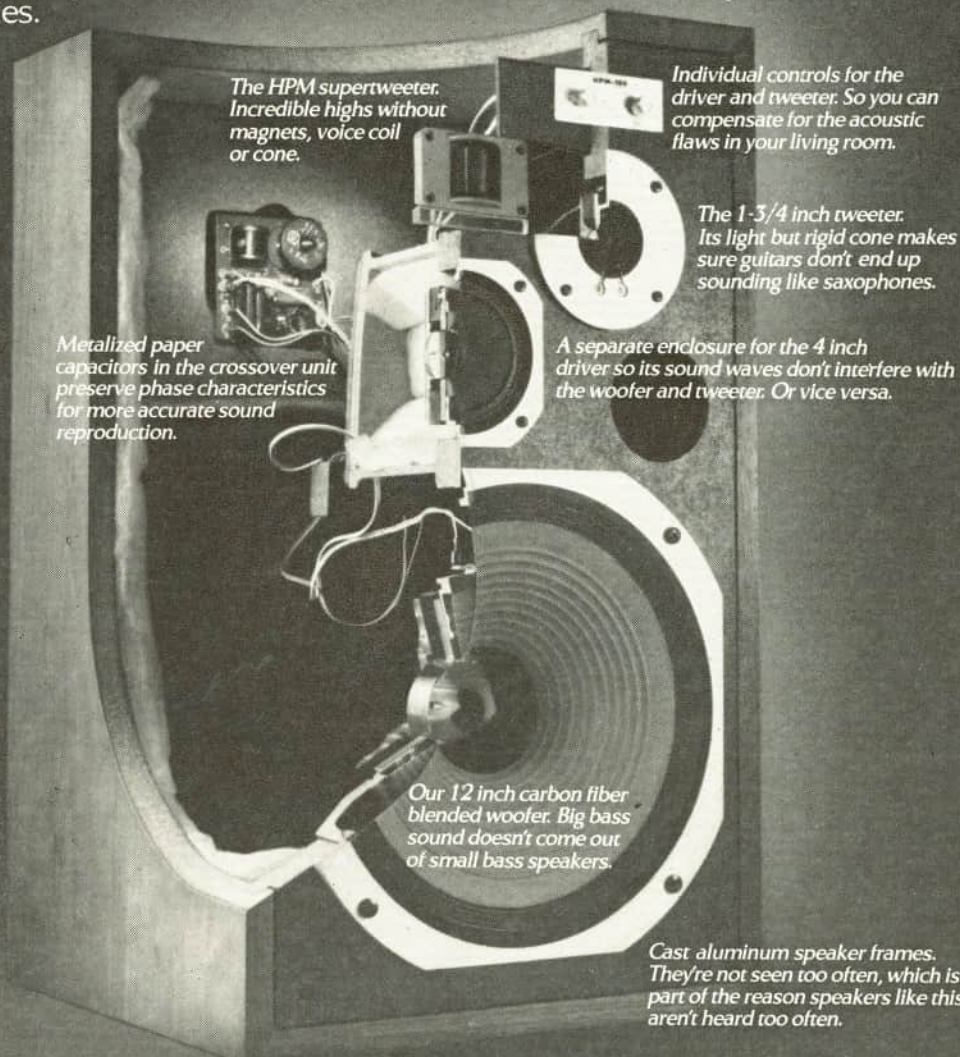
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vealed to me even more of her inner brightness. I needed no further hint and went down on her immediately. I chewed and licked her outer lips, stuck my tongue far up, and finally came to her clitoris. After rhythmically circling her clit with my tongue, I nibbled and sucked on it. Indeed, she tasted better than ever, and after a few moments she was shaking and moaning.

After about a half hour of this dual pleasure, we made love, and I climaxed as I've never climaxed before. The entire episode was the most erotic experience I've ever had. I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to next weekend—P. G. P., Boston, Mass.

Female forum . . .

Just recently I got up the nerve to tell *Penthouse* about an experience that happened to me a while ago. I was a freshman at a prestigious college in Connecticut and was pretty sexually experienced, having lost my virginity at the age of thirteen. Although I would be sexually aggressive with a guy once I was in his apartment, I was not accustomed to asking guys out. That is just about what a girl had to do in order to get the intellectuals around that school to take any notice. All the guys seemed to do was study. Of course, you couldn't blame them too much, since all the girls were studying constantly, too, and there weren't many social activities going on.

It was in early October, as I was just

about giving up on finding any decent male in this Ivy League hole, when I met someone who restored my faith in men. I was hanging out at a mixer when a six-foot-tall, well-proportioned Oriental man walked in. He stood out from the regular prep-school types in his black-leather jacket, boots, and tight T-shirt. Long beautiful black hair hung down almost to his shoulders—hair so lovely that any girl would have envied it. The entire effect of his wardrobe and broad shoulders was a flashy show of macho, which ordinarily would have turned me off, but I was tired of intellectual guys who seemed sensitive at first but turned out to be wimps. So I figured I'd give him a try. I was still trying to make a game plan to attract his attention when I heard a deep voice say, "Hi, what's happening?" I turned around to face the speaker and found myself addressing that apparition of black leather and dark Asian flesh.

We spoke for a while, and it turned out that he went to school here but was on a leave of absence and was just visiting some friends. He also turned out to be very kind, courteous, and intelligent; so I asked him why he wore the Genghis Khan—Marlon Brando outfit. He replied that leather clothing is very practical when he rides his motorcycle. Then he asked me if I wanted a ride. I love bikes and jumped at the offer, since it was a warm night.

We went outside, where his bike was parked. It was a small but powerful ma-

chine, and he gave me a thriller of a ride. I don't know why, but something about all that power and hot steel throbbing between my legs does something to me, and I get a little rush every time I see one of those machines. After riding around for a while, we stopped at a black van. This turned out to be his main mode of transportation (he uses his bike for local trips in order to save the hassle of city-driving his van). By this time the vibration of his cycle against my crotch had started to make me feel randy; so I accepted his offer for a drink inside.

The interior of his van was clearly designed for doing all those things that your mother warned you people do in vans. It had a large bed, which filled half the cargo area and was covered with red satin sheets. Mirrors lined the walls, and romantic music came from a quad sound system. A soft blue light provided just enough glow for making love.

From a built-in bar, my lover-to-be produced several bottles of liquor. After a few drinks, I was loosened up and began to make a play. Purposely, I spilled a little of my drink on my blouse. "Oh dear, now I'm wet. What am I going to do?" My words were cut off as he began drying my blouse with a napkin. He said nothing but looked into my eyes intently as he rubbed my large breasts (36C). Then he stopped rubbing, put down the napkin, and took my head in his hands and gave me a kiss. And what a kiss! He must have been part snake because his tongue was everywhere at once. I could feel my panties becoming wet. I was aching with desire for his hard prick to enter me, and I began to loosen his belt. He, in turn, gently undressed me, probing each area of my flesh with his tongue as it was exposed. By now my cunt was dripping, and I didn't feel that I could go any longer without a good fuck. "Screw me. Screw me good," I begged him. Instead, he buried his face in my deep love nest and hungrily lapped up my juices. I felt an orgasm coming, and suddenly I exploded. Then he began doing something so that I didn't know whether to cry with pleasure or burst out laughing. He began to hum "The Star-Spangled Banner" against my clit! That song covers a tremendous range, and those low notes just made me want to explode in orgasm again and again while the high notes sent luscious little ripples running up and down my spine. It was fantastic, to say the least, and a trick which I have since requested from lovers and have performed myself on their beautiful balls, always with satisfying results.

After the concert it was my turn to give my lover an orgasm, and I started to give him a blowjob. But as I bent down over his rigid shaft, he stopped me. "Wait," he said, "I want you to try some of this." He pulled out a jar full of a thick yellow substance. This turned out to be honey heavily laced with Scotch. He poured this stuff on his cock and told me to lick it all off. As I sucked on his lovely penis, I slowly became more and more mellow. I sucked and licked harder and harder until he shot



"Make me forget that I'm a disenchanting liberal!"

sweet come into my mouth. I drank it up, and come had never seemed so delicious.

I was satisfied with the orgasms I had gotten during our bout of oral sex, but I was still pleased and delighted when my lover proved to have as much stamina as imagination. He was hard again within a matter of minutes and this time guided his cock straight into my hot tunnel. We fucked away furiously, and I must admit I got a thrill from looking in the mirrors on the walls and watching our hips grind away at each other, my long blonde hair entangled in his jet black mane and his dark hands running over my pale flesh. Once again we climaxed. Then he took my head in his hands and gave me a tender little kiss on the forehead, and we fell asleep in each other's arms.

During the night we fucked twice again. My lover pulled yet another trick out of his hat, treating me to a little anal sex. He used a cosmetic cream called Albolene as lubrication, and it was much less messy than oily creams.

That was several years ago. Today my lover of that night is back at school, and though we are good friends, we have moved on to other affairs. But he still surprises me every once in a while with another sensuous idea. One time he showed up with a bottle of lemon-scented olive oil and proceeded to give me an all-over massage (which naturally led to a great fuck—just for nostalgia's sake). Another time he convinced me to go with him to the library, where we screwed our brains out in one of those little semiprivate study cubicles.


If there is one thing I have learned at college, it is that, contrary to popular folklore, brains and sex can go together beautifully. When a guy has imagination, good looks, and loves sex, the combination is magnificent!—K. L., *New Haven*

... hospital care

Letters about nurses that you've printed prompted me to tell of the beautiful experience I had with one patient. I'll call him Mark.

He was in his late forties, and when he was admitted to the hospital where I work as a registered nurse, he was in critical condition—his survival was in question several times during the first few weeks. I planned much of his care and provided as much as I could myself. When he began to recover, he was very depressed about his future in his business and many other things—especially his possible inability to perform sexually because of residual physical impairment. He became withdrawn, except when I was with him. Those times he was kind, handsome, appreciative, and intelligent. And I found myself strongly attracted to him.

One day I noticed he spent quite a bit of time looking directly at my breasts. I don't think he was even aware of how much he did this while we talked or while I worked in his room, but I didn't mind; in fact, I started to enjoy it. So I gave him opportunities to



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get a close look, and gradually I started pressing my breasts against him. "accidentally." When we were alone one afternoon, I told him how much I'd been wanting to kiss him. He confessed that he'd been wanting the same thing but had been waiting to be sure how I felt, so as not to offend me. As weak as he was, the passion in his kiss shocked me. Almost as soon as our lips met, he hungrily sucked my breath and my tongue into his mouth. Our tongues sliding together were an incredible turn-on. His mouth was so warm and moist I could have stayed glued to it for hours. But we had to be careful that our relationship not be discovered. We never had more than seconds or minutes to be intimate.

After that, every private moment we had, he would reach under my uniform to feel my thighs and buttocks. He felt eagerly for my cunt, but with all those clothes on, how much could he feel? And for me, being near Mark made my body feel hot and flushed, my vagina and vulva swollen and wet. Sometimes I had to change my panties and panty hose during my shift because they got so wet! He seemed surprised that he turned me on. Apparently, no one had recently told him or shown him how exciting he was.

The next time I went to an off-duty meeting at the hospital, I wore street clothes. Afterwards, I went to his room to say hello—or so everyone assumed. I guided his hand under my sweater, and when he

discovered I hadn't worn a bra and found he could touch my smooth, bare breasts, he looked stunned. He cupped each breast, exploring the shape and firmness with little squeezes and strokes. He pulled on my nipples gently. Finally, he drew me closer to look at the large, puffy, dark rings around my nipples. He found and licked each nipple with his tongue and sucked it into his mouth. His gentle sucking soon turned into harder sucking, until we were both in ecstasy. After that night I would sometimes unbutton my uniform in his room so that he could reach in for a handful and a squeeze. We eventually came to an unspoken agreement that any sex play between us was okay—nothing was off limits.

I gave him a "special" back rub. While he lay on his stomach and the sheet covered his hips, I would reach from between his legs to his scrotum, which was always tight and held his balls firmly under his penis. After rocking, squeezing, and fondling his balls every way he liked, I reached for his eight-inch penis—by now deliciously long and hard. At this point, he would turn onto his back so that I could wash his penis with warm water—and with tender loving care. After retracting any folded foreskin, I would wipe gently but firmly around the base of his shaft, and up, down, and around its entire length. He would watch intently. Usually, I ended with a kiss to the throbbing head of his penis, where I always found a shiny, clear drop of his juice to lick. It tasted

salty and delicious, like seawater.

He said he wanted to be able to finger my vagina. So I cut the center out of my panty hose—but that didn't allow enough movement. Then I hit on the fantastic idea of a garter belt and stockings. I'd remove my panty girdle before going into his room; and standing by his bed with my back to the door, I would raise my leg, resting my knee on the arm of the bedside chair. That parted my legs conveniently and hid our play from anyone coming in without knocking on the door. He would slide his hand under my uniform and, after a quick pass over all the "landmarks," reach between my thighs to my buttocks. Pressing his open hand against my ass, he would then draw his hand forward, with two or three fingers riding between the wet and swollen pussy lips, to my clit.

He moved his hand back and forth in this way for a couple of minutes, stopping occasionally to rub my juices over my abdomen and thighs. Standing with the garter belt on made my buttocks extra firm and full, and it gave a greater sensation to the whole area. My outer labia were swollen, thick and supersensitive. Just as I climaxed, Mark would lift my skirt to watch three of his long, slim fingers plunge into my aching cunt. It was hard to stifle my moans of exquisite pleasure when he brought me off this way. He himself even moaned sometimes—his excitement was so great. He never let me wash his hands afterward. He wanted my juices to stay with him after I had left the hospital for the day.

He was discharged from the hospital six months ago. Although we're both married, we manage to see one another a couple of times a week. The biggest thrill of my life was finally getting his gorgeous cock into my mouth. His wife won't allow fellatio or cunnilingus, and I was the first woman to suck him off. He loves that new pleasure, and I love his warm sperm filling my mouth—and my pussy.

Our affair was a major factor in his desire and ability to recover. (The *Penthouse* I brought him every month didn't hurt!) We always risked discovery of our relationship but agreed to take that risk and any consequences. And we plan to be together whenever we can for the rest of our lives.—Name and address withheld

... a yacht to learn

I'm a twenty-five-year-old woman. I had always considered myself normal sexually and considered anything I read in *Penthouse* to be abnormal.

I must admit my first few gazes through your magazine left me very shocked. Reading the Forum, with its blunt descriptions of sexual escapades, left me with the same feelings I had when I was eleven and had found some hard-core porno literature left over from my dad's World War II days. I was stimulated but guilty and felt "dirty" after reading it.

But in the last year I've become erotically liberated. I enjoy my own sexual encounters as well as reading about those of



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others. I am turned on by both things.

I used to laugh at three-ways, group sex, swingers, and so forth. I thought people involved in such situations were really kinked out. But I no longer laugh. In the past six months I have been involved in several kinky situations. Three-ways are my favorite. I prefer them with another woman, but I have had two men at once and enjoyed that also.

My first ménage à trois was on an island off the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula. I met a guy, Ted, in a disco bar, and he asked me to go back to his yacht with him. He had earlier told me he had a one-woman crew sailing with him. I asked him if he didn't think she would mind her captain having an overnight guest. He said that Linda would probably enjoy meeting me.

When we got to the boat, she was fast asleep, but Ted insisted on waking her up and introduced her. We talked for a while. Then Ted took me to see his bedroom (Linda had her own sleeping quarters in the other end of the boat), showing me the rest of the yacht on the way. We then lay down on the bed and kissed for a while until I got up and went into the bathroom. A few minutes later, when I came out, Linda was sitting on the bed, and Ted was gone.

There was no doubt in my mind what Linda and Ted had planned. I knew it was going to be my first three-way, and I was ready for it. That night was one of the most pleasurable experiences I have ever had. I had not considered myself bisexual before. But the sex we had that night seemed as natural as if I had been with Ted and Linda all my life.

The most exciting moment was when we were all naked with Linda lying on top of me, our stomachs and breasts pressed together while her legs stretched out between mine. Ted moved between her legs and, after he had pulled her ass up to him, pushed his cock deep into her anus. As he fucked her, she moaned and kissed my lips and breasts. When his thrusting brought her near a climax, she grabbed my hands and squeezed them very hard. Moaning as she came, Linda pressed her nails into my palms so hard that she left cuts. After she came, Ted pulled his penis out of Linda's ass and shot hot semen down into the

crack of her ass. I could feel the semen dripping from her onto me as our cunts pressed tightly together.

Linda then pulled one leg over my leg and pushed her thigh up against my clit. We were both wet from semen and our own juices as Linda began rubbing up and down on my well-lubricated clit. Ted moved his head toward my face and placed his lips on mine. As Linda rubbed harder against me, Ted forced his tongue into my mouth. It seemed as though Linda and Ted were in perfect rhythm. I began to fantasize that I was being fucked by two penises—one in my mouth and the other sliding in and out of the groove in my cunt, pushing up and over my clit. And Ted kept thrusting his tongue in and out of my mouth, plung-

self coming. As I spasmed, I groaned into Ted's mouth, and Linda thrust her tongue into my vagina.

We continued our lovemaking for hours that night, with seemingly no end to the variety of sexual positions. I've done three-ways since then, but none has been so good as that first time, which was a paragon.—P.W., St. Louis, Mo.

... maid to order

These past few months I've been reading with interest your articles and letters about men who desire to be treated as "maids" by their girl friends. I've always dreamed of being rich and having a maid to help me dress, polish my nails, and run errands for me. Like most girls, I read a lot of romantic paperbacks during my teens, and the heroines always seemed to have personal maids at their beck and call.

About six weeks ago, my best dream began to come true! I met a guy in a bar in Los Angeles, and after a few drinks I discovered that he was one of those submissive types who'd really dig polishing a pretty girl's boots and waiting on her. Well, because of a "coincidence," he moved down here about a month ago and moved into my two-bedroom apartment.

Since we both knew what we wanted, I wasted no time "training" my new, willing maid. I bought a very cute, black uniform for him—complete with a lace apron and cap. He has to keep his legs and face shaved clean and

wear his uniform every evening and on weekends. I also taught him to curtsy to me and call me "mistress," just as the maids of my novel heroines always did! He's always been very obedient; so there's been no need of any punishment, as some of your past letters have suggested.

Saturdays are always fun, because I spend all day being catered to by my "maid." "She" serves my breakfast to me in bed, draws my bath, dries me off, powders and massages me, and polishes my toenails while I just sit and relax. She even helps me dress.

I had a surprise visit from a girl friend last week, and "Missy" (the name I use while issuing orders to my maid) just kept right on at her tasks. She washed out my under-



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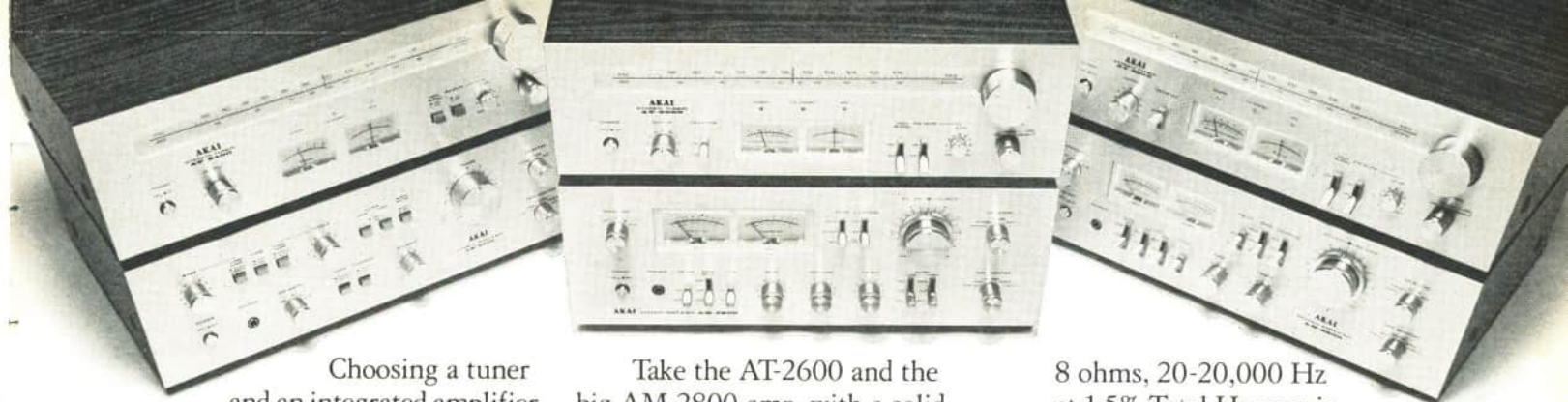




ing it in as deeply as possible.

As Linda sucked hard on my breasts, drawing the nipples into her mouth, I could feel myself rising toward an orgasm. Linda slid down across my abdomen and pressed her lips into my come-matted pubic hair. Ted put his hand on one of the breasts where Linda's lips had been squeezing my nipple and rubbing my breast while he continued to kiss me.

Then I felt Linda's tongue against my clit. She began pushing her tongue into my clit the same way Ted was tonguing my mouth. It was the most exciting sensation I've ever had—two people tonguing me at once. With Linda's tongue pushing faster and harder against my clit, I could not hold back my orgasm any longer, and I felt my-



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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.

Refreshing break

Nicholas von Hoffman's "The Breaking of a President" (March 1977) is refreshingly 90 percent believable. Viva *Penthouse*. You're A-okay.—W.M.S., Jacksonville, Fla.

Rare bone

Congratulations on a very fascinating and most interesting article by Richard Selzer entitled "Bone" in your January 1977 issue. I was most intrigued by Mr. Selzer's extremely accurate anatomic and physiological description of one of the body's most wonderful organs, the skeleton.

More frequent inclusion of such well-written pieces would certainly be a welcome feature of your publication. In general, I find *Penthouse* to be an interesting and worthwhile diversion, but publication of more well-written articles such as "Bone" will certainly enhance your image.

I also found the illustration depicting a knotted femur featured on the lead pages of Mr. Selzer's article to be most intriguing.

Orthopedic surgeons are often confronted with knotty problems, and this illustration certainly depicts our dilemma at times.

Thank you for a most interesting and enjoyable article.—Robert L. Forste, M.D., APO San Francisco

Breslin's capital idea

I am an inmate at Sing Sing, assigned to the law library of that prison as a legal research clerk—which is really a glorified title for jailhouse lawyer.

I have just read Jimmy Breslin's satirical article on the death penalty in your April 1977 issue. As a writer, Jimmy Breslin has few equals; on constitutional law, he stinks.

In the article Breslin opines that convicted murderer Joseph James may escape his date with the electric chair because of the dubious constitutionality of New York State's existing death penalty law. With that opinion I have no quarrel. But then Breslin goes on to make the ludicrous statement that even if that should happen,

the odds are great that James will nevertheless be executed for a 1974 murder—on which he is yet to be tried—when the legislature ratifies a new death penalty law that will pass constitutional muster.

Hasn't Breslin ever heard of the constitutional interdiction against *ex post facto* laws? Satire is one thing, but asininity is something else.

As parsimonious as the Nixon-Burger court is regarding individual rights, it has not yet rewritten the Constitution to allow for the retroactive application of punishments that did not exist at the time of the commission of the crime.—Name withheld, Ossining, N.Y.


Rent-a-cops

I am a twenty-one-year-old male who reads your publication every month. I am writing in reference to the article "This Gun for Hire" (April 1977).

For many years this may have been an accurate account of the rent-a-cop situation. But it is a little out of focus for the security forces of the past few years. I am presently employed at a power station in Pennsylvania, where we have thirty-six full-time security officers, armed with handguns as well as with additional antiriot arms, in case of emergencies.

Prior to being permitted to carry arms or to perform any duties as a security officer, we first have to comply with the Pennsylvania Firearms Act. In order to fulfill its re-

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quirements, we have to be enrolled in a duly certified, state-accredited law-enforcement school. This training consists not only of hours spent in the classroom in the study of the Pennsylvania Crimes Code and Criminal Procedures but also of actual hands-on instruction in firearms by a certified Pennsylvania State Police Academy instructor. At the end of this training, we not only have to pass a written examination on the crimes code and the limitations of security personnel but also have to qualify with a weapon on the firing range. And since we are not in-house security, we are screened by our employer, his client, the federal government, and the law-enforcement academy before we can even begin our training.

Through this screening process, all felons are eliminated by law. After the training in law-enforcement school, there is an additional forty hours of on-site training by the captain of the guard. Then we have a final week of working and observing without a weapon.

Until recently we were nonunion employees. Now we have formed a union and joined an established international union. Even though we didn't receive what we wanted in our first contract, by no means do we work for the poverty-level wages that your article suggests.

We are kept fully aware of the fact that no guard is allowed to use lethal force unless a guard's life or the life of an employee is in

danger or unless there are direct orders from the head of security. This rule is stressed from the beginning to the end of each guard's employment. We are also instructed how best to carry out our jobs and still stay within the realms of citizen's-arrest procedures.

I also disagree with you on the issue of age. We have twenty-eight male guards whose ages range from twenty-one to sixty-one years, making an overall average age of twenty-eight. We also have eight women guards ranging in age from twenty-one to forty-three. Their average age is 28.6.

I am not defending the entire system, nor do I ever want to be an official police officer. I would only like to relay to your readers some information on the subject. Thanks to *Penthouse* for this medium of discussion and for its concern about the issues.—*R.E.D., address withheld*

I wish to compliment George O'Toole on the excellent article "This Gun for Hire." His conclusions (should I say fears?) are quite valid.

However, as a person with full but *limited* (on duty only) peace-officer power and legal protection, I am concerned. I have often been confronted (verbally and physically) with people who assume that I am "only a rent-a-cop."

Of course, such assumptions hurt my ego, but, more important, the individuals

making them often escalate a minor problem into a major one—all based on their feelings concerning "rent-a-cops."

My second thought is in regard to the references to "old men" and "mentally inferior people" involved in private security. I cannot fault people who go out and work for two dollars an hour instead of staying home and leeching off the taxpayers via welfare.—*R. F., address withheld*

I thoroughly enjoyed your article entitled "This Gun for Hire" about the private-security guards employed throughout the United States. The piece reminded me of an interesting experience that happened to me about six months ago.

I was the catch man on a two-man radar team working a semibusy street on a Saturday night. Suddenly, I saw twin flashing-blue lights coming down the street in our direction (blue is used by most private-security agencies, and red is used by most police agencies in Texas). My partner radioed "45" to me—fifteen miles above the safe-speed limit—and identified the vehicle as the "blue demon coming at me." I chased the vehicle six blocks before the driver finally pulled over. Out came a private-security guard, brandishing a .44 Magnum, six-inch barrel, captain's bars on his collar, and he was very irate. As I was writing the ticket, he kept bitching about how he was on an emergency run. As I handed him his copy of the citation, he looked at it and then looked at me, saying "I thought you all didn't write cops!" To which I answered, "That's right, turkey, we don't."—*Name and address withheld*

Housecall for Shonna

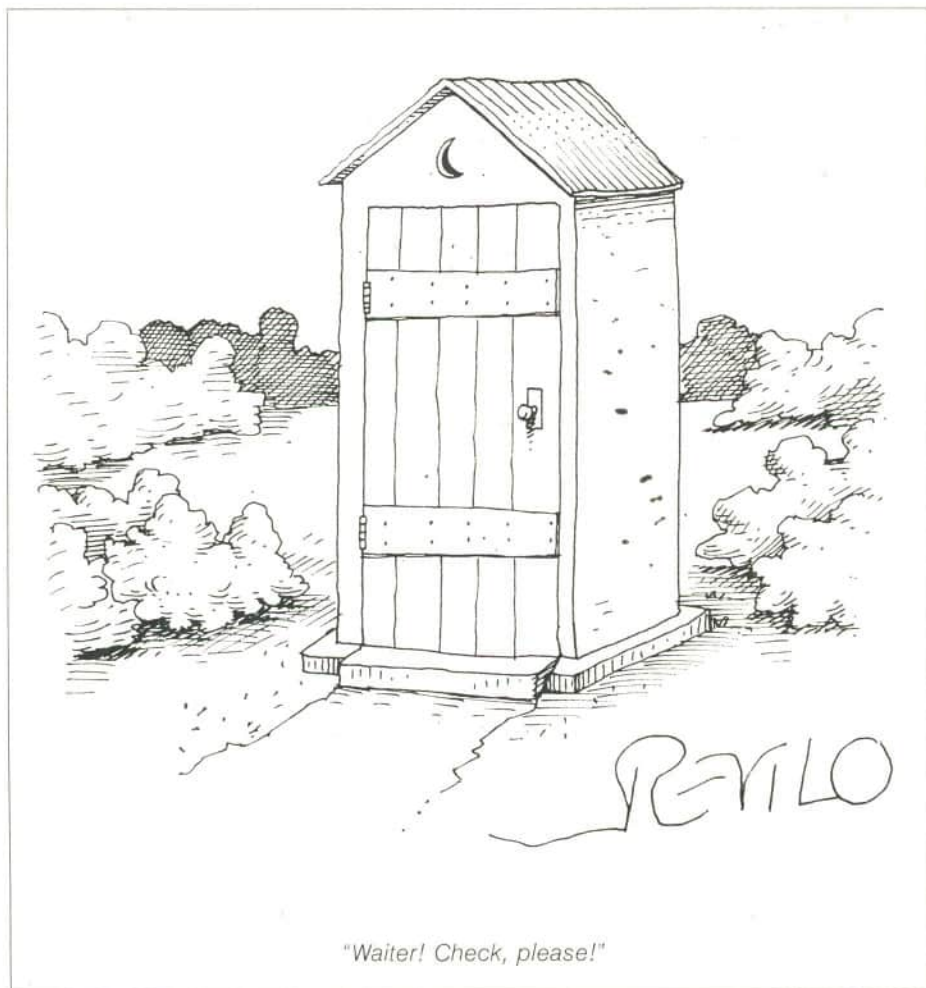
Concerning the secret desire of Shonna Lynne, your April Pet of the Month (making it with her physician during the course of a routine physical), we must remind her that it would be totally unethical for a doctor to satisfy these apparently deep-seated, Freudian frustrations. As we have been carefully instructed in the "Sex and the Physician" portion of our second-year psychiatry course here in Downstate Medical Center, a doctor must never mix pleasure and his practice, at least not in this particular fashion.

However, in the case of Ms. Lynne, it might seem appropriate that an exception could be made, at least after office hours! —*B.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Garnered opinions

While reading in your April issue the article on Garner Ted Armstrong and the Worldwide Church of God, I might have found humor in Roger Neville Williams's portrayal of this religious fanatical cult and their extravagant, power-hungry, doomsday preachers. But now, even at the age of twenty and out of the church for five years, I am still all too vividly filled with the emotional and psychological crippling I suffered while I grew up in this dogmatically insane church.

When I was a little girl of four, my mother



joined the Radio Church of God, as it was then called, to fill the mental, emotional, and psychological void that she felt as a housewife and mother.

The church's preachings and prophecies were expounded upon not solely for the salvation of the soul (these people do not believe in souls in the first place) but rather for brainwashing and scare tactics to keep one following like a little blind sheep.

I was placed in their now-nonexistent private "Imperial School" to be "taught and brought up properly" without any influence from or exposure to the "sinful outside world." One of their past, if not present, beliefs was that it is a God-given right for any adult to punish a child forcefully. Their favorite form of punishment, especially in school, was to use a wooden "paddle" to spank any child or teenager who strayed in the slightest from conforming to their rules. And their rules prohibited girls from wearing pants and makeup in school or church, boys from wearing bell-bottom pants (they were sissy looking), dating until one reached college—and God forbid that anyone ever have sex before the night of the honeymoon (at least for women).

Some ministers not only preached about the forthcoming doom and gloom but also performed it as though they were auditioning for the part of Moses in Cecil B. De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*. Some became nationally famous for their "effective sermons." I recall one instance when a minister brought with him to the podium a cat-o'-nine-tails, a large head of iceberg lettuce, and an end table. He stated that the purpose of his sermon was to demonstrate to us the pain that Christ had suffered while on the stake. (He was crucified on a stake, not on a cross, they say.) He placed the lettuce on the table and literally screamed, ranted, and raved while butchering the lettuce with the whip—finally breaking the table in two pieces in the process. It was a performance that makes the Holy Rollers in the movie *Marjoe* look like children playing ring-around-the-rosy.

If their prophesied Millennium would ever come true, it would be a world where men would rule and dictate, women would forever be totally oppressed, and children would be brainwashed and debased to the point of being entirely unable to live for themselves and think with their own minds.

It is a church filled with contradiction after contradiction, lies, scare tactics, brainwashing, hatred, anger, and fear. I myself have been lucky enough to escape having any dealings with the church in the future. But I pity those brought up in the church who still linger within its confines, knowing only what they have been brainwashed to believe and thinking they are truly God's only "chosen" people. My brother is one of them.—L.R., address withheld

I am writing in response to your article in the April *Penthouse* about Garner Ted Armstrong. My husband and I are mem-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

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• Rather than cruising
around town to pick up some
young stud, try awakening
the animal in your
own husband. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

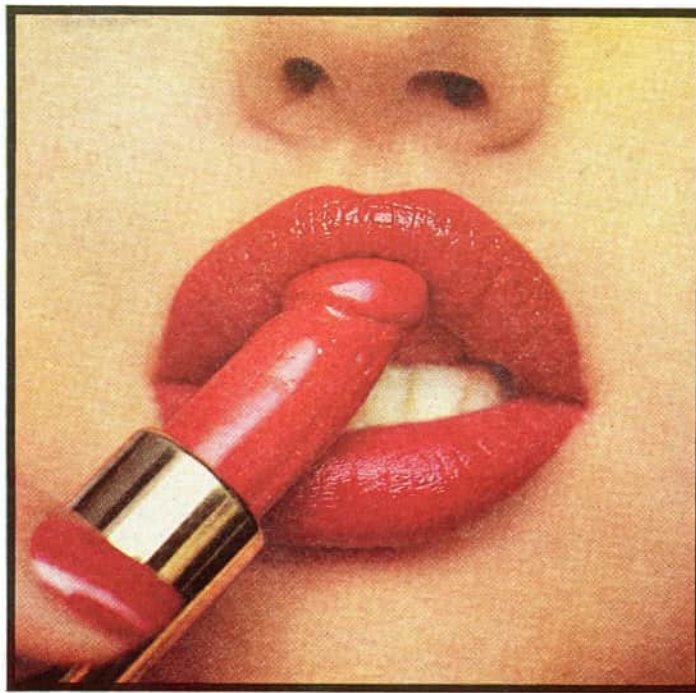
XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-five-year-old woman who for the past three years has lived with a boy, age twenty-one. The arrangement has suited me rather well for the most part. You see, I'm a fairly big woman, though I'm not exactly the beautiful-model type who attracts the big, beautiful hunk of male. Besides, I'm my own woman, and I'm not looking to share the roost with a dominating type. My live-in mate, Rick, is a gentle boy. I'm half-mother and half-lover with him. Rick has a rather menial job but has contributed what he can to the living expenses. By and large, Rick is well behaved. However, he has one habit that's bugged me from time to time. He behaves well at home or within a small group, but get him in a group of five or more people and he becomes a spoiled brat, a juvenile fool. Worse yet, he'll start insulting me, and those insults hurt a great deal.

About a year ago, after one such degrading experience, I felt I'd put up with all I could stand of this. I was really burned to a crisp by his behavior in front of many good friends. Well, when we got home, I picked up a hairbrush and literally cornered him between the end of the sofa and the television table. After I had grabbed him, I just turned him over my knee while I sat on the edge of the sofa. His legs were well anchored beneath the television table, and I pushed his head down on the sofa. After that it was a good, solid, old-fashioned spanking for him. I took his pants down and blistered his bare behind with a good fifty bristling whacks.

Rick cried for twenty minutes. But after a while he apologized, saying he had deserved the punishment. He then confided that his mother used to turn him over her knee—even when he was a senior in high school.

I told him that I loved him, but he could expect to be turned over



my knee if he ever tried making a fool of me again. Since then he's gotten a couple of spankings from me. All I have to do is say, "Take down your pants for me, or you'll be getting twice as many spankings!"

Recently, his younger sister came to visit. Tina is a cute little thing of seventeen. Somehow the conversation got around to the growing pains she and her brother had experienced at home. Suddenly, she asked me, "What do you do when my brother is naughty?" Unfortunately, I didn't think before I answered and just said, "I turn Rick over my knee and spank his bare bottom with a hairbrush." Tina clapped her hands and said, "Oh, just super. I'd love to see that."

"You're a few days late," I answered, telling her about the blistering his ass had received from me the previous Saturday.

Tina looked at her brother and said, teasingly, "Boy, look how red his face is!" Rick would rather have been dead than red.

Only then did I think how badly I'd hurt Rick. And he wouldn't speak to me for the rest of the day or the following morning. When I got home the day after that, Rick had taken his things and left. I found out where he was staying and sent him a little note of apology, telling him I didn't think he should be so embarrassed. He sent an answer: "How would you like it if I spanked your behind and told the whole world?"

I really miss Rick and have even thought of telling him that he can give me a spanking if he wants to. What do you think, Xaviera?—Ann

Your being ridiculed by him in front of friends is just as serious as your humiliating him in the presence of his sister. Rick is right: he got the punishment he deserved with your regular spankings. But now you truly deserve a punishment of your own. I'd say it wouldn't

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

be a bad idea if you received a healthy spanking for your slip of the tongue. Remember, you two may enjoy role playing whereby you take the dominant part, but don't carry a good thing too far. Rick is still young, and you may have to moderate your degree of dominance the older he becomes. He won't be your little boy forever.

THE TEASE THAT PLEASES

I'm a twenty-two-year-old, and I consider myself to be very attractive. I'm also a cockteaser. When I was in college, my friend Carol and I would occasionally go around campus braless or pantyless. The guys loved it, but that's as far as we went; we didn't have sex with any of the guys we teased. Carol and I were both virgins.

After I graduated, I took a cross-country bus ride to visit my parents in Arizona. After arriving in Tucson, I had to catch a local bus to where my folks live. There were about twenty people on the bus, and I sat in the back to smoke. Since the air conditioning was not working, I felt very hot—and the ride was going to take three hours.

Well, there was no one sitting in view of me, and since the driver couldn't see me either, I just took off my blouse and bra for some relief from the heat. Still warm, I also took off my crotchless panties. Later, when I sensed myself getting drowsy, I slipped the blouse back on but put my bra and panties into a little night case. In five minutes I was sound asleep.

When I woke up, there was this hand-

some young man sitting next to me. He really turned me on, and he was staring at my braless tits. We talked a little bit about the extreme heat in the bus. He seemed to be very shy and nervous, which turned me on even more. As an excuse to flash, I asked him if he'd mind my taking off my blouse. He nervously said he didn't mind. So I took it off! He blushed instantly, and I could see his cock harden. I soon took off my skirt, exposing my hot pussy. He was now trembling visibly.

To tease the guy even more, I pulled my knees up to my chest and inserted my finger into my pussy. Moments later, I couldn't resist putting my bare foot on the bulge in his pants. He sighed softly as my toes moved back and forth over his cock. Without further ado, I unzipped him and slowly took his eight-inch cock into my mouth as far as it would go. He came almost instantly, and we both enjoyed it.

My pussy wanted his penis so much that it was dripping onto the seat. My pubic hair looked and felt like a throbbing rain forest. But as I was about to direct his cock into my cunt, someone walked toward us at the back of the bus. We quickly dressed—he just zipping up—and luckily we were unnoticed. Unfortunately, the bus was approaching my stop, and I had to prepare to leave. No time for intercourse.

On the bus going back to the West Coast, there were more passengers, and I was sort of afraid to do any cockteasing. I did, however, get a chance to expose my

bare boobs to a passing trucker. The guy honked his horn in appreciation.

This all took place last summer. Since then I've become a full-fledged cockteaser, but I usually end up giving a good fuck to the guys I tease. Many of the guys are younger than I am and let me be the aggressor—and I enjoy it. Usually, I wear tight jeans and crotchless panties to highlight my pussy. I also wear a very tight top to accent the nipples of my braless tits. I then venture into a crowd and bump into the best-looking dudes around.

Xaviera, I greatly enjoy cockteasing, and rarely am I unsuccessful. However, if I don't do any teasing, I generally won't feel like fucking. This bothers me. Should I continue cockteasing and not worry about it being the only thing that turns me on? If I continue doing it, should I let the guy be the aggressor for a change?—K.M.

Since your story took place on a bus, I have to tell you an anecdote regarding my stay in Rio de Janeiro last February.

On my way—in a cream-colored Rolls Royce—to a masked ball, I was accompanied by two young men. I was in a crazy, exhibitionistic mood, wearing a low-cut yellow dress with lots of lace but nothing underneath. Next to our car, on the crowded avenue, was a big autobus. The bus was filled with people, and all of a sudden I got this urge to give them a little show. Quickly, I began to caress the two boys' crotches. In no time their pricks were hard, and the fellows began feeling me up. Soon my tits were hanging out of my décolleté dress, and my escorts were sucking on them as their hands groped my pussy. Well, by this time everybody watching from the bus was getting pretty hysterical. At one point, in fact, the bus almost smashed into the car in front of us—the bus driver apparently forgot to put his foot on the brake pedal. Meanwhile, my boys got me so horny, playing with my suntanned body, that I managed to have an orgasm—I'm sure my audience had something to do with that, too.

I wouldn't worry about being too much of a cockteaser. Just remember never to cry rape when some man takes you up on your overt flirting. If cockteasing turns you on, go to it. However, I wouldn't give up on other methods of self-arousal yet. They may not be so exciting as cockteasing, but they're worth trying. If at first you don't succeed . . .

SEX IN THE CINEMA

I'm married to a Methodist minister and have been for about twenty years. We're very happily married, and I might add that we have no children. But until recently I had not had much real experience with sex. My husband and I rarely have sexual relations. Then, a month ago, I went to the movies alone, and that's when all the trouble started.

I had been watching the film—an Ingmar Bergman movie—for about half an hour when a young fellow came in and sat next to me. He was quite attractive, about nine-



"You may now torture the bride."

The morning after I discovered martinis, I discovered Alka-Seltzer.



Me before Alka-Seltzer.



Me after Alka-Seltzer.

I'd really like to tell you about the stupid night I first discovered martinis... if only I could remember.

I do remember traveling with Charlie at the time. I was impressed with his knowledge of back roads and where to get the best chili in town and how to make the best out of a bad hotel. Charlie sure knew how to travel and he never traveled anywhere without Alka-Seltzer.[®]

And, boy, do I remember the next morning. I remember the shaft of light that pierced my brain as I cracked open the blinds to see where I was... or *if* I was. Then I knocked my collar pin off the dresser. I'll never forget that deafening ping as it hit the floor, and, as my hands went up to shield my ears, I knew I was in trouble.



But there was good old Charlie with his good old Alka-Seltzer.

There was another incredible din as the two tablets hit the water — plop, plop, and suddenly the room was filled with the glorious roar of bubbles — bubbles bursting, rushing to the top of the glass like a thousand gallant soldiers coming to the rescue.

I could scarcely believe the speed with which they calmed my crazy stomach and soothed my aching head. But they did, Charlie, and if you're reading this, thanks.

Today, I never travel anywhere without Alka-Seltzer. And every once in a while, I catch myself singing that stupid song: Plop plop, fizz fizz, Oh, what a relief it is... But all I can say is, it is, it is.

The Plop Plop Fizz Fizz Is Fast Fast.

Old Spice Stick Deodorant works up to XX hours.

Our lawyers will only let us tell you that Old Spice® Stick Deodorant works up to 24 hours.

In fact, on some people, Old Spice Stick Deodorant actually works up to XX hours.

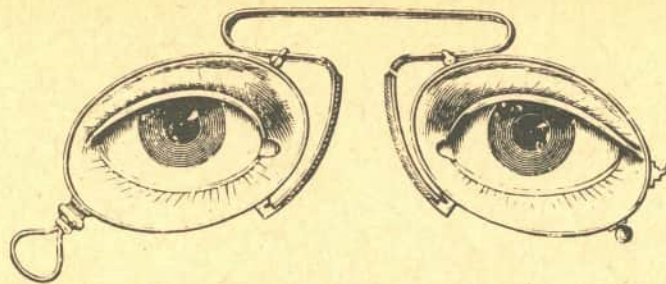
Since we can't say how many hours XX hours is, we'll just have to content ourselves with telling you this:

Old Spice Stick Deodorant gives you fresh, clean Old Spice fragrance and protection up to 24 hours.

Give or take an XX or two.

SHULTON





VIEW FROM THE TOP

A VISIT WITH GRITS

BY ARTHUR COOPER

The cherry blossoms were gloriously in bloom, but everything else about Washington was grim. The Hanafi Muslims were holding Georgetown under siege and had closed down every movie theater in town. All the fashionable bars and restaurants were empty because the media folks who frequented those places were home riveted to their TV sets, watching Barbara Walters interview Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn about their sex life. So, feeling somewhat out of sorts, I decided to wander over to the White House for an uplifting chat with Grits.

I found him where I had expected, seated at the White House switchboard, dialing out for weather reports, time checks, Henny Youngman jokes, prayers, and (long distance) Cher. He cheerfully accepted all incoming calls, including an explicitly obscene one from Ted Sorenson.

Grits escorted me into the Oval Office, and, once seated, he began to complain about the satirical column Nicholas von Hoffman had written about Washington in the April issue of *Penthouse*. So incensed did Grits become that he was soon mashing buttons on one of the thirty-six phones on his desk until he had gotten von Hoffman on the line.

"Nick, you nabob of negativism," he spluttered, "one more anti-Washington slur and I'll see to it that no one picks up your trash . . .

"Oh, they haven't, huh? Not since Thanksgiving? Well, okay. But what you say about crime just isn't true. There's very little crime here in the capital," he shouted, slamming the phone into the cradle. Grits turned just in time to see two hooligans making off with a television set, a dozen cardigan sweaters, and the presidential seal.

Immediately, the phone jangled, and Grits picked it up before the third ring.

"Hi, y'all, Anita . . .

"Dabgum, Anita! No reason to cut off the orange juice supply to the White House. You know I don't have any homos around me . . .

"Well, he may comb his hair funny, but you better be careful what you say about Billy . . ."

Slamming down the phone, Grits muttered: "A day without Anita is like a day without crotch itch."

For the next hour Grits joyously placed calls all over the nation—to Farah Fawcett-Majors, suggesting that she wear a bra; to Tip O'Neill, inquiring whether he'd heard any good Korean jokes lately; to California Gov. Jerry Brown, threatening to send locusts once the statewide drought ended; to a deranged Polish

house painter who was threatening to blow up Cicero, Ill., unless Grits learned to pronounce Zbigniew Brzezinski's name correctly.

Then, suddenly, as if possessed, Grits gently hung up the phone. His head snapped back. His eyes stared blankly into space.

"Yes, Andy," he said, as I looked around to see if someone had entered the room. No one had.

"Andy, you promised Sadat *what*? To turn Israel over to the Palestinians and relocate the Israelis to Canal Street! Good God, Andy, that's crazy . . .

"Watch it, Andy. Watch who you're calling a honky . . ."

With a shrug of resignation, Grits turned to me. "Andy and I have this ESP thing between us," he explained. "That's the only reason I keep him on. You see, when I hired him, I thought I was hiring Julian Bond."

With that, Grits pressed a button on his desk, and in a flash a person wearing a peanut costume, with the title "Under Secretary of Symbols" emblazoned on a sash, entered from an adjoining office. He placed a yarmulke on Grits's head and draped a Hebrew prayer shawl around his shoulders, departing as Grits busied himself dialing long-distance.

"Shalom, Golda . . .

"Yes, I heard what Andy said. But you know what my position is . . .

"Well, I disagree. I think Tel Aviv and Haifa are defensible borders . . .

"Oh, yeah? Well, the same to your firstborn!"

The phone rang and Grits pounced.

"Yes, Henry, I got your letter, and it's a fine résumé. But I have no openings . . .

"Yes, Henry, I know you can use chopsticks better than Cyrus, but . . .

"I can so pronounce Zbi . . . , Zeb . . . , Zub . . . Believe me, I can pronounce his name . . .

"No, Henry, I don't need a good wireman, either . . .

"Henry, persistence pays, but you're bugging me . . .

"What do you mean, who told me? . . .

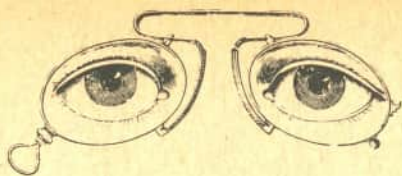
The phones jangled on throughout the afternoon, while from the lawn outside a matronly brunette of fading beauty hurled oranges through the Oval Office window.

Finally, I bade Grits good day, and he escorted me to the door.

"Mr. President," I inquired, finally getting a chance to ask a question, "to what do you attribute your great success?"

"Well," he replied, ducking an orange, "I guess it's because I've always had a dial tone in my heart."





SCENES



A BROADWAY MUSICAL

Squint hard, and Broadway looks a lot like Harlem did during its jumping 1930s heyday of black musicals and revues. Marquee lights blink down on *The Wiz* and *Bubbling Brown Sugar*, on *Your Arms Too Short to Box with God* and the black *Guys and Dolls*. *Me and Bessie* is pulling them in on the road, as are *Porgy and Bess* and two companies each of *The Wiz* and *Bubbling Brown*. Revving up in the wings for next season are *On Toby Time*, *The Josephine Baker Story*, *Aliss* (a black-and-white musical version of *Alice in Wonderland*), and *The Evolution of the Blues*.

At this very moment, five people who have contributed creatively to the black musical-theater explosion and have survived to tell the tale are telling the tale. Their project, a backstage look at the thrills and chills of creating an all-black Broadway musical with an integrated talent crew, goes by the rather clunky title of *A Broadway Musical*. (Shades of *A Chorus Line*, perhaps?) Brainstormed by Norman Kean, who produced *Me and Bessie* and *Don't Bother Me I Can't Cope* and worked as a general manager on several other black musicals, the new show is expected on Broadway sometime during the 1977-78 season. If Kean's nervous colleagues in the theater industry should let him and his collaborators live so long.

A recent work session finds the creative team all on hand: Kean, of

course, twitching with manic energy; book writer William F. Brown; director George Faison; and composer Charles Strouse and lyricist Lee Adams. With the exception of Faison, they are all white.

"Do you realize how many black shows are represented in this room?" Kean demands gleefully. They start listing their credits in a bewildering babble: *The Wiz*, *Bessie*, *Cope*, *Sizwe Bansi*, *The Island*... A black-and-white needlepoint pillow behind Charles Strouse's shoulder blade adds *Golden Boy* to the list under discussion, which the group finally abandons to pass judgment on a new song that Strouse and Adams have just finished writing, two hours ago.

The song is called "The 1934 Hot Chocolates Jazz Babies Revue," and it's gorgeous. Really gorgeous. Sitting at the piano, Strouse explains that the number will be sung by an old black song-and-dance man who is reminiscing about the era of the great black musical revues. The music has a hot-jazz rhythm and a strong melodic undertow, and the lyrics pack a lethal kick that knocks everybody out. When Strouse gets up from the piano, Lee Adams shivers and rubs his eyes. Norman Kean announces that he is crying.

A *Broadway Musical*, they say, will be the distillation of all their collective experience with black musicals. The show, which they lovingly call "the monster," features as a character a white producer, a small-time promoter out to make a buck by capitalizing on the current craze for black musicals. ("We all know a few producers like that, don't we, guys?" Lee Adams says dryly. The others snicker.)

Also getting their knocks in the show: a songwriter who is more interested in making the pop charts than in writing theatrically workable songs; a lead actor who deserts the show in midstream to make a movie; a director who has to be replaced when the show threatens to fall apart out of town; and an idealistic black playwright who lets the producer turn his serious drama into a musical.

Since it also aspires to capture the true spirit of brotherhood when people of different races work together in artistic harmony, the show will also have a lot of screaming and fighting. "We're going to expose all the dirt," George Faison promises. "Everything."

Later, away from his partners, Faison insinuates his lithe dancer's body into his low-slung MG and maneuvers a wicked turn into



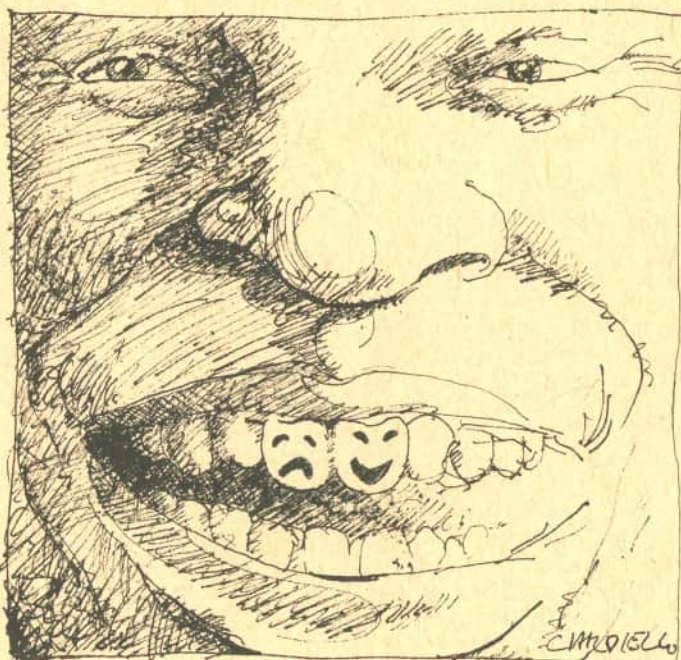
Director George Faison

the fresh air of Central Park. "You bet things have changed in the theater," he grins. "Do you really think that a couple of years ago I could be up sitting in Charlie Strouse's living room and talking creatively with those guys?"

With grave politesse, he ponders his passenger's query about the almost unnatural affability and creative harmony of the work session. "It's cool," he finally sanctifies it. "We're always building these nice little sand castles. But then I always knock them down." His grin suddenly growing devilish, he adds, "I'm trying, subversively, to do the story of *The Wiz* on them."

George Faison tells the best, the most hair-raising *Wiz* stories in town. As the show's choreographer, he "saw it all. I saw the directors come and go. I saw people fired all over the place. I saw every cliché that ever happened in any Broadway musical happen in that show. Let me tell you, it was a cold and heartless business, a ruthless trip. Making a live musical fantasy is heavier drama than Chekhov."

For Bill Brown, who wrote the book for *The Wiz*, the heaviest part of the trip was "my striking reaction to George Faison and how drastically it changed." As the only white person traveling with the show out of town, Brown experienced what he calls "reverse segregation," eating alone, keeping to his room a lot, and picking up vibrations of "resentment and antagonism" from his coworkers.



"One night," he remembers, "George Faison really tore into me. What did I really know about the black experience that I could write about it? It was a bitter meeting. It was a desperate time. Now we're partners in *A Broadway Musical*. We've learned to work together and respect each other, George and I."

Apparently unconcerned that his show is one of the models for Kean and company's backstage musical, *Wiz* producer Ken Harper reflects on past headaches. He admits that he originally tried to find a black writer for his show and couldn't. "They all wanted a big fee



Grayson and Beatty in *Sugar*

up front. At the time, the black exploitation films were really happening, and black writers were used to that kind of money." Harper had also tried to find a white director for *The Wiz*, but "they all wanted to bring their white liberalism into this pure-fantasy project. They all wanted to make their own racial statement: to integrate the show, to have a white wicked witch. All to appease their own notions of racial relevance. They didn't want to deal with the fairy tale."

Nowadays the black producer has no trouble calling his own shots. "People respect success," Harper says bluntly. "Before *The Wiz* I was just a disc jockey to them. Now everybody's jumping on the bandwagon. It's okay. That's the business ethic."

The "business ethic," the economics of the black-musical craze,



Haynes and Mills in *The Wiz*

is a subject that creeps into other producers' conversations whenever they're asked about the new détente between blacks and whites in the theater. To some of them, it's the real reason for the racial thaw that has helped to launch *A Broadway Musical*.

"Martin Bubers there aren't in this business," says Emanuel Azenberg, who has produced and managed enough shows to know whereof he cracks his jokes. "Nobody produces a musical to make a point," he scoffs. "They do it to make a buck. There weren't any black productions at all on Broadway until people discovered there was a market for them, a black audience that would come down from Harlem and pay for them. Black musicals are the fashion now because these guys have figured out that black musicals can make money. When they stop making money, people will start making something else. Chinese musicals, maybe. It's all economics."

Producer Moe Septee, a white man, also answers in the language of economics when he is asked about the new camaraderie between blacks and whites. One of the producers of *Bubbling Brown Sugar* and the black *Guys and Dolls*, Septee feels that the current détente of "cordial working relationships" is related to the increased representation of blacks in the unions. "Theater people have always assumed that there was less discrimination in their field

than in other industries. Maybe this was true out in front, with the talent—but not backstage."

In Septee's own experience, working relationships are "much more comfortable, much less cautious now" because he no longer has to deliver orders directly to black creative artists. "Now your people in authority can be black. There are many qualified black directors and managers in the unions today. As a producer, you can leave it to them to handle your problems."

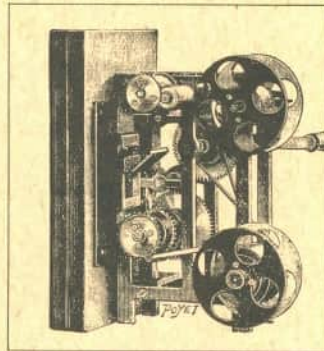
Basking in the new *entente cordiale* that has made a project like *A Broadway Musical* possible, a lot of theater people believe that the forthcoming show reflects an easing of social tensions everywhere. Others are a little more skeptical.

"The bottom-line truth of it is that there's as much posing as there is honest relationship," Emanuel Azenberg says. "This instant intimacy—it's bullshit. There are cultural differences between whites and blacks. Their color is their color, their language is not your language, and they do not live in your neighborhood. They don't eat matzo for Passover. They did not have Jewish mamas; they had black mamas. We're different. Let's acknowledge it and go on from there."

"Let's not call it lying," production stage manager and director Charles Blackwell adds. "Let's just call it STP. Everybody's taking up their Strategic Tactical Positions. It's the nature of survival in this business." Blackwell ought to know from survival. He broke into the theater with the seminal 1957 black musical, *Jamaica*, and is one of the industry's few veteran black stage managers. "People can talk friendship if it makes them happy," he says with an airy gesture, "but eventually it comes down to boss and worker. The interdependencies of mutual opportunism—that's what it's really all about."

Remembering the manic work session of *A Broadway Musical*, you can't help wishing them luck. But you also can't help wondering how much of all this will come out in their show.—Marilyn Stasio

FILMS

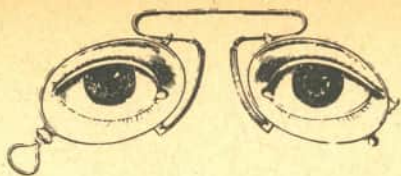


LUMINOUS LADIES

ot long past the beginning of Robert Altman's *3 Women*, after shyly aggressive Pinky Rose (Sissy Spacek), newly arrived in California from rural Texas, has worked her way into splitting the rent with Millie Lammoreaux (Shelly Duvall) on Millie's place at the Purple Sage Apartments, in the desert east of Riverside, Millie drives the girl to the apartment, where Pinky can now begin sharing in the domestic amenities of Millie's conspicuously swinging-singles life-style.

Wide-eyed at her good fortune, Pinky floats into the new apartment, led by the proud and equally pleased young Millie; and as she gazes around the bright, immaculate rooms, which are smartly done up in white, rust brown, and especially yellow (Millie's key color), she has almost no words to express—and also no way of containing—her admiration. She mumbles things like "It's beautiful!" while Millie beams back at her. And for maybe five uninterrupted minutes, *3 Women* becomes the loveliest demonstration of benign human contact I can recall having seen in an American film of the 1970s.

It's a very simple scene, and yet one enriched by its awareness of the women's feelings, their powers and vulnerabilities, their good looks, and their momentary happiness; and even by the fact that Millie, whose whole pathetic life might have been ordered out of homemakers' hints in *Redbook* or *Wom-*



an's Day, really has a flair for decorating her apartment and dressing herself.

A typical Altman trick—to turn a satirical portrait into a vignette of genuine appreciation. It is also his best kind of trick, the sort of thing that kept redeeming *Nashville* and that keeps redeeming *3 Women*—at least, until other more ominous and less interesting transformations take over and sacrifice the characters' lively subtleties in a maze of deeper meanings.

But for as long as it lasts, in this scene and throughout the long sequence establishing the relationship between the characters Millie and Pinky, *3 Women* virtually glows with a sense of hopeful, tentative contact and with the warm intelligence of two marvelous actresses and a director who knows what to do with them.



Sissy Spacek: dreamily eager

3 Women must be an especially personal project for Altman, who wrote, directed, and produced it, and who keeps submerging his happiest instincts in waves of mysterious significance. The beautiful relationships might call to mind a sunnier Ingmar Bergman, but the prevailing, blatant symbolism seems half dredged up from late Fellini. In this case the distinguished influences are not a happy combination.

Millie is a therapist at the Desert Springs geriatric center, assisting old folks through their baths and exercises. She introduces her new roommate to Dodge City, a ram-



Shelley Duvall: moving

bling bar and entertainment complex, partly in shambles, that is run by Edgar (Robert Fortier), a former TV stunt man, and his silent, very pregnant wife, Willie (Janice Rule, the third woman of the film's title). Willie paints murals, full of half-reptilian, half-human figures of a terrifying sexuality, and she paints them mostly on the sides and bottoms of swimming pools—with which the film is, not so incidentally, loaded.

One night, Millie, despondent at having to recognize once again that for all her looks and high style she is the prime reject and laughingstock of the Purple Sage single swingers, takes middle-aged Edgar to bed with her. Pinky, heartbroken, throws herself into the apartment-house pool. She is rescued, but not before she lapses into a coma from which she will awaken with a wholly new persona. She will change yet again. Millie, too, will change. Willie will give birth—to a stillborn baby—but her own transformation will be her real issue. Everyone in *3 Women* has a shadow image—a twin, a reflection, or just a friend, who may be waiting to take over one's total being. And everyone important is born again into that other manifestation that she has all along been becoming.

Fluid, the medium of birth, appears everywhere in the desert world of *3 Women*: in the baths and pools, in the Cokes and beers, in the system of tubes in the intensive

care unit that supports Pinky during her coma, in a too convenient tropical-fish aquarium through which Altman photographs some of the action, and especially in a superimposed pattern of waves that surge eerily across the screen whenever Altman wants us to know he has moved his film underwater. Mysteries of youth and age, the slow wading-pool ballet of old patients and young female therapists with which the movie begins, the disturbingly ardent lovemaking that Pinky's ancient parents indulge in when they come from Texas to visit her in the hospital—all this furnishes a potential context, a bid for meaning, with which the larger actions of the film can function.

But Altman's ambiguities are always more insistent than useful. And the mysteries—sacred mysteries—with which he loads his story at every turning point may do no more than vainly cover the fact that there is no reason for that particular turn.

At its most profound, *3 Women* seems a pretentious bother. But at its most commonplace, it is absolutely luminous. To compare the mysteries of the plot with the lucidities of the initial character portraits (fortunately, about half the movie) is to understand the difference between a false and a real sense of wonder, both in one film. The latter is as natural, and almost as miraculous, as breathing. The other is like the unintelligible rites

of some bogus religion; worst of all, it reduces to a series of gratuitous, intellectualized schemes the potential for a relationship that in human terms had been so subtle and fine.

Between Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek, I'd hate to choose. One moment I prefer Duvall for her beauty and for being able to invest her lonely, cruelly comic situation with such touching—and funny—dignity. The next moment I prefer Spacek for her dreamy eagerness (so much a part of her performance in *Carrie*) and for what begins to seem the most impressive range of any young actress in American film. Call it a draw, in *3 Women*, between two winners. But if anyone wants an excuse for perpetuating the movie industry, just giving Sissy Spacek a place to act would be excuse enough.

Thomas Tobin's *Fraternity Row* pretends to show you what it was like to be young and alive and in a prestigious eastern college in the 1950s. But as one who was young and reportedly alive and in a prestigious eastern college in the 1950s, I can assure you it's bunk. The real thing, in fact, was better—hornier, grubbier, more glamorous, funnier, and altogether more serious.

I remember a girl at a party once, peering deep into my eyes and asking in all dumb seriousness whether I was The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. Since I was wearing a



Peter Fox, Robert Oram, and Gregory Harrison in *Fraternity Row*

gray flannel suit at the time, I allowed as how I might be. *Fraternity Row* operates at about that level—the girl's, not mine. The story has to do with whether or not some bright-eyed young people should conform to fraternity-sorority pressures. It is all tied in with the curse of the McCarthy witch-hunts (though by 1954, the film's specific time, Senator McCarthy was already meeting his nemesis in the U.S. Army hearings), and it leads to an absolutely stupefying climax, with a hazing-ceremony tragedy in which the best and the brightest and most liberal of the Gamma Nu Pi pledges chokes to death on a piece of raw liver.

But the real drama in the film has more to do with whether it can find a viable meeting ground between college and "college" as it existed in those 1950s B-movies, with all the starlets bursting out of their State U. sweaters and the boys wearing turtlenecks to cover the middle-age chin sags that were already beginning to show.

Fraternity Row thus combines the worst of two worlds, being both too young and realistic, on the one hand, and spiritually too inauthentic and acne-free, on the other, ever to make the grade—despite an inundation of those magic radios that appear only in movies and that never stop broadcasting the 1954 Hit Parade's Top Ten except for an occasional Halo shampoo jingle. If you could make a movie with background effects, this might be a movie. But since you also need actors, actresses, talent, ideas, and, one hopes, a dash of passionate purpose—all of which are missing—this isn't so much a movie as it is a tribute to raw ambition, coated over with easy, nostalgic sentiment and even easier idealism. Perhaps someday Hollywood will feel enough in touch to do a movie about undergraduate life that looks as if somebody involved in the production actually went to college.

Meanwhile, you would be well advised to go the other way. Your best bet remains the Marx Brothers in *Horse Feathers*.—
Roger Greenspun

WORDS



THOSE WHO WATCH JOCKS

Sportswriting is commonly perceived by both its practitioners and its consumers to be a highly specialized form of communication. Like business writing, clinical writing, cookbook writing, automotive-repair-manual writing, and how-to-have-an-orgasm writing, it is surrounded by a penumbra of expertise and invested with what has proved to be a generally controlling mythology.

This mythology has grown from a modest kernel of truth. Knowledgeability is generally a useful commodity in writing, and the observer who has seen a thousand basketball games will notice things that he missed when he watched his first. And sports fans do include a high proportion of those whose lips move when they read, so that some strong presumptive evidence has always been available for the proposition that sportswriting must be kept simple.

The rest of it is hogwash, and even the two modest propositions I've put forward are more likely than not to prove a delusion and a snare. The trouble with knowledgeability, for openers, is that the number of gifted people who are willing to sit through a thousand basketball games, and then to write them up for money, is quite sharply delimited. That literary "processing" of an athletic event quickly becomes dreadfully boring—except to the proverbial small mind who, given a small toy,

can amuse himself indefinitely, or to that rare fanatic capable of total immersion in a sport while at the same time retaining a sharp and critical eye for its complexities. There are not, I imagine, a dozen and a half such fanatics in the entire country whose zeal is mated to any literary capability whatever. And even these elect are subject to repression—or reassignment—for failure to consider the lip movers.

To the publisher, sports represent entertainment: like the comics, a vehicle for selling newspapers to the lip movers and other insular people indifferent to the events that shape their lives. There is a natural impulse in such a situation to forbid throwing sand in the playpen.

But here we come to a paradox, for spectator sports have become the most palpable common de-

scene, contributed by other experts.

There is something splendidly decadent about all this, for sports is still just people playing games; and the investment of journalistic and literary talent in taking those games seriously is as symbiotically depraved as the mass spectatorship of the games that makes taking them seriously so profitable.

This decadence produces strange inversions of journalistic values. In the early 1960s the *Arkansas Gazette* at Little Rock was probably the best paper of its size in the country (as it still may be). The *Gazette* was also outspoken on racial issues. Yet the first contingent from its staff to hit the University of Mississippi after the violent insurrection there against racial desegregation was not a crew of race-relations reporters but of



Joe Namath: hot flashes on the gridiron

nominator shared by American males. The sports page of today is anything but a diversion from the ways of the real world, and the successful sports editor is the one who exploits as many angles as possible. Thus the ideal sports page features blow-by-blow reports of yesterday's contests, each account readily apprehensible to the lip readers; columns of "color" reportage and ideologizing that are written in real (as distinguished from sports) English; and knowledgeable commentary on the finances, politics, legal battles, player-owner standoffs, and general sociology of the current sports

sportswriters, come to chronicle the epic contest between Ole Miss and the University of Arkansas for supremacy at football.

Anyone sensitized to such dubious journalistic deployments will have no difficulty spotting scores of them nowadays. By far the largest contingent of U.S. journalists to visit Canada since that country's confederation showed up in Montreal for the Olympic games. They spent weeks stumbling over each other while, beneath their feet, the very province of Quebec trembled to secessionist impulses that went (and still go) virtually unreported.



The current crop of sports books includes some that bear, in unexpected ways, on the considerations here submitted. One of them, **Joe Namath and the Other Guys**, by Rick Telander (Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, \$7.95), is a fascinating if somewhat mushy examination of the relationship of sports and personality to entertainment and finance.

Namath, in brief, is a man of hot flashes on the gridiron, capable of brilliant passing but dreadfully uneven in his performance. For years now he has been in decline. Yet Broadway Joe rivals Babe Ruth as a drawing card, an achievement for which his escapades and commercial persona outside the stadium are clearly responsible. He is a full-fledged celebrity, one of those people who have in the past decade or so come into flower, not

Oakland may have better quarterbacks, but they don't have the media outlets or Namath's arresting personality.

Telander has also just published a much better book, **Heaven Is a Playground** (St. Martin's, \$8.95), in which he reports on the life of inner-city youngsters whose existence revolves around playground basketball courts in Brooklyn. The author, who himself was a successful football player at Northwestern, is a sharp observer with a finely tuned ear. I incline toward the suspicion that he wrote *Namath* for money and *Heaven* for love. But he is a significant new talent and a great pleasure to read.

The David Kopay Story (Arbor House, \$8.95) is, as they say, the road apple in the punch bowl of spectator sports. It is the confessional reminiscence of Kopay,



Rick Strauss

David Kopay: first to come out of the locker-room closet

interview with Lynn Rosellini of the *Washington Star*. At the time, Rosellini had just published the first extensive examination of homosexuality in sports and had interviewed some gay athletes—some of them in considerable detail—but did not have a single name to quote. Kopay was the first to come out of the locker-room closet. He brought with him the word that he had not been alone in there.

Sports officialdom reacted with an understandable hysteria. All male athletics, but especially football, are presumed to draw their power from the equation of prowess with masculinity. What are sports on television (which is where we see them these days) if not a vicarious experiencing of the achievements of supermen? If some of the supermen like to sleep with men, then whose sexual identity can be considered secure and beyond suspicion? To the American public, these seem to be rather nightmarish questions, posed at the edge of a feared and unfathomed pit.

Dorcas Susan Butt sheds some light on these matters in **Psychology of Sport** (Van Nostrand Reinhold, \$6.95, paper). She is a clinical psychologist and was Canada's top-ranked woman tennis player in 1960, 1961, and 1967.

Dr. Butt stresses that "the sexual behavior of the male athlete would be in keeping with public perception"—that is, straight. But she also

asserts with equal assurance that "the male athlete cannot be considered to have a healthy sexual adjustment." The second premise is psychology; the first is hearsay. Only guardedly does she discuss homosexual and other sexual pairings between coaches and young athletes. But on the subject on which she must be presumed best informed personally, female athletes, she reports that the emergence of lesbian ties is "extremely likely."

All this is ultimately unsatisfactory and softheaded. But I hasten to add that discussion of sexual issues is the weakest aspect of Dr. Butt's book. She is an intelligent observer and is professionally competent. She writes with a certain crispness and keeps the jargon of her profession under comparatively tight rein.

Two examples of sports (or nonreal) writing that I mention only to excoriate are **There Were Giants in Those Days**, by Gerald Eskenazi (Grosset and Dunlap, \$10), and **Red Auerbach**, by Auerbach and Joe Fitzgerald (Putnam, \$8.95). Eskenazi writes of the New York (football) Giants from 1954 to 1963 with the sensibility of a fan and the language of a hack. The Auerbach autobiography is the same sort of enterprise. I don't know whether Fitzgerald always writes this badly or couldn't get a look in on the book. For the moment, it hardly matters.—Patrick Owens



D. CAPORERA

as achievers, but as "personalities"—people somewhat larger than life and immune from its rules. Fans pay to see Namath play, not because he wins, but because he is Namath. And the New York Jets play him because people come to see him.

Namath thus constitutes a subversion of Vince Lombardi's famous maxim. For Joe and the Jets, winning is not necessarily anything much, for it is not necessary to the gate. As Telander wisely notes in this book, Namath's New York locus has been crucial to his ascension beyond the spheres of athletics and mortality. St. Louis and

who played pro football for ten years, who weighs 205 pounds, and who is a homosexual. Kopay is not Jean Genet, and neither is his coauthor, Perry Deane Young; but they have put together an intelligent and moving book that ruptures the conventional stereotypes about the playpen and about homosexuality.

Kopay's professional career foundered after he had played with the San Francisco Forty-niners, the Detroit Lions, the Washington Redskins, the New Orleans Saints, and the Green Bay Packers. He unburdened himself about his sexual preferences in 1975, in an

SOUNDS



OLD JAZZ THAT'S NEW

Ten years after his death, **John Coltrane** is still the most influential musician in jazz. The nasal-sounding, high-pitched soprano saxophone that he brought back from obscurity is now in the arsenal of virtually every reed player, and almost everyone plays it Coltrane style. In the domain of tenor saxophone, Coltrane's principal horn, his influence is equally inescapable. The band he led during the 1960s, with its thunderous drumming, Eastern bass drones, and shimmering piano, is still a standard against which jazz combos are judged.

The only other jazz musician of the last twenty years whose stature has equaled Coltrane's is **Miles Davis**. Lately, the moody, bitter-sweet sound of Davis's trumpet has been obscured by wah-wah pedals and fuzztone, and his bands have tended to parrot rock and funk clichés. But when he was making his most important recordings—the late fifties through the late sixties—Davis created works of timeless, melancholy beauty that have yet to be equaled.

The appearance of important, previously unreleased works of either of these imposing figures would be cause for rejoicing, but recently both Coltrane's *The Other Village Vanguard Tapes* (ABC/Impulse) and Davis's *Water Babies* (Columbia) were exhumed from record-company vaults. The Coltrane album, a two-record set,

dates from the 1961 engagement at New York's Village jazz spa that produced "Chasin' the Trane," "Impressions," and other masterpieces. The Davis recording comes from the late sixties, when Miles was recording *In a Silent Way*, experimenting with electronic instrumentation, and altering the face of contemporary jazz. The assisting musicians on both albums went on to become stars; Coltrane's band included saxophonist Eric Dolphy, pianist McCoy Tyner, and drummer Elvin Jones, while Davis had Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, and Tony Williams. The music these men played lives on in most of the jazz one hears today, and it is of such astonishing excellence on these two albums that one wonders why they were not released before.

Although the two Coltrane discs

together, with a few more circulating among collectors of bootleg issues. Dolphy solos on five of the six tunes on *The Other Village Vanguard Tapes*, making it an unusually important document. As Bill Cole noted in his recent book *John Coltrane* (Schirmer/Macmillan, \$12.95), "Each was so profoundly fluent on his instrument that whatever one played, it would just take the other to a higher musical level."

The Cole book is the third study of Coltrane to be published. The others, J. C. Thomas's *Chasin' the Trane* (Doubleday) and C. O. Simpkins's *Coltrane: A Musical Biography* (Herndon House), add to the mystique, clash over whether Coltrane was an evolved, spiritual man (Simpkins) or a neurotic (Thomas), and leave the reader confused. Cole's book may



Coltrane and Davis (below) in the '60s: yet to be equaled

were recorded earlier than the Miles record, the sets that they reproduce are more ambitious and challenging. The great saxophonist was breaking away from the standard song forms he had previously worked within, developing a freer, more open-ended approach to jazz improvisation. His associate in this endeavor was Dolphy, a saxophonist with a speechlike plasticity to his phrasing and a crying, wounded tone. The Coltrane-Dolphy collaboration has never been satisfactorily represented on records. In fact, there have officially been only five tracks available of the two men playing

together, with a few more circulating among collectors of bootleg issues. Dolphy solos on five of the six tunes on *The Other Village Vanguard Tapes*, making it an unusually important document. As Bill Cole noted in his recent book *John Coltrane* (Schirmer/Macmillan, \$12.95), "Each was so profoundly fluent on his instrument that whatever one played, it would just take the other to a higher musical level."

The double album reflects

Coltrane's constant concern with experimentation. On it he offers alternate, markedly different versions of such familiar themes as "Spiritual" and "India." The rendition of "Spiritual" that takes up the entire fourth side of *The Other Village Vanguard Tapes*—there is a shorter "Spiritual" on side one—is a marvel of sustained intensity and invention, with Garvin Bushell providing a deep, spooky croaking on contrabassoon under tenor and soprano solos by Coltrane and a squiggling bass-clarinete improvisation from Dolphy. On "India" the instrumentation of the Coltrane quintet is expanded to include a Middle Eastern oud, an oboe, and an added bass. Throughout the album the music's celebratory energy is matched by a feverish sense of discovery.

Miles Davis's *Water Babies* is a cooler, more reflective album. Five of the six compositions were written by saxophonist Wayne Shorter, who went on from the Davis band to help found one of the most creative jazz-rock groups of the seventies, Weather Report. They reflect his concern with crisp, clipped melodic statements and mysterious harmonic undercurrents. On his "Water Babies," for example, the mood of a bright, skipping tune for trumpet and tenor saxophone is darkened by an ominous rumbling in the lower range of Herbie Hancock's piano; Tony Williams keeps an aquatic swishing going on his cymbals throughout the piece. "Dual Mr.

Tillman Anthony," the only Davis composition included,

Kwame Brathwaite





Aaron Morley

"Queen of the neighborhood"

is more overtly emotional—almost a rhythm-and-blues piece, in fact. Williams really displays his mastery here, socking out a back beat while embroidering a tricky filigree around it. Davis steps out with a stabbing, incisive trumpet solo—one of his best from this period—and Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea interact with salutary keyboard subtlety.

These recordings sound uncompromisingly modern despite their age, and there are lessons to be learned from them. By using electronics selectively, along with acoustic instruments, Miles Davis was able to achieve a clarity and definition in his work that later jazz-rock, including his own recent albums, lacks. The selfless give-and-take between his musicians is equally exemplary, especially when one contrasts it with the going-for-myself attitude of so many modern jazz-rockers. The Coltrane album, too, is notable for its freshness and innocence. Many of the devices and practices that Coltrane introduced—the hypnotic one-chord vamps, the fierce, overblown shrieks on the saxophone—have been driven into the ground by less capable players, but here they are still capable of eliciting awe. A. B. Spellman once wrote that Coltrane was "cultivating the marvelous," and one still marvels at these performances, sixteen years after they were recorded.—Robert Palmer

FLAME AND FORTUNE

Every month the record industry's list of new releases primarily comprises first albums by unknowns, who are seeking to make themselves very well known. For these new groups and artists, this is the make or break point, and their debut is accompanied with the usual publicity, invariably claiming that the unsuspecting world is about to experience another musical revelation, sometimes even a complete renaissance.

All this hype lasts a very short while, however, if the records don't catch on. Then the fanfare dies down to a few coughs as the dust settles and the hopes and hopefuls return to whence they came: the record business's twilight zone. Out of nowhere into nowhere.

One group waiting to see if they catch fire is **Flame**, five men and a female vocalist who are all from New York. Flame's first LP is titled *Queen of the Neighborhood*. The album is more than surprisingly good for a first effort—it's surprisingly good by any standards. Not since Bruce Springsteen exploded into our consciousness with *Born to Run* (and certainly more so than Johnny and the Asbury Dukes, Patti Smith, Boston et al.) has a pure rock-'n'-roll group been so good.

From the first song, the album has a raw and original sound to it. Each track is an independent, ambitious capsule of rock. As a whole,


the album shows that it has roots stretching beyond neighborhood streets back to the beginnings of rock. But Flame plays from the streets all right—the music sometimes actually brings the chill of outdoors inside.

Since talent is no guarantee of making it in today's pop world, it's not enough to say that Flame abounds in it or that their songs "Beg Me" (the group's single), "Long Time Gone," and "Queen of the Neighborhood" are refreshing rock anthems. Flame deserves to make it. The record business needs more groups like this to restore some of its leaking vitality.

Most of the vitality of Flame's performance is put there by lead singer Marge Raymond, an incredible vocalist who goes at musical notes as if she were wreaking vengeance on them. A lesser vocalist could never give the group the distinct sound that Raymond does. Her presence is magnetic, and she sings and looks like a diamond in

the rough.

The man who translates Flame's raw sound into the finished cut is the group's producer, arranger, and manager, Jimmy Iovine. Iovine, who has already engineered for John Lennon and Springsteen and who is currently Patti Smith's producer, is one of the youngest and hottest new producers on the circuit and has the same sort of musical vision that distinguished Phil Spector in his early career. It was also Iovine who brought the band together, and even he was pleasantly surprised by the group's first results. Was *Queen of the Neighborhood* a fluke? "No," he replies. "I just didn't think we'd get it together this quickly."

Of course, Flame hasn't made it yet. But their record company, RCA, is genuinely enthused about the group, and that's an encouraging sign. This is one lick of musical fire that really deserves to catch.—Bob Guccione, Jr. 



Aaron Morley

Marge Raymond and Flame: waiting to see if they catch fire

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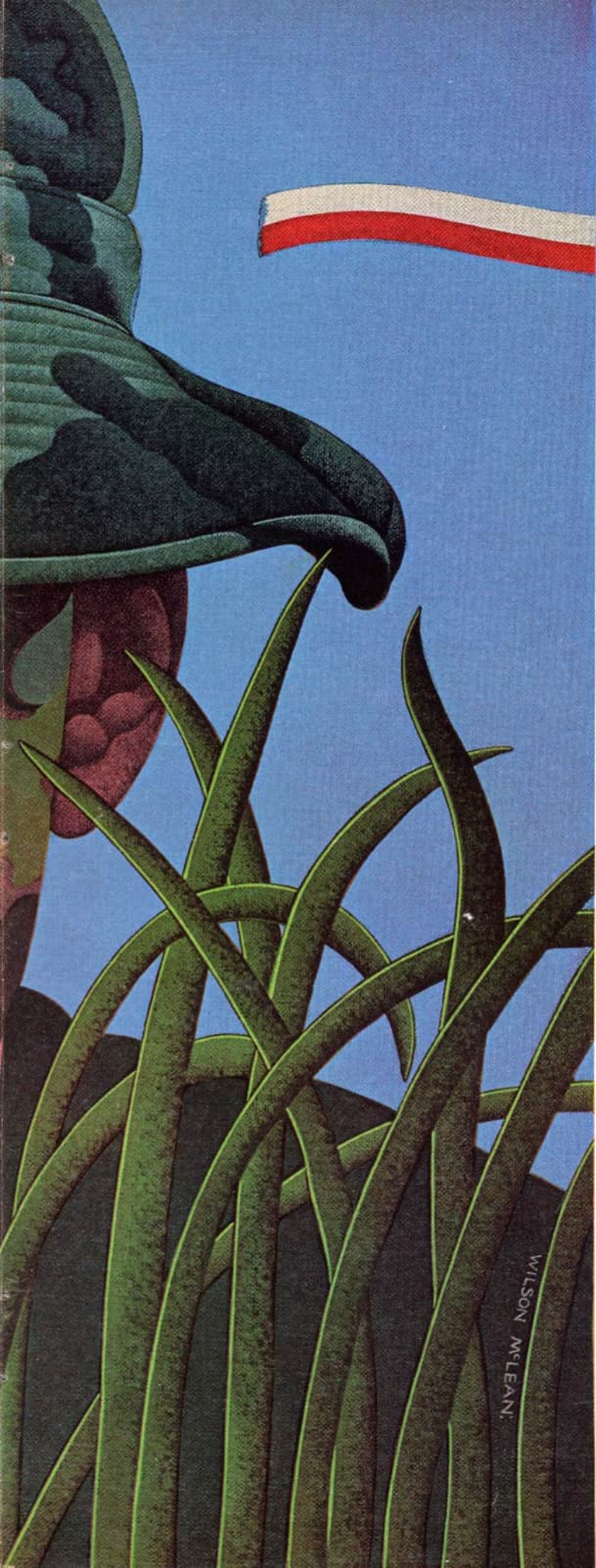
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In Vietnam they were killers, as
civilians they were
bored stiff. So hundreds of blooded grunts
went looking for another fight—and
they found it in Rhodesia.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

BY JOSEPH B. TREASTER

SALISBURY, Rhodesia—They never felt so alive, as when they were looking death in the face in Vietnam. They'd gotten to like being shot at and shooting back, wading through the paddies, and walking for days, bent under a heavy pack, lying stone-still half the night in ambush.

When the rest of America had had enough and the war had staggered to a halt, the fellows who'd pulled two, three, even four and five tours in Vietnam, felt lost. They came home halfheartedly to jobs as bartenders and shipping clerks, parking-lot attendants, whatever they could pick up with résumés that began "high-school graduate" and ended "squad leader, infantry; special knowledge: heavy weapons, demolitions." Some couldn't find work. Some went back to school. But nothing they did had the zing of combat.

"It's all a matter of what your occupation is," said twenty-seven-year-old Thomas Dillon, who literally grew up in the Vietnam War. "Once you're doing it long enough, it's your occupation. Mine is soldiering. There's nothing else I can do."

It's taken a while, but Dillon and several hundred other Americans have found a place where they can practice their trade. They've signed on as regular soldiers for the southern African country of Rhodesia, fighting to keep in power a government of white settlers which rules a population that is 95 percent black.

The U.S. government frowns upon Americans serving in Rhodesia, but whether or not it is a punishable offense has not been definitively tested. Because of this uncertainty, the mercenaries interviewed for this article requested that their names be changed.

There is no end in sight to the war. Rather, it has become increasingly bitter during the last six months as efforts by the United States and Britain to bring about a negotiated settlement have failed. The gravest fears of the Rhodesians are that Cuban or other foreign troops will enter the fighting on the side of the guerrillas, as happened in Angola, spreading the war—now confined generally to the borders—throughout the country. Already white settlers are fleeing the country at an average of 1,100 a month.

There are estimated to be at least 450 Americans in the Rhodesian army, and more are arriving every week. The Americans form the largest group in a total of about 1,250 foreigners in the 25,000-man army, followed closely by Englishmen, then by a variety of Europeans. Most are single, between nineteen and forty years old. But a few have taken wives and children to Rhodesia.

Besides their love of wartime military life, most of the Americans and other foreigners fighting in Rhodesia have another thing in common: they hate communism. And for them, that is the issue in Rhodesia. With these soldiers, the argument doesn't cut that the blacks are fighting to determine their own destiny, to be able to vote and own property without restrictions and go to the same schools and hospitals as do the whites. They believe, as the white government contends, that most blacks are happy with things as they are, that only a few want radical change, and that this small group is being manipulated by Communists who hope eventually to rule the country. The radical blacks are taking weapons from the Communists now, the government says, and later they will be taking political orders.

"I've not been one to fall for this black nationalism bit," said one American. "You look at all the countries that've been liberated with Communist help. They've all gone down. They've not been liberated, really. They've just got a worse kind of bondage."

Most of the Americans in Rhodesia believed that they were in Vietnam to stop communism, and they are bitter that "the

politicians" made them give up the fight when they thought they were winning.

"We didn't lose a single battle, and those assholes made us get out," Dillon said one morning as he tossed down Lion beers with half a dozen other foreign soldiers in the lounge of the Ambassador Hotel in Salisbury. "In 1971 and 1972 we had complete control of that country, and we just left. We just quit because of politics and to save somebody's ass. Peace with honor, bullshit. They sold us up the river, man. We won the war. We won, and they sold us out—made it look like we lost. One minute we thought we had won the war; the next thing we were on a plane heading home, and they said we'd lost—some little North Vietnamese son of a bitch checking our names off as we got on the plane, and he probably wasn't within 100 miles of the fighting. The little son of a bitch. He's lucky I didn't grab him by the neck and kill him."

As Dillon talks, he is like a glow plug, setting off explosions in the other soldiers. Across the table cluttered with beer bottles, the face of Robert Kaplan, Jr., a thirty-two-year-old former marine with three Purple Hearts from Vietnam, is reddening, his jaw twitching.

"You could even say I'm over here for revenge from 'Nam," he says. "They fucked us over in 'Nam. All them people died for nothing—50,000. They're Communists, all of 'em. I don't care what color they are. There's nothing worse than a Communist, than a Communist sympathizer. Comrade Tunney, Comrade Kissinger, and the rest of them fucks. I want to fight a fucking war we can win. I'm tired of losing because the

political bosses don't have the balls. We've got a government here that wants to fight, even if the American government is too chicken-shit to get off their asses."

Rhodesian officials insist that the Americans fighting for them are not mercenaries, because they join the service for a minimum of three years, as Rhodesian citizens do, and they get the same pay, which is about \$338 a month for a private and ranges from \$895 to \$988 for a captain. But to many of the Americans, the Rhodesians seem to be playing with words.

"If they want to believe they don't hire mercenaries, that's up to them," said Dillon. "We're mercenaries."

"We're gentlemen at large," said another American. "We're no different from the guys working for I.B.M. in Venezuela. They kill by computer. We use rifles."

Dillon, who is tall and slender and has a sandy bush of a mustache, spent eleven days as a mercenary in Angola before he joined the Rhodesian army, and he figures that there will be more mercenary work for him somewhere after Rhodesia.

He first went to Vietnam as an eighteen-year-old paratrooper. As with so many of the Americans now fighting in Rhodesia, the peculiar world of fire bases and C-rations, search-and-destroy missions and air assaults, close buddies and dead buddies, became Dillon's home. The army was his family and teacher. After he had spent three years in the war, a colonel told him and his best friend that they'd been "running around here like wild animals for too long" and sent them back to the States. "But," said Dillon, "we were back over there

ROBERT BROWN CAN MAKE YOU A KILLER

Robert K. Brown is tilting back in a little stenographer's chair, his cowboy boots up on his desk. The green beret that he wore in Vietnam is dangling from a metal bookshelf lined with such titles as *Coup d'état*, *A Practical Handbook*; and *Living with Terrorism*.

"This country's becoming filled with pussies," he says with disgust, "a bunch of spineless nambypambies who wouldn't fight if their lives depended on it." Foreign policy has gone wrong, too, he says: "You can't assume the other guy's going to be a nice guy. People who believe that you can have got their heads up their ass so far they can't see daylight."

He pauses to pack a fingerful of Skoal snuff into his lower lip. "I have as little respect for conservatives as I have for the liberals: no balls. They all run off at the mouth," he says. "But when you say, 'Hey, give us some money so we can run over and hit Cuba,' they just say, 'Oh, we couldn't do that.' Sorry, fuckers."

Brown himself is clearly no pussy. He's not very big—perhaps five feet ten inches and 175 pounds, but he's cocky to the point of combativeness. He jogs and swims to stay trim, doesn't smoke, and rarely drinks. When he leaves home in Boulder, Colo., for New York or Chicago, he often packs a custom-built 9 mm automatic. He's proud of the shrapnel that he caught in Vietnam and not completely embarrassed when he admits he spent years in the 1960s cooking up schemes to harass Fidel Castro.

At forty-four, he's had all kinds of he-man jobs: ranch hand and logger, armored-car guard, forest-fire fighter, private detective, and others. And now he's the publisher of a magazine called *Soldier of Fortune*, which tells more about mercenaries and the high adventure of smoking rifle barrels and reeking corpses than any other periodical that has ever hit the streets of America. The magazine is Brown himself speaking, firing from the gut with what's right about

America. We could have won it in Vietnam, we could have pulled it out for those boys in Angola, and we ought to be in Rhodesia right now. It is the disappointed patriot finding words.

More than half of Brown's readers are men with military experience, and most of these men are Vietnam veterans, he says. "There's an enormous feeling that we were sold out in Vietnam," Brown says, "and that's what has got a lot of Vietnam vets interested in this kind of activity . . . a feeling of frustration over Vietnam."

The magazine is put together—reported and written—by men who have spent a good deal of their adult lives sallying forth to Latin America, Africa, and Asia, flying bush planes, jumping out of transports, creeping along damp jungle floors, playing at commando games with real bullets, with hand grenades and chunks of plastique that leave bodies looking like hamburger. There's never enough money in this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122



**You know it's just a matter of time.
You're a white rum drinker.**



White rum and tonic

You never were short on confidence. You're used to following your feelings—and being right.

You used to be a gin and vodka drinker, but when you discovered something better you didn't care what everyone else was drinking.

You made the break to white rum. Not just to be different. But because you always appreciated things made with extra care.

All white rum from Puerto Rico is aged for a full year or more.

Gin and vodka, on the other hand, are not aged at all.

The extra care that white rum gets results in a smoothness you won't find in gin or vodka.

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To a white rum drinker it's no surprise when everything goes smoothly.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



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Don't let the squeeze you

Well friends, you heard what the man said. Some sacrifices will have to be made.

But getting into a Volkswagen won't be one of them.

Volkswagens may look like small cars, but only on the outside.

Inside is another story altogether.

A VW Rabbit, for example, has (incredibly!) more space for people than 19 other cars in its class, including Monza, Mustang, Pinto, Sunbird, Datsun F-10, and Toyota Celica.

The Rabbit also has (shockingly!) more trunk space than 34 other cars, including Cadillac Seville, Thunderbird, Camaro, Monza, Nova, Comet, Star-

fire, Firebird, Skylark and Ventura.

These are official U.S. Government statistics, by the way, published in the official Environmental Protection Agency 1977 Gas Mileage Guide.

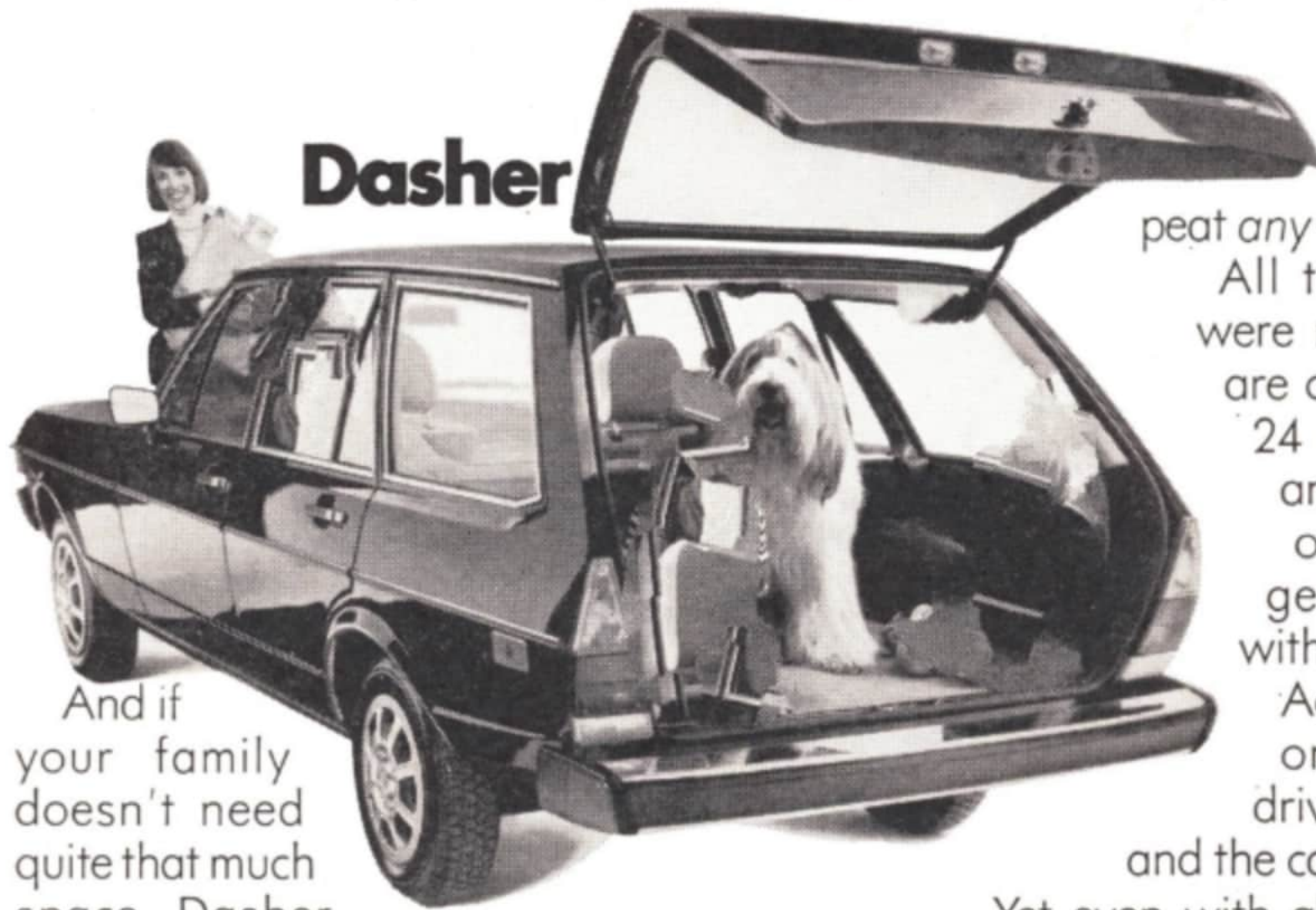
The Rabbit also goes like a bat out of you-know-where. From 0 to 50 in 7.7 seconds is sports car performance.

Moving along smartly to our Dasher. We hope you'll be floored to learn that the VW Dasher Wagon, according to the same EPA guide, has more trunk space than any wagon in its class made by any other manufacturer. Meaning General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, Datsun, Toyota.



Rabbit

energy crisis into a small car.



Dasher

And if your family doesn't need quite that much space, Dasher also comes in a beautifully appointed 2-door Hatchback and 4-door Sedan. Yet both Dashers have way more passenger room *and* trunk room than *any* Japanese car in their class and more than most American cars in their class.

Finally, Scirocco. The VW Scirocco is a true sports car that can bring home 16 cubic feet of stuff on Saturdays and racing trophies on Sundays.

Scirocco is just something else, beating everything in its class (and a lot of other classes). Yet it has more trunk space than any—repeat—any



Scirocco

car in its class made by any—repeat *any*—manufacturer.

All the new Volkswagens were made for the times that are on us now. All three get 24 MPG in the city, Rabbit and Scirocco get 37 MPG on the highway, Dasher gets 36. (EPA estimates with standard transmission. Actual mileage depends on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the car's condition.)

Yet even with all this economy, there is nothing quite like them for their combination of handling, performance, reliability, safety, space and just plain wisdom of design.

You're going to appreciate them. Better still, you're going to love them.



in two months." He left the army in 1973 and worked first as a security guard at a nuclear-power plant in California and then spent the next couple of years working as a bartender in Hawaii.

One day he saw an article about a fellow who was recruiting mercenaries in Fresno. By the time he got over to California, the recruiter was already on his way to Africa. So Dillon borrowed some money and caught a plane himself. He landed in Johannesburg, South Africa, and went around to the Diplomat Hotel. The bartender, a man named Rocky, was the secretary of the Wild Geese Club, the mercenary club founded by Michael Hoare, who gained notoriety during the last days of the Congo.

Through the Wild Geese Club Dillon met half a dozen other Americans, and together they decided to go up to Kinshasa, Zaire, where mercenary operations in Angola were being staged, to see if they could get in on the action. They were hired as "advisers" to conduct weapons training and battle drills. But there wasn't much direction, and the troops weren't very much interested. One morning the Americans woke up and found themselves alone. They caught a tugboat across the Zaire River, then flew down to Johannesburg. Their Angolan adventure was over. Out of money and needing a job, Dillon made his way up to Rhodesia. After a thirteen-week refresher course, he was out in the bush again.

Kaplan, who comes from Fremont, Calif., had been thinking about going to Angola, too. But he hadn't been able to work out the financial arrangements. One night he received a telephone call saying that people from the State Department were asking questions about his trying to recruit a friend in Detroit as a mercenary, and twelve hours later he was on a plane to Salisbury.

Everyone had a story about how he'd gotten to Rhodesia. But many of the Americans had learned about the "opportunity" the same way: by reading *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, which is published in Boulder, Colo., by Robert K. Brown, another Vietnam veteran, mercenary buff, and fellow adventurer (see companion article). I met several other adventurers, like Bill Richards, a former Vietnam helicopter pilot who had taken a master's degree in modern European history but had found university life too prosaic to go on for his doctorate. They said that they'd come across a classified ad which Brown used to run in gun magazines: "Wanted: Mercenaries Now." For five dollars Brown sold them the standard information packet that the Rhodesian government would have sent them free if they had only known where to write. It was a rip-off, but only the State Department seemed to mind and pressured him to stop. Curious Americans were getting the addresses they wanted, and the Rhodesians were getting fresh recruits.

One afternoon, not far from Salisbury, at the headquarters of Grey's Scouts (the Rhodesian mounted infantry unit), I found a former Special Forces sergeant stripped to

the waist in front of a flaming pit, hammering out glowing red horseshoes. He also had been thinking about going to Angola, but he'd heard that Rhodesia was "where it was happening." So he thought he'd give it a try.

"Except for the two years in Vietnam and the time I've spent over here," he said, "I've been bored all my life." He wiped sweat away from his eyes. "You're never more alive than when you're close to death."

Not all the Americans in the Rhodesian army are Vietnam vets. Some of them are young men who missed Vietnam and figured that Rhodesia would be a good place to test themselves. "Basically, I wanted to see how I would do in combat," said Gary Peretz, a twenty-six-year-old glazier from Rochester, N.Y. "I like to get thrills. I wanted to see how much I could take." For a boy who was from Cleveland, the son of a lawyer and a schoolteacher, and who spent four years as a clerk in the peacetime marines, going to Rhodesia was simply a

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If I shot a black
anywhere
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legally.

●

"romantic type thing to do."

Walter Compton, a twenty-six-year-old Australian, had a year and a half in Vietnam with the Australian forces. But that has little to do with the reason why he is in Rhodesia.

"I'm a racist," he said as the waiter at the Ambassador Hotel exchanged a table top of empty beer bottles for full ones.

"Come on, man, get off that shit," someone around the table said, popping Compton on the knee.

"No, I'm serious," Compton insisted. "They give the abos [aborigines] equal rights. They run around sucking dingo pups on their tits. And they expect me to get up on a table and tell them I'm the same as these people. Well, I'm bloody not, man."

"Put it this way," he said, coming to the point about Rhodesia. "If I shot a black in Australia or New Zealand or anywhere else in the world, they'd put me in jail for twenty years. Here I can do it legally."

Dr. Chaim F. Shatan, who is a professor of psychoanalysis at New York University, has studied more than 145 Vietnam veterans in an attempt to understand their difficulties in adjusting to civilian life and to learn what it is that continues to lure them back to the battlefield. Guilt is a strong factor, he says,

and akin to the guilt is a striving for revenge. In addition, he says, there is an enormous sense of power that can come from killing someone, and there is also a sexual aspect.

Many men back home from the war whom Dr. Shatan talked with were extremely restless. "Nothing seemed to satisfy them," he said. "It was the same feeling they had felt when they were waiting to go into combat. It was not boredom, not anxiety, but a feeling that they were going to jump out of their skins. The only thing that had relieved this in the past had been combat. So they have the feeling that they can find relief if they can get back to combat. If they can't, they get into a fight. They try to hurl someone down a flight of stairs or attack someone."

Related to the desire for revenge, the psychologist continued, "is a feeling that they've left guys they knew behind and then found out they were blown away. They can't get over this grief and shame. So they go back into combat to expiate that guilt and shame."

"The important thing," he said, "is that they're avenging a buddy's loss. If they can't get the actual people who got him, at least they get somebody."

The best-kept secret of combat, Dr. Shatan said, "is not only that it gets the adrenaline flowing, but also that it's a sexual hormone." As an example, he told about a helicopter gunner whom he knew. The gunner saw a man running in a field, and he opened up with his machine gun. The slugs were chopping up the rice . . . over the guy's head at first . . . then lower, but too far behind. Now the gunner had the range, and he was coming up on the guy's heels.

"The moment the guy blew up," Shatan said, "the gunner had an erection."

Many of the Americans see Rhodesia as a scaled-down Vietnam War. But there are many differences. As in Vietnam, the ambush is one of the favored tactics of both sides. But much more so than in Vietnam, the day-to-day action is at close range. One training officer said that most of the kills occur at six feet.

In Vietnam, less than half the size of Rhodesia, the Americans poured in hundreds of thousands of troops and went after the guerrillas with a giant, steel mallet. In Rhodesia they are doing so with tweezers. The total white population is only about 270,000—men, women, and children—or about half the size of the American military force in Vietnam at its peak. The Rhodesians field a combined force of about 50,000 men, about equally divided between the army and the national police, and they face an estimated 10,000 to 11,000 insurgents.

The Rhodesians have only a handful of helicopters and outdated bombers; and when they want to drop napalm, which they call Fantan, they release it from little, prop-driven observation planes. Their only artillery—artillery was one of the Americans' favorite jungle shredders in Viet-

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time, Mrs. Kalish, look around before you bend over."

nam—consists of a few World War II—vintage twenty-five-pound guns.

They go looking for guerrillas in "sticks" of four and five men, compared with squads of ten or twelve Americans in Vietnam. In a typical operation half a dozen sticks will set out across a sector. If one of them makes contact with a large group of guerrillas—which is rare—they will call for reinforcements, who will dash in by helicopter or, sometimes, on horseback. But often an engagement will stop and start with one stick. Someone will spot a knee or an elbow jutting out from a bush along the trail and snap off a fast shot. One guerrilla may be down, perhaps, but three or four others are off and running. If the guerrillas are lucky and manage to put some distance between themselves and their pursuers, the government forces will bring in one of their special weapons: a tracker, that is, a soldier who has been trained to pick up the faintest footprints and follow them as if he were tracking a wild animal. When guerrillas are captured, they will be interrogated. Then, one senior officer said, "they normally get hanged."

The Rhodesian forces not only count bodies, as they did in Vietnam, but also photograph and fingerprint the corpses and, when they can, notify the next of kin of the death. They are not particularly motivated by kindness, of course, but do so to make this point: your son is dead; was it worth it? The soldiers themselves say that they could do without this psychological weapon. "You got to carry these fucking guys out, and they smell like hell," said a Scotsman who learned his soldiering with the British forces.

Most of the Americans are assigned to the Rhodesian Light Infantry battalion, which forms the hard core of the army's strike force. Some are also in the Special Air Services, a unit somewhat akin to the American Special Forces.

It is not clear whether any Americans belong to the Selous Scouts, a highly classified unit of about 200 men, both black and white. They speak African dialects and, like the small teams that the Central Intelligence Agency operated in Vietnam, specialize in long-range reconnaissance, infiltration of guerrilla units, and behind-the-lines commando attacks. The Selous Scouts stay in the field for days on end without bathing or shaving, and some of the other soldiers have taken to calling them "the walking armpits." Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns with silencers and piano-wire garrotes are reportedly among the equipment they carry. At times they are also said to dress in guerrilla uniforms—which often are no more than blue jeans and denim work shirts—and arm themselves with the Communist-made AK-47 rifles that the guerrillas carry. On raids into Mozambique, where most of the guerrillas are based, the Selous Scouts reportedly have been mistaken as fellow Freedom Fighters, sometimes driving into camps and opening fire, as amazed guerrillas were standing in parade formation.

Everything considered, it is still a very small war, with fewer than 4,200 deaths in more than four years of fighting. That figure includes about 2,360 guerrillas, 250 government soldiers, 1,500 black civilians (some of whom were killed by government forces, others by guerrillas), and 70 white civilians. And many of the Americans complain that they're not seeing enough action. They have nothing good to say about the guerrillas, whom they call "terrorists." In the first place, like all guerrillas, they are hard to find. But worse, say Americans and the others, when they do flush the guerrillas, they rarely stand and fight.

"They just fire generally in your direction as they're retreating," said Gary Peretz. "You don't even get scared because you know they're not going to hit you. They're terrible."

"They're not a pimple on a guerrilla's ass," Thomas Dillon growled. "A guerrilla in my book is a soldier. All these people know how to do is run around and scare people."

“Basically,”
said one young mercenary,
“I like to
get thrills. I wanted
to see
how much I could
take.”

The white government has reported dozens of cases of mutilation of villagers by the guerrillas in an apparent attempt at intimidation. In a number of ghastly instances, the lips, ears, and private parts of men suspected of giving military information to the government are reported to have been cut off. Then the wives of the victims have been forced to cook and eat the flesh. The government denies that its own troops have committed atrocities. But the Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace in Rhodesia says that government troops have beaten villagers and applied electric shock to them to squeeze out intelligence about the guerrillas. Sometimes villagers have been killed during these interrogations, the commission says. In addition, nearly 200 villagers who apparently had no connection with the guerrillas have been shot to death because, the government maintains, they were violating the curfew.

It is late on a Saturday night, and the bar in the Elizabeth Hotel, one of the few places in Salisbury where people of all races can mix, is jammed with sweating bodies—black whores, amateurs looking for a good time, working-class men, black, white,

Asian. The bar is supposed to be off limits to the military, but nobody bothers the two American soldiers with me. At one end of the bar there is a kind of dark pocket. Dillon, Peretz, and I drop into it.


Another American soldier and a former sergeant in the British army join us. Both of them have 9 mm automatics wedged under their belts in the back of their pants. They are both happy and excited. "We just saved this black lady's life," the American says. "We came around the corner, and this dude was beating the shit out of her, right there in the street. We jumped out of the taxi and put a little metal up against his head. We said, 'Get the hell out of here!' and he ran like a bastard. You should have seen his face." These boys had done a good deed: they had helped someone in trouble. That's the way most of them see themselves: good guys fighting for a good cause.

Twenty-seven-year-old Fred Williams, formerly of Texas, the marines, and the foreign legion, is shouting into my ear: "I've been standing at the airport when places like this have fallen. The people here think they're going to get their money to England and get out. But it never happens that way. The European guys, the mercenaries, and we will probably stay, 'cause we're gonna rip off as much as we can. If the Rhodesians are willing to pay us, we'll stay as long as we can. Even the extremists will probably hire some of the mercenaries to try to keep order."

Gordon Painter joins us. As a Special Forces sergeant, he says, he led Asian mercenaries on raids far into Laos and North Vietnam. Eventually, he says, he was commissioned in the field as a captain. He spent some time at the Special Forces training center in Panama and then knocked around for a couple of years as a bush pilot. He also managed to get a bachelor's degree in political science and journalism. A little more than a year ago, he says, he signed a contract to work for \$3,500 a month in Angola. But when he landed in Kinshasha, he ran into an old friend, Daniel Gerhart, who was later captured and executed after a widely publicized trial. "He told me to get the fuck out of town," Painter recalled. "These people don't know what they're doing. I got a ticket to Joburg and took the next flight out. Then in a bar I ran into a guy who'd deserted from the Rhodesian army. He said they needed people up here."

Like so many of the other Americans in Rhodesia, Painter considers himself a "professional soldier." But he seems somewhat more introspective than the others. He seems to know what is driving him and what drives the other professional soldiers.

"I like to think," he says rather deliberately, "that the professional soldier fights, not particularly for monetary gain, but with the satisfaction of a job well done."

"He's a technician," Painter continues, "like a good diamond cutter or a jewel thief. The guy is particularly expert in one field. A man likes to do something he can do well. He has value, personal worth." 



LYNN

“I really do
understand sex. I’m
passionately
aggressive in bed—
I could go on
all night long...”



Americans seem to be returning to fundamental values, and lovely Lynn Donahue is no exception.

"One of my goals is marriage, which, I know, makes me old-fashioned. I also really want to have kids someday. If I don't, I'll feel that I have failed in life."

These are sedate words

for a member of our free-wheeling, sexually liberated society, but California-born Lynn is a truly natural woman. "I've turned into a real country girl," says this nubile 36-23-35 Virgo. "I was raised in the city, but now I love camping, sailing, and just being close to nature."

NATURE GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



☛ I'd like to have one guy going down on me and another guy inside me at once. . . . ☛







"I like looking sexy. I never wear nightgowns. I go more for sexy bras and panties. You know, the see-through kind. I put them on and go over to my boyfriend's

house, lift up my skirt, and say, 'Look what I just bought.' He always grabs me. I also like low-cut sexy bikinis and tight T-shirts with nothing at all under them."



"I like sex to be different all the time," says twenty-year-old Lynn. "When I was sixteen, I never experienced orgasms. Sex was just loving and closeness.

But at nineteen I started having orgasms, and now I really do understand sex. . . .

I'm passionately aggressive in bed—I could go on all night long. I

don't think that there's anything I haven't done. . . . I

even read books in order to learn new techniques. But sex without love or caring is not for me.

I've had a few experiences of that kind, and I hated them."

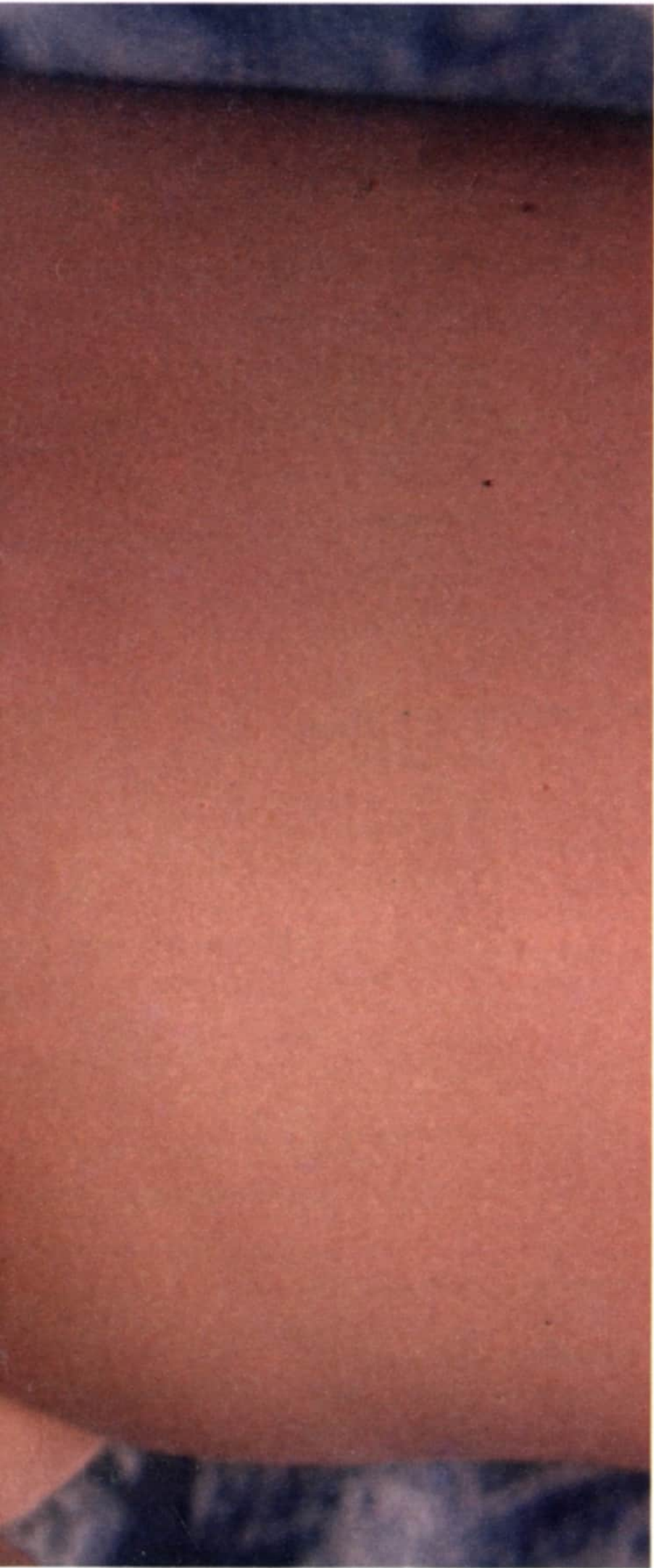






"I like men to act like men but have a bit of the little boy in them. Sophisticated men bore me, and I hate snobs. I love sandy hair and big, green eyes and tiny butts. A tiny butt

is so cute! I don't like it when a guy gets serious right away or if he's just after a piece of ass. I'm very free when I go out casually, but with a real boyfriend I can get very possessive."

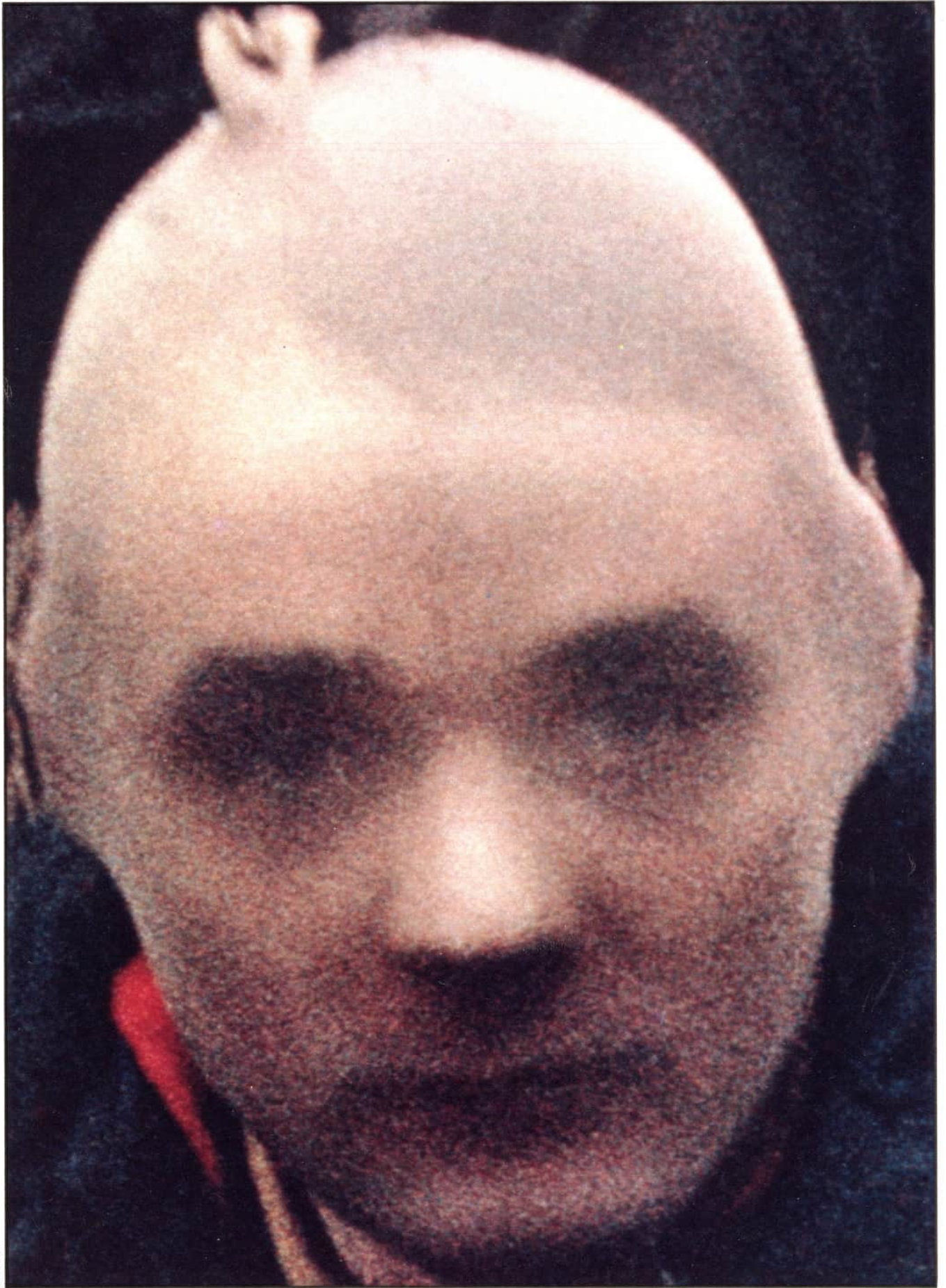




"I'd like to have one guy going down on me and another guy inside me at once. My best orgasms are when someone's going down on me. It would be great to have both experiences at once! I'd also like someone to be very aggressive with me in bed. What a turn-on!" If this is old-fashioned, we'll take a dozen.

O+E





Black Star

● We have clearly stated that
military, judicial, political, and economic
targets are all
within our brief at this point in time. ●

—David O'Connell, Chief of Staff,
Provisional IRA, November 17, 1974

THE IRA PORTRAIT IN TERROR

Ross McWhirter was sentencing himself to death, and everyone at the crowded London news conference knew it.

It was time, the fifty-year-old editor of the *Guinness Book of Records* said, to put an end to the bombings and murders committed by the Irish Republican Army. During the past three months in London alone, eight people had been murdered and more than 200 had been injured.

McWhirter offered a \$100,000 reward for information leading to the arrest of the bombers. He understood, he said, that his action would make him the guerrillas' "number-one

BY JOHN SHIRLEY

target." However, he went on, "we have got to stand up and be counted."

The news conference was held in early November 1975. Three weeks later McWhirter was shot point-blank by two IRA gunmen. His wife stared with horror as McWhirter's body crumpled on his own doorstep.

But McWhirter's murder accomplished what his money could not. Provoked by widespread public outrage and disgust, the British police were spurred to redouble their efforts to put an end to the wave of terror. Within two weeks more than 200 policemen had surrounded an apartment on London's Balcombe Street. Inside were four members of the IRA "service unit" responsible for McWhirter's murder and two hostages that were being held. After a spectacular six-day siege, the terrorists surrendered.

In these days when urban terror has become a fact of life—whether it's the Hanafi Muslims in Washington, D.C., the Puerto Rican Independence Movement in New York, or the IRA in London and Belfast—it is vitally important for us to understand how these guerrillas operate. Dr. William Sargant, an eminent psychiatrist who studied the four "Balcombe Street Bombers" after their capture, recently stirred up a raging controversy in England by suggesting that

the terrorists had seen their task in London as similar to that of the British secret agents who were dropped into France and Germany during World War II to conduct sabotage behind enemy lines.

However distasteful this analogy may seem, it does bear serious consideration, because the way in which the four men—M. Joseph O'Connell, Edward Butler, Harry Duggan, and Hugh Doherty—perceived themselves says much about the way in which terrorist organizations are able to escalate their campaigns of violence.

The Provisional IRA has been waging terror for seven years, during which time hundreds of people have been killed and at least 250 million dollars' worth of property has been damaged—all in the cause of a united Ireland. The terrorists retain enough support within the Catholic ghettos of Belfast to warrant the presence of more than 14,000 British soldiers, who suffer a consistent toll of casualties. Equally important, the terrorists still command the allegiance (and funds) of a significant body of international Irish opinion, particularly in the United States. The real secret of their survival, however, lies not in American donations of money and arms, but in the versatility of their military tactics and the durability of their political ideal.

Thoroughgoing Republicans in Ireland

still hold the political principles of the heady revolutionary days of 1790: the unification of the Irish people and the attainment of their political independence. The IRA, however perverse it may appear, sees itself as military guardian of these political ideas and claims tradition to support them. The IRA was the first effective guerrilla army of modern times, conducting a devastating campaign of terror in town and country a generation before the Tupamaros or Black September. Since World War II, it has actually advised other guerrilla movements.

Although the IRA has had its ups and downs, its consistent victory has been its survival. In 1931 it was outlawed in the then Irish Free State, and in the 1950s its strength had shrunk to probably no more than thirty active volunteers. In 1970 the split in the Republican movement, from which the Provisionals and the Officials emerged as separate tendencies, threatened to obliterate the army altogether. But the stimulus of the last seven years' conflict in Northern Ireland has, in the estimation of one senior Republican to whom I spoke recently, raised the membership to thousands.

In Britain it is fashionable to dismiss the so-called eccentricities of the Irish; their desire for a unified Ireland is seen as romantic and outdated; their military ac-

ASSASSINATION LIST

This list of IRA assassination targets was obtained by reporter John Shirley and is being published exclusively in *Penthouse*. Police sources believe this list is still "active."

LORD ALPORT
Deputy Speaker, House of Lords
Age: 65; Married, 2 Children

LORD ARMSTRONG
Former Head, Civil Service
Age: 62; Married, 2 Children

MR. JUSTICE ASHWORTH
Judge, Queen's Bench Division
Age: 46; Married, 4 Children

NORMAN ATKINSON
Labor Party Treasurer, Member of Parliament
Age: 54; Married, No Children

JOHN BENTLEY
Former Chairman, Barclay Securities
Age: 37; Divorced, 1 Child

LORD BESWICK
Chairman, British Aerospace Corporation
Age: 65; Married, 2 Children

JOHN BIGGS-DAVIDSON
Conservative Spokesman, Northern Ireland; Member of Parliament
Age: 59; Married, 6 Children

SIR ALFRED BITE
Company Director

ERNEST BOND
Former Head, Metropolitan Police Bomb Squad
Married, 3 Children

RHODES BOYSON
Conservative Party Spokesman, Education
Age: 52; Married two times, 2 Daughters

SIR THOMAS BRIMELOW
Head of the Diplomatic Service
Age: 62; Married, 2 Daughters

MR. JUSTICE CANTLEY
Judge, Queen's Bench Division
Age: 67; Married, No Children

SIR DERRICK CAPPER
Chief Constable, West Midlands Police
Age: 65; Married, 2 Daughters

LORD ROBERT CARR
Former Conservative Party Home Secretary
Age: 61; Married, 2 Daughters

FIELD MARSHALL
SIR MICHAEL CARVER
Chief of the Defense Staff
Age: 62; Married, 4 Children

WINSTON CHURCHILL
Conservative Party Spokesman, Defense
Age: 37; Married, 4 Children

SIR MAURICE COOP
Consultant, Dunlop Holdings, Ltd.
Age: 70; Married, No Children

ANTHONY CROSLAND
Former Labor Party Foreign Secretary; Member of Parliament
Dead of Natural Causes

MR. JUSTICE CUMMING-BRUCE
Judge, Queen's Bench Division
Age: 65; Married, 3 Children

SIR JOHN DONALDSON
Former President, National Industries Relations Court
Age: 57; Married, 3 Children

GEOFFREY FINSBURG
Conservative Member of Parliament
Age: 51; Married, No Children

HUGH FRASER
Conservative Member of Parliament
Age: 59; Married Twice, 3 Children
Attempted Assassination, October 23, 1975

LORD GEORGE-BROWN
Former Labor Party Deputy Leader
Age: 63; Married, 2 Daughters

DR. STANISLAW GOMULKA
Senior Fellow in Economics, LS

SIR REG GOODWIN
Leader, Greater London Council
Age: 69; Married, 3 Children

ROY HABERSHON
Former Head, Metropolitan Police Bomb Squad

SIR JOHN HALL
Conservative Member of Parliament
Age: 60; Married, 2 Children

LORD HARLECH
Chairman, Harlech Television
Age: 59; Married Twice, 4 Children

ARTHUR HAWKINS
Chairman, Central Electricity Generating Board
Age: 64; Married, 3 Children

EDWARD HEATH
Former Prime Minister; Member of Parliament
Age: 61; Bachelor
Attempted Assassination, December 22, 1974, and November 8, 1975

MICHAEL HESELTINE
Conservative Party Spokesman, Environment
Age: 44; Married, 3 Children

SIR RONALD HOARE
Company Director

SIR GEOFFREY HOWE
Conservative Party Spokesman, Exchequer
Age: 51; Married, 3 Children



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tions are described merely as the behavior of gun-toting thugs. In other circumstances, this essentially racist attitude would be, at best, banal. In the context of a war in which more than 1,700 people have died, it is positively dangerous, since it denies what William Sargant hinted at—an insight into the terrorist's perception of himself as a secret agent in a war zone.

Nothing illustrates this self-perception better than the logistics of the active IRA service unit flushed out at Balcombe Street. Throughout interrogation and the subsequent trial, O'Connell, Butler, Duggan, and Doherty maintained that they were soldiers, fighting for a political idea. To them, this purpose justified the untold death and devastation of a year's campaign of terror. It justified a virtual refusal to answer questions to police. (Indeed, two members of the unit, Doherty and Duggan, gave no information but their name, age, address, and military affiliation until court proceedings were all but ended.) It was a disciplined, if not particularly attractive, performance.

The operations of O'Connell's unit actually went back four years, to the Old Bailey Courthouse bombings in March 1973, the start of the Provisionals' current London campaign. On the surface, this early exer-

cise looked like a disaster for the IRA, but ironically the Provisionals regarded it as a success. Ten terrorists were captured at Heathrow Airport, but some members of the unit managed to slip home. More important, the London bombs did not arouse a wave of anti-Irish feeling, as previous Republican activity on the mainland had done. That removed the main objection to the opening of a new campaign—a second front—by the Provisional command. It soon became their top priority for action.

For the IRA the principal problem was not strategy but personnel. A war in English cities called—and calls still—for more sophisticated fighters than do battles in the streets of Northern Ireland. In London there were no safe houses to vanish through, no sympathetic passersby prepared to turn a blind eye to a conspicuous gunman. What was needed was a team of self-sufficient guerrillas, able to operate in the isolation of a hostile and suspicious town. These were the same tactics Britain's own secret agents perfected during World War II.

Nonetheless, the only fighters that the IRA possessed were working in Belfast, and thus it seemed the obvious place to recruit talent. But there were problems. The northerners were reluctant to give up their most experienced men, and those efficient

workers who were supplied were unsuitable for a mainland operation. They remained essentially roughnecks, prepared to risk their lives shooting at the British army, but unversed in the ways of urban terrorism.

So, in the summer of 1973, Dublin sought its own recruits. Regional officers across the south were asked for nominations. About twenty to thirty possible candidates came up, O'Connell, Butler, Duggan, and Doherty among them. Mostly they were country lads, from Limerick, Clare, and Cork, where the Irish independence movement is at its strongest. All were from staunch Republican families that had gone with Provisional Sinn Féin after the 1970 split.

Some already knew each other: O'Connell was friends with Duggan, who in turn knew Edward Butler. A few had already made their mark in the movement. O'Connell was a training officer for the IRA before he came to England. Butler had distinguished himself as a military man. At a Sinn Féin conference, called in 1970 to discuss Irish membership in the Common Market, he had been asked to make a speech. He told the meeting that he'd rather face the British army with an empty gun than address it on the subject of foreign policy.

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ASSASSINATION LIST

DOUGLAS JAY
Former Labor President, Board of Trade; Member of Parliament
Age: 70; Married, 4 Children

ROY JENKINS
President, European Economic Commission
Age: 57; Married, 3 Children

FRANK JUDD
Labor Junior Minister, Foreign Office; Member of Parliament
Age: 42; Married, 2 Daughters

ROBERT KILROY-SILK
Labor Member of Parliament
Age: 35; Married, 2 Children

JILL KNIGHT
Conservative Member of Parliament
Married, 2 Children

LT. COL. D. A. ST. J. LAWRENCE
Soldier, Age: 39

HAROLD LEVER
Labor Chancellor, Duchy of Lancaster
Age: 63; Married, 4 Children

SIR ROBERT MARK
Commissioner, Metropolitan London Police
Age: 60; Married, 2 Children

KENNETH MARKS
Labor Member of Parliament; Former Private Secretary to

Harold Wilson
Age: 57; Married, 2 Children

ANGUS MAUDE
Deputy Chairman, Conservative Party
Age: 65; Married, 4 Children

REGINALD MAUDLING
Member of Parliament; Former Conservative Home Secretary
Age: 60; Married, 4 Children

SIR FRANK McFADZEAN
Chairman, Shell Petroleum Company
Age: 74; Married, 1 Child

ROSS McWHIRTER
Editor and Broadcaster
Assassinated November 22, 1975
Married, 2 Children

LORD MELCHETT
Labor Party Junior Minister, Northern Ireland
Age: 29; Bachelor

LT. COL. COLIN MITCHELL
Former Conservative Member of Parliament
Age: 52; Married, 3 Children

ERIC MOONMAN
Director of Foreign Operations, Scholastic Institute; Member of Parliament
Age: 45; Married, 3 Children

AIREY NEAVE
Conservative Party Spokesman,

Northern Ireland
Age: 61; Married, 3 Children

LORD NORMANTON
Retired Soldier
Age: 60; Married, 3 Children

ALEXANDER PAGE
Chairman, Metal Box Company, Ltd.
Age: 53; Divorced, 3 Children

BARRY PAYNE
Chief Constable, Kent Police

LT. COL. SIR ERIC PENN
Extra Equerry to the Queen
Age: 59; Married, 3 Children

SIR ARTHUR PETERSON
Permanent Under Secretary of State, Home Office
Age: 61; Married, 3 Children

SIR JOHN POPE-HENNESSY
Director, British Museum
Age: 64; Bachelor

ALLEN QUARTERMAINE
Company Director
Assassinated November 18, 1974
Married, 3 Children

SIR STANLEY RAYMOND
Chairman, Gaming Board
Age: 64; Married, 1 Son

SIR DEREK RAYNER
Joint Managing Director, Marks and Spencer
Age: 51; Bachelor
Attempted Assassination, November 3, 1975

WILLIAM REES-DAVIES
Conservative Member of Parliament
Age: 61; Married, 2 Children

SIR GORDON RICHARDSON
Governor, Bank of England
Age: 62; Married, 2 Children

SIR WILLIAM RYLAND
Chairman, Post Office Corporation
Age: 64; Married, 2 Children

PROF. MAURICE SCOTT
Former World Bank Consultant
Married, 2 Sons

BRENDEN SEWILL
Adviser, Chancellor of Exchequer (1970-74)

MR. JUSTICE MELFORD STEVENSON
Judge, Queen's Bench Division
Age: 75; Married Twice, 3 Children

CHRISTOPHER TUGENHART
Commissioner (Foreign Affairs), European Economic Commission
Age: 40; Married, 2 Sons

Also targeted for destruction:
H.M.S. Discovery;
the Queen's Gallery;
National Army Museum;
the Stock Exchange;
the Royal Exchange;
Somerset House;
the National Gallery;
Tate Gallery.



Former president Nixon, who now spends hours each day in meditation, did not attend. He was busy completing his memoir, which is called *God Is My Co-conspirator*.

*The Feds broke up the Old Gang that
perpetrated the most infamous "third rate burglary" in history.
But it's hard to keep a bad man down,
so here they are, together again at the gala. . . .*

WATERGATE REUNION

BY EDWARD SOREL

The closest and most durable relations, we all know, are those that are forged in the white heat of crisis. People who have been through great personal catastrophes—war, natural disasters, pestilence, Otto Preminger movies—form a bond of friendship that is never severed, a feeling of comradeship that never withers despite the passage of many long years.

It should therefore come as no surprise that the doughty band of fellows who were the personification of that national crisis known as Watergate, who once faced a nation's wrath with little more than their own consciences and *TV Guide*, decided to hold

a reunion to rekindle their old friendship and nurture their bonds. And it is no surprise that they decided to meet on the fifth anniversary of that fateful night when a persnickety night watchman who worked at the Watergate office building called the police because he'd noticed that, for some remarkable reason, someone kept putting adhesive tape over the door latches.

No one knows whose idea this reunion first was—although any careful judge of character would suspect that it was most probably that old softy John Mitchell, thought by many to be cold and forbidding, known to his colleagues for his warm and tender,

almost fatherly, effusions of affection. But whoever dreamed it up, it was clearly an idea—rather like electronic eavesdropping, say—whose time had come, and it drew an enthusiastic response right from the start. Only one man among those invited demurred: the former president, the man who had made it all possible, sent word that although he certainly would have liked to be there, he was kept far too busy studying Chinese and chopstick holds in anticipation of what he felt was a certain upcoming ambassadorial appointment.

Of course it was no easy job contacting all these former public servants, for they had gone their separate ways to all parts of the country, a kind of *goyische* diaspora. Some were on apparently endless circuits of America's college campuses; others were on perpetual shuttles between New York and Hollywood agents. Several had belatedly decided to become, or to seem to be, Christians, on missions for the Lord at all points of the compass, and a number had quietly put their experience under Nixon to good use on behalf of other misunderstood world statesmen, such as the shah of Iran. And a few were even long-time residents in various federal government hospitality centers.

Nevertheless, all were eventually contacted secretly—naturally they hoped to avoid press coverage, their ardor for the nation's media being something less than passionate—and issued invitations that they were instructed to deep-six in some convenient river.

The time: June 17, 1977. The place: an inn in Whittier, Calif., remodeled, it is said, from the shell of the abandoned Nixon Library after Ron Ziegler walked off the job.

The day of the reunion dawned, like John Dean's memory, bright and clear.

Almost everyone showed up, a little nervous at first, but in cheerful high spirits, all the indiscretions of the past (squealing, squelching, cheating, chastening) forgotten in the emotional fervor of the moment. Even a rock-ribbed Democrat, or Katharine Graham, might have felt a little choking in the throat, especially when Rabbi Korff delivered his soft, benedictory harangue. It is said that John Mitchell smiled several times.

Bob Haldeman, his new, longer hairdo belying his true Prussian ancestry, looked the part of the ever-so GQ fellow, according to all who attended. John Ehrlichman, out of the slammer on a twenty-four-hour pass, was affectionately joshed about his new beard, and no one reminded

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THE IRA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

The volunteers who were selected for the new campaign were given strict instructions, in accordance with their role as saboteurs. They were told to concentrate on bombing specific types of targets—military, economic, and establishment—and to avoid the death of innocent people by telephoning warnings. Assassination was to be reserved for key political leaders and, in one case, for a businessman who had defaulted on his payments to the movement. At first, names for shooting were to come from Dublin, although later on the units used their own initiative.

There were rigorous orders governing personal behavior. The units were to act like ordinary Irishmen in London, but not like Republicans. They were to leave their apartments throughout the day, as if they were going to work, although they could not go out and genuinely seek employment. On no account were they to drink or mix with other Irish people, especially Sinn Féiners and known Republicans in Lon-

don. Nor could they go dancing. Contact with friends from home was forbidden. (This ruling sent back to Dublin at least one Irishman, who, unaware that a former village neighbor had turned into a terrorist, complained that his friend had snubbed him.)

O'Connell, then just twenty-one, was given charge of the entire British operation. Between November 1973 and the following summer, he flew back and forth to Dublin several times, meeting with sympathizers in England and arranging accommodations.

When he finally returned to London later on in 1974, he brought with him the vanguard of his unit: "Big" Brenden Dowd, "English" Joe Gilhooley, and a Northern Irish girl named Margaret McKearney—all three of whom were volunteers who had been trained in Dublin the previous year. Between them they were charged with getting the London campaign off the ground and laying the foundations for IRA cells to operate in Southampton, Manchester, and the West Country, around Bath and Bristol.

Early in October two public houses were blown up in Guildford, killing five people

and injuring sixty-eight others. The Provisionals' offensive had begun. Shortly afterward O'Connell's group dispersed across the country, and replacements for his central team in London came over from Ireland. Later in October Butler and Duggan arrived, and they were followed in December by the fourth member of the Balcombe Street unit, Hugh Doherty.

All of the arrivals had been appropriately cleaned up before embarkation. Their hair was neat and short, their appearance tidy, and each had false identity documents that had been prepared in Dublin. The IRA preference for dress was suits, although Butler won a small concession from the Provisionals' authoritarian command when he insisted that he would wear nothing more formal than a sports jacket.

The team came initially on a three-month tour of duty, after which the decision to stay was theirs alone. But movement back and forth remained strictly under headquarters' control: Butler did go home on vacation in April 1975, but he first had to seek permission.

Flying was the favored form of travel, because security at Heathrow Airport was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

THE IRA — AMERICAN CONNECTION

*They came with tanks and guns
to take away our sons . . .*

The song is a song of war, a cry of an underdog fighting a mighty occupation army, and it is pouring forth from men and women raised on tales of a struggle that never seems to end. Their voices are filling a New York pub. They're Americans, but the Maloneys and the O'Briens and the Donovans haven't forgotten their fathers' differences with the British. They want the foreign soldiers out of Northern Ireland, too.

And now they're lifting a few glasses in unity. When they've finished the choruses of "The Men behind the Wire" and "The Patriot Game," someone takes up a bagpipe. Then the violin begins to sing. The accordion joins in. The little people—the boys and girls sitting with their moms and dads—clatter onto the dance floor for a few jigs and reels. By and by, there are old Irish airs and waltzes, and the older folks begin to glide.

Everyone has a good time, they say. And, they add, it's for a good cause. At the door, on the way in, an older woman was taking donations to something called the Irish Northern Aid Committee. The committee, known as Noraid, for short, is the principal fund-raising organization in the United States backing the efforts of the Roman Catholic minority to end British rule in the north of Ireland and to unite the six counties there with the south. At dances, dinners, and

communion breakfasts in New York and in such other cities as Boston and Philadelphia, Chicago and San Francisco, Noraid raised some \$300,000 last year, which was sent to Northern Ireland. It is the IRA's American connection.

Officials in England, Ireland, and the United States say that it is a vital lifeline for the main faction of the Irish Republican Army. But the directors of Noraid, which is under constant scrutiny by the Justice Department, insist that the money they collect is intended purely for the dependents of the IRA, the widows and wives and children, not the soldiers.

English and Irish police and intelligence officers say that the denials don't wash. They've picked up weapons from IRA casualties and intercepted arms shipments. And they estimate that from 75 to 90 percent of the IRA's weapons are of American origin, bought with American contributions.

The weapons are brought into Northern Ireland in a number of ways. All forms of transportation have been used, including the *Queen Elizabeth II* and *Aer Lingus*, the Irish airline. Sometimes the weapons are carried into Northern Ireland in suitcases by Irish-American tourists. Sometimes they are packed in ordinary wooden crates and marked "household effects." Other times especially designed cargo containers with false panels are used. More than once

they have traveled along with the dead in coffins.

Officials of Noraid in New York say that most of the money they raise is taken to Dublin by courier in packets of \$2,000 to \$3,000. No one connected with Noraid, they say, has been involved in smuggling weapons. "Usually," one Noraid official said of the gun runners, "it's individuals who don't belong to any organization. If you trace them back, you'll find they have families in Belfast."

Both English and Irish officials have condemned Noraid. Elected American officials of Irish descent have been reluctant to do so. But on the eve of St. Patrick's Day this year, Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, Senator Daniel P. Moynihan of New York, Governor Hugh Carey of New York, and Speaker of the House Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., broke the long silence, appealing to Americans to embrace the goal of peace in Northern Ireland "and to renounce any action that promotes the current violence or provides support or encouragement for organizations engaged in violence."

The Noraid officials, while denying they send money for guns, make no secret of their sympathies. For their annual dinner in New York this year, they brought over from Ireland the daughter of a man who was executed for participating in the Easter Rising in 1916 that led to the independence from England of the twenty-six counties in the south of Ireland. "If he were alive today," she told some 1,400 diners, "he'd be up in the north, leading the fighting."—*Joseph B. Treaster*



CHRISTINE

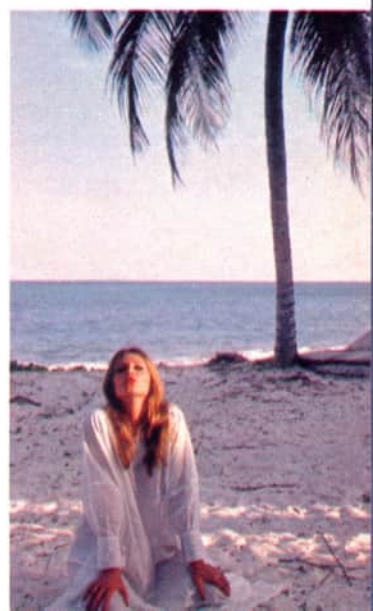


FRENCH KISS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-YVES HAYDAR

One glance at luscious Christine Davray invites a second — and a third. That face, that fabulous face, is so . . . familiar. "Everyone tells me I look like Brigitte Bardot," says our twenty-six-year-old pet. "France needs a new sex symbol, you see. But I am not the 'new Bardot.' We are two very different people. I am proud to be myself." A tempestuously elegant actress in her own right, Christine has every reason to be proud: her feline personality and sensual allure are paving the way to certain stardom. She started her film career at nine, and her dazzling 36-23-36 form is now seen beckoning seductively in films, theater, and television.

● *I was made for love. I am happy only when loving someone with total abandon. Then I am complete.* ●





"I was made for love," says this hot-blooded Gemini. "I am happy only when I am loving someone with total sexual abandon. Then I am complete. Sex is the most honest way to communicate. There are no lies in bed."



I dislike macho men. I love tender men who care as much for women as they do for themselves. But I also love women. There is something innocent and sweet about making love to another woman."

● *I also love women. There is something innocent and sweet making love to another woman. . . .* ●





Christine's husband, who is a famous photographer, heartily approves of his lovely lady's sexual freedom. "We have the perfect relationship," Christine says warmly. "We are always honest, never jealous, when we make love to other people. We do everything together. These pictures were taken during our travels in Kenya. Erotic photographs really turn us on."





"I lost my virginity when I was very old—nineteen. Sex wasn't so special then, but now it is ... fantastic! I enjoy every activity bed has to offer. I love oral sex and making love with groups of people. My favorite experience was making love by the side of the road, while the

traffic whizzed by and people walked within inches of us. But although I like excitement, relationships are most important. My husband and I live most of the time with another woman, and we love it that way." We'd all like to manage that ménage à trois, Christine. ○✚

● I enjoy every activity bed has to offer. I love oral sex and making love with groups of people. ●









MISS CHRISTINE DAVRAY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





MISS CHRISTINE DAVRAY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Don't tell me taste isn't everything.

I expect one thing from my cigarette. Taste. And only Winston gives me the taste I like. Winston is all taste all the time. And for me, taste is everything.



Winston King. Winston 100's.

KING, 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

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

ADVISE AND DISSENT

OPINION

HERE'S TO THE LOSERS

(Bless 'Em All)

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Corinthians 9:24: Quoted by Vince Lombardi in locker-room pep talk, circa 1960.

Stay with this kid. He's a loser.—The Hustler: George C. Scott to Jackie Gleason (as Minnesota Fats), pool-hall pep talk, circa 1960.

In the late 1950s and the early 1960s the race seemed to turn to white heat. Not that it was anything new, of course. With rare exceptions—the Alamo, Little Big Horn—Americans have never had much patience with losers. But during the 1950s something special had been building, enough to metamorphose our native Corinthian ethic into a national obsession.

Big Uncle, we felt, was losing his touch, suffering from middle-age crisis. Our number-one ranking in the international power poll was shaky. First, there had been *Sputnik*, with our own virgin space shot falling flat on its pad, like some New York Titan offensive tackle trying to protect the passer against a Green Bay rush. Then a Rockefeller Commission—no American decade should go by without some kind of Rockefeller Commission—reported that we were falling behind the Russians in armaments, mathematics, and God and Marx knew what else. Then there was "the missile gap." And Fidel, only ninety miles away, giving us the finger. And Khrushchev, popping off about how communism would "bury" us. Finally, there was the big one: the 1960 Olympics, in which we lost gold that we were supposed to win. Jesus, a Russian won the *men's high jump*!

It was very bad on the jingo ego. So the counting started, to prove that something had to be done to keep America from becoming a second-class power. All the experts—General Gavin, Drew Pearson, the Reverend Bob Richards—got busy



By Vic Gold

Mr. Gold's affection for losers may derive from the years he spent as press secretary for Barry Goldwater and Spiro Agnew. He is currently a free-lance writer and lecturer. His book *PR As in President* has just been published by Doubleday.

adding up warheads, comparative rates of economic growth, and gold medals. And the verdict came back: it was time to teach our kids mathematics so that they could grow up to build better rockets, and, even more important, time to resurrect and exalt the basic virtues that had made our country great, beginning with the First Commandment: *Thou shalt be a winner*.

America, first in war, first in space, first in Tokyo in '64. We're number one.

The Kennedys sensed the mood and rode it to power. JFK would close "the missile gap." He would close all the gaps. He wouldn't take any crap from Nikita or Fidel, either. He would make us all, individually and collectively, winners again. Big Uncle would regain the touch, the winning edge. We would have a winning rocket program, winning Green Berets, nothing but gold. Silver and bronze medalists need not apply.

For all this there would, of course, have to be some sacrifice. We would have to summon up that something extra which separates the winners from the losers. Suck 'em up, kid: *ask not what your country can do for you, but . . .* Meaning, specifically? Never mind the words; just listen to the music. It's a mystique, winning is. Some people have it; others don't. The Kennedys, you could tell, had it. They knew their Corinthian ethic . . . as well as its uses.

The spirit of the times: Floyd Patterson was heavyweight champion of the world. It was a great American story—poor black kid, clean-living, a middleweight, really, but a competitor who through will and discipline had come to receive the prize. His autographed picture hung in the gallery of winners on Bob Kennedy's office wall at Justice. But when Sonny Liston destroyed Patterson in one round, the attorney general of the United States took that autographed picture off his wall

● When Floyd Patterson lost the heavyweight crown, his picture was taken off Bobby Kennedy's wall faster than you could say, "It matters not whether you win or lose..." ●

faster than you could say, "It matters not whether you win or lose but how you play the game."

The mystique, you see. Winners run only with winners. If they ran with losers, it might rub off. Floyd understood. He knew the penalty for losing. That's why he did what he had to do after the fight. He put on a beard and shades and sneaked off into the night. What else, after all, was there for a loser to do? As Lombardi told his Packers, "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing."

More than the Kennedys or any other mere secular leader, Vince embodied the ethic. On autumn Sundays, he came, saw, won, preaching by example the gospel that nothing less than first place would do, that if you show enough *second effort*, God will provide. And if you don't . . .

"There's a losers' game for second-place teams," Lombardi told us, "but I don't want any part of it." Amen. That's the spirit. It was everywhere, even euphemized by intellectuals and educators as something called "the pursuit of excellence." Here was John Gardner doing his Lombardi number for American eggheads in the early 1960s: "We all know that some organizations, some families, some athletic teams, some political groups, inspire their members to great heights of personal performances. In other words, high individual performance will depend to some extent on the capacity of the society or institution to evoke it. And woe to the society that loses the gift for such evocation! When an institution, organization, or nation loses its capacity to evoke high individual performance, its great days are over."

Woe indeed, kid. Remember what happened to the Roman Empire? The Philadelphia Eagles? The pursuit of number-one-ness, transmogrified from national policy into individual morality. Winning as a mystic rite, like trial by combat in the Dark Ages: a test to determine who is blessed with God's grace, defined for a secular age as "character," which some of us have and others don't. Not doing your best, but doing *the best* is all that counts.

A sports parable for those times: fourth and an inch—remember?—Starr takes the ball in over Kramer's block, on the ice. The Packers win. That God was with them goes without saying. But tell me, class, *why*? Character. They were willing to *pay the price*. Know ye that Don Meredith and the Cowboys are accursed of the Lord, losers unto eternity. Let them put on beards and sneak into the night.

We believed that sort of bullshit back then. I believed it. But who am I kidding? Most of us—some of me—still believe it. The Kennedy mystique is faded; Lombardi is gone. The Packers have lost, and the Cowboys have won; the Cowboys have lost, and the Steelers have won; the Steelers have lost, and the Raiders have won. And we have made it to the moon while coming unraveled in our cities. And we have "lost" a war, or was it only an exhibition game that doesn't count in the Lord's rankings? And we have crammed mathematics down Johnny's throat, only to discover that we forgot to teach him to read or to write.

A sports parable for *these* times: In the Year of Secretariat there was a horse misnamed Sham, forgotten, no doubt, by all except those who pursue sporting events in which the principal participants do not ask or claim the blessings of the Almighty. Any other year Sham might have won the Triple—at least two of the three. But in the Year of Secretariat, Sham was a loser. In the Preakness there was a memorable, if not poignant, moment when these two magnificent competitors, Secretariat and Sham, came pounding down the stretch stride for stride, until Sham, slowly at first, grudgingly, slipped back, back, back . . .

There is a blowup of Sham, head and head with Secretariat, on my den wall (not far from a photo of a former employer, Barry Goldwater, another of God's creatures simply out of his time). I am a Sham fan. And a Joe Frazier fan. And a Shirley Babashoff fan (four silver medals, and they call her a loser). And a Bud Grant fan. And a fan of all the kids whom we've screwed up with our ethic and who've missed the extra point or free throw, taken the third strike, run second, third, or last in the race—but not for want of effort, character, or God's grace.

Of that last point, I'm sure. For we have gone through enough since 1960 to know that winning isn't everything, *period*—that sometimes the price isn't worth the game. Enough to understand that mystiques have their pernicious aftereffects, that the "great days" John Gardner wrote of may not, for a nation or an individual, be as important as simply a good day. Enough to teach our kids that if they should ever miss fourth and one, it's no disgrace, for the true measure of the character of a person or a nation is not always in terms of what is *obtained*.

Enough, that is, to know that God, when all is added up, must love losers. He made so many of them. ○✚



HOW THE BREAST WAS WON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID DEAHL

Tootsie LaRolle, saloon sweetheart, enjoys a drink. Meanwhile the boys at the Last Chance Café enjoy Tootsie. Suddenly, Tootsie spots Slick Shuffle, a handsome stranger in a white hat. Their eyes meet and lock together. Slick entertains a few understandable notions about the duly aroused rest of him locking together with Tootsie.

Enter Miss LaRolle's self-proclaimed suitor and a notorious villain, Deadeye Glaucoma. He quickly takes in the scene and pulls out a gun. Slick, one to size up situations in a second, senses trouble. He suggests a game of chance to settle the dispute. Deadeye, cocky and dauntless, eagerly agrees to some very high stakes.



Styling by Christina Hurst



Slick uncovers the first winning hand, and Tootsie, not one to be upstaged, uncovers some winning thigh. Dead-eye, known for his suspicious nature, wonders if he's getting the raw end of the deal, especially when Slick continues to have the upper hand.



Soon Deadeye is sure that there's something besides Tootsie that's stacked at the table. Slick, oozing his inimitable charm, suggests a compromise—winner take all. Tootsie sweetens the pot. Deadeye gets aced out and menacingly demands an extra draw.

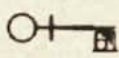






Slick refuses to play things Deadeye's way. Deadeye, being a notoriously poor loser, decides to settle things in the way he knows best. But Tootsie, with an incredible display of wit and skill, gets a foothold on Deadeye's weapon. Then the saloon's swinging doors slowly creak apart, and a new character enters the scene. It's



the ever vigilant sheriff, Hy McNoon, who immediately beats Deadeye at his own game. With Deadeye gone, Tootsie and Slick commence to play their own kind of game. Tootsie proceeds to win the shirt off Slick's back. Not even faintly daunted, Slick takes Tootsie's matters into his own hands and shows us how the Golden Breast was won. 

THE IRA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

thought to be lax. But, again for Butler, an exception was allowed. Before this trip to London he had not been out of Ireland, and he staunchly refused to go by plane. In the end, he took a boat to Liverpool and joined his unit when it formed in London.

Once assembled, the team moved into a variety of cheap apartments in West Kensington, where they lived always in pairs. The following spring they went to North London. At each new change of address, they swapped partners and changed names, thus maximizing the difficulty of pursuing them if their last base was discovered (as indeed one was in February 1975). But the pattern of shared life continued, as a psychological hedge against loneliness and guilt. It was just the sort of sophisticated calculation that William Sargant himself might have advised.

Money and equipment came in regularly from Dublin. A courier brought \$2,000 in cash every two months or so, to cover rent and food and the minor overheads of the terrorists' trade: watches, clocks, and electrical wire. As the campaign progressed through 1975, so the unit's arsenal increased. By the end it included a Sten gun, two rifles, and half a dozen pistols, together with a considerable quantity of ammunition, mostly manufactured in America. So

far as one can tell, it all passed smoothly through Heathrow.

Gelignite explosive was smuggled in through containers from Liverpool Docks, to such an extent that by August 1975 there were 250 pounds of it stored in one apartment. "It was enough to give anyone a headache," Butler commented later on.

The team spent their days reconnoitering targets; their nights, blowing them up. It was a strange existence, but they kept it up for more than a year. And it was appallingly successful: the police believe that this one unit was responsible for forty-six acts of terrorism in the London area, in which eleven people died.

Gradually a pattern of activity emerged. O'Connell made the bombs; Duggan and Doherty drove the cars. Butler could not drive but prided himself on his gun. So he took out the Sten and covered anyone who placed bombs.

They selected targets together—sometimes viciously, as in the case of Ross McWhirter, sometimes more in fun than anything else. They bombed Harrod's department store in December 1974 simply because the manager had boasted that his security was total. That boast seemed a challenge.

At a Crouch Hill apartment, the unit put together a veritable library of reference books and drew up lists for attack. Individuals were selected for assassination,

public buildings—galleries, museums, restaurants, and theaters—for bombing. There was consideration of one plan to bomb the London underground and of another to poison the capital's water supply by tampering with the reservoirs. The conversation turned on whether nails or coach bolts should be packed into bombs. O'Connell favored coach bolts; nails, unfortunately, would disintegrate in heat.


Despite all the preparation, there were several mishaps. On one occasion the terrorists got lost driving around Hyde Park en route to plant a bomb. They simply could not find the right exit. Another time they considered going to a striptease show. Butler was concerned that they'd be frisked, but Duggan assured him that they would not be searched, thus unintentionally revealing that he'd already been there himself.

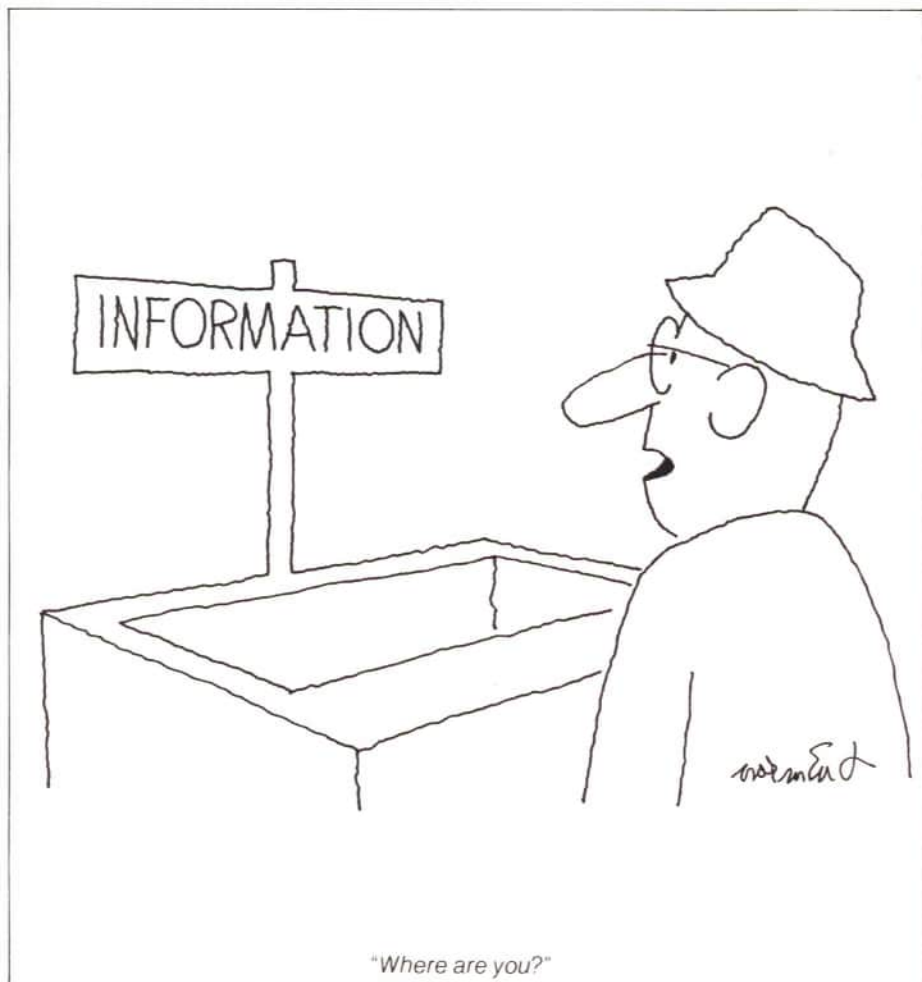
Other units as well broke the rules and came to grief as a result. In Southampton Joe Gilhooley and another man made themselves conspicuous, and the police turned up at their apartment on Christmas Eve 1974. They escaped (although the second man was later apprehended in Belfast), but the unit's cover was blown. In Manchester, in the following summer, two volunteers got into a brawl with an Indian restaurant owner and were captured after shooting a policeman the same night. On another occasion the Northern Irish girl McKearney went dancing in Liverpool and had her picture taken. Eventually, the police picked up the photograph, and it was splashed across the press.

In the end O'Connell's unit slipped up, too. They had been disturbed twice stealing cars. Their identities had been noted by passersby. Once—at the Green Park underground station—Butler nearly blew himself up when he accidentally dropped a bomb. Then on December 6, 1975, the terrorists made a second sortie at Scott's Restaurant in Mayfair. The police were waiting. The chase led to the apartment in Balcombe Street, the six-day siege, and, finally, to the Old Bailey and imprisonment.

On February 10 of this year, O'Connell, Butler, Duggan, and Doherty were convicted of six murders, one manslaughter, possession of firearms, and imprisonment of the two hostages at Balcombe Street. Each of the terrorists was given twelve life sentences with a recommendation that he serve not less than thirty years in jail. Last May Brenden Dowd was sentenced to life in Manchester on fifty-five charges of conspiracy to murder, conspiracy to cause explosions, and possession of firearms and explosives.

The unit's colleagues, Gilhooley and McKearney, escaped to Ireland, where they live today.

The Balcombe Street Bombers failed of course to get the British out of Ireland; and, to be fair, they would have claimed no such great ambition when it all began. But in retrospect their achievement seems appallingly impressive—by the standards of any secret agent. 



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WATCH OUT, BILL BAXLEY, ALABAMA'S GOOD OLE BOYS ARE OUT TO GIT YA

The South's toughest politician since Huey Long
is kickin' ass and wringing rednecks in order to reclaim
his state for the people.

Cleburne County is located in eastern Alabama, on the Georgia border. It is the South of *Easy Rider*, where fat-bellied deputies lock people up in dirty little cells, stinking of puke and piss, until a tobacco-chewin' backwoods judge can fine or send them up for some imaginary infraction of the law. One state official called Cleburne County the "ass hole of Alabama."

It's certainly a place to avoid. The only trouble is that if you want to get from Birmingham to Atlanta, as many people do, you can't. You have to travel along U.S. 78, which goes right through the heart of the county. Cleburne deputies had long been in the habit of extorting large sums of money from motorists unlucky enough to cross their paths.

Tales of strange goings-on in Cleburne County reached the ears of Alabama's attorney general, Bill Baxley, who decided to put an end to them and placed his executive assistant, Ray Acton, in charge of the operation. Acton was used to such assignments. He had been the military mayor of Phenix City, a den of iniquity that is located across the Alabama border from Fort Benning and dominated the national headlines during the mid-fifties with tales of murder and mayhem. Acton rigged up a VW bus, painted some flowers on it, and got some long-haired state troopers dressed in blue jeans to drive it. Supplied with a couple of six-packs (Cleburne is a dry county), an assortment of suspicious-looking pills, some plastic syringes, an old army .45, and \$500 in marked bills, the troopers put out on the road.

After passing through the county two or three times without getting any bites, the troopers parked the bus off the road and took a break. While they were reading comic books, the sheriff's car came by and stopped; out popped two of the notorious Cleburne deputies. As Acton tells it: "While one of the deputies was engaging the driver in conversation, the other slipped around back of the vehicle and slyly peered through the rear curtain, which my boys had parted just enough so that somebody lookin' in could see the six-packs. Once the deputies got a load of that beer, they proceeded to search the bus, and they found everything we wanted 'em to find. Well, hell, their eyes were gettin' bigger and bigger. They frisked the two men and found the money. So they started

enumeratin' the charges: 'Oh, you boys is in big trouble. This can get you one to five; that can get you a \$1,000 fine.' And so on. My people started beggin' and wringin' their hands. 'Pleeese don't do this to us. Isn't there some way we can fix this up?' Well, there was. The deputies took \$400 off the troopers and let them go.

A few days later Acton showed up in the Cleburne County courthouse. "In came these two deputies, swaggerin' away like they do, their bellies hangin' out," Acton explains. "I told the trooper I had along with me, 'Say the magic words, captain.' He looked at them and said, 'You're both under arrest.' We spread-eagled those characters right down to the sheriff's office. Made them empty their pockets on the counter like they'd been doin' to other people. Fate was smilin' on us. Between the two of them, they had every one of the marked bills. We convicted them and impeached the sheriff."

The Cleburne deputies were early casualties in a long and bitter war between the Old South and the New. Ten years ago, when the good old boys ruled the roost, Baxley's action would have been unthinkable. But a lot has changed during ten years.

The South has long been a colony of the North. With its cheap, nonunion labor, tax breaks for industry, abundant natural resources, and friendly local officials, it has played the role of South Korea, Taiwan, and Rhodesia for big corporations based elsewhere. The new generation of southern leaders has grown up to see the land despoiled by strip mines and transformed into a dumping ground for nuclear wastes. It has seen its people stunted by grinding poverty and deprived of adequate health care, education, and jobs. It has seen them disfigured by race hatred. "Nationalist" leaders like Baxley are determined to change all that, to "decolonize" the South.

The coming of the New South has been proclaimed with numbing regularity ever since the Civil War (southerners prefer to call it the War between the States), but this time the new age finally seems to have arrived. Baxley, along with Reubin Askew of Florida, David Pryor and Dale Bumpers of Arkansas, and, of course, President Carter, is one of its prophets. Does it augur the greening of Alabama? And what kind of man is Baxley?

BY PETER BISKIND



Other New South politicians have made some waves, but they haven't exactly rocked the boat. Baxley is different: he has earned a reputation as the scourge of the special interests, that alliance of Black Belt planters, courthouse politicians, land developers, and corporate giants that has run Alabama for as long as anyone can remember. Former Gov. "Big Jim" Folsom used to call them the Big Mules. Baxley, during his six years in office, has blocked Mobil Oil from drilling in Mobile Bay. He has harassed strip miners, and he has taken the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Environmental Protection Agency, the Army Corps of Engineers, and U.S. Steel to court for polluting Alabama's air and water. He has unleashed a reign of terror against white-collar criminals and corrupt officials. With George Wallace looking on helplessly as his empire breaks up before his eyes, many people regard Baxley as a shoo-in for governor next year.

When Baxley was inaugurated in 1971, he announced that he was going to be the "people's attorney." "I think that for too long racial prejudice and politicians hollering race have hindered the economic development of the South. I think we've got a new day coming." Baxley was announcing the post-Wallace era, but nobody was paying much attention. Alabama has been mired in poverty for so long that its backwardness has lent itself to grim humor. Accustomed to the fact that their state ranks forty-ninth among the fifty states in many sorts of vital statistics, Alabamans wake up in the morning and say, "Thank God for Mississippi," which ranks last. Baxley came on like a populist, but in a state which has a vigorous populist tradition going back to the nineteenth century, that position was nothing special. Next to white supremacy, baiting the special interests has long been closest to everybody's heart. But Baxley startled Alabamans when he came to the defense of the first black sheriff elected in Alabama since Reconstruction, Lucius Amerson of Macon County. The unusual spectacle of the state's attorney general defending a black man against the U.S. attorney who was prosecuting him for violating the civil rights of a prisoner was a sure sign that something had changed in Alabama. Baxley won his case. Amerson was acquitted by an all-white jury.

Defending Amerson was a smart move. It pleased the moderates because Amerson was black; it pleased the law-and-order folks because Amerson, whatever his color, was a policeman. Since then, Baxley has been throwing bones to supporters on both sides of the fence and getting away with it.

Baxley looks more like a choirboy than a prosecutor. His quick smile and ruddy cheeks give him an air of innocence, which is quickly dispelled when he opens his mouth. Unlike other "new politicians," he is neither bland nor vague. Even the local press, jaded by the strange eccentricities of Alabama politics, can still recognize a good thing when it sees one. Baxley's

flamboyant style makes good copy; reporters love his press conferences, although some complain that he holds so many that they overlap one another.

Baxley has a habit of lashing out at people whom he doesn't like. When Dr. Edward Fields, who publishes a racist sheet called the *Thunderbolt*, attacked him for investigating old civil-rights cases, Baxley dashed off a hasty response on his official stationery: "Kiss my ass." He personally tries many of his own cases and enjoys the reputation of being good with juries. "He plays a jury like a musical instrument," said one lawyer who has seen him in action. "He's very folksy, down-home, continually driving the same point home in a booming voice." Baxley has a flair for the clothes that are still called "mod" in Alabama and likes to go to New Orleans for oysters and to play the dog tracks in Mobile. On a jaunt to Las Vegas a few years ago, he won \$90,000 at blackjack. Having been "invited" by the management to stop playing, he switched

Baxley could spearhead
a new
interracial movement
of the poor
and middle class,
allied in an attack on
corporate power.

to baccarat and lost \$60,000. Baxley came home with \$30,000 only to find his gambling exploits splashed all over the Alabama papers.

Baxley grew up in the Wiregrass, a poor section in southeastern Alabama that has a strong populist tradition. His father was a circuit-court judge. He was raised with the South's peculiar attitude toward blacks—at once familiar and remote—that allows southerners to lecture northerners endlessly about race relations.

Baxley recalled the way it was. "When my brother and I were real young, we had this black friend, James, who was about four years older than we were. He was like an older brother. We'd go with my folks to the country club and carry James with us. I would always ask my daddy, 'How come James can't go swimmin' with us?' He would always say, 'Cause he's colored.' One time, shortly after World War II, I was in the pool, and James was up there watchin' us swim like he always did. There was a bunch of people in the pool who I thought were Japanese. I had more or less accepted the fact that James couldn't go in the pool because he was a different color. When I saw those Orientals in there, that

really got to me, because I knew we'd just been fightin' the Japanese. I went to my daddy and said, 'Daddy, there's a bunch of Japs in the pool. If they can go, why can't James?' My daddy just milled around, and I never did get an explanation."

After attending the University of Alabama, Baxley returned to Dothan, his hometown, where he set something of a record for the indictments and convictions that he got as the district attorney. He ran for attorney general against a popular incumbent, and he then surprised everybody by winning handily.

When Baxley took over, the attorney general's office had never been given to doing very much about anything. One attorney general had been indicted for extortion and sentenced to eight years. Another was indicted in connection with the murder of his successor. He was apparently in the habit of appearing dead drunk in swim trunks in downtown Montgomery, looking for a stenographer. During his first six months in office, Baxley transformed the post from a haven for criminals and loonies to an aggressive force for social change. Aided by a staff of bright young men, including a handful of blacks, fresh out of Harvard and Yale law schools, Baxley hammered away at the ramparts of the Old South.

In one of his first cases, he joined the Alabama Consumers Association in opposition to the Alabama Power Company's second request for a rate hike in two years. He presented the "people's side of the case" to the Public Service Commission, which set power rates. When Alabama Power's request was nevertheless granted, Baxley actively campaigned against Public Service Commission head Bull Connor and campaigned for the opposing candidate. When election day came, Connor was soundly defeated.

Baxley launched a barrage of actions against all targets that incautiously poked their heads up over the horizon. In 1972 he began prosecuting local sheriffs. First on the list was a county sheriff who was accused of dealing with bootleggers and trafficking in stolen cars. Next Baxley prosecuted another sheriff for submitting food bills for nonexistent prisoners and pocketing contributions to the Alabama Sheriff's Boys Ranch. A third sheriff turned in his badge when he was confronted with evidence that he had allowed sex orgies in his jail and had abused female prisoners.

Baxley moved quickly to make good his campaign promises to clean up Alabama's air and water. In the spring of 1971, Birmingham, "the Pittsburgh of the South," was in the grip of an air-pollution emergency that had been caused by a blanket of heavy yellow haze hanging over the city. The particulate count had reached three times the critical level. Baxley filed suit against thirteen major industries, including U.S. Steel, in an effort to force them to clean up their emissions.

"U.S. Steel people were the toughest we ever dealt with," said Hank Caddell, Bax-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

A toker's guide on how to avoid being busted

GRASS ROUTES

BY FRANK DONEGAN



My man, do you know *anyone* who isn't smoking, snorting, sniffing, popping, swallowing, or chewing something?" says Leon as he pokes his silver coke spoon in the general direction of my eye. "And, furthermore, do you know anyone who's sitting around *worrying* about getting busted?"

Leon—who dresses in what might be termed pimp *couture* and who does some very intense things to make money—has a point. Nobody worries about getting busted anymore. Which may explain why many people are getting busted.

For the last few years, the law-enforcement community has told us it is no longer interested in users. Priorities, they want us to believe, have shifted. Dealers and distribution networks are now the targets. You hear the same story from big-time federal narcs and small-town sheriffs. "We've

got better things to do than bust people for grass. We want the heavy-duty dealers."

The recreational toker who buys this bullshit is setting himself up for a lot of trouble. Ponder these sobering statistics: the latest FBI figures show that there are 600,000 drug arrests a year. Approximately 400,000 of those arrests involve marijuana. Two-thirds of those busted for grass are picked up with less than a single lid on them. Translated into the real world, what all this means is that the average dope criminal of 1977 is young, middle-class, and generally law-abiding. When he's busted with his couple of joints, it's usually his first contact with criminal justice.

That first run-in with the law can prove to be a very bad trip. It's true that relatively few minor possession cases are pulling heavy jail time anymore (although there still are some intimidating

exceptions), but a bust is no fun even if you eventually beat it. It means being hauled into the local police station, fingerprinted, photographed, and booked. It means spending your cash for a lawyer and bail; and it very often means a night in the tank with the local perverts and thugs. It means that you're a criminal and that as long as the cops have got you, you're going to be treated like one.

In order to find out how easy or tough the dope scene is in each of the fifty states (and Washington, D.C.), *Penthouse* surveyed the United States and dug up some facts to help smokers save their lives, fortunes, and sacred stashes.

ENFORCEMENT

In virtually every state there's a real difference between how the laws are enforced in urban and rural areas. In many cities you'll get busted only if the

cops can't help noticing that you've got some stuff. In other words, when you get stopped for a traffic violation, put your stash away. Rural police are still very much into busting small-time users. Informers are used widely, and the local constabulary continues to get off on busting pot parties. In cities first-time users may have charges dropped, and small fines are common. Out in the boonies it's another story; probation or even jail is likely to accompany a fine. Rural juries, judges, and police still lump marijuana with other drugs.

In our listings we try to pin down what's happening within each state. But just so that you don't get any wrong ideas, we've included the *maximum* penalties for first offenses in grass-possession cases at the end of each state listing. If convicted, you may not get the maximum, but you could. We also note any mandatory minimum sentences.

DECRIMINALIZATION

As this article went to press, seven states had decriminalized grass (Alaska, California, Colorado, Maine, Minnesota, Ohio, and Oregon). In those states getting caught with small amounts is a civil offense. You receive a summons, the same sort that you get for committing a traffic violation. Nevertheless, in every decriminalized state harsh criminal laws remain on the books for possession of more than small "personal" amounts of grass. Several cities have also decriminalized while their states have not. Seattle, Ann Arbor, and Atlanta are the largest. Ten other smaller towns in Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin have done the same.

Many areas have backed into "de facto" decriminalization. For first offenses judges may impose relatively light fines or allow conditional discharges. Thirty states have conditional-discharge statutes on their books. Judges are authorized to release defendants who fulfill certain requirements, such as attending drug-educational lectures. In many states you can apply to have your case expunged so you won't have a criminal record. However, many

states report all drug arrests to the FBI or other federal agencies. Even if your record is wiped out at the state level, it may never be erased from the federal computers.

THE FEDS

Jimmy Carter advocates decriminalization. Congress is moving in that direction. But whatever happens at the federal level will have little direct impact on casual smokers. Nevertheless, if Congress should pass a decriminalization bill, it would no doubt prompt many states to reexamine their laws.

The lion's share of federal antidope dollars is spent by the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), a branch of the Justice Department. The Internal Revenue Service, Customs, and the departments of Defense, Agriculture, and Transportation all have minions on the lookout, but they lack the single-mindedness of the DEA. The Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations recently chastised the DEA for its continuing interest in street-level dope deals and for its failure to pursue top-level narcotics dealers. "DEA's track record has not been good," concluded the senators.

According to federal law, possession of small quantities of any drug is a misdemeanor. A misdemeanor conviction could pull a \$5,000 fine and a year in jail, but more often than not it means a small fine and/or probation with no criminal record.

GROWING YOUR OWN

Forty states view growing grass as a more serious offense than possession. In thirty of them the penalty for cultivation is the same as for selling. In those cases you'll usually be looking at a felony rap. Eight states equate growing with simple possession. Alaska seems to have the most lenient law at the moment. The state supreme court's "right to privacy" decision, which allowed Alaskans to smoke in their homes, also appears to cover growing your own stash.

HASHISH

Thirty-one states and Washington, D.C., treat possession of hash or hash oil the same as they treat possession of grass. In

most of the remaining states, hash is considered the equivalent of a good-sized stash of pot and draws harsher penalties. Montana considers a gram of hash equal to sixty grams of grass. New Jersey says that five grams of hash are equivalent to twenty-five grams of grass. (You'll note throughout this article that many states have switched to the metric system. In case yours haven't, one ounce equals 28.4 grams.)

Warning: this survey by Penthouse of the laws regarding possession of marijuana is strictly reportage. Because of the continually changing state of the laws regarding this substance, things may change for the better or worse (depending on your point of view) in any one of the fifty states by the time this issue hits the stands. The following information is the most accurate we were able to assemble as this issue went to press. Wise men and women would be well advised to know the laws as well as they know the score.

ALABAMA

Alabama has no soft spot in its heart for potheads. A second conviction for possessing any amount of grass can bring fifty years in the slammer and a \$25,000 fine. The state also requires doctors to turn in any dopers they treat or face six months in the can.

Any amount: one year and \$1,000.

ALASKA

In 1975 the state supreme court ruled that you can smoke in your own home. Selling is a different story: "intent to distribute" can pull a twenty-five-year sentence; you can get life for a second selling offense.

Any amount for private, personal use or one ounce in public: \$100 fine. Possession of more than one ounce in public: one year and \$1,000. Any amount while driving: \$1,000 fine.

ARIZONA

Arizona is one of two states (the other is Nevada) where possession of any grass can be prosecuted as a felony. But there is one bright spot: in the spring of 1975, the Phoenix city council ordered local police to issue summonses for small amounts of grass. So you need not worry about getting dragged down to the precinct house.

Any amount: one year and \$1,000 (if treated as a misdemeanor); ten years and \$50,000 (if treated as a felony).

ARKANSAS

In the 1970s Arkansas legislators discovered that citizens were using drugs in increasing numbers. They passed tougher laws. Anyone busted with over an ounce of grass or six grams of hash can be charged with intent to sell. Conviction carries three to ten years and up to a \$15,000 fine.

Any amount: one year and \$250.

CALIFORNIA

With drugs, as with almost anything else, California may as well be two different

Penthouse has never encouraged the use of any drug, including marijuana. But while we will continue to discourage the use of hard drugs—and continue to expose the drug menace—we do believe that the personal possession and use of marijuana should be decriminalized.

The most compelling of all reasons underlying our position is medical. After more than eight years of large-scale and intensive laboratory investigations, no member of the scientific community has produced any evidence to support the theory that marijuana causes brain damage or psychosis and leads to the use of harder drugs.

Moreover, the list of impressive voices

actively encouraging decriminalization grows: President and Mrs. Carter, ex-President and Mrs. Gerald Ford, Sen. Jacob Javits, Rep. Edward Koch, and New Jersey Attorney Gen. William Hyland, to mention a few.

Last year, under the personal direction of former Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller, a White House task force urged federal agencies to reduce their priority in the enforcement of existing marijuana legislation. This, together with the fact that more than half of all high-school seniors have experimented with grass, indicates that the enforcement of such laws becomes an improbable, if not cruel, exercise in futility.

Bob Guccione

countries. Southern California can still be a bitch. L.A. Police Chief Ed Davis says that toking will cause the collapse of Western civilization. San Francisco retains its reputation as one of the most wide-open towns in the country. After shepherding the state's new decriminalization law through the legislature, George Moscone was immediately elected mayor of San Francisco.

One ounce or less: \$100 fine; more than an ounce: six months and \$500.

COLORADO

An all-American coed at the University of Colorado informed us: "Nobody gets busted anymore for possession, only for selling. I was offered a joint in a fancy restaurant the other night. We were waiting for dinner. The waiter came up and said, 'I'm supposed to keep you happy; so here.' He left a joint on the table." Said waiter was still taking a chance. The 1975 decriminalization law carries a mandatory \$100 fine for "public display or consumption."

Up to one ounce: \$100 fine; more than one ounce: one year and \$500; use or display in public: fifteen days and a mandatory \$100 fine.

CONNECTICUT

Larger cities tend to have more elastic drug policies. Small, affluent suburbs can be sticky. The former state police commissioner advocated nonenforcement of marijuana laws for simple possession. But he's been replaced, and his order has been rescinded. The courts, however, have been moving away from giving jail terms, and a federal district court in Connecticut recently gave a Manchester man a suspended sentence for possession of 1,000 pounds of grass.

Up to four ounces: one year and \$1,000; more than four ounces: five years and \$2,000.

DELAWARE

"Police here aren't looking to bust up pot parties, but there are still lots of arrests and prosecutors are still going with them," says a local lawyer. In many cases it's the cops who come off sounding like liberals. "The marijuana stuff is a pain in the ass," said one cop in Wilmington. "It takes up our time and makes defense lawyers rich. Nobody goes to jail anyway."

Any amount: two years and \$500.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Jack Carter may also find the atmosphere here to be his cup of tea. Whether or not the couple of thousand D.C. dopers arrested here annually would feel the same is another question.

Any amount: one year and a \$100-to-\$1,000 fine.

FLORIDA

Drug laws are tough. At last count, sixty-eight people were in jail for possession of less than one ounce of grass. In the southern urban counties—Broward and Dade—narcs are more likely to overlook

users. They are having too much fun going after the enormous amounts of coke and marijuana coming in from Colombia. The Dade County Circuit Court has "strongly recommended" decriminalization.

Less than five grams: one year and \$1,000; more than five grams: five years and \$5,000.

GEORGIA

Atlanta decriminalized in 1976. In that city the maximum fine for under one ounce is \$250. Our Georgia man draws, "In Atlanta the police are often just confiscating your grass and leaving you alone. If you get busted for small amounts of grass, you're usually looking at a \$50-to-\$100 fine. Police are still interested in body counts when you get twenty miles outside the capital."

Less than one ounce: one year and \$1,000; more than one ounce: one to ten years.

HAWAII

Cops are well aware that it isn't just the volcanoes that are smoking out here, but they seem most interested in going after sellers and cultivators. A helicopter-equipped narc told us, "There's always some dude from California who thinks this is a tropical paradise. He goes up into the hills and gets notions of being the Johnny Appleseed of the drug world."

Less than one ounce: thirty days and \$500; one ounce to one kilo: one year and \$1,000; more than a kilo: five years and/or \$5,000.

IDAHO

In the past the state's Bureau of Narcotics and Drug Enforcement was notorious for really terrible police work. Narcs were buying from—and busting—one another; free-lance undercover agents were walking away with front money. The bureau has since reorganized and is actively working with agents throughout the state.

Up to three ounces: one year and \$1,000; more than three ounces: five years and \$15,000.

ILLINOIS

According to Paul Kuhn, Illinois coordinator for NORML (National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws), "We have a lot of chain-letter busts. They pick up one guy and let him off if he calls up a half-dozen friends and gets a reefer or two from them. Then they bust the lot as pushers."

Downstate, especially, grass is viewed as a serious offense (except, perhaps, in Carbondale, the home of Southern Illinois University). Drug arrests in Illinois tripled between 1973 and 1976.

They're obsessed with quantity here. Less than two and one-half grams: thirty days and \$500; two and one-half to ten grams: six months and \$500; ten to thirty grams: one year and \$1,000; 30 to 500 grams: one to three years and \$10,000; more than 500 grams: one to ten years and \$10,000.

INDIANA

"If you're busted with a lid in Indianapolis and the college towns, you're generally looking at a twenty-five or fifty-dollar fine and ten days suspended," says a local attorney. "In a rural court, that same lid is gonna get you at least thirty days in jail."

Some odd changes occurred as of July 1, when the state's new marijuana law went into effect. In general, it reduces maximum jail terms somewhat but raises fines drastically. Possession of less than thirty grams formerly could draw a maximum fine of \$500. For more than thirty grams the maximum used to be ten years and \$1,000.

Under the new law: less than thirty grams: one year and \$5,000; more than thirty grams: two to four years and \$10,000 or one year and \$5,000 (depending upon what charge you're officially tried on).

IOWA

In Des Moines it's the announced policy of the local police *not* to enforce for possession of small amounts of grass. Attitudes elsewhere aren't so benign.

Any amount: six months and \$1,000.

KANSAS

A doleful report from a dude in America's heartland: "Most arrests take place in small towns, although narcs in Topeka are definitely out to arrest users. Try this recent conviction on for size: second offense, possession of one joint—two to ten years."

Any amount: one year and \$2,500.

KENTUCKY

Laws are comparatively light, but they go by the book here. Suspended sentences seem to be the rule in the cities. In the rural areas people are doing time. Police, says a local defense attorney, "are still looking to build up their numbers and are busting a lot of petty users."

Any amount: ninety days and \$250.

LOUISIANA

The word from one New Orleans attorney is that two-thirds of the assistant DA's are smoking. Cops who stumble on "well-mannered users" are likely to confiscate their stash, and the hassle ends there. In the back country it's a different story. Not long ago, a kid pulled forty-five days for "attempted possession" of one joint.

Any amount: six months and \$500.

MAINE

Maine recently revised its criminal code. In the process grass was decriminalized. The current penalty is a maximum \$200 civil fine. Caution: if you get a summons for having more than one and one-half ounces of smoke, you may have to prove that you weren't planning a deal.

Any amount for personal use: \$200 fine.

MARYLAND

Gov. Marvin Mandel has taken an outspoken law-and-order stand. But when he has been at his most outspoken, he's also been

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facing trial on criminal charges for corruption in office. The Montgomery County prosecutor has refused to prosecute minor grass cases. And the warden of the Baltimore City Jail has come out for decriminalization of the weed.

Any amount: one year and \$1,000.

MASSACHUSETTS

"When you've got the largest number of college kids per square inch in the whole universe, you've got to be reasonable," is how a narc in Worcester put it to us. Small towns, working with the state police, however, crack down from time to time.

Any amount: six months and \$500.

MICHIGAN

A word from a small-time dealer: "In Detroit and the college towns, no bust is gonna come down unless it's for some political reason. In other places we've had some county prosecutors hollering about how there's gonna be no more plea bargaining." In Ann Arbor, the famous five-dollar grass fine was abolished for a while, but a recent referendum reinstated it as part of the city charter. Ypsilanti also has a five-dollar maximum fine for minor possession.

Less than two ounces: one year and \$1,000; more than two ounces: four years and \$2,000.

MINNESOTA

Grass was decriminalized in 1976, but that doesn't mean your average dairy farmer is lighting up as he milks his cows. Police Chief Tom Motherway of Hibbing went so far as to inform us, "Marijuana has not been decriminalized. On a first offense we can still send the user to a center, where he meets with a counselor."

Less than one and one-half ounces: \$100 fine only; more than one and one-half ounces: three years and \$3,000. Driving with more than one-half ounce: ninety days and \$300.

MISSISSIPPI

A police chief in southern Mississippi confided: "Our trouble is *narcotics*. You know. That weeee. Mary Wanna." When's the last time you met a cop who didn't know the difference between grass and heroin?

Less than an ounce: one year and \$1,000; more than an ounce: three years and \$3,000.

MISSOURI

Some 10,000 people are arrested here annually for possessing up to thirty-five grams of pot. In St. Louis and Kansas City, most arrests for drugs happen in the course of busts for other offenses. In the suburbs minor dope is often confiscated, and the incident is "forgotten." In rural areas arrest often means "Go directly to jail."

Less than thirty-five grams: one year and \$1,000; more than thirty-five grams: five years and \$1,000.

MONTANA

The number of arrests—still mostly of

users—has been decreasing lately, but not because of any policy reversal. The leniency is a reaction to court calendars already overdosed with drug cases. Most arrests are incidental. It's the old "I-stopped-them-your-Honor-for-a-broken-taillight-then-smelled-smoke" story.

Less than sixty grams: one year and \$1,000; more than sixty grams: five years.

NEBRASKA

The philosophy out here is that punishment shouldn't necessarily be harsh but that it should be certain. Judging by recent past performance, the courts often give a mandatory seven days for possession of up to a pound of grass. The point is that if you get caught, there's a good chance you're not going to come out clean.

Up to one pound: seven days and \$500; more than one pound: one year and \$500.

NEVADA

In the words of a local defense attorney, "We're the ass end of America. Alabama and Mississippi look progressive next to us." Any amount of grass rates felony charges here, although first offenders may receive conditional discharges. Our barrister offered the following explanation: "The Mormon church exerts a lot of influence around our state. Hell, they don't even like tea or coffee."

Any amount if you're more than twenty-one: one to six years and \$2,000; any amount if you're under twenty-one: one year and \$1,000.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Much of the grass is homegrown. The chief of police in a White Mountain ski resort told us, "I don't go off half-cocked every time I see a single plant growing." Other small towns stage occasional busts of users which are usually followed up with fines of \$50 to \$100.

Less than one pound: one year and \$1,000; more than one pound: seven years and \$2,000.

NEW JERSEY

Small-time users aren't going to jail much these days; the residents of Jersey are too busy putting their elected officials in the slammer. It's considered unusual to go to jail for anything less than fifty pounds of grass, but that doesn't mean it never happens. It's as this cop in Bayonne said: "There are so many people using pot that it's impossible for us to avoid coming across it. When we do, we bust."

Less than twenty-five grams: six months and \$500; more than twenty-five grams: five years and \$15,000.

NEW MEXICO

"I haven't had a case in years where anyone's gone to jail. And some of those cases have involved hundreds of pounds," says an Albuquerque defense lawyer. The principal police sport in these parts appears to be catching people who haul stuff through the state. Interstate 40, the main east-west

route, is the favorite playground of the state police. "Suspicious vehicles" are the target. There's very little that is not suspicious in the eyes of these centurions. Campers, vans, buses, horse trailers, and rental cars all qualify. If you get caught, you probably won't do time but you'll be vacuumed squeaky clean. The vehicle will be confiscated, you'll get a suspended sentence and a fine, and you'll have to pay a lawyer a couple of grand to get you off.

Up to one ounce: fifteen days and \$50 to \$100; one to eight ounces: one year and \$100 to \$1,000; more than eight ounces: one to five years and \$5,000.

NEW YORK

New York State has the toughest drug laws in the country (sell just about anything and you risk fifteen to life). Yet New York City remains a wide-open town. A harassed narc there explained, "I've got everybody blowing everybody away, and you want to know why I don't lock up Priscilla Pissface for smoking a reefer. If I delivered a user to the D.A., he'd have me locked up." Police in upstate rural communities hold less blasé attitudes.

Any "transfer" of grass—even passing around a joint—can be treated as a Class C felony, thereby landing you in the company of arsonists, forgers, and folks picked up for manslaughter. A Class C offense can keep you out of touch for fifteen years.

Pressure for decriminalization is growing ... even among Republicans.

Possession of any amount can be treated as a misdemeanor: one year and \$1,000; more than one-quarter ounce or twenty-five joints may be prosecuted as a felony: seven years; the same is true of more than one ounce or 100 joints: one to fifteen years.

NORTH CAROLINA

"If you're discreet, don't sell anything, and keep within a limited circle of friends, you won't run into hassles," says a Greensboro lawyer. "But they're still looking for stuff down here. We criminal attorneys rejoice every time we hear there's gonna be a rock concert. We know we'll get enough cases to keep us in the chips for the next six months."

Less than one ounce: six months and \$500; more than one ounce: five years and \$5,000.

NORTH DAKOTA

In this state the guardians of the public weal seem not to have the requisite intestinal fortitude to put grass users in the slammer. That doesn't mean that they won't bust you. "In our own way we've decriminalized grass," says Mandan Police Chief Hugo Ternes. "We charge people for simple possession, and they get a fine of maybe \$150."

Any amount: one year and \$1,000.

OHIO

Ever since the state decriminalized grass in 1975, police seem to have lost interest in

pursuing users. "No one's even being given civil citations," says one triumphant partisan of reform. The city of Oxford made possession a \$5 fine early in 1977. Stiff penalties remain on the books for larger amounts.

Less than 100 grams: \$100 fine only; 100 to 200 grams: thirty days and \$250; 200 to 600 grams: six months to five years and \$2,500; more than 600 grams: one to ten years and \$5,000.

OKLAHOMA

Smokers inadvertently finding themselves in Oklahoma would do well to follow this very simple advice: get thee to Ohio. "People in this locality don't want to go along with this drug stuff," says Chief Henry Sharp of Muskogee. "Our juries here are giving tough sentences. We give one to seven years for marijuana."

Any amount: one year.

OREGON

Grass was decriminalized in Oregon in 1973. It was the first state in the nation to go that route, and the populace seems content with the results. There's been no increase in use.

Up to one ounce: \$100 fine; more than one ounce: ten years and \$2,500.

PENNSYLVANIA

Arrests for minor possession of pot are running at a rate of some 75,000 annually. "It's the police way of doling out instant justice," says one reformer. "They take you down, book you, and throw you in the tank with the perverts and the drunks. In short, they sentence you to twenty-four hours in the hole. Most cases that are prosecuted end up with a fine."

Up to thirty grams: thirty days and \$500; more than thirty grams: one year and \$5,000.

RHODE ISLAND

"The atmosphere is extremely free up here," says one college newspaper editor. "On campus, especially, grass is universal. Jocks, Greeks, ersatz intellectuals . . . they all smoke. Beer is our main problem. We have a small group that comes rolling out of campus pubs and busts up everything in sight."

Any amount: one year and \$500.

SOUTH CAROLINA

One rural sheriff drove his point home: "We're happy to be southerners and Bible Belters. We don't like to see things get out of hand." Actually, the laws aren't all that tough, but they sure aren't being ignored. The citizenry still has a tendency to confuse marijuana with heroin.

Up to one ounce: three months and \$100; more than one ounce: six months and \$1,000.

SOUTH DAKOTA

When South Dakota revised its criminal code last year, a marijuana decriminalization clause was included. The new law was

scheduled to take effect on April 1, 1977. An ounce of grass would have brought only a twenty-dollar fine. A new, more conservative legislature, however, has since been elected, and it is having second thoughts. It recently reinstated the harsher, old grass laws into the new code, which is now scheduled to take effect in October. For the moment, at least, it looks as if the conservatives have carried the day.

Less than one ounce: thirty days and \$100; one ounce to one pound: one year and \$1,000; more than one pound: two years and \$2,000.

TENNESSEE

Naturally, there's a lot of action around Nashville, but the standard outcome of a grass bust is a fifty-dollar fine and probation. Out in the hill country, things aren't quite so pacific. A sheriff in eastern Tennessee informs us: "Juries are here for convictin'." Sixty-eight percent of the users convicted in rural areas serve time.

Any amount: one year and \$1,000.

TEXAS

In the 1950s Gov. Price Daniel tried to make dealing in drugs punishable by death. That sentiment has far from faded in the Lone Star State. Larry Gibbs, chief of the Fort Stockton police, says, "We got to get stiffer penalties. Too many of these smokers are being probated." When we talked with the chief, he had just hauled in three guys who had overdosed on loco weed. "We got them in jail now. That stuff really bombs 'em out." The weed in question is not a controlled substance, but we couldn't summon up the courage to ask him why his charges were put in jail. The chief admires the courts up in Dallas County, where some crimes get thousand-year sentences.

Up to two ounces: six months and \$1,000; two to four ounces: one year and \$2,000; more than four ounces: two to ten years and \$5,000.

UTAH

Possession of any amount of grass in Utah is a Class B misdemeanor. The relative meagerness of the penalty does not embarrass Utahian magistrates. They will be happy to stick it to you, especially in rural counties. The two largest cities, Salt Lake and Ogden, enforce the laws with restraint. "If you get picked up there, you're only looking at a fifty-dollar fine," says one defense attorney. "In the outlying counties you're going to face a larger fine, and you might pull time. There was a case in Davis County a while back. An eighteen-year-old got a seventy-dollar fine for underage possession of cigarettes. Understand? Fuckin' cigarettes!"

Any amount: six months and \$299.

VERMONT

"Local police don't seem interested in putting anybody in jail," a local home-grower informs us. There is a brisk business here under the cultivation statute. Cultivation is a felony (five years and/or \$10,000), but the

sentence is generally a \$100-to-\$300 fine. *Any amount: six months and \$500.*

VIRGINIA

"We're still pretty backward," observes a refreshingly blunt prosecutor. "Police in northern Virginia have eased up a lot, but they're still getting search warrants to go after a couple of plants. We'll give you a criminal record and a twenty-five-dollar fine." Outside the D.C. suburbs sentences can get tougher. It's not unheard of for a first offender, family-type guy to pull a year and a \$1,000 fine.

A defense attorney gave us this confidential hint: "If you're caught with stuff and the police ask, 'Do you use this drug?' don't deny it. If you do, they may slap you with intent to distribute. In this state there's a five-year minimum for doing that or for selling even a single joint for profit [and a forty-year maximum]."

Any amount: one year and \$1,000.

WASHINGTON

The state is divided by mountains—the western side is urban, and drug laws are enforced with some leniency. Seattle decriminalized grass in 1974. You can be fined up to \$500, but the "standard" fee is \$25 and no criminal record. Farm country is much tougher turf.

Up to forty grams: ninety days and \$250; more than forty grams: five years and \$10,000.

WEST VIRGINIA

A note on rural juries from a lawyer who ought to know: "Most juries are made up of retired coal miners and housewives. They all know the prosecutors. There's a lot of home cooking going on. You're gonna have a tough time getting some kid off. I know; I keep losing when I go up against them." Nevertheless, a raft of younger prosecutors was elected last year; so the winds of change may soon begin blowing.

Any amount: ninety days to six months and \$1,000.

WISCONSIN

There's a lot of sentiment for decriminalization of grass [from such radicals as the attorney general and the League of Women Voters]. The legislature has made clear its desires: dealers should be "sentenced to substantial terms of imprisonment to shield the public from their predatory acts"; experimenters (that's what the legislature calls smokers) "should receive special treatment toward rehabilitation."

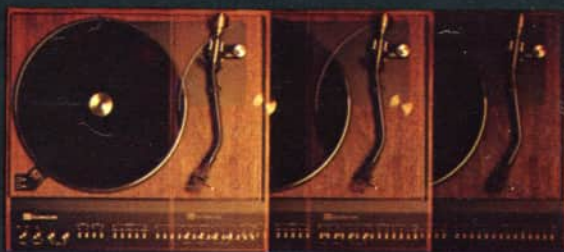
Any amount: one year and \$250.

WYOMING

A professor at the state university in Laramie says: "The cops have their finger on who's doing what. If you keep your cool and don't bother people, they'll leave you alone." The northern part of the state, he advises, "is a little more red-neck, but not a whole lot." It's still a good idea not to flaunt what you've got.

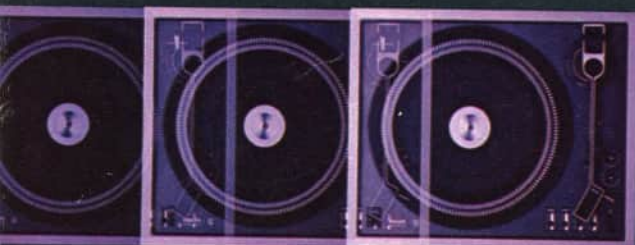
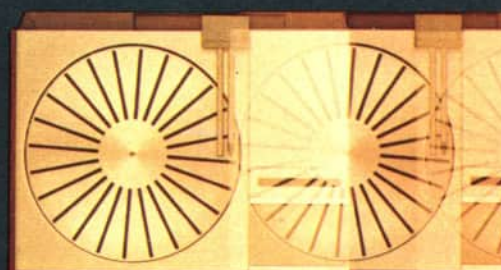
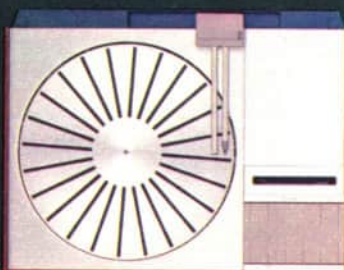
Any amount: six months, \$1,000. ☉+■

SOUNDINGS SOUNDINGS SOUNDINGS



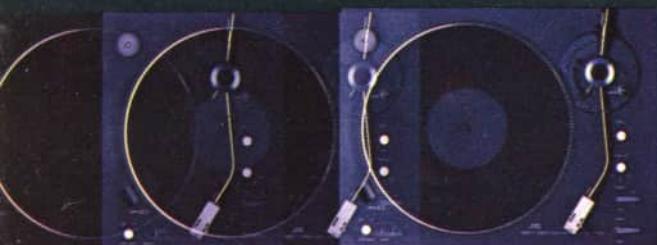
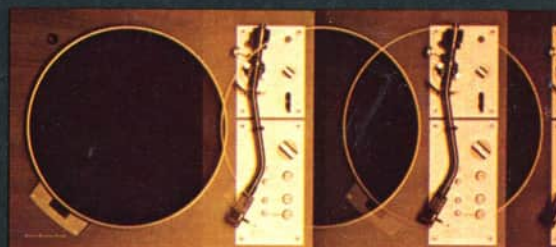
These pick hits and best buys in 1977 audio components are designed to keep you from getting in over your headphones.

(Above right) Just the thing for setting the exact mood, the ADC Accutrac 4000 lets you program the songs you want for \$600. (Above left) The SL 1400 from Technics, by Panasonic, a good buy at \$249.



(Above) One of the most elegantly designed single-play turntables ever is the Bang & Olufsen Beogram 4002 MMC 6000, which, retailing for \$740, gives you high quality at a reasonable price.

(Above) The Philips GA 222, for about \$250. (Right) The PL 570, which is made by U.S. Pioneer and costs about \$400. (Below) A best bet by J.V.C., this JL-F 45 will set you back about \$250.



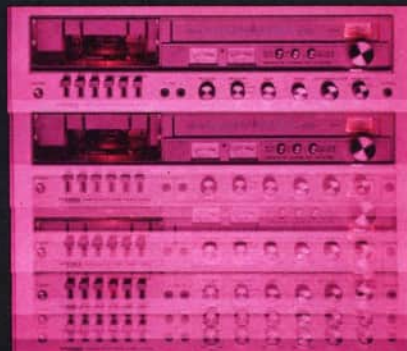
Ever since Edison put the word on wax, audio engineers have striven to make it unnecessary for sound freaks of every feather to leave their chairs and beds and actually *attend* concerts. And while it is true that many top pop groups have spruced up the theatricality of their acts (jugglers, laser beams, exploding guitars, lucite platform shoes, etc.), the fine line between live music and recorded music is being rapidly erased by state-of-the-art audio advances.

Of course, with so many companies competing for your dollar in a field that seems to have infinite areas of refinement open to it, the selection that confronts the consumer can be nothing short of bewildering. Mindful of this situation, *Penthouse* has surveyed the jungle of stereo products and selected a limited number of turntables, speakers, receivers, and preamplifiers to recommend to its readers. And although there is something here for every pocket and taste, remember that the assembly of a stereo system depends as much on the space it occupies as it does on the cost of its components.

So don't base your buying on looks alone. Hie thee to your local merchant and take a long and careful listen.



(Below) One of the more interesting innovations in the marketing of stereo components this year is the Centrex KH 767, by Pioneer of America. This unit comes complete with its own simulated-woodgrain set of speakers (not shown) and retails for \$359. All you do is supply the turntable, tape deck, microphone, and other accessories of your choice, and you have an instant sound system. Could this be the sound wave of the future?



(Left) This high-powered amplifier receiver by Kenwood is the 9600, which retails at a suggested price of \$749.95. Like other Kenwoods in its long and distinguished line, it can do just about anything with your records, tapes, mikes, and local radio stations except originate the sounds. For the advanced audiophile who demands quality, the Kenwood 9600 deserves careful consideration. For those with a little less to spend but with a taste for excellence, there is the R376 by H.H. Scott (right). This beautifully finished unit sits handsomely next to any compatible component. And since it offers superior reproductive quality for around \$550, it can be counted on to sit very well with the listener who cherishes a well-balanced stereo budget.



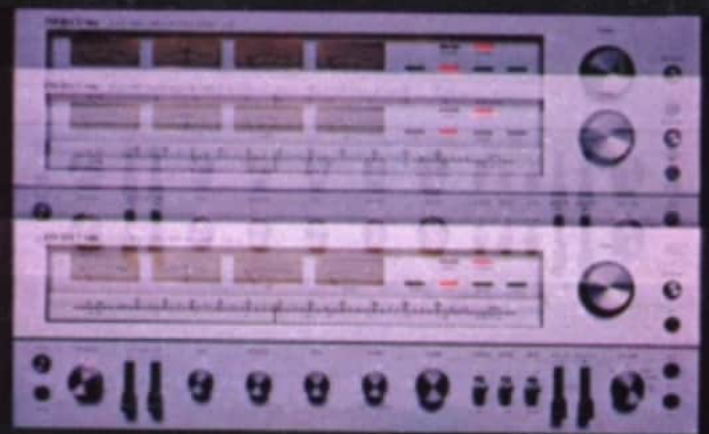
(Above) Hold it there! True, it looks fantastic, but it doesn't stand alone. This is the Phase Linear 400 amplifier and needs tuners, tape decks, turntables, and other assorted paraphernalia found elsewhere on these pages. For those phonophreaks who are blessed with a yearning for real drive behind their vibes, the Phase Linear 400 delivers. All in all, this is definitely for you serious listeners. Perfectly possible, because it costs only about \$499.



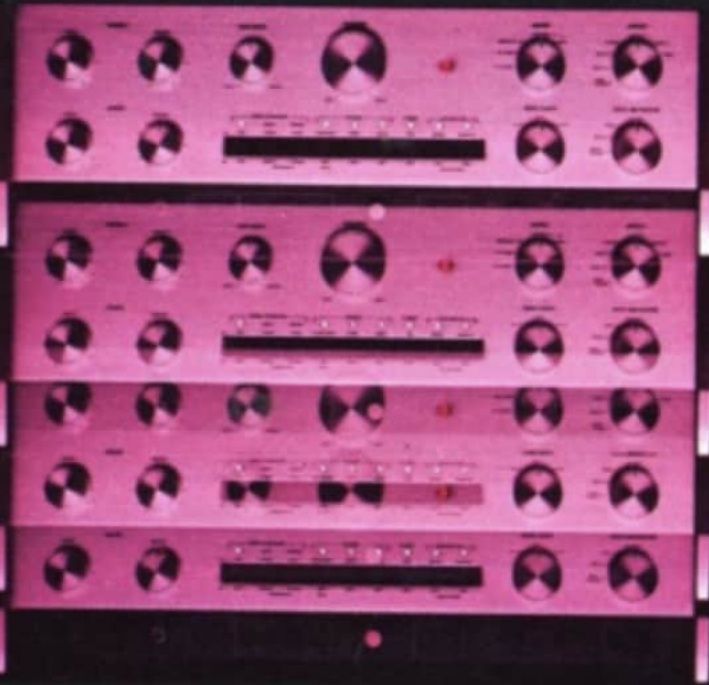
And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us present this year's candidates for the position of Speaker of the House. All are honorable (not to mention handsome and powerful) components with clean woofers, tweeters, and records. (From left to right) The Acoustic Research 11—\$325 each; KLH's Little Baron, Model 345—\$295 each; B.I.C.'s dynamic Venturi Formula 5—\$219 each; Bose's PS 3 speakers, available only in pairs (with an elegant base)—\$765; and the One and a Half by DLK—\$189.95 each. But remember, before you vote it's always best to take a careful listen to what each of these eloquent speakers has to say.

Photographs by Eric Meola

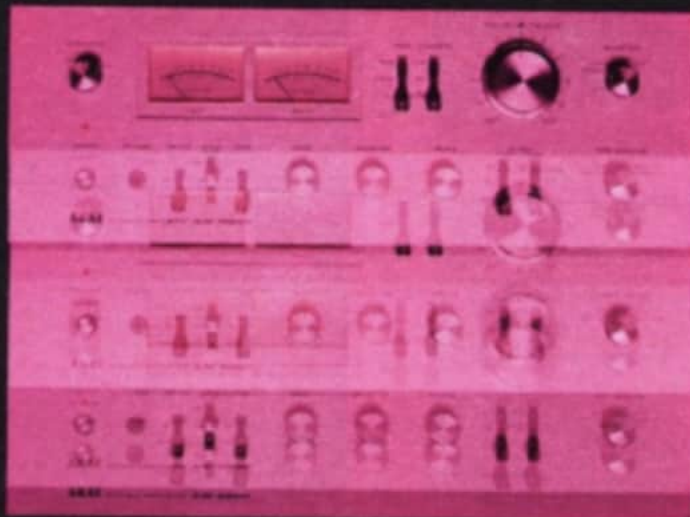
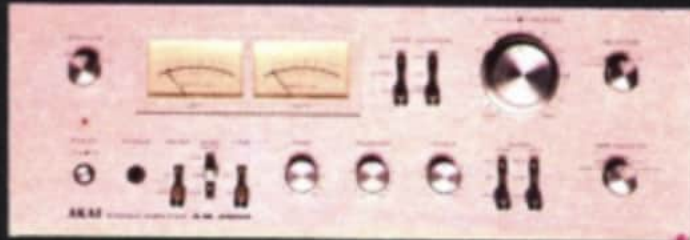




(Above) Combining the triple virtues of accuracy, power, and price, the Project I Mark IV B receiver is one of the better aids for sophisticated hearing on the market. Retailing at a suggested price of \$499, this unit can tune in that elusive, low-powered, and ultrahip FM station, haul in signals from Australia (when the Heaviside layer is working), or send Mick Jagger strutting right out of your speakers. Add these superlative capabilities to a handsome case and you've got a bargain.



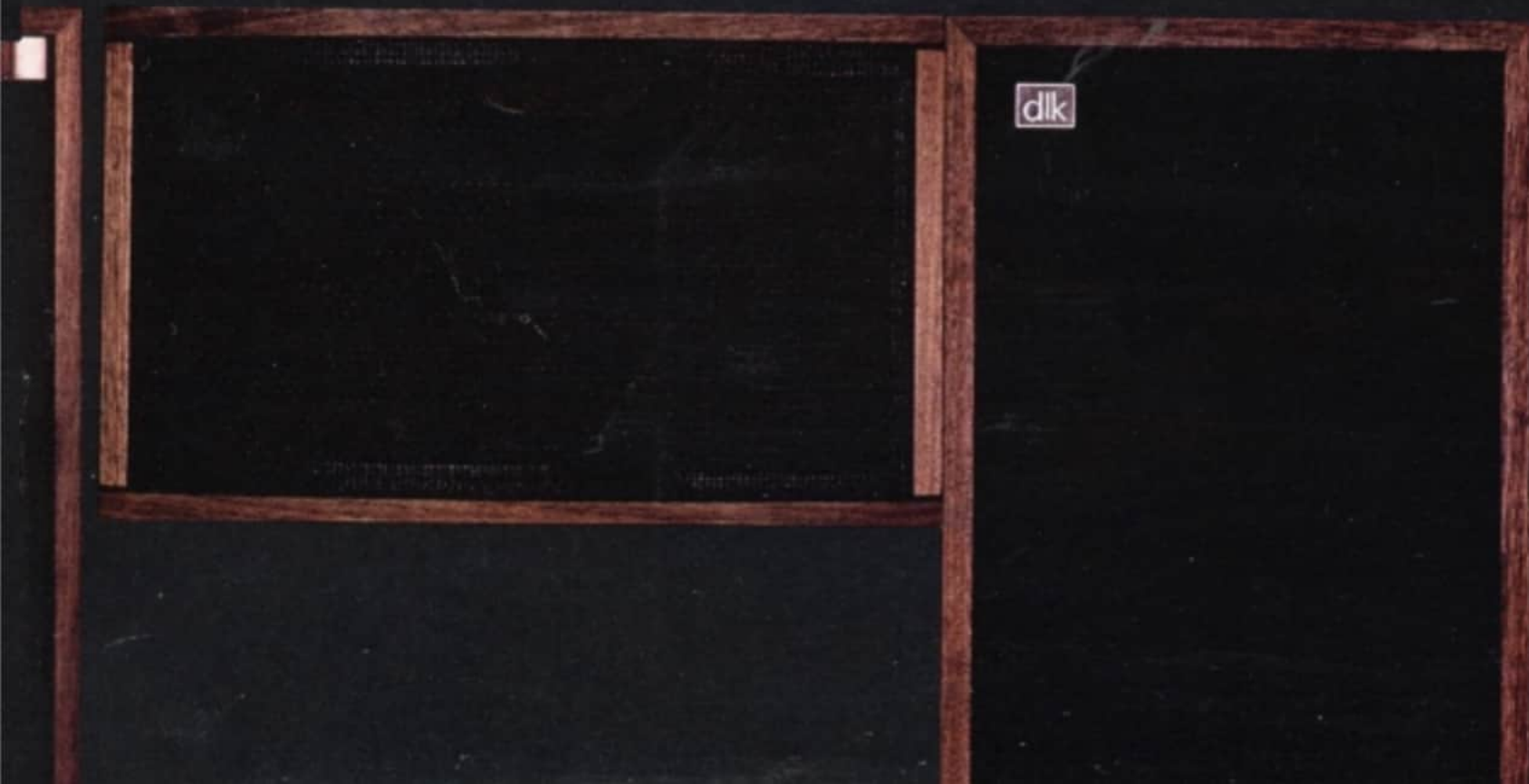
(Below) Sleek and solid, the AKAI AM-2800 integrated amplifier is the kind of electronic Rosetta stone that can decipher any input with the speed of sound. Pushing 80 watts in each channel, it delivers pure sonic power and can handle two tape decks at once. Real sonic sticklers will be delighted with the unit's precise tone-control features as well as with its mute capability and adequate filters for cleaning up your original Benny Goodman 78s. ("Sing, Sing, Sing" doesn't have to sound like chalk on a blackboard.) Price: about \$400.




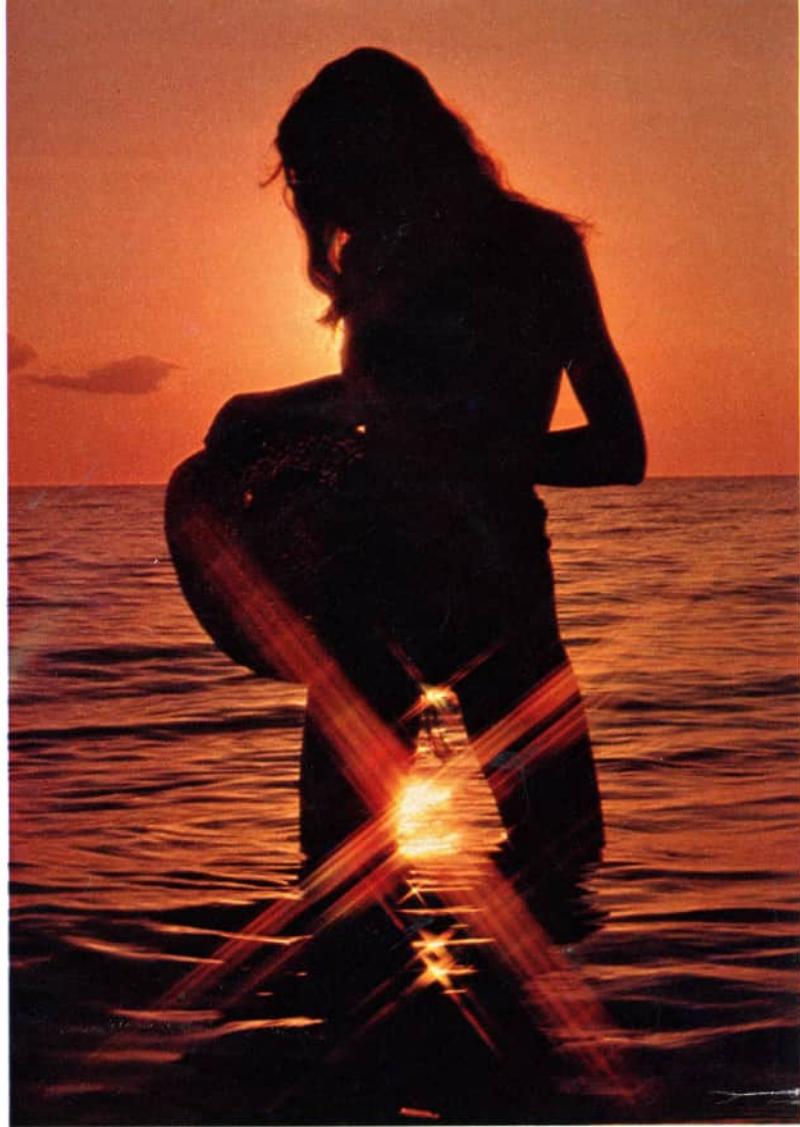
To your left, you'll see Teac's Accuphase C200. Since it's only a not-so-humble preamp, you'll probably lust for a tuner and other goodies that, when joined in that perfect harmony that the gods have decreed, make for a splendid sound system. Nevertheless, with the capacity to take up to ten input sources, selectable turnover frequencies for both bass and treble frequencies, and less than .05 percent harmonic distortion, the C200 is worth every penny of its suggested price of \$700. On the other hand (your right, that is), the Hitachi SR 703 receiver costs about half that—\$349.00—and makes up in economy what it lacks in power and extraspecial features. Let your pocket be your guide.



(Above) Put a little rock in your sock—60 watts per channel and a maximum of 0.3 percent harmonic distortion. All this via Sansui's 7070 FM/AM stereo receiver. This handsome unit sports a sleek finish of brushed steel and simulated walnut grain, which frames a tasty assortment of power-output and tuning meters, mode modification controls, and enough multiple inputs and outputs to satisfy the most fickle audiophiles. Costing about \$520, this Sansui is a leading contender for top honors in the middle-price field.



Get inside your headphones. From left to right: Jensen's 230 for \$71.96; Koss's Electrostatic E10 stereo phones with energizer, at \$300; and for those who flip over great design, there are the U70s, by Bang & Olufsen, for \$85. 





• I like to have lots
of sex, three
or four times
a day if possible. •

SPICE OF LIFE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAT HILL

"If I were a food, I'd be something hot and spicy, like an enchilada," says delicious Cynthia Miles, whose fiery-food fantasy is matched by her flaming red hair. Not that her taste for the exotic stops at Tex-Mex cuisine. "I've always craved all sorts of excitement," she says. "That's why I like to travel so much. These pictures were taken in Jamaica—the most beautiful place in the world." As you can clearly see, Cynthia's own shapely, 35-23-35 terrain is no less lushly appointed, whether viewed splashing about in the crystal Caribbean or biking on country roads.

“I was
spread-eagled
on the bed,
and he
made love
to me
fiercely.”



“I’m a Taurus, which means that I’m very stubborn, very hard to tame,” says this twenty-year-old aspiring model. “The men in my life are usually tough, he-man types. But I’m a pushover for the hearts-and-flowers routine. If a guy takes me out to an *intime* candlelit restaurant, whispers sweet nothings in my ear, and treats me like a queen, I’m ready to fall into his arms by the end of the evening.”





"Of course, sex is the most exciting thing in life. And I like lots of it—three or four times a day if possible. But I'm very discriminating. If a man's looks and personality don't turn me on, I won't go near him. I'm quite a little exhibitionist, too. There's nothing better than making it in a public place. Museums are my favorite. But on one occasion my moans attracted a museum guard, and my lover and I almost got arrested. Now I've learned to come more quietly and enjoyably."



“I remember
being
sixteen,
lying in bed and
masturbating
like mad.”







● Sex is
the
most exciting
thing in
life. ●

"I don't think anything that two people enjoy is really *wrong*. I know a lot of people will think I'm strange, but I like being tied up with rope. Then I can relinquish all control and responsibility and really let go. I once bought one boyfriend eight yards of velvet rope for his birthday. He was delighted. He tied me to a chair and had me suck him off. Then he tied my arms and legs so that I was spread-eagled on the bed, and he made love to me fiercely. I really adored it, and I'm not ashamed to say it."



●I'm a real
exhibitionist—
there's nothing better
than making it in
a public place.●



"I fantasize about sex a lot, but not so much as when I was younger. I remember being sixteen years old, lying in bed and masturbating like mad while I thought about my teacher. Now that I'm older, I can play out my fantasies." Well, let's start with a bite at a Mexican restaurant and a trip to the nearest museum! ○✚



Clothing courtesy of Jose Antonio, Ruby Slippers, Ménage à Trois, and O'Susanna; shoes courtesy of Goody Two Shoes



ROBERT BROWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

field. In Miami, Brown and his friends lived in flophouses and took handouts of rice and black beans from the anti-Castro refugees. And, of course, there's no security. Friends turn up dead. You write it off as fate and have another drink. You shake it off and move out on another hot operation. It's always the same good life: stinking hotels, dingy bars, a lot of hanging around, and a few moments of incredible terror when the shooting starts.

Brown scratched his magazine to life with a grubstake of \$10,000 and an initial press run of 8,500. Now, two years later, he is turning out 100,000 copies every three months and selling the magazine on newsstands across the nation.

The magazine is a manual and guide for mercenaries and mercenary buffs, a clearinghouse for jobs and ideas. For readers who might want to join up, Brown has run several articles about the guerrilla war in Rhodesia and included the names and addresses of the recruiting officers for the Rhodesian army and police. One of his early features dealt with underwater knife-fighting techniques, and there was another memorable piece about snipers entitled "First Round Kills at 900 Meters."

Brown appraises combat pistols and rifles in reports that read like *Car and Driver* road tests. In a regular feature called "Ur-

ban Street Survival," Art Gitlin, his martial-arts editor, demonstrates such skills as how to fend off a pair of muggers with a rolled-up copy of *Soldier of Fortune*. Another standby, the "Bulletin Board," carries news of mercenaries killed in action, job opportunities, pistol-and-rifle matches, and such exotic schools as one that teaches pilots the skills of both nap-of-the-earth flying and fire-bombing.

Some critics were sickened by one photograph showing a black Rhodesian government soldier sprawled across a full page with a fly inching along the edge of a ragged hole blasted between his eyes. "Fuck 'em," Brown snaps, "the terrorists are subhuman bastards, and this is what they do. They operate under the guise of freedom fighters. But they're murderers. I should have editorialized more in the caption."

There are not all that many places in the world where a mercenary can find work. But the magazine doesn't dwell on that fact, nor do its advertisers, who offer an imaginative selection of knives, guns, holsters, telescopic sights, silencers, electronic eavesdropping devices, and such books as *The Quiet Killers*, *Shooting to Live*, and *Secrets of Underground Organization and Operations*, which would seem ideal for mercenaries and their friends.

In response to the magazine and a couple of advertisements that he has run in gun magazines promising information on "exciting mercenary opportunities over-

seas," Brown has received more than 4,000 letters from men asking for the chance to take up arms. To anyone willing to send him five dollars, Brown had been sending packets of information on military jobs in Rhodesia and the Arab country of Oman. But twice FBI agents came around to talk with him about federal laws against recruiting mercenaries. After a visit last spring by a Treasury Department man, he discontinued that business, saying that he figured it wasn't worth getting into a legal hassle which might endanger the magazine.

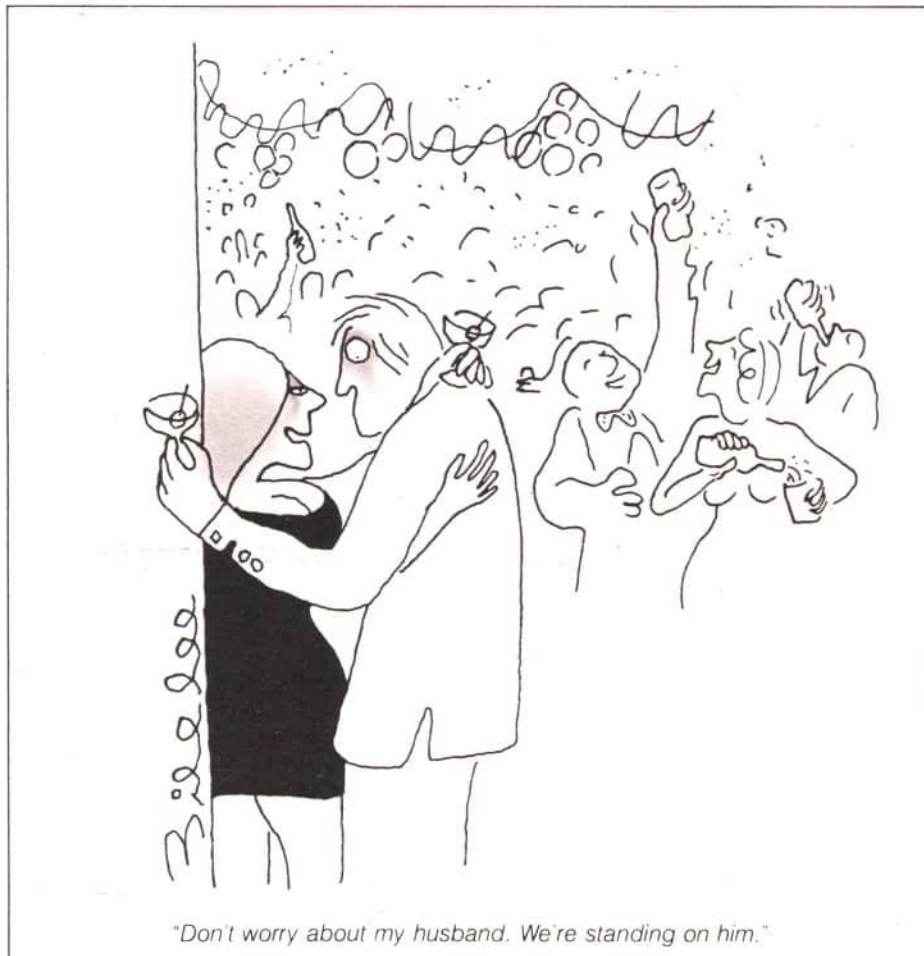
Most of the men who have written Brown are strikingly like him. They are zealous anti-Communists, excessively proud of being Americans, and dumbfounded that their country suddenly seems so isolationist. They are mainly men who have had a taste of combat—most often in Vietnam—and have been unable to adjust to civilian life. What interests them most, they say, is a chance to fight for what they think is a worthwhile cause. They crave raw excitement, too. Many of them are out of work, but whatever money might be available seems almost incidental.

With a master's degree in political science and a fair grip on Spanish, Brown is better educated than most of his fellow adventurers. One of his comrades and regular contributors, though, is Dr. John Peters, a physician who runs a clinic in a small town in southwestern Colorado. He has taken time off for several sorties into Latin America, including one that involved an ambush at a small airstrip in which he killed a Bolivian guerrilla who crawled up the wing of his taxiing biplane and a companion who was shooting at him from the runway.

Late one Friday afternoon friends start drifting into Brown's cluttered office on the top deck of a two-story cement-block building in the Crossroads Shopping Center in Boulder, just behind Pudlik's Liquors.

Three or four six-packs are on the first desk inside the door. Brown is perched on the corner of another desk, talking with Doc Peters, who has just come back from Guatemala, where he and several fellow parachutists and medics were helping earthquake victims in one of the most difficult-to-reach areas. Behind them is a wall decorated with Brown's military plaques and certificates, such as the one he was awarded for going through the South Vietnamese paratroop school, and with posters from Rhodesia, showing terrorists with prices on their heads.

Desks and tables covered with piles of papers and photographs line the walls. There is an old beer box of spent shells from Brown's FN assault rifle, an army parachute spilling out of another box, a tape recorder, an ammo belt, a couple of typewriters, a glass case in which Brown used to keep a four-foot-long rattlesnake until it died, the tail fins of the mortar shell that spattered him with shrapnel, an aviator's map of Rhodesia.



Maybe a dozen people have squeezed into the office. They are a microcosm of Brown's world—his friends and his readers. Brown and three others have been out there, have come really close to buying the farm, and wondered if they'd ever get back. The others are more like what Brown figures makes up the bulk of his readership, people who are more like Walter Mitty than a Congo commando, people who see excitement in the magazine and want to be a part of it, but are satisfied merely by thumbing through the pages and by swapping a little tough talk, perhaps. "This magazine," Brown says, "is for professionals by professionals. But there are not enough professionals to support the magazine."

It is no surprise that nearly all of Brown's readers are men. They like skydiving, scuba diving, big-game bow hunting, treasure hunting, mountain climbing, and knife throwing. Most of them are gun owners, according to a survey that Brown conducted. One reader, who said that he was about thirty, had Vietnam and some college behind him, and was earning between \$15,000 and \$24,000, reported that he owned seventy-two rifles, twelve shotguns, fourteen scopes, and seven handguns. Another vet said that he had thirty-one rifles, seven handguns, six scopes, and two shotguns.

With a fledgling magazine that seems to be taking flight, Robert K. Brown is the closest he has ever been to success. Most of his life has been on the margin. He never had a very clear idea of what he wanted to do with himself; so he just moved, and things happened. He fell in and out of jobs and disappeared to Miami off and on during the 1960s, carrying his rifle, a change of street clothes, and a pair of fatigues in a worn suitcase.

He drifted in and out of the army, lost himself in a round of military schools, and—almost to his surprise—came out a paratrooper with a green beret. It took him two tries before the army would send him to Vietnam. When he finally arrived, his first firefight was against a South Vietnamese army unit that had mistakenly attacked his company. Brown has shot one man in his life: an escaping Viet Cong prisoner, whom he nailed in the sole of a foot with a lucky round.

Brown believed in what the United States was doing in Vietnam and wanted to be a part of it, he says. But he also wanted to know how he'd react under fire. The answer was that he found combat "like a shot of adrenaline, much the same as when I'd get in the ring . . . I used to box . . . or when I used to rodeo . . . or when I was jumping out of a plane. . . . But there's nothing of higher intensity."

Brown didn't see all that much combat—maybe half a dozen exchanges of small-arms fire and half a dozen rocket and mortar attacks. Still, it was combat. He got his shot of adrenaline and lived to tell about it.

In the week or so that I spent with him, Brown added a touch of mystery to himself



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price, the Fiat 124 Sport Spider
is born to run.

Racetrack touts have a saying: "There is no denying class." To discover what this means in automotive terms, take the Fiat 124 Sport Spider over the twists of a country road and out onto the tarmac of an expressway some afternoon. And, if it's not raining, take the top down while you're at it. You'll find that the Spider combines the three hallmarks of Italian design and engineering—speed, spirit, and style. It is, in a word, a thoroughbred.

The Spider's breeding starts in its heart. It boasts 1,756 cubic centimeters of high-performance engine, five synchronized speeds forward, four disc brakes in a dual system, and a deft and sure handling that has to be felt to be loved. Behind the wheel of this splendid array of precision machinery, the driver not only gets a sense of excitement but also gets a much more important and elusive feeling as well—security.

One Spider owner, with more than 75,000 miles on his model, remarked: "I've been through every kind of weather condition and over everything that could pass as a road, and I've never felt like I was over my head. This is a highly forgiving car that has just the right suspension and understeer. Not only that, but my maintenance has been almost nil."

As far as its style is concerned, the Spider is a classic. Referred to by some wags as "the last of the sexy Fiats," the Spider stands almost alone in a field where styles are dominated by basic boxes and boring wedges. The subtle lines and sensual appeal of the Spider's carefully modeled curves and sweeping surfaces, which blend glass, chrome, fiber, and metal into a sleek, almost organic whole, give its driver the feeling of being part of something superior to a mere machine. Combine this classic Pininfarina body design with a luminescent finish, add on the posh cockpit with its very comfortable seats, factor in the elegant touch of that hand-selected, finished-wood console, and you've got an auto whose whole is

much more than the sum of its parts. You've got an experience.

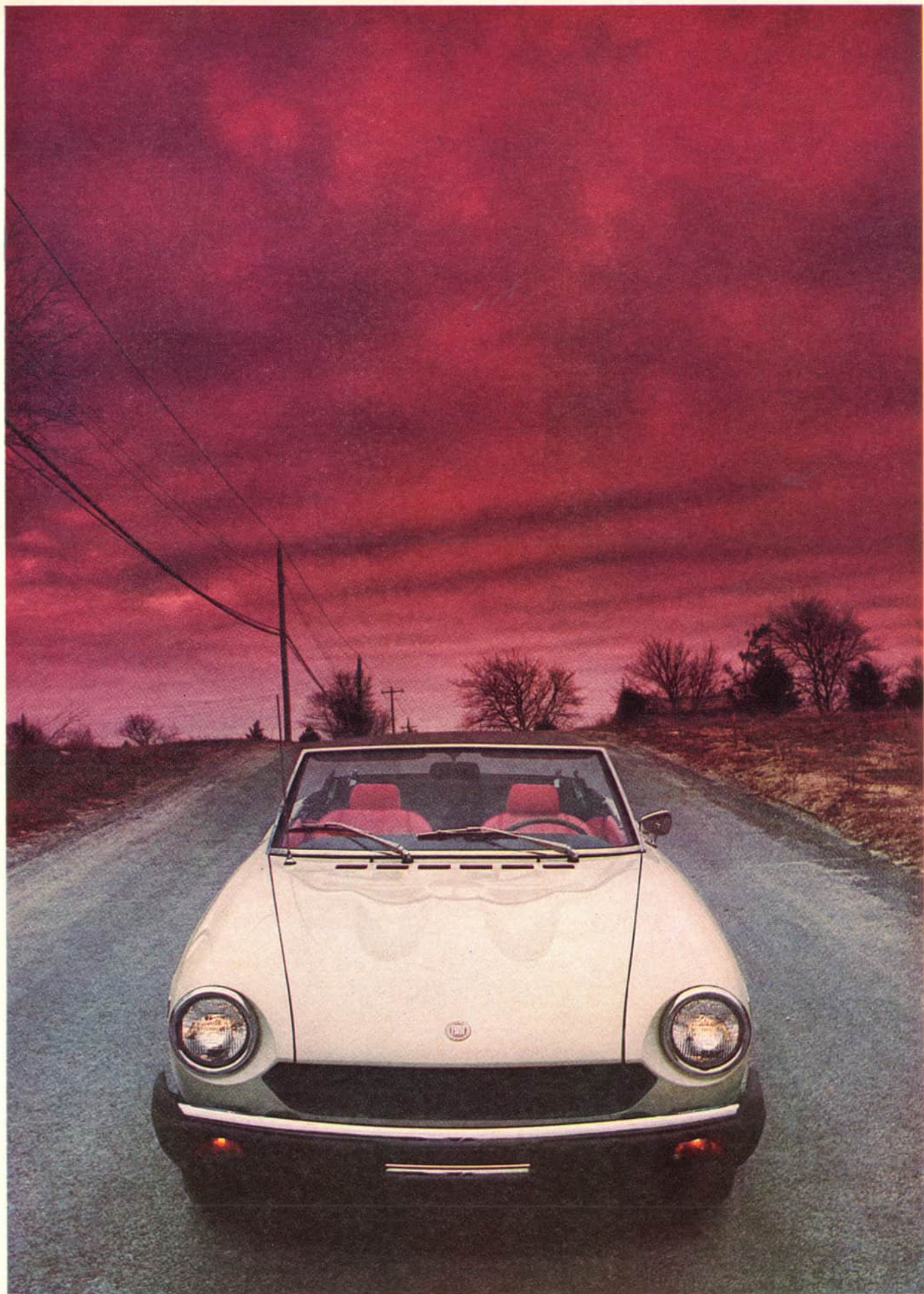
And the beautiful bottom line is that with a sticker price of about \$6,200, the Spider is a very reasonable deal for a sports car of this caliber. Don't plan to spend your annuity at the gas pump, either—the Spider delivers a respectable twenty-five miles per gallon. But the really gratifying consideration concerning the cost of the Spider is that no matter what you put into the car, it always seems to give more back—a bargain in any language.

Romantics will fall in love with the Spider's convertible top. This particular feature seems to have been given over to imports since the federal government and Detroit conspired to make American convertibles an extinct breed in 1976. The Sport Spider's top is a rare joy in this sun-roofed age. It can be raised or lowered effortlessly in mere seconds. Because of the unibody construction and the weather-tight engineering of the top, you stay rattle-free (a problem never really solved by the American rag-top) and completely dry, even in the wettest weather.

On the debit side, there's not much to say. New owners of the Spider might be a bit put off by the seemingly rigid driving position. This entails sitting well down in the Spider's posh bucket seats. While this requires a period of adjustment, it pays off in the long run in better car control and rapport with the road.

True—emission equipment on the new Spider has perceptibly reduced the snap of this usually frisky Fiat. But committed Spider owners have been restoring that snap by adding a set of headers and rejetting the Weber dual-throat carburetors. Most drivers, however, will be impressed enough with the spirit of the Spider to forswear such modifications. Once you settle yourself behind the wheel, you won't want to lose it to the shop for a minute or a mile. The Fiat Sport Spider is a car that loves to be driven, tested, finessed, inhabited—a car that is, like any thoroughbred, born to run. O+





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ROBERT BROWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

by alluding to, but refusing to discuss in detail, an attempted hijacking of a Cuban boat off Miami, a certain death in Vietnam, and the matter of his whereabouts for a few months in 1973 after he completed the army's command and staff course at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

Several times I saw Brown go wild. It was always the same: Brown sitting at the wheel of his green Vega station wagon, talking calmly about his magazine, explaining his politics, recalling something from boyhood. Suddenly, without warning another motorist cuts him off.

POW!! Brown explodes. "Cunt! Prick! Asshole!" He is off, screaming shrilly, the words snapping murderously, raw-edged, rasping. "Motherfucker! Asshole! Cunt!" He is pounding the steering wheel, his face twisted.

The erring driver, unaware of the assault, moves on. And as if nothing had happened, Brown switches back to our conversation. The pulsing veins and the clenched jaw have dissolved. Brown has restored himself. His finger is off the machine gun trigger. Now . . . the village is quiet . . . The explosion had peaked instantly, like nitroglycerin. Afterward, no smoke.

Most of the time, though, Brown does not come across as a demon or a madman. He

laughs easily, and people seem to like him. The stories of his misadventures unfold without embarrassment. After a while a listener has to wonder: is that swagger real, or is it something that he figures goes with the role?

Brown made his debut in publishing fourteen years ago when he brought out an English-language edition of a book called *One Hundred Fifty Questions for a Guerrilla*, by Gen. Alberto Bayo, who, according to Brown, was Fidel Castro's mentor in revolutionary warfare.

Brown bought a copy of the book in Havana during a trip there to gather material for his master's thesis on communism and the Cuban labor movement. When he got home, he had the book translated, and a friend put up \$400 to cover a first press run. No, there were no royalties for General Bayo.

Later Brown discovered that government publications such as "U.S. Army Hand-to-Hand Combat FM 21-50" and "Basic Rifle Marksmanship FMFM 1-3" were not protected by copyright laws. He began reprinting and selling them. Eventually, he published some original manuscripts, like *Silencers*, *Snipers*, and *Assassins*, which became one of his best-sellers, at about 4,000 copies.

Brown saw another way of making money on a trip to Rhodesia in 1974. He picked up some free government pamphlets and circulars on the security forces there, added some material from inter-

views, and, quick as an offset press could roll, the nimble businessman had constructed an "information packet" on "exciting mercenary opportunities," available for just five dollars. Later he put together a similar packet on Oman.

Brown got out of the book-publishing business when he started the magazine. He sold out to his partner of recent years, Peder C. Lund, who thought that the new venture sounded too risky.

Lund had also served as an officer with the Special Forces in Vietnam and had had a fling or two with what he calls the "soldiers of misfortune," plotting against Castro in Miami.

One afternoon Brown dropped in on Lund at the new offices of Paladin Press in a ranch-style house on the outskirts of Boulder. The front door was unlocked, and without knocking or even looking for a buzzer, Brown walked right in. Lund, his wife, a son, a friend, and Lund's in-laws were standing in the kitchen, eating hero sandwiches.

"Hello, turd," Brown called out to Lund, homing in on one of the sandwiches. Lund, who seemed to take the greeting in stride, dived for the sandwich. But his old partner was too quick for him; and before he could recover, two big bites were gone. Lund's wife, Marsha, was hissing and waving her arms.

"Get away, Brown," she cried out. "I haven't seen you in six months, and you're doing my refrigerator again."

Brown had been scavenging for food for years. He says he does it for effect—to needle friends and to shock strangers. But another reason is that he is plainly hungry. He says he hasn't time to eat more than one or two meals a day, but he also acknowledges that he's using every penny he can find to keep the magazine growing. At any rate, he usually eats lightly—when he eats at all—and cheaply.

A few months ago Brown went to Rhodesia to have a look at the war and got a few more shots of adrenaline. Not far from Victoria Falls, Brown spent five days with a white hunter and a reporter for his magazine, tracking lions that had been killing a farmer's cattle. They never saw the lions, but Brown managed to kill a sable and a kudu, each with a single shot, each at about 200 yards.

One morning, as they approached a rail crossing, Brown and the others saw in the distance three black men with rifles. Brown jumped out of the Land Rover and drew a bead on one of the black men. As Brown's finger steadied on the rifle trigger, the white hunter, looking through field glasses, called out that the blacks looked like government soldiers. Brown sighed and lowered his rifle.

Brown had gone to Rhodesia as a foreign journalist, not as a soldier. Could he have joined in on the side of government troops just like that and started killing guerrillas? "You bet your sweet pippy," he cackled later. "If they're bad guys, what the fuck? Over."—Joseph B. Treaster



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BILL BAXLEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

ley's head of environmental protection. "It was just like dealing with a hostile foreign power." Like Birmingham's other polluters, U.S. Steel had been given four years to come up with abatement plans. It refused to lift a finger, making itself liable to a stiff fine. "They said, 'U.S. Steel has never paid one cent in fines, and we'll shut down and throw everybody out of work before we pay one penny,'" recalled Baxley. "I really thought they were gonna do it, and it was gonna be the end of my political career in Alabama. So six hours before the deadline, when they see that all the pressure in the world is not gonna work on me, and they see they're dealin' with a real nut, they say, 'Okay, we're gonna pay the fine for every day we're in violation.'"

Other targets have proved easier than U.S. Steel. One was Fruithurst, in Cleburne County. While the Cleburne deputies behaved like highwaymen, robbing motorists for their own personal profit, Fruithurst had elevated the practice to the status of a civic virtue. A long time ago, Fruithurst authorities had figured out that the best way to raise revenue without taxing the already impoverished local folk was to impose a levy on motorists along U.S. 78 by means of speed traps. "They were stoppin' people wholesale," recalled Ray Acton, "chargin' 'em with all kinda ridiculous things. If a little bit of Plexiglas had fallen from one of your rear lights—improper lights. If one of your tires touched the center line—reckless driving. They'd find a marijuana seed in the ashtray of your car (those bastards had microscopic vision)—possession of drugs. It was commonplace to see Fruithurst police out on the side of the federal highway, pawin' through people's luggage."

Failing to prevail on Fruithurst officials to cease and desist, Baxley declared, "From now on, we're gonna start playing hardball," and sent Acton to examine the town's books. "Hell, I couldn't believe my eyes. In January 1975, they took in more money through fines and forfeits—\$23,000—than the city of Montgomery, which is 500 times larger. I was ready to give Fruithurst back to Georgia." "If a city the size of Birmingham made as many per-capita arrests as Fruithurst," commented Baxley, "it would arrest nearly every man, woman, and child in the United States within a year."

Baxley's men descended on the hapless town and all but declared martial law. They set up a trailer opposite the building that served as jail, city hall, and courthouse, and offered free legal aid to victims of the Fruithurst constabulary. Baxley threatened to appeal each case from the municipal level on up through the state and federal courts, demanding jury trials all the way. The legal costs would bankrupt the town. "Finally," recalled Acton, "a federal judge enjoined the mayor from making any traffic arrests along U.S. 78. They were out of business. If you cut off somebody's in-

come, the things just gotta dry up and blow away. That's what happened. A few months ago I saw a little item in the newspaper: 'Fruithurst city hall burglarized.' I read a little further: 'No one knows when the burglars got in, because no one goes to the city hall any more. The phones have been disconnected; there are no police. . . .'"

The younger generation of New South politicians confronts not only the realities of southern backwardness and underdevelopment but also the burden of southern history. Most members of that generation, like Baxley, were in high school or college when the civil-rights movement swept the South like a great wind, buffeting its arthritic institutions until they bent or snapped under its force. These politicians live in the shadow of the last decade, to which they return with the obsessiveness of postwar German youth, picking their way through the spiritual rubble of the Third Reich. This is an analogy that has often been drawn: among the crank letters Baxley has re-

“Wallace is right
about taxes,” says Baxley,
“but he doesn’t
have the stomach for
that kind of
fight. It’s gonna take a
mean, nasty governor.”

ceived, one was addressed to "Alabama's Simon Wiesenthal," a reference to his efforts to prosecute white racists of the fifties for crimes against black people, most of which went unpunished. One of the first things Baxley did when he took office was to reopen the case of the Birmingham bombing.

On an overcast day in mid-September 1963, four black girls were blown to pieces in a Birmingham church. In the aftermath of the explosion, scores of FBI agents descended on the scene. J. Edgar Hoover, with characteristic modesty, described his agency's efforts as "the most intense since the hunt for John Dillinger." Another top FBI official said: "We'll solve this case if it takes ten years." Fourteen years later, however, the bombers are still free. Although everyone seems to know who they are, no law-enforcement agency has been able to present a strong case in court.

Although Baxley has been working on his investigation for six years now, he has been hamstrung by the FBI's refusal to show him their files. He initially requested them in 1971. In December 1975, four years later, he received the first batch. "The only way we ever got anything out of them was

by Jack Nelson, from the *Los Angeles Times*, telling them he was gonna write a story makin' 'em look just as bad as they could be," Baxley said. "The hang-up now is that we want to sit down and talk to every FBI agent who was in on the case, like investigators are supposed to do, but the FBI hasn't given us permission to do that yet. I don't know why. It defies logic."

Perhaps not. The files may well contain material embarrassing to the bureau, such as indications that its informers, who had honeycombed the Klan, may have known of the bombing in advance and done nothing to stop it—or, worse, had been in on the planning themselves.

Crimes like the Birmingham bombing have been concealed for a decade by a cloak of silence, but once a single thread is pulled, the fabric begins to unravel. Two years ago Tom Ward, an investigator on Baxley's staff, was in the Montgomery courthouse, talking to Sonny Kyle Livingston about the bombing. According to Ward, Livingston suddenly blurted out something like, "I was on the bridge the night that nigger went off."

"That nigger" was Willie Edwards, Jr., a twenty-five-year-old black truck driver who disappeared on January 23, 1957. When his body was washed up on the banks of the Alabama River three months later, no one could figure out what had happened. No one, it seemed, except Willie Edwards's family, cared.

After Livingston dropped his bombshell, Baxley's investigators moved quickly. They broke down Raymond Britt, who accused Livingston and Henry Alexander and Jimmy York of forcing Edwards at gunpoint to jump off the bridge because he had allegedly "offended" a white woman. Britt, Livingston, York, and Alexander had all been indicted during the fifties for a series of bombings of the churches and homes of Montgomery's black leaders, among them, Martin Luther King, Ralph Abernathy, and E. D. Nixon. Britt and Livingston were acquitted, despite the fact that both had confessed. The others were never brought to trial.

On the basis of Britt's sworn testimony and other evidence, Baxley arrested Livingston, Alexander, and York. With the three in his clutches, it seemed that the black people of Montgomery would finally see some justice, however belated. But the case never came to trial. Under the pressure of a lie-detector test, Britt admitted that he had made a mistake. Livingston had not been present the night Willie Edwards plunged to his death. Insult was added to injury when the case was thrown out on a technicality.

Willie Edwards, Sr., an elderly white-haired man, was helping his grandson repair a rusty power mower behind a wooden shack on the outskirts of Montgomery. "Nobody been here to call on me, not a single soul, not a single policeman, all these years, until Mr. Baxley come," he said. "Mr. Baxley's a fine man. But I think it's all over now. They ain't never gonna get the

men who killed Willie."

Willie Edwards, Sr., is familiar with the face of defeat, and he's probably right: it is all over now. Although Baxley says that Britt's account is correct in every respect, other than his misidentification of Livingston, Britt's credibility as a witness has been destroyed. The Birmingham case may well be going the same way. Baxley's excavations of the ruins of the Old South could be doomed to failure. Too much time has passed. Many of the original suspects, witnesses, and investigators have died. Memory fades; records are lost. History is what the South is all about, so they tell us; and, indeed, the past lingers on, intractable, secret, unyielding. Although much has changed, much remains the same.

Alabama still exudes the aura of another time, another country. The names of its towns—Selma, Montgomery, Birmingham—are etched in the memory like Stations of the Cross. Gleaming white, as if made out of angel food cake, Montgomery's statehouse is only a few blocks away from a jumble of broken-down shanties that are inhabited, mostly, by dirt-poor black folk. The legislators are haggling over the sale of draft beer in bars and still trying to get Alabama's portion of the interstate highway system completed.

It was in Lowndes County, next door to Montgomery, that Viola Liuzzo was shot to death one night on a lonely road in 1965. Now Lowndes seems to be slipping back into the past, reclaimed by the rich dark soil that is both its blessing and its curse. The still, sticky air is redolent of history; the cotton stretches as far as the eye can see; the white descendants of the old families live in trailers parked in weed-choked driveways beside the crumbling ancestral mansions, too poor to keep them up, too proud to sell them.

Baxley's attempt to reopen old civil-rights cases may lose him the votes of people like these. The writer of one crank letter told him that he wasn't worth a "pimple on George Wallace's ass." While supporting the investigations, Ray Jenkins, editor of the editorial page of the *Montgomery Journal* and generally considered a moderate, feels that Baxley is playing with political dynamite. "It's like prosecuting war crimes," he said. "In those days the whole white power structure of the South sanctioned violence. Now, twenty years later, the rules of the game have changed, and the Kluxers are getting screwed. I'd have a hard time convicting them. Baxley's man-hunt isn't going to generate much public outcry, but some of the older voters may pull back from him somewhat, saying to themselves, 'What's the sense of digging up this old dirt again? I was part of that, and what he's doing is prosecuting me.'" Baxley says that he doesn't care if he loses votes: "My goal's to bring these sonofabitches to trial and pop the worst thing to them we can. I vowed to myself, if I ever got a chance, it was something I was gonna do something about. I'd trade my job for a conviction on these damn cases."

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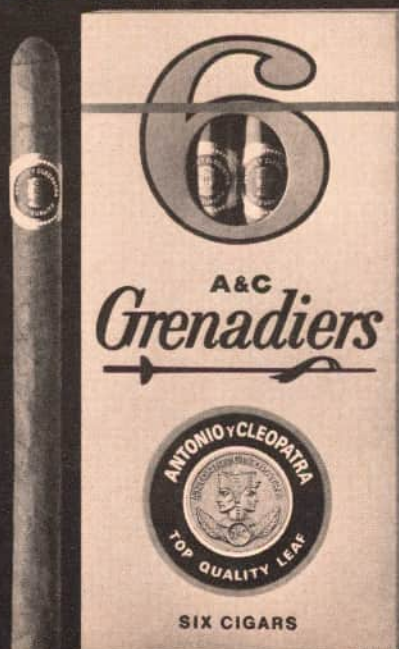
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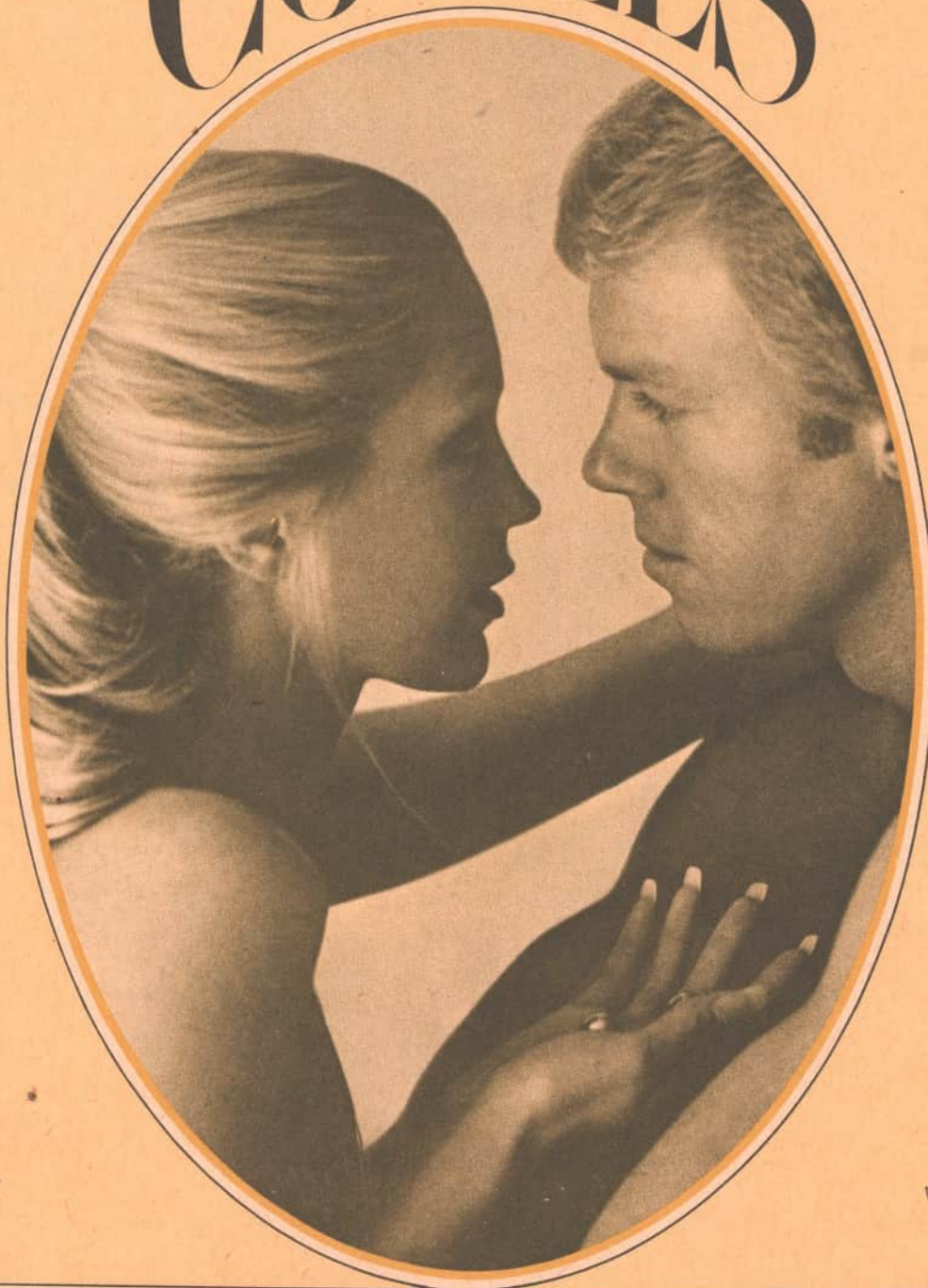


Much of what is old and ugly in Alabama is lodged in the state legislature like the rot in a bad tooth. To achieve more than a holding action, Baxley must humble the Neanderthal statehouse gang, which has long been the servant of the vested interests. He is betting on the other half of Alabama's Jekyll and Hyde past, the populist tradition that played a major role in state politics until the fifties, when it was drowned in a rising tide of racism. "When Wallace retires," he is fond of saying, "Alabama will revert to being what it once was—the most liberal state in the deep South." *The most liberal state in the deep South?* Strange but true. In the early nineteenth century, the hilly country of northern Alabama was settled by small farmers who had been pushed off their land in Kentucky and Virginia by the big plantations. They were fierce partisans of Andrew Jackson and had little use for the slave-and-cotton economy of Alabama's planters, who farmed the rich Black Belt to the south. When Alabama narrowly voted to secede from the union (53 to 46), Winston County seceded from Alabama and later raised troops for the North. Populists were strong in Alabama all through the second half of the nineteenth century; and later on, after the Roosevelt era, Gov. Big Jim Folsom carried the New Deal into the late forties and early fifties, when the rest of the country was being beguiled by the Red Menace. A huge, unkempt, bombastic man, Folsom roamed the state with a jug of liquor and a hillbilly band, excoriating the "interests." It was apparently the last straw for Alabama voters when he invited Adam Clayton Powell to the governor's mansion for a drink. Folsom ran against George Wallace in 1962 and was so drunk when he made a TV appearance that he couldn't even remember what the names of his own children were. To this day he maintains that he was drugged at the time.

Despite his peculiarities, Folsom is still a hero to many Alabamans, Baxley among them. Baxley courts the populist tradition Folsom embodied, while at the same time appealing to the redneck right with a hard-nosed, lock-em-up-and-throw-away-the-key line on law and order. People on both sides of the fence relished Baxley's blitz against Fruithurst, but many liberals have been dismayed when his high-handed, publicity-conscious methods are turned against less deserving targets. Baxley seems to be afflicted with the prosecutorial mentality that he contracted during the days when he was a country D.A. in Dothan. He crusades for the death penalty with a zeal bordering on fanaticism. That zeal led him to intervene in the trial of Johnny Harris and to cross swords with Morris Dees.

Dees, a self-made millionaire who raised a bundle for George McGovern by direct mailings, did the same for Jimmy Carter as his finance chairman. While Dees was making money, he was also going to law school and defending blacks and poor people in


COUPLES



BABES IN TOYLAND

Frank and Connie owed their multiple orgasms to the power of G.E. and the ingenuity of American technology. With their supercharged sex life, they were constantly flirting with a personal energy crisis.





• Sometimes I wonder if
Frank and I will burn out sexually. We keep
adding more and more sex
toys to our collection of erotica.
Just thank God
for American technology! •

F

FRANK'S STORY: There's really not that much to say about my sex life. For me, sex is a lot of fun. That's pretty basic, I think. I don't see why people have to be so grim about sex. All right, I've been through that whole guilt routine in the past; but ever since I started sleeping with Connie, I've never had any problems with sex. I'd much rather spend my spare time doing it than talking about it.

I know that I owe a lot to Connie. She's given me a new outlook on sexuality and on life in general. I'm twenty-seven years old now. I've spent most of my lifetime thinking that sex was a mortal sin, that if I ever got an erection I'd have to say a dozen Hail Marys or suffer for it in the fires of hell. My Catholic upbringing is something I'm still grappling with in my own mind, and I don't care to discuss it now. I'll just say that I once spent a year studying to be a Jesuit, but I couldn't stand all the discipline. So I dropped out. What I learned about the powers of reasoning in that year was invaluable. It wasn't until I went out into the world that I realized how out of touch I'd been with my body.

At first I drifted around for a while. There's not much of a job market for former would-be Jesuits these days. Nevertheless, I managed to get by, waiting on tables in Provincetown and then around Amherst. It was two years before I got my first offer of a steady job, teaching track and Latin at a girls' junior college in the most barren section of northern Massachusetts, up near the Vermont border. I knew that the school had been having a really hard time holding on to teachers. The headmaster must have figured that an almost-Jesuit would be a little more stable than the other teachers who had left. Besides, the place was one of these old-line all-WASP institutions, and I was to be the token papist.

When I accepted the position, I had no idea I was about to have a long-term affair with a student. That would have been the farthest thing from my mind. I was so repressed! To tell the truth, I was still a virgin. That's right; I was twenty-five years old, and I hadn't lost my cherry to a woman. All through high

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 Pat Hill

COUPLES

school, junior college, and the seminary, I'd never allowed myself the opportunity. After that, it simply hadn't happened. I was too inexperienced with women. The right circumstances never seemed to come along. Once I'd even tried picking up a hooker in Boston, but I came in her hand while she was undressing me, and I couldn't get it up again afterward.

My first day of classes at the girls' college was like a wet dream come true. Imagine a virgin male suddenly finding himself surrounded by 400 budding teenagers, each exuding that fresh kind of beauty synonymous with puberty. When I came to the classroom, I found among the three students who had signed up for advanced Latin the most arousing female I had ever imagined in my life. Connie looked at me with those big California-blue eyes of hers, and I was lost. When my mouth started working again, I tested her on vocabulary and declensions. She was an A-plus student. And at eighteen what legs she had! She was about five feet seven inches standing up and sleek, very sleek, except for her grapefruit-sized breasts. From the way she thrust out her chest, it was clear that she was proud of them. I drew on what powers of concentration I had left and somehow managed to conduct a Latin class for the two hours. Virgil was never tougher!

After class, when we were alone, I asked Connie why she was so interested in Latin. She smiled and told me: "Because I want to read all the sexy stuff the Roman poets wrote." I felt my face turn a half-dozen shades of red. "Did I say something wrong?" she asked with a sigh. "My mouth is always getting me into trouble." Then we both started laughing at her outrageousness. I found out that Connie had been summarily thrown out of four private schools on the West Coast; the reason was her "corrupting influence." Her father, who is one of the richest men in Southern California, sent her east with a warning that she had to behave herself, or be cut off without a cent. Still, Connie had absolutely no inhibitions whatsoever.

I remember how she placed her lips against mine and how her tongue darted forward until it stroked the tip of my tongue. Connie pressed her body close to mine. Her breasts flattened against my chest, and my penis stiffened like a board. Then she brought her hand down to stroke it through my pants. I suppose that's about as far as things would have gone under the circumstances; after all, we couldn't risk being discovered by someone opening the door to the classroom. I would have suggested that we put off our extracurricular activity, and Connie would have agreed. But at the very moment when we were about to break out of our clinch, we heard a knock on the door.

I panicked, and we both ducked under the teacher's desk. It was one of those old wooden desks with a leg space closed off on three sides. We both barely fit, but we could not be seen by whoever was walking into the room—as long as he didn't come around to the front of the desk. When Connie and I heard the windows in the room being shut, we relaxed. We knew it was only the janitor tidying up after class. He'd be gone soon. So, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, Connie reached for my fly and started to unzip it. I was afraid

that the janitor would hear the sound, but somehow I was so stunned by what Connie was doing that I couldn't move.

Nonchalantly, Connie pulled out my cock and started fondling the glans. Then she bent down and started sucking, her two fingers pumping at the shaft. At one point she made a slurping sound, which I was sure would be heard. Then she simply inhaled and took the entire length of my penis down her throat. I didn't need any more encouragement. In seconds I was spurring furiously into Connie's throat, trying all the time not to make any noise by pressing my back against the rickety desk. When Connie lifted her head, I saw that semen was trickling down her lower lip. She licked it up like a kitten lapping up cream. Thank God, as I later found out, that janitor was deaf in one ear. We really could have gone for broke.

If we were to have sex again without putting my job and Connie's fortune on the line, we'd both have to get away from the school grounds. In Connie's case that would have been difficult since new students were confined to the college's perimeter during the first semester. The school was very strict

about discipline; bed checks were taken at odd hours of the night to make sure that nobody had sneaked out of the dorms. I suppose that I welcomed the delay caused by all these restrictions. I was still insecure about how I'd perform my first time in bed with a woman.

In the meantime my balls were getting incredibly sore whenever Connie and I had our Latin class together or happened to meet on the school quad. I found myself masturbating three or four times a day. I wanted her so much! And I knew that she wanted me. There was no chance of her affections straying; I was the only male in the entire vicinity capable of sustaining an erection.

Finally, we got the opportunity that we'd been waiting for. Connie had an aunt in New York invite her down over Thanksgiving vacation. Her aunt was in on our plot to the extent that she was willing to vouch for Connie's whereabouts to the school while

Connie would be staying elsewhere in the city—with me. For appearance's sake, Connie took the bus down along with other people from school, while I made the four-hour trip in my VW.

When I picked Connie up in New York, her first wish was that we go to some store in the East Fifties. We drove over, and I was amazed. The place turned out to be a sex-novelty shop. Connie dragged me in, slapped her father's credit card on the counter, and bought up what seemed to be one of every item in the store. The bill was more than \$300. Somehow we managed to fit all these grown-up toys into two empty suitcases that Connie had brought with her. I had no idea what most of the paraphernalia actually was, although the function of the dildos was pretty clear. I was absolutely stunned. Jesus, I'd led a sheltered life!

We then went to one of the elegant hotels on Central Park South. I felt a little awkward driving up in my VW behind a long line of Cadillac limousines, but Connie's credit card and, I guess, her classy looks smoothed our way to a tower suite twenty-five stories up and overlooking the park. All the way up in the elevator I kept thinking: if only the bellboy knew what he

“
Having once been in a
seminary, I couldn't
believe how pleasurable I
found all these
sex aids to be. I used to think
they were the
most obscene objects
on earth.
”

was carrying up for us in our bags! Connie and I had a couple of good laughs over that during the next three days we spent together in bed. What if the suitcases had spilled open?

I'll always consider that long weekend orgy of sex play the best way possible for me to have lost my virginity. Following Connie's example, I left all my repressions behind. I had dozens of erotic experiences which were totally new to me. Most important, I finally came inside a woman. The sensation was very different from what I'd expected. Connie's vagina was much wetter than I would have imagined, and it took me a while to get used to the smell—at least until she tried the lime-flavored douche she'd bought. She used it along with some spray powder "for the woman who thinks her ass is out of this world."

I still can't believe all the weird erotic products that we sampled during those three incredible days. What surprised me most was that something I had thought sinful and obscene could give so much pleasure. Connie and I started out slowly, using oil and hot creams and orgy butter as we stroked and caressed each other, fingering and entering every available orifice.

Then Connie put some kind of numbing lotion on my penis and slipped four rings with lots of tickling prongs onto it. After that, she carefully strapped a strange contraption under my balls: it looked like three peanut-sized pods molded together in a row. When she guided me into her, I realized that this gadget was meant to be slipped up her ass. Connie called it a "rectifier." She began to moan as soon as I entered her. Three or four strokes of my prickly cock and its attachment, and she was screaming and squirming as if her hips were on fire. She had several orgasms before the lotion on my penis lost its effect, and I was able to join her in one incredible roaring climax. We collapsed into each other's arms. Our hearts were racing as if in the Decathlon.

As soon as we had recovered, Connie was ready to go at it again—and so was I. She took the rubber rings off my penis and replaced them with a battery-powered vibrating ring. Into her vagina she inserted a pair of golden balls, which were linked together. The combination of my vibrating cock and those *ben wa* balls inside her sent Connie into even greater fits of pleasure. So that I wouldn't feel neglected, she pushed a string of rubber *ben jon* balls up my ass and then pulled them out one by one at the very moment I started to come inside her. The sensation is hard to describe; it's as if my orgasms weren't centered in my penis alone, but were spread over my entire body. It's still one of my favorite feelings, and I can't imagine having sex without them because it would be too dull.

The gadgetry we tried out during our first long weekend has since become part of our lovemaking repertoire; in fact, we seldom have sex without our erotic toys. I guess that might sound perverted to many people, but some of the most overwhelming pleasures imaginable can be had only with these things. That's why sex is always fun with Connie. Whenever there's a new stimulant cream or french tickler, a sexy-looking restraint or harness, or the latest thing in dildos or artificial

vaginas, we make sure that we add it to our collection. There's nothing we haven't tried at least once in our sex games.

Naturally, while Connie and I were at school, we could do little but wait until our next holiday trip to New York, where we had our erotic playthings stashed away in a checkroom. I don't know which would be worse at the college—being discovered in bed with Connie or being found in possession of some of those sex toys. We've remained apart over the past two summers because Connie had to spend time with her father and stepmother in Malibu. So all in all, we've been to bed together on maybe a dozen separate occasions. As few and far between as those times have been, every one has been as unforgettable as a kid's first Christmas.

What I'm looking forward to now is the fall, when Connie will return east and start college right outside of New York. I'll be teaching at a private school in the city. We should be able to find a house together near her campus. I'll commute to work, and Connie will have her classes to attend, but in between, and certainly on long weekends, we'll have plenty of time to relax and play together with our favorite toys. I can hardly wait!

CONNIE'S STORY:

I'm sure that anyone who sees Frank and me together must wonder how the two of us could ever have become involved. On the surface we couldn't be more different. He's nine years older, superstraight, very uptight in public, and about 99 percent intellect and 1 percent instinct. I tell everyone that I want to live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse. That must make me sound like a real brat. Well, if you grew up with rich, self-centered parents like mine, you'd go around sounding the same way. It's a psychological fact.

The one thing my parents never could say to me was no. They didn't want to be bothered, it seemed. So I always got my way. I was spoiled rotten, given every material thing I ever wanted. My parents were too wrapped up in themselves to be

concerned about me. The only way I could ever get a rise out of them was by misbehaving. Breaking rules became a habit for me. Someday I'd like to get my pussy tattooed with a heart and a dagger and the words: "Born to Be Wild."

Okay, so that's my social-misfit rap, and most people buy it, you know. I've been writing poetry since I was eleven. And I've been fucking since I was twelve. You might say that's my chief interest in life. Fucking is something that comes naturally to me. I like men a lot, and they obviously get turned on by my body. Other girls have been very jealous of me at times. I've always looked old for my age; ever since I can remember, I was the tallest girl in my class, and then the first to have tits—and the biggest ones at that. To be accepted by other women, I find myself sharing my sexual knowledge with them. I was usually the first in a crowd to try anything new, since I was the one who hung out with the older guys. I can remember plenty of times getting all horny when I told a girl friend or a roommate about how I'd sucked a cock or gotten rammed up the ass by some stud.

I've fucked a lot of guys. I've never counted how many, but I

COUPLES

imagine I've been with a hundred or more men. I've made it with surfers and bikers and movie actors and even professional killers—you name it—but the choice has always been mine. It won't do a man any good to chase after me; as soon as I meet a man I make up my mind whether I'm going to fuck him or not, and I stick by that decision. Before Frank I never slept with the same guy more than twice; I guess I lost interest quickly. Besides, men have a way of becoming too demanding so that the relationship is like a chore.

Frank is the first of my teachers whom I've ever slept with. It helps that he's also the first who hasn't been a bitchy woman or a dirty old man. I did make it with a math tutor of mine once. His name was Charlie. In fact, he was the first guy who ever ate me till I came. I was living in Bel-Air with my parents at the time; they hadn't sent me to boarding school yet. I must have been in the seventh grade then. Math has never been my strong point. Charlie would come over once a week to try to explain this subject to me. Of course I wasn't interested in studying. That would have interfered with my sex life. Charlie was a freshman at U.C.L.A. and was some kind of math genius. He worked very hard at making me understand, but all I'd ever do was daydream about his amazing tongue. It had a definite sexuality, like a flattened penis.

There's no way I would have noticed Charlie's tongue if he hadn't been sitting so close to me, week after week, talking about geometry and algebra. Charlie's tongue was very flat and long. When I'd see it flutter as he said certain words, I would think about how the tip would feel tickling against my clit. I was still pretty shy then; all I did for a while was to fantasize about this tongue when I played with myself. Then I realized that if I wanted Charlie to eat me, I would have to take the initiative.

One afternoon I prepared for Charlie's arrival by putting on my shortest skirt and no underwear. The late-afternoon sun cast golden bars across the lawn, and my dad was trying to get in a few last rounds of tennis on the court right below my window. Inside I was blowing Charlie's mind. He was going over a problem while I very slowly started to pull my skirt up. Charlie would glance to the side and then keep on talking as if nothing were happening. Then I lifted my skirt all the way up. I wanted Charlie to take a good look at the golden pussy hair that I was so proud of. He couldn't ignore me any longer. I began stroking myself, and I said in my most innocent voice, "Gee, I wish somebody would lick me." Charlie was scared to death. He said: "What? Now? Are you sure?" And sweet as honey, I asked him: "Oh please! Please!"

As I said before, I always get my way. I remember the sound of the tennis game outside while Charlie kneeled down in front of me and ate me while I sat in my chair. His tongue would flick at my button, sending electric sparks through my belly. My body was tingling. I wrapped both hands around his face and guided his tongue up and back. He licked me until my legs started quaking; then my whole body shook. I gasped suddenly and shrieked. I was coming. They must have heard me yelling outside because I heard the tennis game stop. I was

still coming when my father stuck his head in the door to ask if anything was wrong. But by then Charlie was back in place, explaining my math problem. Dad shrugged and went back to his game. He should have seen how wet my chair had become. After that, whenever I had a lesson with Charlie, he wanted more. I wasn't being cruel when I said no; I just wasn't interested. I don't have sex with a guy out of pity.

The thing about Frank is that he knows how to maintain his distance. By acting aloof, he's still able to arouse my interest after almost two years. When he's teaching a class at school and pays no attention at all to me, it's such a turn-on. It makes me want him all the more. He always keeps me at arm's length, except when we're in bed together. When we fuck, he's a nymphomaniac's dream. He has a huge, neatly circumcised cock, and he knows how to use it. I know that size isn't supposed to make a difference, but I have a big box and I feel really good only when I'm doing it with a guy who is well hung. I love the taste and contour of a circumcised cock.

The first day when I saw him in class, I knew I wanted to make it with Frank. I spotted the bulge in his pants, and even with those steel-rimmed glasses of his and that short, short hair (he's let it grow, finally) I could tell that he was a real *freak*. I could see it in his eyes: one was totally rational, and one was totally crazed. I didn't find out just how much of a freak he was until we started going away for vacations together. That guy will do anything to get me off sexually.

For example, there was one time when Frank wanted us to go to the sex store and buy a \$400 fucking machine. Dad's accountants pay all my bills anyway; so I figured why not. But instead of wanting to see me use it, he wanted to use it on himself. The machine looked like a lie detector, with lots of switches and knobs, and it attached to an air-driven piston, which had a steadier beat than any cock I'd ever felt. Frank stuck the nozzle up his ass, and he was in seventh heaven. Then he had me call

room service for a bottle of champagne. When the waiter arrived, I was waiting for him in leather cutaway panties, which exposed my pussy. I was sucking on a cock-shaped lollipop and fingering myself. The waiter got the idea pretty quickly. He fucked me while I stuck that three-pound lollipop up his ass. Frank watched us with the fucking machine pumping inside him and his cock in his hand. After the waiter left, Frank fucked me until I practically passed out. Then, as if that weren't enough, he asked me to give him an enema with warm champagne. And I thought I was a freak!

I figure that if we were to have sex more often than we do, Frank and I would totally wear each other out. As it is, it sometimes takes me a week to recover from all the wear and tear on my cunt and ass. Fucking other people is a welcome relief from the sheer intensity of sex with Frank. At school I screwed telephone linemen and construction workers and even one of my roommate's brothers. One time I brought back a double-headed dildo to show my roommate, and after smoking a joint, we decided to try it out. I'd played with myself in front of other girls, but I'd never had sex with one before. At



first, everything was giggly, that touchie-feelie kind of stuff, until we settled down to fucking each other's brains out with that thirty-inch, two-headed hunk of flesh-colored rubber. Getting the right rhythm for both of us was a little tricky, and somehow the dildo slipped out of us and went flying across the room. But when we got the hang of it, it was just fantastic.

As I said, *and I thought I was freaky*. You know, the big reason I think Frank has gone so wild with all these kinky toys is his upbringing. I mean, if he'd been brought up in some ghetto in the street and had planked about twenty girls before the age of twelve, I'm sure he wouldn't be half so freaky. But he went through this whole seminary experience. Do you know that those Catholics even think it's a mortal sin just to daydream about screwing? I mean, you haven't even gotten your rocks off, and here you're already damned to hell. No wonder those men leaving the seminary can't contain themselves. Not that I've ever screwed with a man of God before. No, Frank's the first one there, but I just know that he has a lot of pent-up sexuality and that he cannot wait to let it all hang out.

I remember reading some letters that Lord Alfred Douglas wrote to Oscar Wilde. It wasn't exactly the kind of thing they gave me to read in school. That's why I was so interested, I suppose. Anyway, in one of these letters Lord Alfred Douglas said that the reason Oscar Wilde got off on freaky S&M sex so much was that he, Wilde, really thought he was doing something evil and bad. Lord Alfred said that Wilde's guilt made the sex acts even more forbidden, even more tantalizing. In his patronizing way, Lord Alfred felt sorry that he, too, couldn't have been brought up a Catholic so that he could have that same tremendously satisfying guilt feeling every time he screwed.

I think Frank is kind of the same way. I remember the first time I stuck my finger up his ass. His eyes just bugged out, and he thrust his pelvis forward. I rammed my finger up there again, and he said, "I don't think you should be doing that."

"Why shouldn't I be sticking my finger up your ass? Why?"

"You just shouldn't. It makes me feel funny."

"Why are we in bed? To enjoy ourselves all the way, right?"

"Yes."

"Then let me stick my finger up your ass. Just let me."

He couldn't believe that a sweet-looking girl like me would talk so dirty. A seminary experience leaves a mark on a man, and I doubt if he'll really ever be able to enjoy sex freely, without some taint of guilt attached. Not that I'm complaining. If Frank is an example of what the church does to a man's sexuality, then bring on the pope! I'd love to give him a go. His sex life must really be freaky. No, believe me, I have no complaints about my sex with Frank.

Sometimes I wonder if we'll burn out, though. We keep adding toys. We have so many. I don't think we've used some of the toys we picked up in our first few months together in quite a while now. They seem so tame and ordinary. But why worry when you enjoy yourselves so much?

I have a confession to make. While I've been sitting here talking to you I've been having a whole series of orgasms.

Right now I'm wearing an ass plug in my rear and a silver-bullet vibrator up my cunt. The ass plug makes me feel warm and twitchy inside. The vibrator runs off a battery in my boot and fits completely inside me. It's been quite a challenge hiding my orgasms, but that's made them even better. As long as Frank and I have been reading these Couples interviews in your magazine, I've fantasized about doing this. Now I've had a chance to live my fantasy. Thank you.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Frank must consider himself to be a very fortunate young man. Though there are a number of flaws in his sexual makeup, to which I will refer presently, at least he has rid himself of the guilt that was instilled in him during one period of his life. His life-style now is the antithesis of his youth.

Frank is much less aggressive than Connie. Throughout the whole of the two narratives there is no mention of a single occasion on which he took the initiative. This does not matter at all, although it is contrary to the traditional male sex role. So

long as Frank is happy being led and can satisfy Connie and himself, what does it matter who sets the pace?


This lack of aggressiveness is, of course, a natural outcome of Frank's upbringing with regard to sex. If he does ever have any doubts now—and it does not appear that he does—he can always salve his guilt by remembering Adam's famous excuse, "Lord, the woman tempted me and I did eat." It was natural in the beginning that he should be led, because he was totally inexperienced—a virgin at twenty-five.

It was equally natural that Connie should take the lead. She is the typical product of a wealthy broken home, the child of parents too lazy and too wrapped up in themselves to take any interest in her. They always said yes without ever listening to Connie's requests. Without guidance of any kind, she had to be independent. Survival, especially for a woman, inevitably requires a degree

of aggressiveness. This was one lesson Connie learned.

Besides lacking guidance, she also lacked love and affection. All of us have a basic need to belong to someone, preferably on a long-term basis, but *faute de mieux* on a short term—even the few hours of a single one-night stand.

Frank has a more healthy attitude toward sex aids. To him they are merely a symbol of sex-as-pleasure, and considering his puritanical background this is a truly refreshing view. The only concern I have for these two people is that they use products of quality. There are a number of faulty devices on the market, and for obvious reasons, most are not government approved. People wanting to experiment with sex aids should either patronize a reliable sex shop or mail order from a trustworthy house. Those so interested may purchase a catalogue, for two dollars, from Evelyn Rainbird Ltd. (PO Box 548, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022).

As of this moment, both Frank and Connie have achieved the sexual satisfaction they so greatly need. They may continue to be sexually content for a long time. I'm not going to conjecture how long. I would like it to last forever. 



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Cummings

BILL BAXLEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

civil-rights cases.

Johnny Harris is a black man stuck away for good in Atmore Prison, with five life sentences. Dees came to his defense when he was accused of killing a prison guard during a riot. "Alabama has a terrible prison system. They were trying to bring it to the attention of the public, like Attica," Dees recalls. "Teeny-weeny cells. The plumbing didn't work. The prisoners crapped in buckets that sat in the corners of the cells. There were 30 to 40 percent more people in that prison than it was built for. Heinous conditions, which Baxley's oblivious of. He ain't even been inside a prison. I tried to get him down there. He said, 'I ain't goin' down there. They'll cut my throat.'"

"In his closing argument he whipped up the jury, shoutin' so loud the windows rattled. 'If I'd a been there,' he's yellin', I would'a set me up a .50 caliber machine gun in the door, and I would'a given them one minute to get out, and anybody that wasn't out, I'd a mowed 'em down. Killed 'em all.'"

The all-white jury convicted Johnny Harris, but there were only four blacks out of 130 people on the jury list in a county where blacks make up 20 percent of the population. Dees was bitter: "Baxley will only get into a case when it's open and shut, when he's got tapes, marked money, six witnesses, and there ain't no way he's gonna lose. . . . Baxley entered the Harris case trying to get the death penalty outta it, instead of trying to correct the awful conditions in the prison system."

"What I really admire Baxley for," continued Dees, "is not that he would go after guys like Sonny Kyle Livingston—which doesn't take any guts, since Livingston's got a criminal record as long as your leg and he's not somebody that anybody loves—but that he would go after the head of the Public Service Commission for gettin' rakeoffs, a rich north Alabama landowner who tried to have a lawyer murdered, a multimillionaire investment banker for bribery, and Ed Lowder, the most powerful man in the state."

If Ed Lowder is not the most powerful man in Alabama, he's certainly one of the richest. His corporate empire includes fifteen or twenty companies, concentrated in land development, construction, insurance, and banking. His position as vice-president of the Farm Bureau mutual-insurance companies doesn't hurt.

The Farm Bureau Federation is the most powerful lobby in the state. It started out as a trade association for farmers, but today farmers make up only 10 percent of its membership. The vast amount of money raked in by the insurance companies gives the Farm Bureau its economic and political clout. According to Assistant Attorney Gen. Julian McPhillips, who is directing the Lowder case, the Farm Bureau has "boasted it can elect or defeat any candi-

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
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date it chooses. We've gotten reports they've run political campaigns right out of their offices."

According to McPhillips, Lowder runs the Farm Bureau insurance companies "as if they were his own. He draws on their money for his own financial needs." Baxley is bringing suit to remove Lowder from his position in the Farm Bureau, charging him with conflict of interest. "A lot of people in this town have thought that somebody should have gone after Lowder a long time ago," said McPhillips, "but until Baxley came along, no one had the guts to do it."

Men like Ed Lowder will do all they can to make certain that Baxley doesn't succeed George Wallace. Relations between Baxley and Wallace have always been distant, but of late they've warmed up somewhat. Wallace has no great passion for the other aspirants who might be inclined to run against Baxley, with the possible exception of his wife, Cornelia. Wallace recently attended a birthday party that was thrown for Baxley by his staff. Most people felt this appearance was tantamount to an endorsement. Wallace's support would be important to Baxley; Baxley, for his part, has been solicitous of Wallace.

What does Baxley have in mind for Alabama, if he's elected governor? "Mainly, I would change the tax structure, which is the worst in the country. We're alienating the middle class from championing the cause of the poor and the oppressed, because we're makin' the middle class carry all the burden. Regressive taxes drain away the fruits of years of hard work. In the past, wealthy special interests have used their economic and political power to write into our laws privileges and exceptions for the few. You've got to plug the loopholes and redistribute the tax burden. What Wallace says about taxes is right, except I don't think he has the stomach for the kind of fightin' that it would take to do it. It's gonna take a mean, nasty governor. You gotta twist a lotta arms and kick a lotta ass."

Whether Baxley can pull it off is another story. Big Jim Folsom tried to do so twenty-five years ago and got his ass kicked instead. But that was twenty-five years ago. Since then the legislature has been reapportioned, the blacks have acquired the vote, and Alabama has become less rural and more urban, less agrarian and more industrial. Baxley is determined, however, and unafraid to take risks. He could be the spearhead of a new interracial movement of the poor and middle classes, "blacks and whites together," at last allied in an attack on corporate power. A lot of people are rooting for him. "I think Bill Baxley is one of the most courageous public officials that Alabama has ever produced," said Joe Reed, chairman of the black Alabama Democratic Conference. "He has not limited the enforcement of the law to the little, the weak, the black, and the poor. He's fought the battle for the people against the folks that's takin' advantage of the people, and that's a good thing, to my way o' thinkin'." 

IN THE JULY VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

PRECIOUS STONE

Bianca Jagger is a walking apotheosis of dark exoticism and timeless eroticism. Her extraordinary sexuality transcends mere gender. She has captivated hearts, instigated riots, and precipitated fashion revolutions. But whereas other beauties exude Guerlain scents, she exudes enigma. Richard Neville's interview may just be the most revealing to date.

SLEEP READING

There's no hiding from the significance of your sleep position. Your cherished "body positive" may be a waking-hour affectation: if your lover can so readily pick up on your telltale supine cues, shouldn't you know about them, too?

THE FONZ

If Henry Winkler ever met "the Fonz" in real black-leather life, he'd probably run. Winkler's true acting roots are in the classics. And it's a long way from a mid-fifties "D.A." to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but Winkler bridges the culture gap better than most actors do. Craig Moddero reports from the set of the star's first post-Fonz film venture.

EAT, DRINK, AND BE WARY

What you don't know is hurting you—whenever you pick up a fork. Petroleum derivatives, not Mother Nature's smiling bounty, are making today's foodstuffs so bright and comely. And carcinogenic. Read Marvin Grosswirth's report before you dig in.

TAKING STOCK

The "man's world" of business is shrinking every day. Sharie Crain is only one of many women who are letting their special brand of savvy take them to the top. But Sharie took the time to write a "how-to" guide—one that works.

PLUS:

Rubies, emeralds, diamonds, and the very best of your "best friends"; Robert Evans spills it all; fashion in the key of life; and fabulous night crawling in Chinatown.

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THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

JUNE 21

CANCER

JULY 22

THE CANCER MALE

Men born under Cancer find life without goodly portions of sex bland and boring. Still, they are quite generally affectionate and don't insist on having a passel of pets around to slake their sensual thirsts. Sex has to be an impromptu, spur-of-the-moment thing. Cancers are a whimsical tribe, but they're also quite giving. They're willing to go out of their way to be attentive and to please the object of their desire. And they are more than usually responsive to an attractive woman in the immediate vicinity. If a woman is really sexy, the Cancer male

would prefer to be introduced while sitting down. It's embarrassing to stand up if one is up already.

One reason for the Cancer male's hard and fast tendency toward instant tumescence is his vivid imagination. His fantasies come into play without his consciously willing them. While being introduced to that attractive woman, he's already undressed her mentally and gone through all the stages of foreplay. And while they're still "making conversation," he's into some far-out variations on intercourse. If she could see,

BY MARTINE

say, a color videotape on that Cancer male's forehead of what he is thinking, she would probably be more interested in the conversation!

But his behavior doesn't always live up to his unconventional imaginings. At heart, he is conservative. He admires order and punctuality, respects tradition, and abhors sudden change. I know one man born under this sign who prides himself on his nonconformist image. He got a group of friends together to form an informal society to discuss ways and means of advancing the cause of nonconformism. And you know what? At the very first meeting he raised

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a row because two people he had invited showed up late. He saw no reason why even aspiring nonconformists shouldn't be on time!

The Cancer male is more than cautious with money. Money is his fetish, his passion, and his delight. One of his favorite places to visit is the bank vault where his cash is deposited, and he has an almost religious faith in compound interest. Few Cancerians are gamblers. Most of them wouldn't bet on lions against Christians unless they were promised the lions would get first bite.

They have remarkable memories. Their mind clings like a crab's pincers to any experience, whether a happy or an unhappy one. And they never forget an injury. They may eventually forgive, but they *never* forget, and usually they will brood about ways to get even. This is especially true in instances of infidelity by a loved one. A perfect example is good old King Henry VIII of England, a Cancer, who didn't waste much time getting revenge on his faithless wives. He just gave the culprits the ax.

A Cancerian always lives part of his life in the past. He's the man from auld lang syne, so enamored of times gone by that he saves old family letters, scraps of documents, even poems his grandparents wrote. He's interested not only in where he is going but also in where he (and his ancestors) has been. Once you become part of a Cancer's life, you will never again be entirely free.

Extraordinarily sensitive, Cancer males approach being psychic in their intuition. They also have keen powers of observation. They will notice the tiniest nuance of behavior, body movement, or voice, and as a result they can tell instantly when a person is trying to deceive them.

The Cancer male is also success oriented. Getting a job done well is important to him, and he has the drive, dedication, and persistence to see the most difficult task through to the end.

Even if he doesn't become a millionaire, he wants to come close enough to that league that he can live as if he were one.

CANCER AS A LOVER

He's a highly sensual man, but he takes his time getting around to the nitty-gritty. We've

all heard of the man whose first words to any woman were, "Do you want to fuck?" He got his face slapped a lot, but he also got fucked a lot. Cancer would never go that route. He's too afraid of being rejected.

Just when a woman is beginning to wonder if he's ever going to get down to brass tacks, he will make his move. And most women will think he was worth waiting for. He specializes in sex that is liberally laced with poetry and passion. This is no wham-bam lover. If he can possibly help it (and he can), he won't leave a woman unsatisfied.

Oddly enough, despite his skill as a lover, he suffers from a nagging feeling of inadequacy. Any woman with a Cancer lover is hereby warned: be careful what you

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR CANCER

Don't be so sensitive that you languish over injuries before they even happen. Put that excess energy you're wasting on imaginary hurts into constructive effort. *The only person you really need to have in your corner is you.*

THE CANCER FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She thinks there must be a cave somewhere in which the secret of happiness lies hidden, and she'd like to discover that magic place with the man of her dreams. If that sounds old-fashioned, well, it is. For the Cancer female is an incurable roman-

tic. Love means everything to her, but she has a problem in that she tends to set her sights on an unattainable ideal—an affliction sometimes known as nympholepsy. You'll have to bring the lady down to earth before you bring her into the bedroom. Once you convince her that making love is an earthly as well as a heavenly delight, you won't have to worry about her going all ethereal on you. She will have found what she was yearning and looking for: you.

To backtrack a little, let's suppose that there is a particular Cancer female who has been on your mind (and cropping up in your fantasies). You would like to make contact with this lady once and for all. Okay, let's begin with the fact that Cancerian women put a good deal of store on what used to

be known as maidenly modesty. So don't come on too strong when you approach her. Nice and easy does it. A good beginning might be to discuss a problem you're having. Cancer females are sympathetic, and they like to give advice. What's more, the advice will be good.

Tip: she's a great kisser and responds to the artful use of the tongue and teeth. But her most erogenous zone is her breasts. She thrills to manual and oral stimulation in this area—some Cancer women are so responsive to fondling of their breasts that they reach orgasm in that way alone. If she's dressed or wearing a bathing suit, a nice upward, stroking movement from the underside of the breast will do for starters. When the straps come down, you should



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say before, during, and after sex. The least hint of criticism starts him retreating back into his shell—and the next time you want him, he may not come out. He's something of a prude when it comes to a question of what he considers vulgar. Everyone's definition of vulgarity differs, but you would be wise to find out early the limits of what your particular Cancer male thinks acceptable.

The Cancer male is an absolute wonder at clitoral manipulation. I had one Cancer lover whose touch was so deft that I think my clitoris actually jumped up and tried to follow his fingers around. My current bedmate—also a Cancer—is so good at foreplay that sex becomes one long, continuous state of arousal, a sense-boggling trance having no beginning or end.

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instead of torturous diet . . . instead of brutal exercise . . . instead of battling your will-power . . . you just take medical science's new TOTAL CONTENTMENT PILL as part of this "lifetime slimmness program" and SHUT DOWN YOUR OLD ENEMY, HUNGER — SHUT OUT FAT-BUILDING CALORIES . . . actually make yourself DEFEAT FAT BUILD-UP FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE — as long as you take an oath to faithfully follow this proven road to LIFETIME SLIMNESS!

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move on to caress the nipple. A fingertip drawn softly across her nipple will start her breathing heavily, and a gentle tugging at the nipple will start her yearning for more. Run your palm lightly over her full breast, barely touching the skin, and see how her nipple stands to attention. Keep doing it and she's yours!

And now that you've won her, you had better keep assuring her that you really do love her—yes, you really, really do. She is basically a very insecure woman. She may put on quite a show of being independent or even assertive on occasion, but only when she is operating from a home base with a man supporting and loving her. If she has that, she can take success in other endeavors—or leave it.

Warning: don't allow a Cancer woman to become too dependent. I know a woman born under this sign—beautiful, talented, a brilliant pianist and composer—who has become so neurotically attached to her husband that when he leaves for work in the morning, he has to call her from the train station to say he's arrived there safely. When he gets to the office, he has to call her again. Recently, he had to go on a business trip without her, and she was a nervous wreck. His plane home was due to arrive at a certain hour, and he hadn't checked in by phone from the airport. In tears, she started calling her friends to say she just *knew* he was dead in a plane crash.

Neurotic? Of course. But a typical Cancerian female—when her dependent proclivities are allowed to go a step too far.

On the other hand, she is a wonderful lover, an amusing companion, a fine homemaker, a splendid cook, and the best checkbook balancer you'll ever meet. She's not going to spend your money on frills. It surprises her to observe how many things other women prefer to cool, hard cash.

When you're adding up the pros and cons, don't sell the Cancer female short. She's a woman a man ought to use well before shaking.

CANCER'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

CANCER AND ARIES You may start out like a bed on fire, but it won't take long for the fire to burn out. Aries is too aggressive and venturesome for your taste. Too many temperamental problems here.

CANCER AND TAURUS You're both passionate and highly sexed, and you add a dash of imagination to Taurus's otherwise staid lovemaking. In return, steady-going Taurus is good for your moodiness.

CANCER AND GEMINI You won't find stability with fickle Gemini. And although your sexual energies are well matched, you'll have a hard time adjusting to Gemini's playful, nonchalant attitude toward love.

CANCER AND CANCER You have a lot in common, but that's the trouble. Both of you are too sensitive, too demanding, too dependent. On the plus side, you're sensual bedmates. But is that enough? This tread-

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mill is going nowhere. Too much crabbing. **CANCER AND LEO** You'll find Leo domineering in the bedroom and a little too forthright about sexual appetites. Otherwise, strong, generous, open-hearted Leo is just what you're looking for. Admiration is all that's needed to keep Leo purring with contentment.

CANCER AND VIRGO You'll have to warm Virgo up a little, but there is fire under the ice. The bedroom performance may not rate too many curtain calls, but it should be comfortable and affectionate. Otherwise, the two of you agree about most things and should be reasonable with each other about the others.

CANCER AND LIBRA Libra's detachment, including a lack of sympathy for your moods, makes you uneasy. You have a hard time establishing real sexual rapport, and that can exasperate you.

CANCER AND SCORPIO Your sensuality is ignited by Scorpio's fierce passions. You admire Scorpio's strength, and your loyalty pacifies Scorpio's jealousy. Things just get better all the time.

CANCER AND SAGITTARIUS Sagittarius won't give you the security in love that you need. Your jealousy is aroused by Sagittarius's flighty and faithless ways, and Sagittarius is bored by your dependency.

CANCER AND CAPRICORN You'll find Capricorn has too many interests outside the bedroom. Despite your partner's high score on sexuality, you'll be turned off by the Capricorn practicality and domineering manner.

CANCER AND AQUARIUS Aquarius can't accept your demonstrativeness, and your warm emotional nature is chilled by Aquarius's cool self-possession. Sex may be all right, but there's too little else going for you. **CANCER AND PISCES** You'll hit it off fine in the boudoir, for you're both very responsive sexually. You have to take the lead and be firm about Pisces's occasional aberrations. Harmonious vibes.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) You must be discreet about a sexual dalliance. There is a high risk that all will end unfavorably, for this situation requires more sophistication and bravado than you have at your command. In your work there will be explosive differences between you and a partner. Be alert to recognize a golden opportunity when it arrives. Auspices for travel are bright now. *Martine's Advice:* Keep your cool until July 22, and you will find your fortunes turning for the better. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 2, 6–7, 16, 25–26.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) You meet someone exciting and are torn between an old, comfortable friendship and this new, intriguing relationship. This situation is highly volatile and can go either way. A resolution should come—but not in a way you expect—around July 10. Meanwhile, the best course is to concentrate on work and not force yourself to a premature decision. In finances, avoid any reckless moves. *Martine's Advice:* Don't waste time



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and guard your health during the really hot weather. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 1, 9, 13, 19, 28.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You have an urge to spend your way out of a problem, but that is not the best course at this time. You may be seeking release from pent-up frustration. A love affair does not seem to be going anywhere, but the reason is not what you think it is. Signals are confusing, and you should try to direct your attention more to deeds than to words. An important message around mid-month helps you in planning for the future. *Martine's Advice:* There is more truth in what you are being told than you think; so don't be too proud to listen. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 3, 11–12, 17, 29, 31.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) You need to deal cleverly with a worsening love crisis, and it is someone to whom you were once quite close who is the person behind your difficulties. Don't accept advice; rather, rely on your own appraisal. A trip during the first week of July will have beneficial results. A problem that baffles you disappears if you attack it in an entirely new way. Finances are well aspected this month. *Martine's Advice:* There is no opportunity without risk, but you should minimize the risk with careful planning. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 4, 10, 15, 23, 30.

LEO (July 23–August 22) A passionate interlude should occur during July with someone whom you've known, up until now, in a platonic way. You are compatible in some areas, but the affair won't last long. Prepare yourself for fiery emotional scenes and take heart—a new love is looming just over the horizon. In money matters July is a good time to invest in a new project or to buy and sell property. *Martine's Advice:* Steer a middle course and keep your temper, and you'll come safely through. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 6–7, 12, 17, 25–26.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) You'll be in trouble if you allow yourself to be drawn further into another person's tangled love affair. A long-standing intimacy is endangered by someone's hostility to you. There are mixed influences governing finances. A project you've been mulling over for some time nears a solution, but money remains a barrier. Joyful recreation will alternate with hard work throughout the month. *Martine's Advice:* Try to keep the trust and affection of those close to you—that is what's important to your happiness. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 2, 9, 19–20, 27.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) You find it difficult to make a decision about a charming associate who is showing signs of romantic interest. You're in the mood for love, but you're not sure you want the responsibility of a serious involvement. Too many other women seem able to spark your desires and to galvanize your sexual energies. Life is unpredictable—and great fun. *Martine's Advice:* Be sure to repay debts within the allotted time. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 3, 11, 18, 22–23, 29–30.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You've been a sexual freeloader, but you're



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about to be presented with the bill. Anger, always a demonic force with you, comes to the fore when you learn that someone hasn't taken you quite seriously. If you lay down a premature challenge, you may get an unexpected comeuppance. In business you are itching to go your own sweet way, but it isn't that easy to break old ties. *Martine's Advice:* Outside interests provide a safety valve for unruly emotions and lessen the burden of boredom. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 5, 14-15, 21, 24, 31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) You are restless, and the prompting to make a bold move comes from an unlooked-for source. You are in a ferment of creativity, and touchiness can lead to a quarrel that may cause an important relationship to disintegrate. In the sexual arena you confront challenging influences. It's up to you to salvage matters in a liaison that's still important to you. If you move quickly, there will be only minor difficulties. *Martine's Advice:* You will accomplish more by saving your energy for the larger problems confronting you. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 4, 6-7, 17, 26-27.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) You should make steady progress toward a goal throughout July, although you have to beat down some opposition. Don't allow hurt feelings to fester; smooth things over as diplomatically as you can. Secret sexual anxiety dissolves when you become involved in an unusual amour. This affair opens wonderful new vistas to you, but the full commitment you desire is not forthcoming. The reasons are not entirely clear to you yet but will be later. *Martine's Advice:* Failure to deliver on what you promise can lose friends; so don't make any promises you can't keep. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 1, 8, 13, 19, 28.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18) There is plenty of sexual variety this month. You may be surprised at a proposition that is put to you in all seriousness. Keep alert and take no chances, especially in travel, for you are vulnerable to someone else's negligence. One who cares for you is upset by your fickleness. There are sharp disagreements, but in the end everything stays about the same. *Martine's Advice:* Make good use of help offered by new friends, for the results will alter your prospects. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 3, 11-12, 15, 21, 29-30.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) In general, things go well during July. A love affair that is slowly developing will accelerate if you stop nit-picking. An old obligation presents obstacles, but you can afford now to be honest about your feelings. You ferret out an important truth that you've long been searching for. In business a bit of financial luck is due around July 24 or 25, and it may come about thanks to an item picked up from a newspaper. So read carefully! *Martine's Advice:* Avoid tension and be tolerant and patient with those who have strong or possessive emotional claims on you. *Sexually Potent Days:* July 5, 10, 16-17, 23, 31. 

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XAMIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

teen. I felt his knee touch mine. I moved my leg away, but I gradually became very hot and felt my face redden. I also felt a mild sensation between my legs. I looked down at his lap and saw that he was stroking his penis through his trousers. I turned and looked at him rather hard, but he just smiled back. And I couldn't take my eyes off his penis. I don't know what came over me, but I moved my leg closer to his. He did the same until our knees were pressed together. Then he put his hand on my inner thigh. Everything seemed to happen so automatically.

I slipped off my coat and put it over my knees. I had on a silk dress, and when he put his hand back on my thigh I could feel the warmth of his hand through my dress. It didn't take him long, however, to run his hand up the inside of my thigh and gently touch my vagina. When he touched me, I felt something like an electric shock. I wanted to touch and stroke his penis, and so I slid my hand onto his thigh. He promptly grabbed my hand and put it on his hard penis, which was still inside his pants. It was very large. Meanwhile, he eased his hand farther up my dress and began stroking my fanny. I nearly cried out—this was the first time any man, including my husband, had ever caressed my

buttocks. Finally, he whispered to me, "Would you like a cup of coffee?" At first I was going to say no, but against my better judgment I said yes.

Outside the cinema, he told me that his flat wasn't far away. "We may as well go there," he said. I was a little nervous at his suggestion, but he assured me everything would be all right.

To cut a long story short, I was soon in the bedroom, undressed and lying beside him. He kissed my breasts and sucked them, and I could feel his big penis against my thighs. I guided him into me. He was so big. The boy had little experience, I could tell, but it was so wonderful feeling a man really making love to me again. It had been years since I had really been aroused, and I think that's what made it all the better. I even reached a climax before he did.

Before I left him that evening, I let him have me again. We promised to meet the next week in the cinema.

But a week later he never turned up. I went around and rang his bell, but I got no reply.

I want it again so much. I dare not approach my husband about this episode, because he is so narrow-minded in his views. He is a good man, and I love him dearly. But after having had such great sex, I want more of it. I find myself looking at men as they pass me in the street. I masturbate myself at least once a day now,

trying to relive that lovely evening with that beautiful boy. I've recently bought a lot of sexy magazines, trying to find an adult club or some discreet meeting place for people like me. I do hope you'll be able to help me. I'm desperate.—H.R.

After twenty years of marriage and "not much real experience with sex," I can't believe your marriage is all that happy. It sounds as though you and your husband are merely friends, not lovers. If you love your husband and would like to add some spice to your dull sex life, why not give him a sermon for a change?

Be more aggressive. Take the initiative yourself and become more seductive. Rather than cruising around town to pick up some young stud, try awaking the animal in your own husband. If your husband resists, perhaps you can get him to see some "liberal" church counselor. It's really not normal for a man to hold such a nonsex or antisex position on life.

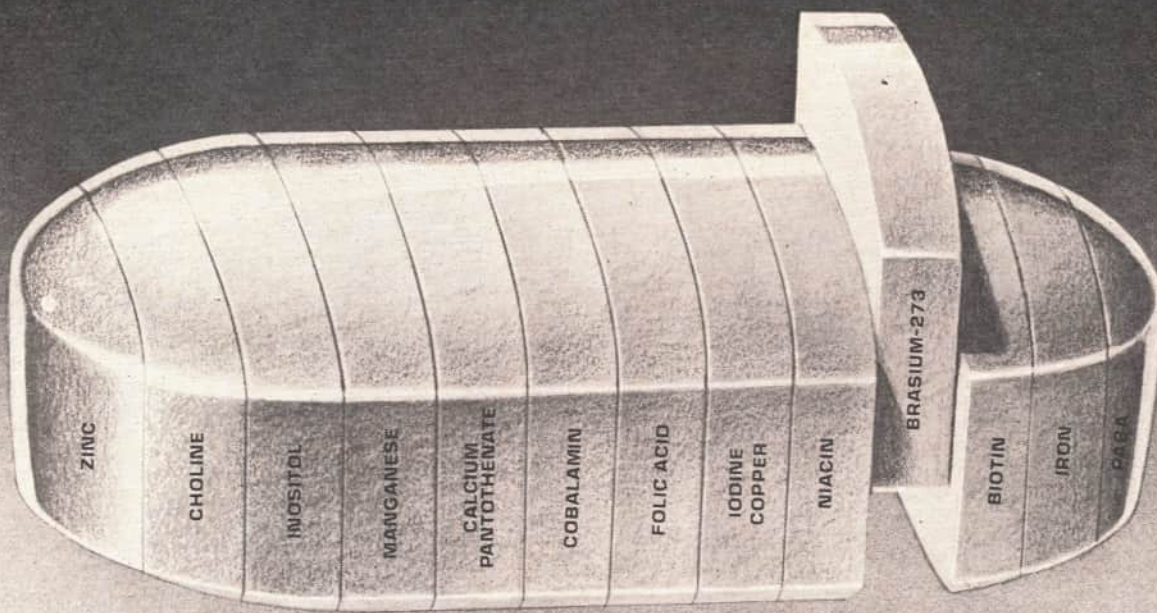
If you really must have extramarital sex, you might check out some bars in nearby towns. You will find plenty of men ready to service you. But remember, you may be found out, and then what? It's better to handle this up front, with your husband's knowledge.

JERKED OFF

A couple of months after we got married, my wife confessed to me that she had al-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

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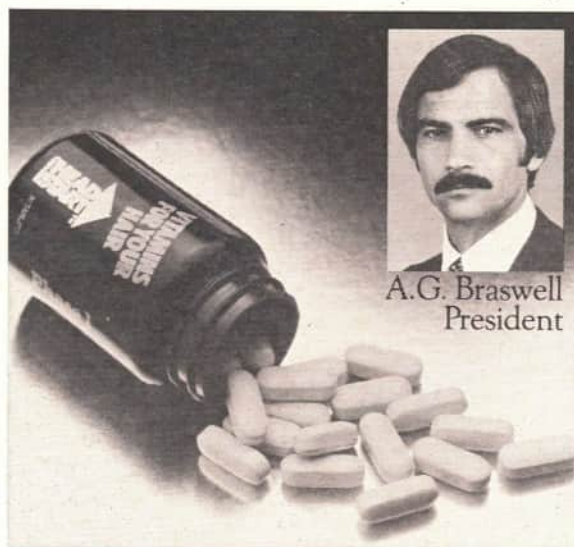
vitamin didn't stop after I discovered Head Start. I've made several minor improvements over the past five years. Recently several researchers brought an exciting new discovery to my attention. They had discovered a new hair element. After investigating the complex element and finding out how it worked, I became more

excited than I had ever been about any previous Head Start improvement. I believe so strongly in this nutritional element that I've put my own name on it. Brasiium 273. It's another major step toward making Head Start the perfect vitamin for everyone's hair.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

ways had a great desire to see a man jerk himself off. I have nothing against masturbation. I've done plenty of it, and still do, but I always regarded it as a "secret vice." My wife, however, was so insistent that I finally agreed. I first had a couple of drinks to screw up my courage. She lay on the bed, nude, while I sat in a chair and whacked myself off.

Now this has become a regular event. She refuses to "give me a hand"; I've got to do it all myself. I've become quite used to it by now and am able to do it in front of her with little or no embarrassment.

Then, only a few months ago, one of my wife's old schoolmates—female—moved into our neighborhood, and my wife demanded that I put on a show for both of them. When I balked, she said there would be no more sex with her until I agreed to beat off in front of both of them. So I got loaded again and put on the demonstration. Both of them lay in bed, playing with each other's cunts, while I whacked off.

Now my wife tells me that she and her friend have told a couple of other girl friends about it, and she wants me to put on a demonstration for four or five of them. My wife claims she's proud of my cock and wants her girl friends to see it. Really, I'm just average in size.

Frankly, I don't mind the idea of jacking off for a group of broads. In fact, I rather like it. But what worries me is that I'll soon be pointed out on the street as a literal jerk-off.

Please tell me what I should do. I know that liberal-minded people don't look down on jerking off, but if my friends learn about this, my life won't be worth living.—F.O.

Although your wife said she'd never have sex with you unless you jerked off for her friends, it looks as though she's quite dependent on you as well. If she demands too much, just say, "No, and if you insist, I won't even jerk off for you anymore." Two can play her game.

Then again, you say that you like jerking off for other women. Then do it. And to ensure that you won't be known around town as the Fernwood Jacker, why not ask these other women—including your wife—to engage in sex demonstrations themselves? That way you're all in the same boat. What's good for the gander—and your wife seems to want a gander—is good for the goose. Or for the geese.

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I finally told Ted how I felt. He replied that I should leave him alone and leave his father out of it. Whatever his father says or

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does goes. Consequently, Ted and I have been arguing a lot lately, which has destroyed our sex life altogether. Even when we forgive and forget, Ted just does what he has to do in bed, and in ten minutes it's all over. No foreplay, no experimentation, no sensitivity. But I need the attention, and I need to know that my husband wants me.

Even when we were dating, Ted was very evasive about sex. I thought he was shy or maybe even embarrassed about something, so I never brought it up—sex, that is. During the year that we dated before getting married, we actually had sex only about three times. Ted doesn't even French-kiss. Now, after six months of married life, Ted still hasn't loosened up. Not once has he gone down on me. When I ask him to eat me out, he tells me I'm sick. When I try to give him a blowjob, he pushes me away and tells me how disgusting I am for doing something like that.

It's been four months now since we had any sex at all, and I'm getting pretty damn horny. I still love him and do not want to start screwing around, but I do have needs and desires like any healthy twenty-seven-year-old woman should have. Should I start masturbating and ignore his frigidity?

I've tried talking to him and have cried over the situation. I've even tried threatening him. But nothing works. He tells me I'm a "nympho." To this day, he always leaves the room when I undress—you could almost say that Ted has never seen me naked in broad daylight. He refuses to undress in front of me and sleeps with underwear or pajamas on.

Please help me. I do love him, and he is in other respects a very good husband. I think I should also mention that Ted was married once before and that his first wife left him because of the things I've just written about. Please advise me. I do want my marriage to work.—Desperate

If you really want my honest opinion, I think your husband really doesn't like women—at least, not as sexual mates. I realize that there's more to a good relationship than sex, but it is rather important. If it makes you feel any better, statistics show that the major problem among newlyweds is sex. Most of these people work their problems out sooner or later. Of course, if you look at the divorce rate, you begin to wonder if most of them don't.

But your Ted is a real case. It's absolutely ridiculous for a husband not to undress in front of his wife. Your husband is right out of the Victorian era, when people considered sex to be dirty, a stealthy act to be performed in the dark with clothes on.

Also, as long as your father-in-law is around, I don't give your marriage a chance to survive. Maybe you should both see a marriage counselor. Then, at least, your husband might realize that you're not a "nympho." I doubt, however, that your husband will consent to this professional help—not with his father around, advising him against it.

If the marriage-counselor idea is vetoed,

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Don Ricci had always been shy with girls. That's probably why he spent so many lonely nights home alone.

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Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you... so let it be.

Okay—now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary—to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to—for whatever reason.)

On the average—he ends up sleeping with three new girls a month (every month).

In a six month period, nine different girls asked him to marry them. (He turned them all down. He claims he'd be an idiot to get married now.)

He's always getting presents from girls. Shirts, sweaters, home-made food. (He refuses most of them.)

He never has to worry about seducing girls. If one doesn't want to sleep with him, he simply moves on to another. There's always plenty to choose from.

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Remember also—that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls in spite of it that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

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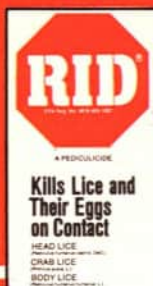
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I really think you have no alternative but divorce. Unless, of course, you like not having sex with the man you're married to. The choice is yours. Good luck!

SPANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

I've been employed for about three months in a massage parlor. About a month ago this middle-aged customer walked into the massage parlor, and I took him into one of the rooms. I gave him our usual speech about the rates for the different types of massage. He said he wanted the "full massage," which includes penis massage. Everything went perfectly normal. He came, tipped me three dollars, and got dressed. I thanked him. And that was that.

The following week the same man was back again, and this time he asked my name. I asked if he wanted the same massage, and he said, "Yes, but with a variation." He then explained how he liked to be spanked on the bare ass. I'd heard of this, and so it was okay with me. The man produced a Ping-Pong paddle from his overcoat pocket and said that this was what I was to use. He stripped and lay down on the table, on his stomach; he wanted the massage first and then the paddling—twenty-five swats on each cheek of his ass.

Well, about the twentieth swat, as his ass was getting pretty red, I felt myself getting creamy between my legs. About the thirtieth swat, his ass was getting bright red, and I couldn't resist any longer. I reached up under my miniskirt and started to massage my clitoris; I just had to masturbate.

The man couldn't see what I was doing, since his head was facing the mattress. When I told him to turn over, I was greeted by the sight of his large, throbbing penis, which was about one-third larger and stiffer than before. He told me to skip the rest of the massage and get right to work on his penis. I doubt that I had jerked it more than fifteen times before he sprayed a big load of semen into the towel I held.

Am I a sadist, Miss Hollander? I pray not, since I'm scared of kinky sex. I had never spanked a man before, but I found myself getting more and more excited as his ass turned a brighter red. I had no real desire to hurt him. I just wanted to see that bared male ass turn redder and redder under my paddle, and I must admit that I delivered the last ten swats with extra vigor.

Please answer my question. I'll see a shrink if you advise it.—K.B.

Just because you like to paddle one man's ass, don't label yourself a sadist. Making love to a girl doesn't turn a heterosexual woman into a lesbian, either.

For several years now I've had a most ardent fan, a young woman from New York City who has followed me around the world. Sarah considers herself my total slave, and there is nothing she likes better than a firm spanking or whipping. At first I hesitated, because I couldn't bear to hurt such a charming young woman. But I finally gave in to her constant begging, and now I really enjoy giving it to her to whatever degree

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she wishes. Usually, I hit her so that her buttocks turn red. As I hit her, I swear in German or Dutch.

Sometimes, while her ass is still red, she hands me a Polaroid camera, and I take pictures of her smarting backside.

Because I enjoy her company and enjoy pleasing her, does that make me a sadist? I think not. Remember, do what makes you happy. If you enjoy what you're doing, then it's natural.

BEANBAG BINGO

I wish to share with you one of my unique sex experiences. My birthday was not too long ago, and my girl friend bought me a huge beanbag chair with a zipper opening. We were making out on it one night and were completely naked. The chair was so soft that we wondered what made it that way. So we unzipped it, and inside were millions of electrostatic Styrofoam balls. When we stuck our arms into the chair, we were amazed how cushiony those puff balls felt against our skin. We climbed inside the body of the chair, and did those tiny balls ever feel great!

We immediately started fucking. And let me tell you screwing is even better in a vat of Styrofoam. Those pellets made it feel like we were fucking in midair. They were everywhere—up our asses, in my girl friend's cunt, all over.

For us, this is now the one and only place to make love. Thanks for reading.—Tim

Your jump-in love seat seems like a lot of fun and, indeed, a rather unusual and original spot to make love. However, those pleasurable balls might not be so good for your girl friend's vagina.

You might try making it on a nice dune at the beach. There you have millions of grains of sand to roll around on, and there is a lot more space. Meanwhile, I'd lay off balling in your unzipped beanbag.

BIG ON BREASTS

I'm twenty-one years old and have been happily married for over two years. Something has come over me, however, which I can't quite understand. I've never been physically attracted to women, but since my husband began subscribing to Penthouse, I find myself looking over the pictures of the nude women. I find myself fondling my own and dreaming about sucking on another woman's breasts.

My husband knows nothing of this desire and would never go in for a threesome (with two women). Besides, I don't even know where to begin looking for a woman who'd be willing to let me suck on her breasts. But how can I realize my fantasy?—Jane

Why not suck your own breasts? You should be able to get them into your own mouth. At least, I can, and it's quite a thrill.

Don't underestimate your husband. If he reads *Penthouse*, threeway or group sex must have entered his mind. Have him read "Couples." You might be surprised at how willing a partner you have. O+

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

pants for me at the kitchen sink until I snapped my fingers and ordered some drinks.

My girl friend envies the rather rich and pampered life I lead now. I haven't had to make a bed, rinse out my panty hose, or even put on my own shoes for weeks now—and it's all free! I just call out, "Missy, polish my nails!" and it's gladly, lovingly attended to by a man who's a maid.

I guess, through a strange quirk, good help is still to be found. And how it helps my budget!—C.M., El Cajon, Calif.

... husband knows best

A word in defense of dominated women. There is a deep feeling of security in knowing your life is in the hands of a strict but loving man, especially when you are small in stature and have been dominated from the cradle.

Both my parents believed in obedience and humility from their children, and since I was born with a stubborn streak, I learned the hard way. My father never hesitated to bare my bottom and paddle me. I would fight and struggle to no avail, until suddenly I would feel myself submitting, and soon after the paddling would end. I would feel good and clean and reborn. If I still felt defiant or misused afterward, both my fa-

ther and I knew that he had not completed the job. My father was not a tyrant, but a good and loving father who gave us loads of affection and read us stories. If we were sick, he sat beside our beds to comfort us. But if we got out of line, it didn't matter where we were or who was present—we felt his blistering hand, often on blushing bared bottoms.

When I was in my teens, my father became, if anything, more strict. I know now he protected me from myself. I am very small, but when I was still quite young, I began developing surprisingly large breasts and a cute figure. And I soon realized that guys liked me. My curfew was very strict, and if I was late, my father would be waiting, hairbrush in hand with two swats for every minute I was late.

When I was twenty, I was married and felt free as a lark. I began acting like a spoiled brat and thought that I could do whatever I wanted. My husband couldn't control me. He always came home to a dirty house and no dinner. Often he had nothing to wear to work. I was quite lazy and refused to carry my burden in any way. If he complained, I would cry and he would get soft-hearted, because he really loved me. This went on for five years, and steadily I got worse. I needed the guidance that I had always known. I would try to improve myself but had not learned any self-discipline. Our marriage ended in divorce, and I was completely lost and alone, unable to cope.

Then I met Paul, and he took to me right away and I to him. I told him about the failure of my marriage and about myself and my childhood, and he perceived my problem immediately. We were married shortly after, and he has taken it upon himself to take care of me. We have been married three years now and are the happiest couple imaginable. Paul never spoils me—he knows best, and I try to remember it. When I don't, he reminds me—with the paddle on my bare bottom.

Paul is very proud of my good body and likes other men to admire me. He buys me sexy clothes and never lets me wear underthings. At first I found the looks men gave me embarrassing, but I am now learning to enjoy them. Paul likes to see other men touch me, and many times I have been punished for rejecting a man's advances. But now I've learned to submit to any man that Paul wants me to, because it gives him intense pleasure to watch them use me. He makes it clear to them that they are free to use me any way they desire—as long as he is present, to protect me if I need him.

I'm writing tonight to tell other husbands to stand up for their rights. If my first husband had, we wouldn't have divorced. You will be doing your wife as well as yourself a favor. Tonight I tried to decline sex, as I often did in my first marriage, and I soon found myself firmly bound hand and foot. Instead of punishing me, as I expected, Paul set about showing that I had wanted

IN THE JULY FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW LONG SHOULD A MAN LAST?

Millions of men try to time themselves whenever they make love. Now Dr. Linda Rosen and Dr. Ray Rosen present strong arguments for rapid—and delayed—ejaculation and state a strong case for a happy compromise.

LUSTY VACATIONS: WHERE & HOW

A vacation should be the sensual high point of the year, and you should enjoy it in a romantic place where you can relax totally. Read about the best places and activities to do there . . .

THE MOST COMMON SEX PROBLEM: LACK OF DESIRE

"Most people are afraid to admit their lack of desire to themselves or to others." Dr. Helen S. Kaplan, who is one of America's foremost sex therapists, points out what the symptoms are and what can be done to help the sexually turned-off man or woman.

SEX GAMES YOU TWO CAN PLAY

What happens when sexual boredom takes over—or when you even have trouble coming up with a workable sex fantasy? You're in trouble; that's what happens. However, sex games can, and often do, start the ball rolling again. Don't miss these games in the July issue of *Forum*.

CASTRATING WIVES

"Some women deliberately use sex to undercut their husbands' sense of masculinity." Dr. Eugene Scheimann makes a powerful plea for women—and men—to turn away from hostility and return to intimacy.

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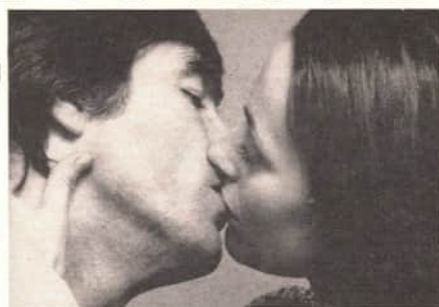
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sex after all. The next two hours brought a
complete sexual experience in which Paul
used his tongue on my entire body, bring-
ing me again and again to the edge of
climax. It was a sensual experience that I
would have missed had Paul allowed me
my own spoiled way. As I well knew, I de-
served the belt on my fanny instead of his
caressing tongue; but he loves me, and I
am deeply grateful that he has found me
and taken me into his loving hands.—K.S.,
address withheld

... Viennese torte

I am a thirty-four-year-old female, very
normal, a resident of Vienna since my di-
vorce more than a year ago. I moved to
Vienna because of all the theaters, con-
certs, museums, and exhibitions, where a
single female could go without an escort.
Until recently, I knew only a very few people
in and around Vienna. One is a good-look-
ing, forty-four-year-old woman named Hel-
en, whose husband died some years ago.
She is rather well off and lives with her two
children in a very fine villa with a swimming
pool. We first saw each other only in the
street, then spoke a few words when we
met in the shopping center, until one eve-
ning we happened to see each other at a
concert. She took me home in her car, and
since then we've become good friends. We
see each other often, visit each other, and
listen to music and talk together about ev-
erything.

One afternoon I went to her villa to pay
her a visit. Helen had just come out of the
swimming pool, and she told me to come in
and sit down while she hurried up to her
chamber to change her wet clothes. Two
minutes later she came downstairs, wear-
ing a thigh-long, purple blouse, and
whenever she moved, I caught a glimpse
of a tiny, white chemise. She looked very
pretty, and I paid more attention to her
and the way she dressed than I ever had
before. Then I became aware that she wore
no bra underneath the blouse. She had full
breasts, hanging like heavy ripe pears, and
they shook softly when she walked down
the stairs. I must have looked at them too
obviously, because suddenly the nipples
began to grow. Helen must have seen my
looks, and I was a little bit confused.

She asked me if I wanted a drink and
returned moments later with spread-out
arms, balancing a glass in each hand. I
had to look at her swaying breasts again
and noticed that her nipples had grown
even more. I felt my nipples stiffen, and
when she took her place in the opposite
easy chair, I could see the white triangle of
her chemise surrounded by black hair. She
began to talk about a concert she had
heard last night, and I didn't know where to
look. I looked at her face, but in my mind I
saw only that hairy white triangle, and my
excitement grew and grew. While trying to
listen to her, I felt the increasing warmth of
my pussy and my right hand must have
unconsciously moved down to my jeans
and between my legs. I only realized this
when she stopped talking for a moment to

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look at my hand. She continued speaking but very slowly spread her legs and put one finger under the edge of her chemise. I had eyes only for this moving finger, and a moment later I knelt down just in front of her widespread legs and kissed this ravishing, white triangle, sucking her finger through the damp material. She stopped talking and put her moist finger into my mouth, playing with my tongue. It drove me totally crazy. I pulled her chemise aside, and saw the largest hairy bush you could imagine—long, curled, compact black hair, like a wig. I had to press all my face against it, still feeling her finger in my mouth. Then she lifted up my head, took a hair from my lips, and asked: "Want to shave her?"

She stood up, unbuttoned her blouse, and showed me her beautiful, heavy tits with a large, swollen dark area around the stiff nipples. I could hardly stand up—my whole body was shivering. She began to undress me and, before opening my halter top, she caressed my nipples with little, very soft bites through my bra. Then, when she saw my totally wet, see-through panties, she smiled before finally slipping them off. I looked down to my pussy as her finger entered my slippery cunt, withdrew again, and then found my clit. Though this was a glorious feeling, I wanted to have her hairy bush nearer to me, and I heard myself saying: "Yes, I want to shave you."

That was all I could say—for the next few moments, I found myself speechless, unable to utter even a sound. Helen, realizing my excitement, just smiled and took my hand. We went to her chamber. My inner thighs felt sticky. In her toilet set I found scissors and a razor, and now I knew about her long hair. She must have shaved very often, so that her hair grew more and more. When I turned around, I saw Helen lying on her bed, with her legs spread wide, caressing her bush with the fingers of both hands, parting and combing the hair. As I approached the bed, I noticed she had her eyes closed and was pulling her clit between two fingers. I had never seen that before and bent down to her. Luxuriating in my looking at her, she pulled more and more, faster and faster—I had a tremendous orgasm just watching her. Then I got her fingers open and took her clit between my lips, pulling and sucking with them. In this moment she had her first climax, and we had several more in the next thirty minutes. Afterwards, as we calmed down, I put my head onto her bush and saw her clit close by. I had never seen a clit like that—it was almost two centimeters long.

I didn't shave Helen that day, but now we both are shaved. We like to see our naked cunts and are both especially fond of Helen's long, protruding clit.—Name withheld, Vienna, Austria

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

bers of the Worldwide Church of God, and we wanted to compliment Roger Neville Williams on his well-written article. At first we were very much concerned that we would be grossly misrepresented, but this was not the case. While the author's personal opinion of us was abundantly clear, he did not allow his own opinion to bias and distort facts about us.

There were a few minor points that are not correct, and I should like to mention them.

I was concerned to see myself described as "alienated and confused" because I have listened to GTA. Looking inwardly, perhaps I am these things, but certainly no more than are most of the people I have ever met and known.

Another point on which you were in error was in the statement "... for an entire millennium there will be no crime, no wars, no hunger, no hatreds, and no sex. ..." What ever made you think there would be no sex in the millennium? Of course, this *does* apply to those who have been resurrected or changed into a spirit being; however, there will be plenty of mortal beings who will be able to enjoy the blessings of proper sexual relationships.

You seemed to think that we were unique crackpots for believing that the British and Americans are descended as a whole from ancient Israel. I would like to refer you to a work called *The Royal House of Britain: An Enduring Dynasty* (Covenant Publishing Co., Ltd., London). This belief is certainly not unique to the WWCG alone! A simple question would have cleared up the issue of whether only *British* descendants are of ancient Israel. No. Other tribes of ancient Israel settled in Denmark, France, Norway, Iceland, Finland, Sweden, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Belgium.

Anyway, in spite of these criticisms, we feel that the article represented us much as we would like: sincere, nonradical, successful. There were many points about the work that we didn't even know. (Do more people *really* hear GTA than Cronkite?)

Thank you for doing something other magazines have not done—given a factual description of who we are and what we stand for, leaving it up to the individual to decide whether we seem to be "crackpots" or not.—Mrs. S.J.S., address withheld

Small penis, large praise

Re Richard Neville's "Living with a Small Penis" (April 1977). *Bravo!* Remember, it's not the size of the ocean that makes the boat rock; it's the motion of the ocean.—A.M., Old Bridge, N.J.

Correction:

The four photographs on page 96 of the March 1977 issue of Penthouse were mistakenly attributed to Eddie Adams. The photos were taken by Ryszard Horowitz, and we apologize for our error. O+

MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence and ability to please any woman?

One particular method has been a tremendous success in England. Here is what the Englishmen who have used it have to say:

After just three weeks my penis has increased in length by $\frac{3}{4}$ " and nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ " in girth. Now my wife wants it all the time.

J.H.C., Portsmouth

Startling results. My wife has just spent three months in Canada with relations. When she returned the first thing we did was rush to the bedroom. I never said a word. I just got undressed and watched her face as my penis hardened. The result was amazing, she could not leave it alone and we have never enjoyed sex so much or for so long. Thank you, thank you.

Brian L. Catford, London

My wife and I go to alot of swapping parties and I often found it difficult to see the females and the evening out, but now I can keep it up all evening and we are now in great demand. P.S. My wife also sends her thanks.

Jean and Richard, Leeds

I still don't believe it! My penis is now $1\frac{1}{4}$ " longer and $\frac{1}{2}$ " thicker. Also I seem to be able to pull the birds better, probably because I now have more confidence.

M.P., Essex

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research Brian Richards M.D. reveals the medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', all doubt is finally removed about the effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women do think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

Achievable?

There is little doubt then that the big penis is a worthwhile goal. But is it achievable? The result of Dr. Richards' study are unequivocal: "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem then is—how? Which methods work, which are just rip-offs and fancy quackery.

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3	60	5.9	6.9	1.0	5.9	6.9	1.0
11	44	6.1	7.2	1.1	5.0	5.9	.8
13	31	6.4	7.4	1.0	5.2	6.1	.9
15	64						
17	20	6.0	7.2	1.2	5.0	6.0	1.0
27	24	5.9	7.1	1.2	5.2	6.1	.9
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Dr. Richards' achievement is truly a landmark. After years of intensive clinical study and research, the truth is finally revealed. Often shocking, it is always factual and authentic. A business executive from Berlin commented: "It seems that truth can really be stranger than fiction. It contains an arsenal of information." Perhaps the most revealing comment comes from one of Dr. Richards' assistants: "It is the work of a physician who brings to bear a vast warehouse of experience, knowledge and training... in order to enlighten."

It is time to clear up the confusion and end the exploitation. This definitive study is now available in America: "The Penis" by Dr. Brian Richards. To obtain your copy simply fill out the coupon below. Let the power of modern medical science work for you.

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BUSTIN' HUMPS


The Blue-Jeaning of Eastern Europe—Tad Szulc, on a recent journey that took him from Warsaw to Belgrade by way of Budapest and Bucharest, found that the Eastern Europe of the 1970s is hell-bent on westernizing itself in every possible sense of the word. Sleek Western cars are so prevalent that traffic jams are commonplace. Intercontinental luxury hotels are springing up like dandelions, and everyone seems to have an insatiable passion for American blue jeans. Jazz music fills the air, and drinking has become Eastern Europe's national pastime. So how do the repressive Russians feel about all this zesty westernizing? You'll find the answers in Szulc's amusing travelogue.

Bustin' Humps—Back in the beginning, rodeo was more of a circus than a professional sport. According to one bronco rider, "Some of the riders weren't much better than professional thugs and outlaws. They had to keep going down the road because somebody was usually chasing them." But all this has changed. In 1976 more than 12 million people watched 4,000 cowboys competing for \$6.4 million of prize money in competitions all over the country. Rodeo has come into its own, and rodeo riders are heroes and superstars. Thomas Carney reports on the roughest and richest riders in the West.

Sneak Previews—It's the year 2038, and Peter Honorious has only two weeks to get married. Unless, of course, he wants to be found in contempt of the State and Federal Pair-Bonding Regulations and end up with a one-to-five-year stretch in Lunaville. There are many cute data cards around, but not one really catches his fancy. At his wits' end, Honorious finally resorts to drastic measures. And that, naturally, is where the fun begins. You'll be delighted with this humorous short story by sci-fi and fantasy master Robert Sheckley.

Hollywood Diary—What happens when a lawyer, White House speechwriter, and columnist for the *Wall Street Journal* decides to pack it in and seek his fortune in the city of one-night stands? Ben Stein did just that, working for Norman Lear's sit-com factory. Stein's real-life accounts of the homicidal housewife, the existential Mercedes, the supersexed Jacuzzi, and the bottomless dog walker turn out to be far weirder and more hilarious than "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman."

The Cult of the Wild—Everyone knows that man is the deadliest species, the only animal that murders and maims his own kind, right? Wrong, says Boyce Rensberger, science reporter for the *New York Times*. He contends that books like Robert Ardrey's *African Genesis*, which hypothesizes that man is descended from a "killer ape," have deluded us into magnifying a relatively minor aspect of the total human makeup. In fact, says Rensberger, man is no more driven by bloodlust, and actually commits fewer murders, than other animals. In our "Advise and Dissent" column Rensberger states that "the killer ape hypothesis is an idea whose time has gone."

Coming Attractions—Is Supereditor Abe Rosenthal creating the new *New York Times*, or is he merely supervising its trivialization? Dick Pollak tells you what's going on at the world's most powerful newspaper. . . . David Kopay—the jock who came out of the closet with class. . . . John Leonard on the cloning of America. . . . Inner pinball—how you bang the ball says a lot about your sex life. 

WATERGATE

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him that it would have landed him in great trouble, if not in fact the stocks, if he'd shown it in the Oval Office in the old days. Gordon Liddy, also on a special pass, seemed in good spirits, if a little pale, as befitting a martyr, and everyone admired the way he seemed so much slimmer without the gun under his jacket.

And John Dean, always attuned to the media, had his hair a little longer and his glasses several sizes rounder (for what his designer has called the Truly Innocent Look).


But many of the old crowd hadn't changed a bit. Jim McCord still couldn't talk above a whisper. Dick Kleindienst was as slick as everyone had remembered him. And Jeb Magruder, now at the Young Life Association, and Charles Colson, author of the best-seller *Born Again*, seemed just as pious and righteous this time around as the last, and there was general agreement that if they could find God after all this, well, hell, anyone could.

The distaff side was, as it had always been in the Nixon years, suspiciously underrepresented. The sole deputy was Rose Mary Woods, looking flush from her recent success in starting acrobatic dictation-transcription schools and arriving eighteen and one-half minutes late.

Amusing prison stories were swapped. Many of the reunioners compared notes on prison cuisine, whether Dannemora or Fort Holabird had the better *quiche aux champignons*, that sort of thing. Publishing talk was also fast and furious—a rundown on the merits of this or that agent, escalating clauses on paperback royalties.

Then, as the beer kegs, the day, and John Mitchell began to wane, talk gradually turned to the question that, it turned out, had never been far from their thoughts: Where Did We Go Wrong? One group wondered whether it was their unfortunate disregard for common humility because of the pressures of office. Another faction suggested that perhaps it was their sincere dedication to a new kind of benevolent world order which the American people just had not been ready for. But in the end it was pretty generally agreed that the crucial moral error was putting on the adhesive tape horizontally instead of vertically.

Finally, just as the oom-pah band was leaving and the sentimentality seemed to be as copious as the beer, a few of the fellows got to reminiscing. Remember the good old days, when we had J. Edgar Hoover around? There were a few sighs, a few quiet toasts, and others joined in. Remember old Bill Nolan and George Murphy and George Wallace—where are they now? Yeah, Howard Hughes is gone, and Joe McCarthy, H. L. Hunt, Jack Ruby, Sam Giancana, Jimmy Hoffa. . . .

"Ah, yes," Colson whispered in the darkness, quoting Scripture, "There were giants in the earth in those days." 

“Ballantine’s.
Damn good
scotch.
Period.”



Box or menthol:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

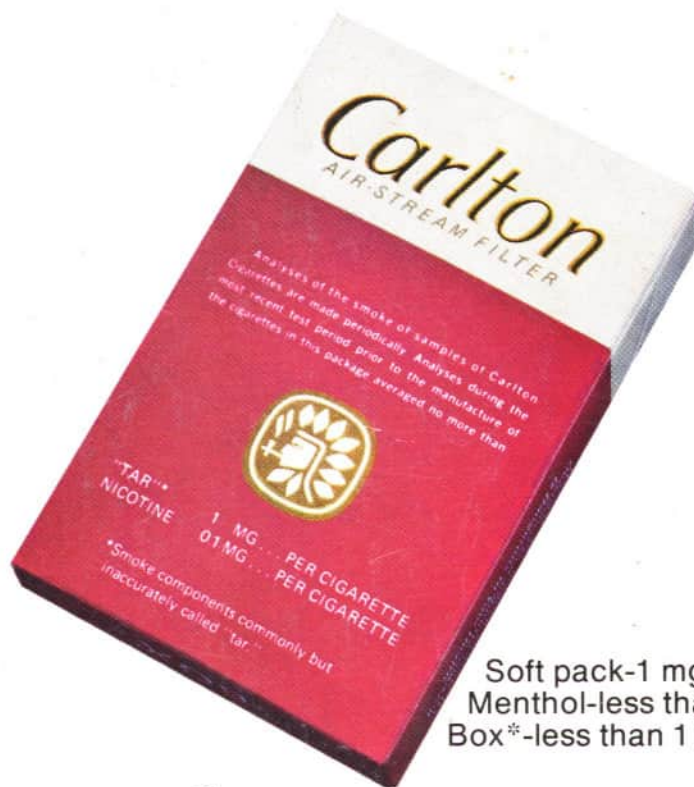
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg. / cigarette	nicotine mg. / cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.6
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	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



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.