

Benson&Hedges 100%

I never saw it happen.

that's the breaks.



Regular and Menthol

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

18 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.

Is it live, or is it Memorex? Well, Melissa?



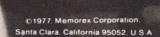
We put Melissa Manchester to the Memorex test: was she listening to Ella Fitzgerald singing live, or a recording on Memorex cassette tape with MRX₂ Oxide?

It was Memorex, but Melissa couldn't tell.

It means a lot that Memorex can stump a singer, songwriter and musician like Melissa.

In fact, when you record your own music, Memorex can mean all the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?



10 years ago your hair didn't need the protein it needs today to look its best.

Chances are, your hair looked healthier ten years ago. It was thicker, fuller, and it had more protein. And that's what hair is made of. But as time goes by, your hair loses proteincontinuously. Which is why you need Protein 29 Hair Groom. Because Protein 29 actually adds protein to individual hair shafts. It helps your hair look thicker, fuller, healthier. More like it used to look.

Your hair is irreplaceable. Wouldn't it be a good idea to



get some Protein 29 now and do something about the next ten years?

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

Do something about the next 10 years.



The International Magazine for Men/August 1977 Worldwide sale: 5,350,000*

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'Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

THE most desired sports cars in the world today are of the mid-engine variety.

Unfortunately, some of the least affordable sports cars in the world today are of the midengine variety as well.







The Lamborghini Uracco, approx. \$24,150.

The Ferrari 308 costs more than the average guy makes in 2 years.

OF ALLTHE MID-ENGINE CARS YOU COULD BUY, WE OFFER ONE YOU COULD BUY.

The Lamborghini Uracco costs more than 4 years of college and a big wedding.

Of the 7 mid-engine cars, 5 sell in excess of \$15,000.

Which brings us to the mid-engine Fiat X1/9. \$5,195*

What kind of midengine sports car could sell for that price? This kind.

A sports car designed by the same people who designed the Ferrari. A sports car with an overhead cam engine, rack-and-pinion steering, disc brakes all around, and an allindependent suspension. A sports car that's really a sports car.

Is it the \$28,000 Ferrari in disguise? We think not. Is it the best \$5,195* sports car you've seen in years? We think so.

F/I/A/T

*Price based on 1977 manufacturer's suggested retail price POE. Inland transportation, dealer preparation and local taxes additional.





THOMAS PLATE





TAD SZULC

THOMAS CARNEY

Here's a riddle: when is a news service and newspaper chain not a news service and newspaper chain? Answer: when it loses its social and political objectivity by becoming an informational arm of the CIA and the FBI. It took a Penthouse investigative team eighteen months to prove that the Copley Press empire—founded by James C. Copley and operated by him until his death in 1973—was an elaborate undercover operation which employed "reporters" doubling as CIA agents and provided credentials, information, and the placement of stories expressly tailored for FBI and CIA purposes.

Copley, a political conservative and a fervent patriot, volunteered-in a secret meeting with then President Eisenhower-to operate a news service as the much needed eyes and ears of the U.S intelligence community against the Communist threat in Latin and Central America. This spirit of cooperation, however laudable, reached a point of high comedy when a Copley reporter was sent scurrying around Spain in a futile attempt to serve a subpoena on Stalin's secret-police boss. Beria.

Investigative reporters Joe Trento and Dave Roman started working on the story shortly after Trento received an extraordinary phone call from a Copley staff member in the middle of the night. "The person was very scared," Trento recalls. "He kept saying, 'You've got to do something; the CIA and FBI are running this place.' I thought this person was totally crazy until I had lunch with another source, who said, 'Funny, I've heard another story just like that about Copley.' So I told Dave, and we started working on it."

"It was real tough going," Roman says, "and we found ourselves getting more and more depressed. People wouldn't talk to us, we had doors slammed in our faces, and every once in a while, just to cheer ourselves up, we'd go back to see All the President's Men."

Trento started his career as a copy boy at the Washington Post, became bureau chief for Worldwide Features, and then worked as staff reporter for Jack Anderson. He is now an investigative reporter for the Wilmington News Journal in Delaware. Roman was teaching English at San Diego State University when he met Trento, who convinced him to try his hand at writing. The combination clicked, and the result is on page 44.

Penthouse regular Tad Szulc, another highly esteemed investigative reporter whose "Europe on the Skids" (Penthouse, May 1977) described the imminent decline and fall of Western Europe, continues his eye-opening travelogue. Szulc takes us on a tour of Eastern Europe-from Warsaw to Belgrade by way of Budapest and Bucharest—and finds that if Western Europeans are suffering from terminal malaise, Eastern Europeans are alive and kicking and hell-bent on westernizing themselves in every sense of the word. Sleek Western cars are so prevalent that traffic jams are becoming commonplace. Intercontinental luxury hotels are springing up like dandelions, and everyone seems to have an insatiable passion for American blue jeans. So how, exactly, do the





JOE TRENTO

DAVE ROMAN



BEN STEIN

repressive Russians feel about this zesty westernizing? You'll find out on page 65 in "The Blue-Jeaning of Eastern Europe."

One Western frontier that the Eastern Europeans have yet to explore is that all-American spectacle, the rodeo. Now a respectable and big-business entertainment, rodeo started out more like a circus than a professional sport. Newspapers classified it with wrestling and movie-time listings on the entertainment pages, and for years there was never much prize money. Cowboys had to be big enough to wrestle a steer and tough enough to ride a bull, and their fearsome reputation was well earned. "Some of the riders weren't much better than professional thugs and outlaws," one bronco rider says. "They had to keep going down the road because somebody was usually chasing them.'

But all of that has changed. In 1976 more than 12 million people watched 4,000 cowboys competing for \$6.4 million in prize money in competitions all over the country. Rodeo has come into its own, and rodeo riders have become heroes and superstars. In "Bustin' Hump," on page 62, free-lance writer Thomas Carney reports on the roughest and richest riders in the West.

Some of the richest writers in the West are those who work for television in manic Los Angeles. Ben Stein, a lawyer, White House speechwriter, and columnist for the Wall Street Journal, heard about this wonderful life-style and decided to pack up his career and seek his new fortune in the City of One-Night Stands. Ben went to work for Norman Lear on "All's Fair" and "Fernwood Tonight," and his real-life experiences with the homicidal housewife, the existential Mercedes, and the supersexed Jacuzzi turn out to be far weirder and much more hilarious than any sitcom. You'll find his "Making It in Hollywood" on page 109. The superproductive Mr. Stein, who wrote "If You Liked Richard Nixon, You'll Love Jimmy Carter" for Penthouse last November, also has his first novel coming out this month (On the Brink, Simon & Schuster) and a second one out next spring.

Man, everyone seems to believe, is the deadliest species, the only animal that murders and maims his own kind. "But that's simply wrong," says Boyce Rensberger, science reporter for the New York Times. In "Is Man Born to Kill?" (page 90) he contends that we are totally misled by such books as Robert Ardrey's African Genesis, which hypothesizes that man is descended from a "killer ape" and is thus inherently bloodthirsty. Rensberger, who specializes in anthropology and archaeology, spent a fellowship year in Africa researching the evolution of man. He states, in no uncertain terms, that "man is not in fact the most vicious or destructive of the species. The killer-ape hypothesis is an idea whose time has gone." His essay is an excerpt from his forthcoming book, The Cult of the Wild.

Also this month contributing editor Thomas Plate reports on the strange demise of the special prosecutors in corruption-riddled New York and Philadelphia (page 23). Sylvia, our resident nymphomaniac, pays us another visit in "Nympho Tapes, Part II" (page 100). And, of course, we have a full supply of voluptuous vamps including a few new specimens who decorate the latest James Bond film The Spy Who Loved Me-all to keep your inner fires burning as August sizzles 'round and about. Other

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

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

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant

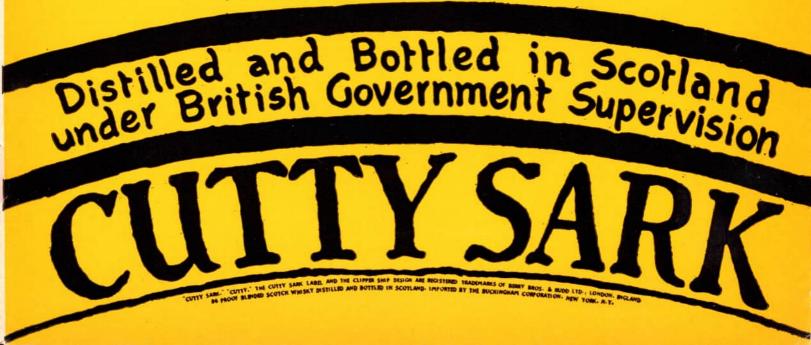
on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

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

To distinguish genuine Scots Whisky from the Rest, you need look No further than the very top of the label on a bottle of Cutty Sark.

It spells out exactly what you're getting right there

in black and yellow.



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So that's how the hot rod got its name!

I-ORUM PENTHOUSE

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 or request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Prone accident

I read your *Penthouse* whenever I get the chance, but that is not too often, in prison. At any rate, here's an experience which happened to me when I was younger.

I was eighteen years old and living in Harrisburg at the time and just doing the normal hanging around the streets and parks that a lot of kids my age were doing.

One day I was with three friends of mine in the park, just sitting around bullshitting, drinking wine, and smoking, when a chick pulled up in an old Buick Electra and started watching us. Naturally, after a while we motioned to her to come over and join us. So she turned off the ignition and came over. Boy, she was a fox, wearing really tight shorts and a halter top. If I had known what was going to happen, I probably would have ignored her.

Well, we kept pouring the wine, and this chick started to get real loose. So one of my friends, Frank, put his arm around her and started playing with her tits, and she made no move to stop him. Right then I figured all of us would score. Well, Frank was getting a little excited and suggested the chick and he adjourn to her car. After they got in the car, Steve and I flipped for seconds. With typical bad luck, I lost.

After Steve had his fun, I walked over to the car, and she was all sprawled out in the front seat. Her front-seat latch didn't work, so it was a little cramped, but I managed to get my pants down and get on top. I started to put it in, but she had her legs a little too close together. So I told her to spread them. That she did, knocking the car out of park so that the car started rolling. Now there I was, rolling down the hill, with my pants down and a naked chick in the front seat, squirming all over me while I tried to get up to steer the car, which was impossible with her jumping all over the place trying to grab her clothes. Suddenly, we came to a jarring, crashing stop. We had rolled out into the street, jumped the other curb, and run up into someone's front yard into a tree.

To this day I don't know if there was someone watching what my friends and I were doing with that chick, but the cops were right there on the scene after the accident. Well, to make a long story short, we somehow managed to get most of our clothes on before they came over to the car. It ended up with my getting a ticket for reckless driving and having to pay to get her car fixed—and I still didn't get any pussy.—L.C., address withheld

Helpmate

Here is something your readers might like to try, even if it doesn't involve the neighbor or friends—just a man-and-wife deal.

We now have a family situation in which our very young children get up very early and the older ones come in or stay up late, making it very tough for my wife and me to be alone in our home.

So, very often in the morning, when the kids are running around getting ready for school, my wife knows that I am probably very horny as I lie in the twin bed next to hers, since things have been slow in the bedroom for the past few days.

Here are some of the things she does to keep Father happy.

Knowing that she has just a very few minutes before one of the kids will be yelling for something-from clothes to foodshe will come over and give my prick a few nice, long licks and then tell me to finish it off myself as she heads out the door toward the kitchen. Another thing she will do is to put her pussy right on my mouth for a couple of minutes and again leave, telling me to jack it off. Then there are the times when she just throws her tits around my face for a few minutes and again says, "Honey, now it's up to you to get it off," and away she goes. Sometimes she will come back to the bedroom a couple of minutes later just for a second or two to see how I am doing and to give my prick a few words of encouragement. After I shoot, I will join the family and give my wife a nod to let her know I got it off, which, by the way, makes her happy.

So, boys, if you have children problems in the morning, just have your wife get you a big hard-on by the above methods, and you can easily do the rest yourself.—Name and address withheld

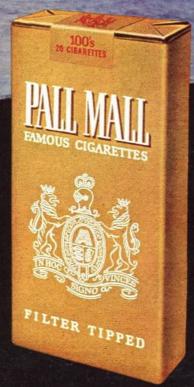
That's one way to lick a problem.

Baggage pickup

As a subscriber of some years' standing, I have from a distance been amazed at some of the experiences of fellow readers, but, until recently, I have never been personally involved in what I might call a "hit and run" affair with virtual strangers. Your letter from the ménage à quatre in a recent issue, however, prompts me to write of a similar European experience.

While I was on a business trip from London to Spain, the airline, in its usual fashion, succeeded in misplacing one of my pieces of luggage. When I registered my loss at the airline desk, one of the stewardesses

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Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

from my flight, a very cool, blonde English Rose type, particularly noticeable, was talking with a ground hostess, a petite, raven-haired, rounded-out Spanish girl. Both of them were very sympathetic and assured me that everything would be done to trace the missing piece. They promised that should it turn up that day, it would immediately be sent around to my hotel. So far so good and all according to the rules and regulations. I nodded to their bland assurances and jokingly said that if the piece in question did turn up, I would be delighted to buy them both dinner. Their response was two polite airline-type smiles.

You can imagine my surprise and delight, then, when a telephone call from re-

ception that evening informed me that my missing luggage was being sent up. I was floored when I opened my door and the baggage porters turned out to be, yes, the two stewardesses, Judith and Maria, "come to claim dinner."

During the meal at a local tavern, I remarked that it seemed a little strange to find two very attractive airls without boyfriends or ready escorts. After all the stories of stewardesses that one hears, I assumed that there would be willing males lined up for the carnal pleasure of their company. They looked at one another for a brief moment and then explained, "No, we aren't short of friends or escorts: we just like one another's company better most of the time." In short, they were lovers: but what's more, when

the mood arose and the right person was there to turn them on, they were also bisexual.

Without much more being said, we quickly finished the meal and found our way back to Maria's apartment.

The girls led the way into a large, cool bedroom and, turning to me, proceeded to take off my clothes and their own, their delicate hands fluttering like so many distracted birds. They lightly kissed each other and me as our bodies mingled. Both of them were lovely: darker Maria had firm, uptilted breasts that were large and had dark, wine-colored nipples; Judith, the slimmer of the two, was golden from head to tiny feet, her pubic hair a mass of golden ringlets atop long, slender legs. Maria's 10 PENTHOUSE

pussy, on the other hand, was black and thick, and my hands were already exploring the delights it offered.

The girls made me go—no, they didn't make me; they just led me—to the double bed and laid me down. Then, as Judith lay alongside me and began to suck and nibble my cock, Maria positioned herself so that I was able to bury my head between her soft, round thighs and reach her damp cunt with my mouth and fingers. I reached around to cup her gorgeous tits and squeeze her hard nipples. She, in turn, writhed and squirmed her pussy even harder into my lapping tongue and mouth. Now I began to fondle both of them, my hands exploring the roundness of both girls' breasts and the firmness of both their

and gave her a long, slow fuck, drawing myself back to the entrance each time until she was at the threshold of an orgasm. Finally, we both climaxed in a series of jerking spasms. Maria was able to climax herself by sucking off Judith's and my come from my prick while Judith fingered her lovingly.

We spent the rest of the night fucking each other in more ways than I had thought possible. When one of us tired, the other two were able to carry on, and it was very early morning before I fell asleep, nicely nestled in between the two girls. I have never seen either of them since that memorable night, but I did ask the question over morning coffee, "Why me?" Well, Judith explained, among other things, that

she had noticed me reading Penthouse on the flight.—Name and address withheld

Coffee, tea, or three . . . ?

Object lesson

How it is done is something we all take for granted most of the time. I've just been taught again how it is done!

I work as a disk jockey in the Caribbean. The typical sexual adventures often associated with this profession have happened to me over and over again; so I consider myself experienced. But this past weekend a voung couple reaffirmed my contention that sexual turn-on factors, such as when, where, how often, and even who. are less important than how it's done.

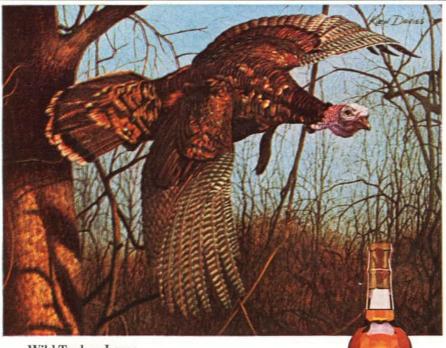
Almost every beach in the world is blessed

with bikini-clad beauties. Here, in the Caribbean, the wonder is year round. However, several days ago I noticed an especially extraordinary woman lying on her back. Her oiled body glistened in the sun. Her globular breasts didn't disappear with the force of gravity, as in the case of most women; instead they stood out on her chest like oversized scoops of ice cream (looking quite edible).

Austin Nichols

OXY STRAIGHT BOX

I couldn't take my eyes off this tantalizing sight. Her every move was arousing—like that of a slow-motion, seminude ballerina. And her man was nearby—busy reading Penthouse, of all magazines. My interest was only increased when she withdrew her own copy of Penthouse from her beach bag. I thought, "What a liberal couple!"



Wild Turkey Lore:

The keenness of sight of the Wild Turkey is legendary among woodsmen. The bird can detect the slightest motion in a circumference of 300 degrees.

It seems only fitting that Wild Turkey—America's greatest native whiskey—bears the name of America's greatest native bird.

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

beautiful bodies, my lips tasting and savoring the saltiness of their sweat and my body feeling those pretty tongues. As we twisted and entwined around, it was Maria who moved her soft, warm body next to mine and sucked my rigid cock.

Judith, who had sat back and was watching this little scene, began to express her pleasure and participation by making little moans and whimpers and kissing me while fondling Maria's breasts and body. That turned Maria to Judith, and I, too, turned to Judith. With my rod still wet with Maria's spit, I reached for Judith and found her throbbing clit, giving her a good fingering and tonguing until she was fairly quivering. Then I gently and firmly pushed my weapon deep into Judith's receptive hole

A COMPACT STEREO WITH THE GUTS TO DO THIS:

	Centrex by Pioneer KH-7766 System	Marantz 2216 Receiver AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck	Sansui 221 Receiver Bose 301 Speaker BSR 2320W Record Changer Akai CS-702D Tape Deck	Kenwood KR2600 Receive AR 16 Speakers BSR 2320W Record Changer Teac A-100 Tape Deck
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Power Band Width	40-30,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz	40-20,000 Hz	20-20,000 Hz
Total Harmonic Distortion (smaller is better)	0.8%	0.5%	1.0%	0.8%
FM IHF Sensitivity (smaller is better)	1.9 Microvolt 10.7 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf	2.5 Microvolt 13.2 dBf
FM Stereo Separation (larger is better)	40 dB	38 dB	35 dB	33 dB
FM Capture Ratio (smaller is better)	1.0 dB	3.0 dB	1.5 dB	2.5 dB
FM Selectivity (larger is better)	60 dB	50 dB	60 dB	50 dB
Cassette Tape Deck Tape Frequency Range	Front-loading non-Dolby* CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-12,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ : 40-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 40-13,000 Hz	Dolby* Front-loading CrO ₂ Tape: 30-14,000 Hz Low Noise: 30-11,000 Hz
Speakers	10" 3-way Frequency Range: 45-20,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz	8" 2-way Frequency Range: N/A	8" 2-way Frequency Range: 50-22,000 Hz
Record Changer	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor	Moving Magnet Cartridge with damped cueing and 4-pole motor
Suggested Total Retail Price (Source: 1977 Stereo Review's Stereo Directory & Buying Guide, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price)	\$429.95	\$719.95	\$651.95	\$669.80

Centrex Stereo Systems by Pioneer compare favorably with these typical audio store component packages Pioneer products include a two-year limited warranty. Ask for details. Pricing published as of April 1, 1977. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

So far, components have been considered the most sophisticated approach to high fidelity.

But now, after a lot of time, packages. energy and solid-state technology, Pioneer is proud to introduce a compact stereo system with the features, specifications and audio quality of components.

The chart above shows you come out way ahead with exactly how Centrex stacks up against typical, medium-

Centrex by Pioneer.

And if seeing isn't believ-

priced audio store component ing, then let your ears

decide. Your Pioneer dealer is waiting.

For information write Pioneer Electronics of America, Dept. 21, 1925 East Dominguez Street, Long Beach, CA 90810.



Stretch your cramping your

If you think an economy car would put you in a compromising position, look again.

With a Volkswagen you could actually wind up with more room and comfort than you have now.

Our Dasher, for example, comes in a beautifully appointed 2-door hatchback or 4-door sedan, with fully reclining bucket seats, plush carpeting, and enough room for five passengers.

In fact, the Dasher beats just about every car in its class in combined interior room and trunk space. And in a wagon, it has more cargo area than any car in its class.*

Then there's our Rabbit, which has been catching everyone by surprise. Even Detroit.

With acceleration from 0 to 50 mph in an amazing 7.7 seconds. (That's faster than a Triumph Spitfire.) And with front-wheel drive that literally pulls you around corners.

It also has

more room for



dollars without style.

people than 25 other cars you could buy (including Monza, Mustang II, Pinto, Toyota Celica, and Datsun B-210). And more room for luggage than 53 other cars. (Would you believe, with the rear seat folded down it can hold 21 bags of groceries. And with the seat folded up it still has more trunk space than a Cadillac Seville.)

Finally, we come to Scirocco, our true sports car that gives you extravagance and plain good sense at the same time.

Last year Scirocco was the Trans Am Champ for cars under 2 liters. And speaking of style, the Scirocco was just named one of the "25 best-designed factory-made products available in America today" by Fortune Magazine.**

It also gives you something few sports cars can offer: room for four and more trunk space than a Ford LTDII.

Yet (amazingly!) a Scirocco has the same fuel economy as a Rabbit.

Both Scirocco and Rabbit get 37 mpg on the highway and 24 mpg in the city. Dasher gets 36 mpg highway, 24 mpg city. (Of course, these are EPA estimates with standard transmissions. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and your car's condition.)

With all this going for our Volkswagens, we suggest you stop in to your Volkswager dealer for a test sit.

It's one way to get through the energy crisis without getting bent out of shape.



Within the hour, after she had sensually exhibited more of her luscious body while swimming, sunning, and playing with the beach sand, she brought her lovely, sunburn-pink body close enough to drip ocean water not only on my bare legs but also right on the growing bulge in my tight bathing suit. She "innocently" asked how I had managed to have "such a great tanned body." (The answer, of course, is that I live in the Caribbean's perpetual summer.) Her man, who turned out to be her husband of seven years and the father of her two children, sauntered over and casually joined in the conversation. After several minutes of typical small talk, Eric said that he was going to return to their hotel suite. Susan said that she'd stay. Eric responded

good-naturedly with an okay, and then, as he was walking away, Susan amended her plans by saving to me, "Better yet, why don't you join us now for a drink? We have a great view, and we can continue to get our sun on the balcony." This was not an uncommon invitation in the friendly land of surf and sun, but I told myself that I'd be in for a big teasing if I stayed near this half-naked, sensuous, but obviously attached creature. Because of the mystery of the situation, I accepted. I'll never regret it.

If she was teasing, this woman certainly knew how. A slight brush of her firm breast against my body several times during the walk to the elevator, her occasional glance at my bathing suit, and her suggestion that I rinse the sand off in

their shower kept my mind reeling. When Susan's husband left to get ice for the drinks, I gambled. I "let" Susan notice me naked as I stepped from the shower. Her response was casual admiration. I shook out my suit and put it back on just before Eric returned.

On the balcony, Susan sat in the middle chair with her knees drawn up to her breasts and her heels on the front edge of her own chair. Three strong drinks later I was lightly stroking Susan's bikini-clad pussy with my toes. Her sitting position had presented me with tiny, fine hairs peeking from the edges of her minuscule bikini bottoms. Early on, because of her husband's angle of sight and my casual, cross-legged situation, I thought he wouldn't notice. Then

Susan began to toy with the hair on my leg, not an inch from my cock! I loved it, and her eves said that she loved it.

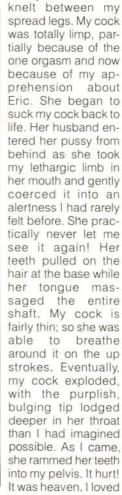
Eric must have noticed it. I was high on the alcohol, keyed up about the immediate situation, and confused about what I should do next, but Susan was very helpful. Knowing I needed assistance, she began relating the sexy adventures that she and her husband had had. It suddenly dawned on me: these two teased other men! The beginnings of my erection went away. I felt like a fool. But wonderful Susan proved me

Eric left again (I can't remember why), and Susan came on as if we had both known what was happening. I told her the truth. I told her that she'd gradually and as if I were lost in dreams. But when I opened my eyes because of her increased moaning and gyrations, there was Eric, furiously sucking on her swollen, taut nipples! I'd forgotten about him. I hadn't even heard him come in. I could have been shot! I said, delirious with pleasure, "Pleased to meet you, Eric and Susan."

My first orgasm had taken place (wastefully) within seconds of my getting my tongue into her vagina and on her clit. (Talk about being premature: I don't even remember trying to control it.) But I could tell she "ate up" my eating. Susan didn't know that I had come. She was obviously too excited.

She continued to be in control.

First she had me lie on my back while she





tormentingly turned me on with her graceful, sensual, teasing ways; her "talking" eyes; and her exciting hints: I wanted to hold her body close to mine:

She said, "Please do."

I revealed my innocence: "Your husband?

"It'll be all right."

I'm not very clear about what took place next. I remember her touch—unbelievably gentle, soft, and electric. I'll never forget the first taste of those warm lips and demanding tongue. As I removed her tiny bikini bottoms. I noticed how wet the inside of her thighs were. I lifted her small, firm body to the bed and began licking and kissing and tasting between her legs. The sensation was so pleasing that I closed my eyes

it. She loved it. Eric loved it!

The three of us in combinations—a shifting fantasy in which Eric and I moved from one orifice of Susan's to another-brought waves and waves of orgasms to our leggy lady. She laughed and basked in the attention. She was greedy. Even immediately after Eric had brought her to a convulsive orgasm with his tongue, she would masturbate while I came on her breasts. Susan lapped up the come as if it were her only nourishment. Yes, I came and kept coming until I couldn't believe the whole thing was really happening! We all lost track of our orgasms. To say the least, the amount of ejaculate being pumped into this hungry woman was extraordinary! What a beautiful sight it was to see her gobble up Eric's

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.

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Feel the Real taste difference.

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Taste you can feel. Full, natural taste.

So taste your first low tar natural cigarette. Taste Real...smoke natural.

cock (which was about twice as thick as mine) as she pulled me by my butt farther and farther into her sweet cunt. How beautiful her lovely voice sounded as she moaned over and over, "Two beautiful men, two beautiful cocks."

Somehow, Eric was able to control himself more. I was helpless. I was coming even though I hadn't regained an erection.

Needless to say, this young couple wore this none-too-inexperienced man out! Susan's touch was kind and loving, and yet she was artful, almost magical, in her commanding technique. This was one couple that knew how it's done!

I had two other opportunities to make love with them before they left for "colder" country. Each session was better than the one before. I could write a book on those three days. I've had sex of many descriptions before but never an experience in which method had a greater impact. From the first encounter to the last orgasm—with Susan telling me to masturbate my totally limp cock to a seemingly impossible orgasm on her breasts while her husband spread the come over her erect nipples—it was magnificent!

Before we finally parted, Susan and Eric insisted that they hadn't planned the seduction but had picked up on it somewhere in the elevator.—Name and address withheld

Special taste

As a regular reader of Penthouse "Forum," I

was rather relieved to discover, after reading your January issue, that I am not alone in my exhilarating pursuit of a pizza fetish. However, as an American medical student in Bologna, the culinary capital of Italy, I must confess that I have become "addick-ted" to a unique type of pizza, which offers far more pleasure than does any standard American version.

After a particularly frustrating evening spent in chasing the beautiful women of Bologna, I had to content myself with a late-night visit to a neighborhood pizzeria. As I was sitting there alone eating my usual sausage pizza. I noticed a strikingly attractive brunette sitting at the next table, eating a provocatively shaped vulvate dish, which I later found out was called a calzone. This Italian delight is basically described as a folded-over pizza, whose seam is lined with an extra-thick crust resembling protruding lips and filled with a piping-hot mixture of rich, red tomato sauce, tender ham, melted cheese, and an assortment of tangy spices

Determined to try a calzone at the next possible opportunity, I picked one up on the way home from classes the next night. Lustful thoughts ran through my mind as I hurried home, barely able to control my growing excitement. Secure in my bedroom, I placed the calzone on my bed, having suddenly become aware of the delicate aroma permeating the room. Well, it wasn't long before I was in my birthday suit, parting those steaming "lips" with my now rock-hard sausage. The juiciness of the sensual, vulvate calzone as I moved quickly in and out and its aroma and the fantasies running through my mind soon brought me to the most arousing orgasm of my life!

I hope that others who have an appetite for pizza will have the opportunity to enjoy this "calzonic" experience. For me at least, it's "guess who's coming at dinner?" twice a week now!-D. B., Bologna, Italy

There's an awful lot of bologna in that story.

Special treat

I have always been self-conscious about the size of my genitals. When fully erect, my penis is three and a half inches long, and my testicles are the size of hazelnuts. I was laughed at in gym class in high school. I did not have any trouble dating, because girls would go out with me just to see if the stories they had heard were true.

After leaving high school, I dated very little and pulled my little Vienna sausage a lot. I didn't think that I could ever meet a woman who could accept me for what I was until I went to the arts and crafts show here in Toronto last month. There I met Fran, who turned out to be a glassblower from Montreal. We struck up a conversation while we were standing in line for coffee, and we began to see each other over the next couple of days. Fran could not understand why I did not make any passes at her. I told her of my situation, and she did not show any disappointment. She said that she could help me with my problem.

That night we went to her hotel room and had a couple of drinks. Then she suggested that we take our clothes off and get into bed. She explained that she gave the best head in Montreal and had worked out a technique especially for people like me.

She made me sit on the edge of the bed, and she sat on the floor in front of me. she inserted my little cocktail sausage into her mouth and then proceeded to place both my bing cherries into her oral cavity. She massaged my little bite-sized treats with her tongue until I thought that I would go through the roof. Gradually, I began to feel something poking at my anal orifice, which I thought was her finger, but both her hands were on my stomach. Then it dawned on me that she not only had my genitals in her mouth but also had managed to stick her tongue between my two cheeks and up my dirt chute. After I came, she had to scrape me off the ceiling.

In short, this woman was able to turn my shortcomings into an asset.—Teenie Weenie, Ontario, Canada

Measure for measure

I have been a regular reader of your magazine for a number of years now, and I find it very enjoyable. I have one complaint, however, but it's not about your magazine. My complaint is about the men who write to your "Forum" column.

Almost every man who writes to "Forum"



makes a reference to the size of his cock. And it ranges from eight to twelve inches in length. I would like to know how these letter-writers measure their cocks. Do they measure from their ass holes? Or maybe from six inches inside them?

I suggest that if a male writes in to your column and has the balls to say he's hung like a bull elephant, he should support his claim by sending in a picture of his monstrous cock. Maybe this would reduce the average cock size from twelve inches to the six or seven inches that it really should be.

I'm a modest man myself, but I must admit I'm hung like you wouldn't believe!— E.A., Potsdam, N.Y.

Special meat

My cock, when erect, measures nine and a quarter inches in length and has a girth of six inches. When sporting a hard-on, as I see it, my cock curves to the left much like a well-curved banana.

Considering myself to be quite a successful pussy man, I have yet to hear one chick complain about my odd shape. On the contrary, all of them have told me that my curved cock was a real turn-on. They claim that my bent dick is much more stimulating and satisfying than any of the "normal" cocks they've had.

My fiancée has been getting the most out of my cock, which she refers to lovingly as my "rum crook." She has really become addicted to my "stogie" and is constantly devising new ways to put it to good use. Recently, she even went to the extent of obtaining a candle of similar dimensions, which she heated and bent into the shape of my cock so that she could satisfy herself while I'm away at college!

I consider my "rum crook" to be a real asset and am quite pleased with my "twist" of fate.—G. J. T., address withheld

Sick transit

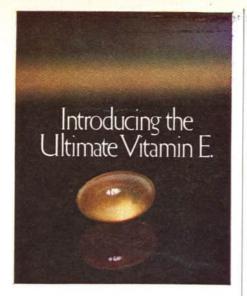
I work for a large intercity bus company, and I would like to relate an incident that is totally unbelievable but completely true. While riding home on an express bus with another employee one night, we were engaged in some idle conversation when suddenly the driver glanced at the rearview mirror. He yelled at me to turn around, and I still don't believe what I saw.

In the dim light, I could make out a large, nude woman sucking on what must have been at least a nine-inch cock of some stud. Looking more closely, I saw two other men, also nude. The driver decided to call the police at the next stop, but while we were still moving, she serviced each of the other two men, first by sucking them off and then by taking their swollen tools in her brown ass hole.

When the bus finally stopped, my friend immediately went to a nearby phone booth and called the police. After the police arrived, the three men surrendered without a struggle. The woman wouldn't leave, however; so the police dragged her formidable, nude body from the bus in full view of

Not every man can handle Metaxa: There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it. Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting. Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it. The 84 proof Greek Specialty Liqueur.

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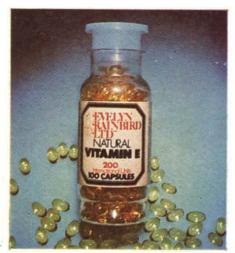
Vitamin E also reportedly has the capability of making a person feel healthier, more vig-

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PENTHOUSE

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. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Canadian censors

Our company is engaged in the distribution of periodicals and books to the retail trade throughout southern Alberta. In the last several years, the Canadian customs officers, have, through the rights given to them by Tariff Item 99201-1, of November 30, 1906, prohibited entry of hundreds of titles of magazines and books. These publications were prohibited because they were classified as indecent and immoral.

It is a very frightening abuse of government powers when customs appraisers become the moral arbiters for Canadian citizens. I am sure that Canadian citizens are mature enough to accept or reject magazines and books without the interference of government agencies. I feel that it is a serious mistake for the government to get involved in making moral judgments, because, as you know, what is offensive to one may not be offensive to others.

The Canadian system of justice has always held that a person is innocent until proven quilty. However, the customs officials, through their actions, are declaring that these magazines are guilty and that it is up to the importers to prove that they are innocent. If a magazine or book appears for sale and is felt to be obscene, surely the Canadian courts can deal with the problem in an orderly manner without prior judgment being made by customs appraisers. The prohibition of the May 1977 Penthouse completely ignores the standard by which so-called obscene material is judged. A magazine is obscene only if it is unacceptable by community standards. More than 1,700,000 Canadians read Penthouse each month. This is one of the largest audiences of all magazines sold in Canada. Surely such a large circulation constitutes acceptability on the part of the Canadian community.

It is true that the public at large seem to be apathetic about this erosion of their rights, but I do not feel that such apathy should provide the government with a license to pervert the system of justice in this country.

I do not believe that the Customs Department or anyone else in government should set themselves up as moral arbiters for the Canadian people. This is unacceptable in a democracy. Preach, cajole, set an example, but do not interfere with the Canadian people's fundamental right to read.

Consider the following statement made by John F. Kennedy. "Freedom of expression is not divisible into political expression and literary expression. The lock on the door of the legislature, the parliament, or the assembly hall, by order of the king, the commissar, or the Führer, has historically been followed or preceded by the lock on the door of the printers, the publishers,or the booksellers."—Larry Shapiro, General Manager, United News Wholesalers, Alberta, Canada

Canada really outdid itself this time by banning the May issue of *Penthouse*. I happen to be one of the few Canadians who was able to get my hands on one by going across the nearby border. What surprises me is that there is nothing out of the ordinary in this issue—just your regular first-rate material.

So, if it helps in any way, I would like to apologize on behalf of Canada's ignorance and hope that maybe someday our country will wake up and see the light.—B.G.G., British Columbia

Banning your magazine is an embarrassing turn of events for many of your Canadian readers. I feel ashamed that a bureaucracy can take away one's views on sex and American and foreign politics.

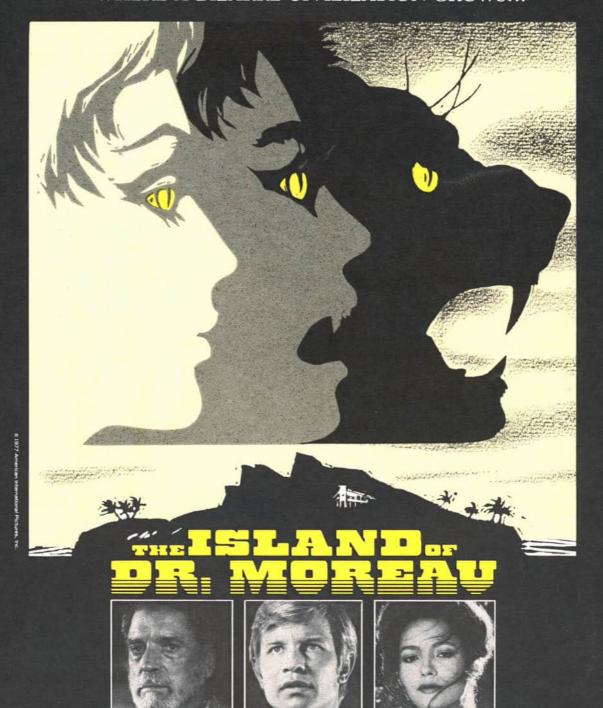
While I have sent letters and petitions to our minister of revenue and customs and to my local member of Parliament, I still feel helpless. I hope you are making an effort, too. Remember your Canadian readership, humble as it may be. We never even got to see your May issue. Such an action sounds like irresponsible and unjustified censorship. When we buy *Penthouse* at a store, we know exactly what we're getting.—*G.E., London, Canada*

We are grateful to all our Canadian friends for their many expressions of support and encouragement concerning the attempted banning of the May edition of Penthouse by customs. We sincerely hope that our problems are now over and that you will continue to find Penthouse in its usual place on the newsstands. In the event that you have missed an issue, we will be happy to mail you another. Just send your name, address, and two dollars to: Penthouse International, Back Issues, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

Philly Flyers

First let me congratulate you on your fine magazine. I enjoy each and every issue, but April 1977 was out of sight, especially "Assassins on Ice." Along with being a Toronto Maple Leaf fan, I also love the Philly Flyers. Keep up the good work.—D.W., Toronto, Canada

A JOURNEY TO A PLACE UNTOUCHED BY MAN, A TROPICAL PARADISE... WHERE A BIZARRE CIVILIZATION GROWS...



Samuel Z. Arkoff Presents A Sandy Howard/Skip Steloff/Major Production

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NIGEL DAVENPORT • BARBARA CARRERA • RICHARD BASEHART as "Sayer of the Law"

Executive Producers SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and SANDY HOWARD • Based on the novel by H.G. Wells

Screenplay by JOHN HERMAN SHANER and AL RAMRUS • Music by LAURENCE ROSENTHAL

Produced by JOHN TEMPLE-SMITH and SKIP STELOFF • Directed by DON TAYLOR

Color by Movielab • A Cinema 77 Film • Released by American International Pictures

OPENING JULY 13 AT THEATRES NATIONWIDE

I didn't find Mr. Goodman's piece on the Flyers very stimulating. Fortunately, the rest of the magazine didn't let me down so much. It puzzles me why a magazine of Penthouse's circulation and influence would assign such a story to someone almost completely unfamiliar with the Flyers. I can understand seeking a fresh approach, but the inaccuracies destroy much of the story's credibility.

Let.me cite some errors. Mark Brown, who is described as the "publisher of a thriving young monthly called Philadelphia Hockey," is actually the publisher of a monthly handout that contains virtually no advertising. Bobby Clarke was the seventeenth player chosen in the 1969 NHL draft, not a "seventeenth round" draft choice.

I hope that the inaccuracies contained in Mr. Goodman's story aren't typical of Penthouse. The next time that Penthouse plans a sports feature, I suggest that the author confer with a few sports-beat writers in the city where the story originates.

Just so that you don't think I'm in a generally grumpy mood, most of the time I enjoy your magazine. Bill Fleischman, Sports Staff, Philadelphia Daily News, Philadelphia, Pa.

We appreciate your corrections and we're happy you enjoy Penthouse. However, we don't agree that the two errors you cite prove that the author is "almost completely unfamiliar with the Flyers."



The spider and the fly

My wife and I have been enjoying Penthouse for several years now, but we have never seen a more exciting photo spread than "The Spider and the Fly" (October 1976, pictured above). When can we expect to see more pictorials like this?—T.K., N.Y., N.Y.

"The Spider and the Fly" is part of a forthcoming sex-comedy film, American Sweethearts, produced by P & H Films, Inc. The movie, which deals with the many aspects of human sexual behavior, is scheduled to be released in early 1978.

Rent-a-cop

When I read the article "This Gun for Hire" (April 1977) by George O'Toole, I was appalled, to say the least. The obviously minimal time and effort that the author expended in this nonsense is reflected in

some of his utterly asinine statements.

Every security company hires a dolt now and then, as do police departments, supermarkets, and drugstores. That is a fact of life, and it irks me to think that only security companies were singled out.

I am a security guard working in Virginia. and I was stunned to find that I was referred to as a "hired gun" by Mr. O'Toole. Our job is to protect people and property. Would he have us carry rulers to swat the hands of criminals? He seems to forget that they also carry weapons on occasion.

I would also like to say that I have never heard of the Rand Corporation, which the article mentions. It would be a good idea for O'Toole to do some more checking and research. Lurge that Mr. O'Toole present the facts as they really are. C'mon, give us a break!!—Name and address withheld

I would like to tell you my own viewpoint of what it is like to be a security guard in Canada, which I offer to refute George O'Toole's article. I think that the most prominent difference is that in Canada we do not need guns

Last year I lived in Ontario, and to pay my way through the university, I worked as an independent security guard for a major security company. Here, as in the States, apparently, there is little emphasis on qualifications or training. In my case, I did not need to be trained, since I had spent a year

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



STD-2000 cassette stereo deck. And for a lot of reasons it's one of a kind.

Reason number one: the automatic front loading system. It practically takes the cassette out of your hand and glides it into the perfect playing position. Torn tapes and damaged head problems are now a thing of the past.

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All these reasons and a price that's still under \$300 makes the Sankyo STD-2000 truly one of a kind.

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If the others had quality

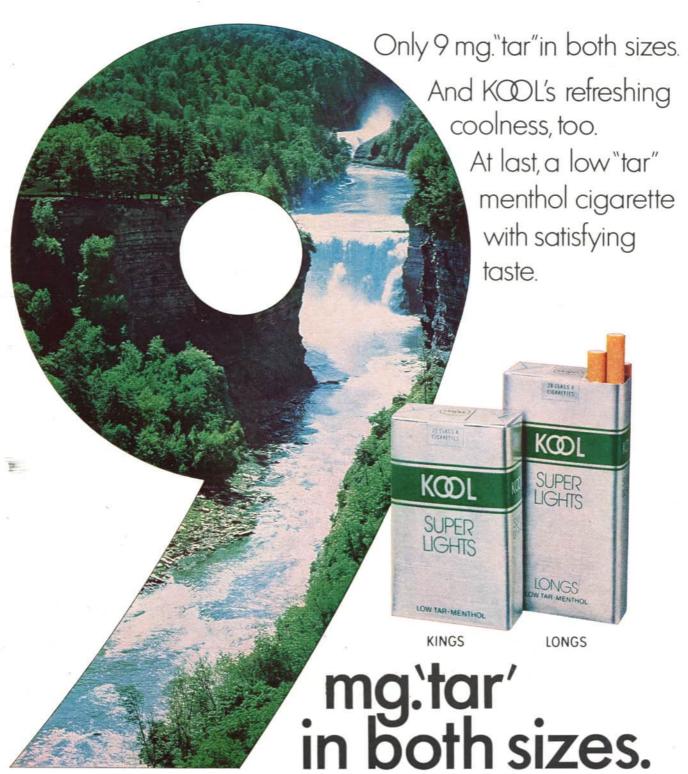
like ours, they'd have a Full Warranty like ours.



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

CRIME

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MISSING SPECIAL PROSECUTOR

BY THOMAS PLATE

Philadelphia and New York, although a hundred miles apart, are in many ways twin cities. They share, for instance, noisy subways, political corruption, mean and dirty streets, tourists, organized crime, and pathetic NFL football teams, Both cities were once the seat of our national government and were important centers of American Revolutionary activity. More recently, each city again attempted to teach the rest of the country a lesson in civics. They were both as innovative as the Founding Fathers in installing the first and only special prosecutors to be appointed for the sole purpose of cleaning up soiled criminal-justice systems. For a time their innovation was perhaps the only potentially redemptive one in the recent annals of American law enforcement-redemptive not only in the effect it might have on the quality of law enforcement and justice in New York and Philadelphia but also in the effect it might have if it were emulated in other cities, on the level of corruption elsewhere.

The tragic story of the attempted reform began, as usual, with a scandal. In New York the press sniffed out and exposed police corruption during the early seventies, and a special investigatory commission, which was chaired by the now federal judge Whitman Knapp, had to be set up quickly. In Pennsylvania a crime commission was already a permanent fixture of government, after press exposés during the early sixties. Troubled by the feeling that there might be as much serious crime inside our criminaljustice system as outside, the two commissions, acting independently, proved to be unpredictably blunt in their ultimate assessments: police corruption in both Philadelphia and

New York was widespread, endemic, and more serious than had been imagined. But corruption in the criminal-justice system is hardly confined to either the precinct or the beat. and it was to the credit of both commissions that they understood that police corruption only swims in the larger sea—and that cops are by no means the biggest fish. As the Knapp Commission put it: "Given the numerous accusations of corruption among prosecutors, lawyers, and judges ... there is a need for a public demonstration that society is genuinely committed to a war on corruption and is not simply indulging in a foray against the police."

As passionate, excited converts to the realization that the dumb cops were perhaps nothing more than flounder in a school for sharks, the commissions hit upon a new idea. The Gotham City crime commissioners said: this is a job for Superman.

Two less similar figures could hardly have been conjured up than the two lawyers named special state prosecutors by their respective governors. Maurice Nadjari, who was appointed the first special anticorruption prosecutor in the history of the United States by then Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, is a combative, mercurial, monomaniacal native New York street fighter, who from the beginning went out of his way to step on toes. Walter Phillips, Jr., became the Philadelphia superprosecutor about a year later. He is a pin-striped, Valium-tempered, blue-blooded, certifiably Main Line citizen of Philadelphia, and he has a reputation for high probity, the low profile, and the arched eyebrow. But for all the differences in personality and bloodline, both special prosecutors met with a similar fate. By the summer of 1976, both men,

now feeling not very super, were out on their asses—leaving observers bewildered and troubled by the sudden, ugly bloodletting.

Nadjari came out slightly ahead of Phillips. The New York special prosecutor lasted a good three and a half years. He had thirty-six lawyers, eighty investigators, and an annual budget of roughly \$3 million to work with. His state office, probing corruption in New York City, cranked out more than 300 indictments, of which more than 200 wound up in either convictions or pleas of quilty. Surprisingly, despite the extensive publicity about dismissals and reversals. Nadjari's failure rate turned out not to be a significant departure from the standards set by other local prosecutors. By the time that he was fired by Rocky's successor. Hugh Carey, nearly 200 persons were awaiting trial. By comparison, Philadelphia's Phillips lasted less than two and a half years. (Coincidently, Phillips had been a federal prosecutor in New York at the time of Nadjari's appointment as special prosecutor.) At the height of his power, he commanded ten investigators, thirteen lawyers, and a budget that was largely based on federal money from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, Until he was stopped cold by the state legislature in Harrisburg, Phillips had produced sixty indictments.

The majority of persons indicted by Nadjari and Phillips were police officers—little fish caught in the sweep of the big net. However, what made both campaigns so noteworthy—and their demise so regrettable—was their unwillingness to stop at the little fish. A few were thrown back into the water, but it was obvious that the prosecu-

tors were angling for bigger catches. Despite a lack of cooperation on the part of either judiciary-review committees or the bar associations, Nadjari obtained grandjury indictments against eleven sitting and former judges and was drawing a bead on a number of high-level Democratic political figures, some of whom were close to the governor. Phillips had indicted two political figures who were near to Mayor Rizzo (the indictments were later dismissed on narrow technical grounds) and was getting close to others in a case that involved a secret slush fund for the mayor. But it was the very success of the two Supermen that destroyed them, for it was the very targets of their investigations who shot them down.

In this tale of two cities, the targets operated through the cover of surrogateselected high officials. In New York, when Nadjari probed a relationship between the Democratic party in the Bronx and certain judges, Democratic Gov. Hugh Carey did not hesitate to draw his knife and stick it in the special prosecutor's back. The day before Christmas Eve-with timing that was reminiscent of Lyndon Johnson's resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam on Easter Sunday—the governor announced his intention to fire the special prosecutor forthwith and to seek a replacement on the incredible grounds, not that Nadjari had been going after his higher-ups, but that he hadn't been going high enough. Newsmen at this melodramatic press conference snickered at the prestidigitation.

The scenario in Philadelphia was remarkably similar, lacking only Carey's Oscar-winning performance. At the time, Gov. Milton Shapp was launching his ridiculous (except to him) candidacy for

the Democratic nomination for the presidency. To be at all credible, his bid had to have the backing of Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo. He had long been irked at Shapp for a number of things, but for none so much as Shapp's creation of the Office of Special Prosecutor and his selection of someone as uncontrollable as Phillips. Phillips's downfall was clearly a consequence of a Shapp-Rizzo deal. And given a clear change of signals from the governor, the Pennsylvania state legislature began cutting off Phillips's funds, first denying him money for electronic eavesdropping and then refusing to pass through any federal funds at all. Shapp then signed into law a bill prohibiting all electronic law-enforcement surveillance, severely crippling the superprosecutor's investigations, and Shapp's Attorney Gen. Robert Kane refused to approve immunity for any of Phillips's witnesses, neatly undermining the power of Phillips's grand juries. After a cosmetically suitable waiting period, Attorney General Kane held a press conference similar in essence to Carey's and denounced Phillips as "ineffective." Even the nominally apolitical U.S. attorney in Philadelphia, Robert E. J. Curran, joined the gangbang, at one point engaging the special prosecutor in an unseemly public quarrel and then subpoenaing Phillips's files. Discussing the incident later, Phillips recalled that when he was a federal prosecutor in New York, relations with Nadjari, while never overly warm, not once reached the degrading point of an exchange of subpoenas between prosecutors. Finally, the Philadelphia Police Department sandbagged some key Phillips witnesses, at one point even "arresting" a cop who was in the process of being turned against superior officers by Phillips's grand jury.

The move to get the superprosecutor, which was orchestrated by Shapp and Rizzo, saved a number of big shots. One was Herbert Fineman, Speaker of the State House. Another was Stephen Wojdak, former house appropriations chairman. A third was State Sen. Henry J. ("Buddy") Cianfrani. All were Rizzo allies, and all were under investigation by the special prosecutor. One blunt-speaking politician from rough-and-tumble South Philadelphia was overheard to say of Phillips: "I'd like to strangle that bastard." He got his wish.

To be sure, neither Phillips nor Nadjari turned out to be all that we could have wished for. Phillips, constantly attacked by the legislature and left to hang in the wind by Shapp, grew paranoid and artless; at times he misplayed his hand badly. In the end it was inexperience, not class, that showed. Sam Dash, the former Watergate Senate Committee chief counsel, who was assigned by LEAA to do a postmortem on the Philadelphia experiment, wrote: "Walter Phillips, though a determined and honest prosecutor, had neither the temperament nor the experience for the job." Nadjari was even worse, having come to the historic task with a great big chip on his shoulder.



about your funky "play money" infecting the banking public.

Your sex seems to be in the spirit of legal tender.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I thought about going to a therapist with this problem, but I've always been impressed with the advice you give in your column. I just thought I'd write to you first, before spending any money unnecessarily.

My problem is my girl friend, Jean. She lives on the Upper East Side here in Manhattan and works downtown for a big bank. Unfortunately, her work habits have caused some concern, and I'd like to make sure that what she does is considered normal. Never mind the fact that it might get her fired—or us both arrested.

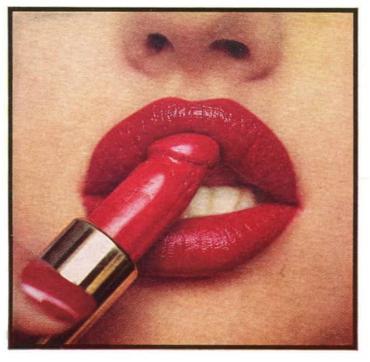
Jean is a pretty hot number who's been around, to say the least. She thrives on excitement, and so, about twice a week, we leave for work early and I go with her to the bank. We get there about 7:30 A.M.

Since Jean knows the combination to the big vault, she immediately opens it, and we have some exquisite sex—inside the vault! Believe me, I make plenty of deposits in there.

She usually gets wet just as she's dialing the combination on the lock, and I stand behind her, finger-fucking her sweet pussy and pink rosebud. I do this right through her tight panties (when she's not wearing her crotchless number). Anyway, once inside the vault, Jean likes to spread herself out over the mounds of receivable checks and bags of nickels, her wild ass sticking high in the air. She groans and groans, dry-humping the bags of change while I fuck her from behind with all forms of dildos. Her favorite is a solid gold bar, but she also likes a roll of pennies or quarters, because the ribs from each coin do fantastic things to her clitty.

Sometimes Jean gets so wet that her juicy come seeps into the receivable bag. God knows how many people have received canceled checks with Jean's come stains all over them.

The best time of all, though, is when she sneaks home a couple



of rolls of quarters from the bag and we have fantastic sex at her apartment. We take the quarters, break the roll, and put the coins up every conceivable orifice in her body. She really loves it when I cornhole her asshole while she's got about \$2.00 in change up there-with another \$3.50 or so in her cunt at the same time. It makes great jingling noises, and she has a fantastic climax. When we're done, we clean off the money as well as we can and roll it up again in new wrappers. The bank's customers never even know the difference. Good-luck coins!

The other day, unfortunately, one of Jean's roommates came into Jean's bedroom just as we had finished jingling each other's change—so to speak. And damn it, Jean couldn't get all the damn money out of her snatch in

time. So she ended up sitting there rather uncomfortably all evening, not wanting to walk and risk dropping any loose change.

Xaviera, do you think this is abnormal? Can the banking public get any disease from the money we use in our little trysts? Or does your money really go further at the Dime?—Pierce

They should call your girl friend the Bank Dick: stick her up and you get immediate interest.

I'm not sure that I'd want all those metal coins in the crannies of my body, though those jingling noises must be intriguing, to say the least. (Do you have a "record sum" deposited?) I don't know whether it's true that everything that goes up must come down, but I do hope you both count well, for Jean's sake as well as the bank's. And don't have a child with a *real* silver spoon in his mouth.

Don't worry too much about your funky "play money" infecting the banking public. It's all in the spirit of legal tender. Then again, are you planning on moving up to paper currency?

A LITTLE LESS THAN A MEAL. A LITTLE MORE THAN A SNACK.

When you work hard all day, you can really work up an appetite.

And the last thing you want, when you're that hungry, is some sissy snack you'll hardly know you ate.

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Try it for work breaks, indoors or out. Or tuck a few into your lunchbox, to add a little spice.

Slim Jim. It's for any time you're hungry, anywhere.

When you've eaten one, you'll know you've had something to eat.

slim jim



THE RAPES OF WRATH

I hope you can comment on a type of fantasy that I'm having with increased frequency, and which is causing me some concern.

I'm a twenty-two-year-old man, and, as could be expected, I have a healthy amount of sexual desire. Most of my fantasies and daydreams are erotic, though many of them are quite normal and prosaic. involving loving and gentle girls in wild and lustful sexual encounters. But I also have fantasies which, while quite stimulating and pleasurable, I find very disturbing. These fantasies seem to reflect a rather dark and somewhat alien, violent aspect of my nature.

These sex fantasies involve encounters between a number of brawny and exceptionally well-hung men and one beautiful woman. There are always at least three men and generally quite a few more, and they reflect a moderately muscular and athletic ideal-possessing, predictably, an eight-inch or nine-inch cock. They are what all men would like to be. I identify with these fantasy men in that I see the action of my fantasy from their perspective.

Sometimes the woman involved is willing and eager to participate, and often she plays the role of my wife or lover or girl friend. (Not surprisingly, the women cast in these roles are provided by various men's magazines-once again an idealization of beauty and eroticism.) On other occasions,

the woman is somewhat less than willing, and we men-the men of my fantasy-find it necessary to use some physical coercion to overcome her resistance. But she quickly surrenders to the pleasure offered by our enormous erections, and she enjoys herself.

The sex fantasies that I find truly disturbing, however, are the outright gang rapes, where there is no illusion that the woman is enjoying the sex in any way. In these fantasies the woman is a complete stranger whom we find in a happily vulnerable situation: a woman walking along a deserted road or stranded by car trouble, or walking by herself in the woods, or sunning on a secluded beach. This is exactly what we are looking for-a desirable woman in a solitary situation that invites us to take what we want by force.

Sometimes our chosen woman is subservient and terribly afraid, and we force her to suck our huge cocks and swallow our come before we screw her. But usually the woman offers fierce resistance, and we have to gag her mouth and strip her. Soon we have her hands bound and hold her down spread-eagled, on the ground (I find this image especially arousing). Then one of us, or sometimes all of us, proceeds to caress her tits and legs and belly, licking and sucking and stroking her entire body as we rub our enormous erections all over her. We tell her what a beautiful body she has and how fine it would be to screw her.

We assure her that we'll be finished with her body in a few hours. She is teased, and her cunt is eaten, and soon she is helplessly aroused, against her will. We turn torture into pleasure.

Finally, one of us-usually the man with the biggest cock-thrusts it deep into her and screws her as hard as he can, forcing her body to writhe with an agonizing orgasm. Then each man takes his turn and after we have all finished, we screw her a second time and continue until all of us are unable to get it up anymore. The whole time, we men enjoy her muffled moans as she comes again and again against her will. We taunt her by saying how good it must be to be screwed by so many eager men with such big cocks. We tell her that a woman with such a nice body deserves more than any one man can give her.

When we untie the girl, we take her clothes and leave her there, naked and alone. In my fantasy, I also find myself hoping that she will be discovered by yet another group of men, who, too, will gangrape her.

These fantasies have not just recently occurred to me. I recall having similar fantasies when I was a very young boy, as young as five or six. I remember being excited by the thought of a group of men holding a woman down and tearing off her clothes. I also recall being very aroused by the cover of one of these men's pulp magazines that I saw in a drugstore. It was a drawing of two men holding a struggling woman against a wall, with her arms stretched out, while a third man ripped open her blouse, exposing her big breasts. And I still have a vivid memory of the bondage scene in King Kong from when I first saw it, at the age of five. Can my present fantasies be the result of early exposure to the stereotypic violent male?

I find this type of fantasy disturbing, because I know that rape is an act of violence and a terrible, traumatic experience; and I feel that I can empathize with women, to the degree, at least, that any man is capable of doing so. Yet the men in my fantasies are never me. I project into these characters behavior and attitudes that are completely different from my own, and I know that I could never carry any of this out in real life.

Are my fantasies in any way similar to the rape fantasies that women have? Are my fantasies as sadistic as they seem, or is this merely a mental expression of my sexual aggression? And why do I find the idea of a "gang-bang," even a "friendly" one, so excitina?

To be completely honest, I even fantasize about my girl friend's taking on several men (something I'm sure she would never consent to do). She is such a lovely little woman (and she'd have no trouble picking up as many studs as she wanted). But I'm afraid to discuss any of this with her. She is somewhat ashamed of her own sexuality. and I know she would find my gang-bang fantasies disturbing. There is also the nagging fear that if she did try having sex with several men, she might enjoy it too much.

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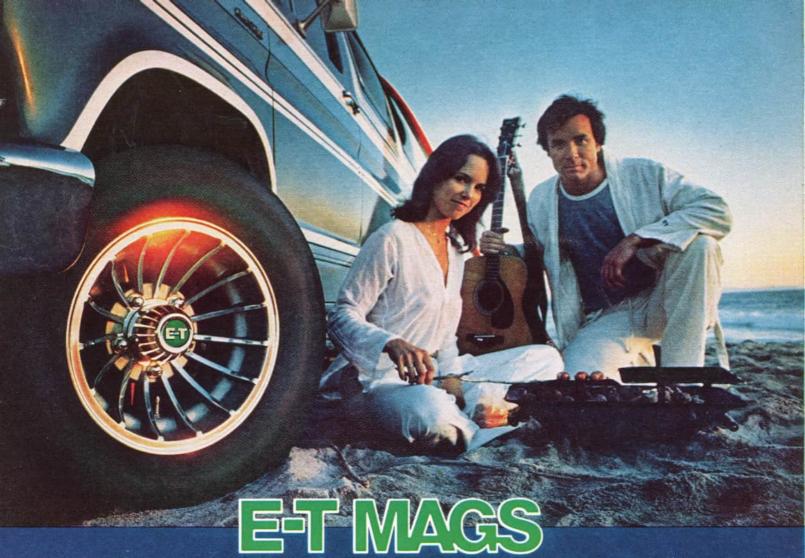
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and I might find the experience more painful than pleasurable.

Are my fantasies sick? Should I seek psychiatric help? Or are my fantasies a common but unsavory aspect of male sexuality that isn't discussed, thereby condemning those of us who have such thoughts to bearing a burden of shame and fear?-Jack

Could it be you have an inferiority complex? Why else would you see your fantasy from the perspective of men who are "athletic ideals" and are "exceptionally well hung"? As you put it, "They are what all men would like to be"-in other words, what you yourself would like to be and are not.

Perhaps you want to be more successful with making and loving women than you are at present. You probably think that a greater physique and a bigger penis would help you to screw more girls, and that since girls aren't impressed with your present endowments, you want to force them into having sex with you-that is, to rape them. Note how important it is to your sex fantasy that the woman raped have an orgasm against her will. It's as if you're saying: "See, I knew you would enjoy it." Still, you resent the woman for not letting you have her freely, and so you hope that yet another group of men will rape her.

You also refer to various scenes of bondage that you witnessed as a child. You say, "Can my present fantasies be the result of early exposure to the stereotypic violent male?" Indeed, we are all influenced by our environments, and you seem to be particularly prone to seeing the stud as the ideal man. You've tried to measure up to this ideal, but somehow, in your own eyes, you've failed the test. Perhaps you should start reexamining your ideas of what makes a man. Believe me, it involves a bit more than physique, cock size, and coercion.

A psychiatrist could help you, Jack, al-. though I really think your sex fantasy is quite harmless in itself. A psychiatrist could at least help you to reexamine those ideals and to set a new and easier standard of masculinity for yourself.

Regarding your girl friend, you know her better than I do. If you really are afraid of losing the girl by sharing this sex fantasy with her, then keep it to yourself-at least, until you're more secure within this relationship. There are various degrees of sexual development, and I wouldn't advise you to take a crash course.

I know this is a very serious reply, but then I feel your letter to be a very serious letter. As I've often stated before, enacting one's fantasies with a lover can lead to greater understanding within the relationship, but only when both partners are fully secure with each other to begin with. In your case, Jack, it sounds as though neither you nor your girl friend is secure enough to enact a rape fantasy. Wait until you know your lover a bit better. In the

meantime, get to know yourself.

ANNIE. COCK MY GUN

I'm a buck sergeant in the United States Army. I've been with an armored outfit in Germany for two years, and last year I finally got to be a gunner on a Sheridan tank.

The first time we went to the field and fired the tank's main gun, I got a hard-on. This may sound crazy, but I felt so proud and protected, just sitting in the gunner's seat, knowing that everyone was depending on me. I fired the gun again and felt that I just had to have intercourse right away. My cock was aching, so I pulled it out and beat it right there. After I got my rocks off, I fired again-the main gun, that is-and got another hard-on within minutes.

I'd like to know if beating your pud in the tank is dangerous or if I should find a different profession.-Pud Gunner

By the time this letter is printed, you'll probably have your problem in hand. (No pun intended.) The excitement of shooting a big gun will have become routine, and I doubt that you'll be finding your Big Bertha quite so erotic.

But I know what you mean about guns. I once joined some friends in Canada for a clay shoot. After a few lessons from the boys, I became quite the shooter myself, and since I was the only woman in the group, I found that I was the center of attention. Feeling all those male eyes on me, I did my utmost not to miss one shot. Well, I, too, had that strange, tingling feeling between my legs. Also, my nipples stood up erect every time I pulled the trigger. Unlike your situation, however, I had plenty of partners-handsome young men, in my case—who were ready and willing to go off full-cocked.

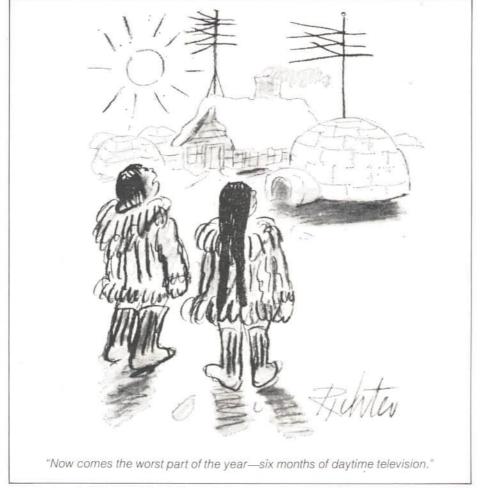
I really wouldn't worry about your cannonading turn-on. (Why shouldn't your sex life be booming?) Regarding danger, I don't think you'll have any problems-so long as there's no war, of course. Besides bad aim, you might get the ammunition confused.

THE NONSENSE OF INNOCENCE

I am a twenty-six-year-old virgin male, and I have absolutely no female friends who can take away my "innocence." I need advice on how to pick up girls. Let me explain briefly why I'm in this predicament.

I spent four years in a conservative, allmale college. After that, I wound up teaching in an all-male high school. So I've had very few opportunities to meet members of the opposite sex. I've also been plagued by shyness when it comes to socializing with women. Fortunately, I now teach in a school where there is an even distribution of men and women in the faculty, and dayto-day contact with these women is helping to boost my confidence. Nevertheless. these women are either married or engaged.

I hunger for intimate contact with women: I've never even masturbated. The only time I ever had an orgasm, other than the usual



wet dreams, was a complete accident. My high school had just held its annual Christmas dance, and I attended as a chaperon. At the end of the dance one of my students asked me to drive her home. I could tell she was upset about something, and by the time I got her home I had managed to get it out of her. She was having boyfriend troubles, and while we sat in her driveway, she fairly spilled her heart out to me.

I put my arm around her shoulders to comfort her. She rested her head on my shoulder as she continued talking, but her closeness was too much for me to take. The scent of her perfume, her beauty, the warmth of her body, the sensation of her breasts against my chest—it all began to interact madly in my brain. Thankfully, in the semidarkness, she was not aware that I was having an orgasm.

To a certain extent I have overcome my shyness with women, but I'm at a complete loss on how to screw girls. Can you advise me on how to get myself into circulation?—A virgin

Begin by making a pass at yourself. Take your erection in hand and start rubbing it. If you have problems, add some vaseline. (If you still have problems, see a doctor.) Don't become an addict to masturbation. Just get the feel of how your own cock feels and what pleasure it could give to some woman.

Virgins, male or female, are a pretty rare

breed these days. I'm sure almost any woman would be dying to teach you the ropes. After all, men have always gotten off on virgin fantasies. Women are the same way; it just took a lot of us longer to catch on (and hold on).

If you ever do manage to get a lady into your bedroom, it is indeed better for you to be bashful than to try coming on like the biggest Don Juan. Let her show you the way. And if you are both virgins, you will just have to learn together. Everybody does, you know.

TICKLED TO DEATH

Because of the seeming rarity of my fetish, I feel I must write to you, Xaviera, in the hope that you will understand and perhaps explain my fetish to those who do not.

You see, I am a tickling fetishist. When I see a lovely woman, nothing excites me more than to imagine her helplessly tied up and tickled with feathers and fingers. I'm fairly sure this fetish dates back to my childhood. When I was as young as five, I can remember having the desire to tickle girls. Whenever I saw a pretty girl wearing a sleeveless dress, I would have an instant desire to tickle her underarms.

As I grew older—I'm now twenty—this tickling interest expanded to include not only a female's underarms but also her neck, ribs, belly, and feet. However, the areas that still excite me the most are the underarms and ribs. When I now see a

shapely young woman wearing a sleeveless midriff top, I get intensely aroused, since both her underarms and her ribs are exposed in such a garment.

You may ask, "What's the big deal about tickling?" Well, it has nothing to do with intercourse, and as foreplay it's a little unusual. All I know is that tickling is tremendously arousing. Any fetishist knows that a fetish does not have to be directly concerned with coitus to be exciting. Unfortunately, because my particular fetish is so rare, I have little release, except through fantasy. I don't even have someone with whom I can talk about my fetish. So I felt I had to write you this letter. Here's one of my tickling fantasies:

One morning I decide to visit my neighbor. I ring the bell. No answer. I ring again, but still no answer. At that moment I hear the sound of water splashing from the back of the house. I walk around to the backyard, and through a screen enclosure I see my neighbor's wife, Mrs. Quinn, swimming in their pool. She sees me and calls me over.

As I go through the door of the enclosure, Mrs. Quinn steps out of the pool, picks up a towel, and begins drying herself. She's a very lovely brunette, in her early thirties, and makes quite a fetching sight in her orange string bikini. Mrs. Quinn tells me her husband is away on a business trip and that her children (a girl and a boy) are at school. She asks me to please help myself to the patio bar while she changes into dry



clothes. I'm already getting worked up.

I fix both of us a strong drink. A few moments later she returns, wearing a sleeveless midriff top and tiny little shorts that seem to have been spray-painted on her. I give her the drink, and we both sit down to relax.

After a few more drinks, Mrs. Quinn is practically falling asleep in the hot sun. I help her into the bedroom, and with some cord I tie her wrists and ankles to the corners of the bed so that she is in a very vulnerable, spread-eagle position. Then I stand back and look. She is one gorgeous woman, with a luscious body waiting to be tickled. Her arms are pinned high above her head, and I can easily see the smooth hollows of her underarms. Her belly is accentuated by the arch of her rib cage, and at her sides her ribs can be clearly seen.

When I tell Mrs. Quinn my intentions, she begins to struggle. I kneel down at the bedside and watch her. She wriggles furiously but cannot free herself. I reach out with a forefinger and tickle her left underarm. She giggles and tries to escape my finger, and so I sit down on the bed and begin tickling both her armpits. Those clean-shaven little hollows are extremely ticklish, and she goes wild. My fingers wander to her sides and belly. She squeals and begs me not to tickle her ribs. I just smile and probe each soft ridge. She arches and wriggles, but I keep tickling her. When it's all over, Mrs. Quinn is weak

from laughter. It doesn't take her long to regain her strength, though. The tickling session has made her so hot that she has to be satisfied . . . and I do my best.

Xaviera, please don't think this letter is a hoax, because it most certainly is not. The frustration that arises when a fetishist's longings cannot be fulfilled is maddening. Consequently, fantasy is often the only emotional outlet.

Well, now that you know my fetish, I would like to ask you something. Have you ever encountered a tickling fetishist, and if you have, what were your experiences with him or her?—Tom

Tickling is a very common form of foreplay, and perhaps your girl friends are simply too young and inexperienced to appreciate it as such. Also, you could be approaching them in the wrong way. I mean, you wouldn't try enacting your Mrs. Quinn sex fantasy on a first date. Neither should you get the girl in bed, whip out a feather, and say, "And now, my dear, I'm going to tickle you pink."

Instead of those failing routines, try kissing her nipples, underarms, neck, ribs, belly, and feet; and after each kiss, gently tickle that part of her body with your fingers. Don't say anything—just do it! But don't linger too long over any one part of her body. Kiss and tickle her nipples for a few seconds and then move on to her ribs, and so on. That way she'll just think you're a

superb lover. If she responds positively to your tickling, you've got a ticklee on your hands, and then you can become more open about your fetish. But if the girl should say, "Hey, stop that—you're tickling me!" you can always cover yourself with the line, "Oh, I'm sorry . . . I was just kissing and massaging all the nooks and crannies of your beautiful body." If this should happen and you are rejected, please don't be embarrassed or feel ashamed of your fetish. It's really very harmless and not at all uncommon. Some people are just too uptight to understand.

You'll discover, however, that most women find a mild degree of tickling to be very erotic. If you're afraid of meeting those who aren't into your fetish, make sure you date only bright, cheerful girls who giggle. If they laugh a lot over dinner, they'll probably find you a barrel of laughs in bed.

Don't, of course, hit them with your S&M fantasy right away. Bondage can be great sex, but don't frighten your masochists away. Your fantasy is quite advanced for a boy of your age. Your girl friends may not be as imaginative as you are. Sex is like anything else: you don't develop your technique overnight—I don't care who your teacher is. Many young women may want to be dominated but just don't know that they do. Be their teacher, but be absolutely sure that you do your teaching gradually. You don't pick out the handcuffs before you've made the girl.





one of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

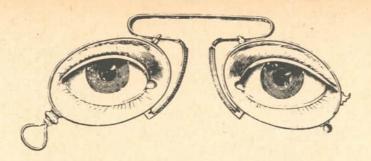
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He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.



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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE POLITICIAN AS MAGICIAN

BY BOB HALL

iguring out Jimmy Carter has become such an exciting and profitable pastime for writers and commentators that it may be too good to give up. Even when what he is becomes obvious, we'll still keep watching his every move, ever more impressed by a finesse that has not been seen in Washington for many years. Jimmy Carter is a master illusionist; and even when his magic is known to be nothing more than a series of finely tuned techniques, the power to captivate our attention will remain, perhaps even intensify.

Many of us in the South were understandably amused by the success of Jimmy's big act on the campaign trail. A satisfying warmth swelled inside us as we watched the precision with which he mesmerized the normally haughty national media and parlayed the symbols of southern provincialism into a national revival movement. But now that he has made it to the top, we feel a little duty-bound to let you know that he's not really just a good ole boy—especially since so many of our much superior analysts to the North persist in searching for the secret of Jimmy Carter in the South.

Southerners are quite familiar with the politician as magician. In fact, the South itself may rightly be seen as largely illusion: a place built on images, on the manipulation of symbols and the projection of order, beauty, and unity onto what would otherwise appear as arbitrary, coercive, and fragmented. It is no surprise that the South has nurtured the nation's most noted novelists, journalists, politicians, and preachers. These are the trades that thrive in a culture rooted in myth and mystery,

rhetoric and romance. Jimmy Carter is a hero in this culture.

What we have now is the Americanization of the southern hero. Or should we call it the southernization of America's identity crisis? For generations, southern politicians have made it into office by promising their voters nothing more than self-respect. With an impressive repertoire of gimmicks and symbols (from galoshes and suspenders to Bibles and bicycles), they succeeded by making the mass of defeated, humiliated white southerners believe in themselves. Southern politicians gave people pride, not prosperity, and for more than a century the method worked

Now an America stumbling under the weight of the guilt of Vietnam, the shame of Richard Nixon, and the anxiety of economic crisis has turned to the modern southerner for a few kind words of moral uplift. Jimmy Carter's mission is to deliver us from evil with a government "as good as the people." He promises to restore our national image, our ability to solve our problems, our belief in ourselves. Oh yes, Lord! We are a great country after all. Our righteousness will see us through the dark days. America shall rise again!

It's a fantastic image, and with the proper orchestration it will continue to sell big. The trick, of course, is to package this image so well that it keeps selling even after we recognize it as "just rhetoric." The medium must become the message; the process of government must be the purpose of government. The humble, gracious, open-minded, honest president is the government! Responsive government is no longer a system that delivers services and rectifies basic inequities; it is a president to whom citizens have access. We believe that the government cares because Jimmy cares, and he's okay because he says we're okay.

If this kind of finesse is to be believable, very sophisticated image manipulation is required. It is too sophisticated for the run-of-the-mill, good-ole-boy southern "populist." Jimmy Carter has succeeded so well—and will continue to do so—because he understands better than any previous president, including the facile JFK, that the power of magic in politics depends on mastering the techniques that control the audience's attention. He has coupled his regional instincts for charm, sincerity, and rhetoric with a keen appreciation for the technology that allows him to know and shape what it is people want to hear and feel.

There is no contradiction in this: the best magician is always the best technician. He knows exactly when to look you in the eye, when to tug his sleeve, when to introduce a new prop or movement that is designed to lull you into thinking things are happening that really aren't, It is precisely Carter's preoccupation with the mechanisms of political leadership that separates him from the intuitive, earthy southern style of a Bible-quoting Sam Ervin or a sloganeering George Wallace. Carter is the master magician because he has adapted his skills as a technician, an engineer, and a management specialist to the problem of presidential power. He manipulates his images for maximum appeal with information that is gained from systems analysis. No other southerner has ever done that.

In the campaign the merger of



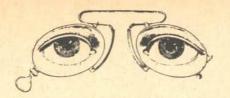


image and technology was best represented by Pat Caddell, the Yankee computer polling wizard. Everything from the green color coding of the campaign literature to the inspirational tone of the Carter speeches was developed from detailed analysis of computer printouts on the American voter. In fact, the process started in 1974, when Carter, as the Democratic party's national campaign coordinator for the mid-term election, gathered a highly detailed portrait of voters that revealed how hungry people were for symbols in which they could believe again. With this knowledge, Carter began his act, dropping into the national media one image after another showing who he really was: populist, outsider, nonracist, agrarian, management expert, fiscal conservative, born-again Christian.

In the final days of the campaign, for example, when voters began worrying that the humble peanut farmer might not be "presidential," the creator of hundreds of Coca-Cola commercials, Tony Schwartz, was brought in to help. "We took him out of the fields and put him in a suit in a library," says Schwartz about the new TV ad. "Whether it's Coca-Cola or Jimmy Carter, what we appeal to in the consumer or voter is an attitude. We don't try to convey a point of view, but a montage of images and sounds that leaves the viewer with a positive attitude toward the product, regardless of his perspective." This final touch by Coke's brilliant media technician put Carter over the top and foreshadowed things to come.

Once Carter got into the White House, the act took on dazzling proportions. It's not just that he continues campaigning to keep his own popularity high. He literally intends to transform the image and technique of government administration so that it becomes both more acceptable to the general population and more efficient in serving America's economic interests in a new era of global competition. To accomplish such an ambitious goal, Carter first brought in a team of management wizards who had the vision, administrative skills, and muted arrogance to reorder America's system of government. The merger of image and technique which these managers relish is best illustrated by the advisers that Carter selected from two of the world's largest corporations, Coca-Cola and IBM (including Coke attorneys and executives Griffin Bell, Joseph Califano, Charles Kirbo, Charles Duncan, and J. Paul Austin, and IBM directors Harold Brown, Patricia Harris, and Cyrus Vance).

Behind the image of these clean companies faithfully serving their constituents lurks nothing less than the most sophisticated, shrewd, and far-sighted corporate managers in the world. Like Carter, they are fundamentally technicians: they are master manipulators of image and information; they deal in goals and managementby-objectives, not in antiquated ideologies. Given a global view of America's current situation, their two interrelated goals are, simply stated, to restore public confidence in a faltering domestic political economy and to bolster the position of the dollar in an expanding system of international trade. The first requires opening the government to outsiders with everything from walk-in voter registration to phone-in talk shows; in doing that, Carter appears as the liberal. The second involves controlling inflation with everything from cutting pork-barrel spending to opposing labor's minimum wage; in doing that, Carter appears as the conservative.

Meanwhile, by playing the country boy from Plains, Jimmy endears himself to the voters and keeps the attention of the media focused on his southern roots. We really don't mind a little attention down here now and again, but we know our quaint ways can sometimes distract people from the bigger issues. Behind the sleight-ofhand tricks, Jimmy's main act has more to do with the introduction of corporate gamesmanship and computer technology into presidential politics than with bringing work shirts and black-eyed peas into the White House. It is a distortion of democracy, not its fulfill-



VIETNAM ON THE BOARDS

n April 29, 1975, the United States government officially closed what Gerald Ford called "a chapter in the American experience." But Americans who believe that wars are open-ended volumes that can never be closed are still waiting for the voices that will make the Vietnam War more bearable. Not explain it, deny it, or soften it, but perhaps order the national grief and direct our collective penance.

We turn inevitably to our art for help in the process. Art, we've been taught, restores a nation's equilibrium after a war by reckoning with, illuminating, and thereby purging a shared anguish. But at present, two years after American troops pulled out of Vietnam, nobody would claim that the theater, films, or literature has performed that restorative function.

A torrent of important journalistic works and many novels have spilled out of the Vietnam experience, but not that one giant of a book that can sum it up and help to exorcise it for an entire nation, not a contemporary equivalent of The Red Badge of Courage or The Naked and the Dead or Catch-22. In the theater, only David Rabe's Vietnam War trilogy has had a noticeable impact on the American consciousness. The film industry has yet to give us a single consequential movie about Vietnam.

"It takes a while," cautions Joseph Heller, whose Catch-22 wasn't published until sixteen years after the end of World War II. "It seems to take at least ten or fifteen years after a war before the really significant novels are published.

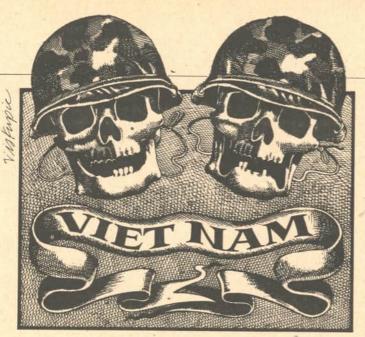
If asked why so few plays about the Vietnam War have emerged on Broadway, whereas World War II brought a flurry of dramas, comedies, and musicals to the legitimate stage, most theatrical producers would contend that: (1) Vietnam was an unpopular war, and American audiences don't want to be reminded of it; (2) serious playwrights haven't yet gained the perspective to deal with the war and its issues in viable dramatic terms; and (3) all straight plays are a risky economic venture in the commercial theater these days.

Yet, one of the strongest hits of the current Broadway season was the revival of David Rabe's drama, The Basic Training of Pavlo





Emerson, Heller: waiting for the first big novel on Vietnam.



Hummel, which was originally produced Off-Broadway in 1971 by Joseph Papp's New York Shake-speare Festival.

It didn't hurt that superstar Al Pacino played the lead in the revival, skeptics point out. But that doesn't stop Pavlo Hummel from being the most potent drama to have come out of the dirtiest war this country has ever fought.

Just to get it straight, Pacino was sensational as Pavlo Hummel. But Pavlo himself is a superbly conceived character. He's the quintessential misfit, the kind of out-of-synch oddball that every group bully instinctively picks out and torments because it solidifies his own position with the gang. The army turns Pavlo into a tragic victim by conning him with its big lie—the promise to make him a man.

It isn't until he's lying in his coffin that Pavlo understands the army's betrayal and the truth of war: war doesn't make you a hero, and it doesn't make you a man. War just makes you dead.

Rabe pursues the theme of Pavlo Hummel in the remaining plays in his war trilogy, going after our romantic delusions about the heroism of war with blood in his eye. In Streamers, which is still running at Lincoln Center, he attacks traditional attitudes of military heroism on two fronts. First, he raises the issue of homosexuality to challenge our clichéd notions about war as a macho business. Even more dramatically, he creates two decrepit soldiers of the old

World War II school of heroics and contrasts their "noble warrior" myth with the tawdry, nonheroic violence of real soldiers, real war, and real death. In *Sticks and Bones*, Rabe carries his anger back home, charging that America would prefer to have its returning Vietnam veterans silent and dead, rather than to confront the truth of what they have to tell us about the ignoble war they fought.

Aside from David Rabe's powerful trilogy, the theater has been remarkably quiet about the subject of Vietnam. The Lieutenant, an operatic rock-musical about the My Lai massacre, and Medal of Honor Rag, a drama about a traumatized war hero, made brief appearances in 1975 and 1976. In each case intention overweighed art, and both shows faded away without making much of a murmur.

This season's G. R. Point came a lot closer to blending substantive content with dramatic artistry. The first play of Vietnam vet David Berry, this emotion-charged drama takes place at a Graves Registration outpost where corpses are prepared for shipment home. For all its detailed fidelity to the ugly realities of war, the play is essentially concerned with the effect of battle on a green and very uptight New England WASP named Micah. With the help of his more seasoned buddies, Micah learns to face the flood of emotions-some of them shameful and all of them terrifying-that the war unleashes in him. Given a fine production by

the Phoenix Theater, with Tony Giordano directing, the new play had a limited New York run, but it is already scheduled for future regional theater productions.

In the years following World War II, you never had to scratch this hard to find plays about the ordeal that the country had survived. They were all over the place. Admittedly, many were comedies and musicals-Mr. Roberts, South Pacific, Stalag 17, Call Me Mister, Dear Ruth, and This Is the Army among them-and most of them romanticized war and glorified its heroes. The Second World War was, after all, a very "popular" war on the homefront. Nevertheless, such plays as Command Decision, Home of the Brave, and A Bell for Adano made a genuine impact.

Maybe it just takes a while, as Joseph Heller says. Gail Merrifield, director of play development at the New York Shakespeare Festival. receives about 2,000 scripts a year. In the past few years, she says, these have included "a fairly steady flow of what we call 'the aftermath plays,' many of them written by black playwrights, in which the hero is a Vietnam veteran returned home." One surprise, she says, is the recent appearance of scripts about the Korean War. "These are seldom literal dramas, mostly metaphorical fantasies, she reports. "And I call them memory plays, because the Korean War figures in them as a recent mem-

The time lag, Joseph Heller re-

minds us, when he talks about the literary results of the Vietnam War experience, has to do with the artist's process. "Journalists are better at realism than novelists. They can describe an actual event more powerfully, more vividly than a novelist. That extensive and superb coverage the journalists gave us on Vietnam makes realistic novels on the subject superfluous.

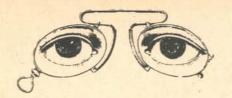
"Content is almost a drawback in a novel. A novel doesn't command attention for its realistic detail but for other, aesthetic reasons. The artist isn't satisfied with just describing the naturalistic event; he's more concerned with character, ambiance, the imaginative element. So, I would say that the real breakthrough book about Vietnam will be one that goes beyond the very formidable obstacle of our familiarity with the content and



Al Pacino as Pavlo Hummel.



Rabe's Streamers: destroying our romantic delusions of war



treats the war as one aesthetic element among many others. And that takes a while.

In Heller's view, that "breakthrough book" hasn't been written yet. In the view of some people in the publishing industry, that book might not even get published if it should miraculously appear in the next few years.

Gloria Emerson, author of Winners and Losers, the angry and agonized nonfiction chronicle of the effects of Vietnam on the American psyche, points to the nine manuscripts she has recently received from Vietnam veterans and to the shelves of books already published about the war and says that she anticipates a great outflow of books in the immediate future. Certain isolated "big books" can surely be cited in confirmation of her hopes-the upcoming Dispatches, a nonfiction book by war correspondent Michael Herr, which Knopf characterizes as "a large, important book" on its November list; Robert Stone's best-selling Dog Soldiers, now in film production for United Artists; John Sack's M. which CBS-TV is considering for a televison miniseries; the nonfiction Born on the Fourth of July, which Al Pacino has said he wants to make his next movie; and Emerson's own Winners and Losers.

But William Decker, executive editor of Viking Press, reports that the publishing industry has developed a tough new stance on books about Vietnam. He contends that publishers have had "such a terrible record of failure with Vietnam books, and especially with first novels on the subject, that it's become a cliché in the industry that you can't sell the public books on Vietnam. When we see another war book coming, we cringe."

According to Decker, even other writers are guilty of "committing deliberate amnesia on Vietnam." When the writers' organization, PEN, announced its selection of Loyd Little's Parthian Shot as the winner of the 1976 Hemingway Prize, the judges' citation presented by Kurt Vonnegut read, in part: "The judges, reacting to the cover of the book and the recent American past, in a primal and vis-



Coppola: borrowing from Conrad. ceral way were reluctant to look inside." Decker is heartened by the appearance of such books on Vietnam as Friendly Fire; No Bugles, No Drums; The Weary Falcon; and Fire in the Lake. But he fears that many more books of quality, especially novels, might perish in what he sees as a public backlash against those "haunting reminders of something that people don't want to be reminded of."

If the publishing industry seems to be at the end of a cycle in its responses to Vietnam, the film industry might be at the beginning of a cycle of its own. Ever since Birth of a Nation, wars have been fueling movie output to a staggering degree-although we always seem to be at least one war behind. Some of our best World War II films didn't come out until after the Korean War. Both Catch-22 and M.A.S.H. were released in 1970. twenty-five years after the Second World War and seventeen years after Korea

With the exception of John Wayne's cartoonish The Green Berets and a few fine documentaries like The Face of War and Hearts and Minds, films about Vietnam don't even exist. One or more of the following films currently in production might reverse this situation, which is extraordinary when you consider that war films were released in packs during the 1950s and 1960s.

Heroes stars Henry Winkler as a Vietnam vet who returns to the United States to become a worm farmer. Universal Pictures de-

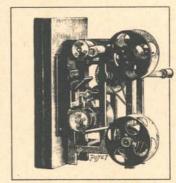
scribes its film as "a serio-comedv." In United Artists's Coming Home, Jane Fonda plays a woman whose consciousness gets raised through her volunteer work with returning veterans. UA says that the film deals with "people's adjustment" to the realities of a war that many Americans viewed as "an evening soap opera played with other people's sons." Dog Soldiers, also a United Artists production, is based on Robert Stone's book about drug dealing by a small band of Vietnam vets. According to UA, the film is about "twisted minds and bodies, about three human casualties who bring the war home in glassine packages.

Of the films currently in production, only Francis Ford Coppola's hotly anticipated Apocalypse Now is actually set in Vietnam. In this reportedly epic-scaled film (\$24 million), Martin Sheen plays a U.S. Army officer sent to track down a colonel, played by Marlon Brando, who has apparently gone berserk in the jungle. Sheen's trek from Vietnam into the thick of the Indochinese jungle is said to invite comparisons with the jungle journey in Joseph Conrad's novel Heart of Darkness, which Coppola "freely adapted" for his own script.

Promising to be as much an action-adventure film as it is a war movie. Apocalypse Now has raised some expectations that it might go beyond the literal reality of the Vietnam War and explore, as Conrad did, the larger theme of man's capacity for violence and savagery.

In Winners and Losers, Gloria Emerson writes: "It is important to remember, to spell the names correctly, to know the provinces, before we are persuaded that none of it happened, that none of us were in such places." But William Decker fears that the self-persuasion has already occurred. "America has a tremendous negative feeling about Vietnam," he says. "There is a great national guilt attached to this war. We feel tainted. People want to wipe it out of their minds. pretend it never happened."

It's time for our artists to leave no doubt that it did.-Marilyn Stasio



LEARNED LAUGHS

Annie Hall hen opened late last spring, some reviewers praised it as a new departure for Woody Allen and as something of a breakthrough in terms of its complex admiration for the favorite woman in his movies, the wonderful Diane Keaton. In fact, it belongs right in line with everything else he's done, among the best. And as for appreciating Diane Keaton, that has for some time seemed at the center of what the Woody Allen films are all about. A few years after you first heard them, the brilliant one-liners seem to have lost half their power. (I find it hard now to laugh at Play It Again, Sam, 1972, which Annie Hall somewhat resembles.) But the warmth behind the paranoia remains and grows more valuable in

Nothing evokes that warmth in the nerve-racked puny monster Allen plays like the presence of Keaton. Most of the great screen comedians have had their screen girl friends. Indeed, not one of the great movie comedies has really strayed too far from romantic drama. Even Groucho had Margaret Dumont. Chaplin, in the 1930s, had Paulette Goddard, and later in his career he made transcendant romances-Limelight, A King in New York, A Countess from Hong Kong-that only sometimes mean to be funny. But where Chaplin typically bids farewell with an elegant, worldly regret, Woody Allen has generally



Allen and Keaton in Annie Hall: trying to remember.

won the girl—and kept his neuroses, too. This time he loses—the girl, that is. Maybe that's the breakthrough. *Annie Hall* is a funny Woody Allen film with the right kind of unhappy ending.

For Alvie Singer, the Jewish intellectual stand-up comedian whom Woody Allen plays (and, of course, pretty much is), Diane Keaton's Annie Hall represents the ultimate shiksa. Not some impossible blonde, sun-tanned, corn-fed beauty from Wisconsin, but a tall, brunette, nervous, corn-fed beauty from Wisconsin, who can quickly settle down to an analyst whom Alvie's analyst recommends. What makes her perfect isn't her witty repartee ("Wow!" "Neat!" "Well, la-di-da!") or even the distinction of coming from a fine old American family ("Now, you're what Grammy Hall would call a real Jew"). Rather, it is her vulnerability, her personal form of cleverness, even her talent-because Annie sings. She does ballads, like "Seems like Old Times," with an open, shy sensuousness that might bring hope to any lustful introvert hung up on his own insecurities. In a sense, she is what we effete easterners dream of when we fantasize "America." And for once it is our crazy good luck that America comes back with a heart, a soul, a mind, and even a fantasy life of its own.

Just before they break up—the breakup is the occasion for the movie—Annie tells Alvie that he is "like all New York City... an ideal... someplace else." She also tells

him that leaving him takes a great weight off her back.

In context, the comment happens to be both funny and true. It's a struggle just keeping up with Alvie, "getting the references" in his line of patter. But it is an exhilaration, too. If Annie Hall celebrates a woman, it also celebrates the mental life of a city. I don't know how audiences outside New York react to Woody Allen (in respectful silence, I'm told), but audiences inside New York ought to recognize him, not only as an encyclopedia of their self-made miseries, but as a prime reason why they put up with them as well. Following his comedy takes work. If you have gotten the references, you are at least moderately bright, and certainly you are up on whatever attitudes or events are current enough to come under his satire.

That's one reason most critics love him; they can feel intelligent just knowing what his jokes are about. They also know the movie theaters he cares for-places like the Thalia, the Beekman, the Paris, the New Yorker-and they understand his special taste in movies. Lots of people have a favorite movie. But doom-laden Alvie keeps going back to The Sorrow and the Pity, Marcel Ophuls's five-hour investigation of guilt and suffering in World War II, the way your typical film nut returns to Casablanca, All about Eve, or Stagecoach.

Alvie Singer—born in Brooklyn, twice married, twice divorced, suc-

cessful (in his fashion) with urban audiences and on the college circuit, fifteen years in analysismeets a girls named Annie Hall and falls in love with her. Their affair blossoms and then fails, victim to their shared neuroses, their different sex drives, Alvie's intellectual demands, and perhaps Annie's new singing career under the auspices of a very mellow Los Angeles entrepreneur (Paul Simon), who's also sweet on her. Alvie says he can't take "mellow"; in the presence of mellow he overripens and rots.

The film is Alvie's remembrance. It's an attractive, perfectly conventional story, diffused slightly by its very easiness, by its not requiring any persona for Woody Allen bevond the one he must put on with his sneakers every morning. It is also diffused by a curious reliance on celebrity spots-like that of Paul Simon or Colleen Dewhurst as Annie's mother or Shelley Duvall as a disastrous date or Marshall McLuhan as himself-all of which might have been more fun as developed, noncelebrity character vignettes. I'm sure it isn't autobiography, but it feels enough like autobiography to disarm the charges of formlessness that are usually tossed at the Woody Allen movies. In fact, the actual filmmaking looks good this time, modest but finally more interesting than in some of the elaborate Allen productions of the past few years.

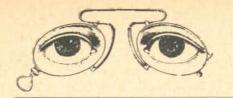
It all comes back to the affair, to the disquieting, not yet desperate realization that the one incredible girl is fast becoming a memory. Not only that: Alvie Singer, like Woody Allen, is now past forty. So Annie Hall puts him in the sad—and funny—condition of discovering that suddenly, in the midst of a busy, rather interesting existence, he must begin figuring his life in terms of loss.

As for two other relatively brainy comedies, Joan Silver's **Between the Lines** and Terry Gilliam's **Jabberwocky**, neither lives up to its potential, though Gilliam's failure seems a lot more honorable, and funnier, than Mrs. Silver's.

Between the Lines deals with a counterculture weekly newspaper, like the Village Voice or Boston's Real Paper (the actual model), which starts making money and then gets sold out right under the noses of its savvy, kookie-but-lovable, underpaid staff. The story seems more open to ideas than



Crouse and Welles in Between the Lines: trying to please.



half a dozen Annie Halls. But once it has gotten past the ritual authenticity details (sleeping around, smoking dope, etc.), what actually emerges is a standard city-room comedy ordinary enough to make any of the reincarnations of The Front Page seem fresh by comparison. In her movies director Joan Silver (Hester Str eet, Bernice Bobs Her Hair) has usually depended more on feeling for the material than on commercial expertise. But here she faces a screenplay (by Fred Barron) affording almost no thoughts beyond the conventions of, for example, the former star reporter now on the skids (of course, nobody's past his twenties), the comedy of the aspiring cub, the obnoxious advertising manager, and the callow careerist and his long-suffering girl friend. Joan Silver's solution is to create "situations" in which these clichés can function. They do, more or less, but so what? And they encourage in the cast-which includes John Heard, Lindsay Crouse, and Gwen Welles-an insistent desire to please. I find myself wanting to hate them.

Jabberwocky reunites some of the talent behind Monty Python and the Holy Grail, and it seems soquintessentially British (Terry Gilliam, who directed and cowrote. happens to be from Minneapolis) as almost to require translation. A medieval tale of an eager lad, two

fair damsels, a king in his dotage, and a kingdom besieged by a man-eating monster at the city gate—owes less to Lewis Carroll (whose Through the Looking Glass provides the title and a crucial bit of poetry) than it does to a mentality that seems to have spent half its time in film school and the other half doing graduate work in the history of English literature. It is a very sick movie (its best quality) and pedantic (its second best). But it is also repetitious-recycling maybe two and a half basic gags-and not clever enough by half to sustain the conceit of promoting its humor from images of mutilation, shit, and garbage. A great idea, but it wears thin.

Jabberwocky is a gorgeous movie to look at, though the meticulous parody of film styles may move you more to admiration than laughter. But the line of humorcharacters like King Bruno the Questionable and Griselda Fishfinger-grows too obvious to repay all the careful ingenuity expended upon it. There is, however, a long precredit sequence, a monster attack on a hapless poacher seen from the point of view of the monster, that is such a perfect send-up of Jaws and almost any other horror film you can remember that it suggests that Jabberwocky could have been the most inspired nonsense of the season.-Roger Greenspun



Terry Gilliam's Jabberwocky: a recycling of basic gags.



ROCK BETWEEN COVERS

ntil only recently, rock music has been left alone in its nebulous environment. Most outsiders figured it a long shot; it would either rock itself to sleep or roll into oblivion. Just "let it be.

Indeed, every recognized art form has its little niche. Rock 'n' roll, however has been more or less the brandy of the damned, a musical genre capsulized by the media and dished out in harmless doses to a stereotypical audience. Television watered it down until it was symbolized by such nonelectric personalities as Tony Orlando, Sonny and Cher, and Donny Osmond-hardly the cultural heroes one would have envisioned from such patently heady stuff. Hollywood proselytized it according to need and then offered up such banal, middle-class archetypes as "A Star Is Born," which sensationalized the music's social bruises-payola, cocaine, sex, recklessness, and death-in living color. Just "let it bleed."

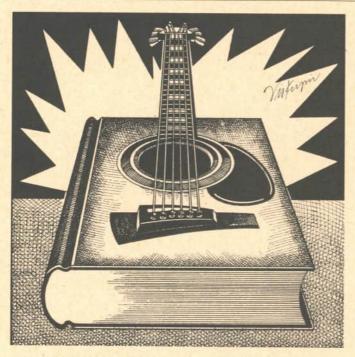
The publishing world's treatment of rock music was the kindest; they ignored it completely, the proverbial hot potato. Occasionally, paperback houses exploited onename personalities and schlocked out garish editions having such titles as Elvis, Janis, Elton, Jimi, and David (Cassidy-remember?). After all, will record buyers spend a couple of dollars more than the price of an album for a book about rock music?

In recent months, however, book companies have fallen victim to an inordinate transfusion of rock enthusiasm and are engaged in a literary free-for-all to see which publisher can twist, bump, grind, and hustle its way first across the golden finish line. Happily, the competition has produced an assortment of works displaying a marked improvement.

The best of these books, most peculiarly, is an extraordinary piece of fiction entitled The Man Who Killed Mick Jagger (Little, Brown, \$8.95), by David Littlejohn. Littlejohn's narrative springs from a precise understanding of the West Coast cultural ethic, one that is born out of frustration and an unprimed intelligence that, ironically, are soon reduced to insurgence. It is a disconcerting story about a young man named Ronald Harrington, a doctoral candidate at Berkeley, whose inadequacies are mirrored by his self-observations at a Rolling Stones concert. He is intimidated watching Mick Jagger-by the singer's slender frame (Ronald is plump), perfect hair style, angular looks, inflated confidence-all qualities not only lacking in Ronald but also beyond his realm of imagination. Jagger represents Ronald's immaculate misconception: the wildly free spirit never experienced.

This revelation (of sorts) plunges him into a painful, albeit apocalyptic catharsis that adumbrates his emotional isolation, not only from the Beach Boy prototype of California youth but also from his "All in the Family" family. His dreams of France and of a life of cultural bliss are unfulfilled until he is drawn into the web of Jagger's rebellious mystique, and then he must free himself forever.

Littlejohn writes with pensive conviction, and one senses what stages of liberation the author passes through in his own attempt to understand Ronald's paranoia. The reader cannot help feeling something akin to a morbid fascination regarding the emotions in this book and the author's sense of rock culture and its psychological pressures on youth. But the book's true merit lies in the power of



Littlejohn's highly literate style, the kind of excellence that is always reflected in the satisfaction a reader receives from recognizing a new, true talent.

It is neither literary merit nor topical significance that attracts the reader to Al Kooper's rendition of life in the fast lane in his biography, Backstage Passes (Stein & Day, \$12.95 hardcover; \$7.95 paper). Kooper ambles through a series of fragmented escapades with guttural indifference, leaving too much room for between-the-lines interpretation. Yet there is an elusive charm pervading this book, the same type of gratification one gets from becoming eloquently inebriated with a group of old school friends and not being able to recall what happened the next morning.

Kooper (along with collaborator Ben Edmonds, whose presence is offensive and totally unnecessary) performs an anachronistic postmortem on the fabulous sixites, a time when every new record was an adventure and when Dylan emerged as "the new inspiration," followed closely by the Doors, Jimi Hendrix, the Jefferson Airplane, and the Byrds. Kooper, who was an active ingredient in most of the New York pop-music proceedings, offers this casual, behind-the-

scenes tribute to his cronies (and himself) in his inimitable wise-guy manner

Personality compendiums have become the fat cliché of rock books, obvious attempts at cashing in on combinations instead of content. A quick glance at Rock 100 (Grosset & Dunlap, \$17.95) is deceptive in that it appears that the authors have compiled a mere listing of their favorite artists from standard record company biographies. In fact, a closer examination reveals that David Dalton and Lenny Kaye (who is lead guitarist for the Patti Smith Band) have organized a concise anthology of rock history, peppered with littleknown morsels about the personal lives of both the artists and the founding executives.

Several omissions are hard felt. Certainly, the Shirelles and the Moody Blues deserve recognition, and Mitch Ryder's nine hits are more representative of the Detroit rock scene than is the obscure MC5. All in all, however, this book scores nearly 100 percent in its objectivity. The authors avoid making an ultimate sociological statement, allowing the facts and the underlying sense of fun to permeate what might otherwise have become tedious. Rock 100 earns its place in

the collection of all pop enthusiasts—those who would like to know more and those who thought they knew it all.

Less imaginative and more conspicuously appealing to a younger audience than the aforementioned books are two oversized British volumes of musical trivia-standard fare of the genre for some years now. The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Rock (Harmony House, \$7.95 paper) is the more worthwhile of the two, a fairly innocuous grouping of familiar facts and faces with an unusually accessible cross-reference system for double-checking the monotony. But because of its origin, this book does shed light on some of the heretofore-ignored English bands. The Illustrated Rock Almanac (Paddington Press, \$6.95 paper) is basically the same facts, arranged by date, and is completely unstimulating as a read or a reference work. Most of the entries are devoted to specific dates on which songs entered the British charts or to the birthdays of the stars. Either way, the book's entertainment value is minimal

Intended strictly for entertainment (here the word intended is critical) is The Soul Hit (Harper & Row, \$7.95), by Charlie Haas and Tim Hunter. The authors, both veterans of the rock industry, have conjured up a mystery, which takes detective Ben Marsh down a series of futile alleys for the sole purpose of expounding on various phases of the record business. First, a disc jockey is murdered (for refusing to accept the usual payola, of course); then the record company promotion man is likewise disposed of, for discovering an intricate double-entry accounting system whereby rock albums are sold twice but only reported once on paper

Haas and Hunter not only hang out the record industry's dirty laundry but also wring out every last juicy ounce of insalubrious innuendo. The expected cast of doped-up musicians, nymphette groupies, and greedy sharks is also on hand to bring this rock novel down to low-level exploitation.—Robert Stephen Spitz

SOUNDS



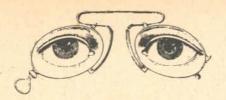
BORN TO WRITE PORN

hose who read the September 1976 issue of Penthouse may recall Nick ("Chinga") Chavin as the San Francisco performer-songwriter whose sexually explicit lyrics just couldn't be censored.

After two years of banging on the doors of major record companies, only to find them closed tight to an artist bearing an armful of tunes such as "Asshole from El Paso," and "Cum Stains on the Pillow (Where Your Sweet Head Used to Be)," Chavin found a company, Freeflow Productions, and a producer, Michael Brovsky, to ensconce his gross-roots compositions in vinyl.

The result is Country Porn, an





album of ten songs that goes far beyond the self-conscious attempts by other country-rock performers to insert an occasional ribald lyric or a suggestive song into their tamer repertoires.

Chavin, who is a high-school English teacher by day and the naughty Chinga by night, works Bay Area bars and smokers with his band, delivering up-front porn spiced by some social satire.

His songs deal with a plethora of themes, from the ironic paean to religion's sexual repressiveness ("Cum unto Jesus") to backseat teenage love ("Dry Humping in the Back of a '55 Ford") to remembrances of his illicit youth in Mexican border towns ("Talkin' Matamoros"). And then there are dirty ditties for their own sake, such as "Four A. M. Jump," whose chorus, "Jump, suck, lick, fuck, and hump all night," is a prime example of Chavin's ability to wed the fourletter word to the rhythm of the country-rock genre.

The ten-song album includes a healthy selection of such other rollicking, good-time porn numbers as "Head Boogie," "Sit, Sit, Sit (Sit on My Face)," "Get It on the Run," and "Tit Stop Rock."

Those who imagine that a record like this would be recorded in the bathroom of an El Paso flophouse-and sound like it-are in for a pleasant surprise. Brovsky assembled some of Nashville's finest musicians for the Country Porn sessions

The release of the album may be followed by a tour, a "traveling sexual vaudeville revue," as Chavin calls it, which will have as its theme "The American Wet Dream."

The album, on Chinga Chavin's own Country Porn label, is available only by mail order through CP Products, P.O. Box 548, FDR Station, New York, N.Y. 10022.-Paul Liberatore

L.A. PUNKS

The L.A. music scene has usually revolved around a well-known group of singer-songwriters who croon homogenized tunes about the California sun, the imminent apocalypse, and interpersonal relationships in a technocratic world. Buoyed by a staff of competent, laid-back studio musicians, this slick pop has long overshadowed other musical goings-on in the City of One-Night Stands, and not the least of its successes is a burgeoning, pubescent hard-rock scene.

The punk-rock concerts in the L.A. area pack thousands of screaming kiddies into theaters to see their own kind carrying on. And it was only a matter of time before the record companies took steps to bring this frenzied West Coast scene to the junior nation at large.

First and foremost among L.A.'s punk-rockers are five young nymphets collectively known as the Runaways. These teenage rockers were sprung upon the L.A. scene by Sunset Strip godfather Kim Fowley a little more than a year ago. But the group was received with little more than freak curiosity, and a debut album of mere competence (on Mercury) did little to change people's minds.

After all, nobody really believed-least of all those who bought the album-that a motley group of female high-school squirts could play in the same league as the big boys. The first concert photos of the band-featuring long teen legs in fishnet stockings, lace corsets, shirts open down to there and moreonly furthered the Runaways' wecan't-play-but-we-got-great-legs image.

As the band began to tour, though, it became apparent that the tykes really could play, and the mostly male Runaways audiences were hard pressed to contain their enthusiasm.

Chalk it up to experience that the Runaways' second Mercury album, Queens of Noise, has it over its predecessor both vocally and instrumentally. As gruff as ever, lead singer Cherie Currie and quitarist Joan Jett share vocal chores, turning mild-mannered rock riffs ("I Love Playing with Fire" and "Born to Be Bad") into anthems for a new teen rebellion.

Meanwhile, as the Runaways were well on their way to becoming the queens on the scene. Kim Fowlev decided to put together the kings. And so, in the blink of an



Cherie Currie's teen rebellion.

eye, we were given the Quick.

Sharing little of the Runaways' trampy, street-smart persona, the five boys of the Quick are cute enough to make Richard and Karen look like Quay and Fee of the Tubes. Not exactly a musician's band, the group does have enough benign huggability (that is, for a twelve-year-old) to pull it off. And pull it off they have. Gigs around the City of the Angels have made the group almost as popular as the Runaways, and they have high hopes of enticing teens throughout the country with their first album, Mondo Deco (Mercury).

On first listen, it is apparent that what you see is what you get. Producers Fowley and Earle Mankey have crafted a sound for the Quick sweet enough to make Marie Osmond double-check her syrup supply. Even the fuzzy guitars can't spice up this pabulum.

Lead singer Danny Wilde-a blond-haired slip of a kid with a forlorn look guaranteed to start the girls whimpering-sings with a nasal, adolescent shrillness that could crack glass. Matching Wilde yelp for yelp is the group's lyricistguitarist, Steven Hufsteter. On rockers like "Anvone" (which more than faintly resembles the Stones' "Street Fighting Man"), Hufsteter plays with all the fury of Leonard Cohen on Quaaludes, rivaling Kiss's Ace Frehley in sheer technical prowess. As Hufsteter sees the mission of the Quick: "We are against any music that turns an audience into unthinking primitives performing native rituals." Give this kid ten years in solitary with a copy of Iggy Pop's Raw Power and dock him his lollipops!

Looking more like grandfathers than the peers of both preceding groups, the five members of Detective are seasoned performers. Fronted by lead singer Michael Des Barres, who once led the acclaimed if not commercially successful Silverhead, Detective also features Tony Kaye, a founding member of Yes who later played with Bowie, and Michael Monarch, Sturm-und-Drang guitarist behind the original Steppenwolf (in the late sixties). Filling out Detective on bass and drums are John Hyde and Bobby Pickett-relative newcomers, though you'd never know it from their playing on their debut Swan Song album.

Infinitely more complex than the tunes of either the Runaways or the Quick, Detective's tunes reflect what Led Zeppelin would have been like had that group matured in the lazy California sun. Laid-back, funkified jams are this band's forte, though Des Barre's excellent Robert Plant vocal approach and Monarch's all-too-tasteful guitar playing give Detective a solid rock 'n' roll punch.

Meanwhile, Warner Bros. is busy recording the debut album of Van Halen, the hard-rock quartet that is quickly becoming a household word among L.A. youth. The group features David Roth on vocals, best described as a Jewish Jim Dandy, and guitarist Eddie Van Halen-so sizzling an instrumentalist, natives say, that he has "the fire of the streets in his fingers." Van Halen's music is as raucous as it is primal. The onslaught is directed toward kids who want something uncomplicated, sexy, and loud. And the proven local appeal of this group demonstrates that hordes of L.A.'s young rock fans seem to want exactly that.-Henry Edwards O+ B

BETTER BEDDERS.

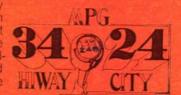
The Toyota Half-Tons. Regular Beds in 3 models. Long Beds in 2 models. The Better Bedders because these are the only beds with

the best combination of half-ton economy and truckin' fun. Super values. Rugged Every one built to be better at everything you need a bed for and want a truck to be.

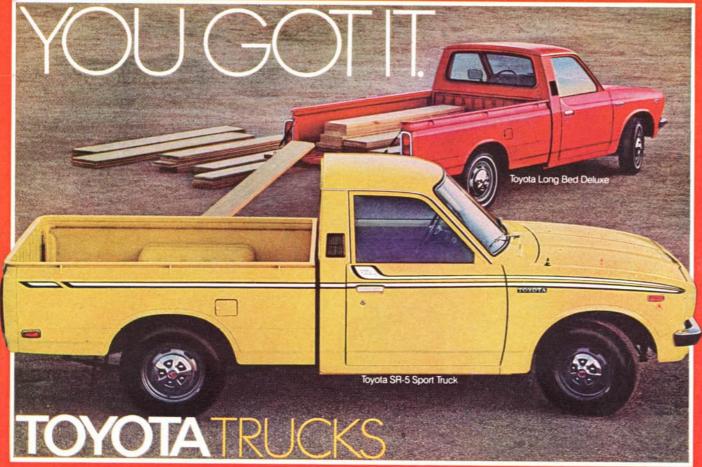
Ready for better choosing. Five Toyota Trucks. More models than you'll find anywhere in our class. All loaded with standards that others call options. (The SR-5 Sport Trucks even have radial ply tires, bucket seats, 5-speed overdrive transmission, AM radio and more.) We're ready for anything.

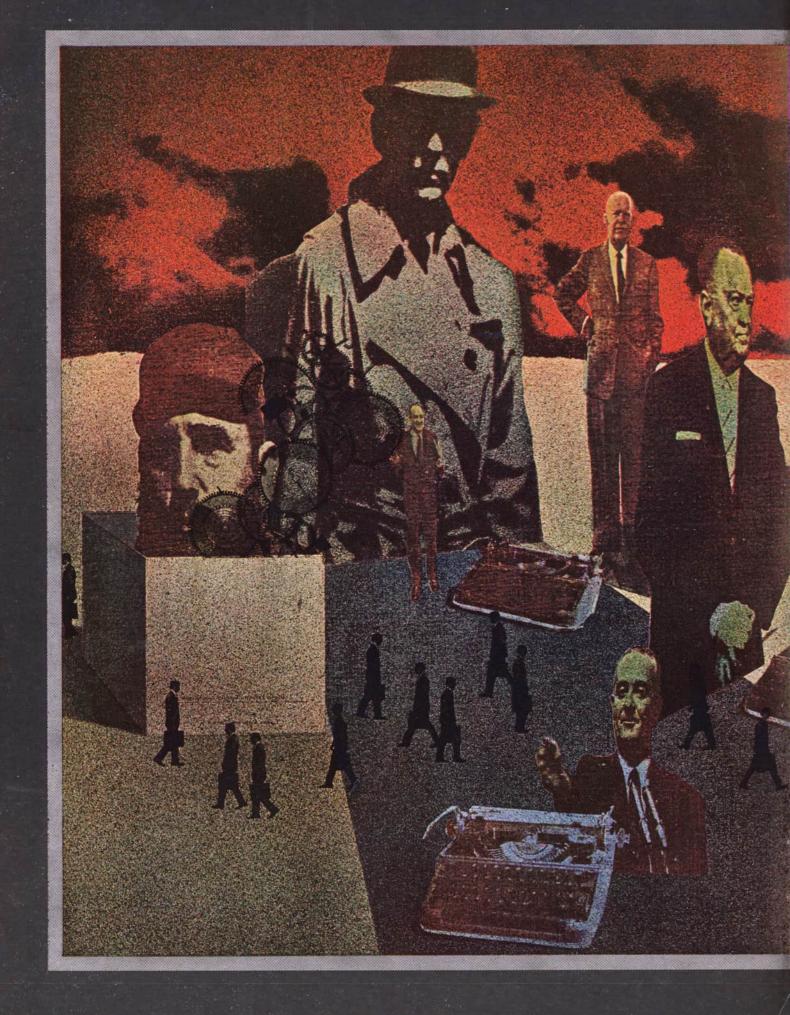
Set for better economy. Toyotas are built to be better buys. Take the new Standard Half-Ton. Based on manufacturers' 1977 suggested retail prices, it's one of

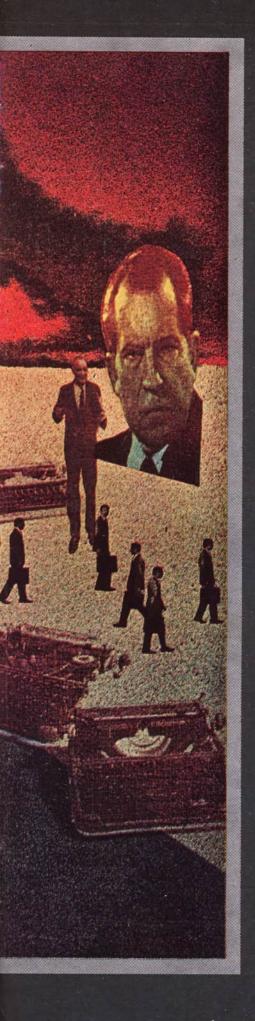
the lowest priced trucks you can buy. Better yet, every standard-equipped Toyota Truck gets great gas mileage. In 1977 EPA tests, with manual transmissions, they all got 34 mpg on the highway. 24 city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your truck's condition and equipment California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower.



Equipped for better going. Hold onto your seat! We put power under your foot. Our 2.2 liter engines have the largest displacement and the most torque of any standard engines in our class. That's the Toyota Half-Tons. The only combination of the biggest selection, low price, the largest standard engine, great gas mileage and Toyota quality. We think that's a better choice of beds than you'll find anywhere. That's why we say, if you can find a better built truck than Toyota, buy it.







Why is the Copley Press unique? Name another news organization that had 23 intelligence agents masquerading as "reporters" on its payroll!

THE SPIES WHO CAME IN FROM THE NEWSROOM

BY IOE TRENTO AND DAVE ROMAN

year-long Penthouse investigation has revealed that an American newspaper chain and its overseas news service acted as intelligence arms of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The Penthouse inquiry established that Copley Press, Inc., which includes the San Diego Union and Evening Tribune newspapers, and its

subsidiary, the Copley News Service:

 Provided credentials, information, and placement of stories for the CIA and the FBI.

· Exchanged intelligence information with the CIA for "scoops" and planted CIA and FBI stories and editorials.

· Harbored CIA operatives on the payroll of the Copley News Service and fed stories to news-service clients at the request of the CIA and the

Furthermore, Penthouse learned that the Copley News Service (which was a financial failure) was inspired by a meeting between President Eisenhower and the late James S. Copley (the publisher and sole owner of Copley Press) for the purpose of supplementing CIA activity.

Meetings and phone calls between Copley and Eisenhower are outlined in still-secret documents, which were examined by Penthouse.

These documents confirm:

 That Copley volunteered his newly formed news service as "the eyes and ears" against "the Communist threat in Latin and Central America" for "our intelligence services."

That Eisenhower told Copley that "your favors are appreciated by the

country and will be reciprocated when possible."

 At subsequent meetings other aides suggested that Copley News Service provide credentials for CIA and Defense intelligence agents as "cover for our operatives."

Those meetings and phone calls led to full cooperation between Copley and his privately held empire and the U.S. government at least until his

death in 1973.

According to retired intelligence-agency sources, Capt. E. Robert ("Andy") Anderson, the czar of Copley Press's San Diego operations, drew on his background in naval intelligence and ran the cooperative intelligence effort during the early years. Anderson, like many other Copley executives, refused to be interviewed for this article. He is now retired.

"The hiring of military people to run his newspapers and his news service was something that Jim inherited from his father," Lyle Erb, the former corporation secretary for Copley Press, told Penthouse. Copley's father, Col. Ira Copley, had requisitioned OSS officer Robert Richards to run his Washington bureau before the end of World War II. And Gen. Victor ("Brute") Krulak, onetime head of liaison between the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the intelligence services, succeeded Captain Anderson as editorial director of Copley Press in 1968. Krulak (who retired from Copley in June) was described by members of the Forty Committee, which oversees the U.S. intelligence apparatus, "as the expert in anti-Castro guerrilla activities in the early 1960s for the Kennedys.'

Sources indicate that while there had been intelligence cooperation à between Copley and the CIA prior to the 1953 Eisenhower meetings, it was not organized until CNS was founded. Penthouse learned from very well placed CIA sources that no less than twenty-three Copley News Service employees had worked for the CIA simultaneously. Out of the 194 U.S.

newsmen having CIA connections, CNS was the only organization that the CIA had "full cooperation with" for nearly three decades.

Ken Reiley, Copley's editorial consultant, told *Penthouse*: "It was fashionable to cooperate with government agencies including the CIA, and I wouldn't be surprised if Copley helped out, too."

Gene Gregston, former editor of the San Diego Union, confirms that CNS had been a "money-losing operation." Gregston said that as "long as I have known about CNS, it has lost money every year."

Gregston told *Penthouse* that CNS "was never run to make money; it was an ego thing for Jim Copley, and the CIA wanted it. A lot of people around here have at least heard of the connections."

General Krulak denied that either CNS or he had ever "knowingly" had any CIA links. Krulak said that "to the best of my knowledge, at least during the time I have been with it and as far back as I can research it, Copley News Service has never furnished information to the CIA." Krulak then went into "nondenial denial," saying that he cannot speak for individuals or stringers who worked for CNS.

One man identified as a CIA member was David Clement Hellyer, who was CNS's first Latin American editor. According to CIA sources, Hellyer was an operative for the CIA and OSS for a decade before he joined CNS in 1953.

Hellyer finally left Copley for other CIA assignments, which ranged from being a student in Brazil in 1960 to becoming the final editor of the CIA-funded Santiago South Pacific Mail between 1964 and 1966. David Atlee Phillips, the former chief of the Western Hemisphere division for the agency and editor of the paper, told Penthouse: "I can't talk about Dave Hellyer."

Hellyer also refused to comment one way or the other on his role within the agency. Today he works as an editorial consultant in Del Mar, Calif., and says only this: "I will not confirm or deny your charges. I have nothing to say about them."

Hellyer was not the only CNS employee who had unusually close relations with the CIA. The current Latin American editor for CNS, William Giandoni, a former psychological warfare officer, admitted that he not only tried to join the CIA in 1950 but also actually fed information to CIA operative William Kelly in 1961 concerning the forthcoming Bay of Pigs invasion.

In addition to placing stories for the CIA, Copley News Service acted as the "eyes and ears" for the CIA when it came to reporting on what other publications might be picking up on agency activities in Latin America.

For example, Giandoni repeatedly reported to Kelly on his trips to Central America and Guatemala prior to the Cuban invasion. The CIA in turn informed Giandoni that it was training Cuban exiles for an invasion of Cuba and that "the invasion would come in the spring."

Contrary to popular belief, it was not the New York Times that first learned of the exile invasion. It was the San Diego Union. Unlike the Times, however, it did not take a personal request from President John Kennedy to keep the Copley News Service from distributing the story. Giandoni gladly acceded to the CIA's request for secrecy, writing stories which downplayed the idea that any invasion was in the works at all and proposed that such speculative stories were "false."

Giandoni's "courtesy" to the company was rewarded in a big way. Thanks to the CIA, Copley reporter Charles Keely won the Raymond Clapper Memorial Award for warning the world that the Soviet Union had troops and nuclear-tipped rockets in Cuba. Keely was given the story by CIA operatives.

Newsmen frequently trade information with sources. Charles Keely has nothing to trade. Keely said that he could not say "for sure if the story was CIA inspired or not. But

6

"Copley News Service
was never
run to make money," said
one former Copley
editor.
"The CIA wanted it."



I have never had one that big since."

However, through CIA sources *Penthouse* traced back Charles Keely's news sources and learned that they included a Cuban professor who was of advanced age and had long been on the CIA payroll. The professor then sent Keely to others in the closely knit Cuban refugee community to "confirm the story." The "others" included CIA agents who had actually seen and, in one case, worked on the rocket and warhead storage installations in the San Cristóbal Mountains.

The feeding of the Cuban Missile crisis story was not unusual for the CIA and Copley. According to one reporter who was with a major broadcast organization and had also worked with the CIA, "This relationship was very well known by other newsmen who did things for the people at Langley."

CNS reporters often acted as if they were doing CIA public relations. When the CIA decided to overthrow a Latin American government, CNS would begin writing unfavorable articles about it. Editorials would appear on the pages of the *Tribune* and *Union* in San Diego, warning of the dire consequences of Communists in Latin

America. Then articles on "freedom fights" and "anti-Communist opposition" would appear on the CNS wires. When the coup came, Copley editorials rejoiced.

Jim Copley acted on behalf of the CIA in a number of more serious efforts to influence foreign governments. Through his leadership in the Inter American Press Association, which had been described as "pure CIA," Copley cultivated the leaders of the right-wing Latin American press. One of his great friends was Agustin Edwards, the publisher of *El Mecurio*, the important Chilean daily.

Copley introduced Edwards into rightwing American society on a major scale. Through Copley, Edwards got into the good graces of Richard Nixon and Donald Kendall, chairman of the board of Pepsico.

Edwards, according to CIA sources, eventually got more than \$2 million help for the CIA war against the Marxist Allende régime in Chile. And through Copley, Edwards was invited to a meeting with John Mitchell, Kissinger, and Nixon in which plans were made to destroy Allende and his régime.

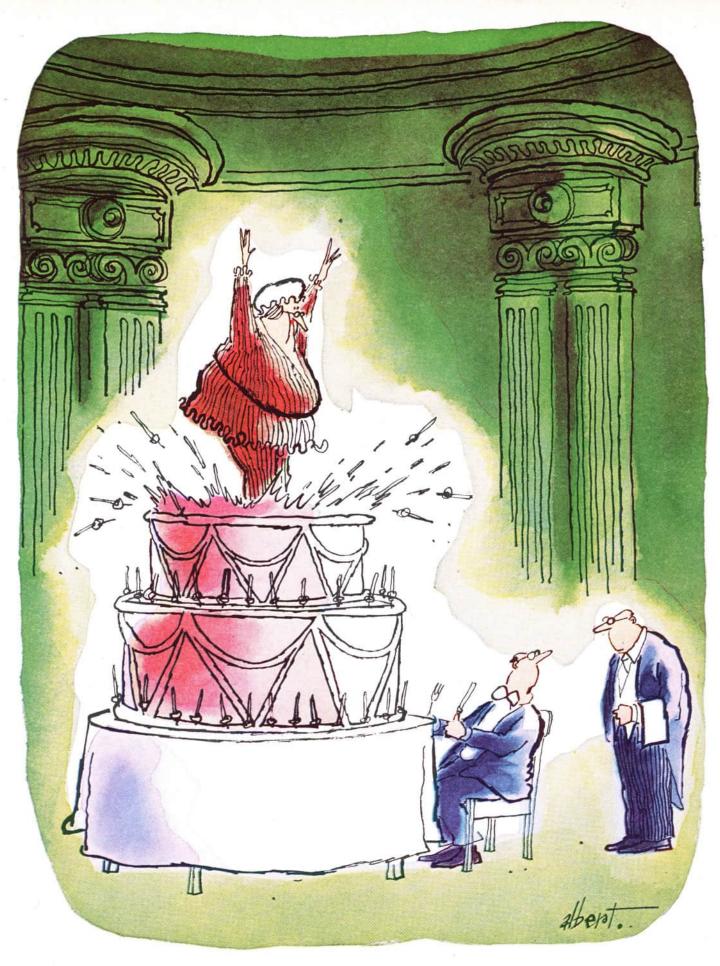
Copley Press's relations with the FBI are as intriguing as its CIA connections. It was out of deference to J. Edgar Hoover that Jim Copley did not integrate the Washington Bureau into CNS until 1962. According to Lyle Erb, Copley and Hoover became friends through Washington Bureau Chief Bob Richards. Copley understood that Hoover was sensitive about the CIA's taking over the FBI's World War II role of intelligence in Latin America. For this friendship Copley received rewards from Hoover in the way of story tips.

One such tip turned into a fiasco for Copley. A young *Union* reporter, Gene Fuson, was led to believe that Lavrenti P. Beria (the infamous head of Stalin's secret police) was in Spain and wanted to come to America and speak out against communism. In the fall of 1953, Fuson flew to Spain to meet with a supposed Beria intermediary. Fuson—who now works for KNXT-TV in Los Angeles—carried with him documents that came from Sen. Joseph McCarthy and guaranteed the conditions of Beria's surrender.

According to Fuson's own by-lined stories in the *Union*, these extraordinary conditions (which seem more appropriate for an FBI agent than a working reporter) specified that: "Under no circumstances were the U.S. State Department or the Central Intelligence Agency to be informed"; that "we were to deal directly with J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI only"; and that "the four fugitives were to be delivered directly to the FBI."

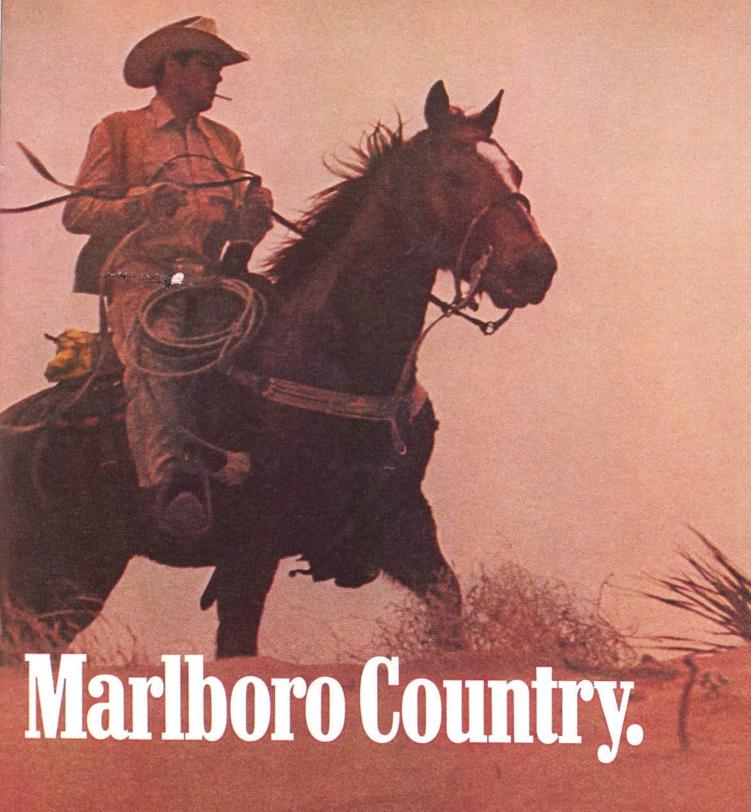
Of course, Beria was not in Spain (he was in a Soviet prison camp), and Fuson flew back to the U.S. empty-handed. En route to California, he stopped in Washington to report to Senator McCarthy, leading one to wonder exactly for whom this "reporter" was working. The entire story had turned into one more embarrassment for the paper.

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"Are you sure this cake's fresh?"





18 mg."tar;" 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 76

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

But cooperation with the FBI grew. In 1964 Hoover suggested that Copley hire Frank Price, the retiring director of the FBI office in San Diego, as a "security consultant." In several phone calls that year, Hoover warned Copley that the racial tensions would turn into political violence and told him, "You had better be ready."

Part of "being ready" was for Copley to turn over photographs, reporters' notes, and other data on demonstrators and dissidents in the antiwar and minority com-

munities in San Diego.

Penthouse learned from photographers and reporters at the Copley Press that Price and Krulak ran a system of intelligence gathering for the FBI. Called "the little FBI" inside Copley Press, it consisted of hundreds of thousands of reporters' words and photographers' pictures that were never published and were forwarded by Price to Hoover's staff.

According to Lyle Erb, "Price could get you anything you could want on any employee. I remember he got me some information that had presumably come from the

FBI."

Price and Krulak's program was not carried out simply by the papers' executive talent. News management played a big role in directing what went into the FBI memos and what kind of pictures could be taken. Two of Richard Nixon's staff, former Union editor Herb Klein and current editor and former assistant press secretary Gerald Warren, forwarded memos under the arrangement.

One reporter had been impressed when editorial director Krulak had called to comment on a demonstration at the University of California at San Diego. "Then I realized that something was wrong when a colleague told me the six-page, single-space memo I typed was going to the FBI. It was really a shock," the reporter recalled.

Tribune editor Kinne confirmed that the memo program went on. "It did happen; I was on the *Union* in those days and recall it as not a pleasant time around here. I never felt comfortable with Price or the program."

Besides wondering about the memos that were being prepared for the FBI, reporters were curious about what was happening when their stories did not get in the paper or appeared in drastically reduced versions. In 1968 one reporter wrote a story about marine recruiters being heckled at a local college and found his long story shortened to just four "graphs." Yet he had been asked to provide a memo listing the names of those present at the demonstration and an estimate of crowd size.

Reporters were under instructions from Klein and Warren to "be alert, write down everything you hear, listen for names, and determine the strength of protest move-

ments."

In 1970 editor Chafin Wallace told former *Union* reporter Peter Brown that memos were going to the FBI. "I would writememos on various demonstrations," recalls Brown, and "Wallace would tell me they were going to the FBI." When asked 50 PENTHOUSE

for his comment, Wallace told Penthouse to "go screw yourself."

The FBI also used Copley to release "raw" and often unverified data about individuals of whom it didn't approve. One conduit for this information was Ray McHugh, former Copley News Service Washington bureau chief and now editor of American Legion Magazine. McHugh was given raw data about Daniel Ellsberg's attorney, Leonard Boudin, and his daughter. (Ellsberg was the man tried-and acquitted—for turning the Pentagon Papers over to the New York Times.) The raw data implied that Boudin was a Communist sympathizer and contained unfavorable information about his daughter. Hoover was so ecstatic about getting the information out through CNS that he sent copies of the story to H. R. Haldeman and former Attorney Gen. John Mitchell.

Penthouse also learned from Copley and FBI sources that the FBI had placed editorials in the Copley Press against the Black



The FBI used Copley newspapers to release "raw" and often unverified data about people of whom it didn't approve.



Panthers and other groups.

Current *Union* editor Warren says, "I vaguely remember the memo system," but he refuses to elaborate. He insists that editors have the obligation to provide publishers with whatever they ask, saying, "If you know anything about the newspaper business, you would know that."

Pressed about the contents of the memos, Warren said, "A lot has happened in my life since then, and I just can't recall the specifics." But former editor Gene Gregston said that "we all suspected the stuff was going to Price and the FBI."

A second area of FBI cooperation involved Copley's photographers. According to numerous photographers and editors, picture assignments were not made in the normal manner. Photographers would be asked to make blowups of demonstrators so that faces could be identified. These copies were forwarded to Krulak's office and on to Price, who classified them and sent them to Washington.

Stan Griffin, who was director of photography at the height of the demonstrations, said that the operation was so loosely run that "it could have easily happened. I wouldn't be surprised. Frank Price could

get anything he wanted on that paper. They would do anything to make friends."

Former photographer Fred Gates said that after he had been told to blow up faces, "then I caught on that something wasn't right. I asked one of the other photographers what was going on, and he told me they went to the publisher's office, where a former FBI guy passed them on to the FBI in Washington."

Current *Union-Tribune* photographer Thane McIntosh says that forwarding of the pictures to the FBI was something "that all the photographers suspected. Some were disturbed about it and some were not, but you couldn't help participating. You had the assignment; so you had to do it. There was no proof at that time that it wasn't a legitimate assignment, and because of our suspicions at the time, we would have loved to have something written down."

One Copley photographer was asked to supply pictures to the Los Angeles Police Department. The photographer chose to

quit rather than cooperate.

Former Copley photographer Robert Learn remembers "taking pictures of demonstrators, and they would never run in the papers. We shot rolls and rolls of film and would never see the photos in print." Learn said that *Union* editors told him that the pictures would be used to see if the same people were taking part in demonstrations elsewhere in the country. Learn said that "word finally filtered down that the stuff was going to government agencies." Learn covered his last rally and said, "I got fed up and told them, 'Here are your mug shots. If you want me to work for security, that is okay, but let's cut out the bullshit.'"

Today many of those who participated in the FBI/CIA connection are still employed at Copley Press. Helen Copley said that she was reassured by the CIA that "none of our people have ever worked for them." General Krulak denies all references to him.

Yet the record shows that some of Copley's dirty laundry has emerged in public. A gag order by Copley management attempted to halt one reporter's efforts to get full disclosure of journalists collaborating with the CIA. Vi Murphy, special writer on Mexico, said that she was told in February 1976 that she could "never utter another public statement or another three-letter word spelled CIA as long as she was an employee of the *Union*."

The San Diego Newspaper Guild challenged the gag order and was told by the papers that violation of the gag order would result in suspension, loss of her Mexico beat, and "dire consequences."

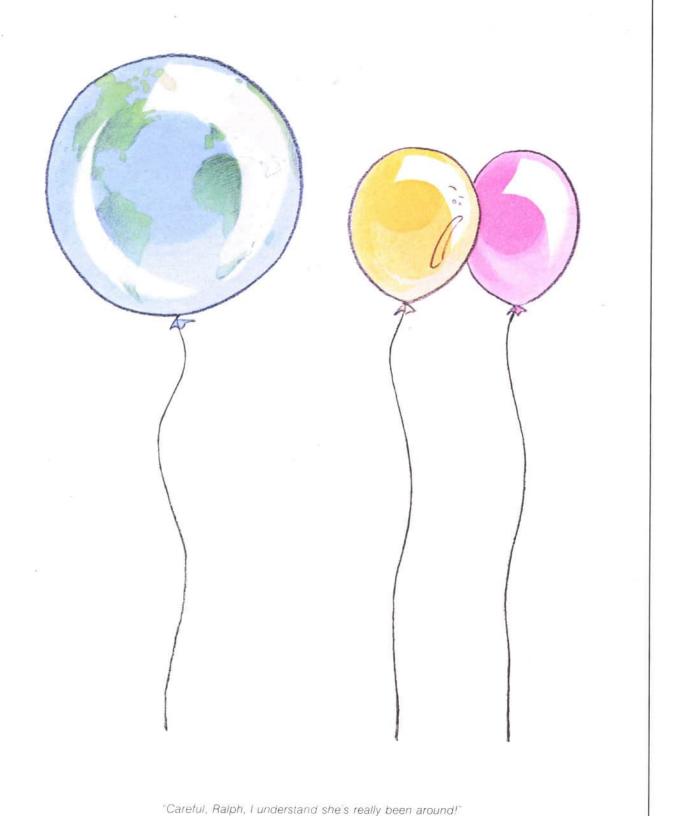
But Murphy says she will continue her fight: "If the press had fought for disclosure of collaborating journalists as diligently as they fought to find out what happened in Watergate, this issue would have been settled a long time ago."

This investigation was made possible by a grant from the Fund for Investigative Jour-

nalism.



BY ART CUMINGS



BELLE OF THE BALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS

Like Scarlett O'Hara, the romantic heroine of the magnolia-and-mint-julep set, our own southern belle, twenty-two-year-old Rebecca Davenport, tolls for the historic traditions of a slumbering Southland. "I'm from Charleston, South Carolina," says she, "and I expect to have doors opened for me." With her svelte but sumptuous 36-23-35 figure, Rebecca has no dearth of able-bodied suitors ready to cater to her feminine needs. You might even call it Rebecca's open-door policy.

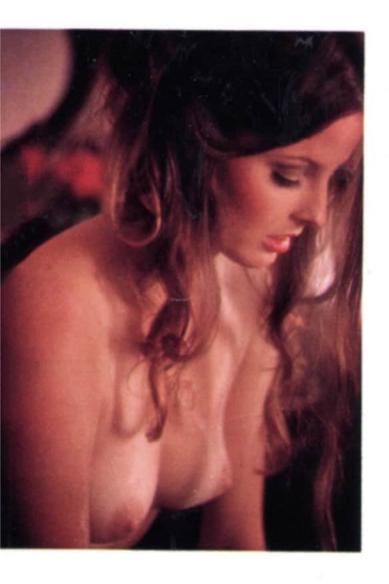




"I'm a Gemini," says Rebecca, "and that means I have two sides to my personality. While I like to be chased and courted and flattered usually. sometimes I just like to be alone.

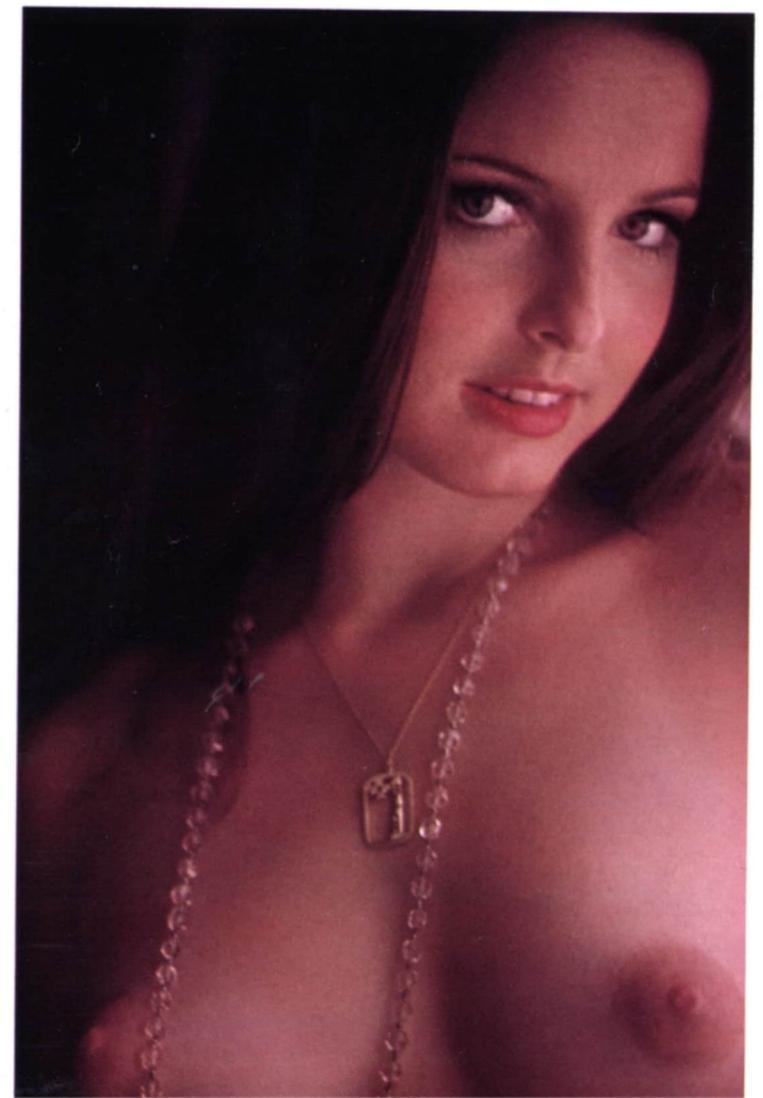


My men have to realize this and must not interfere when I'm in one of those moods ... Sure, I like he-men, as long as they have some boyish charm to go with their virility."





















When it comes to sex, Rebecca is refreshingly open-minded: "I love my body. I like the way it looks, but even more than that, I love the way my body can give pleasure to a man I care for. It's simply great to watch his face light up when I take off my clothes to make love. I myself take a great joy in lovemaking. I just adore having my breasts and nipples caressed very gently and tenderly. I'm very romantic about sex: I like wearing soft, silky lingerie in candlelight, and I do not believe in casual flings. They might work for some people, but I get too involved for a one-night stand. When I love my man, you'd better believe I give him everything I've got!"



"Ilost my virginity when I was eighteen, after my senior prom. The boy was my highschool sweetheart, and of course we thought we were desperately in love. I guess we were, in a way. That night we were in the sitting room of my house. Mama and Daddy were



already asleep, and after hugging and kissing for hours, we were too carried away to stop. I didn't want to stop, even though I thought that what we were doing was wrong. But it wasn't wrong. It was beautiful."

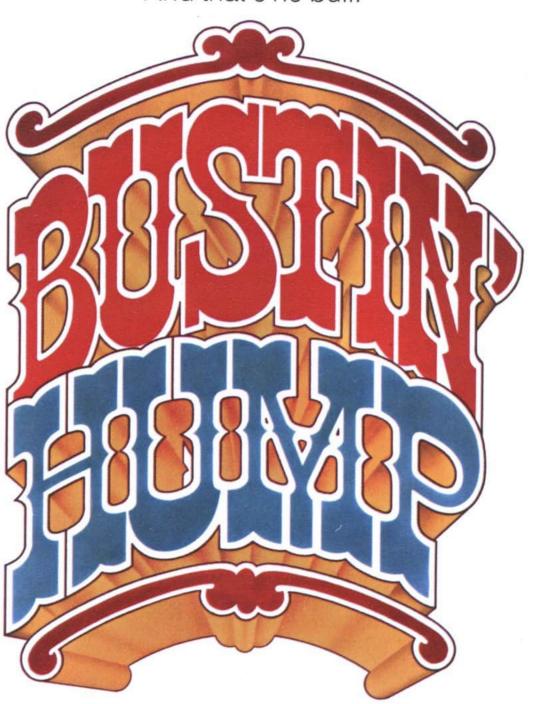
We would like to second that emotion! O I mand kissing and after the second that emotion!





In case you haven't noticed, rodeo has grown from a small-town sport to a multi-million-dollar business.

And that's no bull.



Saturday morning the high-rise buildings in downtown Tulsa, Okla., are still and shadowy as jungle ruins. In a lavish penthouse apartment, the butler is laying out the heirloom-silver breakfast tray and icing the champagne while his master shaves in the chandeliered bathroom. When the doorbell rings, the butler trots out through the living room in order to check the TV monitor at the front door and to begin a long series of unlockings and alarm system switch offs. The guests, wearing elaborate cowboy shirts and boots that are made by people who sign their work, troop into the bedroom, where the religiously inclined host has a church pew facing his bed. The women luxuriate on his satin sheets while the men read newspapers in the pew.

Scrambled eggs with caviar are served on gilded plates, and the butler makes sure that no one runs out of Roederer's Cristal. After the plates are cleared and the silverware is collected, he brings in a carving knife and a mirror. Packets of cocaine are tapped out onto the glass, chopped fine with the carving knife and scraped into lines. The mirror makes a lingering, complicated circuit, and Saturday morning in Tulsa, Okla., is an accomplished fact.

After breakfast the guests repair to the living room for gambling. Dice in leather cups are poised over the backgammon board or simply held in the hand and crapped against the door. Checkbooks come out. There is confusion about how many bottles of champagne are open and which ones are empty, and more cocaine makes its way onto the mirror. Talk drifts into gossip and newspaper items, tacking unavoidably toward business. The sins of the previous

BY THOMAS CARNEY

night start to weigh heavily on the eyelids. One or two yawns are stifled.

Without a word the host disappears into his bedroom. Quickly, he changes out of his silk dressing gown into French jeans, skintight leather chaps, and a leather vest, also skintight. He puts a felt Resistol 100X cowboy hat on his head and spurs on his boots. Someone has once made the mistake of giving the host a bullwhip.

By now the rattle of dice on the backgammon board has subsided into a lull, and even the repetitious ripping of checks out of checkbooks sounds more fiscal than prodigal. The host appears and cracks his whip and prances around the living room, jingling his spurs. People laugh. Some of the hand-stitched sophistication drops away, and they start to hoot. Oklahoma, yes indeed. Now they are spurring the empire couches and throwing imaginary loops at the Meissen china.

"Let's go. Let's show. Let's rodeo."

Originally, it was called the Cowboy Turtle Association, because it took the cowboys so long to get organized. Then, in the 1940s, it became the Rodeo Cowboys Association, and, finally, as if there had been some question, the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association, the PRCA. Last year more than 12 million people watched 4,000 PRCA cowboys compete for \$6.4 million in prize money in nearly 600 rodeos held in forty-eight states and Canada.

"Rodeo cowboys?" asks Walt Garrison, former rodeo star and Dallas Cowboys running back but now a representative for U.S. Tobacco, the college rodeo sponsor. "You are talking about businessmen using the sport as a stepping-stone to somewhere else. Just like other pro sports."

"These guys aren't red-necks anymore," Mrs. Larry Mahan says. "The tradition stays the same, but the whole life has changed."

Having grown out of Spanish California roping contests and trail-drive match-ups on unbroken horses, rodeo used to be closer to a circus than a sport. Newspapers classified it with wrestling and movie-time listings on the entertainment pages, and for years there was never much prize money. Cowboys in those days had to be big enough to wrestle a steer and tough enough to ride a bull, a combination that was more than enough to get them a fearsome reputation. "Some of them weren't much better than professional thugs and outlaws," one bronco rider says. "They had to keep going on down the road because somebody was usually chasing them."

About ten years ago the sport began to change. Cowboys like Larry Mahan started flying planes to rodeos and realizing that the sport could be a springboard to other endeavors. Rodeo began to get organized on the college-and-Little-Britches level, and rodeo schools, where a kid could learn to calf-rope or bull-ride, became a second source of income for many of the circuit riders. U.S. Tobacco became involved in college rodeo, awarding \$100,000 in prizes to the National Intercollegiate Rodeo As-

sociation every year. There are now 3,000 card-carrying members of the NIRA from more than 200 schools with a circuit of 110 rodeos from the Ozarks to Oregon. U.S. Tobacco also funds rodeo scholarships, which means that a kid can either go on the professional tour after high school or get a college education with his rodeo skills and then go on tour. For a growing number of PRCA cowboys, college rodeo teams have been an introduction to the sport.

After the television advertising ban on cigarettes, R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company contacted rodeo, just as it had done with stock-car racing, and ended up pouring more than \$1.2 million annually into prizes and associated promotions. Frontier Airlines, Justin Boots, Schlitz, and Hesston Corporation were soon to follow. The sport is still composed largely of jousting knights of the road, who are more bonded together than competing and honest as the day is long. But a cowboy today often has a few years of college, some rodeo-school expe-



Some
old-time rodeo cowboys
were just thugs
and outlaws who had
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because somebody was
usually chasing them.



rience, and a whole lot more sophistication than his free-wheeling forerunners had.

"It isn't just riding bulls," says Donny Gay, twice a World Champion Bull Rider. "I got to worry about the weather conditions for my plane and how I was going to pay my BankAmericard bill, besides worrying about whatever bull I've drawn next."

"If you wear your cowboy hat in New York," says one cowboy, "they think you're making a movie. Wear it in Dallas, and somebody says, 'I smell cow shit.' It's getting easier not to wear it at all."

"Outside the ring," says the ex-wife of another cowboy, "you can hardly tell these guys rodeo, except for the rodeo belt buckles. Most of the time they don't wear their hats and boots, and their hair is always getting kind of long. I think some of them are frustrated rock stars."

ABC's "Wide World of Sports" has televised the action at Madison Square Garden and other big rodeos, winning fans for the sport as far away as Saudi Arabia and as near as Cowtown, N.J., where every Saturday during the summer Howard Harris, an eastern rodeo stock contractor, puts on a rodeo. In Houston and Los Angeles there is talk of pro-rodeo-team fran-

chises, and in Oklahoma City the PRCA is trying to make the Finals more like the World Series by declaring the winners World Champions.

It used to be that whoever won the most money during the year won the World Championship no matter what happened at the Finals, where every year the top fifteen cowboys in each of seven rodeo events compete. Now, whoever wins at Oklahoma City wins the championship, which means that luck in the ten-day Finals plays a bigger part than does sustained performance over the grueling eleven-month season. More than a few current rodeo champions lean over their coffee at the Holiday Inn on Interstate 40 to say how contemptible they think that is.

Every night it starts the same way. After all the milling around at the beer counters and the popcorn stands, the lights go down at the State Fair Arena in Oklahoma City. They go completely off except for a silver spot on the booth over the pen gates. Clem McSpadden takes the microphone and welcomes everybody to the National Finals Rodeo and says he hopes that they will enjoy tonight's performance.

In the backstage alleys horses stomp and snort. It is a cold early December in Oklahoma City. The bronco riders and barrel racers and the ropers and steer wrestlers and men who ride bulls are rubbing their arms and slapping their hands together to keep warm. Down near the head of the dark tunnel, pretty girls toting sponsor flags race their horses into the arena. The flags ripple and pop, and clogs of dirt thump into the boards like hockey pucks.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen . . ."

People stand up, pull the cowboy hats off their heads, and yank the kids quiet. A woman in sparkling white on a white horse rides the American flag around the arena. Red-haired Reba McEntire sings the National Anthem in a voice as clear as a mountain brook. After the lights come up and the rodeo riders have been introduced, Joe Alexander, five-time World Champion Bareback Bronco Rider, wraps his glove hand tightly and stuffs it into his rigging. He nods. The gate clips open, he spurs the horse's side, and the animal blows out of there like a suitcase bomb.

"Joe Alexander," the announcer is saying, "Alexander the Great. The horse is called Slick Rock, and let me tell you this horse can buck."

Slick Rock leaps and twists, but Alexander is up there like a vestigial limb. Way out of the money, he rides him with a vengeance. The judges give him an eightytwo, the top bareback score for the night.

At the end of his ride, the pickup men gallop in and lift Alexander from his tiny margin of a saddle. He drops to the ground and wades through the ridged dirt without taking a single look at the scoreboard. Red Smith of the New York Times dubbed him Alexander the Great, and truer words were never written. No one else has ever come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



By Tad Szulc

resolutely braced myself for the ordeal.

My "ordeal" in the backseat of the cruiser was swift. I was handed a plastic-balloon device and told to blow hard into it. The chief cop then checked the gauge and, rather wistfully (and unaware that I spoke Polish), said to his partner, "Oh, shit—he didn't drink enough for us to run him in."

This story emphasizes two major facts of life in much of Eastern Europe. One is that heavy drinking and often alcoholism are perceived to be a major social problem. The other is that Warsaw, like other Eastern European capitals, has entered the automotive age with a vengeance. Private-car ownership is widespread and steadily mounting—although it is an economic mystery how people can afford the enormously expensive automobiles and gasoline on their incredibly low official salaries—and the traffic jam has become the latest example of Eastern European consumerism progress.

Eastern Europe is hell-bent on westernizing itself in every possible sense of the word. After thirty years or so of Communist governments, the new generations (to say nothing of the older generations that still think in prewar terms) are overwhelmingly oriented toward the West. Their models are Paris, Rome, London, and New York—certainly not Moscow, whose life-style is regarded with essential contempt.

The Soviet Union's domination of Eastern Europe is a fact of life that most people accept with the kind of resignation with which they accept the weather. Eastern Europeans bitch about the Soviets as one bitches about bad weather, knowing that it can't be influenced. The local governments no longer mind the bitching, so long as it doesn't get too loud and create acute political problems with the Russians (as it has in the past and may again); and, in fact, the most biting jokes about the Soviet Union seem to originate in the highest Communist party circles.

Meanwhile Eastern Europe is fascinated with what the West has to offer, from the most frivolous to the most sublime. That such governments as the Polish, the Hungarian, and the Yugoslav are nowadays relatively permissive about letting their people travel freely to the West—close to 1 million Yugoslavs are actually living and working in more affluent Western Europe, frequently returning home on vacations—adds to this intense desire to westernize.

To the extent that the Iron Curtain still exists, it now separates the Soviet Union from the rest of Europe, including Eastern Europe. This fact is instantly apparent in terms of improving living standards, societal expectations, overall sophistication, and cultural mobility.

"Warsaw is to Moscow what Paris is to Warsaw when it comes to the way we live," a young Polish economist told me with considerable pride as he maneuvered his Polski Fiat 1500 through the heavy, late-afternoon traffic in Warsaw. The hideous Palace of Culture, Stalin's gift to the Poles after the war, loomed ahead of us as an

unpleasant reminder of Soviet sway, but our destination, a block or so away, was the new, sixteen-story Forum Hotel, built by a Swedish construction firm and operated by New York's Intercontinental Hotels Corporation

Although most of the hotel's clientele are foreigners—who can afford its steep prices, rather than Poles who, by and large, cannot—the Forum's bar and the restaurants cater principally to Poles, who somehow find the money for drinks and food. It is a status symbol for the new and growing urban moneyed class, which has mysteriously sprung up under the wings of socialism.

Last fall Intercontinental opened a second hotel in Warsaw, the Victoria, which is the only hotel with an indoor swimming pool in Eastern Europe. There are new Intercontinental hotels in Prague, Budapest, and Bucharest, and in Belgrade the Yugoslavs have built their own supermodern Jugoslavia Hotel. To be sure, all these hotels are



Young people
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want to
look Western—and they'll
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trouble or expense
to achieve it.



meant for the masses of Western businessmen and tourists filling Eastern Europe year-round, but their existence underscores the strengthening ties with the West.

The hunger for the West takes different forms. The most obvious are dress and music.

A veritable passion for blue jeans, for example, has developed throughout Eastern Europe in imitation of the United States and Western Europe. Young (and not so young) Poles, Hungarians, and others simply want to look Western, and they will go to no end of trouble and expense to achieve that end.

In fact, in March Yugoslav police discovered a wire bridge, which was used to transport thousands of pairs of blue jeans from Italy to Yugoslavia. The seizure of the bridge, which ran over the Idria River between Yugoslavia and Italy, temporarily halted the "Italian Connection," but, of course, the Eastern European addiction to blue jeans continues. Whereas not so long ago a desirable gift from the West was American cigarettes or Scotch whiskey, today's visitor is expected to bring jeans, new or used (and the more scroungy the

better as far as boys and girls are concerned). Jeans of rather abominable quality are now manufactured in Poland and Hungary, and they sell faster than the state enterprises can produce them. When word circulated in Warsaw last fall that a local state-run department store had received a shipment of American blue jeans, a huge line formed at dawn in front of the building. The supply sold out in an hour, even though the pants cost the equivalent of \$30, roughly one-fifth of a reasonably good monthly salary. (Contraband jeans sell for upwards of \$100.) And there is a brisk trade in Levi tabs that can be sewn onto the back pockets of locally made jeans. Cast-off United States Army fatigue jackets are in high demand, and the authorities in Communist Warsaw couldn't care less if young Poles wear "U.S. Army" insignias.

Because of the high price of textiles, the average Eastern European man tends to dress rather shabbily. Many, however, bring more up-to-date suits from trips to the West. Women's attire ranges from careless to quite soigné, particularly in Warsaw and Budapest. More affluent women have their private dressmakers. In Budapest I met a young woman who had good connections and had shoes made to order ("I can wear only custom-made or Italian shoes," she confided) at sixty dollars a pair, a huge amount in terms of Hungarian salaries.

The other form of intense Western-oriented expression in Eastern Europe is music. Long gone are the days when jazz was forbidden as "decadent capitalist" music making. Nowadays jazz and jazz blues are by far the most popular musical forms: they are played continually on the radio in every city, sold on records, and played in cafés and restaurants, although, for the old-timers, there are always waltzes, tangos, and slow fox trots.

Even rock music is widely played in much of Eastern Europe, unchallenged by the once-puritanical authorities. At Krokodyl, a cavernous nightclub in a basement on Warsaw's lovely, ancient Old Town square, painstakingly rebuilt after Nazi destruction, rock reigns supreme, with Polish long-hair groups alternating with blaring British and American records.

The underlying phenomenon in Eastern Europe is the clash between old and new ways, the breathless effort to modernize—and to westernize—within the framework of the socialist systems. It produces contradictions of every sort, affecting daily lives on all levels as citizens of each of these countries strive for a sense of identity. And these contradictions have created an overpowering cynicism on just about everybody's part—a cynicism that is a defense mechanism against the pressures of the two-steps-forward and one-step-backward process of change in Eastern Europe.

The greatest single social force the Communist governments must face is consumerism. The revolution in consumer expectations has forced these governments to build or import automobiles, color-televi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF US!

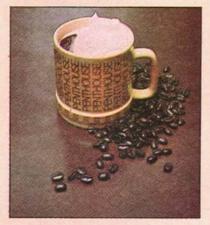


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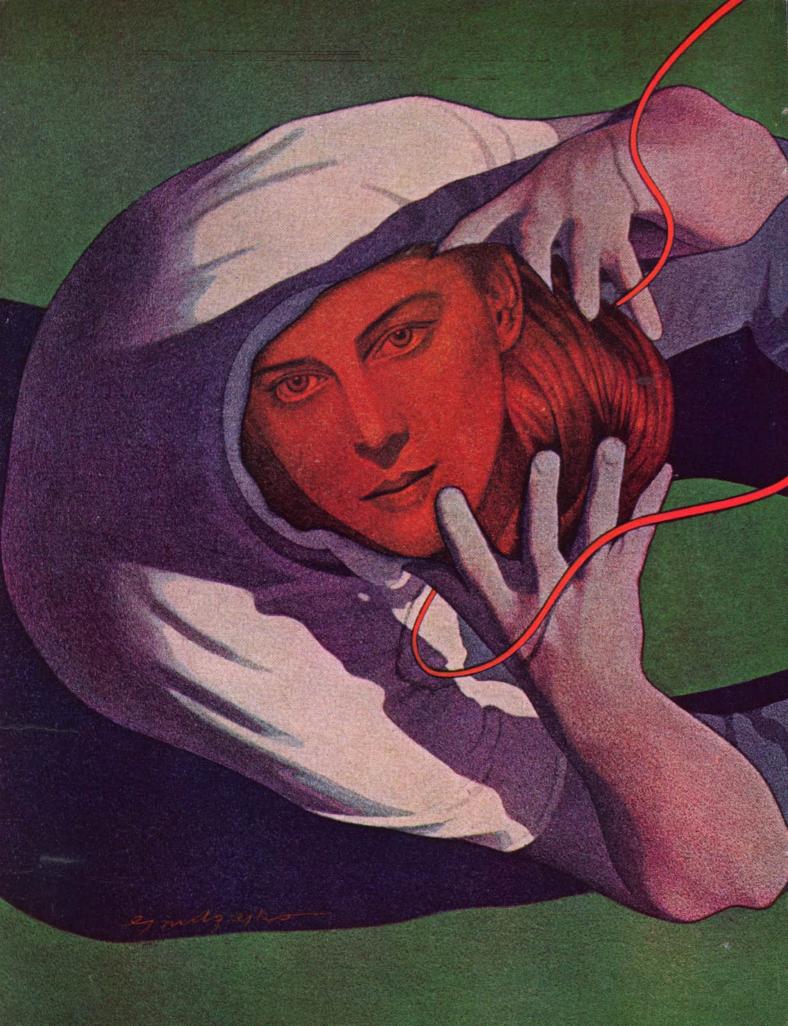




12 oz. ceramic mug, beige with PENTHOUSE key logo. A \$5.00 retail value.

Check your preference on the card and look forward to receiving the most provocative and entertaining magazine a man ever had and your free gift.

Go ahead . . . take advantage of us.



Over lunch that day Honorious discussed the situation with his oldest friend, Earl Ungerfjord. "It's damned unfair of them," Honorious said. "Somebody up there is persecuting me. But why? I'm no rebel. I know as well as anyone that marriage is the minimum social transaction and the foundation of the State's security. Hell, I even want to get married! I just haven't found the right one yet."

"Perhaps you're being too fussy," Ungerfjord suggested. He had been married for almost a month. Human relationships

seemed quite simple to him.

Honorious shook his head. "Right now I'd settle for anything short of a disaster. The trouble is, despite computer profiles and modern-matchup techniques, you can't tell whether you'll pick a good one until you try it out, and then it's too late."

"Yes," Ungerfjord said complacently, "that is the situation most people find them-

selves in.'

"Are there exceptions?"

"As a matter of fact, there is a way around a good deal of the uncertainty. I used it myself. It's how I found Janie. I hadn't mentioned it before because I know you don't like to do illegal things,'

'Of course I try to live ethically," Honorious said. "But this is really important, and I'm prepared to be flexible. Who do I have

to kill?"

"It's not as bad as that," Ungerfjord said. He scribbled an address. "Go and speak to Mr. Euler. He is head of Clandestine Computer Services, Tell him I sent you."

Clandestine Computer Services had located for the moment in a suite of dusty offices in the derelict Lincoln Center area, where it masqueraded under the title "Used Softwear Jobbers, Inc." Euler's secretary, a pretty and efficient young woman named Dinah Grebs, showed Honorious into Euler's private office. Euler was a short, plump, balding, friendly, red-cheeked little man with intelligent brown eyes and a disarming manner. He had decorated his office to look like an English drawing room but had succeeded only in making it look like a corner of a furniture warehouse.

"You've come to the right place," Euler assured him once the problem had been explained. "The State demands that we marry for the sake of social stability, since it is well known that most malcontents, rebels, psychopaths, child molesters, social reformers, anarchists, and the like are single—unmarried persons who have nothing to do but selfishly care for themselves and plot the overthrow of the State. Marriage is therefore the obligatory act of loyalty to one's government. And of course no one disputes this or any of the other findings of the National Board of Mothers. We all accept the necessity of marriage; we stipulate only that it should be a good one, or at least tolerable, since that best serves both the individual and the State."

"Yes," Honorious said, "that is why I came here. Do you have any practical-

Euler was not to be robbed of his perora-

tion, "What is needed is a scientific means of taking the guesswork out of marriage. The computerized matchups are not good enough; we need a way to look at the actual events of one's proposed marriage and then to make up one's mind about it. We need to see how it plays before we set it to running in our homes for sixty or seventy years.

"If only we could!" Honorious said. "But it is impossible. Or do you happen to know a talented gypsy with a working crystal ball?"

"There is a way," Euler said, smiling.

"Has someone invented a time ma-

"You know it under a different name. You call it the Political Factors Synthesizer and

"I've heard about it," Honorious said. "It's that super computer that's hidden under a mountain in North Dakota and is always figuring out what one country is going to perpetrate on some other country. But I don't see what it could say about my future



Our machine can lay out your future with any woman whatsoever and simulate the results for you alone.



wife unless she happened to be a general or something.

'Consider, Mr. Honorious! Here is a machine designed to predict and simulate interactions between various groups and subgroups of people. What if it were used to predict and simulate the probable interactions between two individuals?"

"That would be great," Honorious said. "But the PFSS is guarded tighter than Fort

"My boy, it is easy to guard gold but difficult to hide information, even if you put a mountain over it! In the hands of corrupt or idealistic operators, the very input channels upon which the Simulator depends for information can be converted to output. I won't even hint as to how we have our ways. I will say only that the Simulator can lay out your probable future with any woman whatsoever and simulate the results for you alone.'

"I don't see how you can get within ten miles of the Simulator.'

"We don't have to. We are in possession of a captive terminal outlet."

Honorious whistled softly under his breath, marveling at the cool effrontery of this pleasant little man who stood there before him, "Mr. Euler, when can I begin?"

They quickly settled the matter of fee. and Euler consulted a schedule. "Since your case is urgent, I can give you ten minutes of computer time the day after tomorrow. Be here at noon, and Miss Grebs will take you to the terminal and instruct you about the procedure. Don't forget to bring the data cards for you and your prospective wives!"

Honorious was prompt for his appointment. In an envelope he carried data cards for fifteen prospective wives. These women had been selected for him by Computerized Marriage Matchup Services, an exclusive Madison Avenue Agency that had hand-picked these fifteen out of the National Availability Pool of Single American Women (NAPOSAW) on the basis of answers to 1,006 carefully chosen questions. These women were known to Honorious only by their numbers, anonymity being preserved until an official pairbonding decision had been made. These women had all elected instant-available status; thus all Honorious had to do was signify his willingness to marry any one of them, and that would be that. (Honorious's data card showed that, among other things, he was tall, curly-haired, goodlooking, of stable temperament, kind to children and small animals, and pulled in thirty-five thousand a year as youngest president in the history of Glip Electronics. In short, he had unlimited prospects before him. Most candidates were willing to take a chance on specs like these; Honorious was the kind of marital mistake that many women would like to make.)

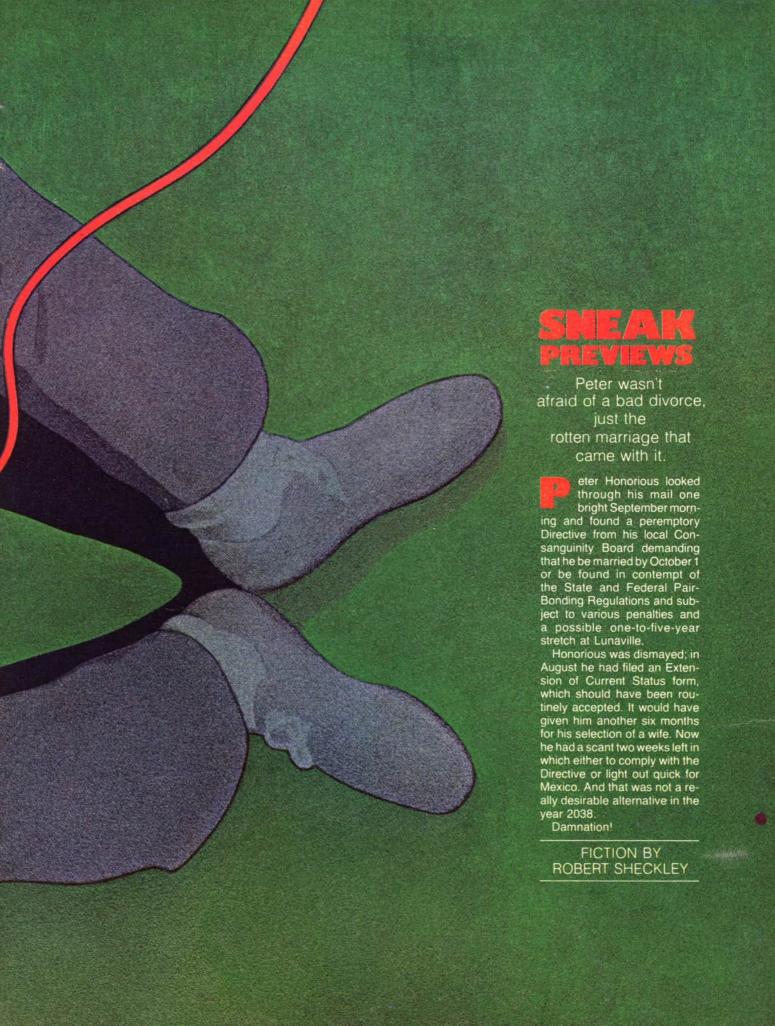
Miss Grebs took Honorious to a used-car lot on DeKalb Avenue. The computer terminal was hidden there, in the back of a furniture van. Two technicians, disguised as derelicts, led Honorious into the blacked-out inner room where the terminal softly hummed. They put him into the command chair and fastened psychometallic electrodes to his forehead and wrists.

Miss Grebs took the cards. "You'll only have time for one of them today," she said. "You'll be getting five years' events compressed into ten minutes of real time; so stay on your toes. Which card shall I do?"

"It doesn't matter," Honorious said. "They're all alike. The cards, I mean. Take the top one."

Miss Grebs fed the card into the terminal. It made soft noises, and Honorious felt a tingling behind his eyes. His vision grew misty. When it cleared, he was looking at himself and a pretty, petite girl with long, dark hair. This was Miss 1734-AV-2103C.

The information was presented to him in a series of visual vignettes and montages. He saw himself and 1734 first eating dinner together in a quaint Italian restaurant and then strolling down Bleecker Street hand in hand. Now they were in Washington Square beside the fountain, and she was playing a guitar and singing a folk song. How pretty she was! How happy they









Instead of using stronger tobacco, Viceroy uses *more*¹ tobacco & a *lower*² 'tar' blend than Winston or Marlboro.

The result is a mild, fully packed cigarette with an extra satisfying taste.

And yes, lower 'tar' than Winston or Marlboro.

 DURING 1976, VICEROY KINGS HAD, BY WEIGHT, 22-35 MGS: MORE TOBACCO THAN WINSTON KINGS AND 40-52 MGS. MORE TOBACCO THAN MARLBORO KINGS (AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE).

2. VICEROY HAS A UNIQUE, AGED-BLEND OF NATURALLY LOW TAR' TOBACCOS AND A SPECIAL PROCESS THAT ALLOWS THE USE OF MORE PARTS OF THE TOBACCO LEAF THAT ARE LOW IN 'TAR' (VICEROY 16 MGS. 'TAR', WINSTON 19 MGS. 'TAR', MARLBORO 18 MGS. 'TAR', AVERAGE PER CIGARETTE, FTC REPORT, DECEMBER, 1976.)

seemed! Next they were lying together in front of a tiny fireplace in a small apartment on Gay Street. She had taken to parting her hair in the middle. She wore sunglasses and was reading a script; she was going to be in a movie! But nothing came of it, and next they were living in a stunning apartment on Sutton Place, and she was sullenly frying hamburgers for his dinner. (They had quarreled. They weren't talking; he read his Wall Street Journal, and she studied her astrology books.) And now they lived in Connecticut in a beautiful, old house with a split-rail fence and a big, sunny nursery, which they used as a storage room. He did a lot of lonely skiing that winter while she studied tantra at a Buddhist study group in Maryland. When she returned, she had cut her hair short and she could sit interminably in full lotus. Her unblinking gaze looked right through him, and she found lovemaking an unwelcome distraction from her mandalic visualizations. A year later they no longer lived together. She had joined an ashram outside of Schenectady, and he had a girl friend in Brattleboro. And that was enough of Miss 1734. The next available simulator time was three days later.

The second one, Miss 3543, was a tall, rangy, merry girl with sandy hair and a fetching spray of freckles across the bridge of her nose. She and Honorious set up housekeeping in Malibu, where she played tennis every day and read interiordecorating magazines. How beautiful she looked as she served him his Waldorf salad beside the barbeque pit while the cocker spaniel rollicked at his feet! Then they were in Paris, the spaniel had become a sadeved dachshund, and she was very drunk in Montparnasse and shouting something abusive at him. Then there were similar scenes in Rome, Villefranche, Ibiza. She was a lush now, and they seemed to have acquired a child but misplaced the dachshund, and then there was another child and two cats, and then a housekeeper to keep it all together while 3543 dried out in a very good sanitorium near Grissons. And here they were in London. She was always sober now, a tall, skinny, serious woman who held her mouth in a funny way while she handed out Scientology leaflets in Trafalgar Square, and that was the end of five years with Miss 3543.

All that Honorious could remember about the third one was that she had begun as a charming, shy girl who glorified his Easthampton twilights with her long, sexy, silences. Two years later, in a suite at the Cattleman in Tulsa, he was screaming at her, "Say something, dummy! Anything! Just for Chrissakes speak!" Number four discovered her secret talent at age twenty-seven and became a roller-derby star. Number five was the suicidal one who never got around to it. Or was that number six?

By September 29, after viewing fourteen of his potential marriages, Honorious had become alarmed and despondent. He went

to his final appointment in a state of heavy gloom, almost resigned to contract an alliance with number eleven, the Giggler with the Two Stupid Brothers. At least she was not totally disastrous.

For security reasons the terminal had been taken from its DeKalb Avenue location and set up in a washroom down the hall from Euler's office. Honorious plugged in and saw himself walking on a beach at Martha's Vineyard with 6903, a nicelooking, brown-haired girl who reminded him of somebody he had once known. Here they were walking across the George Washington Bridge, very happy and quite unaware of what lay in store for them as next they ate goat's cheese and drank wine on a limestone rock that jutted out over the Aegean. Here they were on a long, rocky plain with white-capped mountains rising in the distance. Tibet? Peru? And then they were in Miami; she was wearing his raincoat, and they were running in the rain, laughing. And then they were in a low, white



The State
demands that we marry,
since unmarried
persons have nothing
to do but plot the
overthrow
of the State.



house somewhere, very much in love, and he was walking up and down the living room with their colicky baby—and that was the end of the five-year forecast.

Honorious went at once to Euler's office. "Euler!" he cried. "I've found her at last! I think I'm in love with 6903!"

"Congratulations, my boy," Euler said. "I was beginning to worry. When do you want to make the pair-bonding agreement?"

"I'll do it right now," Honorious said. "Turn on the public-records machine! Yes, 6903 is quite an attractive number, isn't it? I wonder what her name is?"

"I can find that out for you immediately," Euler said. "This is Clandestine Computer Services, you know! Let me punch that number into the data processor . . . Right. She is Miss Dinah Grebs of 4885 Railroad Street, Flushing, Queens."

"I think I have heard that name before," Honorious said.

"So have I," Euler said. "It's hauntingly familiar, Grebs, Grebs . . . "

"Did you call me, sir?" asked Miss Grebs from the other room.

"It's you!" Euler cried.

"It's her!" Honorious cried. "I thought she looked familiar! She is 6903!"

It took a moment for Euler to assimilate this. Then he said sternly, "Miss Grebs, can you tell me how your data card happened to get into Mr. Honorious's selected list of candidates?"

"I will explain that to Mr. Honorious alone," she said in a shaky but defiant voice

After Euler had left, Honorious and Grebs confronted each other. Honorious said, "Would you mind telling me why, Miss Grebs?"

"Well, you are a good catch," said Dinah Grebs. "But actually I fell for you the first time you came here. I could see at once that you and I were perfect for each other. I didn't need the most complicated machine in the world to tell me that. But your high-class matrimonial service wouldn't even process my card, and you never looked at me. I wanted you, Honorious; so I did what I had to do in order to get you, and I've got nothing to be ashamed of!"

"I see," Honorious said. "I must tell you that in my opinion you don't have a valid legal claim on me. However, I will not object to making a reasonable cash settlement for your time and trouble."

"Did I really hear that?" Grebs asked.
"You're offering me money to let you go?"

"Certainly," Honorious said. "I want to do the fair thing."

"Wow," Grebs said. "Well, it won't cost you one cent to get rid of me. As a matter of fact, you just lost me."

"Now wait a minute," Honorious said. "I really object to the tone you're taking in this. I am the injured party, you know, not you."

"You are the injured party? I fall in love with you, cheat, and perjure myself for you, make a fool of myself in front of you, and you stand there and tell me that you are the injured party!"

"But you tried to trap me! I suppose you tampered with the data cards, too?"

"That's right. I'm sure any of them will be suitable for your simple-minded needs. I recommend number three, the one who doesn't talk. At least you'll win some arguments that way."

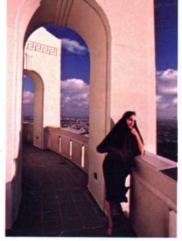
Honorious said something that sounded like a curse and moved closer to her. Grebs swung her fist at him. Honorious seized her wrist, and they found themselves, not exactly in each other's arms, but definitely in contact and breathing hard. They looked at each other.

Love, the secret and unofficial heart of pair-bonding behavior, is a force to be reckoned with but never predicted. Love supersedes all other directives and cancels previous obligations. The shared look of love is love's preview, presenting a foretaste of the joys and sorrows to come, and setting into motion the automatic mating machinery upon which the success and stability of the State depends.

Later Honorious said, "Hey, was that future of ours for real? Or did you doctor up your own data?"

"You'll just have to wait and find out," Dinah said, not for the last time. O







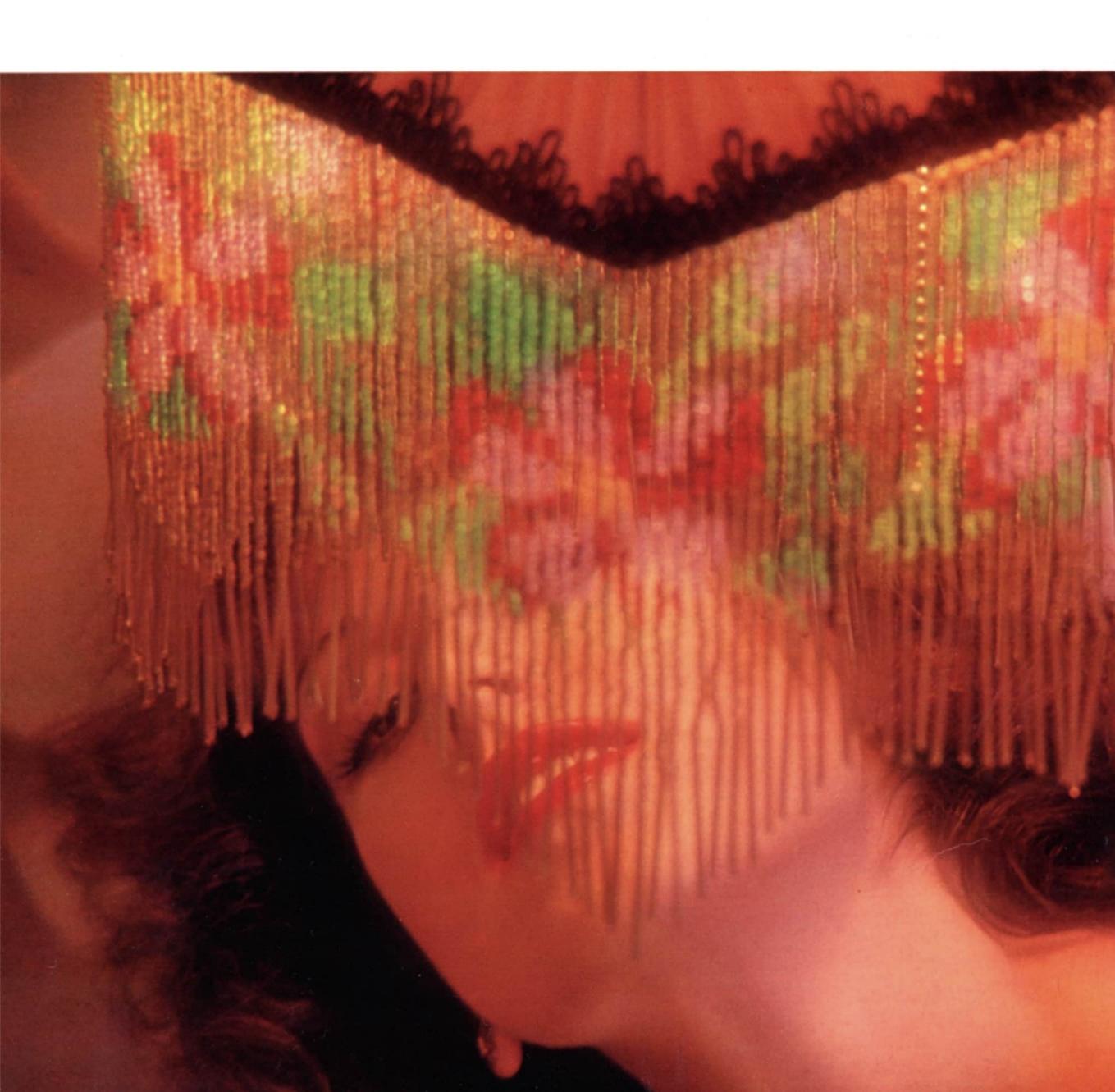


BARBARA



FETCHING FRÄULEIN

ntithetical to the popular notion that German girls are big, grinning, lumpy frauleins with as much sex appeal as a boiled dumpling stands the exquisitely fashioned (36-24-35) Barbara Corser, this month's pet paean to the living (erotic) arts. Doe-eyed Barbara, who was born in Munich twenty-four years ago, now lives in Los Angeles, where she enjoys modeling but hates the stereotyped image associated with it. "I simply want to be accepted as something more than an ornament," she says. "There is more to me than a sexy first impression."





















"A man doesn't have to be incredibly beautiful. If he is beautiful on the inside, then he will be attractive on the outside. If a man is self-confident and likes himself, that turns me on more than anything else. I have very open relationships with my men. They understand that while I care about them, it will not stop me from having an affair with another man who attracts me. I try to keep them all friends. . . . When you are open enough, you are not afraid that your lover will leave you. Women are attractive to me, too. I have gone to bed with another woman, not because I have any special lesbian tendencies, but because it seemed instinctively right at the time."



One moment I can be a child—running naked on the beach—and later that night I will turn into a sophisticated and cool lady.



"I like to act out fantasies with my man. What I do is to play a role, a different character, each night. If I think it will please both of us if I dress up in a garter belt and stockings and outrageous clothes, I will do that. If I suddenly get the idea to touch him or go down on him in the car while he's driving, then I will do that, too! If my man decides that he wants me to tie him to the bed and make love to him, tease him, then we will try that. One moment I can be a child—running naked on the beach, laughing and hiding from him—and later that night I will turn into a sophisticated and cool lady. That's where the fun is! I am a creature of magic moods."











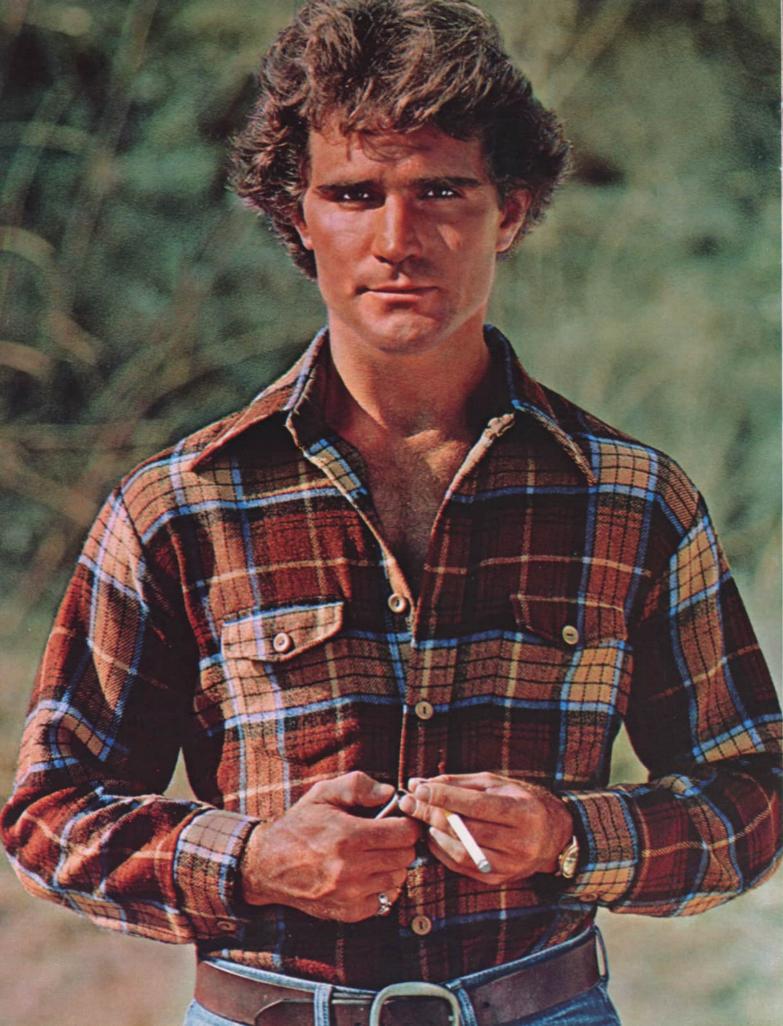


"One of the most erotic experiences I ever had was at a costume party. My date went as a monk, dressed in a long, flowing robe, with nothing on underneath. I dressed the same way with a mask. We flirted madly at the party so that by the time we got to the car, I was so excited I couldn't stand it. I pulled up his robe and made love to him right there." Now that's a habit we'd all like to get into. O









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ADVISE AND DISSENT OPINION

IS MAN BORN TO KILL?

(A New Look at Evil)

One of the most deeply held myths about the animal kingdom is that animals seldom, if ever, attack other members of their own species, while man has lost his purity and turned toward outright murder of his own kind. Muggings, knifings, shootings, lynchings, riots, massacres, and wars are all said to show our essential depravity.

Man, many people believe, is the only creature that has lost all sense of preservation of the species, the only animal that murders. Sometimes they even make it sound as if humans were beasts, but animals were humane. This popular concept is, however, flatly wrong. It is based on ignorance and fallacious interpretations of what few facts have been available.

The truth is that we are not descended from killer ancestors: we are not the bloodiest of creatures on the earth; we do not bear the mark of Cain. We are descended from apelike creatures that hunted animals for food; we are among the most pacific

of the larger animal species; and, if we bear any mark at all, it is a capacity for empathy, for kindness, for decency—for what may simply be called humane behavior.

Although the era of intensive, objective observation of wild-animal behavior is still young and relatively few species are known well, it is already known that many animals are far less peaceable within their species than is man.

'The annals of lethal violence among vertebrate species are beginning to lengthen," says Edward O. Wilson, the distinguished Harvard University zoologist, in his book Sociobiology. "Murder is far more common and, hence, 'normal' in many vertebrate species than in man. I have been impressed how such behavior becomes apparent only when the observation time devoted to a species passes the thousand-hour mark. Only one murder per thousand hours per observer is

By Boyce Rensberger

Rensberger, who is a veteran science reporter for the New York Times, has just published The Cult of the Wild (Doubleday), from which this article has been adapted. 1977 by Boyce Rensberger.

still a great deal of violence by human standards."

Take the African lion as an example. Out of all the scores of thousands of lions in Africa, George Schaller randomly selected a few prides of, typically, ten to twenty lions each and observed them for an arbitrary span of time.

Although Schaller studied many hundreds of lions in some 2,900 hours of observation during the three years that he spent in the Serengeti National Park, he was able to make repeated observations on fewer than 200 individuals; and the vast majority of these were seen only infrequently. Still Schaller recorded fourteen killings of one lion by another. If we assume that Schaller had all 200 lions under surveillance for the entire 2.900 hours, which amounts to about a third of a year, the lion murder rate works out to be about 2,000 times as high as that of the United States. which has one of the highest murder rates of all the countries in the world. Even if we assume that the fourteen

killings that Schaller recorded were all that occurred among all 2,400 lions estimated to live in the Serengeti during the full three years he was there, the murder rate still works out to be nineteen times that of the United States.

Schaller may have happened into the Serengeti at a particularly bad time for lions, a time when there was an unusual level of violence toward one's own kind. But probably he did not. Because the violence levels were more or less constant during the three years of his study and because he found one pride of lions to be about as violent as another, it is more likely that the level of violence and murder Schaller saw was about normal for lions.

Can it be true that people are so much more peaceable than the seemingly placid lions? Let us assume, as Professor Wilson once suggested, that a scientist from another planet is

6 The killer-ape theory offers mankind an escape from guilt: we are born this way and we can't help it. 9

visiting earth to make a long-term behavioral study of a few, typical earthling families. Let us assume that our alien observer is able to watch the goings-on in your house without your knowledge and that he has done so for the past three years, the period Schaller used for observing the lions. Would he have seen one member of your family attacking another violently enough to break bones or to draw blood? Would he have seen someone murdered in your house? What about the homes of your friends? If human beings were as murderous as lions, there would be one or two slayings on the typical suburban block every year, and a dozen or two annually in the typical apartment-house block.

But what, one might ask, about all the violence reported in the newspapers? It happens in other homes and in distant places, but those are human beings killing one another. In recent years the murder rate in the United States has been around nine to ten killings for every 100,000 people. This means that our alien anthropologist would have to observe 10,000 people continuously for a full year in order to witness a

single murder.

But a "people are beasts" proponent might argue at this point that only man makes war, killing tens of thousands in massive nonstop carnage. Only among human beings could a Hitler arise and order the slaughter of millions of his own kind.

While it is largely true that animals do not engage in group battles (there are some exceptions, such as wolves), the statistics still do not make man out to be among the more violent of creatures. Even during the overwhelming violence of World War II, the rate of killing did not approach that of Schaller's lions.

Although other wars have also taken similarly horrifying tolls, it is still true that, over the long run, including the relatively long periods when there were no major wars, the rate of human killing averages out to be considerably less than that among lions and all the other large animals studied to date.

None of this should be taken to mean that the level of violence among human beings is in any way excusable. The killing of a single human being is a deplorable act, warranting every possible effort to prevent further violence. However, there is little to be gained by focusing on the acts of a very small minority of human beings and by using them to suggest that our entire species is violent or sick.

But it is no surprise that people should consider the human race unusually violent toward itself. Through the mass media a single killing may become known to millions. Over a month's time it would not be unusual to learn in considerable detail about a dozen murders in one's own city or state. Our thinking about these killings seldom includes a calculation of the millions of unharmed people among whom the murder victims lived.

When confronted with the fact of many killings of one person by another, one naturally wonders whether there is not some violent streak in man, whether we do not bear the "curse of Cain." People have, of course, long philosophized about

such a thing.

In the course of the past fifteen years, the idea has gained the appearance of scientific credibility through Robert Ardrey's African Genesis, which popularized an old theory that was evolved by Raymond Dart, a South African anatomist. Dart held that man was descended from a "killer ape." whose murderous instincts remain deeply ingrained in us despite a veneer of civility. For many of the thousands who read the book and for many of the millions who heard about it, the theory remains a chilling but plausible explanation for the apparent brutality of modern man. The idea even offers some escape from guilt: we are born this way, and we can't help it. The killer-ape hypothesis, however, is an idea whose time has gone. In fact, most of the leading scientists who study the evolution of man say that the theory was never accepted. Despite Ardrey's skillful use of his dramatist's talents to tell a compelling tale, few scientists have found enough hard evidence to support the notion. But the impact of Ardrey's book has been so pervasive and, in my view, so damaging that it warrants detailed examination.

The blood-drenched story that Ardrey presents as inescapable scientific truth has its roots, not in evidence and not in Africa, but in Ardrey's own emotions about Africa. Ardrey's visit to Africa, during which he conceived much of the book, was initially to report on Kenya's Mau Mau uprising. His first exposure to the fossils, upon the ambiguous features of which much of his argument rests, was colored by tales he had heard from white settlers terrified by rumors of Mau Mau murders.

"I sampled in the terror-brightened streets of Nairobi the primal dreads of a primal continent," Ardrey wrote in African



 There's nothing wrong with good, oldfashioned missionary sex.

FANCY

Ithough her figure is noticeably rounder, Jasmine Elliott sometimes thinks that she is Peter Pan. "I don't think I'll really ever grow up," says this greeneyed twenty-three-year-old. "I like a free, unfettered life. When I wake up in the morning, I want to look forward to a day without the usual hum-drum responsibilities. I want to be able to roam wherever my fancy takes me." Usually, Jasmine's very fancy 37-23-35 form can be seen wandering around Laurel Canyon, which is, she thinks, "a perfect place to live. I've got the beauty of the canyon and the lights of Hollywood next door."





For Jasmine, freedom's just another word for everything to gain. "My life is like one continuous party. I'm a very outgoing person, I get excited very easily, and I know how to have a good time. Usually, I go out with musicians. They're not afraid to try anything. I'm especially fond of men with long hair and tight pants—very tight pants. Sexually, I'm really into oral sex. Lots and lots. I like to get it, and I love to give it. Of course, there's nothing wrong with good, old-fashioned missionary sex either. As far as I'm concerned, anything goes! I fantasize a lot, and my biggest fantasy is having sex with two men at once—preferably two men I've never seen before in my life—who take me by surprise. No one says a word. They won't, and I can't."

There's something exciting about making love while a movie camera is taking in every detail.











"One thing I'm anxious to get serious about is my career. I don't have one yet, but I'd like very much to make it as a model. Lots of men have told me that I have the face and figure for modeling. Once someone asked me if I'd like to star in his porn movie. I have to admit that the idea turned me on. There's something really exciting about the idea of making love while a movie camera is taking in every detail! But after thinking about it, I declined. I still like a little privacy in my sex life! And maybe it isn't so easy to mix business with pleasure. I guess I'll have to wait and see." O







THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

From mail we have received, from our contact with various Vietnam veterans self-help organizations, and from discussions with Vietnam veterans in schools, hospitals, and unemployment lines, *Penthouse* concludes that, as a group, Vietnam veterans have all but given up on our government as the means to recovering or discovering a deservedly better life.

In case after case, the story is the same for those who actually fought the war—primarily underprivileged and minority-group individuals. They can't find jobs, are rejected for on-the-job training, can't afford (literally) to make use of the GI Bill, are priced out of the housing market, are effectively denied legal assistance, encounter incredible problems in receiving proper health care from Veterans Administration hospitals, find that psychological and readjustment counseling is woefully inadequate or nonexistent, and so on.

Each of these problems cries out for prompt solution, and not one of them is beyond the capacity and ability of our nation. Yet for years nothing has been done. Why?

According to Bob Hill, national director of the Veterans' Education and Training Service (a project of the National League of Cities and the U.S. Conference of Mayors): "The problem is that many Americans, in sweeping from their minds the debris of an unpopular and costly war, have also purged from their consciousness those who fought in Vietnam and who have served

elsewhere. . . . There is amongst us a veteran population that is unlike any veterans' contingent in our nation's history." Hill adds: "The Vietnam-era veteran is forgotten. But he is not gone."

If Hill is right—and various studies as well as testimony from Vietnam veterans themselves indicate that he is—what may we expect in the future from our approximately 7.8 million Vietnam-era veterans?

According to Sen. Henry M. Jackson (Dem.-Wash.): "When the veterans have been disappointed and turned down by society, they eventually turn on that society."

Penthouse doesn't completely share Senator Jackson's view. But it is nonetheless clear, from our own and other sources, that the attitudes of Vietnam-era veterans toward American society (and especially toward the U.S. government) reveal an almost resigned sense of alienation and skepticism regarding the ability of our national leaders and institutions to solve any real problem. As one former

Vietnam-veteran activist has put it: "Look, man, I'm tired of fighting the attitudes of Americans who look at me and other vets as drug-crazed killers of women and children and who, for reasons of their own, want to blame me for fighting and losing their stupid war." Another said: "What's fair? I got a piece of bad paper for blowing grass after my outfit was wiped out in the Delta, and Nixon got a pardon and a pension for trying to steal the country."

These and similar comments do not seem to reflect the kind of vindictive hostility described by Senator Jackson. Rather, they reveal a weary determination on the part of Vietnam veterans henceforth to "sit in the house by the side of the road"—to let someone else, in the future, have the chance to make unrewarded sacrifices.

It's little wonder the Vietnam veteran is slightly paranoid. To him it would almost appear that there is a legislative and

bureaucratic conspiracy at work. For example, the typical Vietnam veteran seeking work frequently lacks the education or training for a given job. At the same time, without a job to help pay tuition and other expenses, he cannot afford such requisite education and training. As Steve Conn of the League of Cities has noted, one must wonder what keeps the Vietnam veteran from blowing his cork completely at these Kafka-like, almost surreal Catch-22 situations.

Various sociopolitical theories have been advanced to explain why America has

treated the Vietnam veteran so shabbily. Each tends to shift the blame away from wherever it rightly belongs to the war's victims—namely, the Vietnam veterans. It has been a slick, sick trick, one which has left the Vietnam veteran at the outer margin of our society, unable to receive the benefits that are rightfully his.

Penthouse urges President Carter to get off the dime. The traditional "First Hundred Days" of grace for his administration are long over, and warmed-over campaign promises have worn thin. Now is the time for performance. Not one of the Vietnam veteran's problems has been seriously addressed, much less resolved, since January 20. Each additional day of delay, each time-wasting "restudy" of that which is already understood, is another reproof to those who served in the war—particularly in the wake of the presidential pardon of draft evaders and resisters. It is time to cut the red tape that is keeping Vietnam veterans from putting the war behind them and getting on with their lives.



The traditional
"First Hundred Days" of grace
for Carter's administration
are long over, and
warmed-over campaign promises
have worn thin. Now
is the time for performance.





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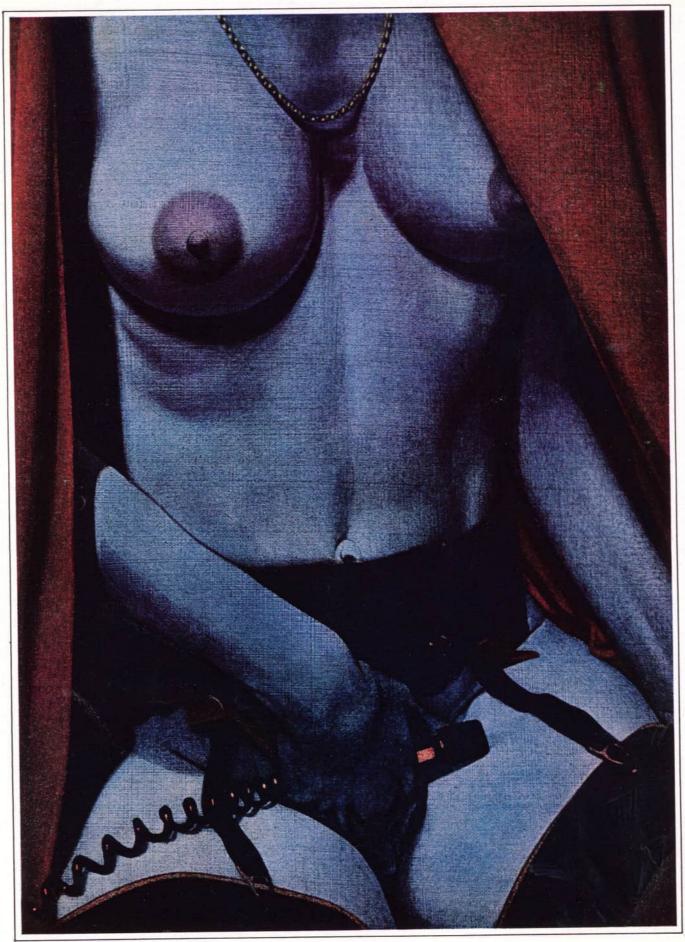
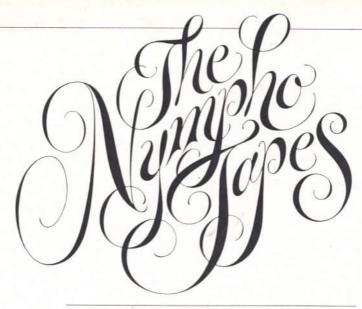


Illustration By Alex Gnidziejko



PART II

The continuing confessions of a harried nymphomaniac in which one woman reforms her sex life to cream the impossible dream.

TAPE 1

A lot of men are stupid and think I'm some kind of untouchable lady. There's a cure for guys like this. I strip down and lie on the floor in front of them and masturbate. I haven't had to do this very often. But I always do it for my hairdresser because he likes to start our lovemaking that way. Sometimes he brings a friend along, and the three of us do interesting little things together.

I felt uninhibited; I felt like experimenting. I licked his ass hole and put my fingers in it while he fucked me. On one occasion, the boy who thinks he is my boyfriend walked into the house. I stopped him in the hall. He kissed my fingers one by one, and I know that he smelled the smell of a man on my fingers. Obviously, that didn't bother him. He walked into the bedroom and extended his hand and introduced himself. "Isn't she wonderful in bed?" he asked. "I love her and hope someday to marry her." That was a freaky little scene, I must say.

I hate guys who look up and ask, "How am I doing?" Almost always, they're not doing it right. Do they expect me to say, "A little more suction, if you don't mind, and get that tongue moving faster if you can manage it, and push the head in harder, but other than that you're doing rather a good

job"? I lack a teacher's patience.

During the last several years I've taken up pimping for my friends. There are far more men hanging around me than I can possibly handle, and I have a number of married girl friends who aren't getting enough sex from their husbands and lovers. So I get the men together with the women. No, I don't get paid for it. I suppose it's not really pimping. You may call it first cousin to pimping, if you must define it.

As I've told you before, I didn't always have this high regard for sex. After that boat trip to Europe, I still couldn't achieve an orgasm.

I was in Europe for one year without one fucking climax! It wasn't until I got back to the States that I finally made the big score.

I suppose that's when my real sex life began—when I really, truly climaxed for the first time. Sure, I'd slept around a lot—I've already told you something about a couple of those experiences—but that was all just so much rubbing and friction.

TAPE 2

I had my first orgasm at the time I had Harry for my lover. But I didn't have it with him. I was alone. We had fucked all night, and he had gone off to work. I had gone downstairs to my apartment, still sexually worked up but exhausted. The muscle in the calf of my right leg

started to twitch, keeping me from sleeping. I rubbed it but the twitching continued. I took a hot bath, but that didn't help, either. No, it wasn't painful, just annoying. Well, I knew the woman across the hall had a vibrator. She had arthritis, and she used it on her hands to ease the pain; so I went to her and borrowed it to use on my leg.

I used it on my leg, and in a couple of minutes the twitching stopped. I started to go back across the hall to give it back to her when it suddenly struck me that the machine might feel nice on my clitoris. I lubricated myself and lay on my back on the bed and put the vibrator on the clit, softly at first and then, when I found it didn't hurt, with considerable pressure. In a matter of seconds I knew that the great moment was on its way. It lasted maybe sixty seconds, and it was the most glorious sensation that I'd ever felt in my entire life. The feeling started out good and just got better and better and better until the explosions came. It was so good that I cried, but even though I was crying, I didn't take the machine away. Just as soon as the surgings died away, the small, pulsing feelings began all over again. I guess during the course of the day I had some twenty or thirty orgasms.

I went out the next day and bought one of the battery-operated ones, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

Imagine watering your plants by telephone!

Or starting your home or swimming pool heater, turning on your apartment air conditioner, the sprinklers on your lawn or countless other functions you're probably thinking of right now.

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SCORING YOUR SMARTS

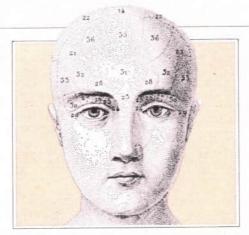
Do you remember that kid Arnold, who sat next to you in fifth grade—the skinny guy with the thick glasses and receding chin? The one whose hand shot up the minute the teacher asked a question and who always got straight A's in his math tests but held his arm over his paper so that you couldn't copy the answers? You hated Arnold, didn't you? He was a grind, an egghead, a teacher's pet. People like Arnold gave being smart a bad name.

Actually, there's nothing wrong with intelligence. In many cases, it's a decided asset. For one thing, smart

people tend to earn a lot of money. And women—canny creatures that they are—have a marked preference for brainy

Luckily, most intelligent people bear absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to the Arnold stereotype. A case in point is Mensa, an organization whose one qualification for membership is that you score in the top 2 percent of any standard IQ test, that is, have an IQ of more than 136. Mensa members include truck drivers, secretaries, bartenders, professors, housewives, and teachers—even a belly dancer exotically named Morocco and a seventy-year-old farmer. You yourself, as un-Arnoldish as you probably are, may well be Mensa material

Mensa was conceived in 1945 by an Englishman named Sir Cyril Burt. He theorized that popular trends could be predicted by polling the brightest people in society, and that they



set the patterns which others followed. Although Burt was unable to prove his theory, he decided that there was a need for an organization which would bring the intelligentsia together. He chose the Latin word *mensa*, because it means "table." It symbolizes his concept that people from all walks of life would be able to join around a table and consider each other as intellectual equals.

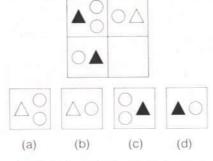
Given Mensa's 25,000 members, it would have to be one hell of a table. Mensa is an international organization, which has chapters in countries

from Japan to the Ivory Coast. If you're interested in joining, you can submit the results of an IQ test you have already taken, or you can send six dollars to Mensa, Department PH, 1701 West Third Street, Brooklyn, New York 11223, for an IQ test that you can take at home. If you score high enough, you'll be invited to take Mensa's full-scale, supervised test. If you pass it, you're then eligible to become a member of your local Mensa group.

Meanwhile, if you can't wait to chart your smarts, Dr. Max Fogel, Mensa's supervisory psychologist, has prepared a test for *Penthouse* readers. The questions are similar to those that appear on the official Mensa test. Since time is a factor in IQ tests, keep track of the amount of time that it takes to answer the following twenty-five questions. Then, so that you can rate your brainpower, see page 104 for the answers and the Mensa scoring scale.

- 1. Barbara's brother Matthew has one more brother than he has sisters. How many more brothers than sisters does Barbara have?
- 2. Which two of the following statements together prove conclusively that some girl or girls passed the chemistry exam?
 - a) Some girls are nearly as good at chemistry as boys are.
 - b) The girls taking the chemistry exam outnumbered the boys.
 - More than half the boys passed the exam.
 - d) Less than half the students failed the exam.
- 3. Underline the two words below that are most nearly opposite in meaning
 - a) aggravate
- d) improve
- b) please
- e) like
- c) enjoy
- Complete the following analogy:
 G, G, Q are to F, V, R as T, X, H are to
 - a) V, L, G b) B, F, Y
 - c) W, M, I
- d) N, Z, D e) A, B, C

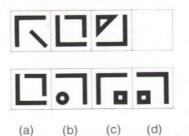
Complete the diagram:



Find the number that logically completes the series.

7, 12, 27, 72, 207

7. Complete the following series with one of the letter diagrams:



8. Write in the brackets a word that means the same as the right-hand word in one sense and the same as the left-hand word in another sense.

Example: Hire (Engage) Betroth Globule (_____) Fall

9. Complete the analogy by writing one word in the spaces, ending with the letter printed.

High is to low as sky is to

10. In the following series write in the number that follows.

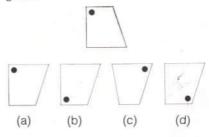
35, 28, 21 _____

- 11. If Jim turns either left or right at the stop sign, he will run out of gas before he reaches a service station. He has already gone too far past a service station to turn around and return to it before he runs out of gas. He does not see a service station ahead of him. Therefore:
 - a) He may run out of gas.
 - b) He will run out of gas.
- c) He should not have taken this route.
 - d) He is lost.

12. There is a rule of arithmetic that applies across and down. Find the rule and figure out the missing number.

6 2 4 2 ? 0 4 0 4

13. Which one of the four lower diagrams can be turned over or rotated to become the same as the upper diagram?



14. Most Penthouse readers are attractive.

All Penthouse readers are intelligent.

Therefore:

a) Attractive Penthouse readers are also intelligent.

 b) Good looks and intelligence don't mix well.

c) All intelligent *Penthouse* readers are attractive.

d) Most Penthouse readers are intelligent about their looks.

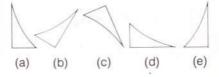
15. Which word does not belong?

a) ginb) champagne

d) burgundye) chianti

c) chablis

 Pictured below, two of the shapes represent mirror images of the same shape. Underline that pair.



17. In the group of words below, underline the two words whose meanings do not belong with the others.

a) microscope

d) telescope e) telegraph

b) telephonec) microphone

Underline the two words with the most similar meanings.

a) beam

d) ray

b) lump

e) collection

c) giggle

Find the number that logically completes the series.

9, 16, 25, 36 ____

 Complete the analogy by writing one word in the spaces ending with the letter printed.

Clock is to time as scale is to

Underline the two words in parentheses that have the same relationship as the two words in the first phrase.

Island is to water as (outside, center, diagonal, area, perimeter)

22. In the group of words below, underline the two words that are most nearly opposite in meaning.

a) procure

d) forfeit

b) retain e) purchase

c) abscond

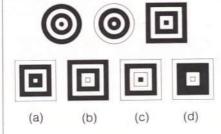
23. There is a rule of arithmetic that applies across and down the square, so that two of the numbers in a line produce the third number in each line. Write in the missing number.

6 7 13 2 5 7 8 12 ?

24. Find the number that logically completes the following series.

33, 26, _____, 12

25. Complete the following series:



Scoring Scale For Mensa Quiz

Give yourself one point for each correct answer. You also receive an additional five points if you finished the test in less than fifteen minutes, three points if you finished in less than twenty minutes, and two points if you finished in less than twenty-five minutes.

If you scored:

25-30 points:

You are quite intelligent—a perfect candidate for Mensa.

20-24 points:

This should put you in the higher percentiles of the population—definitely a Mensa candidate.

15-19 points:

Nothing to be ashamed of—a most respectable score. You should probably try the Mensa test.

Less than 15 points:

You may have to forget about joining Mensa, but you may just be having a bad day. Don't stew about it. Some of the most successful writers, businessmen, artists, and other famous people don't have exceptionally high IQs either.

Anibweise 2. (b) and (d) 3. (a) and (d) 4. (c) 5 (a) 7. Thee 2. (b) and (d) 3. (a) and (d) 4. (c) 14. (f) 15. (e) 16. (a), (e) 17. (b), (e) 17. (c) 19. 49. 20. WEIGHT 21. center, perimeter 21. (c) (d) 19. 49. 20. 24. 19. 25. (a)

HOW TO GET SMARTER

If you feel that you haven't fared well on this miniature Mensa quiz, take heart. There is widespread agreement that it's possible to improve one's IQ to some extent. "The brain," says Dr. Fogel, "like any other part of the body, can be strengthened by exercise." Although intelligence is partly hereditary, thinking is a learning experience, and we must be taught to use our brains. It's common knowledge that people use approximately 30 percent of their potential brain power; so there's definitely room for improvement.

How can you raise your IQ and live up to your intellectual potential? Dr. Fogel makes these recommendations:

Read. No, not Superman comics or the backs of cereal boxes—but Tolstoy, Thackeray, and Joyce. If you push your mind to the point where it really has to work, it may feel sore, but the exercise will strengthen it.

Go to school. Any school. Take a course that makes de-

mands on your powers of reasoning or creativity, and your mental abilities will naturally increase.

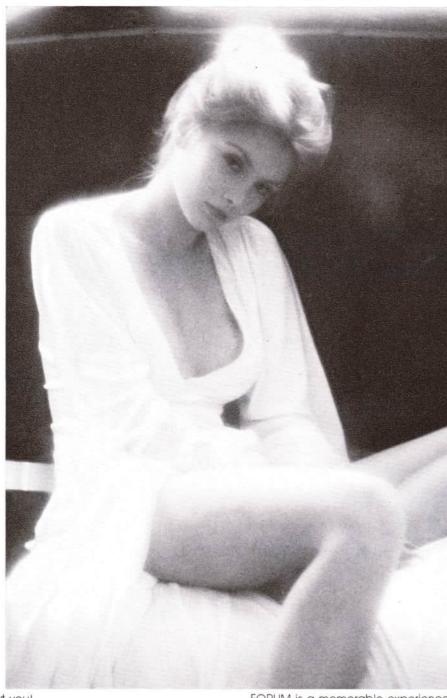
Play games. The mental gymnastics that go into a good game of chess or bridge—memory, planning ahead, and logic—are excellent brain sharpeners.

Be confident. Feelings of insecurity and a failure to develop a strong self-image will prevent you from fulfilling your potential. If you're plagued by poor self-esteem, it's a good idea to work out your problems with a professional therapist.

It's never too late to increase your brainpower. Many people muddle through their middle years and then blossom spectacularly later on. Winston Churchill's poor grammar-school record didn't keep him from becoming prime minister of England—and an internationally respected historian. And remember the German schoolboy who flunked math only to grow up to be Albert Einstein. Oten



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BUSTIN'HUMP

close to winning the World Championship five times, and only the new Finals system has deprived Alexander of his sixth. This year he won \$50,000 by riding bareback broncos, about \$20,000 more than his nearest competitor won.

Joe Alexander grew up on a ranch outside Cora, Wyo., which has a population of three. Pinedale, the nearest big town, is so small that when the banners were hung up after his first World Championship, he missed them entirely as he drove through.

Earlier that day Alexander was out hunting quail, but now he is back in his suite at the Holiday Inn with his wife Cindy, who is Miss Rodeo Winston. With his shirt sleeves rolled back, his left forearm is exactly the shape and almost the size of a mutton leg. J. C. Trujillo, another bronco rider, comes in to borrow some Butazolidin for his broken hand. A young kid stands in the open door, just staring. Short and compact, even in tennis shoes Alexander has the air of a champion. It could be any sport.

"I don't know if I could live in Cora now," he says. "Once you get out, it's hard to go back. You've got to be born up there and never leave, I guess, to be able to stay." He shrugs, and the kid takes a deep breath. Being World Champion Bareback Bronco Rider in Oklahoma City is much farther from

Cora, Wyo., than just miles.

The action swings down to the steer wrestling at the other end of the arena. In this event the cowboy drops off his horse onto the horns of a running, 700-pound steer and neck-twists him to the ground. It's like picking a lock at thirty-five miles an

Tom Ferguson is a steer wrestler and. along with Leo Camarillo, the World Champion All-Around Cowboy of 1975. When people think about rodeo stars, they think about Larry Mahan and Jim Shoulders and they think about All-Around Cowboys. These are the men who compete in more than one event, and they usually win more money and get more publicity than do the other World Champions. Tom Ferguson, who is also a calf roper, has by this, his tenth go-round at the Finals, won more than \$100,000 in his two specialties.

There are guys with more ability than me," Ferguson says later. "I just work at it harder. There's luck, but you make your own luck." Twisting the corded nylon of his rope, Tom Ferguson looks as if he could make enough luck for himself to rewrite the

laws of chance.

Oklahoma City is a cattle town that rises out of the Oklahoma Plains as stealthily and suddenly as an Indian. Oil derricks and rocker pumps are on the Capitol lawn, but nobody is on the streets. The whole city seems to have heard some bewitching Dobro chord and just moved away. Interstate 40 twists over the rail yards and warehouses for a while and then vanishes

into the pink Oklahoma air. Only the Holiday Inn stands between the fairgrounds and the infinite.

The girls who follow the rodeo—not the wives and the country sweethearts, but the girls with the culottes and the wedge haircuts and the big Buicks who really follow it—lie on their motel beds in the afternoon. watching television and playing cards. Along with major sponsorship, rodeo has attracted larger and wealthier crowds and women who wouldn't be caught dead in a yoked shirt unless it were made out of satin and cost the eyesight of three tailors. These elegant ladies cruise down to the Finals and other big rodeos in order to stalk the cowboy hat and the high-score ride. They sit near the bucking chutes and go to the parties and usually end up falling in love with the sport.

Jo and Tina Dutton, a mother-anddaughter team from Fort Worth, Tex., look like a television hand-cream commercial in which it is hard to tell the generations apart.

Although marijuana and cocaine are becoming common, most drugs taken in rodeo are for pain, not pleasure.



Tina, nineteen, is a law major in college, and Jo is married to a Fort Worth businessman who doesn't mind letting his wife and daughter chase the rodeo through Texas and the nearby states

Tina dates a few of the cowboys, but her mother has a say-so. If Tina is going to stay out all night, she always lets the phone ring once in Jo's room just to let her know. Like many of the other rodeo ladies, the Duttons prefer the bronco and bull riders to the ropers and steer wrestlers. "There's a big difference between the guys who get broken up in their event and the guys who don't," according to Tina.

Either way, about 90 percent of them cheat on their wives," says Jo. "I'm not sure I'd want Tina to marry one.

During the Finals the women who follow the rodeo wait for midnight, when the last bull has been ridden and the cowboys, with the felt numbers still pinned to their shirts. start showing up in the Winston party room at the Holiday Inn. Although the men are thick-haired and lush-figured, there are no felt numbers for the ladies. Soon, however, waves of cowboys are washing up onto their shores, and at high tide in the Winston party room it is almost impossible to move.

In the other entertainment lounges at the Holiday Inn, rodeo benefit dances are held along with civic gatherings. In the lobby double-knit Rotarians mingle with amateur rodeo stars in glass-button shirts, as wary and curious of each other as if they were members of different races.

"The way to keep your crown clean is just to wash it in soap and water," Miss Rodeo Louisiana, majoring in horse management, says to Miss Rodeo Idaho, whose favorite hobbies are sewing and bronco riding. "But you can't wash it too hard, or else the jewels will come off."

Starting January 1 with Odessa, Tex., the rodeo circuit moves through San Antonio. Houston, and Fort Worth, staying mostly in the Southwest before the big California rodeos in April and May. But then, in June. the private and charter planes come out of the hangars, because from Greeley, Colo... to St. Paul, Oreg., from Cody, Wyo., to the Calgary Stampede, there is at least one rodeo a day. After August come the northwestern rodeos; then there are those at San Francisco, Albuquerque, Omaha, and Dallas, before Oklahoma City and the Finals. During the summer months a cowboy may hit three rodeos a day, and through a year most average from 100 to 120.

Along the way it is possible to pay thirtyeight dollars a night for a room in Chevenne, Wyo., and to eat at restaurants all over the country with outrageous rodeo prices pasted in over the regular amount.

'You're lucky to save 40 percent of what you earn, just with expenses," Joe Alexander says. "You get a room in a chicken coop. Fifty bucks. You want a phone? That's extra.'

According to Walt Garrison, "Getting to the rodeo is harder than the rodeo.

But worse than the travel are the injuries. Rodeo today, yesterday, tomorrow, is a tough sport on the body. Although it is increasingly common for marijuana and an occasional snort of cocaine to slip in to unstraighten a few cowboy arrows, most of the drugs taken in rodeo are for pain, not pleasure, and are taken with a doctor's prescription. The lower back of a thirtyyear-old steer wrestler looks as it it belonged to a sixty-year-old man; ropers routinely separate their kneecaps in jumping off horses to hog-tie calves, and the rough-stock events have a Sears Roebuck catalogue of injuries all of their own.

Even the girls, the barrel racers, are tough. These pretty ladies cloverleaf their horses around three barrels in the arena and then race back to the starting line against the clock. They cue with their hands and feet and dig their horses out around the drums with the panache and single-mindedness of derby jockeys going for the pole. On a good run the crowd will surge to its feet, cheering as the girls crop-whip their horses down the stretch. tight butts up off the saddle. However, horses fall, and many of these women have multiple breaks in their feet and leg bones.

A doctor in Nebraska discovered that the

strain on a bareback bronco rider's arm is so severe that not only the muscles but also the bone itself expand to take the punishment. Saddle bronco riders, the principals in the finesse event of rough-stock competition, often break necks and ankles simply by getting off their horses. They ride holding a loose rein in one hand, spurring in rhythm with the horses' bucks. Monty Henson and Lyle Sankey brought back a skyrocketing style of dismount in which the rider lets the horse catapult him out of his stirrups, landing him on his feet. Bobby Brown seems to perform the feat best, fanning his hat over the horse right before he lets loose, but Henson has several inches of permanent wire in his jaw because he was run over by a pickup man who hadn't been told what to expect.

The most injury-prone event in all rodeo is bull riding. The men who do it tend to be younger than the other rodeo riders, wilder, and, more often than not, from Texas. The bull rider literally wraps himself onto his animal. In the 1975 Finals Sandy Kirby was hung up unconscious after his bull reared back and knocked him cold coming out of the chute. It was a big white bull, and Kirby was roped onto him like Ahab on his whale. Somehow the rodeo clowns got him loose and dragged him away.

But the worst thing that can happen to a bull rider has nothing to do with getting his hand caught. "I was riding a bull in Salt Lake City," says Denny Flynn, a twenty-five-year-old bull rider from Arkansas, "and I knew I wasn't going to win; so I didn't ride as hard, which was a mistake. He bucked me over his head; and when I came down, I could feel something between my ribs. When I got off the ground, I put my hand to my shirt. I took it away, and there was my own guts."

Flynn was taken to Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, where doctors found that the horn had penetrated ten inches, missing everything but part of his liver. They cleaned him out, and two months later Flynn was back on another bull. He finished sixth in the standings that year and won the average at the Finals.

"Pay him off with some applause—that's all he's going to get tonight," the announcer says as a saddle bronco rider takes an early leave of absence from his horse. Monty Henson finishes in a dead heat with Canadian Mel Hyland, the 1972 World Champion, and the two of them ride around the arena together, on the same horse, when the tie has been declared. In the team roping, in which one man catches the steer by the head and the other catches it by the back heels, stretching it out and over, Leo and Reg Camarillo-thousands of dollars ahead of anyone else in the standings-lose to Bucky Bradford and Ronnie Rasco, a couple of fellow Californians. The Camarillos were roping pop bottles on the living-room floor almost before they could stand up. "When I was a kid," Leo says, "I thought my rope was an article of clothing. It was just like pants or a shirt, 108 PENTHOUSE

something you had on every day." Team ropers almost always come from California, where many of them do so well in jackpot rodeos that they don't want to turn pro. The trick of team roping is the miracle of that back loop, which is whipped in under the rear legs so that the steer steps right into it.

The last event is the bull riding. This clownish, bulky animal, with a bell tied under it, is much wilier than a horse. The rodeo clowns, selected for each Finals by a vote of the cowboys, come trotting into the ring with their fright wigs, striped shirts, and football cleats. Donny Gay, this year's money leader and last year's champion, is in fifth place. Sandy Kirby, a tough nut from New Jersey who grew up Roman-riding Shetland ponies in his mother's trick riding act, has a shot at the All-Around.

The bulls come charging out.

One of the clowns, Johnny Tatum, has 150 stitches in his face and works with his knee in a brace that Joe Namath would envy. Gary Parli is in the barrel, which is



One cowboy was bucked over a bull's head. "When I got off the ground, I looked down and there was my own guts."



what the clowns use for shielding injured riders, and the third clown, Bobby Romer, is a great bet for a quick insurance policy. A bull spears the handkerchief out of his back pocket, angrily chasing him up the boards.

Sandy Kirby takes his ride. As with the other rough-stock events-saddle and bareback-bronco riding-the rider must last eight seconds aboard with no free hand touching in order to qualify. If the bull does not buck well, the rider gets the option of a reride. Kirby, who has already competed in the bareback-bronco competition and who has ridden every bull but one during the Finals, draws a bad bull. He gets a middling score and the reride option. Kirby, who is called Mr. Duck for hitting the small rodeos instead of plugging away at the big ones, doesn't duck this chance. Barely short of eight seconds, however, he gets thrown.

Tom Ferguson is the World Champion All-Around Cowboy. Back in the alley with the other winners, he gets ready to mount one of the gray horses that signify the World Champions.

Donny Gay is left to ride his bull. The arena gets quiet as Gay ties himself onto

the bull with a suicide wrap. His father, Neal Gay, is a rodeo stock contractor who runs the weekly rodeo in Mesquite, Tex. His brother, Pete, is also a bull rider. Bulls often don't have names, just ominous numbers, but this bull is called Red One, and nobody has ever ridden him before. Gay nods to the gate man.

Clunking and slamming, a huge, twisting salami, Red One comes out of the chute. The fans are whooping and cheering, working the bolts out of the rafters. Red One is jet-propelled. He gets all four feet into the air, but Gay stays on him as if he were a hump on a camel. The buzzer sounds, and now he has to get off. Clowns dart around in front of the enraged bull while it takes what seems like minutes for Gay to work his hand free, lay back into the kick, and be popped off. Rough-stock and timed events alike come out from along the ring board to congratulate him. Gay throws his riding fist into the air; the tight little smile that has been on his face all week is now watermelon wide. The judges give him a ninety-five, which is the highest score ever achieved at the National Finals. Out in the alley a gray horse is waiting for him. The new 1976 World Champion Bull Rider.

The winners ride into the ring, and the awards are made. Ferguson, the All-Around, in his pair of quilted overalls looks more like a hired hand than the Rodeo King of the Universe.

Rodeo is an odd, parochial sport that is tempted by the big money but is run by wheelhorses who remember too well the way it used to be. The money is going to make rodeo grow, but there is something about the sport that wants it to stay small and inept. For instance, the Girls Rodeo Association, which is headed up by a smart young barrel racer, Kay Vamvouras, generates \$100,000 in annual revenues, but it still has to solicit its own purse for the Finals and can't even get PRCA cards. Last year's World Champion All-Around brouhaha was handled like a buffalo shoot, and no one has figured out the tie-score contingencies for this year's Finals.

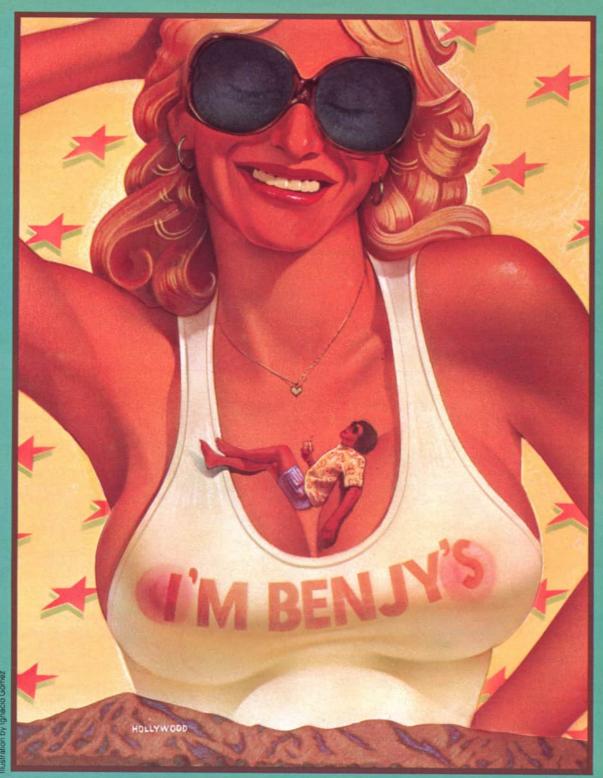
That night the lobby of the Holiday Inn on I-40 is a whole reforestation plan of cowboy hats. The guys who manage the entertainment rooms are taking mood adjusters, and the girls on the desk seem to be listening for whale songs. Only the waitresses show any signs of purpose, sliding between the tables on dogged, Pavlovian feet. They are saints of the Pyrex, of the ripple-soled shoe, to whom a rodeo anthem might properly be sung.

At the counter in the coffee shop, an old cowboy sits working at a wedge of pie. "Used to rodeo some myself," he says, "and I can tell you it sure has changed. All this television stuff and people wearing Winston jackets, hell, they even got a computer now so these cowboys know which rodeo to be at.

"But I tell you something else. Them years I spent rodeoing was the best of my life, and this sport is going to have to change a lot to change that." O

The diary of an ex-White House speechwriter who found that money—and women—are easy to make in Beverly Hills.

MAKING IT IN HOLLYWOOD



June 30, 1976

This morning I arrived at my goal—L.A. I left behind my work as a lawyer, my work as a White House speechwriter, my work as an editorial page writer for the Wall Street Journal to seek gold in L.A. The

general idea is palm trees instead of offices.

I got off the plane and waited for my luggage. Already it was wonderful—warm, dry weather

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

with a gentle breeze. The baggage area is partly open air, as in the Caribbean. Near the door to the parking lot were a few beautiful girls in short shorts and tight T-shirts. This is what I came here for. Then I noticed that the girls' T-shirts

were not only tight but also said something. They said: "I'M BENJY'S." Behind them was Al Burton, my contact from the studio, my friend, my benefactor. The girls ran up and hugged me while a studio photographer took pictures and other passengers looked on. This is what I have come to California for.

Outside was a studio limousine. The girls and I rode up to my hotel in the back of the limousine, and they told me their stories. All of them wanted to be actresses. The prettiest one was from a town called Chatsworth, far out in the suburbs. She had a lovely blonde face with angelic blonde curls. Later that night Al Burton told me that her manager was on parole for a weapons violation. "A real gorilla," he said. I have not come to L. A. for real gorillas, but you have to take everything together. That's only fair. I told Al Burton how pleased I was with the girls and the limousine. "This is L.A.," he said.

August 16, 1976

I have a lot to learn about California, my friend Martha says. Martha is a housewife who moved here more than twenty years ago. She still misses New York City. "It's just such a great place," she says. "All different kinds of people, doing all kinds of things together."

Suddenly, she pulls me aside to speak so that her gardener cannot hear. "I want to tell you something about L.A.," she says. "Never trust Mexicans. They literally do not know how to tell the truth." She pauses and looks at her Mexican gardener. "My plan," she says, "is to kill all the Mexicans in L.A." She glares at the back of the gardener, who is trying to pull something out of the ground. "Then I'll get the fags."

We are standing on her lawn, in Beverly Hills. The sky is blue, and the temperature could not be more ideal. "It's different in New York," she says. "There aren't any Mexicans there."

September 1, 1976

Two weeks ago I got my Mercedes. Even before I moved here, I realized that I had to get a Mercedes. There is simply no other way unless you want to be a schmuck. In L.A. a car is everything. It is how a person relates to the world, and it is how he sees himself in the world. It's all done pretty easily. Certain cars are status cars, and certain cars are not. They determine everything.

Last week I went to a party jammed with Hollywood types in leather jackets, aviator glasses, and plunging necklines. I am never very comfortable at such parties. I stood in the kitchen and listened to two girls talking.

"This must really be a good party," one girl said. "There are two Rolls-Royces outside."

"Cadillac limo, too," the other said.
"Definitely a good party," the first girl said.

"Really," the second girl added.

The idea that I could get a Mercedes was a long time in coming. My parents thought

that getting an expensive car was the height of vulgarity. When I went to law school, well-to-do people might have an Alfa-Romeo, but display in cars was frowned on. My best friend, who was married to an authentic heiress, had a blue Dodge Dart sedan, which was considered normal.

Even then I was getting out of synch. I told the wife of the Dodge Dart that they should have gotten a Bentley.

"You," she said sharply, "will end up with a stucco house with a cast-iron flamingo in front."

In L.A. things are different. The man I respect most out here, a TV producer who knows everything, got a Mercedes 450 SL just before I moved to L.A. He told me that I should get one, too. "The thing about getting a Mercedes," he said, "is that it shows you've *done* something, instead of *trying* to do something."

There is no doubt that although I was not earning enough to get a Mercedes, I



My new car is
wonderful. Just being
in it makes
me feel better. In Los Angeles
you are
what you drive.



thought a lot about wanting one. There's also no doubt that starting about a year ago I dreamed regularly of having a Mercedes. But still there was an existential leap. How can a sensible person, the kind of person who went to school with people who equated stucco and flamingos with hell, spend a fortune on a car, a mere mechanical trinket? What if there were a depression? What if I lost my job? But every day I saw those Mercedes coupes and convertibles, and I saw the people driving them, and I envied them.

For the first month that I was here I rented an inexpensive car. It was awful. Girls would look at it and say, "I never thought this would be the kind of car you'd have." That was enough.

I screwed up my courage and went to Beverly Hills Mercedes. The salesman looked at me cordially and showed a 450 SL. I frowned when he told what it cost.

"What's the matter?" he asked sternly. "Don't you believe in your own future?"

It was a tough question. An existential leap was necessary over the habit of growing up and education if you were to spend that kind of money on a car. Yet the car beckoned, as it had since I had first seen it,

low, powerful, and rich-looking, reeking of success and achievement.

I got my Mercedes. I bought a 450 SLC, light beige; some might say gold. I love it a lot

The day after I got it, I went on a blind date with an authentic Swedish blonde. "Is this your car?" she asked. "It's beautiful." She couldn't stop saying how wonderful it was. There was nothing she would not do when she was around the kind of person who had a car like that. Another girl who lives down the hall frequently calls me from her desk in a secretarial pool. "Why don't you come down here in your new Mercedes and pick me up?" she asks in a voice that is sufficiently loud enough for her neighbors to hear.

I have a friend here who was a famous activist in the 1960s: Jerry Rubin. He asks me how I find girls. I shrug. My friend John Mankiewicz tells him that I go to rock-music places at closing time and park my Mercedes at the curb and open the door. Girls just hop in, John says. "I wonder if Ben would let me borrow his car," Jerry Rubin asks. It's not true about the girls, but it's a nice story.

I go out with a Rockefeller, a real one. "I wish I could get a car like this," she says. "I think it's just about perfect."

Now when girls are surprised about the Mercedes, they're surprised up, not down. That's the best thing about the car. It adds to me. It makes me feel better just to be in it. I am fully aware that this is a very superficial view, but that's life here. You are what you drive.

September 10, 1976

Last night I drove down to Newport Beach to have dinner with some old friends from the White House. He is a former speechwriter who is now helping Nixon with his book. His wife, a lovely woman, is a housewife. Both are from rural backgrounds. They stared at my flashy car but were too polite to say anything.

At dinner we talked about politics, about the old days, about the way Ford was blowing his opportunities. (If there's anything that we old Nixon hands know about, it's blown opportunities.) They talked about the quiet routine of life that Nixon now follows at San Clemente—the research, the long reminiscences, the rounds of golf. No one said even a single word about making deals or who is producing what or who has gotten rich quick or who has left his wife. It was a quiet evening.

The girl I was with, an Amazon of a blonde Englishwoman, smiled politely without saying a word all evening, until the very end. Then she asked a question: "Do you think Mrs. Nixon was using cocaine?" It occurred to her that cocaine might account for the reason why Mrs. Nixon smiled so much. My friends from San Clemente were speechless. Finally, they laughed. It was a joke, I said.

It is, as someone might say, a long way from Hollywood to San Clemente, although some make the journey.

September 29, 1976

Today is my one hundredth day in Los Angeles. I live by myself, except for my dog, Mary, in an apartment off Sunset Strip. I came home after I had looked for a house this afternoon and sat down to do some work. At about 5:30, the telephone rang. Roxanne, a thirty-year-old woman who lives down the hall, asked if she could come down to show me something. I told her that I was very busy.

"Oh, c'mon, Ben," she said. "It'll only take a few minutes."

"Okay, Roxanne, but let's make it very quick," I said. I figured that she must want to borrow money.

A minute later she appeared at the door in a black, filmy gownlike outfit. Mary lunged at her, but I pulled the dog away.

Roxanne, a small, red-haired creature who looks as if she were expelled from Ireland for looking too Irish, recoiled.

"Don't let her get up on me," she said. "I don't want to ruin the surprise."

"What's the surprise?"

"Well, I can only show it to you in front of a mirror," she said.

I showed her my bathroom mirror.

"That doesn't go down far enough," she said.

I showed her another, larger mirror in my study. She stood in front of it and said, "Now watch!" as if she were going to pull a rabbit from a hat. In a slow way she pulled up her dress to her knees, then to her thighs, then to her waist. She was wearing, under the dress, black stockings, a garter belt, and panties with a slit where you might imagine one to be.

"What is this for?" I asked her.

"It's for sex," she said, throwing her arms around me. "Doesn't this turn you on?"

"Really," I said.

"Look at this," she said, releasing about five ribbons, which allowed the top of her dress to come down, revealing a pink, seethrough brassiere over her small bosom.

"Really great," I said, "really."

"Well," she said, "doesn't this make you want to do it?"

"Really," I said.

Roxanne and I walked out toward the Jacuzzi. There were voices in the Jacuzzi; and when I got close to the Jacuzzi, I could see that there were a man and a woman in the Jacuzzi together. They were fucking.

"The only thing that's surprising," Roxanne said, "is that it's not two men."

I went back to my apartment and took a shower. I made a mental note to remember the details of what had happened.

A few minutes later Roxanne and Sandy, another gaunt woman neighbor, appeared at my apartment door. "I have a new corporate problem," Sandy said. She is trying to start a company that will clean up apartments and buy groceries and make the beds and stock liquor and unpack for young executives. Until tonight she had planned to call it "Cinderella West."

"We're gonna call it 'From Tea to Sympathy,' " she said. "What do you think?"

"Sounds good to me, Sandy," I said.

"Maybe you'll help me write the prospectus, " Sandy said.

"I'll be glad to," I said.

Roxanne piped up. "Did you hear about Andi?"

Andi is Roxanne's former roommate, a small, angry-looking woman who moved out of our building because it was too dull. She went to live in the Hollywood Hills with friends who had nonstop backgammon games for money.

"What about Andi?"

"She's in a mental hospital in Culver City. She committed suicide."

"What? She killed herself, and she's in a mental hospital?" I asked.

"No, no," Roxanne said, giggling. "I mean she tried to kill herself."

I met Roxanne about a month ago when I was walking my dog. She asked me to come to her apartment and talk to her. She was wearing a T-shirt with nothing on underneath. Nothing. Nothing below the waist. This kind of thing does not happen to



In Paris you fall in love. In Boston you go to school. In L.A. you hustle. And you try to become beautiful.



me very often.

Later that night she explained to me that she was a writer. She had not written anything, however. "It's all in my head," she said. "I'm just getting ready to write it down."

"Really," I said.

The next day she knocked on my door. "I want to see your bedroom," she said.

She went into the bedroom and looked carefully at the bed. "Wouldn't you like to tie me up?" she asked, throwing herself on the bed.

"I don't know," I said. "I've never tied anyone up before."

"Come on," she said, shocked. "Never?" "No," I said. "Never." No courses on bondage in law school.

"Well, tie me up," she said.

"I don't have any rope," I said.

"Don't you have any cord or twine?" she asked.

"No."

"Well," she said, "you must have some neckties or bathrobe sashes."

I did.

She talked a lot while she was tied up. My friend Rona, an Englishwoman who cuts hair in L.A., told me that I had done it wrong.

"You must put an apple in her mouth. Or a pear. And don't ask her what to do. Just do it."

I nodded appreciatively.

"Then you must take off your dog's collar and put it around her neck. Put on the leash and then walk her around the apartment on her hands and knees."

"Should I keep her gagged then?" I asked.

A disgusted look crossed Rona's face. "If you do," she asked, "how will you get her to eat out of your dog's dish?"

Rona told me that I obviously did not understand the first thing about bondage. "Listen," she said. "I have a complete S.S. officer's uniform. If you need me," she said, "I'll put it on and come over to help."

A few days ago Roxanne called me to tell me that she was sick, had no money, and was starving to death in her apartment. I told her that I would buy her some groceries. On a piece of stationery with a swan gliding on a lake imprinted on the bottom, she typed out a list of what she wanted at the Safeway:

Angel Food Cake Vanilla and Chocolate Ice Cream Cokes Benson and Hedges GOLD

Except for tonight's adventure with the clothes, I try to avoid Roxanne. Bad karma.

October 7, 1976

This afternoon I went to the Malibu Beach Colony with a friend, a woman reporter from New York. The Beach Colony, as it is called, is a row of about fifty houses on a beach in Malibu. Access to the Beach Colony from the Pacific Coast Highway is via a guarded driveway. The approach from the beach is easier—across a narrow, occasionally flooded strip of sand. Access by any other way is almost impossible, since the tiniest clapboard shacks in the colony start at about \$400,000.

The owner of the house that we visited was a middle-aged woman married to a TV producer. Her house was small and unpretentious. She bustled around, ordering the Spanish maid to give us Fresca. By the time we arrived, she had already had enough sun and was sitting inside.

Her daughter had slashed her wrists the night before and was in Santa Monica Hospital.

"It's not really so bad as it sounds," the mother said. "She does it all the time; and at least each time she goes into the hospital, she loses a little weight; and that's why she does it in the first place."

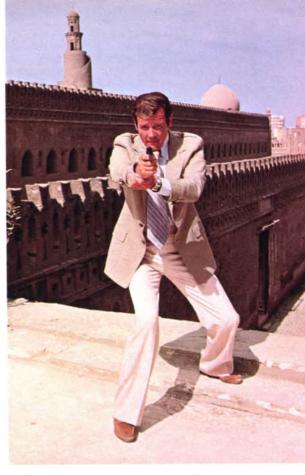
Far down the beach, but still in the Beach Colony, Geneviève Bujold sat on the beach, playing cards, topless. "She," our hostess said, "has no problem with her weight."

October 21, 1976

On the car radio I heard that an appliance store here is sponsoring a contest to see who can spend the most hours watching television continuously. It is part of a promo-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160













"The target of my books lies somewhere between the solar plexus and the upper thigh. I write for warm-blooded heterosexuals in railway trains, aeroplanes, and beds."—Ian Fleming.

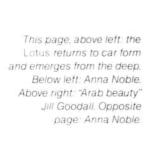
BEAUTIES IN BONDAGE

ver since 1962 movies like *Doctor No, From Russia with Love*, and *Goldfinger* have kept millions of filmgoers in Bondage. Oddly enough, despite a decade and a half of dramatic social change (including two changes of the actor who portrays 007), James Bond emerges as a timeless screen hero. Now, in his tenth epic incarnation. *The Spy Who Loved Me*, a watery thriller featuring hijacked submarines, amphibious cars, damp deaths, and a seven-foot-two-inch, steel-toothed, fish-cool villain named Jaws, Bond once again rescues the world from tyranny, destruction, and certain ennui.

But no 007 flick is complete without a flashy set of wheels. This time it's a superslick *Lotus-Esprit*, equipped with enough optional extras to become an instant submarine with harpoon guns, a detachable exploding back bumper, and a liquid smoke screen.

One of the film's more fetching moments occurs when 007's Lotus drives out of the ocean onto the glistening beach of Sardinia, scaring a number of scantily clad beach nymphs out of their knits. One of them is delectable Anna Nobel, a twenty-one-year-old bosomy British model turned actress. Anna has a small role going in, but we predict bigger and better things coming out.

The Spy Who Loved Me stars Roger Moore as Bond and Barbara Bach as Anya, the deliciously dangerous Russian Agent Triple X. Curt Jurgens plays Karl Stromberg, the inevitable megalomaniac. Pictured, opposite page, above left: Bond's Lotus plunging into the deep. Bottom left: Anna Noble revealed. Above right: Bond clowning with typical panache in Cairo. Center right: Bond shows an intense interest as he interrogates Sue Vanner. Below right: Stromberg with Anya and Bond. This page: the 007 stage, the largest in history.





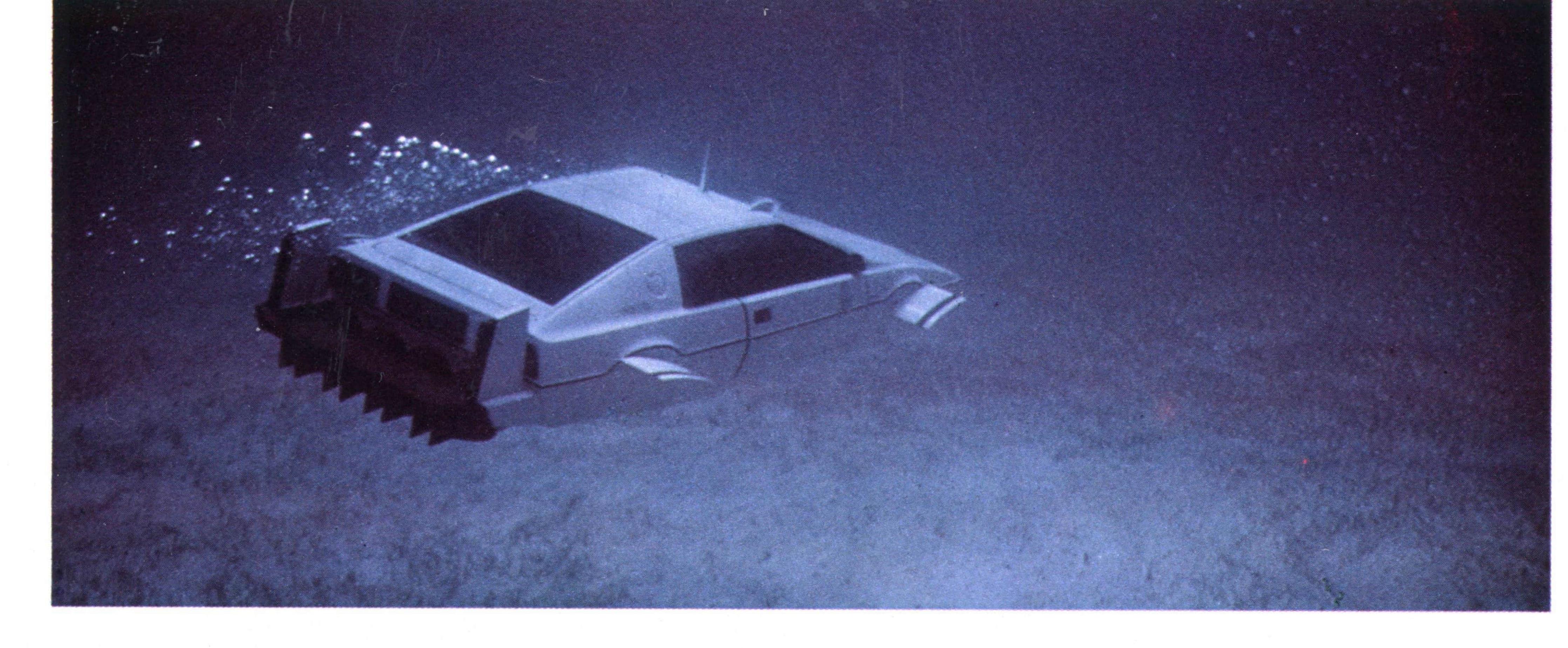






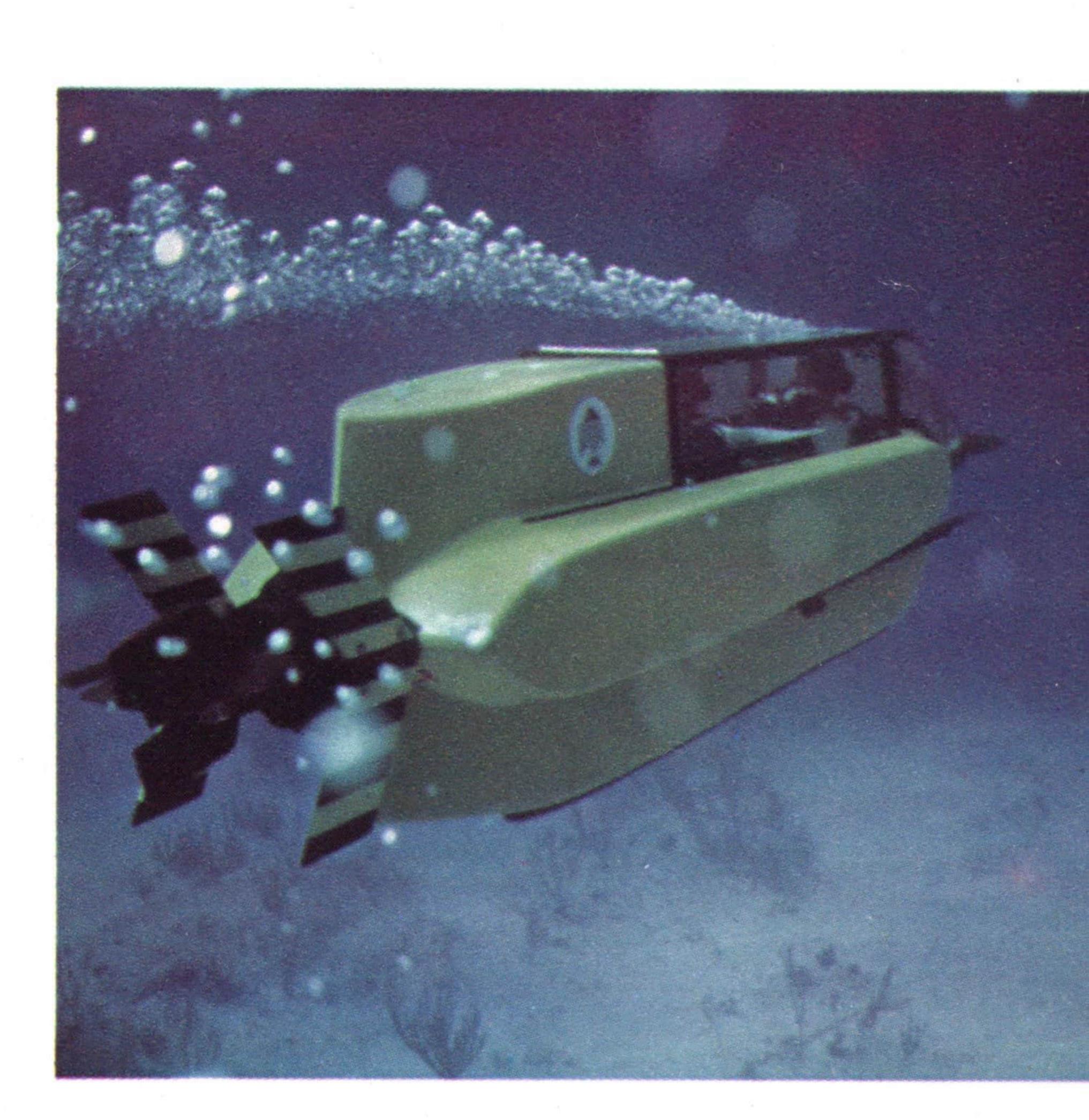
The plot of the film (which, incidentally, bears absolutely no resemblance to the Fleming novel of the same name) starts on the British submarine *Ranger*, which is proceeding, submerged, on normal exercise. Suddenly, a shudder runs through the ship, the engines falter, and the *Ranger* vanishes without a trace. This, it turns out, is a job for 007. Meanwhile Bond is engaged in amorous activities with a tawny temptress when "M" signals him to return to England. He immediately sets off, on skis, while rifle bullets ricochet around him. Somehow he escapes.





Left: Bond's Lotus
magically converts into a
well-equipped submarine.
Below, left: Paula Tinn
contemplating the
vicissitudes of love.
Below: the Lotus
attacked by Stromberg's
evil forces.





Naturally, the Russians are suspected of foul play in the Case of the Disappearing Submarine. But as the scene switches to KGB headquarters in Moscow, we find that one of their submarines has also disappeared. The Russians, naturally, suspect the Americans. Agent Triple X (Barbara Bach), a top Russian spy who just happens to be young and beautiful, is ordered to find these murky miscreants of the deep. Anya is also informed that her lover has just been killed by a certain British secret service agent. Griefstricken, she vows certain vengeance.

Below: Anika Pavel, who is another incomparable Arab beauty. Above, right: the delectable Anna Noble getting ready for action. Below, right: Bond and Anya attempt escape from the underground laboratory Atlantis.

















This page, clockwise, the amazing unpredictable Lotus; sultry Dawn Rodriguez, Bond fighting off the steel-toothed assassin Jaws; Anna Noble strutting her stuff. Opposite page: Tina Braun reveals the bounty of her hidden assets.

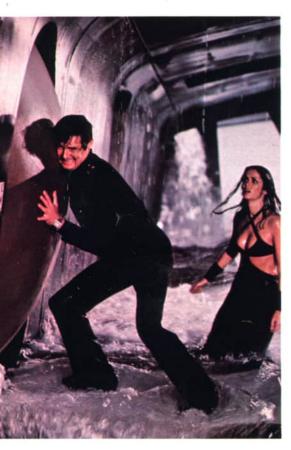


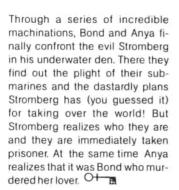
When Bond and Anya meet in Cairo, each is immediately suspicious of the other. However, realizing that they are indeed tracking the same enemy, they become reluctant partners. After a series of false leads and the unpleasant deaths of several contacts (the victims all sport heavy teeth marks in their necks), the trail leads to Karl Stromberg (Curt Jurgens), a shipping magnate and the owner of a unique underwater laboratory named Atlantis. Bond and Anya set off to Sardinia, to find Stromberg. During their journey Anya is set upon by the incredibly menacing Jaws. Bond saves her life, but Anya, in icy Russian fashion, persists in rejecting his advances. Meanwhile in Atlantis a board meeting is in progress. Karl Stromberg, cold and fishlike, announces the success of his latest venture—the submarine tracking system. But there is a traitor in the ranks. Stromberg's plans are for sale.



Below: Bond and Anya imperiled once again. Top right: a damp death in an aquarium filled with sharks. Bottom right: villainess Caroline Munro. Opposite page: La Noble as she contemplates destiny.











EASTERN EUROPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

sion sets, and washing machines to try to satisfy the demands of an increasingly better-educated population, which believes that after thirty years of socialism it deserves more than steel mills and power stations. The latter are naturally necessary for overall economic development, but, unlike the Soviet Union, the majority of Eastern European regimes have made a concession to consumerism, strictly a political decision to help to keep the lid on.

This effort in Poland has spurred a major concession to capitalism by the Communist bosses. New tax rules, which went into effect at the beginning of this year, have given small businessmen increased profits. As the New York Times reported, "Warsaw has conceded that a purely Communist economy has not succeeded in providing all the things demanded by an increasingly consumer-oriented society." The report went on to say that "the Kremlin is willing to stretch the rules for Poland rather than face a violent upheaval by the always volatile Polish population."

The cars now filling the streets of the cities and venturing on the highwaysoften being forced to drag for miles behind the horse-drawn carts of the peasantryare one answer to the consumer demand, even though in Poland a locally built Fiat 1500 costs 180,000 zlotys, thirty times the monthly salary of an engineer, a foreignministry official, or a top newspaper editor. A black-and-white TV set may cost seven times a person's monthly salary. Money is obtained through combining the incomes of working husbands and wives (some of whom hold more than one job), skimping, borrowing, and, in some cases, engaging in such questionable but generally tolerated activities as the black market.

But even these material satisfactions have not removed cynicism and malaise. As one Warsaw psychiatrist put it to me: "You see, life is really hard here. It's not so bad as ten or twenty years ago, but the tensions are tremendous. Think about it. You educate a whole new generation, and you have so little to offer it in material incentives, promotions, decent housing, and a sense of hope for the future. Our society certainly doesn't offer you idealism. Very few young people really believe in Marxism or socialism. And people are tired of rising prices, food shortages, long gueues, and the blind bureaucracy that turns the simplest daily act into a major effort."

During my Warsaw visit I was able to meet with several young men and women—mostly in their early twenties—at a Polish friend's apartment. It was not a conspirational session involving political dissidents, just a discussion by young people who didn't mind speaking out.

Their comments underlined the sense of cynical hopelessness. "I was trained to be a technician in electronics," one of the young men said, "but they have trained so 122 PENTHOUSE

many of us that there just aren't enough jobs to go around. This is the result of overplanning in education. So I may wind up a construction worker or something, and I just think it's a goddamned waste." The young man and his friend, also in the room with us, were making pocket money by playing at parties with the small dance band they had put together, but as one of them said, "This is not a serious future."

Another young man, fresh out of the university, was preparing to enter the army for the two years of obligatory military service. He had not gotten an exemption as some others had. "So, you see," he said, "I'll be two years behind lots of other fellows in terms of a career. Even if I get a decent job and get married, years may go by before we can get our own apartment. How do you want me to be optimistic about the future?"

We moved to a discussion of sex. Generally, young people in Eastern Europe want to be free and uninhibited, but the practice of sex isn't easy in the Warsaw



A new and growing urban moneyed class has mysteriously sprung up under the wings of socialism in Eastern Europe.



environment for purely practical reasons.

"None of us has his own apartment or room," one of the girls said. "Most of us live with our parents or relatives. This goes for the men, too. So where do you make love?"

Motels, as you know them in the United States, virtually do not exist in Poland and elsewhere in Eastern Europe; and if they did, most of the young people could not afford them. Sexual solutions, therefore, have to be improvised. The girl went on: "What happens is that we usually wait for our parents to be away for a day or two, and then we have a private party. Don't get me wrong: we don't go for orgies. Everybody comes as couples, usually bringing some vodka along. Then we play music, dance a bit, and, when the people are ready, a boy and a girl will go into the bedroom and make love. When they're finished, the next couple goes in. I know it doesn't sound very attractive, but what can we do?

Sex is easier during vacation time, when young people go to seaside or mountain resorts. There cabins may be available, and there is always the great outdoors. Sex is also more handy abroad when, during the summer, thousands of young men and women travel to Sweden or Denmark to

earn some hard currency with which to buy clothes or appliances. The young people I met said that each of them had brought back around \$600 from a summer's job abroad. And with dollars one can buy whiskey and American cigarettes at the dollar stores—with no questions asked. Increasingly, however, American cigarette brands are manufactured in Eastern Europe under license, and they are easily available in the local currency if the buyer can afford them.

Life-style in Eastern Europe is defined by social class, and, socialism or not, there certainly are clearly defined social classes in all these countries. Those who are better off may own country villas or cottages, and they need not be ranking Communist party officials to rate such privileges.

Driving from Budapest along the Danube toward the Czechoslovakian border. I was astounded to see the number of villas-some of them guite impressivedotting the landscape. In fact, Hungary's new bourgeoisie is bigger and fatter than Poland's: it, too, has cars in extraordinary numbers, and Budapest's shops are well stocked with domestic and foreign goods. Its famous prewar pastry shops and cafés are heavily patronized, and the cakes are as rich as ever. Chatting over a beer, a young Hungarian government official sheepishly confessed that he and his sister owned a lakeside villa on Lake Balaton, a power boat, and two cars. "Maybe this is too much?" he inquired anxiously.

As far as many Hungarian workers are concerned, the answer to his question is a resounding yes. This point was made to me at dinner in Budapest by a Communist Youth official. "What I'm asking myself, and what some of the younger workers are asking, is why, so long as we supposedly have communism here, don't we have a real social revolution—like Cuba—where everybody is equal?"

The reason why there is no "real" social revolution in Hungary is that none was ever meant to exist there-particularly after Soviet tanks smashed the Hungarian nationalist revolt in 1956 and the new Moscow-backed regime resolved to work out a compromise with the people. The Communist party, of course, is the dominant power, but, increasingly, it is an entrenched bureaucracy not really troubled with ideology. In fact, János Kádár, the country's boss for the last twenty-one years, has brought pliable non-Communists (including priests and rabbis) into the political machine of government, reaching out for the nearest thing to consumerism in a Communist society. And, in practical terms, this means that the best workers get money incentives for good performance (anathema in, say, Cuba or China), and that middle-class affluence is permitted to exist side by side with the sacrifices of the Communist blue-collar class. Inevitably, some corruption is tolerated. In fact, the young worker who was so inspired by the Cuban example asked me in the same breath, "How do you think a person like me

would fit in in the United States?"

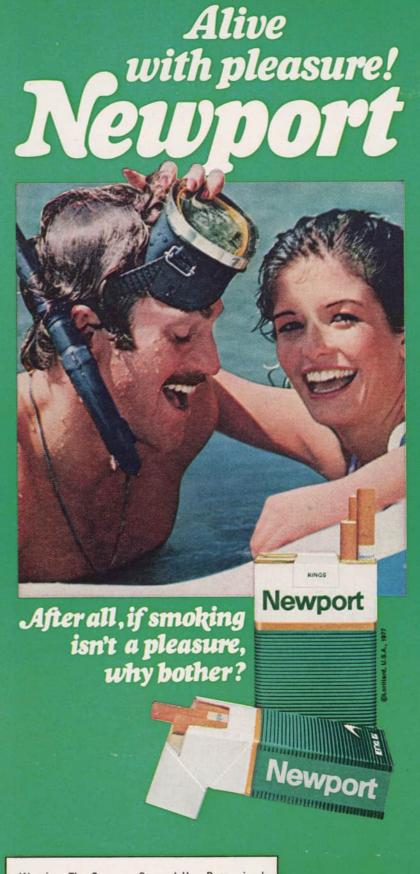
In Warsaw, where Marxist fervor is even less intense, the tendency is to develop life-styles reminiscent of the West and Poland's own prewar past. The children of those who can come up with the money belong to a riding club on the capital's outskirts, much as American youths do in, say, Virginia or Maryland. And there is no effort to keep the fact quiet: a popular weekly magazine recently carried on its cover the picture of a pretty young girl whose horse had placed first in a dressage competition. Tennis is becoming a favorite sport among young people, and more and more Eastern European players are turning up these days in international tournaments

Of all the Eastern European countries, Poland is closest to the West in culture, sentiment, and sophistication. None of this affinity has been eradicated by the repressive policies of the Stalinist-type régimes. Polish men remain courtly and extremely flirtatious, and the kissing of women's hands is back in vogue with a vengeance.

Although, in general, Eastern European cinema, theater, music, and art are of the highest quality, the press and, to a lesser extent, television are immensely boring and depressing. Even in Poland the main daily newspapers dull the reader's minds with endless texts of pronouncements by top Party officials, accounts of industrial plants' openings, and so on. In Warsaw the exception is the weekly Polityka, a highly readable and provocative publication that is edited by a member of the Communist party's Central Committee, which recently addressed itself to the extremely delicate political question of the "thin line between what is permissible and is not permissible" in the theater in a Communist régime. The article concluded that "it's impossible to live without a compromise," which is quite a step forward in Communist history.

Television is an overwhelming reality in Poland, with nearly 7 million sets, one for every four inhabitants in what is essentially a poor country. Viewers are, of course, subjected to officially approved newscasts—again, speeches and factory openings, along with a lot of sports—but both the TV diet and the tastes are changing. A survey by *Polityka* showed that the most popular program is the police serial "07—Call-in," clearly a Western influence, followed by a dramatization of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. In fact, serials and soap operas are the big thing on Polish television (not so different from American TV, come to think of it).

There have been some efforts to curtail the most audible and visible Western influences, but political dissidence and ferment have been steadily rising in Eastern Europe in the last year or so. Although Communist leaderships tend to relate the two phenomena, not wholly erroneously, it would be an almost impossible undertaking at this stage to eliminate the West's impact. Eastern Europeans are so in love with Western consumerism that the most that the governments can hope for is keeping new drivers sober on the road.



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

Box & Kings: 18 mg. "tar". 1.2 mg.nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. 1976.



ot very long ago, gin and vodka were looked upon as wintertime antifreeze and rum and tequila as potent, exotic, tropical novelties. They remained in limbo, awaiting the perfection of the ice maker and the widespread use of the blender. Within a mere few years, however, these four crystal-clear white spirits—by joining forces with every liquid mixer known to man—have emerged to revivify the institution of the cocktail and the KO punch bowl.

With ice, a mixer or two, and a little daring, you can join the fashionable set this summer by making the switch to these light, white spirits. Whether the heat is getting to you or you are suffering from the summertime blues, the answer, when a refreshment is called for, is, Think white and be as cool as moonlight.

In a consolidated effort, these four distilled spirits have revolutionized the mixed-drink world by virtue of their lightness (generally around eighty proof), their diversity, and their total mixability. When the proof was lowered, the white-spirit makers put the kick back into mixed drinks by turning on the imagination. Vodka clearly led the way, moving from being a breathless ichor to being the central ingredient in some breathtaking drink recipes. In the 1950s the vodka people introduced the Bloody Mary and the Moscow Mule (vodka and ginger beer). Since then, every conceivable fruit juice, soft drink, and mixer has found happiness with a jigger of vodka-a liquid shot in the light, as it were.

Promoting and marketing vodka as the mixable one, the spirit compatible with everything, was an act of sheer genius. Baptisms of fire waters were crucial, and the clever, flashy names given to the new mixed drinks actually worked. The new drinks definitely appealed, for example, to the jaded cocktail lovers and the out-and-out adventurous types. Add a jigger of vodka to lemonade with a twist of lemon and experience the Yellow Fever. Or add vodka to pineapple juice and tonic and handle the Machete. Being neutral in flavor and light, vodka mingled and mixed with everything from cranberry juice to ginger ale as it soared to the top of the spirits world.

Success has a way of breeding success. Gin, long mired in its staid gin-and-tonic image, staged a comeback by coming out just as gregarious and affable as vodka. Both, after all, are distilled from grains, such as wheat, barley, and corn, the major

difference being that gin derives its characteristic flavor from juniper berries. But the biggest success story to date is the sudden upsurge in 1976 staged by rum, which found new life by mixing with everything. Now the spirits-industry experts have their eyes on tequila, since the white version has already conquered the Southwest and the West Coast. It seems destined to challenge its three transparent colleagues for preemi-

Border—maybe even west of the wine-dark seas.
Actually, all of these spirits have been around for centuries; it is only now that they are being seen in a new light. Vodka can be produced in many countries. Known

nence in the ice-filled cocktail glass north of the

to have existed in the twelfth century. it left Russia when its producers went into exile during the Revolution. The vodka that the czar sipped was pretty much the same stuff that we quaff today, except that he was generally washing down caviar and herring. Rum may be the most ancient of these spirits. Columbus first brought sugarcane to the West Indies, a most generous act, since the demon drink is made from the molasses or the sweet juice of sugarcane. It was the only liquor served in Coltoo, owes a toast to a Western of onial American taverns. Tequila, explorer. Weary of hauling brandy barrels. Cortes kindly passed along the art of distilling to the Mexican Indians as early as 1519. As a result, tequila as such dates back to the early 1700s in Mexico. Definitely European and a product of the Industrial Revolution, the invention of the uncotton gin is claimed by both the

English and the Dutch. While New Englanders loved hot buttered rum, Englanders sipped warm

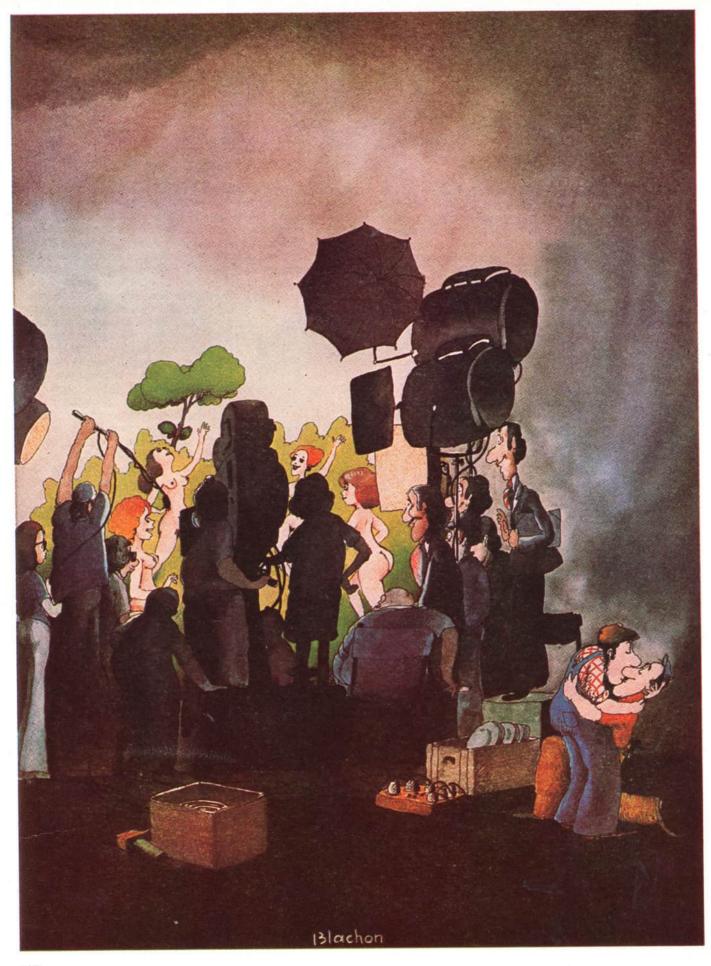
gin-a clear matter of preference.

Fresher winds didn't really begin to blow until the early 1970s. Long-standing libational customs and traditions have been broken as the clear spirits have caught up with the times, and nowadays they are free spirits, perfectly interchangeable with one another. You can experiment for yourself by taking any or all of the standard mixed drinks—the Screwdriver, Collins, Sour, Martini, Bloody Mary, Gimlet, or Old Fashioned—and make four different and delightfully refreshing drinks by using one light white at a time and following the basic cocktail recipe.

Should the summer doldrums hit you, one sure way to get the creative juices flowing again is by experimenting or improvising

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

Some clear solutions to lift your spirits during the summer doldrums. BY NORMAN ROBY



ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

Genesis. "I learned to fear for my life in a thousand ways, and in a thousand moments to yearn for the mortal security of civilization.... Africa scared me. If this continent had indeed been the cradle of humankind, and I had been the first man, then I should have been born in fear."

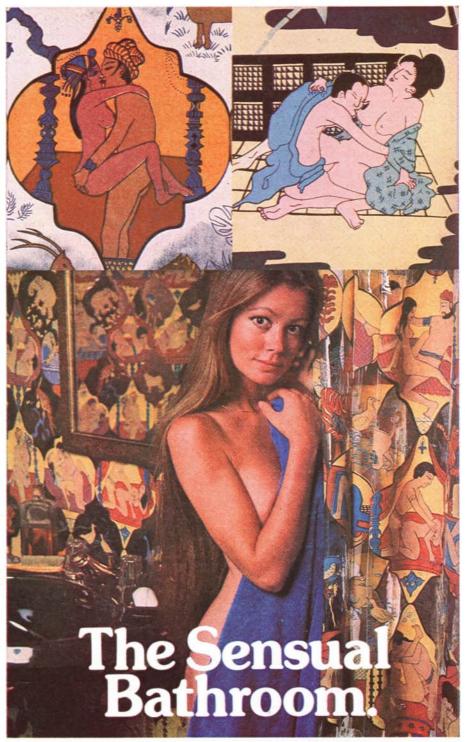
The book goes on to make the case that Homo ardreyensis could have survived only by using the deadliest weapons he could find or make in order to defend himself and to slay his murderous brothers. The ape-men who could make the best weapons or use them most skillfully survived; those who could not perished.

"Man is a predator whose natural instinct is to kill with a weapon," Ardrey declared. On the larger scale this instinct reveals itself in mankind's giant organizations and machines for making war. In fact, he argued, the histories of man and weapons have been so intertwined for so long that man has become utterly dependent on weapons and cannot live without them.

Much of Ardrey's case rests on the finding of some fossil skulls and jaws of Australopithecus (a species of ape-man then considered to be a human ancestor) that were broken in what appeared to have been assaults by fellow australopithecines. Murder, in other words.

In 1953, two years before Ardrey had begun his study on the subject, Dart published a paper entitled "The Predatory Transition from Ape to Man." Dart argued that a certain evolving line of apes diverged from the typically herbivorous habits of its predecessors and acquired a taste for meat, which it hunted as a predator. As Dart saw it, the apes evolved the upright posture, which in turn made possible the dexterous hand, which made possible the fashioning and use of weapons, which made possible the more efficient killing of prey. Man emerged from apedom because he was a hunter, Dart said. The demands of hunting made opportunities for increasingly intelligent creatures to prosper, becoming still better hunters. That much accords reasonably well with today's views, but Dart went farther, He argued that it was but a short step from killing animals for food to murdering one's own kind. As the near-men came to rely more and more on their improving weapons. Dart seemed to imply, they evolved to become more behaviorally at home with the weapons and came rather to like the killing business. The ones who had the best weapons-also the ones with the sharpest minds-and the strongest stomachs prospered and had no qualms about murdering their less violent brothers, who, of course, were holding back progress.

That paper could hardly have had greater impact than to have been read or pondered in the heart of "primal" Africa during the time of the Mau Mau—in the very place, if not the time, where man was born.



Surround yourself with love.

If making love is an art, these two original, hand-screened wallpapers are masterpieces. Ours exclusively.

Ours exclusively.
On the left is "Tantra", inspired by the wall paintings in the temples of Tibet and Nepal. (In India, Tantra is the cult of ecstasy.) On the right is "Nippon", derived from ancient Oriental prints that are a glorification of sexual pleasure.

"Tantra" in bronze mylar, \$34 per roll; in antique varnish yellow or silver, \$32 per roll. "Tantra" matching shower curtain as shown \$24.95. "Nippon" in antique varnish yellow, beige (silk look) or black, \$32 per roll. Each roll is 27" wide 15 feet long and covers approx. 30 sq. ft. No minimum requirement.

To order, indicate name of pattern, number of single rolls, color background, and, if you

desire, the "Tantra" shower curtain

Send check or money order plus \$2 per roll to cover postage and handling, plus \$1.50 for the shower curtain. Or charge to American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date, and account number plus Interbank # for Master Charge). Mail to Penthouse Products Ltd., 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. To expedite your charge order call our toll free number (800) 223-7763. N.Y. residents call direct 212-593-0334. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

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Building on Dart's views, Ardrey contended that near-man's weapons (necessary in the absence of sharp teeth or claws) became the all-consuming focus of his existence. In Ardrey's view the weapon became and still remains man's "most significant cultural endowment." In part, this proposition was based on Ardrey's view that most of the cultural artifacts found with the remains of early men were not merely tools, as most archaeologists call them, but weapons. Ardrey considered "tools" a euphemism. Statistically, the contention has never held up. The choppers, scrapers, burins, awls, hammerstones, anvils. hand axes, and flakes of various sorts would have made poor weapons with which to kill anything. Most authorities believe that they served a variety of household-utility functions.

Of course, no one doubts that an early hominid could have taken a chopper, which was originally fashioned for another purpose, and bashed his brother on the head. It could have been as dangerous as a baseball bat or a tire iron. Undoubtedly, early man had weapons with which to kill his prey. He probably used wooden clubs (which do not fossilize well) or threw rocks (which keep but look like any other rock). One probable method of killing, deduced from the circumstances in which butchered and fossilized animals have been found, was to drive the prev into muddy ground, which would hold the animal almost immobile until it could be clubbed or stoned to death. This relied more on cunning and planning than on the invention of a superior material weapon. Long before the first evidence of spears or arrows, man was undoubtedly an accomplished hunter. He relied, not on fancy weapons, but on his brain to make snares or drive animals over cliffs or into pits or to surprise them while they slept.

The fossil evidence that Dart offered and that Ardrey found so compelling included a number of baboon skulls found with the bones of Australopithecus and bearing the damage from a blunt instrument. The clear suggestion was that the ape-men had bashed the skulls with a weapon and had eaten the baboons. Ardrev's book ominously declared from this evidence, "The use of weapons had preceded man." Still hunting is not murder. The fossil clincher for Ardrey was a twelve-year-old Australopithecus ape-man's jawbone, which had been broken before its owner died. A dent in the chin had knocked out some front teeth, and the bone was broken on either side. Ardrey said that because the break had not knitted, the blow on the chin had been fatal. Although it seems reasonable to conclude that the creature probably died shortly before or after the blow on the chin, Ardrey does not discuss the possibility, even the probability, that death came from damage to some more vital body part than the chin. There is no evidence how that damage might have been inflicted. A fall is one possibility that would involve no foul play. "What if a weapon had done this

deed?" Ardrey wrote breathlessly. "What if I held in my hands the evidence of antique murder committed with a deadly weapon a quarter of a million years before the time of man?"

Ardrey also cited seven other ape-man skulls that had been fractured, but even he cautioned, "Not all the specimens demonstrate conclusively death by purposeful violence." He singles out only three of the seven—one that had been bashed in a way resembling the damaged baboon skulls, one in which a two-inch rock had been rammed through the skull, coming to rest in the brain case, and one that bore two small punctures which could have been inflicted with a sharp stick. Ardrey does not suggest the nature of the weapon and discounts the possibility, widely accepted by many authorities, that the two holes are tooth marks from a predator. In fact, it has been shown that the two holes are at exactly the right distance apart to have been made by the long, canine teeth of a leopard dragging its



How has the killer-ape theory held up in light of new evidence? Put simply, it has not.



prey by the head, as leopards often do. Ardrey said that one did not need more evidence or more expertise to determine what had happened. Of the broken jaw, he insisted, "One needed nothing but the lay common sense of a juryman to return a verdict that at some terrible moment in most ancient times, murder had been done."

That is the sum total of the direct evidence for both murder and an affinity for lethal weapons being an instinctive, species-wide trait among man's ancestors and, hence, among us. That the bone damage might have resulted from falls or from other accidents (ceilings sometimes collapsed in the South African caves in which the fossils were found) was not considered a likely possibility. The balance of Ardrey's book is taken up with suggestive evidence and descriptions of territorial and aggressive behavior among animals far removed from man's line of evolution. Curiously, Ardrey discounts behavioral studies of man's closest living relatives, the chimpanzees, which are remarkably amicable among themselves, even though, as Jane Goodall has shown, they do hunt and kill other animals for food on rare occasions.

The vast bulk of today's knowledge

about man's evolution was discovered and studied since the publication of Ardrey's book. (In fact, African Genesis turned so many people's minds to Africa as man's place of origin that the book should be given credit for stimulating much of the financial support that has made possible the later work.) How has the killer-ape theory held up in light of this newer and more abundant evidence? Put simply, it has not. The additional fossil evidence that might have been expected were Ardrey and Dart right has not been among the hundreds of additional hominid fossils that have been found.

Today the vast majority of experts familiar with the fossil evidence agree that while man's ancestors appear to have been hunters, killing and consuming quantities of meat, there is no suggestion that they were driven by a bloodlust any more than was any other predator. More important, there is certainly no hint that they killed each other more than does any animal species known today. In fact, the evidence from the other species shows that man is among the least likely to kill his own kind.

"The killer-ape theory should have been abandoned by everybody long ago, because there's really no evidence any longer to substantiate the view," said Richard Leakey, the son of Louis and Mary Leakey, who made important fossil discoveries at Olduvai Gorge. The vounger Leakey's own discoveries in the fabulously rich area east of Lake Turkana (formerly Lake Rudolf) in Kenya have provided a large share of the known fossil evidence of early man. "The evidence for a predatory early hominid is perfectly valid," Leakey added, "but a predatory ape is not a killer in the sense that the 'killer ape' was introduced and is popularly conceived of. I think it is very likely that nobody would have heard of the killer-ape concept if it hadn't been for Robert Ardrey, but in the same breath I will say it is certain that a majority of the people now interested in supporting early-man research would never have heard of early man. I think Robert Ardrey has done a tremendous amount to bring in the interests of people around the world; and if the price was the killer-ape hypothesis, then I think it's cheap at the price.'

In one sense it may be comforting to believe that we are a comparatively violent species by instinct. If that's the way we are, then there is not much that we can do about it. The burden of the violence of which we are truly guilty can rest on a genetic inheritance over which we had no control.

On the other hand, it's much more challenging to accept the view that we are not violent by instinct. The burden then falls on us to be responsible for the violence that we do commit. Our violence is of our own making and, therefore, for us to unmake.

Man is not some miserably depraved species. He is another of the animals, considerably kinder to his own species than most and vastly more capable of the empathy that can and should move him to be still kinder. O

Toyota's Corolla Liftback handles like a sports car, delivers 37 mpg, and boasts one of the neatest engines on wheels.

THE CLEAN MACHINE

With more than 2 million of her cars purring all around the United States, Toyota must be doing a thing or two right. And one of those right things, for sure, is the Corolla SR-5 Liftback.

A sporty three-door, the SR-5 combines crisp handling and sharp performance with 37-mpg fuel economy. For good measure Toyota has also thrown in an oversized cargo area and a neat interior-trim pack, built in dozens of options, and topped everything off with a rock-bottom price sticker. It's a hard act to follow, especially if you've been driving one of Detroit's twice-the-price, gas-guzzling bombs (with a cramped interior and a Lilliputian trunk that can't hold very much more than the usual blown-up hockey-puck spare).

After a few hundred miles in the SR-5, I got the distinct feeling that Corolla owners never get to know their dealer's service manager very well-they don't have to. The car is tight; everything fits the way it should and works the way it should. The people who assemble these cars obviously take pride in what they're doing, for it shows: the end product is of a level of quality that has been absent from American automotive products for years.

When you slide behind the wheel of the SR-5 and look around,

the first impression is that somebody put a lot of time into planning the layout. The primary instrument cluster with speedometer and tachometer is there directly in front of the wheel, complemented by four other gauges above the central console. The five-speed shift knob and pull-up parking brake are handily accessible under the driver's right hand. The turn indicator, headlight switch, high-beam switch, and headlight flasher functions are combined on a short stalk that protrudes to the left from the steering-wheel column. And on the right side of this column, a similar stalk permits operation of the windshield washer-wiper controls without lifting one's hands from the wheel in blurring rain.

A twist of the key fires up the engine. When the motor is idling, the noise level is so low that a quick check of the tachometer is needed to make sure you're ready to move. Clutch action is smooth enough and pedal pressure light enough to make working your way through the gears a pleasure. The gear box is also smooth. At cruising speed—around 60 mph—the car tracks beautifully and goes exactly where you point it, with minimal pressure on the steering wheel. The steel-belted radials and McPherson-strut front suspension assure the sort of road-holding that only a few, exotic sports cars could claim just a few years ago.

The SR-5's engine is a real gem. With only 1.6 liters (about

96 cubic inches) displacement, you'd expect to spend a lot of time shifting down to keep things moving. But this neat little four pulls like a mule. The secret is in the torque figures and in when you get the torque. Rated output is 75 hp at 5,800 rpm, but the maximum torque of 83 foot-pounds comes on at only 3,800 rpm. This allows you to drive with ease in city traffic in third and fourth gears and to pop into overdrive fifth on the freeways. In flith you can cruise at 60 mph while the engine loafs—this is what makes the car a gas miser. With a practically brand-new test car, our average for combined city-highway driving exceeded 30 mpg for the 2,200 miles we drove the car. (The EPA figures for the SR-5 are 37 mpg on the

highway and 26 mpg in town.) With the 13.2gallon tank, it's a pleasantly long drive between those gas stops.

Referring to the SR-5 as a three-door is something of an understatement. That third door opens up the whole back of the car for access to the cargo deck. How else can you get a console-model color TV or a dozen pairs of skis into a 93-inch-wheelbase car? With the backseat folded down, a clear space sixty-four inches long by fifty inches wide is opened up for bulky cargo. With both seats folded, there

those as a the thing of ment.
opens back of cess to those or a do into a base of seat of clear inches inches up for

are 23.9 cu. ft. of cargo space available-and you'll use it.

One nice thing about the Toyota people is that they sell cars, not options. The option list on the Corolla SR-5 is about as long as the fur on a bowling ball. About the only goodies you can add are air and a few trimmings in the music department. Adding air conditioning is cool, but I'll stick with the neat AM/FM radio that comes with the SR-5 package. If you've got to have that extra noise with your wheels, you can order an AM/FM/MPX stereo or an eight-track stereo tape deck.

Except for these few extras, everything is included in the base price of just under \$4,100 plus taxes. And what you get is pretty impressive, for, even by Detroit's standards, these cars are loaded. As delivered, the SR-5 comes with such items as power discs up front, mag-styled steel wheels, steel-belted radial tires, electric tachometer, high-back reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, and loop-pile carpeting.

The Corolla Liftback SR-5, we might add, was one of the few cars we genuinely hated to give up at the end of our tests. As delivered, the car provided some fine driving, and it did so for nickels. It is at home on a snaky back road, it cruises well on a fast freeway, and it slices through busy traffic like Pele on a rampage. Before you splurge on another big-ticket rig, check out the SR-5, a true corollary of Toyota excellence, at your local dealer's. You'll save a bundle and have a ball. Other

The smoker's guide to low-tar cigarettes.

With all the controversy about smoking going on, lots of smokers are deciding to switch to low-tar cigarettes.

But which low-tar cigarette should a switcher switch to?

Well, here's an easy guide to follow.

First, there are those so-called new cigarettes claiming scientific breakthrough and hyped-up flavor. Unfortunately there's nothing very revolutionary about the way they taste.

Next there are those brands that promise nothing but low-tar numbers. They're fine if low numbers are all you want. Because their scientific filters work so

well, they filter out most of the taste.

Fortunately there is an alternative. Vantage. The low-tar cigarette that's different from all the others.

From the very beginning Vantage was designed to deliver flavor like a full-flavor cigarette with less tar than 95% of all cigarettes. So forget all those empty promises and go with the real flavor of Vantage.

It will probably turn out to be the only low-tar cigarette you'll enjoy.

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Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

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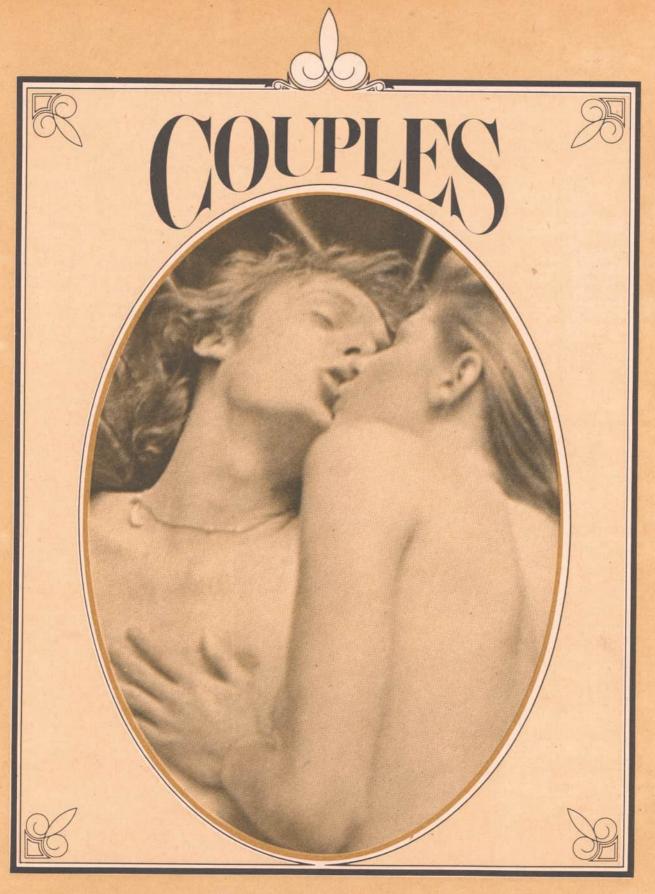
VANTAGE

MENTHOL

DISTABLE HENFOLDS TORACCO

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

FILTER: 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76; FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



NEVER SAY SOFT

His philosophy was "satyriasis and how you can catch it," and his life-of-the-orgy personality certainly was more than any one woman might contain.





Over the weekend at summer camp, the counselor and I had sex a dozen times. After the tenth screw, she gasped, "You're a satyr, an honest-to-God satyr."9

OES STORY: Sometimes I feel as if my cock were the center of my being. When I first discovered that I was different from other boys, I felt scared. I started masturbating several times a day when I was twelve. My bedclothes were one great white stain.

I started fucking girls when I was sixteen, and I ceased feeling scared and began feeling proud. I never withdrew my cock from a cunt before I'd come twice, and after a few minutes of rest I was hard and ready to fuck again. The girls loved it.

When I was eighteen, I fucked one of the counselors here at Tulane. Actually, we spent a weekend together, and I fucked her a dozen times. On Sunday night, while sucking my cock, she looked up at me and said, "You're a satyr, an honest-to-God satyr." This was the first time I had heard the word, and I fell in love with it immediately. After I had come in the counselor's mouth, I took my cock in my hand and watched it shrink. (I was very stoned; it was like watching a tiny child snuggling up in sleep after a hard day's play.) I nuzzled my toes into the crural heat of the counselor, feeling peaceful. "Satyr," I said to my cock. The word was a benediction.

I met Karen in the fall of last year. I was a senior; she was a junior. I loved her the very first night we spent together. She was irresistible: she had an unforgettable kind of brunette beauty enhanced by wildness. Our first date was dinner at Galatoire's. We had just sat down and ordered drinks, and I'd started to talk about my decision not to go on to graduate school. Karen interrupted immediately. "I fucked my cousin," she said. "He was fifteen, and I was seventeen. His dick was skinny and hard like a candy cane. Now he sends me a card every Valentine's Day.'

got the point and suggested we go to my pad. The sex was great. We fucked our hearts out that night. I came inside her twice; then we lay there, nibbling each other's crotch-endlessly it seemed-until we came, I in her mouth, she against my teeth. Then we fucked again. Across the room I Sailed to Tahiti with an All-Girl Crew flickered on Karen's black Sony. We E

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationshipanalyzed 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.

COUPLES

fucked from the beginning of the yacht-club scene to the very end of the movie. I fell asleep with my cock by her mouth, and I awoke on the verge of an orgasm. Karen was sucking me violently while she rubbed her cunt. When I came, she didn't pause but drew my gush down her throat; she kept sucking as I softened, until she came against her hand with a deep, crazy moan. It was wild, like discovering sex for the first time, when every fiber and muscle seems to be enflamed.

After Christmas we rented a place together on Jefferson Avenue. It was during this time that Karen revealed her passion for obscene calls. We were drinking one night, and she

picked a name out of the telephone directory.

"Hi," she said into the receiver, in her cutest little-girl voice. "Are you alone? Never mind who I am. I've got three fingers up my cunt, and it's as wet and hot as a bowl of buttered grits. Here—I'm putting the phone against my cunt. You don't mind if I play with myself as we talk, do you? Yes, why don't you? That's a good idea: we'll both play with ourselves. If you were here, I'd take your cock in my mouth and I'd lick and lick and

lick; and just when you were going to come, I'd take your dick and stick it very, very slowly into my pussy and fuck the hell out of it. God, it's even steaming like grits. Ooh, it feels nice. Don't you wish you could rub your dick on my tits? My nipples are hard now, and I'm playing with them. Here-I'll put the phone on them. Mmm. Yes, go ahead; let me speak to your dickie. Hi, dickie! Come get your grits, dickie! My ass? I'd love it. And after you're finished kissing it, you could slide your dickie in, maybe. I wish I could feel your cock in my mouth; I wish you were coming in my mouth right now; yes, I do. Yes, come, baby, come. Yes, God, I'm coming, too. Mmm. Sweet dreams, darling. We'll meet again. Someday, somewhere, we'll meet-cunt and cock. Maybe. We'll see. Yeah, me too. I'll being looking for you, too."

The situation was incredible. I was so horny that I just drew her wonderful body down on top of me as soon

as she hung up the phone, and my cock slid into her like a frog between water-lily pads. I came almost immediately but kept fucking until I could feel the first wave of climax welling up inside me again; then I came a second time.

We were faithful to one another through the winter and spring. Karen spent her days sunbathing in the nude. My favorite evening pastime was to gaze at her nude, tan body while we ate a dinner by candlelight and then to make love to her all night. On the warmest evenings we would go skinnydipping, which was a thrill because it was totally illegal. I thought we would get thrown in the can one night, because two cops came down to the beach and found us lying on the sand. They turned out to be pretty cool, however, and they dropped their drawers right along with us, both of them taking turns fucking Karen. I guess that a policeman's job does have its benefits sometimes. I could fuck her only twice that night, though, because she'd had such a workout. I graduated and began working at Dover that summer. In the fall, soon after Karen had returned to school, we went to our first orgy. Karen broke the ice by yelling, "Whose dick do I get to suck?"

Karen and our host went to a bedroom. Our hostess unzipped her jeans and wriggled out of them. Then she lighted a cigarette and waited for the rest of us to remove our clothes. I dropped my pants. An exchange student from Hungary, a lovely young girl, came up behind me and reached around so that she was holding my balls. "Huck me," she whispered in my ear. "Huck me." We fell into a couch and began kissing. She had soft, feathery pubic hair and a hot, juicy cunt. I slipped my cock into her and felt her cool, lithe legs creep around me and clamp at the small of my back. I came inside her twice. She took my cock in her mouth and held it there, breathing on it softly until it hardened again under the warmth of her breath. She took my cock from her mouth and pressed it to her face and then her neck, before returning it to her mouth, where she began massaging it with her tongue and lips. Across the room our hostess sat; a man knelt before her, his face in her cunt. I watched as my Hungarian darling sucked. I came in her mouth and lay back. I reached down and touched a lady who had just been fucked, exhaustively, by the Hungar-

ian's swarthy date. I moved my hand from her stomach to her pussy and massaged her strong, humid clitoris. She raised her head and took my cock in her mouth, which was so deliciously hot and juicy that my cock hardened quickly. I came in her mouth as I rubbed her clit, and she removed my cock and kissed it until it expanded again, like a sea anemone.

"God, he's a boy wonder," said our hostess, her eyes riveted to my cock. I went to her and lightly brushed my cock against her face. She grasped it and moaned. We kissed, and then our hostess knelt, doggy-style, on a rug. I knelt behind her, tracing the lines of her ass with the tip of my cock. Her body trembled as I gently applied my cock to the lips of her cunt. I penetrated the puckered orifice slightly, and her body shook so hard that I found my cock rammed fully in. We fucked for quite a while; I had come four times so far that night, and I was now running a marathon.

When I finally felt that I was about to spurt, I held her ass tightly against my stomach and felt her cunt flex me into orgasm. My cock was still hard after climaxing.

There was one lady left to fuck: Karen. And we did, right there in the center of the room. All the others had ceased fucking, and they sat sipping Lochan Ora, watching us like dismayed lab technicians. At home, two hours later, we fucked again. Seven is my magic number.

I had always wanted to bring another girl into bed with us but had never talked to Karen about it. After our first orgy, I was feeling adventurous; and when I ran into an old girl friend, the gears in my head started humming. We were at a bar, and I steered the conversation toward the subject of sex. Sally, my old girl friend, commented that a sexual appetite like mine must be too much for one woman to handle. Right then I knew that the three of us would wind up in the sack later that night.

Karen knew what was going on as soon as I showed up with Sally. No sooner had we sat down than Karen said to Sally, "Joe's dick is always a mere twitch away from a hard-on." Then she unzipped my fly and flipped my cock out. She



I'd laid six chicks at the orgy. Karen was the seventh. All the others just sat sipping Lochan Ora, watching us like dismayed lab technicians.



stroked it for a moment, and it stiffened. "See what I mean?" Karen said. "Come here; look closer." Soon their two mouths were at my cock, licking; I could see their lips meet as they held my cock in their mouths as if they were two hounds chewing at the same bone. Karen began licking upwards on one side of my cock while Sally licked downwards. They licked slowly at first and then fast and frenzied. Then, like a tag team, they took turns sucking the full shaft. As I began to climax, they both gobbled and slurped ferociously at my cock and balls. I looked down to see them fingering one another through their clothes.

We undressed and went to bed. I fucked Sally as Karen lay next to us, masturbating and touching our bodies. As I was about to come, I withdrew my cock slightly from Sally's cunt so that just the tip was inside her; and Karen put her head between our bellies, sucking my cock and Sally's clit at the same time—without losing the rhythm of her own masturbation. The three of us came more wildly than lunatics.

Sally sucked my cock until it hardened again, and then she

sat upon my face while Karen straddled my cock. They reached out to fondle one another as they gyrated upon me. I came in Karen, gloriously, and then fucked Sally from behind. Karen was curled up by our heads, her ass on Sally's hair, her cunt on my face. Again the three of us came together. Sally is an incredibly limber gymnast. We three lay back panting when she sat up and pressed her ass against my now hard cock. She pulled both her feet up and put them behind her head (I've never seen anything like it) and asked me to play with her feet. We were all giggling as Karen went down on Sally. Karen's tongue on Sally's clit and my tongue on her toes were such a turn-on for her that she could hardly keep from screaming. Then Karen reached underneath Sally's ass and pulled my cock out beween Sally's legs. She went back and forth eating both Sally and me while I tickled and sucked Sally's feet. As I came in Karen's

mouth, Sally burst out laughing and said, "Don't ever change, Joe. Don't ever change." I came eight times that night, but the orgy had its effect on me: the next day I came only twice.

Karen and I were lying next to each other the next night when I asked her about her orgasms. She told me that before she met me, she'd felt as if she could come and keep coming as long as her man's dick stayed hard. Well, she'd never met any guy who could get it up as much as I can; so she never really had a chance to test herself. She had also never really been involved in a ménage à trois like the one the night before, and she found that it really sent her to the limit. I know that since I've been with Karen she's basically been a satisfied woman, because she's still with me. Before we got together, she would fuck one guy and then go on to another one, not because the first man didn't satisfy her, but because she loves to fuck all night and there aren't many men who can come more than three times.

Karen had never turned on to a ménage à trois before, because all the men whom she'd known were the types who like to sit back and watch the two women lick and finger each other—put on a show—until the guy is ready to come. It's not that she's against exhibitionism or lesbian relationships; she simply would rather have a man in her all the time.

We still go to a few orgies, and I still bring a girl home to Karen every now and again, but mainly it's just the two of us. I don't know if satyriasis wanes with years, but I sure hope that it doesn't. And I bet Karen hopes that it doesn't, too.

KAREN'S STORY:

Before I met Joe, I was screwing a lot of different guys all the time. I'm not complaining, but I guess I'm a one-man woman who just hadn't found the right man.

I was a pretty straight chick. In those days I never went to orgies, and I still don't take any drugs or alcohol. I always have (and always will, if I'm lucky) enjoyed a good fuck, however. I know that I was lonely before I met Joe. I didn't have any lasting relationships—a good man is hard to find. I was so lonely that for a while I had a relationship with a woman. She was a beautiful young girl, one of my sister's friends—with

blonde hair and a creamy Scandinavian complexion. Her name was Inger. Inger knew of my depression, and she, my sister, and I used to have girl talks late at night in an attempt to try to cheer me up. One cold night Inger and I were huddled in blankets, watching TV. My sister had fallen asleep, but Inger stayed up because she knew that I was depressed. All of a sudden she began to tickle my feet, trying to make me laugh. Before I knew it, her tickling fingers had tickled all the way up to my pussy. She was so sweet and gentle with me, just what I needed at that time. While she kissed and stroked my body, I played with her soft blonde hair, burying my face in it. I started coming after five minutes and must have come for five more. Inger pulled a vibrator out of her purse, and we took turns with it until we thought we'd both burst. She told me how she carries it in her purse so that just the tip sticks out. When a cool guy sees it,

he might follow her home or at least give her his phone number. What a great way to meet men.

Inger and I had an affair for a couple of months. I loved her tender touch, but after a few hours of lovemaking, I would always be melting for a man. I knew that I'd have to call it off when, in the early morning hours while Inger slept, I would go out to a disco or a bar to meet someone. It was during one of these late-night escapades that I met Joe. He wanted to buy me dinner, but I just couldn't wait to get him into bed. That night that I went to bed with Joe, I thought I'd had a vision of heaven. He fucked me till my cervix pouted. When I realized that he was erect all the time, I had a kind of revelation: here he is; this guy's the one. I was inured to guys who just stuck a finger in my pussy, then stuck a dick in, and then whimpered and rolled over, all within the span of a McDonald's commercial; Joe was a liberation. With him I felt no panic about climaxing. I knew that I'd come; if I wanted more, all I had to do was reach out and grab his gorgeous dick.

Joe makes me feel sexually daring. For instance, I love to make sexy phone calls (I never think of them as obscene), but



Joe is the Babe Ruth
of sexual intercourse. At an
orgy, when the
other guys are finished, Joe's
just begun. My man
has a perpetual erection,
and I'm proud of it!



COUPLES

I never even considered making them in the presence of anyone until I met Joe. I don't think I would have gone to an

orgy if it hadn't been for him.

That first orgy we went to was strange. I was nervous, in a giddy sort of way, and I felt relieved when Larry, whose house we were in, took me to his bedroom almost as soon as Joe and I had arrived. He took his dick and placed it in my hand while we kissed. Then he undressed me slowly, and I soon found myself lying naked and rubbing Larry's warm, smooth dick against my thighs. It was the first dick other than Joe's I had felt in a year, and I was horny as an eighth-grader in June. I tugged at the smooth, white stalk slightly, and he got the message. A second later I had a beautiful dick inside me, moving slow and hard. Larry isn't too tall, and he had no difficulty sucking my breasts steadily while we fucked. He came inside me and I held him close, still moving my hips, until I came in ever-widening tremors, feeling his mouth at my neck. It was fun but only physical. Joe's the one for me.

Joe and I have gone to a few more orgies. At one of them I

held Joe's dick in my mouth while another guy fucked me bowlegged. This ménage à trois gave me one of the most thrilling sensations I've ever felt. What's the word—precarious? I know Joe got off on it, too, because he came all over my face in about

three minutes. I kept sucking his dick

until the other guy came inside me.

Jesus, it felt fine.

The first time Joe brought Sally home with him, I felt like throwing them both out. It's hard to describe. I guess at first I felt as if they were in a conspiracy against me. Then I realized that Joe intended for the conspiracy to be between him and me. I was relieved, believe me.

Whenever Joe brings a girl home with him (and he doesn't do this often), I love to get right up close to them when they fuck—so close that a flick of my tongue touches both Joe's dick and the girl's cunt. I know that it sends shivers through them. I also like being close, because I can hear

the fuck sounds: those little fluid slushings and whooshes, the sex piston of a cock chugging toward orgasm in a cunt. Sometimes I just stick my face right in there and lick the dick and the clit at the same time, when both are on the brink of coming. I love to jerk off while I'm doing it. It makes me feel like some kind of divinity watching the world I've created.

Since Joe and I have been together, I've really gone and picked up a guy only once. That happened in one of those tourist joints down on Bourbon Street. I let some salesman buy me a few margaritas. He was very handsome, really, but he had one of those bland personalities that you often encounter in men who believe that there is such a thing as methodical seduction. Speaking with him was like drowning in quicksand, but with each margarita I found it easier to do.

"I bet I jerk off more than you," I said to the salesman after the first sip of my fifth margarita. Of course, I no longer jerked off much, not since I had been with Joe and his magic dick. But I wanted to see how the salesman would react.

"If I were your beau, you wouldn't have to jerk off at all," he said. My beau! God, I thought, a trip with this turkey was going

to be like a layover in Hicksville—a holiday in a morgue.

"Come," I said finally. "Come and fuck me. Fuck me till my eyes roll back in my face and my stomach aches. Fuck me."

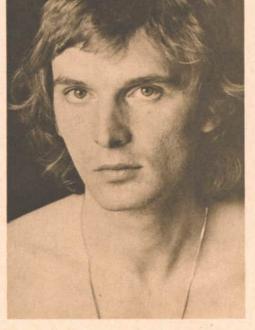
We went to his nondescript room at the Sonesta and undressed one another. I rubbed my panties in his face and then stood over him on the bed and stroked his dick with my foot. He was going wild, and I squatted above his face, spreading the lips of my pussy with my fingers as he pressed his mouth and nose into it. When I was about to come, I lay down and rolled him onto me, guiding his dick into me. He came very quickly, and I asked him to lick my pussy again until his dick was hard. We fucked again, and this time I was on top. When he said that he was going to come, I hopped off him and took his dick into my mouth so that his sweet white ejaculate went down my throat. When he went into the bathroom to wash up, I copied the number of Heroin Hot Line on a scrap of stationery. I gave it to him, telling him to call me the next time he was in town. I wish I could see the look on his face when he did.

I'm proud to say that Joe satisfies me in such a way that I

don't often feel a desire to fuck other men. No other man I've known has the sexual powers of Joe. Part of the reason why I've enjoyed going to orgies is that I'm so pleased with the reactions Joe gets, for he's always the pole of the party. After one or two measly ejaculations, the other guys are finished. But Joe? Hell, he's the Babe Ruth of fuck, and you can see the envy in everyone's eyes, men and women both. I've got what most girls only dream about: a guy with a perpetual hard-on, a fantasy man. A satyr with a magic-wand cock. I've talked to other women about Joe and his powers, and not one has ever really met a man who could measure up to my Joe. In fact, a good one-half of the women I've spoken with don't even know what satyr means. Now that I come to think of it, I didn't really know what the word meant until I went to bed with Joe.

Almost without exception, the women who made love with Joe dur-

ing the orgies we went to have still got their eyes on him. I'm keeping cool about this, because for one thing, there's enough of him to go around, and for another, Joe feels that none of these women would be able to handle him long-term the way I do. I'm not worried. He's mine for keeps.



DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

I would first like to clear up the definitions for "satyr" and "satyriasis." A satyr is the male counterpart of a nymphomaniac. As a rule, the layman uses the term "nymphomaniac" incorrectly, employing it to describe a very highly sexed lady who has a sexual strength that enables her to exhaust three or four partners. She is, however, satisfied both physically and psychologically.

The true nymphomaniac, however, acts in much the same way, but her constant search for new and frequent partners is the result of never being psychologically or physically satisfied. The nymphomaniac seeks out a new partner because she is always hoping that a new man will provide her with what she is pursuing, though she cannot properly describe what it

is she wants. Her search, like her satisfaction, is unfulfilled.

Satyriasis usually occurs during middle age and the early sixties. Quite often it, too, has psychological origins, feelings of sexual inadequacy that the victim tries to disprove to himself by indulging in excessive sexual activity. However, there are cases in which hormonal changes in later life do cause an increase, rather than a decrease, in libido, and if the subject cannot control the increase, he will indulge in excessive sexual activity. All this is a far cry from being highly sexed. (Note: there is no such condition as being "oversexed"!)

Personally, I just cannot bring myself to find any merit in the way laymen use the terms "nymphomaniac" and "satyr" to describe the needs and activities of highly sexed people. The two terms have pejorative meanings, which make the value judgment that the highly sexed should be thoroughly ashamed of their needs and their attempts to fulfill those needs.

But for the sake of simplicity, men and women can be divided into three groups: (a) the highly sexed, who need and have at least one orgasm a day, 365 days a year; (b) the

average sexed, who have sex from three to five times a week; and (c) the low sexed, whose sexual needs are satisfied with one orgasm a week, a month, or longer.

The average sexed, of course, constitute the great majority. The highly sexed are only a fraction of the average sexed; and the low sexed are a slightly higher fraction than the highly sexed.

I am often sorry that I use these classifications, because they can cause anxiety in a number of people who feel that their own activity is subnormal.

The crux of the matter is not how often you have it off, but whether every orgasm you have provides you with complete physical relief and emotional satisfaction. One need not envy Joe and other satyrs, although it can be quite exciting to be built that way.

"Built that way!" What do I mean by that?

It can be said that the frequency with which a man or a woman makes love is regulated by the relative strength of his or her sex drive (libido). The sex drive itself is controlled by certain chemical reactions, chiefly those involving the sex hormones, which take place in our bodies. The chemically produced sex drive, which I term the "involuntary sex drive," is affected by the amount of sex hormones produced; and as the amount of hormone production varies from individual to individual, so the three main classifications emerge.

Here we are dealing with the highly sexed Joe and, fortunately for him, the highly sexed Karen.

Very little research had been done regarding the nature of the sex drive until I embarked on my own study in 1970, the results of which I have published in You and Your Sex Drive (Pinnacle Books, New York, 1973). From this study a number of interesting discoveries were made.

For example, our actual sexual activity depends not solely on the amount of stimulating hormones we produce but also on the *capacity* of the muscles involved in producing erection, orgasm, and ejaculation in the male and on the erection of clitoris, swelling of sex lips, and orgasm in the female.

In the highly sexed the high production of hormones is almost invariably accompanied by a very rapid muscle-recuperation rate. In addition, the recuperative power of the fluid-producing organs in the male, such as the seminal vesicles and the prostate, play a part, and I have yet to come across a case in which both these recuperative capabilities do not exist together.

My studies also showed that the highly sexed unashamedly enjoy sex. And they are much more sexually imaginative than those with lower sex drives and are, as a result, more sexually adventurous.

All these points are supported by both Joe's and Karen's narratives. However, a strange finding did come out of my research: namely, that while we are endowed with a capacity (as described above) to perform sexually, the majority of all men and women do not perform as frequently as their capacity would permit them.

I attribute frequency of performance to emotional or psy-

chological standing. When one considers that people between the ages of twenty years and forty years were brought up in a sexually restrained atmosphere, it is easier to understand why the majority of people actually restrain themselves from a constant sex drive. I would expect to see a reversal in this trend, resulting from the new methods of sex education and earlier sexual exposure.

I also found that even though we do not perform to the limit of our capacity, practically everyone induces sexual arousal and follows through to orgasm without waiting for the "involuntarily sex drive" to operate. I have termed this induced sexual arousal "voluntary sex drive." And although almost everyone frequently calls upon the voluntary sex drive, practically no one has sex to the limit of his or her sexual capacity. Why? Because most people lack a fully developed sexual imagination.

The Joes and Karens of this world,

however, have highly developed sexual imaginations, which, combined with their high "capacity" and their lack of inhibitions, add to the frequency of their activity. Yet even they rarely perform to the limit of their capacities.

In formulating this explanation I wish to make four points:

- (1) The highly sexed should not boast about their sexual activities, because such boasting may cause anxiety in others.
- (2) Those who are not highly sexed should never envy the highly sexed, who can't help their libidos; that's the way they are made.
- (3) Everyone can develop sexual imagination, chiefly by shedding inhibitions and by enjoying sex much more frequently.
- (4) I repeat: the criterion of successful lovemaking is not how often but rather how physically and emotionally satisfied one is during and after sex.

Although Karen and Joe are not ideal partners, their consideration for one another's needs makes them most compatible. O+ --



PARTING SHOT

THE CRACK-UP

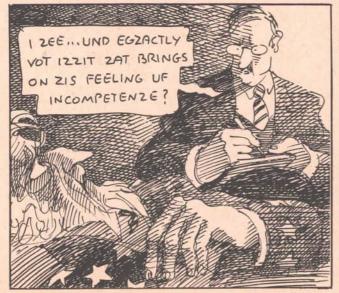
By Edward Sorel













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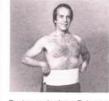
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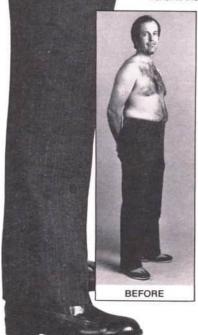
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IN THE AUGUST VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

SMILE: YOU'RE ON CANDID COMPUTER

We are stripped naked of our precious cloaks of "confidentiality" every day without even knowing it. Do you want your boss to know about your nervous breakdown? Do you want your landlord to know that you've had an abortion? No one is keeping your secrets secret anymore, Marvin Grosswirth attests. Certainly not the government.

TWINS

Bari Wood and Jack Geasland were paid a cool million to write Twins, a novelized account based on the tragic and bizarre case of two twin gynecologist brothers. Have the authors' lives been quite the same since? Could they be? Rose Hartman reports.

ABORTION

State laws regulate everything from education to trucking. No wonder they can be brutally heavy-handed when it comes to abortion. Frank Donegan provides some guidelines on how to cope with this traumatic experience.

THEY ALSO SERVE

For every five minutes in the center-court limelight, there are grueling hours of anxiety that could crack an automaton, much less a woman. Julie Heldman, of the Virginia Slims Tennis Tour, calls some inside shots for Viva.

BREAKING ALL THE RULES

More and more women are admitting that you can love two men at once without loving either of them less.

Ann Norbury tells her own very personal story.

TILL DIET DO US PART

Thousands of women are starving themselves to death in order to have the figures of their lives. Dodi Schultz reports on the menace of anorexia nervosa.

PLUS:

Beauty and the breast; fantabulous eyes; where rock stars prowl at night; and great fashion times six.

NYMPHO TAPES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

bullet-shaped jobs that you see in drugstore advertisements, with the model holding it to her face. I got home and lubricated myself and used it on myself, front and back and on the clit, until I wore out the batteries. I went out again and bought three more sets of batteries. By the time Harry got home, I had used two of them up.

I left the machine in full view on the bed with a fresh set of batteries in it, hoping that he would use it on me or at least let me use it on myself while I blew him or during whatever we happened to be doing at the moment. I think I left it in sight every day for about a week until finally he picked it up and put it in my hand. Well, I put it in the front while he fucked me in the ass, and as soon as he felt the vibrations himself, he liked it. We always used the vibrator after that.

Oh, Harry really loved my ass. I think that he used to like it when my period came around. Then he could do it to me in the back for hours and hours. I remember how we spent one whole night while he played with me back there. He put his penis in, his fingers, the vibrator, and bottles. He put an ice-cold bottle up me that night. I loved it. He also used other things, such as hair-brush handles and items of cold food—a carrot, I think, or maybe a cucumber.

TAPE 3

In 1968 I discovered that a really lovely sensation is having a penis in my vagina and a vibrator on my clitoris. For example, the man sits on a chair, and I face him and sit on his penis, leaving plenty of room for one of us to work the machine. The first man I did this with liked it so much that he bought his own vibrator to use on other girls. For a variation on this method, the man sits down and I sit on his penis, facing away from him so that it goes in my ass. Then I put one vibrator in the front and one on the clit.

I decided in 1968, after I had my first orgasm, that I would give myself the maximum sexual pleasure for the rest of my life. And that means plenty of vibrators and lots of men with nice cocks. But the cocks don't necessarily have to be large. I've never been a whopper woman. You know, I don't need anything more than nine or ten inches. Nothing big. Even so, I must tell you about Richard, Richard the phenomenon.

One night I was alone, cruising the slums and putting my name on walls. You know the sort of thing, like so-and-so sucks and the phone number, hoping to get some interesting calls, and I went into a really scummy-looking joint, where a lot of nefarious types were gambling.

That's when I saw Richard. He was in this seedy bar. I stopped dead in my tracks. The guy was beautiful! A little on the short side, maybe, but long in the torso, the way I like my men, dark shiny hair, which I like, and a great, dynamite body. His white shirt

hugged him tight, and I could see the washboard stomach muscles.

I guess my mouth fell open, for he laughed a nice laugh. I told him that I lived on the other side of town, and that I needed an escort home.

We ended up at his place instead. It was decorated in a faceless hotel moderne, if you know what I mean. Although everything was expensive and new, it was awful and somehow not quite clean, as if maybe everything there was hot goods and vaguely tainted.

He fixed us brandies in superlarge snifters and sat down beside me on a long sofa in front of a coffee table, on which there were a number of magazines and an old, moth-eaten medical publication obviously often read. He watched me look at the medical publication. Finally, somewhat sheepishly, he told me to turn to a particular page. I turned to it and was greeted by a photograph of a penis. It looked perfectly ordinary to me—just a penis hanging the way they do, with a wart on the right-hand side of the foreskin.

"Turn the page," he commanded.

I did and gasped. To call what I saw a penis was to do it an injustice. There it was in this photograph, the same penis, the wart now about halfway down the shaft. This time the penis was erect. It stood at about a forty-five-degree angle to the floor, all knotted with prominent veins. A couple of arrows in the picture told how many centimeters around it was and how long it was from its base to the tip. I don't know anything about centimeters. It seemed to me that they should have measured that penis in yards, at least, if not miles. This thing was a wang. If he'd hit me with it, it could have been called assault with a deadly.

TAPE 4

He told me that a number of years earlier he had made love to a girl who had found the experience important enough to mention to her psychiatrist. In fact, for one entire psychiatric session, he had discovered subsequently, the girl had talked of nothing else but making love with him. The psychiatrist was intrigued by the girl's story. He had never heard of lovemaking of this duration and ferocity, or of a penis the size she described, or of a male's ability to have as many orgasms as she reported. The psychiatrist described Richard's dimensions and abilities to other doctors, two of whom were sex therapists and researchers. The team expressed an interest in seeing this fabulous tool. Richard spent a weekend at their laboratory, undergoing tests and engaging in intercourse in front of cameras, wires taped to various parts of his body. This article I was looking at was based on what they discovered about Richard that weekend. (Why is it that when people talk about fucking for research, it becomes "intercourse"?)

He put down his snifter. "Would you like to have a look at it?" he asked in much the same way as if he were asking if I'd like to take in a movie. I was still too nervous and scared of him to make any sense when I spoke; so, in order not to hurt his feelings (I could tell by the look on his face that although his voice sounded casual, he really wanted me to see this thing of his in the worst way), I told him sure, by nodding my head.

He unzipped, and there it was, the normal-sized penis, with the wart that I had seen in the magazine. He started stroking himself slowly up and down. He stroked himself faster, and it started to grow. He was doing this with his left hand. With his right, he hitched up my dress. He felt the wetness. He took my hand and put it on his penis. I stroked it, and it grew and grew until it was the size I had seen in the second picture. He took me by the hair and pulled me down on him, and while my head was in his lap, he undid the dress. With help from me, he slid it off. I heard his shoes fall as he kicked them off. He undid his belt and top button and took his pants off. Then he took off his jacket and shirt. I never took my head out of his lap. Anything he wanted he got, as far as I was concerned—anything.

He put his hands on my shoulders and moved me off the sofa and onto the floor so that I was kneeling in front of him between his knees. Then he put his hands on either side of my head and moved it up and down.

"Suck harder!"

I sucked it as if my life depended on it. Perhaps, it did, for all I knew. I thought to myself that this isn't lovemaking. He's jerking off, using my head instead of his hand. When he came, it was nothing spectacular. It was just like any other man's first orgasm of an evening. I was expecting an eruption in proportion to the size of his cock. If that had happened, I would have drowned. As illustrated in the magazine, he did not shrivel after ejaculating. It got softer but not smaller.

He raised me up and put me face down on the sofa. He raised my hips and entered me from the back with great force and speed. I had never had anything of that size inside me before. I had expected it to hurt, but it didn't. The force of his thrusts moved me forward inch by inch until my elbows were on the end table. In a few moments the lamp fell off the table. Then I fell off the table as well. He never missed a stroke. If anything, he started going faster. I listened. He wasn't even out of breath.

TAPE 5

After a while he tired of this position. He rolled me over, and he screwed me missionary fashion for a while. Then he came again. And still he did not lose the erection. He stayed inside me for a few moments, not moving. He took a snifter off the table and drank a big slug of brandy. Then he stood up and had me wrap my legs around him. He fucked me like that for a while.

We had arrived at his apartment about ten or ten-thirty. When he finally had had enough, it was about five in the morning. He had had me in every position conceivable. I didn't count, but I guess that he had had six or eight orgasms. And he never lost

his erection and never got winded or showed any signs of tiring.

I lay on the floor, where he had dropped me, and I watched him go into the bathroom. He ran some water in a glass and poured it over his penis. He wet a washcloth and gave himself a sponge bath all over. Finally the erection began going away.

He came back into the living room and began putting on his clothes.

"Come on," he said. "Get into your clothes. Got to lock up, you know."

He saw that I didn't understand.

"Oh, I don't live here. I live with my wife and kids. I'm going home now to get some sleep."

I dragged myself together somehow. He gave me a pat on the fanny as he headed downstairs. The first thing I noticed when he opened the apartment door was that it was dawn.

Richard was strange in many ways. He literally never slept with anybody but his wife. He fucked everybody in town, but he never slept with them. He had two children by his wife. He had one child by his number-one girl friend, and he had another by his number-two girl friend. Not one of these women was allowed to have sex with anybody but Richard, and he insisted that all the children, legitimate and otherwise, be raised Catholic. I fucked with Richard many times.

I got to know his wife. She told me a strange thing once. After she and Richard had been married for several months, they were having sex and she had an orgasm, her first. She said that it was the most intense physical experience she had had up until that time. She told me how she had thrashed around in bed and moaned. Afterward, Richard beat her up and said that he had never witnessed such a disgusting performance in his life. He screamed at her that only women of the streets behaved like that. Respectable wives submitted to their husbands' needs and demands: they submitted but they did not participate.

Fuck him!

Isn't it awful how much I use that word? Fuck. I've used it more times in talking to you than I have used it all the rest of my life. I'm able to say it without guilt because every morning when I get up, I tell myself that sex is trivial and unimportant, and that talk about sex is really talk about nothing. I try to think like my friend Roberta. I had a party at my house. My lover arrived, and I wanted the party to end so that he and I could go to bed. Roberta could tell what was on my mind. "Come on, you guys," she said, "let's move the party to my house." I talked to her the next day. She'd taken six guys home and fucked them all.

"Six?" I asked in amazement.

"Yeah, six," she said. "Big deal. Wanna go out for lunch?"

TAPE 6

I remind myself of Roberta's attitude toward sex. Sex is like breathing or defecating, I tell myself. When I convince myself that it's



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unimportant, then I can talk to you about it. It takes work to convince myself because at night when I'm in bed alone, my body tells me how important sex is. My whole body screams violently for a man or for a vibrator or, better yet, for both a man and a vibrator.

Have I told you that I use my doctor for sex? I met him years and years ago at a party. He and his wife and Roberta and I used to do things together, like playing golf and going to the theater and the movies. Over the years we all got rather close. I went to his office one day, complaining about sore nipples. He examined them and said that they were sore because I was sexually excited. He looked over my whole body very closely and said, "I never noticed until now, but you just ooze sex, don't

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Aw, hell, you know me. I've never cheated in all the years I've been married."

I went home, and he arrived a few minutes later, wearing a heavy coat even though it was a warm day. The reason for the coat was to conceal his sexual condition, which for him was quite embarrassing but quite impressive from my point of view.

Nowadays when I get really horny, I go to him. He has a vibrator, a Panasonic, just like mine, which he uses for massage. He uses it on me, and he's very good. Now he has two regular girls, both married, both patients of his. He's terrified of one of the husbands, by the way, because the man is an important figure in the Mob. If he finds out, that'll be the end of the doctor.

I fuck a photographer every now and then just because I like the looks of his penis so much. It is very large and very shapely. You might say it has aesthetic appeal. He's very much into the S&M scene. He ties his girl up and beats her and makes her suck him off in front of other people. He even puts her on all fours and has strangers push various gadgets up her behind. He fucks other girls in front of her, and while he's doing it, he tells his girl that the girl he's fucking is much better than she is. Also, he has his friends come over to jerk off on her and to urinate on her, too, I

Today there are two conditions for me. Either I'm in love, or I'm not. When I go to a big party, if I'm with a man I love, I sit beside him like a zombie and wait for him to take me home and fuck me. What I think about is the last time we were fucking and how good it's going to be the next time. Specifically, I think about his cock and how it appears in its various moods, gay, sad, sleepy, tired, and its various colors, red, purple, white. I am really turned on when I think about the great, blue veins. And I think about all the divine things a cock can do to me, and what both of us can do while we're playing with his cock, and I picture which dildos he'll put where and how fast and how hard he'll use them on me and which ones I'll use on him and how far up

they'll go before he starts to groan. You know, I'll just sit there and make my pussy all juicy

And if I'm not in love, I'll still get myself aroused and wet. I'll stand around and listen to people and not talk much. As I've told you. I've trained myself to appear to be listening. I make vague comments so that people will think I'm listening. But I'm not. I'm looking around the room, imagining what kind of sex everybody likes and what they look like with no clothes on, and I try to guess who has the biggest cock and the next biggest and so on down to the smallest. I picture them masturbating. I see the sperm flying out. I wonder if the guy with the biggest one can suck himself off. In my mind's eye I make myself see him do that. Then I check all the men out to see on which side of their pants their cocks hang. Almost everybody's hangs left. I check to see if the men talking to good-looking women have erections and, if so, what kind. Are they stiff and sticking straight out? Are they sort of raising their velvety heads for a look around? Or are they just a shade

What I'm telling you is that nowadays I'm always thinking about sex and my pussy is almost always wet.

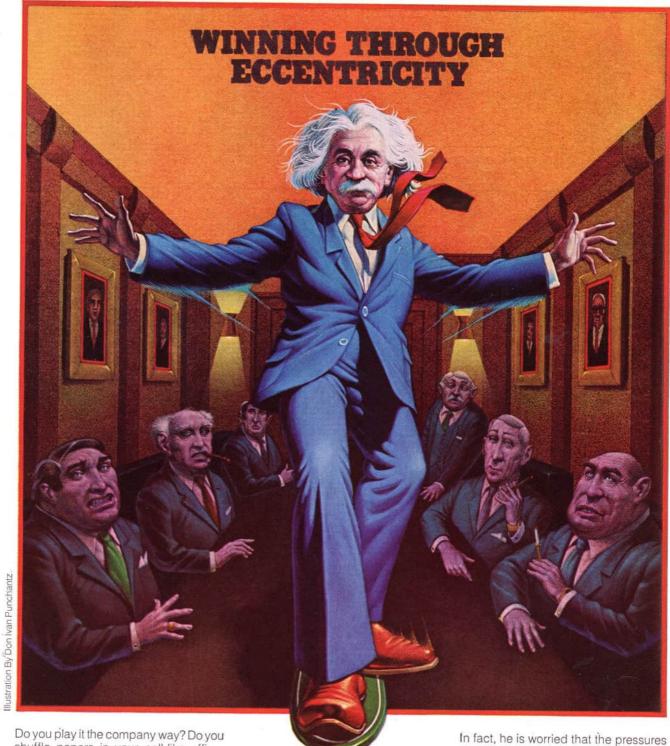
You'd think any man in the world would give everything he owned for a girl like me, a girl always ready to fuck him or suck him or jerk him off, ready to do anything he wants for as long as he wants it in every position there is, anywhere, anytime, doing tricks and stunts unknown to common cunts," as they say. And yet it isn't so. A lot of men don't appreciate my talents.

Many fantasize about having orgasm after orgasm after orgasm. Well, some men can have orgasms about once an hour for a day. But on the second day, they're completely wiped out. Their cocks are swollen and sore and red and sometimes bleeding. and as something useful to me, they're no good at all. In other words, male insatiability is a myth that men make up about themselves. They all see themselves as being hung like bulls, as being great sexual athletes with endless powers of endurance. But it's not so. Compared with me, they're nowhere. I've never seen a cock bigger than I can handle anywhere, mouth, cunt, or ass hole, and I've never had a cock that could last as long as I wanted it to, I'm still looking for the perfect cock.

I've been to orgies where there were five or six guys and me. I was always left wanting more, but one by one the guys peeled off when they simply couldn't get it up even one more time, no matter how long or how hard I sucked or licked or stroked or did whatever it is that turns them on. And I've never met an honest girl who doesn't say the same thing.

TAPE 7

The reasons for my promiscuity? The reason why I fuck so much is that I'm shy. If a man lets me know he wants to fuck me. even if I think he's an unattractive creep, I'm too shy to tell him no. O



Do you play it the company way? Do you shuffle papers in your cell-like. office, doing no more than you have to—waiting out the day until quitting time? True, you'll likely keep your job, but you might as well get a prefrontal lobotomy. Your mind is atrophying, and one of these days you'll take the wrong train and wind up in Hohokus, N.J. Wouldn't it be better if you could break out of the mold and do your own thing—at least every once in a while—so that you don't land in the company sinkhole and stay submerged until the day you retire?

Dr. Harry Levinson, one of the nation's top corporate psychologists, thinks so.

If you're a little
weird, chances are you'll
succeed a
lot faster than
those
corporate conformists.

BY LEE BERTON

of a recent recession and continuing inflation are so lowering the common denominator for individual creativity at big corporations that the Mr. Twimbles and their breed of mediocrity will soon take over. It's paradoxical, says Levinson, that corporate America now needs creativity more than ever before in its competitive quest for business with the rest of the world. But most corporations have become so cautious that they cannot very easily accept the nonconformists who promote creativity.

"Few real individualists are tolerated nowadays unless it's obvious right off

that they can contribute to the bottom line," observes Levinson, who teaches organizational diagnosis at Harvard Medical School, "That's unfortunate, because most good ideas at big companies don't come from the play-it-straight managers.'

In The Organization Man, the classic work on the corporate structure written in the mid-1950s, former Fortune executive Bill Whyte, Jr., wondered whether a true innovator-if it was evident that he was one-would ever be hired by a big corporation. Whyte had been permitted to peek in on an elaborate General Electric training program, in which a group of new employees was asked whether they would hire Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the gnomelike electronics wizard who died more than a half century ago, if he applied to them for a job. In a rather frightening commentary on corporate life. Whyte noted that only a few trainees thought that maybe Steinmetz could work out. "Because of the fraternitylike life of the training program, they 'could iron out his rough spots." But most others disagreed: the man would be too hopelessly antisocial for them to remold. "I don't think we would put up with a fellow like that now," one said.

And it's this type of granite resistance to nonconformity and perhaps genius that, although there was somewhat of a relaxation during the sixties, is again building up in the executive suite, warns Levinson.

So what do you do, Bunkie, if you don't want to be stuffed into a pigeonhole but still vearn for the creature comforts obtainable with a steady income, which you feel will be assured if you don't make waves? You could mouth all the right things during business meetings, pay the proper obeisance to the chief executive, adhere to the

rigid, unimaginative five-year plan, and otherwise keep your mouth shut until you get to your office, where you could shut the door and shout, "Bullshit!" This would probably release enough steam from your mental boiler to keep you in one piece for a few minutes anyway.

But there's obviously a better way. Chester Burger, the author of Survival in the Executive Jungle and a consultant to 68 of the 100 biggest public-relations firms, says that really innovative people at big companies develop some daily routine or lifestyle that helps them maintain their individuality and equanimity. "Whether it's using a round butcher-block table for a desk, wearing a goatee, or raising plants in the office, the ones I know who rise to the top aren't overwhelmed by corporate pressures." observes Burger, "In the deep recesses of their minds, they always reserve a place for private creativity. But they don't necessarily dress like kooks or wear their hair down to their belly buttons." Burger, for example, knows one executive who translates the dialects of various American Indian tribes in the office in order to while away "relax" time. Another he knows fences and plays the cello. And this personal creativity, Burger notes, often spills over into their work.

It is interesting that the plant ploy cited by Burger is becoming popular with upand-comers. One particularly competitive vice-president I know brings his green thumb to the office so that he can play it cool after a particularly tough meeting or flare-up among managers at his level. "While my colleagues are roaming around the building bad-mouthing each other, I take time out to repot, water, and spray my spider plants, palms, and cacti," he says, reclining on a leather couch in his office, which is something of a cross between a Brazilian rain forest and the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. "Concentrating on my plants keeps me sane and out of trouble," the executive muses.

"Toys" for the office—like the executive sandbox, the in-place jogger, and the miniature putting green-can help keep you out of trouble, too, but apparently they're falling out of favor. Corporate life is just too serious nowadays, and the competition for the big jobs is too rough; so there's little time for most executives to wind down by playing at fun and games during a working day. "The busy executive can no longer afford to be cutesy-pie, and the trade in office gadgets and gimmickry has died," admits Phil Dee, who was a salesman in the midtown Manhattan store of Abercrombie & Fitch, which recently went bankrupt.

Also, most people climbing toward the top rungs of the company ladder these days are too worried about slipping to take any time out for play at work. The corporate larder is leaner, expectations of investors and stockholders are high, and the dogfighting for markets is brutal. Still, if you can make a lot of money for your firm, your boss may even encourage you to pursue your

hobbies on company time.

That's why Miles Christian, the fifty-sixyear-old general manager of an industrial locomotive company in Plymouth, Ohio, gets away with leaving his office and holing up in a nearby railroad station that he's refurbishing-complete with overhead fans, caboose-red carpeting, and working telegrapher's equipment. Christian sometimes refuses to take phone calls and cooks a "hobo stew" or wild rabbit and asparagus for lunch on a pot-bellied stove. Other times he spends the day repaneling the inside of the station in woods of sassafras, honey locust, and white walnut. "It's my sanctuary away from the pressure cooker," he asserts.

Sam Krasney, who is chairman and president of Banner Industries, which acquired Christian's company (now Banner's Fate-Root-Heath Division) in 1969, admits that he wouldn't tolerate any other executive at Banner working the way Miles does. "But since he's moved into the rebuilt station, profits of his division have quadrupled on a sales gain of only 60 percent to 70 percent," notes Krasney. "That's why I let Miles run his show his way. He's shown me he can carry it off without hurting the company." Over the past four years, Christian's salary has more than doubled. "A lot of our customers visit Miles's station out of curiosity," says Krasney. "It's good for business."

On Wall Street thirty-seven-year-old Tom Gochberg runs the real-estate subsidiary of a big brokerage firm with his own particular flair for individuality. "Gochberg is a free-form executive, and we let him float," says Tom Morgan, Gochberg's boss at Smith Barney, Harris Upham, & Company. "He's very imaginative; so we give him a free hand. In our business, with millions of dollars at stake, it's unusual to give any



executive an open till without checking often, but Gochberg has convinced us that he can handle it and fill it with more money."

A pudgy, talkative wheeler-dealer who cari spend sixteen hours straight on the phone putting together a real-estate syndicate, Gochberg racks up 200,000 miles of airline travel a year and has been to practically every major city in the United States. He has learned how to combat the frustration of his constant scrambling for funds and investors who have enough guts to borrow "risk" capital. Sitting at his desk, Gochberg imagines himself being out on the ocean in a forty-two-foot, two-masted yawl, the Mistral (French for "Mediterranean wind"), which he bought for \$30,000 four years ago. In his mind's eye a strong wind has suddenly shifted, the boat is taking water, and one mast is wobbling.

"I give myself only about four to five seconds to react," says Gochberg. "As I reconstruct the situation in my head, I put the wheel over hard so that the boat turns from backwind to upwind. Then I get the crew to jibe the spinnaker, and the main and banana sails and to drop the mizzen staysail. In the twinkling of an eye, I've regained complete control of the boat—at least, as I've created and solved the problem in my head—and all the pulling and tugging of the real-estate deal I've just completed seem far behind me."

A continent away, in Oakland, Calif., thirty-nine-year-old business executive Don Eaton of the Pay Less Drug Store chain takes to hunting the sprig or pintail duck when office pressures begin to mount. "I get up before five in the morning on a weekday, wade out into the brush behind a sunken blind, and quietly wait," he explains. "It calms the nerves. Then I call the ducks. The sprigs have kind of a whistle to their quack. When they approach, I let go with my shotgun. It's a great release."

Phil Jelley, an influential director of Pay Less (he owns a lot of stock) remembers how Don began arriving at the office in a sport shirt. He also began wearing a sport jacket—something that would probably turn the late company founder in his grave.

How can you do your own thing, and make it to the top like Christian, Gochberg, or Eaton? If you behave like a true maverick, say most popular handbooks on the subject, you'd better have enough panache. power, or savoir faire to carry it off. You might fire your secretary, as former Avis executive Bob Townsend advised in Up the Organization. Or you could consider having your eyes widened in the Far East so that you would have a "more frank and open gaze," inspiring loyalty and confidence, as publishing mogul Michael Korda suggests in his book Power! How to Get It. How to Use It. But you'd probably be better off becoming a closet iconoclast. This entails retaining your individuality but keeping it sub rosa. I know an insurancecompany executive in the Midwest. He strums on a ukulele when nobody in his company is looking and sneaks off on spelunking trips during the week "just to

get down in the mud and crawl around so I can regain my perspective on business." A venture-capital company official writes a long, bitchy note for himself when his mercury rises. "It helps keep Chuck out of the booby hatch," says his boss. "I know he's just bursting at the seams to blow up, and this would send our executive meetings sky high. But by recording his anger privately, he ventilates enough to calm down. Sometimes months later he shows me the memos, and in perspective they're right on target. If I drain off the venom, I can even implement some of them."

Many executives, in order to retain peace of mind so that they can keep on top of things in the company, have developed unusual ways to unwind. One I know, for example, changes his socks four times a day at work "to relieve tension and give me more security and confidence so that even when I stand alone with an innovative suggestion, I'm on firm ground." Still another keeps a list of girls with whom he can shack up when the agony of business and the pressures of conformity begin to break the small blood vessels in his head. "I meet one of them at a hotel after lunch, we make violent love, and then I go back to work much refreshed and able to carry on until late at night," he says. "That's when I get my real brainstorms—after regular office hours." Then there's the vice-president I've been told about who runs up and down stairwells in his building. This activity relieves his daily anxieties and helps him do a better job. And a corporate director who takes off his shirt after particularly nasty meetings and does pushups in his office. I'm told, is then better able to promote some of his ideas calmly.

It's all part of the survival-and-success

game, and only a few competitors can take the top prizes in the executive suite. But even those nonconformists become jaded who have come up with the best techniques for conspicuous creativity that pay off. Consider former Avis executive Townsend, who became a millionaire by selling his company to ITT and by writing a bestseller telling other executives how to wash away organizational sludge and move their company forward. "Bob Townsend simply got tired of the rat race and for a long time spent his days sailing and shunning the business world," reveals Jane Friedman, Townsend's contact at Alfred A. Knopf, which published his book.

"For close to a decade," she continued, "Townsend left instructions not to tell anyone—not even General Motors—where he could be reached, no matter what the offer."

But the attractions of the sporting life eventually wore thin, and at the almost ripe age of fifty-seven, Townsend is back in the executive suite.

Contacted on his first day on the job in the newly created posts of corporate V-P and feature-film division senior V-P of Twentieth Century–Fox film corporation, Beverly Hills, Calif., Townsend admitted that he had become bored with boating. "I was sick and tired of it, and fuel costs had just gotten too high," he explained quite laconically. "I go where the fun is, and that's why I'm back in the office."

Does he feel that the spirit of innovation, which he bruited in *Up the Organization*, has withered? Or can it be revived in corporate America?

It's too early to tell, said Townsend, sounding a bit mentally fatigued after a full day of routine meetings. "Come back in ten years, and I'll have a better answer." O



affluent, upwardly mobile business executive in his late thirties."



THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

JULY 23

LEO

AUGUST 22

THE LEO MALE

A recent cartoon provides an apt illustration of the Leo character. The cartoon depicts a huge peacock, with all his gorgeous plumage fully extended in a great fan of eye-catching color while he rears in imperious splendor over an unimpressed female of his feather. The amazed peacock is saying, "What do you mean, no?"

And that's Leo. He simply can't understand why any woman would refuse him. Who could possibly deny herself the rare sensations attainable through his masculine magnificence?

Let's be fair: Leo is hard to resist. His self-confidence shines from him like a

palpable aura. When he enters a room, everyone is aware of him, and before long he assumes control of the evening. A glib talker, he is also a willing entertainer who will do anything for a laugh. But even when he's wearing a silly lampshade as a hat, there is an essential dignity about him. People know they can laugh with him, never at him.

A Leo man I know has had so many affairs that he's provided scandalous tidbits for numerous cocktail parties. He's a prosperous attorney, twice divorced, and his "steady" is a well-known fashion model who seems to regard his other sexual escapades with a rea-

BY MARTINE

sonably tolerant eye. He usually attends a party alone and never fails to go home with the most beautiful unescorted woman present. How does he manage it? I asked him that, and his answer was revealing. "Manage what? If I want a woman, why shouldn't she want me?" It all seems to him eminently natural.

And that's typically Leo.

Over the years hundreds of people have come to me for consultation and advice, and I've found that a useful tool in divining their problems is to have them relate one of their fantasies to me. Leo's sexual fantasies tend to have a common pattern. This particular one was described to me by a twenty-five-year-old medical student:

146 PENTHOUSE

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"I see myself inside a big church, and on rows of benches facing the altar are these girls. Girls of every size and shape wall to wall, all naked and all gorgeous. I'm on a kind of throne before the altar, naked, with the most gigantic erection you ever saw. One by one the girls come up to kneel down and touch my cock. A few favored ones kiss it.

"But there's only one woman whom I've got any interest in, and she's coming down the center aisle. An Amazon, incredibly beautiful, with the kind of body that would make any man come just to look at her. Completely naked, not a stitch. She comes almost to where I'm seated on the throne and then sees how big I am. She starts to pull back, but at a signal from me the other chicks grab her, pick her up, and carry her to the throne. They pull her legs open and push her onto my giant cock. The minute I get inside her, she comes alive and starts thrashing around. It's like I'm killing her. My cock keeps getting bigger and bigger. When I finally come, it's like somebody set off an H-bomb!

"Then it's all over, and she's lying limp at my feet. She's sobbing with joy. And—you won't believe this—everybody in the whole place starts singing hallelujahs!"

There you have the essential Leo. This is no run-of-the-harem fantasy in which an inexhaustible lover exhausts every woman in the harem. Leo is enthroned, worshipped as the Great Phallus, yet devotes his prodigious sexual power to the satisfaction of just one woman. Indifferent to the approaches of all the other women, he reduces one supernaturally desirable creature to a state of helpless, sobbing joy.

In real life, Leo is loyal to his friends—provided they give him all the admiration his expansive ego requires. A timid, insecure Leo is about as easy to find as an Abominable Snowman. However, his ego can always use a little more bolstering.

This man shows his qualities best in a crisis. He won't quail before a challenge or sneak away from a confrontation. He will meet them head-on. He's particularly good at finding simple solutions to complex problems. Rather than unravel a Gordian knot, he'll cut it through with a sword.

When there isn't any particular crisis to confront, he is the kindest, most openhearted and amiable of men. In a restaurant he's the one who grabs for the check—not as a mere gesture but because he wants to.

In his social attitudes, Leo tends to identify with established values. This includes sexual mores; he believes in faithfulness to the one you love, for example—provided he is the one who's loved. He will never forgive a woman who betrays him. (A king must wear a crown, not horns.)

A Leo born poor, raised poor, and having no prospects still thinks of himself in his secret heart as a kind of Rockefeller temporarily without money. He expects to find his own pot of gold at the end of the very next rainbow. If it isn't, he'll know that it must have been the wrong rainbow.

LEO AS A LOVER

He won't voyage beyond the furthest limits of the known to find a new continent of sensuality. He's a cautious navigator who sticks close to charted waters. On the other hand, a woman will never end up marooned.

The Leo male is strongly sexual and welcomes a chance to display his prowess. He'll put it on display as often as his mate chooses to wag her tail. What she can't do is act provocative or enticing and then change signals on him at the last minute. Not with this lion. He knows how to handle a tease. A woman who signs a promissory note with a Leo male had better be prepared to pay up on schedule.

Leo's fault as a lover is that he spends too little time on foreplay. He's willing to wait until the starting-line flag goes down without racing his engine; but, by damn, when the flag does go down, the race had better begin! He also expects a woman to accelerate as soon as he pushes down on her pedal. Furthermore—to follow up on this useful metaphor—when she reaches full speed, she'd better let him see how much she's enjoying the ride. The more she responds to his throttle, the more throttle she's going to get. All of which is another way of saying that Leo's performance depends a lot on the appreciation he gets.

Sex for Leo, like every other activity of his life, is directed to the greater glorification of his ego. A woman can count on this: he will never love her as much as he loves himself.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR LEO

You should be in a position where other people work for you; you won't be happy as a subordinate. And do try to observe at least one minute of silence a day—in which you listen to what other people are saying.

THE LEO FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She likes a man who will cater to her needs. You can always win over a Leo woman if you show—by your actions, your attention, your unceasing flattery—that you are completely and hopelessly hooked on her. If you really do feel that way, you're in clover. If you don't, fake it, for this gal won't be suspicious of your sincerity. She thinks she's fully as wonderful as you're telling her she is. She simply can't do without her sycophants and will make any effort to keep them adoring her. That's why so many of her sycophants become her lovers.

A man who wants to bed her had better not let her hear about other women in his life. As far as she's concerned, she's a cosmology of one. The mere suggestion that she's in competition with other women will turn her off completely. She's above that sort of crass rivalry and may even be a little afraid of it. Leo can't bear to be a loser, you see, and one way to avoid being a loser is not to get into the race—or to pretend that the race doesn't even exist.

However, the Leo woman has to be free to rack up her male conquests. (If she had

IN THE AUGUST FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE FOUR-YEAR ITCH

Everybody has heard about the seven-year itch, which occurs when a spouse gets the urge to wander, but many married couples reveal that the urge now comes after a mere four years. You may decide to stay single after reading this report on the new phenomenon happening in marriages.

SIZZLING SUMMER SEX

We are usually much less inhibited when the temperature hovers in the nineties, and as a consequence, we are much more sensual. Here's all you need to know if you'd like to turn your summer into a sizzling experience in sensuality.

TANTRIC YOGA PROLONGS PLEASURE

Can you imagine sustaining the sensation that precedes the moment of climax? You may prolong the magic moment for thirty minutes by practicing tantric yoga. After reading this article, which explains it all, your sex life will never be the same.

HOW WOMEN MAKE LOVE TO EACH OTHER

In this moving personal story, a lesbian describes the techniques that she and her lover use for mutual pleasure. This is must reading for all those who are interested in the full range of human sexuality and communication.

HEPATITIS B: HOW TO PROTECT YOURSELF

This venereal disease—which affects the liver and causes fatigue and depression—is transmitted by genital and oral sex as well as by transfusions of infected blood. If your mate gets the disease, chances are one in four that you will, too. Learn how to prevent it from happening. Read the August issue of Forum.

her way, she'd have male scalps decorating the wall of her den.) You will hardly ever see her without a man in tow, and often with several in her retinue. Unless she's in love, she wears men as other women wear jewelry—to enhance her image.

She is aggressive, domineering, and not particularly domestic, but she does maintain a splendid home and is a marvelous hostess. She entertains like a queen in her palace, and the man of the moment is her royal consort.

She is a sturdy helpmate for her man, especially when he's in trouble. She bears up well under reverses, remains optimistic, and is a strong activist who would much rather try to change things than sit around moping about them. She's no fair-weather friend, but is a lioness for all seasons.

A last warning, probably the most important of all: never criticize her. Women who are born under the sign of Leo may not always be right, but they are never wrong.

LEO'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

LEO AND ARIES You will have a highly responsive sex partner in fiery Aries. But you need the physical rapport to overcome other problems—like the head-on collision of two supercharged egos.

LEO AND TAURUS Your need to lead comes smack up against Taurus's willful determination to do things the Taurean way. Sexually, Taurus is passionate enough, but you have more exuberance in the bedroom and elsewhere.

LEO AND GEMINI You hit it off physically, and Gemini's imaginative high jinks are great fun. Life is stimulating and exasperating, and the outlook is good if Gemini stays faithful

LEO AND CANCER You don't get as emotionally wrought up as Cancer, who takes sex too seriously. But Cancer's predisposition to dependency should please you, provided a little adoration is thrown in.

LEO AND LEO It may be hard for you to make room for another ego as large as your own, but that's exactly what's needed here. You're sexually in tune, but who's going to be in charge?

LEO AND VIRGO You can't get the sexual responsiveness you'd like from cool, reserved Virgo. Virgo won't be dominated, either, and likes to puncture inflated egos. Better look elsewhere.

LEO AND LIBRA You're more interested in the strictly physical side of love than Libra, but your style and *brio* can win Libra over. In the bedroom and elsewhere, you're the master. And that's how you like it.

LEO AND SCORPIO Sexually, you'll probably whip up a tornado in nothing flat. But you find it hard to cope with Scorpio's jealousy, anger, and possessiveness. Scorpio would rather dominate than admire. That doesn't suit your kingly persona. LEO AND SAGITTARIUS You'll like extroverted Sagittarius, and you both regard sex as an exciting adventure. Your natural leadership quality brings out whatever loyalty Sagittarius can give. A royal mating.

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LEO AND CAPRICORN Your romantic, affectionate nature is curbed by cautious, practical Capricorn. You're both highly sexed, but there are basic differences in your approaches. You need glamour, and Capricorn can't supply it.

LEO AND AQUARIUS There may be exciting times in the bedroom, but Aquarius's tendency to analyze and criticize won't please you. Also, Aquarius's unconventional, experimental approach to sex will prove upsetting.

LEO AND PISCES Your active, outgoing nature won't harmonize with Pisces's dreamy introspection. You can't tolerate this sign's ultrasensitivity or its inclination toward bizarre boudoir activity. Before long, you will want to roam.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21-April 19) Getting closer to someone you work with will pay dividends in August. Inside information that you pick up can be used best between August 1 and 11. The transit of Venus indicates that there will be a good deal of romantic activity. In an intimate relationship, avoid moodiness and bad temper, for this can lead to an explosive confrontation. All that you are hearing about a lover is not true. In business you are under a benign influence. During the last few days you will probably get an unexpected offer. Martine's Advice: ignore rumors and innuendos and hold to a steady course. Sexually Potent Days: August 4, 13-14, 23, 31.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20) The signs favor recreational activities this month. Don't be reckless, however; use good judgment. There may be some change in your current mode of living, and patience will be necessary to avoid trouble. Enjoy yourself while you ponder the correct decision. Someone whom you meet after mid-month appeals strongly to the passionate side of your nature. Proceed with confidence-you will discover new sensual delights. Go ahead with any plans for personal improvement. Martine's Advice: Clearly distinguish between desires and ambitions-and keep them separate. If you don't, you may pay dearly. Sexually Potent Days: August 6, 15,

GEMINI (May 21-June 20) Friends, sex, and personal affairs are favorably aspected in August. During the first two weeks you can postpone a decision with profit; wait until you receive further information. Luck favors you in money matters, but guard against dissension and arguments with associates, especially when they are differences over routine or petty problems. An unexpected visit from someone may temporarily disturb your schedule, but this can work out to your benefit. You will learn something that may prove useful to you later. A friendship is likely to develop into a liaison, and this consummation is devoutly to be wished. Martine's Advice: Avoid carelessness. Keep your affairs in love and business in good order. Sexually Potent Days: August 1, 8-9, 17, 26.

CANCER (June 21-July 22) Venus is transit-

ing your sign, and your sexual magnetism is greatly enhanced. It's time to stop living in your fantasies and take more risks. Keep an eye out for those who are too shy to reveal their real interest in you. An idea that you've been developing gains new impetus, but don't make any major changes; the concept is good and will eventually prove out its soundness. On August 21, Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, takes up residence in your sign to stay there the rest of the year. You can launch a new venture without worrying about unlucky accidents. Martine's Advice: Don't trust strangers with valuable information. Guard your secrets. Sexually Potent Days: August 2, 11, 19, 29. LEO (July 23-August 22) You confront a sexual situation that calls for delicate handling. On the whole, this should be a busy birthday month with a lot of the kind of action you like. Your outgoing personality helps to win everyone's goodwill. Some people who have the clout to push your career ahead will take an interest in you; trust your instincts on how to deal with this opportunity. Toward the end of the month you will be restless, seeking new outlets, more excitement. Martine's Advice: Don't rely too much on your knack for fixing things, and be especially careful around machinery. Sexually Potent Days: August 3, 13-14, 23, 31.

VIRGO (August 23-September 22) You make an interesting discovery about your true inner feelings. Until August 22 the Sun in your twelfth house of secrets strongly favors an important self-revelation. On August 21, somewhat overlapping this other influence, a lucky cycle in financial affairs begins and will last through the month. An exciting new romance is indicated, and you are in demand at social functions. Don't boast of your good luck, though, to someone who is a not-so-secret rival. Martine's Advice: Be alert to new opportunities and emphasize cooperation with others. Sexually Potent Days: August 5, 16, 18, 24-25.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22) Friendships are in the foreground during August, with more than usual sexual activity occupying you. Your current pet is very erotically inclined, and you should have an especially memorable mating around mid-month. Business associates are helpful, and you would be wise to heed the advice of someone who points out a flaw in a plan you're nurturing. Put off undertaking any risky new enterprise until after August 21. Martine's Advice: You will accomplish more by working in the background. Move forward only when the time is ripe. Sexually Potent Days: August 8, 12, 18, 27.

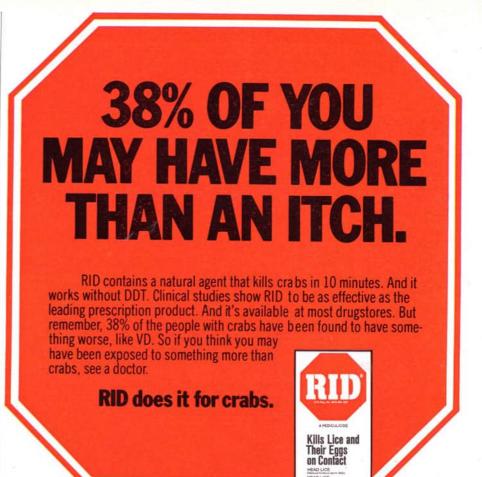
SCORPIO (October 23-November 21) If something is annoying you, take direct action: protest to the person at the source and you'll get quicker results. In a love affair your attitude does not serve your own best interests. Try looking at the situation from another point of view. A secret that comes to light leads to a fortissimo clash of egos. Make a special effort to show restraint in handling people and to keep your famous

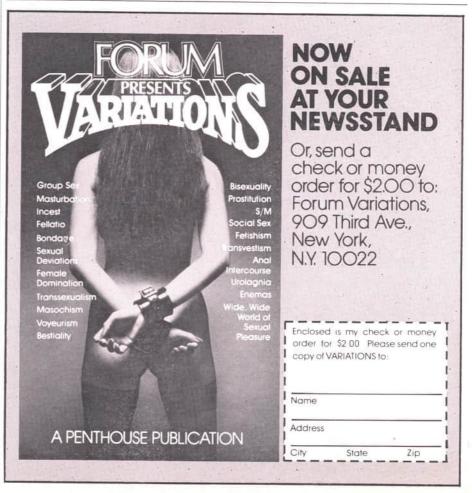
temper in check. Martine's Advice: Cleverness and guile get you in trouble when others are looking for straightforwardness and honesty. Be tactful but say what you mean. Sexually Potent Days: August 2, 10, 20, 28.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21) A passionate fling is what you're looking for, but you are frustrated by someone else's inhibitions. You won't improve matters by acting oversensitive or demanding. Let things slide for a while. After the second week in August, your intuitions are an excellent guide. Information obtained on or around August 15 has a real bearing on your business affairs. When your ruler, Jupiter, begins its new transit (on August 21), you will easily be able to resolve differences with partners, whether in romance or in business. Martine's Advice: August is a month in which the unexpected will occur. Be flexible in your planning. Sexually Potent Days: August 4, 14, 22, 30.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 19) You find it almost embarrassingly easy to get what you want from the opposite sex. Venus is transiting your seventh house of partnerships, and its vigorous vibrations aid you in sexual relationships. You discover that someone has really flipped for you. In your work, things are in a lull before the storm, but don't be deceived, for active. strenuous times are coming. Don't consider too seriously an offer to change employment. An old venture you'd almost forgotten can be revived and furthered. Martine's Advice: Don't let eagerness to make money lead you into an unrewarding area. Sexually Potent Days: August 6, 15, 24, 28. AQUARIUS (January 20-February 18) Your energy is peaking and fortunately so, for you meet with increased opposition at this time from a rather peevish pet. After mid-August you start getting your way, although in this rather overheated relationship you need patience and care. In your job the ability to work with others is accented, for a team effort is needed. The advice of a professional is useful in financial matters. At the end of the month you might profit by a brief vacation. Martine's Advice: Your penchant for adventure can lead you into trouble. A good time for rediscovering the delights of domesticity. Sexually Potent Days: August 3, 8, 17-18, 27.

PISCES (February 19-March 20) You are offered more responsibility and a chance to add to your income. Some of the recognition you are getting is long overdue, but this feeling must not become a factor in any of your dealings. You can improve conditions in your career if you devote more of your attention to this area. You meet someone very attractive who has a keenly responsive nature. Planetary influences favor this relationship. In late August, however, Mercury is in opposition, and you should take special precautions about anything that involves communications. Martine's Advice: Don't overlook minor details in arrangements you make. Minor details can easily grow into major problems. Sexually Potent Days: August 1, 11, 19, 28-29. Ot -

















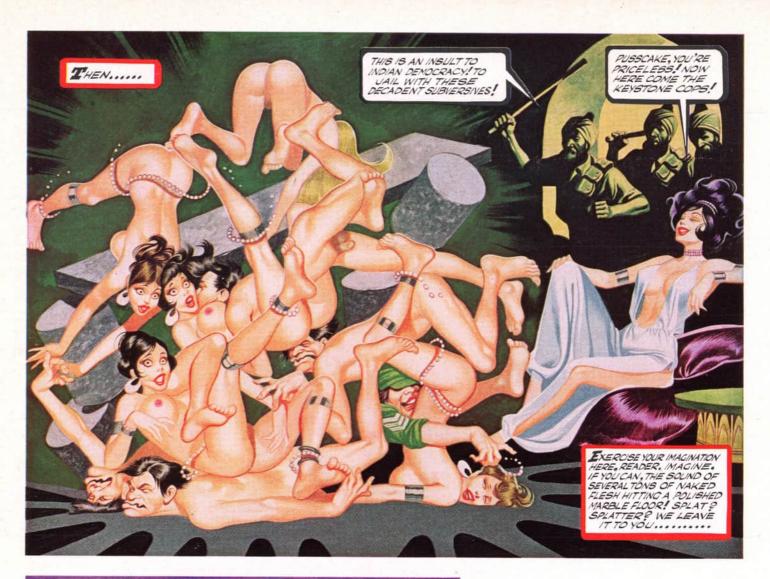




























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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

tion for selling televison sets. Part of every dollar received will go to fight muscular dystrophy. It strikes me odd that one kind of paralysis is encouraged to fight another kind of paralysis.

November 20, 1976

Yesterday I felt like eating at home. My friend Mary, a slender woman of twentynine, said that she would like to cook dinner for me at home. "To show you what real food tastes like," she said.

She arrived at my apartment around 5:00 P.M. with two huge, brown paper sacks. From one she hauled out glittering cookware. From the other she pulled beautiful packages revealing nothing. "Just go into the living room and watch television," she said. "I want you to know what real food is like." While I watched the news, she poked her head out from the kitchen to tell me that she had to go to three different stores to get this "real" food. "One was in Santa Monica; one was in West L.A.; and one was in North Hollywood," she said. I figured she drove close to fifty miles to get this "natural" food.

At about 7:00 P.M. she told me to come into the dining room. Dinner was ready.

On my plate was a lump of unrecognizable "natural" food. She pointed at part of the lump. "That's chicken, " she said. "It's real chicken. It didn't sit in a shed, getting fat. It wandered around a yard, eating corn." The "natural" chicken was a scrawny, miserable lump that had an off taste. It did not really even look like chicken. I diplomatically put it to the side.

"It's important," Mary said, "to eat natural foods. It's going to help save the environment. We have only a forty-five-day stockpile of food on this planet," she added, making me wonder what the stockpile is on other planets, whether it is accurate to call a food "natural" if you have to drive fifty miles to get it in the middle of a city, and what I was doing there.

December 1, 1976

This morning the head of my studio and a few producers and I kicked around a few ideas about new story lines. I told them that I thought there should be one story about a rich liberal, almost a Socialist, who spends a lot of time trying to get himself into tax shelters so that he can avoid paying any income tax, even though he talks about equality a lot.

The studio head and the producers stared at me.

"What's funny about that?" the studio head, a famous Hollywood liberal, asked.

January 12, 1977

In Paris you fall in love. In Boston you go to school. In L.A. you hustle, And you try to become beautiful.

My friend Marge and I went out to a steak place for dinner last night. Mike Greene made the reservation. "It's so exclusive."



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he said, "that you have to make a reservation; and even then if the owner doesn't like

you, you don't get in."

The restaurant was a miserable dingy dive on a deserted gloomy street. A customer would be lucky if the owner didn't like him. Mike Greene's wife is Lenore, She wants to be an actress, but she's been working in a boutique. She's a pretty girl with an Italianate face.

"Ben," Mike Greene said, "I have gotten into the best thing I've ever gotten into. The best." He smiled around the table.

"I figure to make 20 million next year." Gasps. "I am going to get the exclusive franchise to sell Red Chinese ginseng root." I looked blank.

Mike Greene pointed suggestively at his crotch. "You know what ginseng root does don't you? It juices you up, if you know what I mean." I looked as if I got it, even though I had read that there is no such thing as a

chemical aphrodisiac.

"The stuff they sell here is Korean ginseng root," Mike Greene said, "It stinks." He held his nose as if there were a bad smell in the room. "But that Korean shit sold 75 million last year. I figure that the Chinese stuff will sell 100 million, easy, and I will get 10 percent.

Big money in health foods, everyone at the table agreed. Major bucks. "Really," everyone said, as if it were pronounced "rillly." "For sure."

"Really" means, south of the Tchachapi, "Yes, that is so.

Lenore looked bored. She held out her hand and looked at it. "I started the Laszlo beauty treatment," she said. It's a treatment sold at Saks and other stores for the care of the skin. It involves washing the face fifty times a day, among other things. "It's hard work," Lenore said, "but it's worth it. It's changed my life.

Appreciative nods.

Marge said that she is sick of her name. She wants a new name. I suggested Margaret Devere. "I like the 'Devere' part," she said, "but I'm not sure about the 'Margaret.

The woman next to me suggested "Margot Devere." It was a sensation. It caught on at once.

The talk turned to Jacuzzis. "I don't know about Laszlo," the woman next to me said emphatically, "but my Jacuzzi has changed my life."

This morning Mike Greene called to ask for something. I asked him how his new ginseng-root business was progressing. "Oh, forget that," he said. "The guy never called me back.

Later today I called Marge at the realestate office where she works. When she picked up the phone she said, without knowing it was I on the line, "Margot Devere. May I help you?"

January 15, 1977

Brunch at the home of a production designer. A young directress, a young producer, and I make up the group. The directress has finished working on a new movie

about reincarnation. The conversation goes something like this.

Directress: "A lot of people think that if a kid died violently, he comes back sooner: and since so many kids died in World War II, that's why so many kids were born in the baby boom after World War II."

Producer: "I know a lot of people think that, but I'm not sure. I think maybe the time when you come back depends on what you come back as."

Designer: "That's what I've always thought."

Directress: "Well, I know that's what most people think, but I think my theory makes a lot of sense. How else could you possibly explain all those kids being born after World War II?"

Producer: "It could be because so many other animals were killed and they came back as humans."

Directress: "Maybe, but you've got to explain it somehow, and my theory makes a lot of sense. But you're right. Your theory is

what most people think.

There must be something in the air here that encourages bizarre explanations for everything as well as bizarre attempts to find solutions. At the studio where I work, all major national and international events are explained as manifestations of the Central Intelligence Agency's conspiracy. The belief is so pervasive, so completely certain, that it is easier to roll with the punch and simply start believing in CIA plots, too, Also it passes the time.

It doesn't matter that I have spent many years working in the bureaucracy and know that almost everything can be explained by simple incompetence and bureaucratic buck passing. The tide here is so strongly in favor of a conspiracy that facts and real knowledge are simply impediments to finding a niche.

Having worked for Nixon, even in a minor capacity, I am the center of attention for conspiracy theorists, which means every-

"When is he making his comeback?"

"What's it like at San Clemente?"

"How much did Nixon steal?

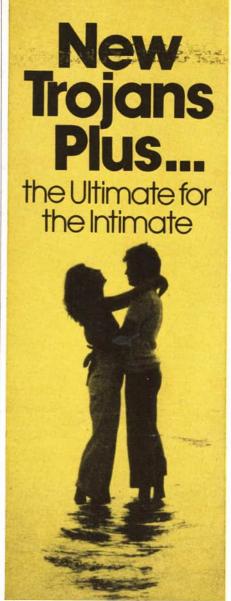
"Why would the CIA do it to Nixon, of all

Some of the theories tend to be more elaborate: "Just follow Alexander Haig, and you'll understand everything." Exotic explanations for everything hang in the air, like the hydrangea, which blooms year round.

When I first came here, I wanted to teach a class in the political content of film. Compared with the bureaucracy at U.C.L.A., the federal bureaucracy is like greased lightning. After a while a friend referred me to The Center for the Healing Arts. "It has a lot of very devoted students," she said, handing me the catalogue.

The catalogue described such courses as "Sexual Energetics," "Psychoenergetics and Interaction," "The Drama of Energy Transmission through Human Participation," and "Dream Energetics.'

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The woman who gave me the catalogue told me that at her daughter's private day school there had been a psychological counselor who was a doctor. Only after a year of experimental counseling was it learned that the doctor was, in reality, a veterinarian. He now has a private practice in counseling, somewhere in the San Fernando Valley.

Down the hall from me at the studio is an adorable cutie named Jackie. One day last week I saw her filling out an application for postgraduate training in est.

"You know," she said to me, "before I took est, my whole life was just wasted. Now I can get through the worst crisis, or what someone else would call a crisis, without it bothering me at all."

"Terrific," I said.
"Really," she said.

"When's the postgraduate course?" I asked.

"As soon as I can get thirty dollars together," she said. "Money's hard to come by, these days, you know," she added.

"Really," I said.

A friend here has been through Arica, est, Rolfing, Sufi, and Tantric yoga. Now his plan is to rent an ice-cream truck and sell ice cream outside a private girls' school here. He wants me to be his partner. I think I will.

January 28, 1977

Los Angeles, John Mankiewicz says, is completely now and totally happening. Whenever I tell that to someone, he always asks what the statement means. Today was a completely now and totally happening day, at least for a while, I went to lunch at The Palm with a producer named Alan. The Palm is a place where hustling young producers and writers gather. The food could not possibly be more greasy, but producers like it.

The last time I was there, the fellow I ate with said that he loved The Palm because it reeks "of this business we're in, this entertainment business." He, in fact, is in the business of selling office supplies over the telephone and is just one step ahead of the Federal Trade Commission.

But Alan really is a producer. He has the wrist jewelry and the hairy chest to prove

that he is. He also carries a little pocketbook. He has gotten hooked up to a rich and interested Chicago financier.

He's interested in my novel. He hasn't seen the galleys, but he loves the idea. He loves it. It's terrific. Very commercial. Sort of like *The Towering Inferno*. When can he see the galleys? Any time, I say. My agent should have already sent them. Alan also likes my concept of a movie about a teenage girl and a middle-aged man having an affair. "Very major box-office potential," he says, "if it's handled right."

Across the aisle from us sits Brooke Hayward, a beautiful woman whose book about her parents, Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan, has just been sold to a paperback house for \$375,000. The last time I saw her I paid for her meal, a gesture

that now seems funny.

She comes over and rubs my head. "Where have you been, Ben?" she asks as if I were a relative, "Where the hell have you been?"

I congratulate her, and she asks, "For what?"

"For the money," I say.

She makes a face as if to say that the amount was nothing. "Listen," she says, "how about taking me to dinner next week?"

"Fine," I say. "You pay." She laughs.

When Alan learns who she is, he's impressed. That's part of being totally happening.

I drive Alan back to his office. "Listen," he says, "we've got the money, and we're ready to go. Check on those galleys, will you?"

I drive home in a soft rain. The rain here is so soft that it's more like a mist, like stepping out of the shower.

My answering service tells me that Norman Lear has called. I call him back, because I like him and I work for him. He wants to know how I'm feeling, since I just had an operation. "I just wanted to check on you out of pure affection," he says, "nothing else."

He's an affectionate person. He also wants to know Joan Didion's telephone number.

February 4, 1977

Ma Maison is considered an important and classy restaurant in Hollywood. Every night the small parking lot in front of the restaurant is filled with Mercedes and Rolls-Royces. Lesser cars are parked across the street in a dark lot. The valet unsmilingly gets them when the owners come out.

Tonight I ate there with some friends. A loudspeaker was blaring out heavy-metal rock. I asked the owner if he could turn it down. "I am sorry," he said, "but it is impossible."

Quincy Jones came in about ten minutes later and made a similar request. Rubbing his hands together, the owner turned off the radio. During the meal I asked the waiter if the house white wine was all right.

"Zee house white wine," he said, bowing slightly, "eet ees the good trip."

February 8, 1977

A meeting this morning with a major agent.

Major, Really.

He is an elderly man, lying on a bed with a raised back. Above him is a chin strap for traction. He is wearing light blue pajamas and has a maroon scarf around his neck. His telephone never stops ringing—calls from New York, from Vegas, from everywhere. He tells me that he has just made a major sale of a client's book to a television network. "We got a hundred thousand for it," he said, "which is major bucks for this kind of thing." I nod. "Really," I think to myself.

A call comes in on the agent's speakerphone. "Paul," the agent asks, the louveliers reflecting off his sunglasses and the swimming pool reflecting off the louveliers, "when are we going to get the money for the TV sale?" He is talking about the same book. "It's supposed to be \$60,000." There is some haggling from the other end, and the agent says, "All right. Just send us \$30,000, and we'll go to Brazil." Much laughter all around. As he hangs up, the agent winks at me. "I got him to give it all to us up front," he says. "These lawyers aren't so smart.'

Another call, this time from the head of a large paperback house in New York. Talk turns to the book, which may have been sold for \$60,000 or \$100,000 or \$30,000. "You dope," the agent says, "I offered you that book a long time ago, and now it's going to be a big paperback sale, and it's going to Delacorte. We got a good television sale, too. Two hundred thousand up front.

At the end of the meeting, the agent takes my hand and says, "Call me later. I think it's a viable package."

In the whole history of the world, there could hardly have been a more beautiful day than today. The sun was shining, the sky was clear and dry, and the temperature was perfect.

February 20, 1977

I have moved into my house high up in the Hollywood Hills. It is a small house, two bedrooms, one study, no pool, high on a mountainside. The winds roar across the San Fernando Valley below, are collected in the canyon, and then smash against my house. The louvered windows rattle all night. Outside coyotes howl. Not dogs: Coyotes.

One day while I was walking my dog, I saw a man down the street walking toward me, completely naked. He was about fifty feet from me when he bent down, picked up a newspaper lying in the street, and walked back into his house. My housekeeper, who, like others, tries to make me eat organic food, looks out the living-room window at night. Last night a heavy fog came in. It was so heavy that I could barely see the huge, red light of the Sheraton-Universal below in the valley.

"Isn't it great?" she asked. "It's so . . . and she paused for exactly the right word. "existential." O+ IR

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and a half as an MP in the reserve. (I could tell you a few stories about that.) At any rate my military background did qualify me to do a different kind of guard work.

Guards with no experience were usually given low-risk jobs, for example, guarding a junkyard. My contemporaries and I-ex-policemen, ex-servicemen, or exmilitiamen—did the heavy security work. I had quite a bit of experience working on strikes. Let me tell you that in the city where I worked, a Canadian equivalent of your Detroit, strikes can get pretty hairy and potentially very dangerous for a security guard.

Also, the law in Ontario is pretty tough regarding the carrying of weapons. A guard needs a city and provincial license and a signed statement that his client backs his actions. In fact, even nightsticks are licensed. There were strict penalties if a guard were to carry any kind of a weapon, even for defending himself. I was able to sidestep this issue by carrying a long, heavy flashlight.

And who carried guns out of a company of 160 guards? Only three carried handguns, and that was for guarding payroll runs. In order to receive a license, a guard would be instructed by the city police and interviewed by the chief of police. I, of course, know how to use a weapon, but I have used only one on a military range. And that is the only place where I want to fire a weapon. I thank God that I rarely had to carry one when I was an MP.

In essence, I am told that company policy dictates that a guard need only observe an incident, get a good description of the suspects, then call the police.-G.S., Alberta, Canada

"This Gun for Hire," which depicted uniformed security quards as "bargain basement cops." is an affront to working individuals. These men and women are not on a typewriter ego trip but rather are persons attempting to earn a gainful and dignified living, as well as alleviating the rising and expanding shoplifting and thievery rates that we all pay for. I am not a "rent-a-cop" but a retired marine and stationary engineer who has been buffeted about by the SOBs in America who suggest that all elderly persons should be pushing brooms; and I have applied for watchman and security work. O'Toole has apparently done some research—just enough to confirm the saying that a little knowledge is dangerous and just enough to get a few bucks from

Conversely, his heroes, who are classified as taxpayers and public cops, are not the wearers of halos as he would have us believe. As a matter of fact, some of these public cops are spirited ex-boy scouts playing a game of "cops and robbers" with real guns and ammo, and because of this they are far more dangerous

than the bargain basement cops.

In our community of 4,000 registered voters, we are protected by about twenty volunteer policemen—all of whom are dedicated and trained men. In what category does O'Toole place them, inasmuch as they are not paid elderly persons? However, to protect us fully, this group of men is backed up by four state troopers, five sheriff's deputies, one game warden, three or four county detectives, and more than twenty men who come from the adjoining city and insist on affording "mutual aid" to us, even when it is not requested. I think that we have a little overkill here.

O'Toole's statement that "... it places public police power under the control of private interests" is self-contradictory. Who in hell are public cops working for if not private interests, either collectively or individually? His allegation that seven out of more than one-half million private cops had exercised poor judgment and caused death or injury is a weak excuse for an outburst that demeans all bargain basement cops. After all, we cannot all be wellpaid, well-educated, middle-aged citizens, with an ability to satisfy our self-esteem. We all can, however, offer some resistance to such brainwashing articles. and this is my attempt to do so .- F.H.R., address withheld

George O'Toole's reply:

I suppose it's not surprising that an article exposing widespread incompetence and recklessness among private-security guards should draw angry protests from private-security guards. Those not guilty of any of the abuses I cited will be mildly irritated at being grouped implicitly with some of their less professional fellows; and, of course, those who know they are unqualified will be furious at such exposure. I think we have heard from both

I'm afraid that some of the guards who wrote became too angry to finish reading the piece, for they accuse me of saying that all private-security guards are deficient. They seem to have missed one of my final paragraphs: "Meanwhile, the private police must be given their due; the image of the rent-a-cop as reckless, incompetent, arrogant, and dishonest is by no means universally applicable.

I then went on to cite a few successes of private guard forces.

Also, those who think I said guards are unnecessary missed the place where I quoted the U.S. Department of Commerce's estimate that for every shoplifter caught, thirty-five others get away, and that between 2 and 5 billion dollars' worth of

goods is stolen annually.

One guard has never heard of the Rand Corporation, and another questions the sampling technique Rand used in its survey of private guards. The Rand Corporation is the oldest and most prestigious of the nonprofit research firms. It has been serving as a consultant to the air force, the Defense Department, and other government agencies for thirty years. Its fivevolume study of the private-guard industry was done under contract to the Justice Department's Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, and copies of the report can be obtained from the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C. Volume One explains the basis of the survey sample.

Many people who wrote to me objected to the tone and conclusions of the article, but no one was able to challenge any of the facts I presented. A vice-president of one guard firm admitted that the problems do exist "perhaps in the majority of cases," although he offered a persuasive argument that his own agency is free of them. I contacted the officers of several reputable guard firms and heard much the same thing, although none of them wanted to be quoted. The rent-a-cop abuses I cited are an open secret within the private-security business, and insiders will readily admit it on an off-the-record basis.

The Rand study is not alone in finding the rent-a-cops wanting. A 1974 investigation by a Select Committee of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives bears out the Rand findings. The Rand study was once again confirmed in 1975 by a study that the Institute for Local Self-Government made under contract to the California Council on Criminal Justice. a state agency.

Since publication of my article in the April Penthouse, the federal government's Task Force on Private Security released a 580-page report on the subject of private guards. Among the findings was the fact that many private-security guards endanger themselves and others because they are untrained in the safe use of the guns they carry. The study also noted that, regarding the private-security industry, "it is generally recognized that its personnel quality is inferior." The chairman of the Task Force is Arthur J. Bilek, a vice-president of Pinkerton's, Inc., the oldest and largest guard service in the world.

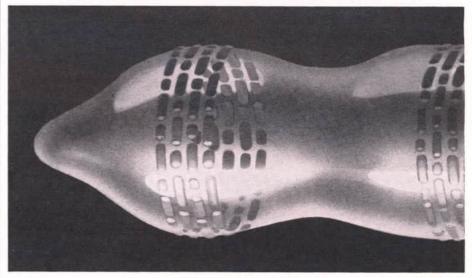
Vet's friend

April's "Vietnam Veteran's Advisor" is one of the best statements concerning the veteran's plight that I have ever read. I whole-heartedly support its views and congratulate you for voicing them. I sent a very similar letter to President Carter about a month after he granted amnesty. I even said that the country was making a mockery of the Vietnam vet.

How can anyone possibly justify amnesty for one side and not for the other? I bear no ill will toward the draft evaders or deserters. If Patty Hearst can walk free, then they surely have a right to do the same. They made a decision on principles, and I respect it.

Unfortunately, many veterans made similar decisions, and no amount of amnesty will ever bring some of them back home. There was one major difference between your article and my letter: yours was read. Please keep punching for us.—Patrick White, Washington, D.C. O

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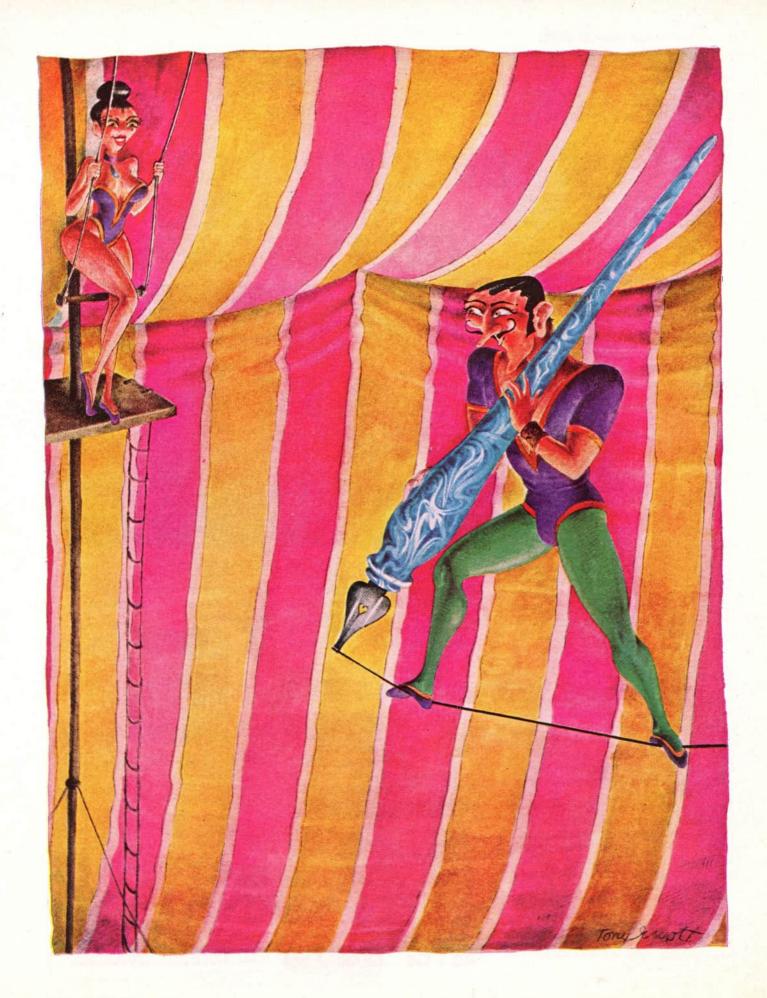
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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

us and some bystanders on the street.

The men were found guilty of disorderly conduct and fined fifty dollars each, and the woman is still in jail, awaiting trial. You see, she had her two young children with her, and they had watched the entire incident.—Name and address withheld

Three-way lei

The title of this true but unbelievable tale could be "The Summer of '75." I arrived in Honolulu in June and settled into a pad on Waikiki. After I had checked out the scene, I found out—to my pleasant surprise—that the place was overrun by Vietnamese. I mean, young, beautiful wives of American civilian overseas workers.

It seems that after South Vietnam had fallen in May, these guys had sent their wives to Honolulu to get their U.S. citizenship. Generally speaking, these girls were unaccompanied and very willing, for they had never seen anything like the life-style of Waikiki. In the daytime the best approach was, "Excuse me, dear, would you like to go shopping?" Or, "Would you like an ice cream cone?" At night one only had to hang around a hotel and offer the girl a ride in his sports car. At the hotel the girl was "chaperoned" by a U.S. oil-company representative.

I had taken one girl, whom I will call Sue, out several times, when one afternoon she approached me with the idea of taking on three girls at once. So off we went to pick up her friends, whom I will call Pat and Lee. At my pad we played the usual games: "make yourself feel at home, take a walk in the garden, help yourself to the mangoes." It was then decided that wine would be fitting for this occasion, and that's when the fun began, because Sue asked me to show my cock to Pat. I obliged by taking off all of my clothes. I then asked them for a comparison of pussies. Now these girls weren't shy; they loved to show their bodies; and I've got plenty of pictures to prove it. Sue was not the best lay, but she was the more experienced; so I scored her pussy as perfect. Pat, who was the best lay and loved to play with my cock, had a real fleshy, protruding pussy; so I scored her pussy as fat, which made them all laugh. Lee was the youngest and the liveliest lay but was a little bit too close to the bone; so I scored her as skinny pussy. The wine flowed, the music played, and whenever I had the urge, I would just point my cock at either Sue, Pat, or Lee, and off to bed we would go. This was not the only encounter I had with these girls. but it was the most memorable.-Name and address withheld Ot a

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WHITE ON!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

at your bar. Add a drop of your favorite liqueur, for example, to a standard cocktail, and you may well have invented a new concoction. Anyone still searching for the perfect martini should try a tequila martini, made with a few drops of Pernod. If you are less adventurous, begin investigating the taste possibilities of clear spirits by sticking to the basic one-on-one formula-rum and pineapple juice, for instance, in a tall, icefilled glass. Another delicious warmweather respite is an ounce of white rum in ice tea, garnished with a sprig of mint. (Orange pekoe tea comes highly recommended.) If cold beer is still your notion of happiness in August heat, spruce your brew up with an ounce of tequila poured down the middle, followed by a shake of salt. This drink, popular in California, is called the Submarino.

Lacking the creative urge, you might as well go with some of the old classics in the mixed-drink guides, which can be much improved by using the fresh oranges, lemons, limes, and mint available in the summer. One simple classic that deserves to be revived is called the South-Side—fantastically thirst-quenching. To see for yourself, just follow this recipe:

Juice half a fresh lemon
Add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar
1½ ounces dry gin
Shake with ice, strain into cocktail
glasses
Add two sprigs of fresh, crushed mint

The Daiquiri, made with white rum, half a lime, and a scant teaspoon of sugar, is another classic summer refresher. With a blender on the premises, you can go bananas with different Daiquiris. For a Banana Daiquiri, plunk a third of a banana into the blender; add a teaspoon of sugar, half an ounce of lime juice, one and a half ounces of white rum, half a cup of crushed ice; and blend for twenty seconds. For an Orange Daiquiri, substitute one ounce of fresh orange juice for the banana. Use pineapple juice instead and you will have a delicious tropical, or Caribe, cocktail.

For entertaining a large group of friends, it's easier to go with a can of frozen Daiquiri mix. But you can give your own version an added boost by following this suggestion. Empty the mix into a pitcher filled with ice. Add two canfuls of white rum along with one can of water. Finally, for a bracer, add 1½ ounces or either Pernod or Anisette. This serves about ten, and your guests will know who loves them.

When the summer crowds get large and you don't want to keep running to the blender, preferring to fight than to switch, come out with a party punch, using any of the white spirits as a base. By tradition, a party punch must include five different ingredients to qualify. It helps if they all marry well together. But the chemistry is easy

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enough, as the following suggestion for a party punch for thirty clearly demonstrates. Over a block of ice, or a bed of ice cubes, in a large punch bowl add;

16-oz. can crushed pineapple with syrup 11-oz. can mandarin oranges

6-oz. can frozen pineapple juice concentrate

1 quart prechilled vodka or gin

Just before serving, add two bottles of champagne and stir gently. Known as Jubilation Punch, it guarantees you'll have reason to celebrate after, if not before.

Another enjoyable punch recipe calls for rum and serves about twenty-five. Into a punch bowl holding a block of ice or ice cubes, pour:

1 quart orange juice

1 quart pineapple juice (unsweetened)

1 quart club soda

6 oz. lime juice

1 quart white rum

The same punch formula can be varied by switching to tequila, which can go wherever rum goes—or by using vodka or gin in your superbowl, for that matter. Tequila resembles rum, without the sweetness, but its popularity has been retarded by the mysterious act known as the "Tequila Ritual," an initiation for all visitors to Mexico. This ritual consists of wetting the hollow between one's thumb and forefinger,

sprinkling salt on it, then licking the salt, sipping the tequila, and biting into a wedge of lime or lemon. Often the tequila in Mexico is higher in proof than that made for export; tourists have been known to fall off stools, slugging instead of sipping.

The Margarita, that stunning summertime tequila drink, is actually the Ritual incorporated into a glass, leaving you one free hand. It was created back in the 1950s by a Los Angeles bartender, who improvised and improved the drink with a dollop of orange liqueur. After rimming a cocktail glass with Rose's lime juice, you twirl the rim in coarse salt, without picking up too much. The rest is easy. Into a cocktail shaker filled with cracked ice, pour:

1½ oz. white tequila ½ oz. Triple Sec

½ oz. lime or lemon juice (fresh is better)

Shake and pour this mixture into the saltrimmed glasses and sip your way merrily around the rim. But be forewarned: Margaritas can creep up on you fast.

Just as enjoyable during the summer, if relatively new on the scene, is the Tequila Sunrise, essentially a Screwdriver made with tequila but with a touch of grenadine added; you add the grenadine and wait for it to rise. The bravest among you might also add a dollop of crème de cassis, if you want to be really sunstruck. Despite its exotic background, tequila is at home in all of the standard mixed drinks. Tequila and ton-

ic, enhanced by a little Angostura bitters and a shake of salt, is a dynamite pickerupper that's appropriately named the TNT.

If you enjoy traditions, you should know that in Mexico tequila is often sipped alternately with a brew called Sangrita, which tastes best when it is chilled. Sangrita, an elaborate variation somewhat similar to a Bloody Mary, can be made thus:

3 oz. tomato juice
Juice from ½ lime or lemon
1½ oz. orange juice
1 teaspoon grenadine
Salt
Tabasco

Or add one and a half ounces of white tequila to the Sangrita itself for a Vampiro. This seductive mixed drink is not just for night people with strange habits, but do check a mirror every so often.

Wherever your pleasure lies, these four white knights can help chase the summertime blues by making for some colorful, refreshing, and relatively light mixed drinks. When dog-day afternoons find you dragging close to the ground, try my favorite picker-upper, the Bloodhound:

1½ oz. vodka 3 oz. tomato juice 1½ oz. dry sherry

Such cool drinks from the great white spirits can indeed be truly uplifting.O+





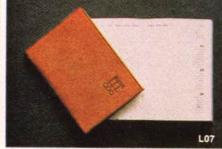




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COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE









A. M. ROSENTHAL

EPIDEMIC

The Professor of Desire—Ever since the publication of Goodbye, Columbus in 1959 (which won the coveted National Book Award for Fiction), Philip Roth has been hailed by many as the greatest living American writer. Next month Penthouse is proud to present the first of two excerpts from Roth's forthcoming novel The Professor of Desire. The story concerns one David Kepesh, a smart-alecky kid who transcends his modest beginnings and grows up to be a self-described "rake among scholars, a scholar among rakes.

No News Is Good News at the New New York Times - A. M. Rosenthal is the most powerful editor ever of the world's most powerful newspaper: the New York Times. Yet, writes Richard Pollak in an in-depth report, Rosenthal seems to be discouraging the paper's commitment to serious journalism in "a frantic scramble after the white, affluent readers it has lost in recent years." This strategy is certainly working, and the Times is making money. But if the top reporting job on the paper finally turns out to be that of restaurant critic, will Abe Rosenthal, like the American general who blew up Vietnam villages, discover that he has destroyed the Times in his desire to save it?

The Jock Who Came Out of the Closet-When David Kopay's book came out this year, it caused a major sensation. After all, it's not every day that a football player, a jock—the most macho of men—proudly and openly states that he is a homosexual How is the ex-Washington Redskin coping with his newfound notoriety, and how is the world coping with Kopay? Writer Jack Mann visited the athlete at home and came back with a thoughtful, sometimes startling profile of a man who is at peace with his identity.

Epidemic!- Contrary to what our public officials have been telling us, the use of heroin is reaching epidemic proportions. In fact, drug addiction has actually doubled in the past four years. Once confined to inner-city ghettos, the problem has spread to all areas of the country, addicting youngsters of all classes. In an alarming report Ingrid Frank and George Richardson expose this new epidemic and propose some solutions to curb it.

The Revolutionary Dr. Atkins—The FDA's recent banning of noncaloric sweeteners has led to a mighty outcry among diabetics; heart-disease victims, and the overweight. Saccharin may be harmful, they say, but sugar, the only alternative, is a killer. Dr. Robert C. Atkins, the noted nutritionist and author of Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution and Dr. Atkins' Super-Energy Diet, is a chief proponent of this viewpoint. He feels that the only people whom this ban will benefit are the powerful manufacturers of sugar products. Read about Atkins's views on diet, sexual potency, and medical quackery in this absorbing interview conducted by Ric Ballad.

Flipping Out—Have you noticed how everyone seems to be flipping over pinball? Once banned in New York City, the pinball parlor, like the poolhall, has gained respectability. Writer Howard Rheingold, a confessed pinball freak, surveyed pinball arcades across the country and found something "primitive and lustful" about the random meanderings of those little silver balls. He introduces us to people like Pinball Patty, who likes nothing better than getting it from behind while she fingers the flippers. Ot

Once he told me that "unless I get my teeth into some judge's neck, I'll consider my life a failure." With such contempt for probity and evenhandedness, it's little wonder that Nadjari often fell flat on his face, ludicrously trying cases in the press, playing "I Am the Truth" games with grand jurors, and often coming on as if he were the last hope for Western justice.

Still there are few successful prosecutors whom I could not make similar remarks about. Nadjari's alarming sense of the grand jury, not as an independent body, but as an arm of the prosecutor is indeed troubling, but Nadjari is scarcely the first prosecutor to play big daddy with a grand jury. And it is hardly unusual for prosecutors to barter information to reporters in return for coverage. The ethics of both grand-jury procedure and press relations need to be further defined, but by the bar associations and law schools, not by special prosecutors in the heat of battle.

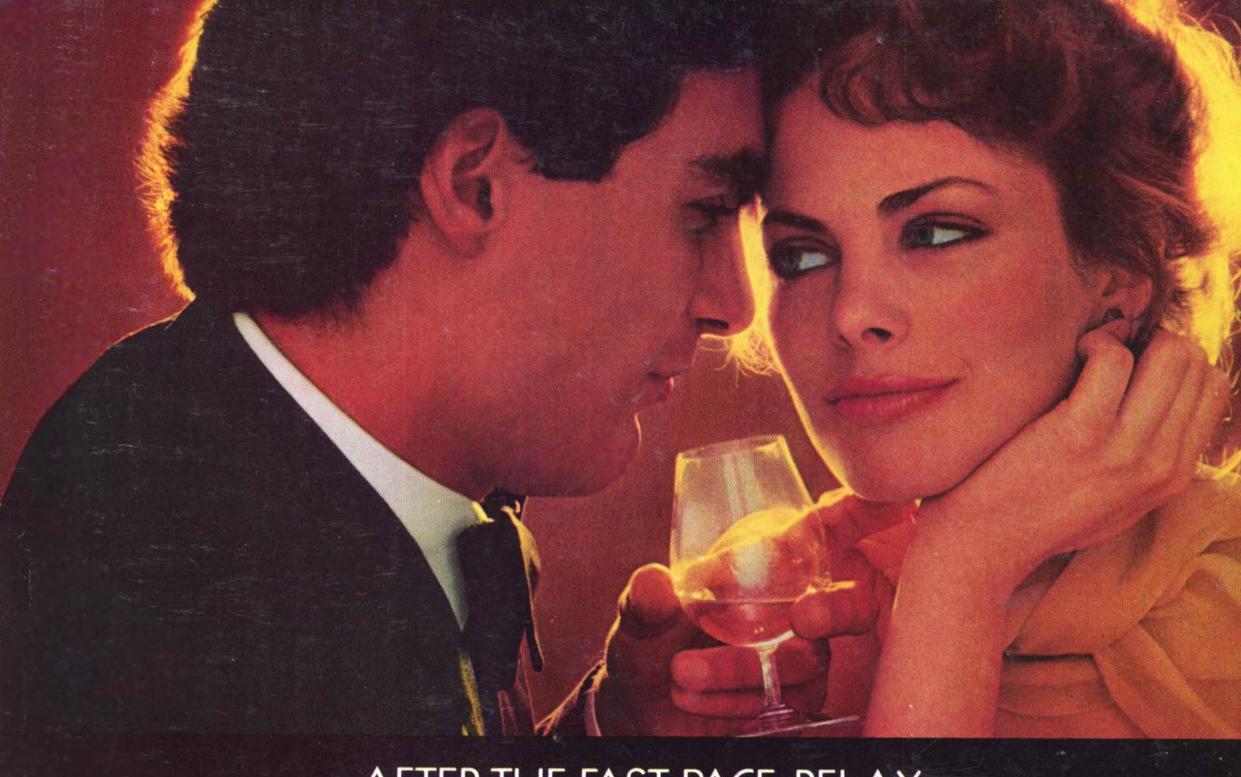
In New York the Office of Special Prosecutor is now in the hands of a caretaker. It has been killed in spirit though not yet in form. In Philadelphia the Office of Special Prosecutor remains a dim, bitter memory.

"I came to the job with eyes open, and I had an idea of the pitfalls," said Phillips, "but I did not expect the lack of support from the Shapp administration." His successor. Bernard Siegel, heretofore not known for inflammatory or even quotable public utterances, claimed: "It's been an educational experience for me in a cynical way. I've learned how the power brokers in a community manipulate the system so as to completely thwart any real accountability for what they've done."

The ex-special prosecutors, however, seem most embittered about the judges. Nadjari, characteristically, was blunt: "I resent the fact that the mediocrities of my profession, who really can't make it on their own, find an alternative way of making a living . . . by hanging around the clubhouses, waiting to become judges." Siegel in Philadelphia agreed: "Judges put on their robes and think that's what gives them respect, but frankly they don't have mine. . . . I will never be able to look at any of these higher courts and see anything other than a couple of very hardworking people-and the rest, a bunch of hacks.

In my view, what happened in Philadelphia and New York went well beyond the pale of even traditional political warfare. What actually happened was the Big Fix.

Superman's downfall perhaps gives new meaning to that famous crack in the Liberty Bell. It would be tragic enough if the castration of the special prosecutor, in both cities, resulted only in the perpetuation of a corrupt criminal-justice system. Unfortunately, his demise reveals what may be a fatal flaw in the American political system. Ot a



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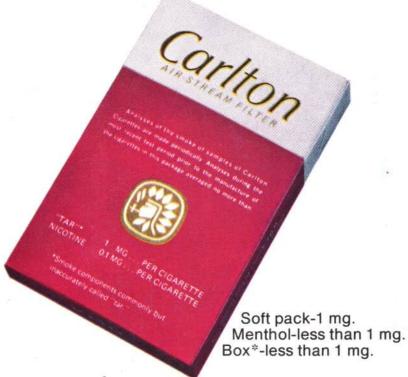
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Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
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	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
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Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
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Brand M	8	0.5
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