

PENTHOUSE



02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1977 \$2.00

PET OF THE YEAR

THE 20 WORST
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL TEAMS

SEX AT
WEST POINT

CARTERGATE:
THE DEATH OF
DEMOCRACY

S&M: A
NEW LOOK

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PENTHOUSE

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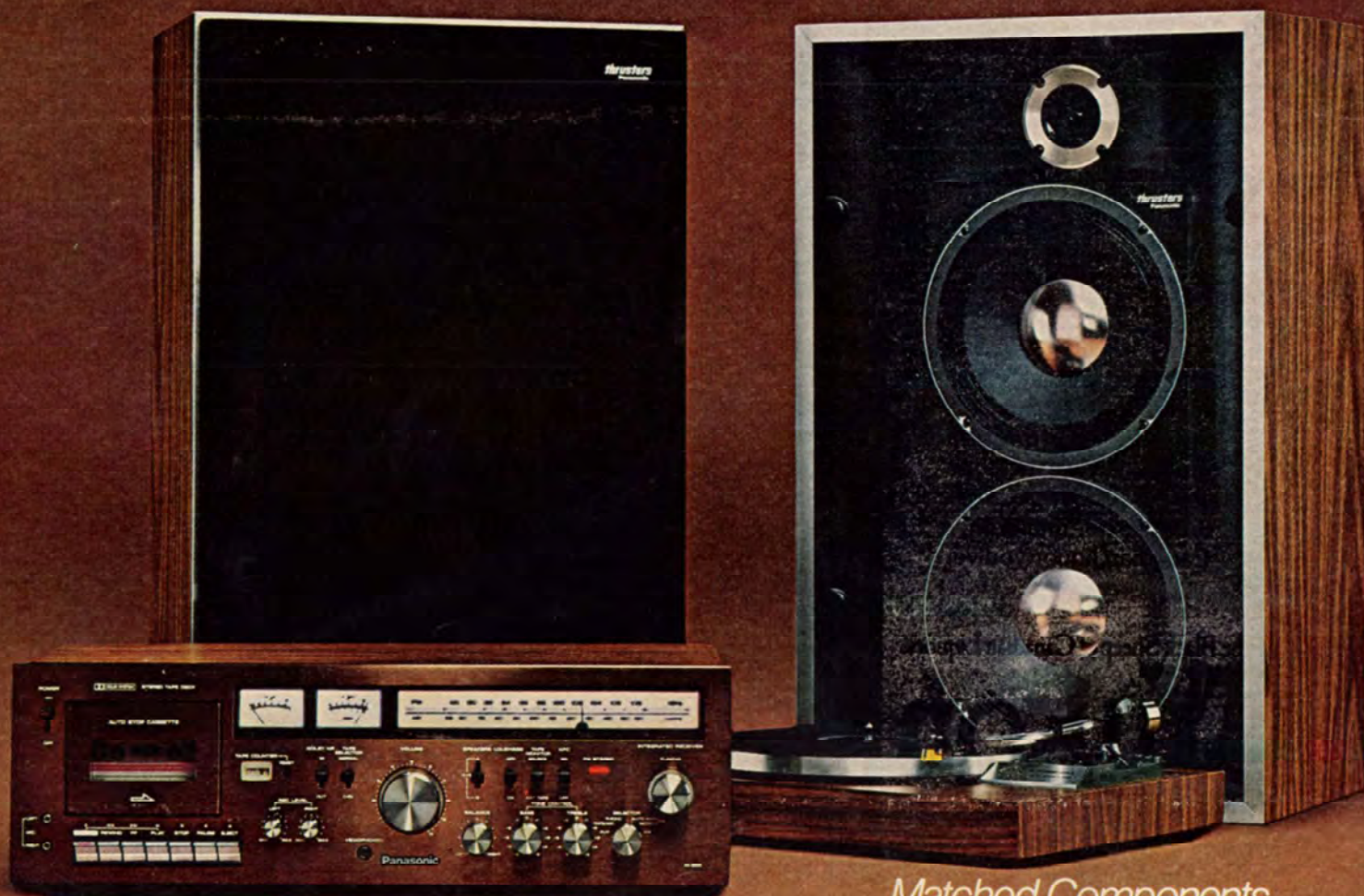
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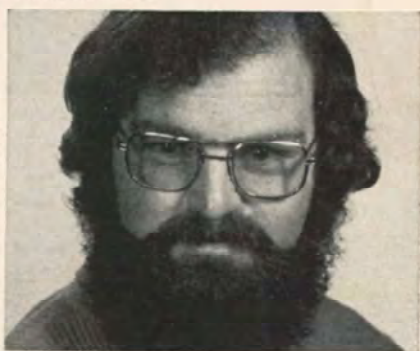
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DAVID HALDANE

HOUSECALL

As reported in September's *Penthouse*, The Trilateral Commission, a task force set up by banker David Rockefeller in 1973 to put his man in the White House in 1977, has succeeded in taking over the executive branch of the federal government. Rockefeller's—and Carter's—plan is to create a "new world order" benefiting the multinational corporations and banks at the inevitable expense of the American public.

Author **Craig S. Karpel** (pictured above with a senior adviser), a frequent contributor to *Penthouse* and winner of the Public Relations Society of America's Medal for Public Service Magazine Reporting, was among the first investigators to uncover the Trilateral scheme. In the months to come, *Penthouse* will feature his series exposing the tactics that the Trilateral presidency is using in its attempt to destroy democracy as we know it in the United States. Karpel's first article, "Cartergate: The Death of Democracy" (page 68), is a devastating analysis of the way in which every move the Carter administration makes is designed to put the Trilateral plan into action. "At least Nixon thought he was acting in the national interest," says Karpel, "but Rockefeller, Carter, and the rest of The Trilateral Commission think they're working in the *multi-national* interest."

The Supreme Court's ruling on obscenity is in no one's best interest, as **Nat Hentoff** forcefully points out in this month's "Advise and Dissent." Hentoff, a staff writer and columnist for the *Village Voice*, is currently completing a book about the history and development of the First Amendment. "What distinguishes this country from a dictatorship," he says, "is freedom of speech, and there is nothing inherent in the Constitution that separates 'obscenity' from all other forms of speech. Any kind of prosecution for obscenity is unconstitutional." This is an incisive look at the Court's supremely illogical reading of the law (page 122).

While the High Court persists in chipping away at our freedom, another kind of societal menace is reaching alarming proportions. Once a madman's random, destructive act, terrorism has become

a thriving industry. In response to this escalating threat, many specialists have begun to delve into the psychology of the terrorist mentality. Free-lancer **David Haldane** talks to Dr. Frederick J. Hacker (page 136), who is considered by many to be the world's leading authority on this emerging "science of terrorism." Haldane's original interest in its motivations dates back to the sixties, when he was a student radical. "I was totally committed to ending the war," he says, "and my activities brought me into close contact with many groups of the far Left. Although I was sympathetic to their goals, I could not condone their means. Terrorism drove me out of the movement." Haldane has recently completed his first book, *Notes of a Straddler*, which is based on his exploits as a feature writer for the *Berkeley Barb*.

When **Jaime Mardis** entered West Point as a starry-eyed cadet in 1969, he found himself faced with a monolithic system of brutality that had not changed in 174 years. He has compiled his experiences in a much-heralded book, *Memos of a West Point Cadet* (McKay). Recently, Mardis returned to the academy for *Penthouse*, this time to find some interesting new curves in the long, grey line. Mardis looks at the invasion of lady plebes and gives us an astonishing inside view of forbidden sex at West Point.

With the collegiate football season in full swing, *Penthouse* regular **Larry Linderman** tackles the herculean task of divining the twenty worst teams of 1977 (page 148). Aside from his work as a consummate writer and interviewer, Linderman has had a love affair with bad football since his days at Temple University, when he watched the likes of Bill Cosby bring their team to certain defeat. "You don't need a crystal ball to predict the winners," he says, "but it takes a soothsayer of uncompromised wisdom, courage, and prescience to foretell which teams will fail." This is a unique look at the best of the worst.

November is a month of bounty and feast, and, withal, a new "Victorian" Age comes into being. Miss **Victoria Lynn Johnson** ascends to the Penthouse Hall of Fame as our eleventh Pet of the Year! All the votes are in, and the results are official: Vicki led the field, and along with the heady honor of such widespread recognition, she will receive a treasure trove of cash and prizes valued at approximately \$75,000—the largest award ever made for this or any other beauty contest. This year, for those who really care about such things, Thanksgiving begins on page 75. 

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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

Shocking pink

I would like to tell your readers about an interesting experience my wife and I had. It has brought much pleasure to our lovemaking. This unexpected source of sexual joy is something we have all experienced at one time or another—rug shocks!

We made our discovery during a rather passionate lovemaking session in the living room. As I mounted my wife, I noticed that the curtains were open. To preserve our privacy, I ran to the windows, closed the curtains, and returned to my wife, whom I remounted. Only this time a shock sent shivers through my wife as I entered her. She moaned in ecstasy, and we proceeded to have the best loving of our lives. Later we discussed what had happened, and my wife said that the shock had been the biggest turn-on for her ever. Because of the obvious effects of the rug shocks, I developed a system to give my wife a shock almost every time she wanted one.

In the bedroom I had wall-to-wall carpeting installed. Whenever I want to create the shock, we do the following: after a long period of foreplay, I shuffle around the bed while my wife sits at the edge of the bed with her legs spread. After about thirty seconds of shuffling, I carefully guide my shaft into her and produce two or three shocks that send her into wild orgasms. What follows is the best screwing ever.—K.M., Allentown, N.J.

And no black-out problems?

Lofty ideas

I am a single man who lives in a studio apartment in Boston's Back Bay section. Recently, I was transferred to Washington, D.C.; so I sent notice to my landlord that I wouldn't be renewing my lease in the fall.

One day the following week, I had just returned home from work and was in the middle of changing into some relaxing clothes when I heard a knock on my door. Cursing to myself, I asked, "Who is it?" It was the landlord's agent, wanting to show my apartment to a client, who was to be moving in when my lease expired.

I quickly zipped up my pants and threw on a shirt without buttoning it, and I let them in. The girl from the realty company was attractive enough, but the "prospective client" was absolutely gorgeous: a tall redhead with green eyes and a willowy figure—long-looking breasts and long, tan legs. She also gave off the scent of Estee Lauder's "Private Collection" perfume, my favorite.

She was introduced to me as Kim. I'm rather proud of my apartment, because I have gone to great lengths to make it attractive and livable. There are many hanging plants and much new furniture, and it seemed Kim liked it, too. "I just love what you've done with it," she said as she sat in one of the chairs by the fireplace and eyed my exposed chest. Then, after only a cursory tour, she told the agent that she'd take it. As she was leaving, Kim stood in the doorway and said, "I really do love it," and she dropped her eyes down to the now-bulging front of my slacks. As I closed the door, I said to myself, "I bet you do." However, after indulging in fantasies in which I was wrapped up in her arms—and long legs—I forgot about the whole thing.

The next day at work, the receptionist forwarded a call to me from, of all people, Kim. (She had found out my number from the real-estate agent.) She explained that she had forgotten to look at my sleeping loft (which is a large, raised platform at one end of the living room, containing a low bed and a chest of drawers and reachable by a ladder), and she wondered if she could stop by that night to take a quick look at it. "I want to make sure it's what I want."

"Of course," I said, once again imagining those long, tan legs wrapped around me.

Kim showed up promptly at eight and immediately handed me a bottle of wine. As before, she looked absolutely ravishing. She wore a calf-length skirt slit up the thigh and a loose silk blouse featuring a V-neck that made it all too obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her hair was undone, long and flowing, and her eyes had just a touch of makeup. She was simply a woman of every guy's wet dreams.

After pouring us each a glass of wine (which was excellent, by the way) and trying to be cool, I managed to say, "So how have you been?" Thankfully, the small talk lasted only about ten minutes before she said, after a second refill, "Well, I think it's time to see your loft." I thought that it was time, too, since I was getting uncomfortably hard.

She walked to the loft ladder and climbed the first three steps and stopped. There she could look at the loft from its floor level. I was also having a look from floor level directly behind her. Her left leg was on the fourth step, and her skirt fell away at the slit, revealing all of her black nyloned leg and just the beginnings of her left buttock. Was I going nuts! She turned and looked back down at me and said, "Why don't we both look at it—if it will hold two people?"



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I assured her that it most certainly would and climbed up after her. She immediately went to the bed and sat on the edge with her legs straight out and her skirt pulled up far enough to expose the tops of her nylons and the garters of her garter belt. She said nothing—only smiled and patted the bed. In two steps I was over and on top of her. As we both fell back onto the bed, I grasped her left breast. I was amazed at how soft but full and heavy it felt in my hand while I rubbed and rolled it through the silk fabric and tweaked the nipple with my thumb. She broke our kiss and said, "Suck it!" in a low, throaty whisper. I trailed kisses down her throat, and pushing aside her blouse, I licked and kissed and chewed the hard little button as she squirmed beneath me.

I switched to the right nipple as I pulled her blouse completely off, and she stroked my neck and shoulders as I worked down to her navel and the top of her skirt. Then I dropped completely down to her ankles and began working all the way up those incredibly long legs, separating her skirt as I went up and letting it fan out under her on the bed. There she lay with nothing on but a garter belt, nylons, and shoes. No, she was wearing no panties.

All this time she was lying back, watching as I kissed her humid inner thighs all the way up to her sparsely covered, red-haired cunt. I pulled at the hairs with my lips, and she squirmed and rotated her ass as she gasped, "Do it! Do it!" I wanted to plunge

my cock deep into her honeypot, but I kept my face there and licked and nipped her glistening, pink cunt lips. I lapped up and down and then drove my tongue deep inside. My hands were under her ass all the time, squeezing and kneading her tight little buns.

I then lubricated an index finger with my mouth and worked it around and into her puckered, brown ass hole. That made her pull back away from me quickly with a little yelp, but I brought her closer again by kissing and licking her cunt some more. Then I worked down into the spot between her cunt and her ass hole, and while I buried my nose into that spot, I lapped her tight, little brown hole with my tongue.

With her cunt and ass both dripping with her love juices and my saliva, she reached forward to release my throbbing cock. She ran her finger over the tip and smeared its head with its own lubricating juices. While she stroked my prick and cupped my balls, I moved up even higher to straddle her chest. With my anus resting between her now-sweaty breasts, she sucked and kissed my balls and licked the long underside of my cock.

I couldn't resist anymore. Before I shot my load, I moved back down; and Kim guided my prick between her slick cunt lips and then ground her hips forward until I was all the way into her, balls deep. I began pumping, and her sweaty, matted tangle of pubic hair rose to meet me with each

stroke. As she gripped my buttocks and dug into them with her nails, she threw her legs around my waist and locked her ankles, trying to pull me deeper into her with quick, powerfully convulsive squeezes of her thighs. I came with a low moan, and we lay spent in each other's arms.

We never did leave the loft that night, except to retrieve the wine.—D.K., Washington, D.C.

Mightier than the pen

I am very deeply in love with a man who is a prominent writer. I could not do anything to disrupt his marriage, even unintentionally, because he is a devoted husband and father; so I will carefully conceal the telling facts of my story.

Because he subscribes to countless magazines and periodicals, *Penthouse* among them, it is my fond hope that he will read this letter (if you see fit to publish it) and know who wrote it. I cannot think of another way to confront him.

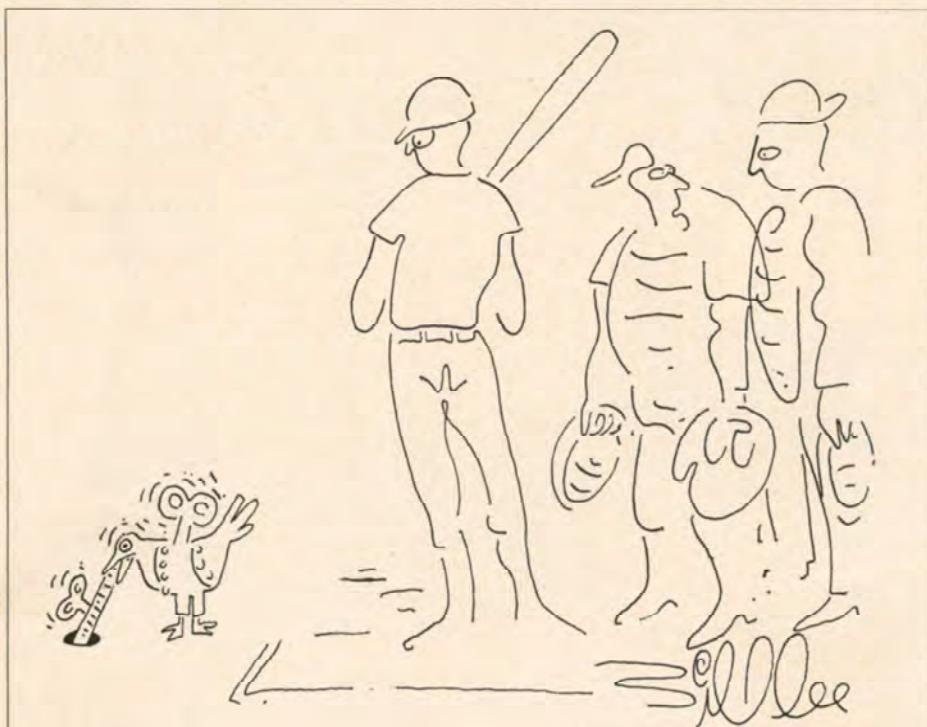
We met last year, quite innocently. He was giving a speech, and I was attracted to him, first, because he was handsome in the sense that he seemed sexy, and, second, because he spoke some unthinkable truths about himself and bared his soul. I was overcome with empathy. At my instigation we met for lunch. I was absolutely enthralled by his conversation—and the fact that sex played almost no role in our talk for two hours. But just as we were leaving, he caught me with a slight, pleased smile on my face, and he leaned over gently and kissed me. I think I fell in love with him at that moment. We went directly to my apartment—again, more at my suggestion than his.

We are both in our mid-thirties. I am divorced; he is not. He laid out his ground rules, saying he would never jeopardize his marriage, and I accepted that and respect it completely.

I have made love to hundreds of men—literally!—but never, never, never, never has a man ever made love to me as he did!

I couldn't believe it then, and I still can't. With all the gentleness and tenderness that you could possibly imagine, this man took me in his arms and kissed me from head to toe. He is a little more than adequately endowed—perhaps a seven-inch penis, although fairly thick by normal standards. But the way he used it! As he said to me jokingly when I asked him about it, "I guess I just came this way."

He comes, in fact, every way from Sunday! We made love from 2:30 in the afternoon until 12:30 in the morning. We broke twice for cigarettes (and not pot!). This man made love almost incessantly for ten hours, and I mean *love*, not separate fucks, sucks, and blowjobs—it was more like a single production. He has to be one of the most expert love-makers ever put on earth, bar none. By the third stanza, he had my feet just above his shoulders, ramming that beautiful cock so deep into my cunt that I couldn't see straight—not ramming, exactly, stroking, gently but forcefully. After



"At moments like this I yearn for the good old days when we played on real grass."

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131 Four Door



131 Coupe



124 Spider



X1/9



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the fifth hour or so, I had to use a lotion to keep myself moist. I don't know how many times he came off inside my cunt, but he came at least three times in my mouth. It was pure heaven.

In the last year he has slept over twice, and we have had one morning and one afternoon rendezvous, always the same: gentle, loving, affectionate, and unbelievably satisfying. I have not heard from him now for several months. I know that he cares for me very much, and he's not the type to "play around" frivolously, but he may need some assurance that I care for him as deeply as I do. I adore this man. He means more to me than all the other men I've ever shared a bed with. I want to fuck him so desperately I can actually taste his love juices when I think of him.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

Flip side

This letter might well be considered the flip side of the one a husband sent you recently about scoring with his wife's stuck-up, prick-teasing, mutual friend.

Like him and his wife, my husband and I feel we are very sexually oriented, liberated, and compatible.

I like to flash my bushy puss and show a lot of ass and leg and boob; but instead of backing down when the guy gets excited, I aggressively get to the reality of the growing bulge in his pants. I've got the quickest hand for a zipper you ever saw, and I know

a large, hard man is good to find. I know I am appreciated, because Greg says my gripping, hot-and-syrupy, velvet-lined pussy is the greatest.

I do all my housework in the nude and only slip on one of Greg's shirts when I go prancing out in the backyard or when a girl friend drops in for coffee or a drink. When a man knocks on the door, I answer the knock with my knockers pushed out and my nipples hardening in the raw, as if it were the most natural way to greet a guest; consequently, I have a goodly number of men rapping on my plywood. I seduced a young teacher in this very manner, unzipping him and literally leading him by the prick into the bedroom—he had been trying to persuade me to buy a set of encyclopedias that he had come to the door trying to sell. He still drops by occasionally—to fuck.

In fact, it was this same kind of shirttail, bare-assed antics of mine (and a couple of shots of afternoon gin) with my stuck-up friend Sandra that really got her and me friendly. We had been girly-loving for a couple of months before Greg finally got to prong her with his big dick.

I read a lot in defense of the small and average-sized penis, and I'd just like to say that in my book, it's all pretty good meat. I like to fuck our delivery boy (he's sixteen) because his little stiff challenges my puss and is good exercise for squeezing him a "tight" one.

When you unzip and spring free enough growing, excited cocks, chances are very good you will uncover a good number of big, handsome pricks, too. My sister says, "A big prick on a guy who doesn't know how to use it is just dead weight; but a big prick on a guy who does is a rare jewel."

I don't fuck every guy who comes around, just the interesting types.—*Name and address withheld*

Circum-sex

I am a newly married man in my mid-twenties. Every so often there is a discussion in your magazine and elsewhere about the pros and cons of circumcision. As an "unshorn" male who is damn determined to stay that way, permit me to respond on behalf of my "kinsmen in skins."

Apparently, the major rationale for circumcision remains hygienic in nature. Yet the uncircumcised male who showers daily or at least takes sponge baths faces few, if any, of the problems voiced by our scalpel-wielding experts. Circumcision purely for the sake of cleanliness makes as much sense as shaving one's head in order to prevent dandruff, split ends, and build-up of oil.

In the past, cervical cancer, kidney infections, and numerous other disorders in females were supposedly linked to uncircumcised mates. In light of the latest statistical evidence, the so-called experts may want to look at the facts a bit more closely. Now that the most recent sampling takes into consideration an equal number of healthy American men from all races and all economic levels, the figures read quite differently.

Does anyone realize how many thousands of newborn males are put through unnecessary pain every day by circumcision? With so much talk about the controversial rights of the unborn, have we in the process ignored the rights of the newly born? Parents rarely give circumcision a careful, second thought. Instead, they surrender their unknowing sons to physicians whose judgment is never questioned. Like novelist Henry Miller, some of us feel quite fortunate to have escaped the scalpel and hope we can make it to the grave in one unclipped piece.

After nearly a year of blissfully sweet marriage, my wife is completely sold on the idea of having an uncircumcised husband. I am the only man she has gone to bed with whose foreskin is still intact (all of her previous lovers, she confesses, were "trimmed"). The first time my wife and I made love was during our college days in a cabin near Aspen, Colo. I will never forget the look on her face when we undressed each other on a big bearskin rug while a fire flickered in the fireplace. I have a long foreskin that hangs loosely about three-fourths of an inch from the tip of my penis, and I was just getting completely erect as she removed my underwear. The minute I am at full staff, the foreskin naturally rolls back under the head of my cock (as nature so wisely intended it to). I intentionally de-





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layed full erection until she had caught a glimpse of the "entire" me. Her face mirrored a curious mixture of utter disbelief and total fascination. Soon she lovingly kissed my cock and felt the long, smooth foreskin roll back beneath her lips as if by magic. Later she told me that the sight had sent a thousand shivers of lusty excitement up her spine. It must have, for so vigorous a session of lovemaking followed that we thought we would bring even that old bear beneath us back to life!

During the last few months of married life, we have explored all kinds of imaginable sexual pleasures. We never seem to tire of finding new ways to please and surprise each other. One of my wife's favorite ways to awaken me in the morning, for example, is to take my limp cock into her mouth and lightly nibble on my long foreskin. When I begin to grow erect, she does something that literally makes me squirm and groan with indescribable pleasure. She tenderly inserts her tongue under my foreskin and licks the tender head of my well-protected cock. This is done in a slow, rotating manner, and by the time I am fully erect (and the foreskin has neatly slopped out of sight), we are ready for a good, bed-slammung fuck. Sometimes she won't even take her mouth off my throbbing cock and prefers to have breakfast in bed ("fresh juice with Polish sausage" she jokingly calls it, because I am of Polish extraction).

One of the real advantages of my not

being circumcised and enjoying oral sex is that whenever my penis softens following ejaculation, it can be made rigid again in no time with my wife's "tongue-under-the-foreskin" trick. The mere sight of her doing this to me is itself an orgasm-inducing experience.

On our first wedding anniversary, my wife wants me to have her lady doctor friend pierce my foreskin and insert a small gold ring or a jeweled pin into it. To tell the truth, I'm not exactly looking forward to this, but she claims that she doesn't want one foreskin in this circumcision-crazy country to go unrecognized. To top it off, she promises that a super blowjob and a screaming-good fuck will precede and conclude the rite—and all from her woman-doctor friend!—P.B., St. Paul, Minn.

Old hands

First, my wife and I would like to remind the younger readers that they did not discover sex; it has been around for a long, long time. And all the things they do that are connected with sex did not become popular overnight but have been happening for a long time, too. In other words, people are not fucking more; they are just *talking* about it more. When we read about some of the experiences the letter writers relate, we sometimes can't help laughing. They act as if they invented what they're doing. How wrong they are!

We are a middle-aged couple with one

child. I am fifty-eight years old, and my wife is fifty-six. We've both been around the barn a couple of times, and the sex drive we experience now is not all that different from the one we experienced in our early years. We were married thirty-two years ago, just after the Second World War. We knew each other only five weeks before we were married, and we slept together and had a good fucking time at least fifteen times before we tied the knot. The first time was on a hospital bed in a small private room in a GI hospital in California. She was a nurse, and I was an officer who had to check into the hospital for a little medical and surgical work. But that is another story. I will say, however, that she was one of the best pieces of pussy I'd had, and I put my mark on it early.

Throughout all our married years, we've had ourselves a ball. There probably is nothing we haven't tried and enjoyed at least once (we draw the line at anal intercourse). We've both had our little excursions into other areas, but we've not kept them a secret from one another. We talk openly about such escapades and then get so horny that we have to stop everything right there and do a little fucking or sucking, as the case or the desire may be at the moment. We talk a lot during sex, but my wife does not like to use some of the cruder words or names for our organs. She prefers "pussy" and "peter" because the words *cunt* and *cock* come close to turning her off—if that is at all possible for anyone so enflamed with desire.

During all these years, I've never known what is going to happen next. I may come home from the office and find her waiting at the door, stark naked and wanting to fuck right there on the spot. Other times I go into the bedroom to get a magazine or something, and I find her there on the bed with her rubber peter in her pussy. She will then beg me to take over and fuck her good. Just yesterday she called my office and begged me to come home and "stuff my big peter up her pussy." Sometimes she'll call me at work and talk sexy to me while she brings herself off with her finger or her big rubber peter.

Even right now she keeps coming by and reading this as I write. She is stark naked, and she keeps rubbing her bare titties against my back, neck, and ear while she peeks over my shoulder. In fact, I'm so hard right now that I'll sign off so that the two of us can hit the hay for a few minutes.—Name withheld, Waco, Tex.

All shaven and shorn

About six weeks ago my girl friend Sheila and I were strolling through Chinatown, and we happened by a Chinese theater showing a movie entitled *Bald-Headed Betty*. All my life I have been strangely fascinated by bald women, and I persuaded Sheila to go in with me—"just out of curiosity."

The film is about a young Chinese bride whose husband sells her to a white-slave ring. She rebels and tries to escape, and as



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a punishment, the white-slaver shaves her head. In one scene in the movie the girl is restrained by two men while a madam shaves her head. By the time the scene was only half over, I had an enormous erection. When the evil madam began the shaving part, I could no longer control myself and my cock literally exploded. Sheila saw that something was going on and asked me what was the matter. I told her about my fantasies and pleaded with her to sit through the film again. She agreed, and we sat through the movie three more times. The theater finally closed for the night after the third viewing.

When we left the theater, Sheila asked me if I had had enough; and I replied, quite frankly, that I had not. She mumbled something about "fixing that," but when I asked what she meant, she just said, "Never mind. You'll see. Let's just go home."

Once there, Sheila abruptly asked me if I'd like to shave her head right then and there. Sheila has a luxurious mane of long, auburn hair, and I would never have dreamed that she would ever let me cut it. She was very proud—if not a little vain—of it. But I told her that shaving her head would be the ultimate turn-on for me, and she said, "Okay, let's get started." Needless to say, I required no further coaxing.

While I fished out a pair of scissors and my razor, Sheila changed into a see-through nightgown and sat down, with her back facing the bathroom mirror. Grabbing

handfuls of her red hair, I snipped it off as close to the head as I could until all that remained of her long tresses was a prickly stubble. I quickly lathered her scalp and shaved it until it was smooth as an egg. Once I finished, I washed her bald pate and applied a generous amount of baby oil. To most men she would probably have appeared to be some sort of freak, with the white of her scalp contrasting against her otherwise well tanned complexion. But to me she was beauty personified.

As soon as the barbering session was over, we climbed into the sack and had the best lovemaking session ever. I caressed her bare head, and the feel of the smooth skin led me to ejaculations that, she swears, surpassed any she has ever witnessed.

The next morning Sheila almost fainted when she saw herself in the mirror for the first time, and she stated firmly that she would never do that again. But by the time night had come, she had changed her mind. She begged me to shave her again and promised that she would remain bald from then on—and she still is. Every night before going to bed, I shave her head, and every night we have a fantastic sex session.

Around the house Sheila is always bald; but when she goes out to work or to shop, she wears a wig or a turban. On occasions when she feels particularly bold, she has gone hairless, thus eliciting a variety of

reactions that range from shock and laughter to unabashed envy.

Now, a shaved head is not for every woman, but for my Sheila it is just super, and the truth of what I say is evident in the fantastic sex life it has brought us.—S.J., Ontario, Canada.

Annotated version

During the two years that I've been reading "Forum," I've seen that some folk collect panties as a hobby, some collect bras, and some collect jockstraps. My particular sexual hobby is collecting stains on mattress pads.

After a sexual encounter (on a pad only, no sheets), with indelible ink I annotate the resultant love stain, recording name, sex, date, and rank of pleasure-fulfillment (on a scale of one to ten). This method provides me with an immediately available reminder of previous encounters and a warm feeling of how I was embraced by the various lovers I have known. I store these worthwhile pads in large plastic bags, carefully folded and indexed, and take them out periodically to sleep on them.

Of course, the mattress pads are washed between sessions.—M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

Are they indexed, too?

Alligator allegation

I thought that you might like hearing about a unique fetish of mine. Ever since childhood I have been sexually turned on by products with alligator skins: alligator shoes, alligator wallets, etc. Every night my wife puts on her alligator skin boots, belt, and panties (they're really a kind of hot-pants) and, with an alligator paddle, forces me into an alligatorlike pose of absolutely total submission.

Then she straps me into an alligator-skin straight jacket and trousers and gives me several alligator-skin wallets to hold in my mouth. Finally, she places my body inside a Baggies alligator trash bag, with only my head sticking out. Then she leaves me outside until the garbage men came by to pick me up.—J.M., West Hartford, Conn.

When in Vicenza

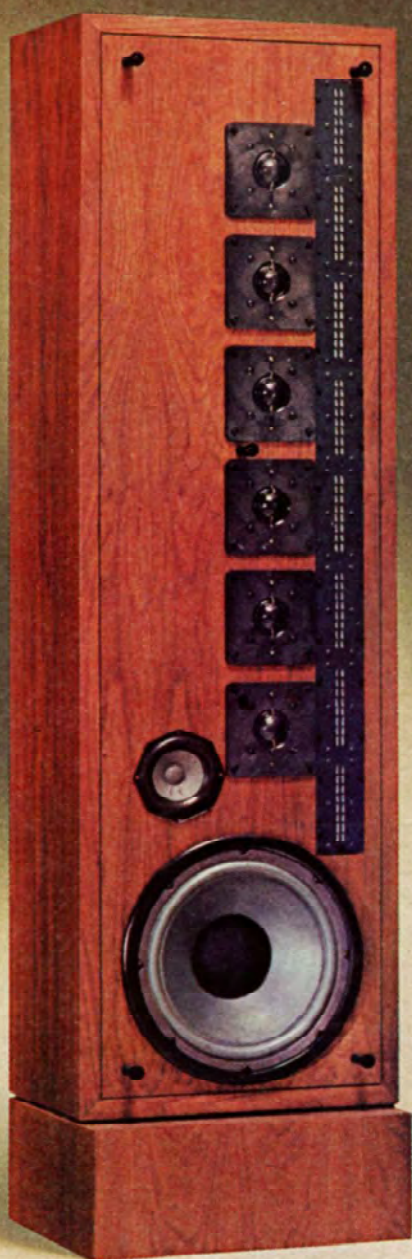
Having recently completed basic training, A.I.T. (Advanced Individual Training), and jump school, I was stationed in Vicenza, Italy, in the 509th Airborne Combat Team.

One noticeable difference between European and American women is that Continental ladies don't shave their underarms or legs. Having read "Forum" for quite some time now, I know that this is a turn-on for many. And I am one of them.

Riding the buses is my main mode of transportation, and I see a lot of women standing up, holding onto the upper rail for balance. This completely exposes their armpits. In summer they usually have on sleeveless dresses (dresses are still in fashion here). Eight out of ten exhibit that beautiful mound of hair for all the world to see. It drives me crazy, and being a typical,



"Did you hear the one about the gay executioner that gives better head than he takes?"



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obnoxious GI, I just stare and drool.

Another interesting sight here is the female bicyclist racing down the narrow streets, with her maxi skirts flying around her waist. After witnessing such beautiful exhibitions, I have some great fantasies. But that's as far as it goes—just fantasies. One of these days I'll learn the fucking language.—*Name and address withheld*

That's amore!

Closet contest

This letter is in reference to that ex-navy pilot who claimed to have a lingerie collection no other could compete with. Well, I hope that you will print this so that he will read what I have to say, because I propose to outdo his claim.

I am a male in my mid-thirties, and I, too, have the desire to wear women's undergarments. I have been wearing girdles and sheer nylons for the past twenty years. As he stated, I feel both relaxed and excited at the same time when I wear these things. The thrills that I get are hard to explain—I love to cross my legs and feel the nylons rubbing against each other. Sometimes I put on a pair of my five-inch heels and just admire my legs while I sit and watch TV.

I have a lingerie chest, the contents of which are these: a dozen silk half slips with fancy lace trim; a large assortment of knee-high, over-the-knee, and thigh-top stockings; stretch and nonstretch sheer nylons with reinforced heel and toe; a few pairs of full-fashioned nylons (with seams)—and all these nylons are in a rainbow variety of colors and shades. As for girdles, I have briefs and average-legs, body-briefers, molded back briefs, and action leg briefs with six garters; also slacks-companion liners and various styles of open-bottom garter girdles and garter belts. I also have six pairs of five-inch, heeled shoes, which I special-order—one black pair, a red pair, and a blue pair. These are all pumps. The other three pairs are open-toed with sparklers on them and ankle straps.

I wear my girdle and nylons all day long. I wear them to work; and when I come home, I clean up and shower and then put on a different type of girdle, clean nylons, a half

slip, and my high-heeled shoes. Then I'm ready to relax and watch TV and admire my legs. Sometimes I sleep with a pair of panty hose on. But I really prefer the girdle and nylons, because I love to feel the pull of the stockings against the garters on the girdle.

Since I am hurting no one and I do my thing in the privacy of my own home, I see no harm in what I am doing. I do not think I am sick because of what I do, and as long as I think this way, I will continue to enjoy my fetish, and I don't care what other people might think.—*Name withheld. Wichita, Kans.*

Roommate's roommate

I am a twenty-three-year-old college student temporarily working in a local factory

On the way to my bedroom, I passed the other bedroom door and found it again standing wide open. I stopped to look inside, since no one was around and I figured looking wouldn't hurt anybody anyway. As I was standing there, taking in Sarah's spread-eagled form, I heard a softly spoken "Come on in." I didn't need any more persuasion.

As I went in and sat on the bed next to her, Sarah rolled onto her side away from me. Thinking she was being nervous, I started massaging that stiffness out of her. She didn't say a word, but she was very responsive. She turned over, wrapping her arms and legs around me, and kissed me passionately. Having been celibate five months, I lost my first load quickly, and, I'm

sorry to say, prematurely. Still without either of us saying a word, we were on our way again, kissing and caressing our way to a seventh heaven when I spoke to her for the first time that night. Suddenly, a new light came into her eyes. Although she had kept her eyes open the entire time, she apparently was only just now awakened for the first time. She jumped up and ran downstairs to get her boyfriend.

Startled at what I had seen happen, I retired to my own bedroom only to listen to the sounds of my roommate finishing the job I had started.

Soon it was over, and as they quieted down, I fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning, my roommate was obviously upset and said, "I'd like to have a word with you." I said okay,

but he turned and walked out of the room. Two hours later he was in the process of moving out. That is the last I've heard of him, except that he had the power cut off (it was in his name). As far as Sarah goes, she wouldn't come within twenty feet of me, and I haven't seen her since that day, either. For two people who claimed to be sexually open, I can't see how this situation could occur. But even if Sarah can't remember her sweet dream, I have my memories.—*K.B., Columbia, S.C.*

Trick model

I never dreamed that I would be writing to *Penthouse*. However, here I am. I am a nineteen-year-old student in my second year of school at a fairly large eastern col-

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for the summer. I came home from work at 3:30 A.M. to take my customary shower and brew before turning in for the night. In the living room my roommate and one of his buddies were getting fairly drunk talking about cars; so I went upstairs to take my shower. Across from the bathroom, my roommate's bedroom door was standing open to reveal the lovely sight of his girl friend asleep. And in the nude. I thought she had just gotten drunk and fallen asleep; so I went over to turn off the light and to close the door partially. When I had done so, I took my shower and went downstairs to drink a beer. After a while the guest left, and while I was in the kitchen, fixing myself a snack, my roommate fell asleep; I went upstairs to hit the sack myself.



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lege. Last May, being low on bread and not wanting to lean on my parents for additional funds, I decided to canvas the school bulletin board for some part-time work. One ad in particular caught my eye: "Wanted—male Model, High Pay." It was signed: "Serious art students." I called the number, and a woman answered, and I received instructions to go to an off-campus apartment at 4:00 P.M. the next day. I arrived punctually and was greeted at the door by a gorgeous gal about eighteen, blonde, blue eyed, about five foot six inches, wearing shorts and a halter that did little to hide her approximately thirty-six inch bust. She gave me a big smile, said her name was Carol, and let me in. In the living room I received the shock of my life. There seated on a sofa, were two guys, stark naked. Carol led me past them into the kitchen and asked me to have a seat.

After explaining that the posing job would consist of nude modeling for at least three women, including herself, she asked me if I was still interested in the job. I blushed and said yes. She then had me sign a note stating that I was posing willingly, that no one was forcing me. After I signed, she moved her chair back, lit a cigarette, and told me to get undressed. Still blushing, I obeyed and stripped nude. She told me to turn this way and that, and, after viewing my body, gathered up my clothes and led me back into the living room, where I sat down next to the other

two guys. Carol then went into the bedroom.

After a few minutes, a different girl came out of the bedroom. I found out that her name was Susan. She was followed by a fully dressed guy, who was shown to the door. Susan was a small brunette about twenty years old, with a small pair of tits. She, too, had on shorts and a halter top. She then led into the bedroom one of the two guys seated next to me. I started to blush a bright red and trembled at the thought of the fate that awaited me in that bedroom.

Eventually my time came. As I was led in, I noticed that there was yet another gal in the apartment. Her name was Cindy. She, too, was a blonde, with large tits, no bra, shorts, and a loose blouse. Their first order of business was to have me lie on the bed, stretched out, arms above my head, feet wide apart. Carol and Susan each took turns examining my cock, pinching, pulling, and tweaking it at will. Cindy was seated at my head and, with her fingers, was examining my lips and teeth, running her fingers into and around my mouth. Needless to say I had the biggest hard-on that I had ever experienced. Then, Carol went to the dresser and picked up an SX-70 camera and snapped one shot of me spread-eagled like that. After all three were satisfied with my frontal examination, they ordered me to turn over, and my ass and ass hole received a thorough going-over. I

almost thought that Cindy's finger would come out of my throat when she shoved it up my ass hole. Next, they turned me right over on my back, and again all three started feeling my cock and balls. Carol asked me if I ever masturbated. I lied and said no. With this, the other two laughed and Susan said, "Cut out the bullshit and play with yourself."

By this time I was as red as a beet, but I meekly obeyed her command. As I masturbated, Carol explained that one of the poses called for such a situation. After I came all over my stomach, Carol handed me a towel. After wiping myself off, I was told to get dressed. Before I left, Carol took the snapshot and had me sign the back of it with my name and address and the telephone number where I could be reached. She said that they would call me if I got the job. Needless to say, I never was called.

What galls me the most about being had like this is the thought that my snap shot is adorning some sorority wall for dozens of gals to look at and enjoy without my being a part of it.—B.B., address withheld

Naughty widow

Your readers may enjoy hearing of my groovy experience with an older woman. It involved some exciting reverse role playing, which I found mind-blowing.

When the widow Becky moved next door to my family home, we instantly hit it off well together. She was then in her late thirties, with well-formed, full breasts and a slender waist and magnificent buttocks. Her splendid pair of legs were always visible for admiration, because she almost always wears a dress or skirt. Her hair is ash blonde and is usually pulled into a bun.

Even though I was seventeen when we met, she always treated me in public as if I were mature enough to warrant serious flirting, which enhanced the respect my two older brothers showed to me. When we met in the company of my family or a group, she always gave me a big hug or a full kiss on the mouth, which often included a brief taste of her darting tongue. In private she was very much the friendly matron and mother of her then-fifteen-year-old daughter, Lois.

During that year I was a freshman at college, and I didn't see Becky for the entire time. I appreciated her all the more during my very brief visits home. The next summer, when I was home working at my dad's office, I ran into her in front of her house. She greeted me with a great warmth and many ego-building compliments about what a handsome man I had become. Before a week had passed, she telephoned me to ask if I would do her a great favor. Lois, now sixteen, was driving her up the wall, pestering her for permission to attend a local rock festival. I told her that I would be happy to take her since Becky said she felt that Lois's friends were not mature enough for her to go with.

When I picked Lois up, she told me that her mother had told her she could stay out as long as she liked. That did not sound



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entirely like Becky; so I said, "Are you sure? I don't want you to get a spanking." Lois stuck out her nicely rounded knockers and answered, "I'm way too old to be spanked."

The festival was a drag for me, but Lois enjoyed it well enough for me to have to insist we leave at midnight. When I pulled into my driveway, Lois jumped out, gave me a quick little kiss through the window, and ran across the lawn to her house. She called over her shoulder, "Bye, see you tomorrow," before I could even get out of the car to escort her. The lights were on in her mother's house, and I could see that her mother had left the door open. It was such a nice night that I decided to sit on our open front porch for a while. Becky's windows were open, and I soon heard how wrong Lois had been about being too old to be spanked.

Suddenly, I felt very annoyed with Becky's unfair treatment of Lois. I waited until the noise had stopped and headed for Becky's front door. Becky greeted me with a hairbrush still in her hand. "May I speak privately with you?" I asked with some coolness. "Why come right in, Mike, and we can talk in the family room," she answered. She told Lois to stay upstairs in her room and lead the way into the family room, closing the door behind her.

"Did you spank Lois for being late?" I asked without smiling. "Yes, I did," she replied. "I told her to tell you that she had to be home by eleven. She admitted that even

though you asked her, she lied to you about my instructions." She looked at me with a curious half smile. That made me a little angrier, and I felt that I had let Lois down and that Becky had shown too little confidence in me. "I think that was a mean and absolutely wrong thing to do. You knew that I would take good care of her. If you wanted her home at eleven, you should've told me."

She smiled briefly, her eyes sparkled, and then she bent her head to look at her hands in her lap. She still held the hairbrush. Her face took on a somber cast, and she looked at me with a serious face. "Mike, you are right, that was a wrong and mean thing to do, and I know what that means. You must turn me over your knees and spank me hard." I started to open my mouth in confusion, but she quickly went on. "I know what to expect, and I deserve it. You are going to sit on one end of this couch, pull me over your lap, hold me with your strong arms, and give me at least forty hard smacks. And you won't stop, no matter how hard I cry and plead, until I have been soundly spanked." With coaching like that, even I could understand how to play!

As I got into position, she walked toward me with the brush extended toward me, handle first, and said with a slight smile, "I know, too, that my dress is going to be pulled up, and with a man like you, my panties are probably going to be pulled

down." By the time she was in position, she added a further instruction. "And I know between each hard spank I will have plenty of time to reflect on my naughty behavior. Her voice was now that of a naughty little girl.

When I looked down for the really first time to see that beautiful ass lying across my lap, with every splendid curve revealed by the thin, clinging nylon dress, I got rock hard. I eased up her dress and saw a fantastic sight—an absolutely gorgeous ass with lace-trimmed, sheer white panties pulled tightly up into the seam between those perfectly formed buttocks. Her cheeks were quite bare, and there was no need to take the panties down. But a lady should not be denied such a wish; so I pulled them down below her knees.

As I warmed to the task and each smack got harder and harder at her insistence, Becky would give a little cry and rock her pudenda on my hard bulge and scissor her legs in tight, jerking spasms. As I reached the fortieth smack, her gyrations were almost out of control. Then I raised her up to twist around and sit on my lap.

She was sobbing real tears and, after several minutes, stood up facing me so that I could clearly see her wipe them away. Feeling that I might have spanked her too hard, I stood up and took her in my arms, holding her tight. After a few seconds, she stepped back from me, lifted her dress well above her waist to show her marvelous,

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moist garden of love, and said, "Well, aren't you going to pull up my panties for me?" These words were whispered in a little girl's voice again. I decided that up was the wrong direction for those panties to go!

Within seconds we were both naked and entwined together on the couch. What followed was a really frantic session of sex, by far the most wonderful of my young life.—*M.D., Palos Verdes, Calif.*

Gold mind-blower

I've been dying to tell someone about the sexual gold mine I've stumbled onto in the past few months; but since I'm a teacher and the situation involves a student, I didn't dare tell a soul. But I can no longer suppress the story of my mind-blowing, incredible luck.

It all started last May. I am a single, twenty-four-year-old high-school teacher in a southern state. Sure, some of the eleventh-grade girls are only sixteen or seventeen years old; but in this state that's legal, and some of them are superdeveloped foxes that any normal, horny guy would happily fuck if he had the chance—despite all the phony bullshit about "robbing the cradle."

Well, this new girl moved into the district and was assigned to my class. And she was beautiful! To get an idea of her appearance, look at the

chick on the left on page 56 of the September (1977) *Penthouse*; she is a dead ringer for my new student, whom I'll call Merilee. Only seventeen years old, she could easily pass for a senior college coed. Naturally, I put her in the front row, right in front of my desk. From the very first day when she entered my class, we seemed to hit it off. We exchanged smiles and flirtatious glances which conveyed the message that we really dug each other. But I figured it was really only an innocent teacher-crush for her; and knowing damn well that I'd lose my job if I made any advances, I just resigned myself to mentally undressing her and fucking her in my imagination every day.

After two weeks Merilee pleasantly surprised me by stopping by my homeroom at the end of a Friday afternoon. I was trying to get all my papers graded so that my weekend would be free.

She coyly padded up to my desk and started some small talk about the class and the next assignment. She had been doing this more and more, and since she was a very bright girl—if not a little "bookish"—I enjoyed it. Having exhausted the shoptalk, she un-

comfortably belatedly, trying desperately to get to the real reason why she had come by. Despite her bombshell body and beautiful face, she was really quite shy. Finally, she said, "Some of the girls in my P.E. class were telling me what a great athlete you were in college—that you were a track All-American—and they said you taught them all about fellatio." After only a split-second pause, she blurted out, "Would you teach me the basics; too?"

I couldn't believe my ears. I studied her face, and there was no brazen, I-want-to-suck-your-cock look, but rather a slightly timid, could-you-tell-me-where-the-library-is look. So I said, stupidly, not knowing what else to say, "Do you know what fellatio is?" She replied, "Not really, but Jody told me it's sorta like, uh, karate, or uh, judo, or jujitsu, or whatever they call that

Oriental fighting. That kind of thing and fellatio are about the same kind of thing, right?"

"Well, not exactly," I replied. "Look, are you putting me on, Merilee?"

Beginning to sense that something wasn't right, she said, "No, I'm not. Why? Did those girls lie to me about you teaching them fellatio?"

Not knowing what to do next in this



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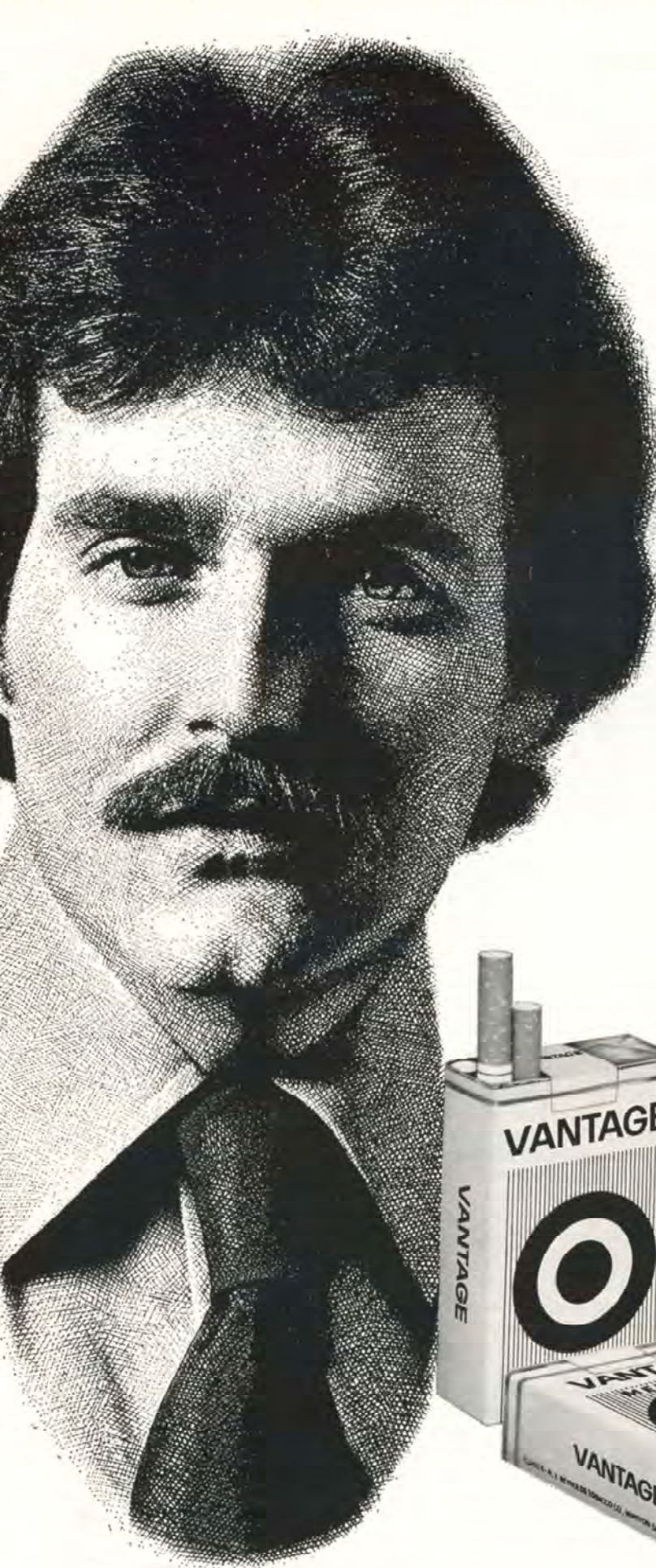
"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

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bizarre situation, I looked away from Merilee's innocent, questioning face, and luckily my eyes landed on the shelf with the reference books on it. I pulled down Webster's Third, found the page with *fellatio* on it, and handed the dictionary to her, telling her to read the definition—to herself!

As soon as she did, her face turned a bright crimson, and she dropped the dictionary and ran out the door. But, again to my continuing surprise, she returned five minutes later to apologize, explaining that not only did she make a complete fool out of herself but also she had missed her bus.

I did my best to put her at ease, although I must admit that it was difficult for me to remain at ease myself, and I offered her a ride home. Well, it turned out that she lived in the same, large apartment complex that I did—only in a different building. Along the way we got in a discussion about my college track days, and she asked if she could come up to see my trophies. I was so engrossed in reliving my old jock days that I didn't give the request a second thought at the time, and I said, "Sure."

Once I was inside, the situation dawned on me. So I quickly got out my scrapbook and fixed myself a double on the rocks. Leaving her to the scrapbook and a plain Coke while I changed, I also put on one of my original Elvis albums.

Merilee didn't notice when I started back into the room, because instead of my scrapbook, she now had her eyes glued to

a book of male and female nudes that had been lying on the table directly in front of her. I quietly watched her, not wanting to embarrass her again. I kept myself hidden from view; and after giving her a great deal of time to study the poses of the adventuresome couples, I made a lot of noise in making my "official" return. She quickly switched back to my sports scrapbook.

She asked for another Coke, and when I reminded her that her parents were probably expecting her to be home from school by now, she explained that her parents were divorced and that she lived with her mother, who worked a four-to-midnight shift. It was 3:30, and she asked me whether it would be all right if she left and came back after her mother had gone to work. She promised not to tell anyone—"ever," as she added. I suddenly panicked, but I agreed anyway, and she rushed out.

At 4:02, she was back and dressed to tease and please. She wore a small tank top, which proudly displayed her firm, perky tits and pouty nipples, and a pair of the skimpiest cutoffs I'd ever seen, with her scrumptious buns oozing deliciously out. We talked and danced a while, before she really floored me by saying, "Now that I know what *fellatio* is, would you teach me how to do it? I really want to learn, and I'd love it if you showed me how—right now. I've never even seen or touched a man's penis—I've always been too scared to when I was with boys my own age. But I

don't feel scared with you—will you let me?" My conscience said no; but my growing cock said hell, yes! I let my eyes wander over Merilee's magnificent body, thought for an instant about the dangers involved if this rendezvous were to be discovered, and realized that the whole scenario reminded me that "you only have one life to live—so get all the gusto you can." And, damn, what gusto potential! I decided to take the plunge. "Okay," I said, "Let's take off our clothes."

I very slowly removed my shirt while Merilee nervously but quickly peeled off her top and wriggled out of her cutoffs. I'd been to bed with about twenty chicks in college and was currently screwing two different chicks with regularity, but I've never been more aroused than I was with this seventeen-year-old right then.

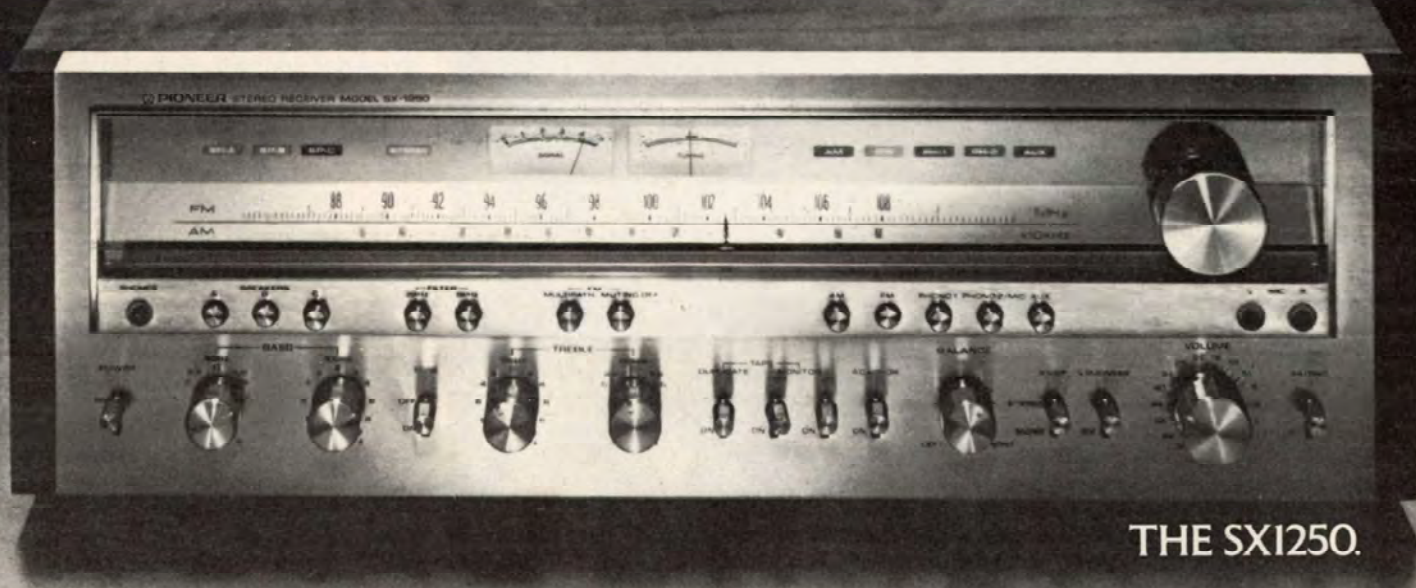
When I removed my pants, my throbbing gila monster was Merilee's immediate focus of attention, and she gasped, "It's huge! (I have only a six-incher, but it was the first erect cock she'd ever seen.) I sat on the couch, and she knelt in front of me and, still quite awed, barely whispered, "What should I do?"

I patiently instructed her, and she eagerly kissed, licked, and sucked my straining cock. An excellent student, she learned the ins and outs of cocksucking quite satisfactorily. Now admittedly, I've had better blowjobs, in terms of technique, but the whole scene with this Lolita brought me to a tremendous orgasm. At the last instant, she lifted her head off my exploding lava cone, and a river of come spurted all over my stomach and chest. That turned her on immensely, and she was all over me, licking every drop of come off me and sucking the last few drops from my defaulting cock. She then turned up to me and said, "Will you do it to me now?"

I spread her out and opened up her thighs—what a humid delight! Her thighs glistened with her love juices, and her cunt was already streaming. That blowjob made her cream as if she were a dairy cow. She writhed and squirmed and gurgled with delight as I plunged my tongue into her juicy love tunnel and then fluttered it against her clit. She came again and again and then begged me to fuck her. I withdrew my tongue from her creamy nest and protested that she was still a virgin. "Yes," she admitted, "but I've been using my older sister's vibrator for two months, and my pussy is more than ready to be fucked. You must put on a rubber though, because I don't want to get pregnant; but please fuck me. Please shove it into my pussy—I'm so hot and soaking wet—I need to be fucked—please!"

I quickly got a rubber and fucked her as if my heavenly salvation depended on it. She was moaning and crying and saying, "I love it! Fuck me harder!—harder! Fuck me, Fuck me!" Was I turned on! When I came, I thought that I'd die from a heart attack—my heart was pounding rapidly, and I was left panting and gasping for breath for about a full three minutes. After resting only a short

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while, we started up again—sucking and fucking until just before midnight, when she had to go home.

And that was only the beginning. The affair has gone on all through the summer, and nobody has found out about it. She's now on the pill, and she regularly dates high-school guys; but she also comes over to my place two nights a week.

The ultimate, however, happened last week, when she told me that she had a special treat for me. She came over and stripped, took my clothes off, grabbed me by my stiffened cock, and led me into the bedroom. She then spread-eagled herself on the bed and said, "Since I started out as the teacher's pet and you've drilled me so well, I've brought you an apple. Come and eat it." With that, she parted her pussy lips to reveal an apple slice that she had neatly placed between the delicate pink lips of her sumptuous twat. I hungrily snacked on the fruit in her snatch for about ten minutes, trying to make the pleasure last as long as I could.

Then she said, "Remember how you told me how good forbidden fruit is? Well, if you liked that apple, you're gonna love my second cherry that I'm going to give you now."

With that, she reached into the nightstand table, where she knew I kept the Albolene, and she covered her taught, little round ass cheeks and said, "I've been using a vibrator on my backside, and now I'm ready for you to take my second cherry—in my bum. Your cock was the first I ever sucked; your come was the first I ever tasted; your tongue was the first in my pussy, and your cock was the first in my pussy. Now I want your cock to be the first to slide up my behind. Go on, please, fuck my ass good and fill it up with your cock and your come."

Hell's bells! Four years of screwing college coeds—twenty different chicks—and I'd never fucked any of them in the ass; but here was a seventeen-year-old begging me to dirt-road her. It was fantastic—we both had incredibly violent orgasms.

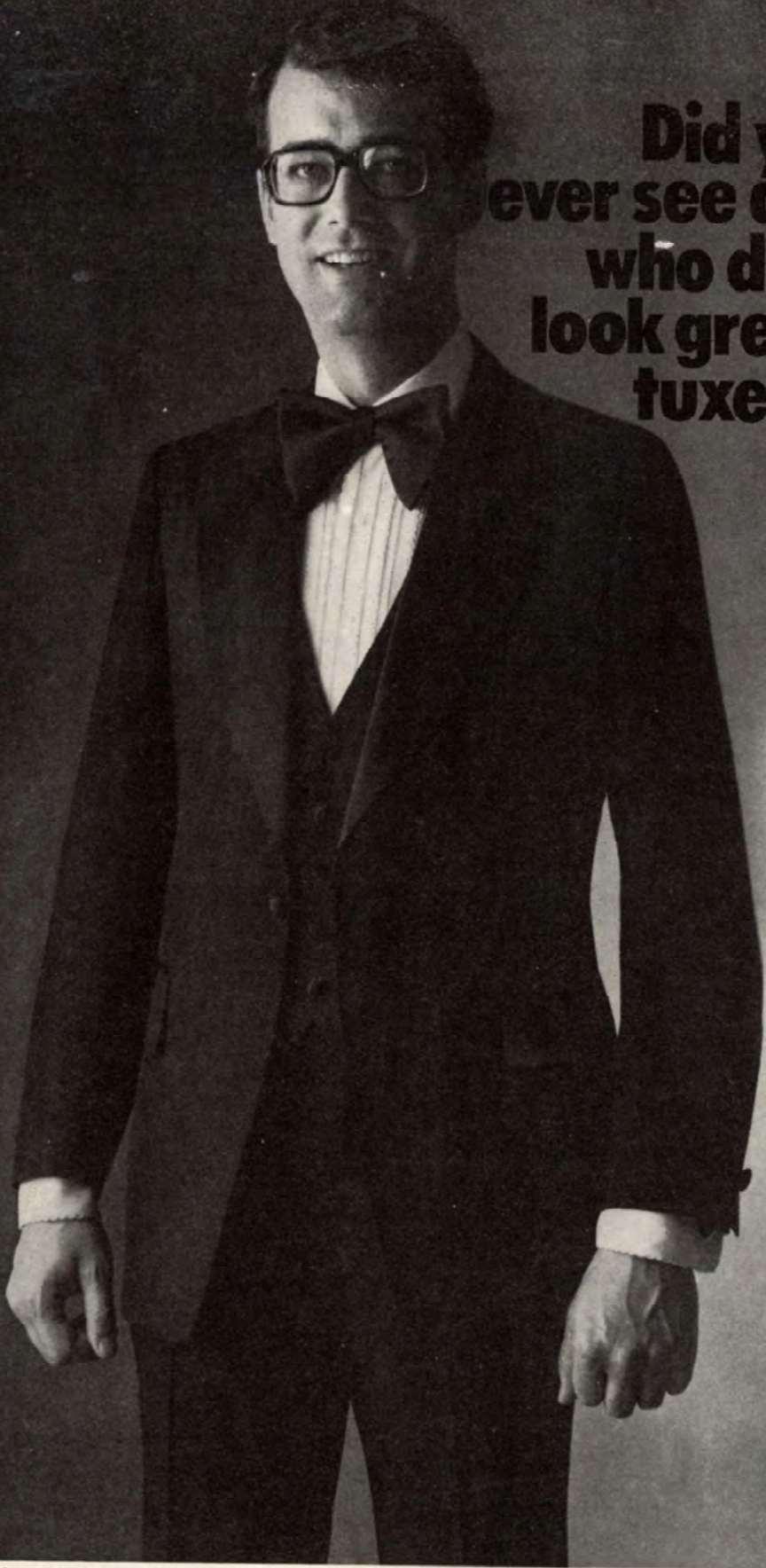
Believe me, teaching does have its humble rewards.—Name and address withheld

Back to bassists

Here is a story you can add to your collection. It was a fantastic experience for me; so I'd like to share it.

I'm a bassist in a very well-known British band; so I will refrain from naming names. I'll just say that my name is Peter. Well, last spring, we were touring the United States. I've always enjoyed the States, not just because of the enthusiastic reception we get, but also because of the girls who present themselves to us. Most of them are as lusty and horny as American girls can be.

We were in Los Angeles, and on opening night after the show, we threw a party backstage, as we usually do. There was the usual crowd of chicks, almost all of whom were after our lead singer. Our singer, despite his reputation for being gay, is extremely popular with chicks because

A black and white photograph of a man with glasses, smiling, wearing a dark tuxedo with a bow tie and a white shirt with a striped vest. He is standing against a dark background.

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of his seductive eyes and face, his superlative body, and his particularly large prick. All the legends about his prowess with both sexes are true, as I myself found out long ago.

On this particular night I noticed a young chick who was after him and also attracted me powerfully. Although she was trying to act and look sophisticated and worldly—a pose that she pulled off very well—my nose smelled a virgin, and I'm almost never wrong on this. She wore a long, black velvet dress, which emphasized her figure in a way that made me horny just looking at her. She hung around our singer constantly, sending electric signals that he never caught but I couldn't miss. So I decided to seduce this horny young virgin.

Attracting her by conversation, I managed to lure her away, long enough to spark some interest in her brain. Once I got her away from our singer, I found she was essentially shy and quiet and not at all like the image she was trying to project. I invited her back to have something to eat at the hotel where the band was staying. I guess that she had never expected me to make a pass at her (which is usually the case with girls I get) because she just smiled shyly and said yes. But deep in her eyes I detected a seething well of instinctive horniness, which excited me.

I grabbed a limousine and took her to the group's rooms at the hotel. I fed her and plied her with compliments, and soon she

warmed to me and got the idea. She seemed a little frightened, though, but I passed it off. I gave her a drink and soon started my advance on her. Putting my arms around her, I kissed her mouth and neck. Her skin was soft and smelled of rose oil, which always wakes incredible fires in me. My hands started fondling her body and stroking her back. She was trembling violently, and I suddenly realized how scared she was. So I drew back and looked at her. She was crying.

Confused, I started stroking her face and hair to cool her fear. She wiped her tears away and told me that she wanted me. So I got up and gently led her to the bedroom. She lay down on the bed and pulled me down with her. We necked for a while. The feeling of her tongue licking my throat and lips was incredible and, needless to say, I was getting a powerful hard-on. Then she got up and stood beside the bed. She reached down and slid her hand up my thigh, until her fingers were massaging my cock right through my pants. Then she let her dress slide to the floor and stood naked in front of me. Slowly, she started undoing my clothes, telling me to lie still and not move. As you may have guessed, I was getting very frustrated. She took off all my clothes, opening my fly slowly and sliding my pants off my legs in an unbelievably teasing way. Then she lay down beside me and started fondling my prick.

She kissed and licked it with her wet

tongue and lips and then started sucking it. I reached down for her and stroked it gently. She had long, brown, soft hair, and she took a lock and wrapped it around my throbbing cock, massaging the shaft with its softness. I started pushing my dick into her mouth, but she held me back. Suddenly, she got up and went back out for a moment.

When she came back in, she had a coil of rope in her hand. I don't know where she had it hidden (in her purse, I guess) but there it was. She started tying me to the head of the bed, and I was too horny and too curious to stop her. She then proceeded to give me the longest, most agonizing blowjob that it has ever been my pleasure to experience.

She started by slowly licking my body all over. Her tongue was soft and wet, and the sexiest thing I've ever felt. Then she spent what must have been a half hour just in tongue-kissing my mouth, every once in a while her hand squeezing my cock, the rest of the time her hand moving like a butterfly, soft and silken over my chest and shoulders. Her other arm was coiled around my head, and her fingers were running and playing in my hair. I was enjoying this more than I had ever thought possible, because the thought of being dominated by a woman had never really appealed to me before.

Then, getting up on her knees above me, she told me to eat her. I took her luscious clit in my mouth and started sucking it. She cried out and writhed ecstatically. The feeling of bondage caused by the ropes tied around my hands and the hot, sweet taste of her juices gave me one of the most mind-blowing sensations I've ever had. I kept going until she came, pushing my tongue deep into her. And I'm not ashamed to say that I had started crying with frustration. I was almost driven insane. Then she was licking my body again, working back to my cock, fondling it with her passionate tongue. She sucked me for what seemed like hours. Somehow she always managed to pull back just before I came, preventing my orgasm. After an eternity of agony, she drew up and straddled me. Slowly, she lowered her dripping pussy onto my rock-hard erection and started riding me. I pushed harder than I had ever pushed before, pulling desperately at the ropes that held me prisoner. She was crying out, almost screaming, and tears fell from her eyes in a torrent. When she came, I felt her inner muscles grip and massage my cock. That was all I needed. I came immediately, shooting my load as far up as I could make it go. She fell onto me, crying hysterically.

After a while she stopped crying and untied me. I held her gently in my arms and reached down to her legs. Just as I expected, there was the hot trickle of blood between her thighs. She said that she was ashamed that she hadn't told me. But I reassured her and told her that she had given me the best lay I had ever had. At first she didn't believe me, but it's the truth. We fell asleep together, her firm breasts



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pressed against my chest.

I go to Los Angeles often with the others in the group; in fact, that's where I'm writing from now. Every time I'm out here, I manage to get to my little groupie for an encore, each of which seems better than the last. And she still assures me that I'm the best performer she's ever seen. *Name withheld, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Patty cake

I am a twenty-six-year-old married man, and my wife, Barbara, is twenty-four. The story I would like to relate has nothing to do with Barbara but concerns another couple, Kevin and Patty.

Kevin is a coworker of mine, and he and Patty live in a neighboring town. They are younger than I. He is twenty-two, and she is twenty. They have been married three years.

Kevin and I became friends a little more than a year ago, when he joined the firm I work for. He is a very likable sort, the kind of guy you just can't help befriending. He is also very open about his life. During one of our many conversations about sex, he told me about a little game that he and Patty played with each other. He paid her ten dollars for every blowjob she gave him. He said that she had always enjoyed giving head; but since the financial arrangement was made, she had become a real tiger.

He went on and on telling me in detail how she sucked his cock and how all her little tricks made it enjoyable. He told me

that all of her extra money went into an account which they were using to buy a house. I knew him well enough to say jokingly that I sure would like to contribute to their house fund. Kevin said that it was all right with him, and that he would ask Patty about it. He had taken me seriously, and I was a little shocked that he would even consider his wife sucking another guy off. I asked him if he would mind her going down on me. He said that of course he would not, that I would not wear her out, and that the thought of her sucking someone other than him had been turning him on for a long time. So I told him to go ahead and ask her. I told him that I had never cheated on Barbara but that I could not pass up a chance for a good blowjob. You see, Barbara is not turned on by oral sex. Whenever she does suck my cock, she does so halfheartedly and makes me feel guilty and dirty. She never allows me to come in her mouth.

The next day Kevin and I met for lunch, and he told me that he had talked to Patty. She said that she would do it! I nearly came in my pants at the thought. I asked him if she was really serious or was just putting us both on. He assured me that she was on the level and was even anxious to do it. We made arrangements for me to go to their house that night.

I had arranged for Kevin to telephone, me, after Barbara and I had dinner that night, with his giving a story that he needed my help on a work-related project at his

home. He called as planned, and I left for their apartment. Once there I met Patty for the first time. She is beautiful. Her face closely resembles that of Peggy Fleming, the ice skater, and she has a super body. (Kevin had once told me that Patty had been a gymnast throughout her teens, and that fact explained her gorgeous, trim body.) Her hair is long, straight, and blonde. We got acquainted over a drink, and after about fifteen minutes or so, Kevin said that we should get down to business. Patty smiled shyly, and I must admit that I felt a little uncomfortable. Patty said that she was ready, and I told them "Okay."

Patty told me that she preferred me to be naked, and that she would strip, too. I did not object, and I took off my clothes. Kevin was still in the room and made no effort to leave. He just sat on the couch, watching. Soon Patty and I were both naked, and she sensed my nervousness. She came over to me, putting her hands on my chest, saying, "Relax; we're both going to enjoy what is about to happen." She was so tiny and beautiful that my heart melted. I was a little calmer, and Patty flashed a beautiful smile at me. She kept smiling at me as she sank to her knees and took my cock into her mouth.

She is truly an expert cocksucker, and I mean no malice when I say that. Patty's mouth felt so soft and warm that I could have stayed in it forever. She had really developed her talents well, and I envied Kevin very much. She was in complete control of me, and she made me come only when she was ready. I have never had such an orgasm, and she swallowed every bit of my come.

When it was over, she let me slide my cock from her mouth, and she looked up at me with that same great smile. She had a slight trace of come on her lips, and she looked extremely sexy. Kevin asked me if she was everything that he had said she was. I told him that she was all that and more. Patty was standing now. She said that she was glad that I had enjoyed it and that I should complete the transaction by paying her. I did so gladly. I told her that I had never been sucked off that well, and she appreciated the compliment.

Since that night I have been to their apartment at least once a week, and I have made many contributions to their house account. I always look forward to these meetings, and Patty never disappoints me.—*Name and address withheld*

When it rains

Your recent letter entitled "The Answer" should be carefully read by everyone, especially those who might be looking for some very unexpectedly pleasant experiences.

I travel quite a bit and have worked at many different jobs. My first experience with a "For Sale by Owner" sign originally occurred in California nearly five years ago. I had just missed a bus and had only about seven blocks to go to reach home; so I decided to walk. I had gone about three

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blocks and was in an average, middle-class neighborhood when it started pouring. I was just passing a "For Sale by Owner" sign, and on the spur of the moment I ran up to the front door and rang the bell. I wasn't really expecting anyone to be home at eleven o'clock in the morning, but when the lady of the house answered and asked me in out of the rain, I figured that things were looking drier. I was single at the time and had no intention of buying a house—my apartment was almost more than I could afford.

I told her the truth that I really wanted to get in from the rain, and her sign out in front had given me the idea. I apologized, saying that I hoped she didn't mind, and she was very nice about it. We continued talking, and she asked me if I'd like some coffee. That led to a light lunch, and after that she mixed up a batch of martinis. In the meantime she had shown the house to a couple while I became more at ease with my surroundings.

She was in her late thirties and was wearing slacks with a loose-fitting blouse. And every time she poured me more coffee or, later, another martini, it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. By the time I had my fourth martini I just couldn't keep my hand away from her swaying tits. I reached up and gently cradled one of the free-swinging globes in my hand. That was all it took. She was on me like a tiger.

While I pulled her blouse off, she was French-kissing me and squeezing and rubbing my cock through my pants. Her hard little nipples tasted like little cherries as I licked and sucked them into even redder points. But by the time she had led me into the bedroom and had helped me strip, it was too much for me. I hadn't had any fucking in about three months, and the suddenness of the events of the afternoon was just too much for me. Before I could even bury my cock into her delicious, abundantly fur-covered mound, I shot all over her stomach.

She assured me that I had nothing to worry about and that she would not answer the door if anyone showed up to look at the house. Coming back into the bedroom, carrying the still half-full, second pitcher of martinis, she, as she put it, went "back to

work." She loved her work.

Rolling a mouthful of the chilled gin and vermouth around in her mouth, she proceeded to engulf my sticky but limp penis. After several of these administrations, my cock began to rise again. In the meantime, because she was kneeling on the bed with her ass sticking up, I began exploring her deliciously exposed cunt from behind. First working it up with my fingers into a juicy lather, I was then able to position myself so that I could work my tongue in and out and in between her ass hole and cunt lips.

By this time she, too, was going crazy, working my prick up and down with her hand, squeezing and rolling my balls with the other, and all the time mouthing and tonguing and nipping at the head of my

number. I stopped back at the house twice after that, but no one ever answered the door. Whether she just wasn't home or refused to answer the door, I don't really know.—Name and address withheld

Learning the ropes

When I was a junior in college, I got a summer job working in a stockroom for an attractive woman interior decorator, called Nora, in her late thirties. Since I had always wanted to be dominated and humiliated by a beautiful woman like her, I secretly enjoyed acting as her Boy Friday. But I longed to serve her more intimately.

One day she accidentally spilled a soft drink on my clothes and offered to have them cleaned. So I stepped into a closet

and stripped naked, handed her the clothes, and waited there for her return. After some time I heard the phone ring and sneaked timidly out to answer it, but just then my Nora stepped back in. There was nowhere to hide, and I couldn't hang up; so I completed the call while Nora stood there, giggling and watching. When I finished, she mentioned that my clothes were ready, adding that I looked so cute without them that she wouldn't give them back. She said that it would be fun having me run around the place nude, like her own little slave. Before I could say a word, she gave me a hard swat on the butt and ordered me back to work. Stranger yet, I complied.

Nora really enjoyed herself that afternoon, watching

me work, grabbing a feel every now and then, and making me call her "mistress." At the end of the day, she asked me why I enjoyed having her abuse me. I told her that she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen and that it was exciting to serve her. With that, I knelt down and kissed her feet. Surprised and flattered, she smiled and said nothing as she stood and watched me grovel before her. She slipped out of her panties and sat down in a nearby chair, pulling me along and positioning me between her thighs. She said that she had been aching for this all day and firmly pushed my face up into the soft, moist flesh of her pussy. I needed no encouragement and eagerly began to lick and suck her. Her juices were warm and slick on my face as I

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cock, as if it were a plum.

I finally got her turned around and plunged into her, missionary style. I could taste my cock on her lips, and I knew that she could taste her cunt on mine. We finally came off in a terrific orgasm.

We screwed once more that afternoon before she admitted that the house really wasn't for sale. She had occasionally used that ploy just to meet attractive men and to get a good fuck out of them. She found that she generally met a better type of person this way and that she could take her time and be more selective as she talked with them on the spot.

She said that she enjoyed our fuck very much but didn't want to get involved; so she wouldn't give her name or phone



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

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

The IRA

I'm no fan of terrorists. It doesn't matter whether they are the South Moluccans, the Italian left, the Spanish right, or the IRA. Innocent lives should never be taken to score political points.

When the IRA commits senseless acts of violence, it deserves to be criticized. But condemning the IRA has become the distorted main feature in the American media's coverage of the situation in Northern Ireland. More and more, that coverage reveals a conspicuous anti-Catholic slant.

John Shirley's article, "The IRA—Portrait in Terror" (July 1977), gives the impression that the IRA simply showed up one day in Ulster and London and began killing innocent bystanders. It ignores the context in which the IRA has functioned for the last seven or eight years, overlooking the fact that there are other guilty parties at large in the British Isles.

Here is some background information on the trouble in Ireland. The Catholic minority in Northern Ireland has long been oppressed by the Protestant majority. During the late 1960s a nonviolent civil-rights movement, led by such activists as Bernadette Devlin, sought peaceably to change that situation. That movement was brutally crushed by the Protestant majority—demonstrators were imprisoned, beaten, and often killed. The annihilation of the civil-rights movement was carried on by the Protestant majority's own "paramilitary" terrorist groups. The British army, which has traditionally and historically favored the Protestant majority over the Catholic minority, collaborated in the destruction of the civil-rights movement.

The Catholic minority found itself in more vulnerable circumstances than ever before. Catholics had no political or military power; they had nothing. The collapse of the civil-rights movement, which demanded nothing more than a voice for everyone in the political structure of Ulster, accentuated the defenseless condition of the minority.

It was in response to this situation that the IRA moved full-scale into Northern Ireland. The Catholics needed protection, which they clearly were not going to get from the police, the politicians, the British, or such organizations as the Ulster Defense Association.

The majority's resistance to political equality for Catholics has not softened in recent years. Every attempt to set up a government that would include a voice for the minority has been sabotaged by the Protestants. The most notable instance of

this occurred in May 1974, when a general strike, enforced by the combined might of Ulster's many Protestant terrorist groups, resulted in the failure of a new government based on the principle of power sharing between Catholics and Protestants.

Whatever the sins of the IRA, it is not the source of Ulster's troubles. The culprits are people like Ian Paisley and the other Protestant hard-liners who have violently and successfully kept the Catholics under their thumbs. The IRA is the answer to the prejudices of the majority. One thing is certain: the IRA is a symptom, not the cause, of the disease in the North.

There is not much to admire about the tactics of terrorism in Northern Ireland, on either side. Nor is there a great deal to admire in the work of such journalists as John Shirley, who doesn't even see all the trees, never mind the forest.—T.W., Washington, D.C.

Because I am greatly concerned about the troubles in Ulster, I read John Shirley's article with interest. I was greatly disturbed by what I found: the same half truths, innuendos, "subtle sensationalism," misinformation, and slanted views that have become synonymous with American journalism's treatment of the Irish side of the Ulster trouble. The article represented shoddy journalism at its worst and leads the reader to wonder whether Mr. Shirley has ever been to Ulster. Indeed, it gives rise to the question, Did he gain his information by scanning back issues of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*?—R.O., Framingham, Mass.

Copley Press, the CIA, and the FBI

Your disclosures about the Copley Press in "The Spies Who Came in from the Newsroom" (August 1977) seem quite consistent with what was widely known about that chain's ultra-Right corporate biases during the Vietnam era. Back then, when the late Jim Copley was at the helm, his newspapers were characterized by promilitarism and fascistlike intolerance toward dissent and minority causes. He very much embraced a procensorship stance, in keeping with his personal ideology, condemning the underground press and pornography as Communist inspired. He obviously did so with the FBI's blessing, if not their approval and support.

To elaborate, in 1969 Copley News Service distributed to its client newspapers a series of stories about the underground press. They had a very distinctive Copley propaganda slant and were apparently

"It takes Two Fingers and one glass to turn strangers into friends."

Two Fingers was never one to pass up making a new friend — be it man or woman.

"After all, my business is selling Two Fingers Tequila," he often told customers.

Two Fingers and his tequila made a lot of friends in the 30's.

Sometimes, our sources say, he got too friendly for the likes of Honey, the woman who always accompanied him north of the border.

We could never pin the story down for sure about how Two Fingers lost those fingers. But Honey was known to wink and say she whacked them off one night "after he was out carousing."

Of course, Two Fingers is reported to have said just the opposite about their relationship.

"I take her along to keep an eye on her," he grinned to a Flagstaff hotel man.

Whatever the case, they had a lot of time to keep track of each other on the dozens of trips Two Fingers made throughout the mid and late 30's.

The only trouble is, nobody seems to know what happened to them after 1939.

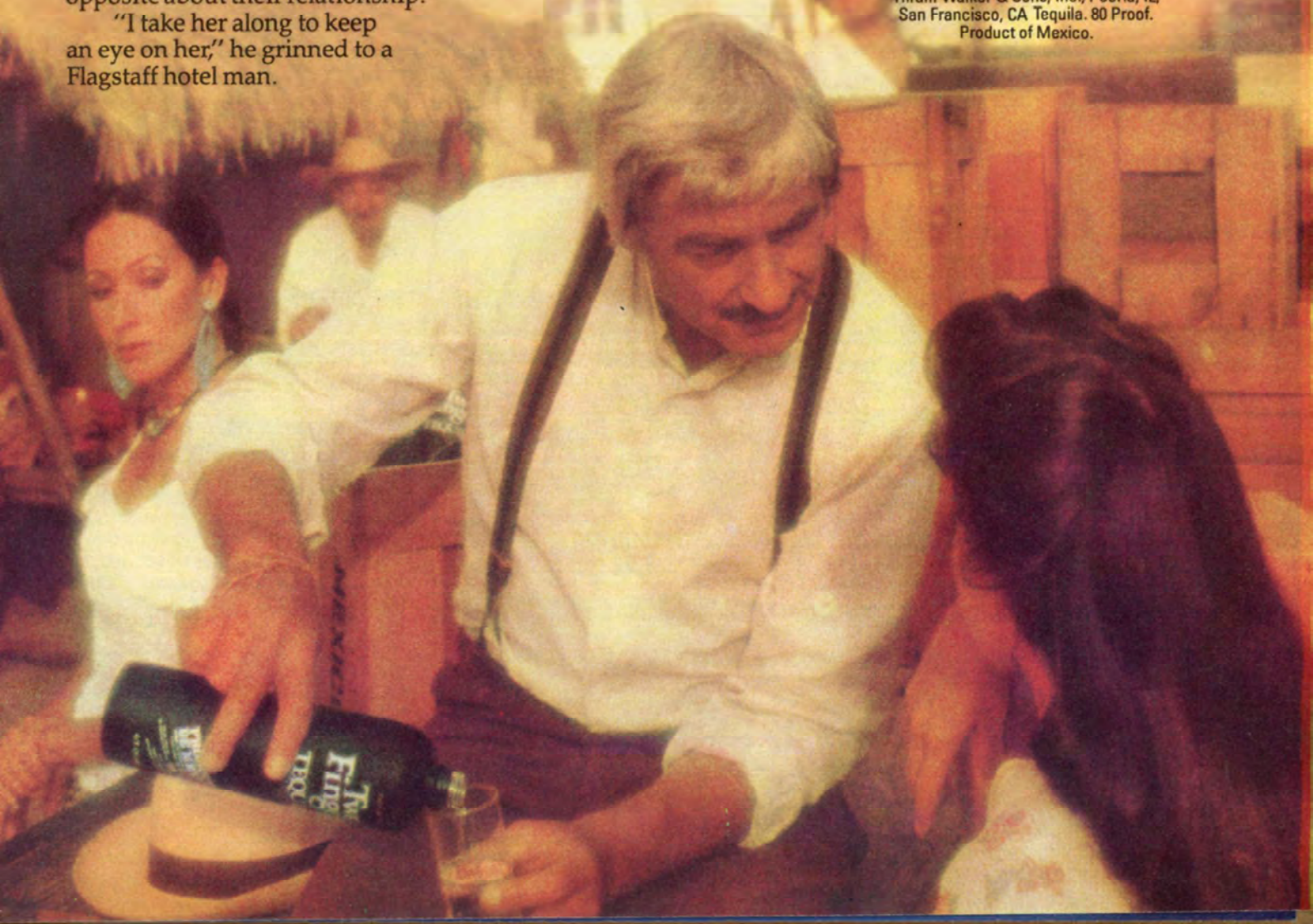
Two Fingers just stopped coming north. Maybe he moved to South America. A cafe owner in Yuma told us Two Fingers often joked about owning some land there.

"Maybe I'll show the South Americans what they're missing. Like making fine tequila."

It's hard to say where he disappeared to. The one good thing is that Two Fingers Tequila is still making plenty of friends today.



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designed to convince readers that the sudden proliferation of antiestablishment newspapers was under Kremlin control. That same year Copley papers put into effect a chain-wide ban against X-rated movie advertising, which undoubtedly deprived the Copley conglomerate of untold thousands of dollars while it lasted, but all for a higher good: to frustrate a Communist attack against the nation's moral fiber. That ban was eventually lifted, probably following Copley's death, because of capitalist greed. Suddenly and strangely enough, porno advertising dollars were in effect subsidizing the San Diego Union, the Copley flagship, as they still do.

Of the two Copley government links mentioned, the most obvious and indefensible one is that with the FBI. That seems to be more clearly nailed down by your authors. Copley apologists, in several bland and unconvincing denials of your article that appeared in a recent issue of *Editor and Publisher* magazine, try to discredit the Copley-CIA link, all the while conveniently avoiding or forgetting any FBI tie-up. Of incidental interest is the fact that *Editor and Publisher* regularly carries full-page ads for Copley News Service, so one might conclude that it's to that magazine's economic advantage to give full vent to Copley men defending the organization, and that's exactly what it did, not even bothering to contact your authors.

Among the refutations, one Copley

executive dismissed the CIA links as "old allegations" that had been denied over the past two years. His denial, however, should come as no surprise, considering that executive's Department of Defense background. He was a government payroller and a Pentagon flack during Richard Nixon's early years in the White House.

As you pointed out in passing but did not emphasize, government jobs, beyond General Krulak's military one, and executive news positions were not unusual in the backgrounds of Copley's elite. Herb Klein, former *Union* editor, left San Diego to follow long-time Copley corporate idol Richard Nixon to Washington, where he directed Nixon's propaganda machine, the Office of Communications. And thanks to the Copley Press, Gerald Warren, the Nixon administration's spokesman during its final days, found himself in a very comfortable refuge after he departed from Washington—in Klein's old *Union* seat.

I don't mean to imply guilt by association, an easy trap to fall into when one is talking about the Copley organization, but it wouldn't seem too unusual if, in fact, Copley hands had aided the CIA in years past. But even so, today, regardless of Copley Press's past coziness with the government, the chain, which is now run by Helen Copley, Jim's widow and onetime personal secretary, has mellowed somewhat, and dark revelations about the company's past may not come close to mirroring its present-day

image.—Name and address withheld

Watch out, Bill Baxley!

Peter Biskind's article about Bill Baxley (July 1977) was a well-researched analysis and a much-deserved recognition of the South's most formidable young politician. The impression that the reader receives of Baxley as a maverick Robin Hood, exposing long-hidden crimes and preventing the individual from being exploited by power groups, just superficially skims the surface and slights the courageously and unselfishly nonpolitical stand that Baxley has taken on many issues and that will result in benefits to every citizen in Alabama. If Baxley had taken an opposing stand, he might have befriended wealthier groups who would have contributed to his future campaigns.

But when I read of the handful of bright young men who aid Baxley, I was quite disappointed to discover that no mention was made of the eight women assistant attorneys general who just as actively hammer away at the ramparts of the Old South. We, too, were at Fruithurst; we, too, zealously support Baxley and facilitate his programs. We, too, are one of Baxley's "firsts," and we, too, deserve recognition as such.—Jane Robbins, Assistant Attorney General, Montgomery, Ala.

Attorney Gen. Bill Baxley is apparently taking seriously Peter Biskind's warning "Watch Out, Bill Baxley, Alabama's Good Ole Boys Are Out to Git Ya." Mr. Baxley, a showman *extraordinaire*, has seemingly decided, in the interest of self-preservation, to join 'em, as he has no desire to lick 'em.

He has always been a folksy sort of down-home boy, but now that he's become a serious gubernatorial candidate, his affected burlesque-southern accent has of late begun to drip magnolia blossoms. In going all out for the votes of the good ole boys, he has elected to lend the full authority of the attorney general's office to the legal defense of the sheriff of Mobile County—a man indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiracy to murder a prisoner in his charge.

The details of this case are somewhat obscure. But apparently the sheriff staked out deputies after he'd gotten wind of a pending jailbreak. They watched as a hole was fashioned in the jail wall, and only when a black man began to climb down did they act. They shot him in a sequence that sounds as if it had come out of a 1950s grade-B movie. And with Bill Baxley in a white hat, riding shotgun with the sheriff, taking on the federal courts and those arch villains from the "Nawth," it looks as if Alabama is heading into the sunset at a fast gallop.—Name and address withheld.

Soldiers of fortune

When I read Joe Treaster's article "Soldiers of Fortune" (July 1977), I was surprised at how little my Vietnam colleagues in Rhodesia understood about insurgency



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and the guerrilla. The mercenaries presented are probably skilled when it comes to their individual weapons, but they definitely did not appear to be wily tacticians or even men who knew their enemy very well.

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

If I were a guerrilla according to Mr. Dillon's definition, I would probably be a corpse. Mr. Dillon has let the obvious escape him. All that guerrillas are supposed to do is run around and scare people. You, Mr. Dillon, are supposed to prevent them from doing that.

I share with Mr. Treaster the general sense of frustration reflected over the loss of Vietnam, Angola, Korea, Laos, Cuba, Cambodia, and (if everybody in Rhodesia knows their enemy as well as the gentlemen interviewed), inevitably, Rhodesia.

The American people have witnessed and have been involved in nearly four decades of guerrilla warfare. We are a nation of fiercely independent insurgents created by an insurgency, and yet we take little time to teach the combat soldier the meaning of guerrilla warfare.

Open warfare with armies on line facing each other is a thing of the past. We now live in the world of the protracted ideological war—a subtle, subversive, and time-consuming campaign aimed directly at the people. The idiocy of putting

a fully equipped infantry or battalion in the field against a dozen barefooted, highly mobile spear carriers is enough to make the guerrilla leader fall all over himself, laughing. He spent maybe twenty bucks to put his people into the field, and the government spent hundreds of thousands. Furthermore, these dozen guerrillas will do everything in their power to avoid contact with the government's military might. They want to be with the people. They know that they don't win by clash of arms but by clash of checkbooks. If the spending ratio persists, the guerrilla will indeed win. A government cannot sustain a major military war posture indefinitely, especially against an unpaid fly. The guerrilla is a patient little son of a bitch who has no intention of dying;

he is out there to peddle his ideology and make people spend their money to stop him. He is not likely to stand up to Mr. Dillon in the bush, screaming, "Die, Yankee pig!" and fighting to the death for a square yard of dirt.—J.L.W., Pasadena, Calif.

Your article "Soldiers of Fortune" was excellent. I think that in an age when we accept too many things as just happening, with no reaction from anyone, people like Robert K. Brown are a breath of fresh air. Since our government policy of coexistence with the Soviets, which is also known as détente, we have given them and their allies license in their quest for "the liberation of the socially oppressed masses."

The shadow of Vietnam prevented us

Second World War, when we were all too busy appeasing a totalitarian tyrant named Adolf Hitler. We all know what end that policy came to.—Name and address withheld.

For about fifteen years I have been involved off and on with the subject matter about which Joe Treaster writes in "Soldiers of Fortune," and I was most appreciative of his treatment. Robert Brown has been my business partner and is still a very close personal friend. Treaster's representation of him was exceptionally accurate and insightful. In dealing with the subject of soldiers of fortune, one could quite easily slip into inflammatory prose and make subjective evaluations. Joe Treaster is to be com-

mended for his objectivity.—Peder C. Lund, Editor and Publisher, Paladin Press, Boulder, Colo.

Joe Treaster's article in the July *Penthouse* mentioned a Mr. Robert K. Brown and his magazine *Soldier of Fortune*. I would be very much interested in obtaining information about how to obtain mercenary employment in Rhodesia and how to get a subscription to this magazine.

I, too, am a Vietnam veteran, having served nineteen months as a marine sniper in the Mao tribe in the central highlands of Vietnam. I find civilian life a drag. My military record is very good, my combat record is good, but my civilian record is not so good. I was arrested for breaking and entering a small museum in Miami. I should

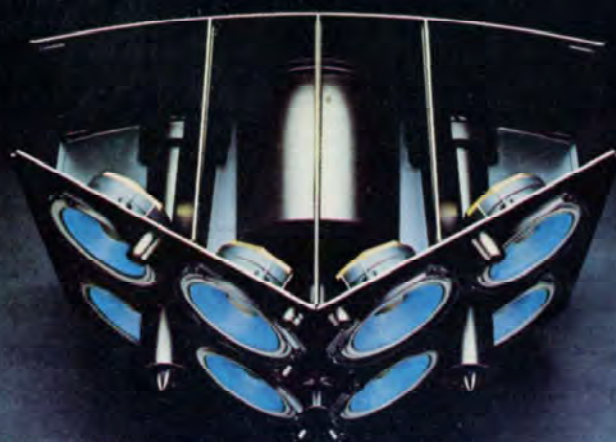
have remained in the military. It is my cup of tea; jewel thievery is not. Please tell me how I can get Mr. Brown's magazine.—D.H., Arcadia, Fla.

Soldier of Fortune is published bimonthly. To obtain a subscription, send ten dollars for six issues to:

Soldier of Fortune Magazine
P.O. Box 693
Boulder, Colo. 80302

Re your article about mercenaries in the July issue, I am very much interested in obtaining any information you may have on the Rhodesian government. I am presently a convict in an Ohio prison and would also like to know if this would pose any prob-

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from reversing the present situation in Angola and the present Soviet buildup in Ethiopia and other parts of Africa. The point I am trying to make is that if we do not take a stand somewhere in the world, it won't be long before Soviet marines will be off Montauk Point, Long Island. Being Ukrainian, I am a fervent anti-Communist and believe that social (Socialist type) reform is necessary, but not at gunpoint as the Soviets believe. I also believe that wherever the Soviets "set up" governments, such puppet leaderships will be as repressive as their Soviet allies.

Until the "free world" understands that to remain free it must fight against oppression, it will live in a state of happy compromise, similar to the period prior to the

lems. As an American who will not be able to serve my own country because of my past record, I would like very much to volunteer my services where they can and will be used.—D.O., Lucasville, Ohio

The U.S. government discourages Americans from traveling to Rhodesia and living there, and it is strongly opposed to their fighting in the Rhodesian army. But under the current law, according to one State Department official, "it's really not illegal" for an American to bear arms in Rhodesia.

The question of legality seems to turn on the method of enlistment. It is not illegal to go to Rhodesia and sign up for military service there. It is, however, illegal both to recruit soldiers for Rhodesia—or any other country—in the United States or to enlist in the United States for such service. "The law isn't effective in keeping people from going over there and joining up over there," the official said.

Anyone planning to go to Rhodesia to become a soldier, however, probably ought to consult a lawyer. The Rhodesian government of Ian Smith has diplomatic relations with only a few countries, and the United States is not among them. But for several years, it has operated the Rhodesia Information Office in Washington, D.C., which has provided assistance to those interested in the country.

Last June the State Department told the Rhodesians that they would have to close their Washington office. The State Department said that it was implementing United Nations Security Council Resolution No. 409, which prohibits the transfer of funds from Rhodesia to any office it maintains overseas. The move was in line with the Carter administration's opposition to the Smith regime. The Rhodesians have resisted the move. They have been supported in their fight by a handful of conservative and moderate congressmen, the American Civil Liberties Union, and by an editorial in the Washington Post.

Correction:

In our September interview with Dr. Robert Atkins we misidentified the publisher of the book, *Dr. Atkins' Super Energy Diet*. The book was published in hardcover by Crown Publishers, Inc.

MOANS & GROANS

I am writing to express my strong objection to your misuse of our country's flag on the cover of the August issue of *Penthouse*. I take serious offense to your lack of propriety and to your obvious lack of patriotic sensitivity.

A time and a place for everything? Your misuse of the American flag has neither!—L.S., Victorville, Calif.

Notwithstanding my oath of enlistment, I am totally opposed to any form of censorship of material restricted to adults. But I find your August cover entirely inappropriate, to say the very least about it.

I will continue both to purchase and enjoy your magazine, and I do not consider myself to be in any way a hard-hat conservative, but I do not find offensive bad taste entertaining.—Michael Flesher, SGT E5, U.S. Army Military Police, Fort Hood, Tex.

To say the least, I, as an American, was appalled by the cover of the August issue of *Penthouse*, which showed an American flag draped across the lower part of a model. I was by no means offended by the fact that the upper portion of her body was unclothed, but to think that you would drape our flag in such a manner is to me absolutely unforgivable.

In today's world—where patriotism is such a precious thing, a lesson that should be passed on to our younger generation and renewed again and again in our older generation—do you really think you are showing true reverence for what our flag stands for?

Don't answer me back with your "freedom of press" routine. I respect that, but where has your integrity and power of the press to influence readers gone when you sink so low in the use of our flag to "attract" readers? Quite frankly, it has turned me the other way, and I wouldn't buy your magazine if it were handed to me on a silver platter.—A.K., Chicago, Ill. O+

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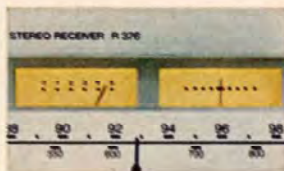
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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

Older women and younger men—I never thought it would happen to me, but it has! How lucky can a lonely gal get?

My story begins one year ago, when I was moving into a new apartment. I'd just gotten a divorce, you see. I was carrying some boxes into my apartment when an attractive blond kid came over and offered his assistance. He told me that his name was Danny and that he lived in the adjoining building with his parents. I did need some help, so I said yes, and Danny helped me most of that day as I got my new apartment into order.

One evening a few days later, it suddenly dawned on me that I hadn't had a good fuck in over three weeks. Since my divorce, I hadn't been out with any other men. What to do? I had a few drinks and decided to go for a swim to try to cool off. I put on a white string bikini and headed for the pool.

It was already quite late, and the pool lights had been turned down. As I stepped into the cool water, I heard someone behind me. It was Danny. He was wearing low-cut swim trunks, and though I hadn't noticed it before, he had quite a knot in front. He explained that his parents were away for the evening and that he'd decided to join me for a swim.

We sat on the steps of the pool and talked, and I noticed that every time I moved my leg in the water Danny's eyes would check out my crotch. We were touching, and his skin felt so smooth and warm that I was beginning to turn on to this teenage boy.

I was now feeling quite high from the booze, and as Danny continued to glance at my crotch, I thought, "What the hell?" And so I just spread my legs and slid down so that my string bikini was snugly taut in my slit; Danny could now clearly see the outer portion of my pussy. I looked down and noticed that his cock was



beginning to swell underneath his brief trunks. This more than aroused me, and I knew then that I had to fuck this kid. I began making my plans.

I told Danny that it was getting a little chilly and invited him to my apartment. I stood up, and my slightly visible pussy was no more than six inches from his face. I wanted him to have a good look. We then went back to my apartment and put on some records, and I changed into the sheerest, most transparent robe I had. It nicely revealed the healthy nipples of my breasts, and the dark patch of my pubic hair was clear enough to see.

Danny could hardly speak when he saw me. "Why don't you take off your trunks and wrap yourself in this towel?" I asked. "You'll be more comfortable that way." When

Danny returned with the towel around him, I motioned for him to sit next to me.

I asked Danny about the girls he'd dated, and I soon learned that he'd never fucked a girl—just a few handjobs and nothing more. He also remarked that he'd never really gotten a good look at what he'd been touching and feeling. At that remark, I shifted my legs so that my robe parted, and my now throbbing, moist pussy was half-exposed. Danny couldn't take his eyes off my soft mound. He had quite an erection, too, and it was obvious by his heavy breathing that he was a hot little number. I then made my move.

I leaned over, tongue-kissed him long and deep, and asked if he'd like a good look at what he'd been touching and feeling with other girls. He stammered yes, and I placed his hand on my aching breast and allowed my robe to fall off my shoulders down to my waist. Danny looked at my breasts, carefully touched them, and slowly began to kiss and suck on them. I stood up and allowed my robe to fall to my feet. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. I

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

looked down and could tell that his dancing cock was at its fullest length under the towel. It looked enormous. I sat back down on the sofa and started rubbing my hot cunt. He asked if he could touch me there. My pussy was already dripping when he began sticking his hand into my open slit. In no time he was finger-fucking my hungry hole, and we were both moaning and groaning with anticipated pleasure.

Next, I reached and pulled the towel from around him to expose a beautiful, virgin penis. The head of his cock was so fat and round that I could hardly wait to feel it inside me. I gently stroked the entire length of his erect shaft. Danny then asked if he could get a better look at my sweet pussy. At that I positioned him on the floor in front of me with his head between my spread thighs. I slid down and spread open my cunt lips, and with his hands he examined me thoroughly. I then told him to kiss my luscious cunt. He hesitated for a moment, then slowly began to kiss and nibble at my swollen pussy. I placed my hands on both sides of his head and guided his wet face up and down the entire length of my slit and anal regions. As I furiously pumped my hot cunt into his face, his darting tongue suddenly penetrated fully into my love hole, and I came immediately. And to my surprise, so did Danny!

After regaining my composure, I stood Danny in front of me and licked the last drops of delicious juice from his now

semihard cock. He was soon hard again and ready for his first fuck. First, I told him to caress and kiss my breasts. Next, I spread my inner lips over his member and, teasingly, would take only the head of his penis into my vagina. And then I'd release it! Danny begged me to leave it in. And so I placed his hands on my waist, and we both watched as his stiff cock slowly disappeared into my pulsating pussy.

Danny began moaning and pumping wildly. I told him to settle down and relax, that I'd do all the work. I raised up and took just about half of his cock in me. I rocked with very short strokes, so that we could watch his slippery penis go in and out of my cunt. This proved to be quite a turn-on for both of us. After a few minutes of this, Danny yelled that he thought he was going to come. It was now time for me to take all of his young penis. I rode him with long, hard thrusting motions, taking every inch of that virgin cock with each thrust he gave me. We each had a wonderful orgasm, and I collapsed on Danny's smooth and tanned chest. He held me tight and then laid me down. He began kissing and licking my breasts and stomach, and to my surprise he lifted my legs and worked his way down to my come-drenched pussy. Before long, he had licked and lapped and sucked me dry and sore.

Danny and I have had several very satisfying fuck sessions during the past year, and, needless to say, Danny has become

quite a little stud around the pool this past summer.

Xaviera, I've never felt guilty about seducing Danny that summer evening, a year ago. I feel that I've helped a young man to know and enjoy his sexuality at an early age. Also, I've provided him with a degree of sexual pleasure and fulfillment that he might never have experienced with a younger woman. I'd welcome your comments on this matter.—Sally

Not only have you helped a young man, but you've also helped yourself to an eager, sex-starved stud. Nothing wrong with that in my eyes. How many first experiences in bed are as good as the one you've described in your letter? We teach our young people everything except how to screw. It's always been the men who have gone after the virgin girls. Although I dislike the predatory aspect of deflowering as many virgins as one can, there's nothing wrong with an older, loving person showing a novice a few tricks regarding getting laid.

The part of your story I like most is your display of compassion when Danny first came prematurely. A younger girl might have become upset, feeling that her own orgasm had been denied. You, however, had the patience to give the boy a second chance. And as you discovered, it was the chance of a lifetime—at least, until you find your next teenager.

BEHIND HIS BACK IN A BACKSEAT

I was working as a secretary when I fell in love and married a banking executive. He was forty-eight, and I was twenty-five; our sex life was ecstatic. We did just about everything together: anal sex, enjoying each other in oral sex, the use of vibrators, and so on. Suddenly, fourteen months later, the earth disappeared. My husband was involved in an auto accident that left him a paraplegic.

Unfortunately, he belongs to a very orthodox Catholic family. There is no way to obtain a divorce, and my husband has become intensely suspicious of my erotic disposition. There is an unmarried spinster sister of his who wants only to put a chastity belt around my hot loins. The only sex life I now have is when I sneak off to the bathroom with my vibrator.

The only oasis of hope is my nineteen-year-old stepson, Bruce. Sex does not seem to be unknown to him. Bruce understands me, and it's from him that I get my copies of Penthouse. Bruce even gave me some flimsy bikini bottoms—just the bottoms—for my last birthday. Yes, we are eager to satisfy ourselves sexually.

I've planned how we'll do the deed. I think the only way is to have a decent fucking in the backseat of my car. I can take the car out to visit my relatives; Bruce can sneak out of the house and come with me. In this northern city where my relatives live, there is no dearth of secluded places to screw. I told Bruce of my plans, and he seemed very enthusiastic. But can one have satisfying sex in the backseat of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206



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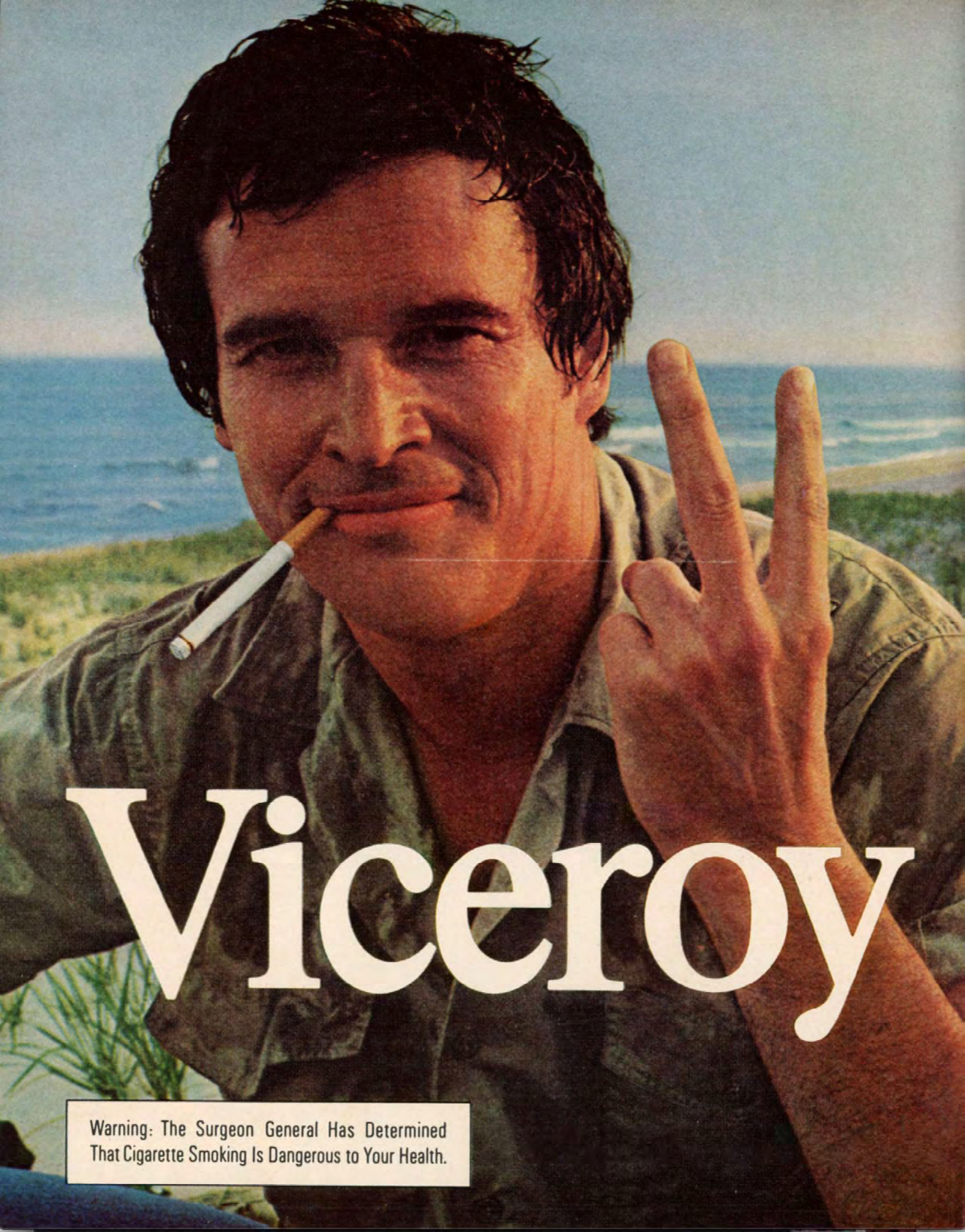
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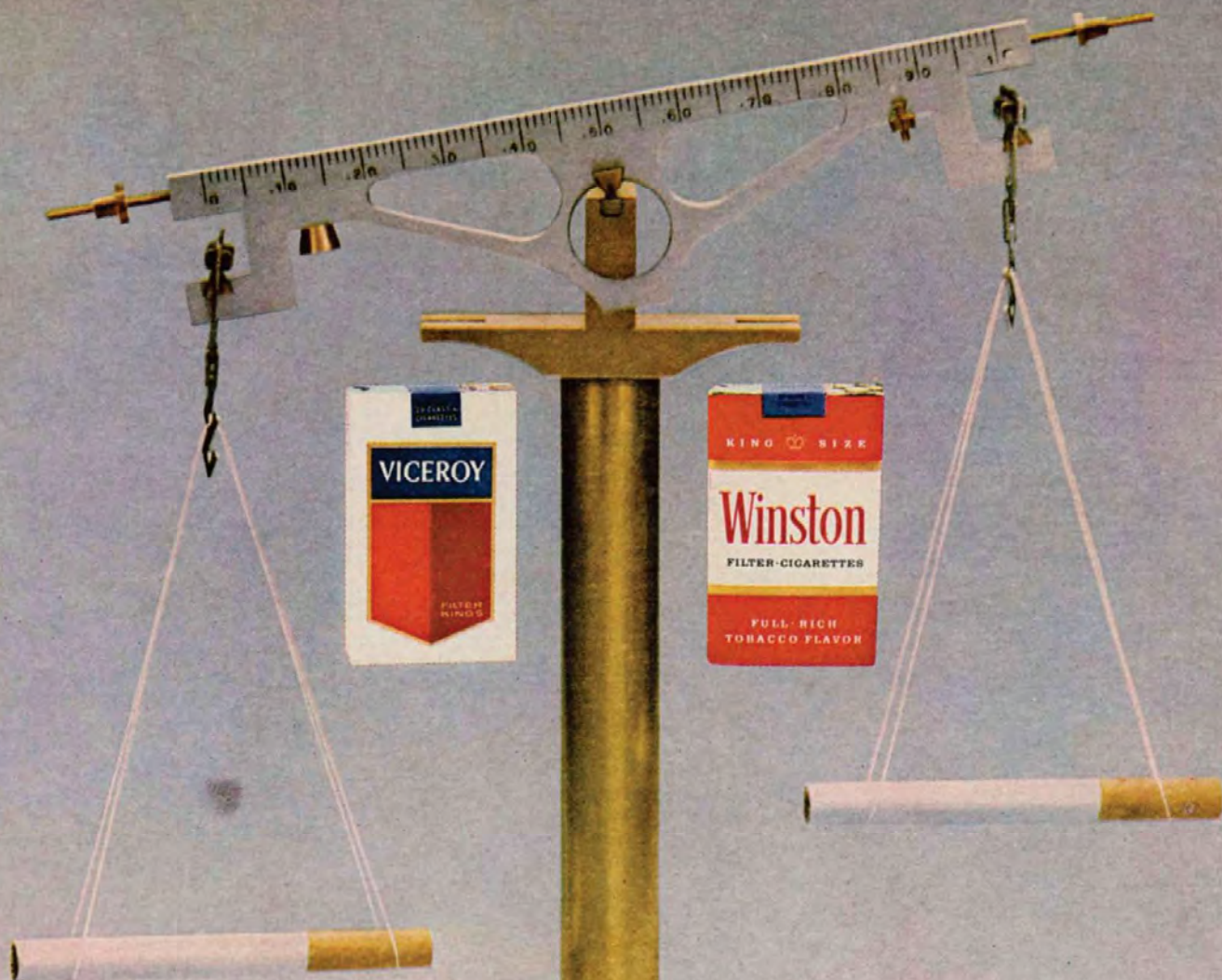
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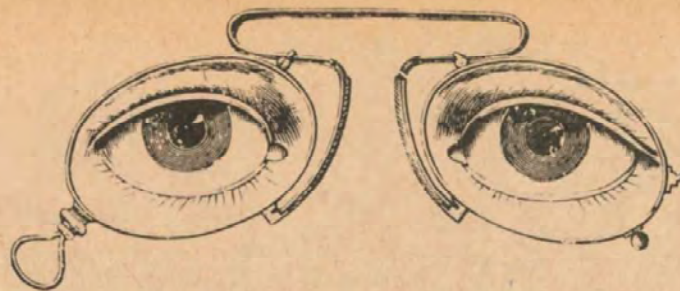
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE NEW RIGHT OF THE OLD LEFT

BY PATRICK OWENS

Western civilization is always in one heroic struggle or another, its future riding on a trick of the weather or a turn of the card. Today, always—and even more so—the great issues involve questions of faith and morals. Who shall screw whom, and at what price?

There is nothing especially mysterious about this. Man may have squandered his resources and fouled his earth, but he has managed to free himself of much of the clutter and inhibition that have historically limited his sexual enterprise. He has reliable (if still imperfect) contraceptives, space and time, social encouragement, and relative freedom from the disabling hobbles of guilt and fear. He has even humanized woman, making her partner rather than object. He is situated, as never before, to get the most out of sex.

This has stirred up a fair amount of opposition from guardians of what can no longer be described with a straight face as the conventional morality. If we set aside economics for the moment, we will see that the great social issues of this year, last year, and perhaps of the next decade are basically sexual. A list of them would include abortion and homosexual rights, freedom to engage in casual sex, and access to such stimulants as fuck films.

In all these areas, the legions of righteousness are making most of the racket and scoring the apparent gains. Some people are getting hurt in the process. The denial by the Supreme Court and by Congress of public funds to finance abortions for the poor may or may not mean that there will be less getting-it-on in Bushwick and in Ham Hollow, Ark. It will certainly mean (a) a return to the coat hanger as a surgical instrument of choice and (b) the birth of a great many unwanted children. But no one has ever really expected, up till a very few years ago, that things could be any other way in our American society.

On social issues, it is always a question which is the tail and which is the dog. The sexual revolution has taken place—more accurately, *is* taking place—against a background of national economic stagnation and conservative political success. Over an entire decade, the spendable income of the average American has hardly changed at all. Most Americans are on a treadmill, working hard and laying up almost nothing to show for it. A sizable minority is in worse shape still, lacking work or any realistic prospect of work.

The times have been ripe for revolt. It should surprise only the utopian that revolt took the form of a rising up, not against the economically affluent, but against the sexually flamboyant and avant-garde.

It is possible to chart with a certain precision the drift of social values in the country's leadership. In 1973 the Supreme Court ruled that abortion was an issue between a woman and her physician in which the state had no valid interest. The ruling had mixed ideological origins. Civil libertarians favored it on the general proposition that people should make their own decisions. Social liberals saw no reason to birth children who were not even wanted by their mothers. The conservative Supreme Court appointees of Richard M. Nixon quite clearly came from a different place: an aborted child, as they saw it, would never wind up on welfare.

By the spring of 1977, the Catholic church, assorted fundamentalist Protestant and Jewish denominations, and allied moralists had organized one of the most effective reactionary movements in the country's history. Its slogans—"Abortion Is Murder" was by all odds the favorite—were both repetitive and in dubious taste. Its poster art, consisting almost exclusively of photographs of aborted fetuses, was even less appealing.

The antiabortion movement assumed, without quite meaning to, the character of some sinister underground force that struck without warning and killed where it struck. On Long Island, where I live, these developments had been foreshadowed by a fierce controversy over legalizing abortion at the state level. "Abort Billetta," the bumper stickers in my neighborhood demanded. Billetta, a hapless assemblyman who had gotten caught in the cross fire on the issue, was duly aborted by his coreligionists.

It was in a nation primed by such displays that the Supreme Court ruled, last June, in favor of unwanted children for the poor. The decision made a kind of abstract good sense. It said that no state had to finance anybody's abortion. In practice, as Justice Marshall put it, the decision will "brutally coerce poor women to bear children whom society will scorn for every day of their lives." The Court's economic conservatism had yielded to a conservatism of morals. The counterrevolutionaries controlled the Court.

Congress had anticipated the Supreme Court ruling with a fidelity that testified to the power of the antiabortion movement. In 1976 and again in 1977, it struck money for abortions for the poor from health and welfare funds.

President Jimmy Carter asserted: "Well, as you know, there are many things in life that are not fair, that wealthy people can afford and that poor people cannot. But I don't believe that the federal government





should take action to try to make these opportunities exactly equal, particularly where there is a moral factor involved." In other words, legal abortion had become one of the bad things in life, like a beautiful woman or a congressman in your pocket, that no one deserved and that only those with money should therefore be permitted to possess.

Nothing has been more startling about the sexual revolution than the sudden visibility of homosexual rights as a political issue. The major homosexual demand has been for an end to discrimination in employment, housing, and so forth because of sexual preference. Except in the several states that have recently changed their statutes, homosexuality is presently a felony. Yet it is not usually willed. It is for many a state of being as definitive as heterosexuality. Laws against it thus prohibit not only conduct but also the act of being, the state of existence of individuals who have no discoverable choice in the matter.

Both the state laws and public and private policy seek, at least on the surface, to legislate homosexuality out of existence. In practice they relegate homosexuals to second-class citizenship. Yet rational arguments for such treatment of any group are exceedingly hard to come by in a political de-

mocracy. The antigay movements that have met with so much success around the country this year have been distinguished by the looniness of their language. And Anita Bryant, the Joan of Arc of the forces of repression, exemplified the problem perfectly in the course of the celebrated antigay campaign at Miami a few months ago. Face to face with what seemed an unanswerable assertion from a gay activist, she launched into singing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Bryant won a smashing victory at the polls.

By and large, sexual conservatism is most manifest in precisely those precincts where political liberalism has been most comfortable—in urban Catholic neighborhoods. This means that thousands of politicians must choose between crashing and burning on the sexual issues and charting a tortuous course among the passions of their constituents. In district after district, pro and antiabortion forces are cutting up liberal candidates, especially urban and suburban Democrats, to the advantage of conservatives and other Republicans. Something like this happened to George McGovern in 1968, when his foredoomed campaign became entangled in the issues of abortion,

amnesty for Vietnam War draft defiers, and the legalization of marijuana. Richard Nixon, a man without a known sex life, spoke for the counterrevolution in 1968 and again in 1972, while also promising to end the war forthwith. He won both times. If this didn't show the way the wind blew, the congressional votes since on abortion money did. In the Senate, the Packwood amendment, which would have made abortion an individual decision for poor women, was defeated 56 to 42 last summer. A similar provision had passed 27 to 58 a year earlier. People who jumped ship included Kennedy, the Democratic dauphin; Baker, a most serious Republican presidential candidate; Schweiker, the voice of so-called liberal Republicanism in the Senate; plus Humphrey, Muskie, Long, and Stennis. A new consensus had formed on the issue, and it could not be described as libertarian.

Those who had made the great change had swapped risks. They might have escaped the wrath of the church, but they stood exposed to that of the women's movement. Abortion had become a wild card in the political deck, and its effect promised to be heavily conservative. One reason for this was that so many antiabortionists were single-issue voters, and their votes were absolutely predictable.

Meanwhile, none of the politics had more than marginal effect on the average American's sex life. The conservative clergy and its allies had demonstrated that they could legislate the wages of sin in an attempt to set a more rigid moral tone for the country. The result would be unemployed homosexuals and scorned children, along with prosecuted magazine publishers and an occasional jailhouse full of skinny dippers. But sex remained a private transaction between consenting individuals. It was much safer than it had ever been before, and as much fun as ever. Those who sat in the legislatures might be making laws for all mankind, but their fellow countrymen, while economically disadvantaged in consequence, were laid back and fucking their brains out.

SCENES



FATHER OF JAWS

The painful truth about Bela Lugosi is that he was just too damned ugly to play Dracula. Never mind that he entranced two generations of theatergoers and filmgoers and received more impassioned fan letters than almost any other romantic screen idol. The bald fact is that he had a face like a door-to-door Bible salesman and a figure like Turkey-Lurkey. His Dracula may have been malevolent as all hell, but he certainly was never . . .

"... Sensual, very very sensual," thoughtfully supplies Frank Langella. Tall, dark, and hair-raisingly handsome, Langella plays the infamous lord of the vampires in an offbeat revival of the 1927 John Balderston-Hamilton Deane stage classic, *Dracula*, due on Broadway any minute.

After being tied up in various litigation knots for years, the play was finally sprung by John Wulp, who first mounted the new production in 1973, at his Nantucket Stage Company in Massachusetts. Contributing to its summer-long success were the eerie sets designed by that master of the macabre, Edward Gorey. Long a cult hero for his forty-or-so volumes of horrific tales and High Gothic illustrations, Gorey has never before worked in the theatrical idiom. His designs for *Dracula*, which will be remounted intact for Broadway, have been described as "all black and white with a single daub of red."

"It's the most beautiful stage set I've ever seen," purrs Langella,



UPI

Humphrey and Kennedy: escaping the wrath of the church.



Bela Lugosi spots another willing victim: absolute abandonment without guilt.

who, with his full-lipped smile and after-hours voice, is a very velvety sort of person. "The set very much establishes the essential sexualness, the extraordinary sensuality of the production."

Last seen on Broadway winning a Tony Award for his portrayal of an almost-human lizard in Edward Albee's *Seascape*, Langella has forged a hefty reputation by playing heroically scaled characters. In the theater and on TV, he has appeared in such heroic guise as Constantin in *The Seagull* and the young Shakespeare in "A Cry of Players," and in the title roles in *Sherlock Holmes* and *The Prince of Homburg*. His film roles have included the narcissistic lover in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, a portrayal that critic Stanley Kauffmann approved for its air of "feline insolence."

Although he is one of the most accomplished young classical actors in the country, Langella appeals to some of his more ardent fans on less exalted grounds. Witness the admirer who heard that he was signed to play Count Dracula and wrote to him, "Oh, that it were my neck!"

"There's no question that Dracula has enormous sexual appeal," Langella says. "To me, he has always been the quintessential sexual hero-villain. Along with a couple of religious characters, like Buddha and some of the modern maharishis, Dracula seems to represent to women a certain kind of safe and sinful sexuality. A woman

can fantasize submitting herself totally to the vampire without having to fantasize actual physical penetration. It's absolute abandonment without guilt."

In a clean break from the toothy tradition set by Bela Lugosi, who played the role for three years in the original 1927 stage version, Langella interprets Dracula as "walking sex, sex incarnate, the Devil." He will not attack his victims, he makes it clear; he will seduce them.

"Few people will admit it, in these days of women's liberation," Langella hazards, "but there is something terribly attractive about a man who demands total submission from a woman. Dracula is not going to ask a woman if she wants to do it on her back or her side, or if she wants a multiple orgasm. He's just going to go down on her neck."

The thought plainly intrigues him, because he lingers on it for a moment, his creamy, dark eyes glazing slightly. He finally shakes off the image and announces that Dracula's throwback style of sex as a forbidden fruit makes an exciting contrast to current modes of liberated sexuality.

"This modern confusion about who's on top and who's on bottom just doesn't apply to Dracula," he points out. "It's fashionable nowadays to dissect and analyze every little thing about the sexual act, which might be healthy in one way, but which certainly makes sex much less interesting. There's something horrible and terribly at-



Langella: a sexier Dracula.

tractive about a person who refuses to analyze or discuss his needs, who just demands that you submit to them."

Some women, including some very liberated women, are not about to argue with him. After seeing the 1973 Nantucket Stage Company version of *Dracula*, feminist author Anne Roiphe wrote in a Nantucket newspaper review that Count Dracula "is not merely a vampire and a werewolf—he is the original, the archetype of the male chauvinist. He is the prime male sex symbol, the Marilyn Monroe of his sex and his time." What made him so thrilling, Roiphe decided, was the Victorian attitude toward sex that he represented: the association of sex with evil. And Roiphe concluded by observing that the irresistible Count Dracula still remains "every woman's secret

nightmare of what men really are."

The sexual origins of vampire superstition actually go back much further in time than Victorian society. In his scholarly study *On the Nightmare*, psychologist Ernest Jones points out that horny vampires have been flapping around since earliest times, in cultures as diverse as Europe, Java, the Balkan peninsula, and Turkey.

The bloodsucking lamias of Greek and Roman myth were sexually starved demons who seduced young people and destroyed them during the sexual act by draining off their bodies' vital fluids. The Nosferat of Romanian superstition took on the form of a beautiful young man or woman who forced victims into wild sexual orgies that caused death (from a combination of loss of blood and sexual exhaustion).

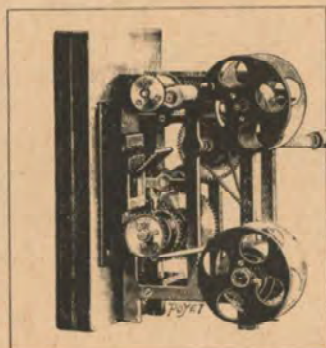
To modern minds, the persistence of the vampire myth in one form or another comes as a bit of a gruesome shock. At the end of the nineteenth century, people in societies as diverse as Bulgaria, Russia, Romania, and Rhode Island were still digging up corpses and burning their hearts, lungs, and so forth in the superstitious belief that the departed ones were roaming vampires.

Somewhere along the line, the sexual connotations of the vampire legend became obscured in history. Not, however, in Bram Stoker's seminal 1897 novel, *Dracula*, which inspired almost all the vampire stories, films, and plays of the next eighty years, including the Balderston-Deane version of 1927. Although the book concentrates primarily on the skin-crawling horrors of vampirism, a glimpse at a page from Jonathan Harker's journal reveals that Stoker had not lost touch—not subconsciously, anyway—with the sexual subtext of the vampire legend. Stoker's description of Harker's first encounter with Count Dracula's wives reads like a passage from "Wet Dreams" or some comparable goody from your friendly neighborhood newsstand:

"The girl went on her knees, and bent over me, simply gloating. There was a deliberate voluptu-



FILMS



PRIVATE LIVES

As soon as he's released from the Berlin prison where his notorious taste for beer has sent him (and not for the first time), Bruno Stroszek heads for his apartment, his piano, his accordion, his pet myna bird, and his seventy-six-year-old friend, Scheitz. He also heads for another glass of beer. In the beer hall he meets Eva, a slightly too plump whore working for a team of supernaturally vicious pimps, whose major pastime is to beat and humiliate her. Kindly Bruno befriends the miserable girl, takes her home and cleans her up, and, for his pains, endures his own siege from the evil pimps, who even destroy the accordion with which he makes his living.

All is despair until old Scheitz proposes a solution. His nephew, an auto mechanic in Wisconsin, will take Bruno on as apprentice, while Eva can waitress in the truck stop across the way. To earn their passage money, Eva does some free-lance tricks, minus the pimps, and the unlikely Old World trio begin their brave excursion into the American Dream.

How that excursion proceeds and where it leads is the burden of Werner Herzog's *Stroszek*, which is among the best, and probably the oddest, of the relatively few European encounters with

American experience to have been put on film. At one point Bruno observes that the embarrassed Wisconsin bank officer, who comes to repossess the mobile home and color TV set he and Eva have failed to make payments on, is in his own way as bad as the brutal pimps of Berlin. I don't know whether Herzog believes this. His film certainly doesn't. The film's America seems the one place on earth where "oppressed" and "oppressor" come together with equal befuddlement and even a touch of grace.

The actor who plays Stroszek is named Bruno S. (a suppressed last name that is in any case not "Stroszek"). He spent much of his forty-five years in state homes and asylums until Herzog discovered him, a while back, and used him in his superb *The Mystery of Kasper Hauser* (1975), a film based on a true story about a "wild child" found and, to some extent, civilized in eighteenth-century Germany. The special quality projected by Bruno in that film and, to a lesser degree, in this one depends upon an uneasy but fruitful meeting between achieved performance and obsessional behavior. So you don't know exactly whether Bruno S. is acting for the film or responding to his own self-directed compulsions—or both, which is probably

Christopher Lee as the Count: sex over violence

ousness which was both thrilling and repulsive, and as she arched her neck she actually licked her lips like an animal. . . . Lower and lower went her head. . . . I could feel the hot breath on my neck. . . . I closed my eyes in a languorous ecstasy and waited—waited with beating heart."

By the time Halderston and Deane wrote their stage interpretation of the novel, social mores demanded a more inhibited literary treatment of the allure of the vampire. The stage version, as Frank Langella points out, is in a more romantic tradition, with the vampire's sexual appeal lurking on more subliminal levels.

"The play is a love story," he says. "Dracula is truly in love with Miss Lucy. He's had many women, but he has set Miss Lucy above them all. He wants her to be his bride. He genuinely loves her, but he's tortured by his ghastly secret—which is part of the reason for his incredible appeal to women. Every woman fantasizes that she might be the one who can help him out of his problem, cure him of his terrible perversion."

It took filmmakers a while to get their teeth into vampirism; but once they did, they, too, allowed romance and horror to supersede the overt sexuality of historical legend.

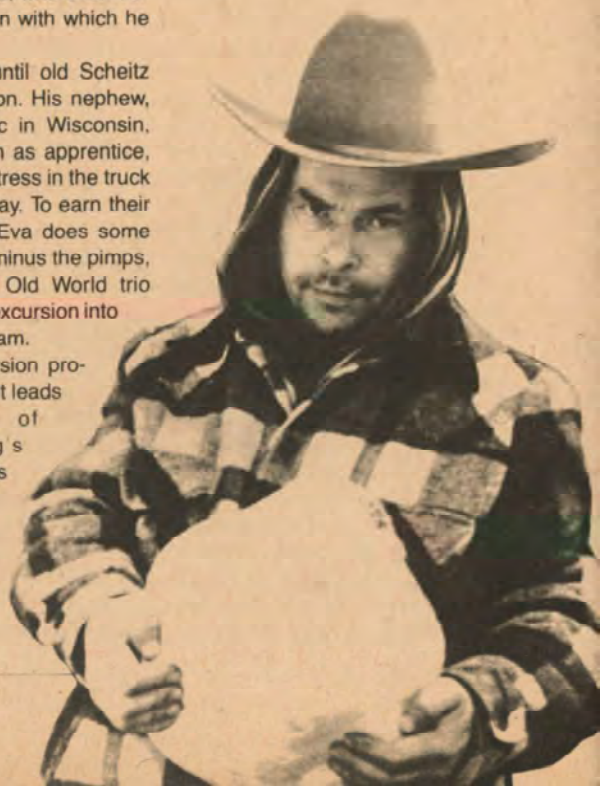
Not that the forbidden fruit wasn't occasionally nibbled

At the climax of Murnau's film *Nosferatu* (1921), the courageous Ellen destroys the vampire by enticing him to spend the night in her bed, until the sun comes up to destroy him. Carl Dreyer's *Vampyr* (1932) insinuated lesbian undertones in its depiction of the beautiful vampire and her young female victim. The undertones of perversion in Lambert Hillyer's *Dracula's Daughter* (1936) became loud overtones in Roger Vadim's *Blood and Roses* (1959).

A more blatant depiction of vampiric sexuality seemed to be staging a comeback when Hammer Films' *Horror of Dracula* (1958) introduced the young and handsome Christopher Lee as the count. But it didn't take Hammer long to opt for the headier thrills of outright sadism and bloody violence.

According to Frank Langella, subtle sexuality will be the tone of the new Broadway version of the Dracula legend. The production, he promises, will be done with "great taste, style, and theatricality." The Gorey designs will set the tone. In his velvety whisper, Langella assures us that they are the ultimate in sensuous, sinister beauty. As seductive as the vampire's kiss.—Marilyn Stasio

Bruno S. as Stroszek





The Spy Who Loved Me at least the girls are terrific

what Werner Herzog has in mind.

In his fairly brief career—he is thirty-five years old—Werner Herzog has favored extreme characters and situations, including an entire cast of dwarfs (*Even Dwarfs Started Small*, 1970), a feature-length documentary about blind deaf-mutes (*Land of Silence and Darkness*, 1971), and the use of possible real madness to portray madness (*Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, 1973). In some ways this seems a kind of high-class sensationalism, mixed with a taste for the helplessly grotesque that sometimes approaches cruelty. But in other ways it is a genuine enough appreciation of a state of inwardness that poses a challenge to the filmmaker, one which Herzog clearly wants to meet. Thus, in his use of a partly hypnotized cast in his recent *Heart of Glass* or with Bruno S. in *Stroszek*, he confronts an incomplete expressiveness in his actors that is at once baffling and very moving, and, apparently, crucial to the sense of mystery at the center of his movies.

Stroszek differs from the other Herzog films I've seen in that it's livelier and funnier, less spectacularly beautiful (there are scenes in *Aguirre* and *Heart of Glass* that seem almost to reinvent the natural landscape), more influenced by its

leading players (including the excellent Eva Mattes and Clemens Scheitz, as well as Bruno S.), and less single-mindedly the product of its director's sensibility. Those are relative claims, however, and *Stroszek* doesn't much resemble anything else you'll find these days at the movies.

Near the end of the film, after he and Scheitz have robbed a barber shop (because the bank next door happened to be closed when they hit it), Bruno steals his boss's pickup truck and drives off. He's traveling no place special, but he ends up at a North Carolina Indian reservation with the truck in flames and going around in circles, and with a few idiotic sideshow animal acts going nonstop (for example, "The Dancing Chicken" and "The Rabbit Fire Chief"—pure Herzog found-object inspiration); and with himself going nowhere, the only passenger on a scenic chair lift that he has started and nobody seems able to stop. The situation recalls images in fully half the Herzog movies: the repetition of pointless movement (often in a circle), the obvious exercise in futility, and the less obvious invitation to wonder and maybe even to awe. Something about those circles leads me to think they represent not only a last-chance desperation but also

an irreducible indication that the organism lives and may survive.

A film-critic friend of mine praised the new James Bond movie on the grounds that, at least in this one, you could see where the millions of dollars had been spent. Maybe. But a whopping \$13 million is something I'd rather hold onto myself than watch somebody else spending. That's probably why I like low-budget films, and why the collection of gadgets in *The Spy Who Loved Me* excites me almost as little as the utterly predictable story about the evil mastermind who lives in the middle of the ocean and would control the world (after first destroying it, of course) but for the intervention of James Bond (Roger Moore) and Anya (Barbara Bach), the Russian spy—who loves him.

The girls in this Bond really are terrific, but the sexual innuendo jokes that accompany them wouldn't pass muster in an 1890s college humor magazine. Among recent simple entertainments, I actually found myself preferring Sam Wanamaker's mostly childlike *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*, an adventure movie for kids that is innocently forthright about its special effects (mainly a selection of good and bad monsters, shot in stop-motion photography) and open in its sexuality. It, too, has beautiful girls: ones whom you can admire without being reminded that you've got a corrupted soul

that needs to talk out its lust in puns and epigrams.

To end this film review with Richard Benner's *Outrageous*, a Canadian film about a schizophrenic young woman (Hollis McLaren) and the homosexual female impersonator (Craig Russel) who loves her, may seem like coming full circle, back to the obsessions of *Stroszek* and its semiarticulate aberrant personalities. But in fact everybody in *Outrageous* talks his head off, often with considerable wit. And that the gays and the crazies can unite to create a kind of sanity in the midst of a generalized sickness is the major message of the movie.

Benner's sympathy for the drag-queen universe in Toronto and New York gives at least the illusion of some individual solutions to the problem of surviving in a hostile world. *Outrageous* has to do with the ultimately rather conventional triumph of inner resources—in terms of a show-biz success story. Since Craig Russell has all the talent necessary to make you believe he has those resources, you are left with a liberating sense of self-congratulation. You can widen your horizons and preserve your more benign prejudices at the same time—however quirky its specifics, *Outrageous* is a formula film, and that's what formula movie making is all about.—Roger Greenspun



Sinbad: innocent entertainment for corrupted souls.



WORDS



THIS SIDE OF MIDNIGHT

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? There is no longer a shadow of doubt, as publishers continue to turn petrifying plots into startling profits. Terror has struck their hearts (although not deeply enough to damage their dignity), and they've seen the Light of their god: it spells S-A-T-A-N. Even the disappointing sales last year of *Interview with the Vampire* and *Little Angie* (being yet another incarnation of the late Audrey Rose Hoover) couldn't bury a bad thing, and once again an alarming amount of literature dealing with possession, exorcism, the occult, white versus black magic, and other assorted mumbo jumbo is staging a potent resurrection.

Realistically, books of this nature have exceedingly recognizable limitations. Their derivatives are fantasy and self-ordained interpretation of the unknown. At best, they must be considered factually inconclusive. Just how much a detriment this is depends entirely upon how seriously these books take themselves. For the reader, it can be a strain on intelligence, but sometimes even the most learned person can be swept up in the maniacal charms of such writings.

When the commercial potential for diabolical fiction was initially explored several years ago, individual works focused on a particu-

lar aspect or domain of the unknown (for example, *The Exorcist* dealt solely with possession and *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud* examined transmigration) to bolster the credibility of the incredible. Today most supernatural strangeness is old hat, having been raked over the hot rocks of hellish films and TV. Since it's difficult to follow one dog act with another, the latest creations of the genre have mutated to become thinly disguised conglomerations of the bizarre. As a result, they are grafted with almost every eccentricity under the son of Satan and riddled through with an abundance of violence, bloodshed, abnormal sex, and mental aberrations. It's as if the writers had set out to prove Joseph Conrad's assertion that "the belief in a supernatural force of evil is not necessary—men alone are quite capable of every wickedness."

Last year reincarnation was a

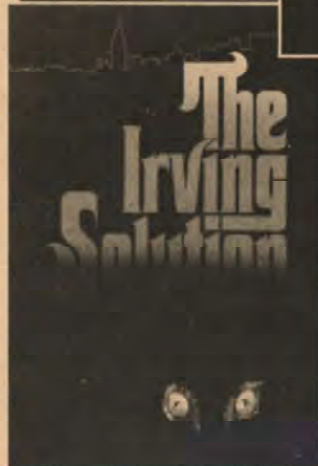
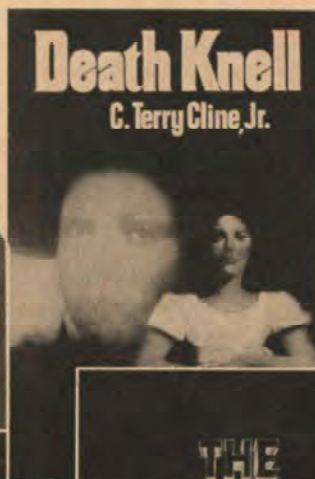
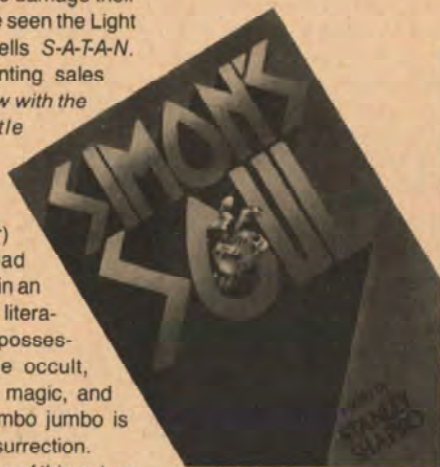
must on everyone's Best Stressed lists. Today souls are the hot item, and there is an array of fictional heroes scavenging death's valley in search of their own questionable existence. Terrel Miedaner has woven an engrossing tale of the hereafter in *The Soul of Anna Klane* (Coward, McCann, and Geoghegan, \$8.95), while Stanley Shapiro's *Simon's Soul* (Putnam's \$7.95), though not so convincing technically, provides some good cheap chills regarding a misguided experiment that dooms half of Beverly Hills to eternities in hell (although the film, *The Heretic: Exorcist II*, must psychically have had the same effect).

Miedaner draws on a proficient scientific background in his portrayal of Anatol Klane, a medical innovator whose precocious daughter, Anna, develops a tumor. Apparently, father knows best, and he refuses to allow her to be

treated; therein yesterday's headlines become today's fiction as the law intervenes à la the Karen Ann Quinlan case. The court-ordered operation proves successful, but Anna's soul has been reduced to a state of Gerald Ford-like charisma. Her ensuing death at Dad's hands touches off a dramatic court battle over both the responsibility for Anna's demise and Klane's contention that her soul lives on. All make-believe aside, Miedaner's argument is just clever enough to be believed and squeaks by unscathed. Church doctrine isn't quite so lucky.

Shapiro's book, on the other hand, sacrifices all logic for commerciality. And why not? It's loaded with enough blood 'n' guts to keep a family of vampires off virgins for a century. Rather speciously, *Simon's Soul* concerns a doctor's confrontation with the protectors of heaven and hell and his plight to save a Burgess Meredith kind of priest from eternal damnation. There are two protectors who make their presence known to him: a young boy who has the words *Good* and *Evil* tattooed on his hands (a tribute to all Robert Mitchum devotees) and hell's emissary, Belial, a Stygian monster who resides in a one-story warehouse in south-central Los Angeles and sports "blood on the head, boils on the body, exuding pus, worms and maggots crawling in the holes, molten fire oozing out of his eyes." And they said ruggedness died with Hemingway; if only rough prose like this had. Believe what you like, but think twice before storing your goods in south-central L.A.

Possession buffs need not despair. Lost souls in search of demonic interception are still at large and wanting. *Lupe* (Random House, \$8.95), by Gene Thompson, masquerades as such an offering, but it's just leftover pulp about a degenerate eleven-year-old boy with "garlic breath and a hair lip," whose strange powers include an insatiable urge to perform cunnilingus on the book's heroine. Nothing strange there. Likewise the remainder of the story is merely a barrel of paper-thin red herrings whose net effects flounder.



Death Knell (Putnam's \$8.95), by C. Terry Cline, Jr., manages to be more demonic than moronic, even though its plot resembles a rejected Norman Lear soap. A young girl vengefully searches for a Nazi war criminal who lives comfortably and undetected in the United States. But here's the horrible irony of it all: the girl is a reincarnation of a Polish woman put to death in a concentration camp by the selfsame Nazi, who is—shudder—her father! It's sort of the mystic's answer to *Candy* ("Good God, it's Daddy!"). Cline's description of stone-cold German emotions and the self-destruction of stubborn Aryan honor, however, is so convincing that the heavy Gothic twists in plot never threaten to crush the novel's credibility.

Indeed, Leonard Simon's novel, **The Irving Solution** (Arbor House, \$7.95), is all too credible in its comparisons between a sick individual's mass-poisoning of New York City's populace and a laboratory experiment involving a colony of rats. Irving, a mutant rat with extraordinary intelligence, methodically sets out to annihilate his peers (weapons: teeth and claws). A professor observing this rodent activity slowly deduces that what is plaguing the city is similar in pattern to the modus operandi in Irving's objective. Motivations intact and studied, the professor tries to convince the police that he holds the key to the killer's next move. Unfortunately, simple logic is not the NYPD's forte. All in all, author Simon nicely extrapolates the psychological motives of his genocidal maniac and, with seriocomic irony, depicts a police chase that amounts to more than a simple game of cat and mouse.

Clearly, someone must have deduced early on that the animal world was a lucrative source for accounts of the abnormal. Let us hope, then, that the mercifully thin book entitled **Ghostly Animals: Stories of Hauntings by Supernatural Beasts** (Doubleday, \$5.95), by Daniel Cohen, will exhaust the subject. A particular joy is the author's account of a pet séance: "Soon we heard a faint barking from within the medium's



trumpet. The barking grew louder and louder until at last we heard our dear old dog's greeting in full voice." Overall, the collection's bark is louder than its bite, and the book might best be put to use when paper-training an errant dog.

Owing to the commercial popularity of the occult (who knows?—snips of hair for potions and curses may soon come packaged as Pet Locks), there is an ever-increasing plethora of instruction manuals and reference books on the subject. Most of these nonfiction books being published are rather dry, pseudoscholarly accounts of somnambulism, trances, and other metaphysical conundrums that, even without hypnosis, will put the reader right to sleep. However, many are concerned with white magic in contemporary times, and these are the ones which will entertain you—at least, for a spell.

A History of Magic (Taplinger, \$9.95), by Richard Cavendish, is a treatise on historical sorcerers, designating which witch is which and concluding that omen are created equal. It is chock full of vivid lore, and there are enough grotesque festivities here to stun even the darkest recesses of your imagination. For the novice, Venetia Newall's basic **The Encyclopedia**

of Magic and Witchcraft (A&W Visual Library, \$7.95) is more concise. It is also extremely attractive, owing to its full-page color reproductions of great works of art in which mysticism is depicted. But it, too, is filled with morbid tidbits. Newall tells us that "to ensure that he would have thoughts for no one else, Hungarian girls rubbed their [blood] into the beloved's hair"; and that, since no demon would attack a girl, boys frequently dressed in girls' clothing.

But the most scholarly of the lot is **Natural Magic: The Magical State of Being** (Arbor House; cloth \$9.95, paper \$4.95), by David Carroll and Barry Saxe, a book that is to magic what Gray's is to anatomy. Carroll and Saxe approach the occult as a science—or about as seriously as one can take such hocus-pocus—discussing parapsychological occurrences in terms of their relation to religion, astrology, and divination. They present a convincing overture to the nonbeliever, presenting examples of magic in art, history, and medicine and exploring phenomena as basic as rain and sleep. It is probably the finest book written on the subject and deserves a place on the bookshelf of every coven.—Robert Stephen Spitz

FINAL DAYS

It may seem surprising, but Benjamin Stein and William Safire, two speechwriters for Richard Nixon, have written two of the best Washington novels in years. When you think about it, though writing for Nixon was first-rate training in the art of fiction, and any professional could be proud of these first novels (especially of the \$1.4 million that Safire got in paperback rights). It is perhaps inevitable that Safire's **Full Disclosure** (Doubleday, \$10.95) and Stein's **On the Brink** (Simon & Schuster, \$8.95) are descriptions of government in crisis. But, outside of the excellence of their writing, that is all that these books have in common. Neither one is a Nixonian *roman à clef* that tells you who Deep Throat was or whether John Mitchell had a happy marriage.

Safire takes us behind the scenes in the White House of President Sven Ericson, who has been blinded in an assassination attempt. Ericson's efforts to fight off his political enemies, who attempt to use his physical impairment to bring down his government, lead him into a maze of lies and cover-ups. By the time you've finished *Full Disclosure*, you'll have two burning questions: (1) When will the movie come out? and (2) When will the sequel be published?

Ben Stein's *On the Brink* is a much more ambitious work—his theme is nothing less than the end of the civilized world. With an assist from his father, Herbert (who used to be chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers), Stein graphically paints a picture of a world gone mad with inflation. Paper money has lost its meaning (a blowjob costs \$100,000), and—as in Germany before World War II—America seems ready for a "Man on Horseback" to take over. This is the most terrifying doomsday novel since Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*—and it's a lot more readable. Although the ending is stilted and disappointing, *On the Brink* is guaranteed to make the boring economic news we read every day seem a lot more important and horrific.—Peter Bloch



SOUNDS



GARTER-BELT COUNTRY

Most female country singers are remindful of *The Stepford Wives*: cute, android ladies who comparison-shop and fellate with the same mechanical pleasance. Sticky-sweet songs flutter from their sticky-sweet mouths like dying butterflies from a jar.

Marshall Chapman is a young country singer from Spartanburg, S.C., and she is separate from the prim herd; set apart by her powers of voice and word and by a myriad of smaller virtues (among these, a taste for dark, seamed hosiery and garter belts).

"I don't really know what the difference is between me and the rest of the girl singers in Nashville," Chapman says. "I can't see where those women are coming from. They rarely say anything. It's mostly Self-Pity City. They feel that they owe it to their public to wear makeup and look as pretty as they can, even if they're only going to the grocery store. I don't care if I look fucked-up. I just want to sing."

Chapman's first album, *Me, I'm Feelin' Free* (Epic), treats the usual country themes of sex, booze, and existential gripe in a provocative manner. Instead of washing her sexy songs in tears (in modern country-music biology, ovaries and lachrymal glands have a direct hot line), Chapman uses sweat and estrogen. "Know My Needs" (cowritten, like many of the songs here, with Joy Wah!) supplicates a lover with fleshy and spiritual desires. "What I'd Give" is the plain story of

a girl with a crush on someone who won't fuck her. "Next Time" is about a girl who refuses to allow a friend to drunk-fuck her, then regrets her decision.

I can't think of another country singer who has explored the intelligence and stupidity of women in the way that Marshall Chapman does in these songs. Beneath its surface, "What I'd Give" says much about the symbiosis of social decorum and sexual fantasy. It is a brilliant romance, almost masturbatory in its simple, gaga intensity.

At the heart of "Next Time" is the immense, virgin theme of what happens in a woman's head when a man comes on too desperate. As articulated by Chapman, her reaction has the color of something vain and fearful and cruel and compassionate, and it leads to nothing. And this is the only country song I've heard in which a woman refuses to fuck someone for a reason other than her virtue.

The wonder, and the ultimate strength, of Chapman is her innocence of heavy-handed pretension (the curse of country music's new blood). She never plays Woman or Artist. One of the finest cuts on her album is "Rode Hard and Put up Wet," a joyous, moral-

less tale of excess and hangovers that no other woman in country music would dare sing. (Among the country gynocracy, the standard view of matters Dionysian was given plangent voice in Wanda Jackson's 1967 hit, "A Girl Don't Have to Drink to Have Fun.") Marshall ends her song a cappella with a wry, eighty-six-proof couplet that would make old Jerry Lee proud.

Marshall Chapman's love for country music is evident throughout her work. Her use of traditional honky-tonk arrangements is free of cosmic-cowboy burlesque. Her "Thank-You Note," which she wants to include in her next album, is one of the most poignant tributes to Hank Williams ever written. The country recording and airwave brokers, however, have in effect slapped her wrist. How come?

Her first single was "Somewhere South of Macon," perhaps the best cut on the album. It's a beautiful song, as somber and grand and summery as a Faulkner passage, and it made a great single—one of those rare records that come through your car radio and breathe something strange and powerful into your skin. It should have been a hit, but after a brief stay near the bottom of the country charts, it vanished. Radio stations had complained of the lyrics.

"The complaints," says Marshall, "were because of the line 'I first made love in a cotton-mill town somewhere south of Macon.' I don't understand it. 'Make love' is a nice way to say 'fuck.' But Top Forty doesn't like that sort of thing. They prefer silly, flirty stuff, like 'lay something on the bed besides a blanket,' which is junk. It's insane."

It is difficult to describe Marshall Chapman's audience, since there's never been a country singer quite like her. (Addressing this problem, Chapman says, "I guess that I fit in somewhere between Nashville and L.A. And I guess that lands me in the middle of a Nebraska cornfield.") But the audience is certainly there, manifesting itself in surprising places.

"I played a shopping center in Birmingham, Ala. There were these little old ladies with blue hair. There was a bunch of black kids.

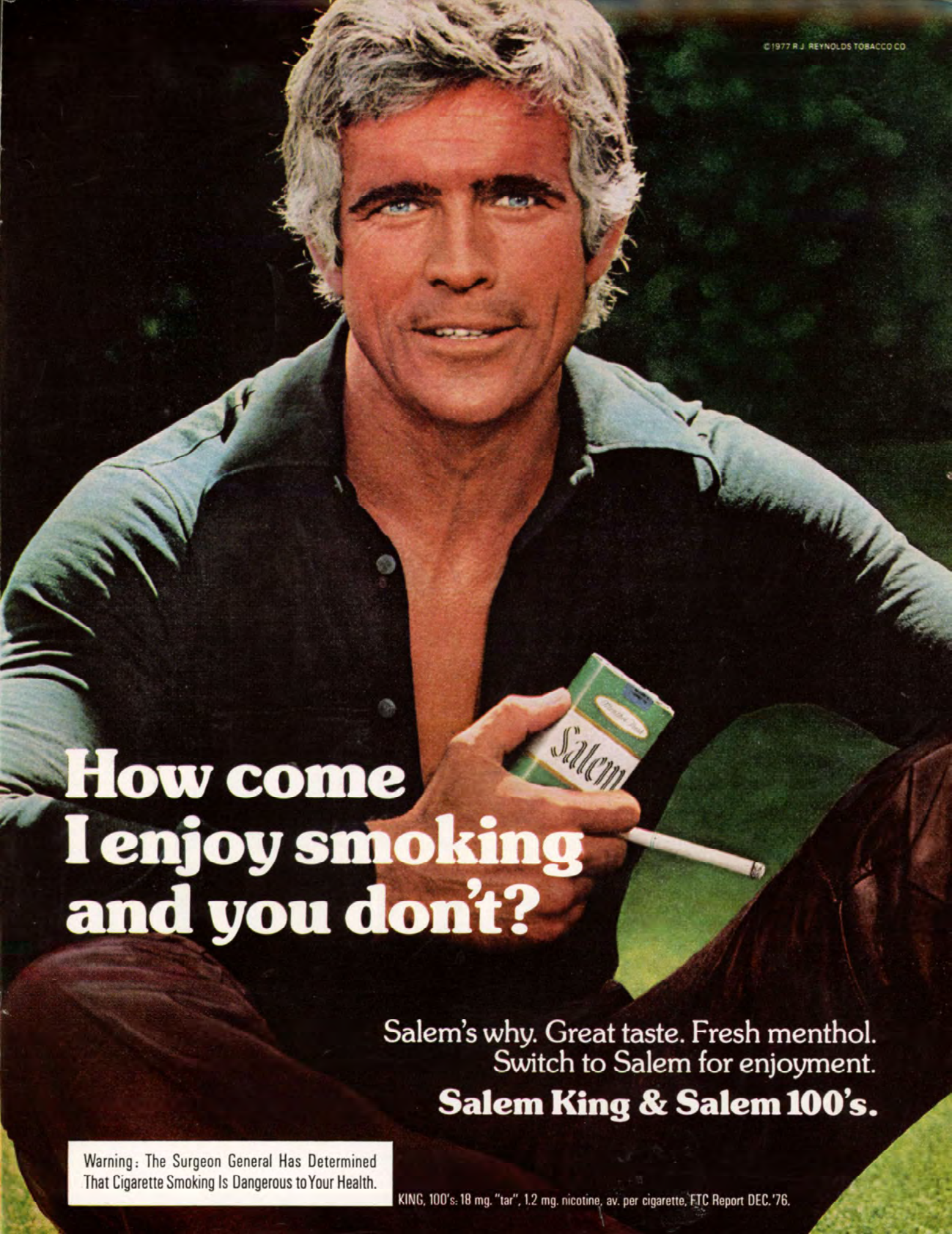
There were farmers and happy-homemaker types. Nobody had any idea who I was.

I got onstage and looked around and thought, *shit*. So I walked up to the mike and said, 'This is a song about passion. Does anybody know what passion is?' This one little eleven-year-old chick—she didn't even have any tits or nothin'—jumped up and yelled, 'Boy, I do!' And everybody started rockin' out. It was great."

As Chapman's audience grows, so does her effect on country music. Her works-in-progress are tantalizing, and she threatens soon to unveil the ultimate country-girl song—"Don't Get Me Pregnant." For now, there's her album, *Me, I'm Feelin' Free*, one of the nicest surprises of the year.—Nick Tosches



Marshall Chapman: going beyond Self-Pity City



**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

Salem King & Salem 100's.

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

KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.



David Rockefeller's private club,
The Trilateral Commission, has taken over
the Carter administration.

CARTERGATE: The Death of Democracy

*Our laws are not generally
known; they are kept secret by the small group
of nobles who rule us*

—Franz Kafka, *Parables and Paradoxes*

*You also have a freedom which
won't last very much longer, to act in an unrestrained
way against the status quo*

—Jimmy Carter,

addressing high-school students, summer 1977

The presidency of the United States and the key cabinet departments of the federal government have been taken over by a private organization dedicated to the subordination of the domestic interests of the United States to the international interests of the multinational banks and corporations.

This seizure of public power by private interests is the most serious political scandal in American history. Watergate was someone named Martinez breaking into the office of the Democratic National Committee in the dead of night. Cartergate is David Rockefeller breaking into the Oval Office in broad daylight.

The Trilateral Commission was organized in 1973 by David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and by his chief foreign-policy adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, then director of Columbia University's Research Institute on Communist Affairs. Brzezinski's idea was to weld the United States, West Germany, and Japan—the world's industrial giants, which had fought each other for control of cheap labor and open markets twice in this century—into an alliance that would rule the world and exploit their own citizens. America would finally put an end to its rivalry with the Axis powers of World War I and World War II. It would join them to create a new, three-sided "axis" that would subdue the rest of the world, not militarily, but economically.

The key to Rockefeller and Brzezinski's plan was to gain control of the executive branch of the U.S. government. The first step was the selection, in 1973, of an ambitious, capable presidential candidate, with no political base of his own, to be a founding member of The Trilateral Commission. In October 1973 Brzezinski said, "The Democratic candidate will have to emphasize work, the family, religion, and, increasingly, patriotism if he has any desire to be elected."

Illustration by Mark Sauck

by
Craig S. Karpel



The second step was to get this candidate elected—with the help of 200 Trilateral commissioners drawn from the industrial and financial elite of Europe, Japan, and the United States, including the heads of CBS, Time Inc., and the Chicago *Sun-Times* and directors of the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Los Angeles Times*.

The third step was for the new president to appoint Trilateral Commission members to all the policymaking roles in the departments of State, Defense, and Treasury—and to name Brzezinski himself to replace Henry Kissinger as head of the National Security Council.

The stunning success of Rockefeller and Brzezinski's plan can be judged from the following roster of Trilateral commissioners:

Jimmy Carter
President of the United States

Zbigniew Brzezinski
National Security Adviser to the President

Walter Mondale
Vice-President

Cyrus Vance
Secretary of State

Harold Brown
Secretary of Defense

W. Michael Blumenthal
Secretary of the Treasury

Warren Christopher
Deputy Secretary of State

Lucy Benson Wilson
Undersecretary of State for Security Affairs

Richard Cooper
Undersecretary of State for Economic Affairs

Richard Holbrooke
Undersecretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs

W. Anthony Lake
Undersecretary of State for Policy Planning

Sol Linowitz
Co-negotiator on the Panama Canal Treaty

Andrew Young
Ambassador to the United Nations

Gerard Smith
Ambassador-at-Large for Nuclear Power Negotiations

Elliot Richardson
Delegate to Law of the Sea Conference

Richard Gardner
Ambassador to Italy

Anthony Solomon
Undersecretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs

C. Fred Bergsten
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for International Affairs

Paul Warnke
Director, Arms Control and Disarmament Agency

It would be unfair to say that The Trilateral Commission dominates the Carter admin-

istration. The Trilateral Commission is the Carter administration.

"After every war in this century America sought a new world order," Trilateral Commissioner C. Fred Bergsten told Jeremiah Novak of the Alexandria, Va., economics newsletter *The Asia Mail* in August 1976. "Wilson pushed the League of Nations. Roosevelt and Truman constructed the U.N.-Bretton Woods system. And now, after Vietnam, Jimmy Carter gives us the Trilateral plan."

But there is a crucial difference: Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman had no fear of democracy. They came before the public with their plans and allowed them to be debated in Congress and in the press. Carter has presented his involvement with The Trilateral commission as, in the words of his media adviser Gerald Rafshoon, an "accident."

Perhaps it is also an accident that every one of Carter's major moves so far has been in precise accord with the recommendations of Trilateral Commission documents and in the direct interest of Trilateral Commission members. You be the judge.

BEAT THE PRESS

The Trilateral Commission report *The Crisis of Democracy*, issued in 1975, proposed action "to restore a more equitable relationship between governmental authority and popular control." Its most ominous recommendations were such limitations on freedom of the press as "prior restraint" of what newspapers may publish in unspecified "unusual circumstances," the assurance "to the government [of] the right and the ability to withhold information at the source," and a "moving promptly to reinstate the law of libel as a necessary and appropriate check upon the abuses of power by the press."

The Carter administration has supported a bill known as "Son of S.1," which replaces S.1, the Nixon administration's attempt to enact a new federal criminal code, which died in the Senate in December 1976. Son of S.1 contains a provision for "prior restraint" of the press and two others giving the government the ability to "withhold information at the source." Another, making reporters and publishers subject to prosecution for criminal libel for true statements about public officials, was removed from the bill by a Senate committee.

Sections 1331 and 1335, the prior-restraint provision, would make it possible for a judge to slap a gag order on a reporter covering a trial to keep him from publishing anything about a case. If the reporter violated the gag, he would go to jail for contempt—even if the order were later ruled unconstitutional.

Sections 1301 and 1344 would allow the government to withhold information at the source by making it a crime to publish government information that had not been made available officially to the press. Unlike the Nixon bill, which would only have kept the media from releasing stolen documents containing information supposedly harmful to the national security,

these sections would make it illegal to publish documents, stolen or not, containing anything—prescribing a jail term for publishing, say, a 1954 interoffice memorandum about hog prices. Section 1525 would make it a crime for a present or former government employee to tell a reporter about a criminal act by a government official—or any other fact if his agency had a rule against releasing it.

The most extreme attempt to beat the press in the Carter-approved bill was section 1358, which would have "reinstated the law of libel" as it applies to the press. In reality, the law of libel doesn't need to be reinstated, because it is and always has been in force. What 1358 would have done is far more threatening to the First Amendment. Entitled "Retaliation against a Public Servant," it made it a crime to "improperly subject another person to economic loss or injury to his business or profession; because of an official action taken or a legal duty performed by a public servant, or because of the status of a person as a public servant." This wasn't merely a libel law. First of all, libel doesn't just have to be untrue; it has to be in "reckless disregard of the truth." Second, in America libel has been until now a civil offense—you can be sued for it, but you can't go to jail. Under section 1358, a reporter—or anyone else, for that matter—would have gone to jail if he wrote (or spoke) a true statement that caused economic loss to a public official—or his "family, friends," or business "associates"—which a jury thought was "improper." The legislative history of this provision says that its purpose was to allow government officials to take unpopular stands without having to be subjected to "improper" criticism, whatever that is. "This is intended," says the history, "to reach nonphysical acts such as effecting the discharge or transfer of a person from his employment."

"Nonphysical acts!" Jack C. Landau of the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press, whose members include Tom Brokaw, Howard K. Smith, and Walter Cronkite, could barely keep from popping his cork as he told me about this sneak attack on free speech. "What the hell are 'nonphysical acts?' Words! They were going to make it a crime to use words!"

Under this section Woodward and Bernstein would have gone up the river for "effecting the discharge" of Richard Nixon if a jury could have been found anywhere in America who thought their stories were "improper." It was only as a result of the Reporters' Committee's efforts that a Senate subcommittee removed both this provision and another one that would have jailed the reporters who published the Pentagon Papers. (If you'd like to support the committee's work, contributions are welcome; send them to Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press, Room 1112A, 1750 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20006.)

THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF GRAFT

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A key element in Carter's energy plan was the deregulation of natural gas. One senator calls it "a mugging of the consumers by the oil and gas companies." Until last year the price for gas was set at 52 cents per thousand cubic feet. In response to the oil companies' threats of shortage in 1976, the Federal Power Commission, in a highly controversial move, nearly tripled the price to \$1.42. This was not high enough to satisfy the oil companies or Jimmy Carter, whose energy bill removed all price controls on new natural gas, allowing it to sell initially for \$1.75.

The largest producer of natural gas is Exxon Corporation. The fifth largest is Mobil Oil Corporation. The largest blocks of private stock in Exxon and Mobil are owned by the Rockefeller family, as was admitted in the vice-presidential confirmation testimony of Nelson Rockefeller. The bulk of the family's shares in Exxon and Mobil are in trusts voted by David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank, which in turn is the second-largest shareholder in Mobil and whose board of directors interlocks with Exxon's. Moving right along, Exxon interlocks with Mobil and the second-largest gas supplier, Texaco, by sharing directors with Chemical Bank. Mobil is interlocked with Texaco and the third-largest producer, Phillips, through the board of Citibank. And they think they have to add onion juice to give natural gas a bad smell. Jimmy Carter's energy program isn't "the moral equivalent of war"; it's the moral equivalent of Teapot Dome.

THE PLAN TO TEAR DOWN THE WHITE HOUSE

Shortly after the 1976 election, a book entitled *Remaking Foreign Policy* was published under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations. Its authors, Trilateral Commissioner Graham Allison, a Harvard professor of politics, and Peter Szanton, former head of the New York office of Rand Institute (of whose board J. Paul Austin, Coca-Cola chief executive, original Carter financial backer, and Trilateral commissioner, is chairman), proposed that the National Security Council be abolished and replaced with an executive committee of the cabinet to be known as "ExCab."

The National Security Council consists of the president, the vice-president, the secretary of state, and the secretary of defense. ExCab would consist of the secretaries of state, defense, and treasury, as well as the secretary of health, education, and welfare and "ideally, the secretary of a new department created by a merger of Commerce and Labor, although interest groups and congressional opposition have long prohibited such a merger." Allison and Szanton claimed that "the intertwining of foreign and domestic issues and the politicization of foreign policy necessitates a broadening of the base upon which policy rests." ExCab would "become the chief forum for high-level review and decision for all major policy issues that combine substantial 'foreign,' 'domestic,' and 'eco-

nomics' concerns. Most major decisions about the U.S. economy would fall in this category; so would virtually all key national-security issues."

Allison and Szanton's ExCab proposal had two purposes. First, to get the secretary of the treasury, traditionally a spokesman for the international banks, onto the highest council of power so that he could put his two Special Drawing Rights in on matters of national security. The National Security Council did not include the Treasury chief. ExCab would. Second, it would allow the secretaries of state and defense, whose traditional area of concern is foreign affairs, to have a key role in the formulation of domestic policy. Allison and Szanton described ExCab as "a means of improving the integration of [foreign and domestic] policy which has attracted many presidents but proven impossible to achieve through formal organization in the face of congressional opposition."

In other words, ExCab would be a way of

Watergate was someone named
Martinez breaking into
Democratic headquarters in the
dead of night.
Cartergate is David Rockefeller
breaking into the
Oval Office in broad daylight.

blurring the distinction between foreign and domestic affairs at the highest policy level, over the objections of Congress.

Remaking Foreign Policy's next proposal—that the White House be torn down, along with the rest of downtown Washington, and be replaced by "a single circular structure in which the president, his staff, and cabinet and subcabinet officers occupied concentric rings, and whose design invited informal contact between them all"—hasn't been implemented by the Carter administration yet. But give it time. Four days before the inaugural, Brzezinski announced a reorganization of the National Security Council to create a "Policy Review Committee," consisting of the secretary of state, the secretary of defense, the director of central intelligence, and—guess who—the secretary of treasury.

JIMMY CARTER'S VIETNAM

One of the basic principles of The Trilateral Commission—perhaps the most basic—is free trade. David Rockefeller built his reputation as spokesman of the international financial community by delivering speeches at business conclaves on the virtues of eliminating tariffs. I was present at the In-

ternational Industrial Conference in San Francisco in February 1969, when the Chase Manhattan Bank's chairman delivered a stem-winder on "lowering trade barriers." After he had finished, the assembled chief executives of the world's largest corporations practically kissed the hem of his three-piece suit.

Heavy duties are okay, you see, if a company does business only in the United States and is in competition with imported goods. But if a multinational corporation has plants and markets both here and overseas, tariffs just gum up the works. To ship a gadget from a Chrysler plant in France to a Chrysler plant in Detroit, Chrysler has to pay a tax. Multinational corporations don't even call themselves "multinational" anymore—now they're "transnational." They don't just operate in a multiplicity of nations; they transcend nations. Nothing is more annoying when you're out there transcending a nation than that nation's voters deciding to tax you.

Trilateral Commissioner C. Fred Bergsten, now assistant secretary of the treasury for international affairs, wrote an article in the Council on Foreign Relations' *Foreign Affairs* in which he explained that the big problem in lowering U.S. tariffs is the labor movement which, tediously, wants American jobs protected from foreign products produced at coolie wages. Bergsten's way around this "crisis" is to appeal to nonunion members as consumers. With inflation now of "particular concern to consumers," government officials should point to the inflationary consequences of import restrictions.

The first test of Bergsten's idea came up last spring, when the issue of shoe tariffs came before Carter. In the last ten years schlock Taiwanese and South Korean shoes have captured 46 percent of the U.S. market. As a result, 300 American shoe factories have been forced to close, giving the boot to 70,000 jobs. Congress has been clamoring for higher import duties on shoes to save what's left of the U.S. shoe industry. The federal government's International Trade Commission recommended that import quotas and tariffs be imposed on cheap Asian shoes.

Carter refused to follow the International Trade Commission's recommendations and declined to put a tariff or quotas on shoes. His response to organized labor's pleas that the shoe industry be protected followed Bergsten's strategy of screwing the American worker and getting him to say thank you. He cited a report that was done for shoe retailers and showed that import controls would mean a total price increase of \$500 million a year. According to Carter, consumers would have to pay more than \$30,000 for each job saved. What he didn't tell them was that replacement jobs for shoe workers could cost them more—\$31,000 in the steel industry, for instance, \$41,000 in chemicals, \$105,500 in public utilities, or \$108,000 in oil.

Meanwhile, in his inaugural address, incoming United Steelworkers Union Presi-



Left, Monnet hopsack suit; right, Eaton plaid suit.

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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.



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dent Lloyd McBride put the wood to the administration for its refusal to pay attention to the steel industry's need for protection. The United States' "industrial muscle is turning to flab," said McBride, because of an international trade policy "that exposes us to unfair competition while our own domestic market remains wide open." During the ceremony AFL-CIO President George Meany, who was not smiling about having been tricked into supporting Carter's candidacy in the belief that he was pro-labor, scolded the president for "selling out on campaign promises." "We must get protection from Washington," growled Meany, "but protection has become an evil word in Washington." The Trilateral Commission is perfectly content for America's industrial muscle to atrophy. One of its goals is to shift the U.S. economy toward providing services rather than producing goods. Other countries can manufacture goods more cheaply than we can, it claims, and we should be selling the world services rather than widgets. This looks great on paper, but what happens when other countries start discovering that we're dependent on them for basic items like shoes and start using OPEC-style tactics to drive the price up? Once all our shoe factories are turned into computer-service centers, what do we do if the Koreans decide to withhold shoes until we pay them, not \$4, but \$400 a pair?

Then there's something called the Multifiber Textile Arrangement, which sounds like 30 percent Qiana, 30 percent Acrilan, 30 percent Fortrel, and 10 percent yak hair for wearability but has to do with how much clothing will be allowed to be imported into the United States. The Carter administration inserted a growth clause in the agreement that would permit apparel imports to go up by 6 percent each year. Last April 13 500,000 members of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union and the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers of America conducted a one-day work stoppage to try to get Carter to cut the growth clause in half. It was the largest demonstration against government policies since the 1970 antiwar demonstrations and, according to George Meany, the first time American workers had ever gone "on strike against the government."

Carter's implementation of the Trilateral program of free trade as outlined in the 1974 Triangle Paper, "Directions for World Trade in the Nineteen-Seventies," has turned the labor movement against him and stimulated strong congressional opposition. "Free trade will be Carter's Vietnam," Prof. Alan Wolfe, Berkeley political scientist and author of *The Limits of Legitimacy*, told me. In refusing to protect the shoe and clothing industries, he's sending in the first few thousand advisers.

PREXY SOCKO AT SUMMIT

Jimmy Carter's first foreign trip was to the London Summit, a meeting that inside circles considered a Trilateral show from start to finish. Trilateral Commission member

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Pet of the Year



Right: Vicki shows off her Pet of the Year Grand Prize—a sleek Lotus Esprit, photographed at New York's famous Tavern on the Green. She's wearing a futuristic dress by Larry LeGaspi for Moonstone Company, and a full-length Jasmine Emba White Mink coat with fox trim by Jan Originals, Inc. The rest of Vicki's bounty appears on pages 180–183.



Photograph by Malinowski





VICKI

Being named Pet of the Year has changed the course of my life," says Victoria Lynn Johnson, the vivacious, red-haired, twenty-four-year-old Pet chosen by millions of *Penthouse* readers to win the biggest collection of cash and prizes (approximately \$75,000 worth) ever awarded in a beauty contest. "It's thrilling and frightening," says Vicki, aglow with the radiance that helped win her the honor. "But mostly it's just pure heaven!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Right: A television crew shoots Bob Guccione shooting Vicki in Las Vegas, for ABC's new magazine-format series "Special Edition." Hosted by Barbara Feldon, the TV segment takes a look at the ins and outs of photographing the most beautiful woman of the year. It will be aired on most ABC stations throughout the country in late October.



"Bob has been a wonderful friend and a powerful influence on my life," says Vicki of Bob Guccione, shown here as he immortalizes her lissome 36-23-36 form during their London-Rome-Las Vegas shooting. "I asked him to get into the picture because he's so much a part of the magic of this experience. It's that magic I try to convey with my body."







● *My favorite thing in the world is to spend the day in bed with a special man, sipping champagne.* ●



"My favorite thing in the world is to spend the day in bed with a special man, sipping champagne and orange juice and discovering who we both are." Unfortunately, Vicki's demanding schedule doesn't allow her much time these days. "My other special fantasy is meeting a man and knowing instinctively that we belong together . . . and acting on the impulse. Maybe never knowing his name . . . realizing that we will never see each other again—being swept up in a moment's passion and making impossible, glorious love," says our Pet of Pets. "Now, traveling as much as I do and meeting so many people, I find little coves of warmth and intimacy along the way. It may not last forever, but it is a special kind of love."



● *Traveling as much as I do, I try to find little coves of friendly warmth and intimacy along the way.* ●



Vicki's status as Pet of the Year will take her all over the world, but at heart she'll remain a Georgia girl. "I've just designed and built my dream house," she says of her sequestered cedar-and-glass home in Atlanta. "The sun streams in, and it's perfect for making love in the lazy heat of the afternoon. I'm ambitious and like to work hard, but my house has to be more than a refuge—it has to be a part of me. Your environment should hold all the sensual excitement that you feel as a person."









Being in the spotlight is not always easy—and Vicki should know. Besides her modeling, beauty contest, and television credits, she is an accomplished actress, with three movies (two starring roles) to her credit and a third film, *Racket*, to be released in the spring. This fall ABC will feature our Piscean Pet (as she was being photographed) in its new show "Special Edition."





"I see being the Pet of the Year as a huge responsibility as well as an honor," says Vicki with all her southern softness and determination. "Sometimes it's difficult to see myself as beautiful, but I am deeply moved that others see me that way. I am an intensely private person, and when *Penthouse* first asked me to pose, I refused—I was too young and just not ready yet. But I've come to understand that if there's anything my body can do to help the sexually hung-up world, then I can really accomplish something. That way I feel very fulfilled. If I can use the beauty that others see in me to release the sense of wonder and adventure of life, then the pleasure is all mine." All Vicki's and 35 million of her adoring admirers, that is. 







CARTERGATE:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Henry Owen took a leave from his job as director of foreign policy studies at the Brookings Institution to coordinate the conference at Carter's request. The idea of holding regular economic summit meetings, including not only United States and Western European leaders (as in the past) but also Japan, came out of The Trilateral Commission. A delegation of Trilateral commissioners met with Gerald Ford in 1975 and convinced him to convene such a meeting. The result was the conference at Rambouillet, followed in 1976 by the meeting at the Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico, a hostelry built, as luck would have it, by the Rockefeller family hotel chain, Rockresorts, Inc. Little came out of these meetings, because despite Ford's desire to appease the Trilateralists who were working to throw him out the saloon doors of the White House with a footprint on his rear end, his basic orientation wasn't Trilateral: it was—talk about anachronisms!—red-white-and-blue, golf-at-Palm-Springs, ski-at-Vail American.

The purpose of the May 1977 sortie to London by Trilateral Commissioners Carter, Brzezinski, Vance, and Blumenthal was ostensibly to convince Western Europe and Japan to keep tariff barriers down even at the risk of hurting domestic industry, expand their economies even at the risk of more domestic inflation, pay more of their taxpayers' money into the International Monetary Fund so that it could bail out Third World countries that are in danger of defaulting on huge loans from the U.S. banks represented on The Trilateral Commission, and force consumers to pay higher prices for Third World commodities so that the oil-fleeced, less-developed countries could afford to pay back the billions they owe the New York banks. The mission was portrayed in the media as a success, and the conferees put out a joint communiqué full of phrases like "reinforced in our awareness" and "continued constructive dialogue."

In reality, however, the London meeting was a charade played out for the benefit of the television cameras and the gullible pencil pushers of the daily press. The real summit took place, not in London, but a week before in Washington. Senior officials of the Trilateral countries gathered there during the week of May 2 and wrote the declaration that was to "emerge" from London the following week. The actual reason for the London Summit was to provide a forum in which Carter could assume the mantle of "first among equals" among the Trilateral heads of state. "A Socko Performance at the Summit," headlined *Time*. A performance it was.

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BANCOR

Last summer it began to appear that the nation's foreign-trade deficit would reach \$25 billion for 1977—more than four times

what it was in 1976. The dollar outflow in April alone was more than it was during all of 1974, the year the price of Arab oil imports quadrupled.

The last time balance-of-payments-deficit estimates went that high, in the summer of 1971, the Nixon administration shifted into crisis gear. Lights burned at Camp David long into the night as Nixon, Treasury Secretary John Connally, and senior economic advisers decided to take drastic measures to plug the leak—removing the gold backing from the dollar and slapping a border tax on imports.

This time, with the situation incomparably worse (the Arab sheiks jacking the price of our oil imports up to try to blackmail us into selling out Israel, the Third World flat broke from buying oil at extortionate prices from the Arabs and unable to afford to buy our exports, six years further into global recession, six years further into global inflation), the Carter administration acted decisively—to do nothing. Trilateral Commis-

It would be unfair to say
that The Trilateral Commission
dominates the
Carter administration. The
Trilateral Commission
is the Carter administration.

sioner C. Fred Bergsten, assistant secretary of the treasury for international affairs, said that there was no danger to the value of the dollar. Within days, the value of the dollar against European currencies went down almost 5 percent. "The rapidity of the devaluation is extremely alarming," said West German Finance Minister Hans Apel on Bonn television. An editorial in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* called the American nonpolicy of permitting the dollar to slide a "selfish, risky game that shows little responsibility to the world economy." Wisconsin Democrat Henry Reuss, chairman of the House Banking Committee, accused the Treasury Department of "singing a happy song while the ship is sinking." "The real danger," said Reuss, "is that if we go on with \$24 billion trade deficits, it will ultimately be interpreted abroad as a decline in the U.S. world competitive position."

Congressman Reuss should go back and take a look at page 300 of Zbigniew Brzezinski's 1970 book *Between Two Ages*. "In the economic-technological field some international cooperation has already been achieved," Brzezinski wrote, "but further progress will require greater American sacrifices. More intensive efforts to shape a

new world monetary structure will have to be undertaken, with some consequent risk to the present relatively favorable American position."

The Treasury's do-nothing policy on the trade deficit and dollar devaluation is no accident. It is the first step in the implementation of the Trilateral plan to create a new international funny money with a name straight out of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*: Bancor. Bancor is to be a worldwide paper currency—actually, a computer memory currency—to be manufactured by the International Monetary Fund. "We also envisage that Bancor would become a unit of account in many private international transactions," wrote Trilateral Commissioner Richard Cooper, now undersecretary of state for economic affairs, in the 1973 Trilateral Commission Task Force Report "Towards a Renovated World Monetary System," "and that financial instruments might be denominated in Bancor. Monetary authorities should not impede this development. Eventually, Bancor might circulate as a genuine international currency and be used as a medium for an intervention in exchange markets. . . ." In order to make Bancor the basic exchange medium of international trade, the dollar has to be downgraded—with, as Brzezinski put it tactfully, some consequent risk to the present American position. The bankers at the international Monopoly money factory will be able to create as much Bancor as they want, with no voters to restrain them: legal counterfeiting. The age-old dream of the alchemist is finally going to come true; only instead of lead being needed to make gold, computer print-out paper will do. The Trilateral Commission is going to teach the miller's daughter how to spin magnetic tape into gold, with David Rockefeller as Rumpelstiltskin.

You and I lose when the dollar is devalued, because everything that has to be imported—most notably, oil—rises in price. But the multinational corporations represented on The Trilateral Commission don't lose; they hit paydirt. First, they raise the prices of the products they sell in the United States so that they can pass through to the consumer the increased cost of imported raw materials. But labor contracts make it possible for them to delay raising wages proportionately. Devaluation of the dollar is good for the multinationals' U.S. operations, because the wages that they're paying out never rise as fast as the prices they're taking in.

Simultaneously, when the value of other currencies goes up compared with that of the dollar, the multinationals' balance sheets look better, because the foreign currency they're earning overseas is suddenly worth more in dollars. The reason why C. Fred Bergsten is singing a happy song while the ship is sinking is that the members of the Trilateral left it in 1973.

REDFORD AND NEWMAN
TOGETHER AGAIN

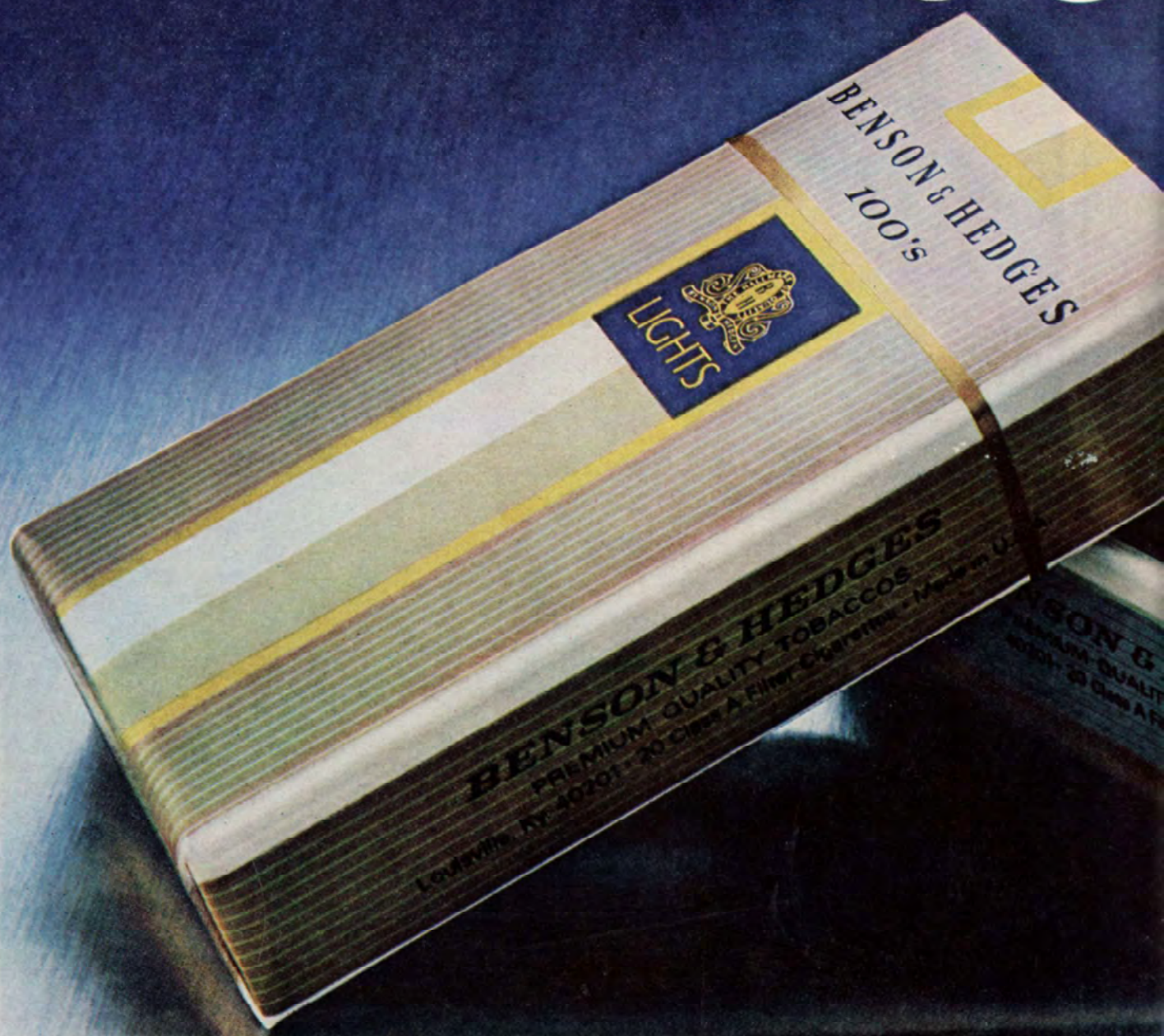
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The Passion Of New Eve

AN ENGLISH BOY STALKS A YOUNG
BLACK MODEL THROUGH THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF
LATE-TWENTIETH-CENTURY NEW YORK.

Nothing in my experience had prepared me for the city. American friends, colleagues, had tried to scare me with tales of muggings and mayhem, but I had not believed them, not for a moment; I'd been hooked on a particular dream; all manner of old movies ran through my head when I first heard I'd got the job there—hadn't Tristessa de St. Ange herself, "The most beautiful woman in the world," conquered New York in *The Lights of Broadway* before she died of, that time, leukemia? I imagined a clean, hard, bright city where towers reared to the sky in a paradigm of technological aspiration and all would be peopled by loquacious cabdrivers, black but beaming chambermaids and a special kind of crisp-edged girl with apple-crunching incisors and long, gleaming legs like lascivious scissors—the shadowless inhabitants of a finite and succinct city where the ghosts who haunt the cities of Europe could have found no cobweb corners to roost in. But in New York I found, instead of hard edges and clean colors, a lurid, Gothic darkness that closed over my head entirely and became my world.

The first thing I saw when I came out of the Air Terminal was, in a shop window, an obese plaster gnome squatly perched on a plaster toadstool as it gnawed a giant plaster pie. Welcome to the country where Mouth is King, the land of comestibles! The next thing I saw was rats, black as buboes, gnawing at a heap of garbage. And the third thing was a black man running down the middle of the road as fast as he could, screaming and clutching his throat; an unstoppable cravat, red in color and sticky, mortal, flowed out from beneath his fingers. A burst of gunfire; he falls on his face. The rats abandon their feast and scamper toward him, squeaking.

That night I stayed in a hotel that caught fire in the early hours of the morning—or, rather, seemed to have caught fire, for there was all the appearance of fire; dense clouds of smoke billowed out through the air-conditioning system. They promptly evacuated all the rooms. The lobby filled with firemen, policemen, and disaster-loving nightwalkers, who drifted in through the glass doors while the roused guests in their pajamas wandered about like somnam-

bulists, wringing their hands. Beneath a crystal chandelier, a woman vomited into a paper bag.

And yet it seemed that nobody knew how to express panic, in spite of an overwhelming sense of catastrophe; the victims seemed estranged even from their own fear. There was a general incuriosity, almost a dazed acquiescence in disaster; though the lobby buzzed with guesses at its cause, these seemed no more nor less than conversational gambits, not attempts to define the nature of the emergency, and nobody left the building. Was it arson? Were the blacks responsible, or the Women? The Women? What did they mean? Seeing my stranger's bewilderment, a cop pointed out to me, inscribed on a wall, the female circle—thus: ♀ with, inside it, a set of bared teeth. Women are angry. Beware Women! Goodness me!

Panic, however, seized the occupants of the hotel eventually—but only after the all-clear was sounded, and only then when it was broad daylight and therefore safe to panic, as if the terrors of the night could be acknowledged only in the day, when they did not exist. Then the elevator, which, even in this pricey place, was scribbled all over with the graffiti that also decorated the walls of the lobby, filled with wailing and expostulating men and women who had scrambled on their clothes, seized their bags, and now checked out, white-faced and shaking. Strange.

It was July, and the city shimmered and stank. I was half-fainting with exhaustion by noon, and my shirt was sodden with sweat. I was astonished to see so many beggars in the rank, disordered streets, where crones and drunkards disputed with the rats for possession of the choicest morsels of garbage. It was hot weather the rats loved. I could not slip down to the corner to buy a pack of cigarettes from the kiosk without kicking aside half a dozen of the sleek, black monsters as they came snapping at my ankles. They would line the staircase like a guard of honor to greet me when I came home to the walk-up, cold-water apartment I soon rented on the Lower East Side from a young man, who then went off to India to save his soul. Before he left, he warned me of the imminent heat death of the universe and advised me to concern myself with spiri-

FICTION BY
Angela Carter

tual matters, since time was short.

The old soldier who lived on the floor above me would shoot at the rats with his revolver; the walls of the stairway were pitted with bullet holes. Since the staircase was never cleaned, his trophies rotted there until they decomposed; he was not the man to clean them up himself.

The skies were of strange, bright, artificial colors—acid yellow, a certain bitter orange that looked as if it would taste of metal, a dreadful, sharp, pale, mineral green—lancinating shades that made the eye wince. From these unnatural skies fell rains of gelatinous matter, reeking of decay. One day, there was a rain of, I think, sulfur, which overcame in rottenness all the other stenches of the streets. That was the day a man in a stained raincoat approached me in a delicatessen as I was buying a carton of delicious mushroom and sour cream salad and assured me, in a voice of perfect, logical calm, that on a trip to Coney Island, whilst picking his way across the crowded and excrement-littered beach, he had observed luminous wheels, in the sea, which proved that God had arrived on a celestial bicycle to proclaim the last Judgment was at hand.

Groups of proselytizers roamed the streets, chanting psalms and prayers, selling a thousand conflicting salvations. The city was scribbled all over with graffiti in a hundred languages expressing a thousand griefs and lusts and furies, and often I saw, in virulent Day Glo red, the insignia of the angry women, the bared teeth in the female circle. One day a woman in black leather trousers who wore a red armband printed with this symbol came up to me in the street, shook back her rug of brown curls, reached out a strong, gnarled hand, coarsely mouthing obscenities as she did so, handled my cock with contemptuous dexterity, sneered at the sight of my helpless erection, spat in my face, turned on her booted heel, and stalked scornfully away.

My dazed innocence proved, in itself, to be some protection. When I presented myself at the university where I had been engaged to teach, the combat-suited blacks who mounted guard with machine guns at every door and window laughed uproariously at me when they heard my cut-glass vowels and prissy English accent and let me go. So now I had no job; and my reason told me to scurry back, quick as I could, to festering yet familiar London, the devil I knew.

But: "The age of reason is over," said the old soldier, the Czech who lived on the floor above me. He was, God help us all, an alchemist and distilled a demented logic in his attic in stills of his own devising. "In this city, you will meet immortality, evil, and death," he assured me with prophetic exhilaration. His protuberant eyeballs were veined with red like certain kinds of rare marble. He urged me to meditate upon the virid line of the whirling universe. He made me dark, bitter coffee and would invite me to share his borscht and black bread in a room such as I had never seen before, with

its crucibles and alembics and strange charts and pictures of bleeding white birds in bottles. There was a seventeenth-century print, tinted by hand, of a hermaphrodite carrying a golden egg, that exercised a curious fascination upon me, the dual form with its breasts and its cock, its calm, comprehensive face. (Coming events?...) I fingered his leather-bound books—the six volumes of Manget's *Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa*, the *Splendor Solis* of Salomon Trismosin, and Michael Maier's wonderfully illustrated *Atalanta Fugiens*. The police car waited in the street below; a loud-hailer advised a number of unknown persons in an adjacent ruin to come out, since they were all surrounded. Then the sound of guns.

"Chaos, the primordial substance," said Baroslav. "Chaos, the earliest state of disorganized creation, blindly impelled toward the creation of a new order of phenomena of hidden meanings. The fructifying chaos of anteriority, the state before the

As soon as I saw
her legs, I imagined
them coiled or clasped
around my neck.

beginning of the beginning."

One night he made gold for me—yes, he did. He mixed a red powder with fifty times its own weight of mercury, added borax and nitrate, and heated the mixture in a crucible. Then he stirred it with an iron rod and, hey presto! an ingot of genuine gold. He presented it to me with a flourish. He was in his sixties, I should say, with a shaggy, salt-and-pepper mustache stained yellow with coffee and tobacco. He had broad, Slavonic cheekbones and wore a peaked cap, like a Bolshevik, when he went out into the street. He and his wife had been patriots but were betrayed. Sometimes he talked about the death camps and how the Gestapo had raped his wife, then cut her up in little pieces, while he, tied to a tree in a forest clearing, watched all and could do nothing.

He made me some gold, following the same method as James Price, fellow of the Royal Society, but I do not know if he was a charlatan, like Price, who introduced his gold into the crucible through a hollow stirring rod. But Baroslav's gold was genuine; later I gave it to a girl named Leilah, a girl all softly black in color—nigredo, the stage of darkness, when the material in the vessel

has broken down to dead matter. Then the matter putrefies. Dissolution. Leilah.

"Chaos," said the Czech alchemist with grim relish, "embraces all opposing forms in a state of undifferentiated dissolution."

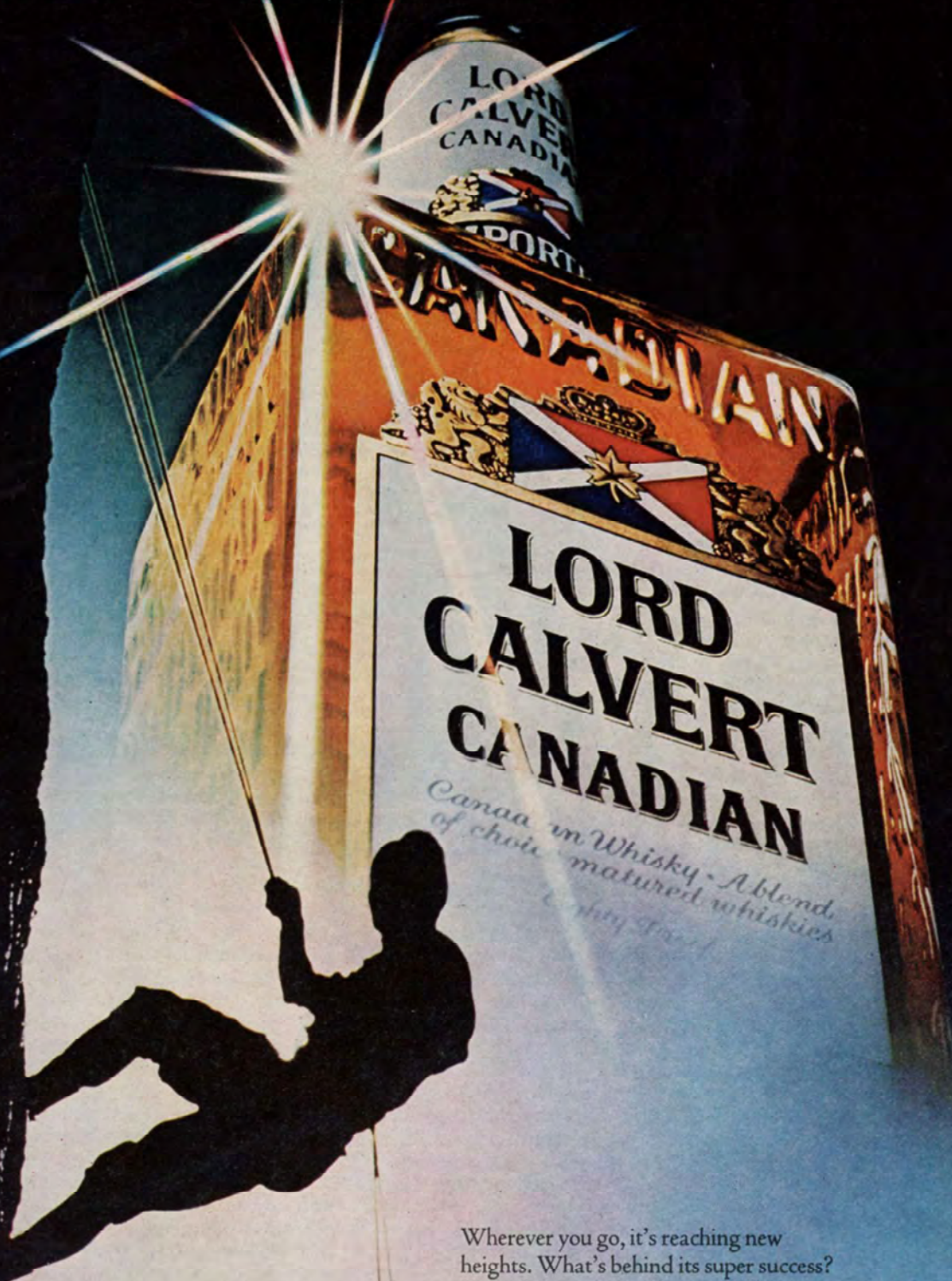
He would look out of the window at the desolation around us with unconcealed satisfaction; we must plunge into this cauldron of chaos; we must offer ourselves to night, to dark, to death. Who may not be resurrected if, first, he has not died? What intoxicating rhetoric! A vein in his forehead throbbed as though it were the motor of his brain. He was my only friend.

Why did I stay? I had no job; shortly after my interview with the occupiers they blew up the university, so that was that; my apartment with the mattress on the floorboards and the well-thumbed copy of the I-Ching and the Indian hangings and the boarded-up window was scarcely an inviting home. The little money I had brought with me was quickly running out, although I never ate meat, only rice and vegetables, and spent all my evenings talking to the alchemist or else watching old movies on my absent landlord's television set. There was a little cult revival here, too, of Tristessa's films; I saw some rare ones—a curious, dark Western in which she played a nun whom the Indians pegged out on an anthill and left to die and a late, ham-handed comedy in which she inadequately represented a crazy aunt. I grew used to seeing her magic face when I turned on the set after midnight—Our Lady of Dissolution was presiding over the catastrophe of the city. All was in order, even if it was the entropic order of disorder.

It was hardly an exciting life, even though it was spiked with terror; but just that terror lured me. It was my first encounter with pure terror, and just as the old alchemist assured me from the depths of his experience, terror is the most seductive of all drugs. Pervasive unease; constant fear; the shadows that pursued me through the city. Child of a moist, green, gentle island that I was, how could I resist the promise of violence, fear, madness? That the city had become nothing but a gigantic metaphor for death kept me, in my innocence, all agog in my ringside seat. The movie ran toward its last reel. What excitement!

I knew that all about me was mined; I learned to trust nothing and nobody, not even the cop on the corner, least of all the panhandler whining for spare change as he stretched out his trembling, murderous hand. At the midnight clanging of the doorbell, the Czech sprang up from his workbench in a passion of remembered fury, for he was a brave man; but I, more pusillanimous by far, dived deep down in my bedclothes and covered my ears with my hands in a dread which, since hitherto inexperienced, I found queasily delicious.

It was, then, an alchemical city. It was chaos, dissolution, nigredo, night. Built on a grid like the harmonious cities of the Chinese Empire, planned, like those cities, in strict accord with the dictates of a doctrine of reason, the streets had been given



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numbers and not names out of a respect for pure function, had been designed in clean, abstract lines, discrete blocks, geometric intersections, to avoid just those vile repositories of the past, sewers of history, that poison the lives of European cities. A city of visible reason—that had been the intention. And this city, built to a specification that precluded the notion of the Old Adam, had hence become uniquely vulnerable to that which the streamlined spires conspired to ignore, for the darkness had lain, unacknowledged, within the builders. I remembered a question from some old examination paper: "The American Constitution is the bastard child of the French Enlightenment. Discuss." That we should all be happy posits, initially, a consensus on the notion of happiness. We can all be happy only in a happy world. But Old Adam's happiness is necessarily dysfunctional. All Old Adam wants to do is to kill his father and sleep with his mother. "The reintegration with the primal form," said the black goddess, opening her thighs, closing her thighs, the ramparts of darkness, upon me. Ah! But, no; we must not breathe a word of these desires in the pure, evangelical fusion of form and function, even if the black rats of these desires gnaw away at us constantly, all the time eroding.

Discreetly, almost unobtrusively, at the beginning of August, the blacks began to build a wall around Harlem, so slowly, brick by inconspicuous brick, that hardly anybody noticed. Dreadful tales of the exploits of their militants circulated the lunch counters where I ate a midday sandwich. Lately, a revolutionary puritanism had seized them, and this defensive wall, their machine guns, their target practice, and a fashion for rolling down Park Avenue in tanks indicated they had taken fresh stock of an embattled position in the ghettos and decided to make of it a tactical advantage. They abandoned dandyism and narcotics; to a man, they put on battledress.

As the summer grew yet more intolerable, the Women also furthered their depredations. Female sharpshooters took to sniping from concealed windows at men who lingered too long in front of posters outside blue-movie theaters. They were supposed to have infiltrated the hookers who paraded round Times Square in their uniforms of white boots and miniskirts; there were rumors of a kamikaze squad of syphilitic whores who donated spirochetal enlightenment for free to their customers out of dedication to the cause. They blew up wedding shops and scoured the newspapers for marriage announcements so that they could send brides gifts of well-honed razors. I grew as nervous of the menacing gleam of their leather jackets as I was of the crazed muggers who haunted the garbage; the Women practiced humiliation at random, and bruised machismo takes longer to heal than a broken head.

At the end of July the sewage system had broken down, and the lavatories ceased to flush. Respectable citizens hurled the contents of freshly purchased

chamber pots into the street below out of the windows of their apartments, and the bright, rich smell of shit added a final discord to the cacophony of the city's multiple odors. The rats grew fat as piglets and vicious as hyenas.

One day of late August, when the leaves of the trees in Washington Square were touched with the first glint of poignant gold, I saw a team of plump and energetic rats the size of six-month babies hurl themselves on a German shepherd, as at the sound of an unheard-by-me whistle, before the eyes of the dog's owner, a well-preserved, bottle blonde woman in her early forties, who helplessly dabbed at the air and twittered while the rats tore all the flesh off the dog in three minutes and reduced him to a glittering skeleton, although the Czech alchemist, whom I had persuaded out for a promenade and a sandwich, peppered them with a hail of bullets from his pocket pistol.

On the way home I slipped into a super-

I made her lie on her
back and parted her legs like a
doctor in order to examine
more closely the
exquisite negative of
her sex.

market. It had no windows, now, because the plate glass had been smashed so often they bricked up the places where the panes had been. I bought a carton of milk. There were more armed guards than customers parading the gondolas. The Czech stayed outside to glance at the headlines on a newsstand.

When I emerged from the brisk chill of the air-conditioning, I found he had been beaten to death in my absence, although the blood and hair on his empty pistol indicated this hero of the resistance had furiously laid about him with the butt before the unknowns vanquished him. Now I was quite alone in the city. His will left instructions he should be cremated, along with the contents of his laboratory; I attended to all his wishes with a European fidelity. As soon as his body was removed to a mortuary and I had cleared out the crucibles and alembics, they let his apartment to a topless, bottomless go-go dancer named Mitzi, but her tenancy did not affect me at all, for, the very night of Baroslav's funeral, I met the girl who called herself Leilah and, after that, I spent most of my time with her.

The profane essence of the death of cities, the beautiful garbage eater. Her sex

palpitated under my fingers like a wet, terrified cat; yet she was voracious, insatiable, though coldly so, as if driven by a drier, more cerebral need than a sexual one, as if forced to the act again and again by, perhaps, an exacerbated, never-to-be-satisfied curiosity. And, almost, a vindictiveness—yet a vindictiveness directed toward herself, as though, each time she submitted herself, not to me, but to a craving she despised, or else to a loathed but imperiously demanding ritual, as if this, this exorcism by sensuality, was what her sensuality needed to make it real.

She was black as the source of shadow, and her skin was mat, lusterless, and far too soft, so that she seemed to melt in my embraces. Her voice was shrill and high and would swoop up and down an octave in a sentence or an expostulation; her speech contained more expostulations than sentences, for she rarely had the patience or the energy to put together subject, verb, object, and extension in an ordered and logical fashion; so sometimes she sounded more like a demented bird than a woman, warbling arias of invocation or demand.

I was lost the moment that I saw her.

I went to the drugstore at midnight to buy cigarettes. The drugstore was on the corner of the block, and so I risked it, for it was only a little way away, and since my poor friend was dead, I was reckless from grief. She was flicking over the magazines, humming a soft tune to herself as she did so. Her tense and resilient legs attracted my attention first, for they seemed to quiver with the energy repressed in their repose, like the legs of racehorses in the stable, but the black mesh stockings she wore designated their length and slenderness as specifically erotic; she would not use them to run away with. As soon as I saw her legs, I imagined them coiled or clasped around my neck.

She had on a pair of black, patent-leather shoes with straps around the ankles, fetishistic heels six inches high, and, in all the heat and paranoia of summer, an immense coat of red fox was slung around her shoulders; I will always associate her, with some reason, with foxes. This coat revealed only the hem of a dark blue, white coin-dotted dress that hardly covered her. Her hair was a furze bush, à la Africain, and she had bright purple lipstick on her mouth. She loitered among the confession magazines, chewing a stick of candy—a Baby Ruth or some other item of edible Americana—singing a soft, high, vacant, lonely song. There was a drugged smile on her face.

In the midnight drugstore the bored guard sat on a plastic stool and thwacked his nightstick idly against his thigh. The air-conditioning hummed. Outside traffic passed. I bought my Luckies, unzipped the package, and lit up; the trembling of my hands made my flaring match quiver.

As soon as I saw her, I was determined to have her. She must have known I was staring at her; a woman always knows, though



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she never once glanced in my direction, but a certain quivering, as of the antennae of her extravagant hair, suggested she was aware of every nuance in the atmosphere around her that she charged with the electric glamor of her presence as she moved away from the rack of papers, sucking at her candy and singing an indecipherable lyric in a dazed, almost incoherent way in that very high, very childlike voice.

My cock was already throbbing before, at the door, she turned toward me and let her coat fall back. I saw her dress was sleeveless, vestigial shirtwaist, and she had unbuttoned the front to flaunt small, high, pointed breasts, on which the nipples, painted bright purple to match her mouth, stuck out a full half inch from the flesh. Her white, rolling eyes caught mine and stared at me for an endless second with all manner of mocking invitations in their opaque regard. Then she extended one hand, with the shards of five purple beetles glittering on the tips of the fingers, drew the bosom of the dress together, and, with a magnificent, barbaric, swirling gesture, wrapped the coat again entirely around her, so she seemed a fully furred creature, a little fox pretending to be a siren, a witching fox in a dark wood. She was entirely the creature of this undergrowth. The door swung to and fro behind her. She was gone.

The bored guard registered her departure.

"Whore," he said: nothing could alleviate his ennui. He took a piece of well-chewed

gum from his mouth and stuck it beneath his stool as I darted through the still-swinging glass door after her.

Most of the streetlamps on this block had been shot out, but those that were left were of the soft, pink color that the city authorities had hoped would reduce the aggression of the inhabitants. These lights cast a cosmetic and indulgent glow over the depredations that took place beneath them. A wasted, inner-city moon, to which pollution lent a mauvish tinge, leaked a few weak beams upon my prey as she swayed on shoes so high they took her a little way out of this world; they transformed her into a strange, birdlike creature, plumed with furs, not a flying thing, nor a running thing, nor a creeping thing, not flesh or fowl, some in-between thing, hovering high above the ground that was, all the same, its reluctant habitat.

I could hear her wordless song above the intermittent roar of the traffic, although she sang so very softly; yet her voice was so high it seemed to operate at a different frequency from the sounds of the everyday world, and it penetrated my brain like a fine wire. She wandered down the vile street, picking her way among the refuse with the rapt delight of a shepherdess in a pastoral, straying among flowers in a meadow. I caught the sharp reek of musk from the furs that swung about her shoulders with a vivid life of their own, as if they were accompanying her, not as if she possessed them.

Her recklessness, to saunter, singing so, so brilliantly decorated, up and down the

desperate streets, appalled and enchanted me—it was infectious; I caught it. Under the dying moon she led me on an invisible string through back streets where winos and junkies lay among rubble and excrement. Her vague song, now loud, now soft, her lascivious totter that sometimes broke into a stumbling dance for a few seconds, the hot, animal perfume she exuded—all these were the palpable manifestations of seduction.

Yet she seemed to manufacture about herself an inviolable space. In a parking lot, out of the corner of my eye, I saw three men stamping on the prone body of a fourth; she, too, must have seen it, for she let forth a ripple of laughter that sounded like the wind-bells at the window of my apartment, this blithe, callous, ghetto nymph. But when she glimpsed a rape, she moaned and scurried on for a while. So she led me deep into the geometric labyrinth of the heart of the city into an arid world of ruins and abandoned construction sites, the megapolitan heart that did not beat any more. The yellow taxis with their armored windows roared by, and the rats congregated in twittering battalions around the hamburger stands. The shadows were harsh, unkind.

But such was the pentacle in which she walked that nobody seemed able to see her but me, and as if I, too, had become part of her miracle, I walked unmolested, also, although the dark pageant of the night unrolled around me in its usual fashion.

She knew that I was following her, for she often cast a liquid glance over her shoulder and, now and then, softly laughed. But there was a strange, magic space between us; when I was so close to her the smell of musk almost overpowered me, she would gather her coat about her and hurry a little, and though she did not seem to move fast, she must have moved far more quickly than I, for I could never catch up with her. And I thought, if she were not wearing such heavy shoes, she would surely be flying; her shoes are all that anchor her to the ground. They are in complicity with gravity, but she is not.

We reached an intersection, and she crossed to the road island and left me stranded on the curb behind her, because the lights had changed: DON'T WALK. That was when she first overtly acknowledged my presence. She turned toward me, laughing, and her face changed as if supercharged by pure merriment. Punctuated as she was by the passing trucks and cars, I saw her open her coat to show me, once more, two nipples like neon violets; then the sign exhorted me: WALK. When I reached the island, she had fled already, but my feet tangled in the snare she left for me, a twist of dark cotton spotted with white. It was her dress. I could scarcely breathe. I picked it up and wiped my sweating forehead with it.

She stood idly, gazing vacantly between the bars of the iron grille that covered a window of a shop that sold toiletries, but when I reached the place where she had



"You want instructions on the rules of evidence regarding corroboration in rape? You people aren't hearing a rape case!"



Just about everyone has dreamed of being a big-time movie director. It's a power fantasy: to make a film is to control time and space, to restructure the universe according to one's personal vision. But for the past seventy-five years, most of us have been the passive observers of other people's cinematic creations.

That no longer has to be true. With the introduction of sound Super-8

cameras and projectors in the last few years, the Super-8 format has begun to fulfill its promise: to combine the sophisticated technology of the professional 16mm format with the simplicity of operation and portability of an amateur system.

So, sleeping cineasts of the world, awake! With a little background in filmmaking basics, and armed with one of the camera systems displayed

on these pages, you'll soon be able to project visions of your own.

What makes Super-8 super—setting it apart from the 8mm format it replaced as an amateur system in 1965—is its use of smaller sprocket holes. This improvement in design allowed for a 50 percent larger image on the film, as well as for space for a thin strip of magnetic recording tape. Super-8 now has a magnetic sound

*Advanced Super-8 camera equipment
could spawn a new
generation of Fellinis.*

BEYOND HOME MOVIES

By J. Hoberman

You can make quality films—not just home movies—with any of these Super-8's. Top row, left to right: Kodak's Ektasound 240 (\$399.50, with extension microphone) features a fast (f/1.2), ten-element manual zoom lens; the Elmo 350SL Macro Low

Light (\$399.95) is one of the most compact and lightweight sound cameras available; Sankyo's Sound XL-600S (\$550) has an electronic loop sensor for on-time sound synch; the "Auto Fade" button on Fujica's ZXM500 (\$495.50) allows for simultaneous

fading of picture and sound. Middle row, left to right: Eumig's Makro Sound 65 XL (\$549.50) has a 6.5:1 zooming range for long shots and tight close-ups; the controls on the Yashica Sound 50XL Macro (\$500) are functionally positioned



system that is potentially far superior to the optical sound system employed by 16mm. In general the Super-8 system is easier to operate, lighter, and a lot cheaper than 16mm. And the format's future is bright. With innovations like self-developing film, Super-8 will rival quarter-inch video as an instant information source. Many professional filmmakers, from documentarians like Ricky Leacock to visionaries like Stan Brakhage, are working extensively in Super-8, and more are sure to follow. For anywhere between \$400 and 102 PENTHOUSE

\$1,000 in equipment, Super-8 can take you beyond home movies.

All movies are a rapid succession of still photographs (frames) which, through a peculiarity of the human eye known as persistence of vision, produces the illusion of continuous movement. The standard filming-projection speed for Super-8 is eighteen frames per second. Most Super-8 cameras have a fixed shutter speed, so that each frame is exposed to light for about one-fortieth of a second. If you have had any experience with still

photography, you know that one-fortieth of a second is not a particularly long exposure time. However, thanks to the availability of fast (light-sensitive) Super-8 film stocks and the superfast lenses available on most of the new cameras, good-quality film can be shot—even in low-light situations—indoors or out.

There are between thirty and forty different film stocks (both color and black and white) currently available in easy-to-load Super-8 cartridges. Color stocks are generally, but not al-

for fingertip access while shooting; the Bolex 5122 Sound Macro-Zoom (\$690) is equipped with a variable-speed power zoom for supersmooth takes; Canon's 514-XL-S (\$480) is their new direct-sound Super-8. Bottom row, left to right: Chinon's

Pacific 12SMR Direct Sound camera (\$800), with one-touch automatic lap-dissolve system; Cosina's Sound XL 50M (\$409.95) features an automatic sound-gain control for eliminating unwanted noise; Minolta's XL 660 Sound

camera (\$400, with mike) has an information-center finder with external run light; the Bell & Howell Filmsonic Macro 8 Model 1238 (\$449.95) has an 8-to-1-ratio power-zoom lens with macro focusing capability.



ways, balanced for indoor or tungsten light. All cameras include a built-in yellow filter, which can convert tungsten film into daylight film. The two most widely used film stocks are Kodachrome 40 and Ektachrome 160. The former is a fine-grained film offering richly saturated colors, particularly oranges and reds. Ektachrome is somewhat grainier and more pastel than Kodachrome, but it is three times faster and can be used under most available-light situations, including overcast days, and indoors.

Super-8 cartridges are notched to automatically inform the electric eye (automatic light meter), a standard feature on virtually all Super-8 cameras, of the speed or A.S.A. of the particular film stock you are using. The electric eye will then regulate the lens aperture (opening), which determines how much light will expose the film. Aperture openings are measured in f-stops. The lower the f-stop number, the larger the aperture opening and the more light reaching the film. Each full f-stop is twice as wide as the pre-

ceding f-stop. A lens that opens up to f/1.2 or f/1.1, as many of the new Super-8 cameras do, is quite fast—faster, in fact, than all but the best 16mm and 35mm lenses. The higher the f-stop number, the greater the depth of field (the portion of the image that will be in sharp focus). Good depth of field, or deep focus, is one reason for using a fast film stock, even under bright daylight conditions.

Most Super-8 cameras come with built-in zoom lenses. This is an enor-

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CARTERGATE:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

One of the essential reasons for the Trilateral Commission's invasion of Washington is the code phrase "strengthening multilateral financial institutions." The idea is this. In the wake of the 1973 Arab oil hijacking, the "less-developed countries"—it's not considered polite in banking circles to call them *underdeveloped* any more—have had to borrow \$50 billion from U.S. banks to pay the increased cost of oil. As a result of the worldwide recession that doesn't seem to want to go away, the LDCs don't have enough cash to pay off these loans. Loans to LDCs represent a sizable proportion of the banks' total assets. Recently, Zaïre informed its New York creditors that, regretfully, it would not be able to make its next loan payment—presumably Mobutu didn't make enough on the Ali-Foreman fight. Now, the basic problem is that there's no way to repossess a country. All it would take would be for a few more LDCs to welsh on their debts, and the big banks would be in much trouble. The only solution is to lend the deadbeat LDCs still more money to pay off the loans that are about to go sour. Problem: the banks don't have enough good money to throw after bad—because they have already lent all the good money to the LDCs that now can't pay. Solution: steal the money from the U.S. taxpayer.

What "strengthening multilateral financial institutions" means in good old Anglo-Saxon is that the American public will be taxed, our tax money will be paid into the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank and the IMF will lend it to the less-developed countries, and the LDCs will pay our tax money to the New York banks. In March 1977 David Rockefeller gave a speech before the Economic Club of New York in which he advocated just such a flimflam—not surprising, considering the Chase Manhattan Bank's precarious position in general and its enormous exposure to shaky LDC loans in particular. It would be a lot more efficient if every man, woman, and child in America would write a check for \$250 and mail it directly to David Rockefeller, 1 Chase Manhattan Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10005—because that's how much The Trilateral Commission is intending to part us from anyway, and we might as well keep it out of the hands of Third World dictators.

"Strengthening multilateral financial institutions," which is *The Sting* expanded to global proportions, with Jimmy Carter as Robert Redford and David Rockefeller as Paul Newman, has been part of The Trilateral Commission's scenario since the beginning. Brzezinski, in *Between Two Ages*, talks about how "emerging global consciousness" will "pave the way for more internationalized, multilateral foreign aid," which, the author hopes, "might also eventually lead to the possibility of something along the lines of a global taxation system." Since Congress has no ability to control the

country-by-country, project-by-project allocation of U.S. contributions to the international financial institutions (IFIs), this would be taxation without representation—which is fine with Brzezinski. In 1973 Trilateral Commissioner Cooper, in the report mentioned above, also recommended that the United States put more money into the International Monetary Fund. In his book of recommendations for the incoming president, Trilateral Commissioner Graham Allison recommended that the administration present to Congress a bill that would fund the IFIs for five years at a time, so that they could plan their confidence game years in advance.

Last February 10 Trilateral Commissioner and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury-designate C. Fred Bergsten announced that the Carter administration would put a heavier emphasis on channeling economic aid through such multilateral institutions as the World Bank. The following month Carter introduced a bill containing a jaw-slacken-

Every one of Carter's major moves so far has been in precise accord with the recommendations of Trilateral documents and in the direct interest of Trilateral commissioners.

ing \$3.2 billion in new appropriations for the World Bank, the Asian Development Bank, and the International Monetary Fund—up from \$745 million in the current fiscal year. Do I need to tell you that, per Allison's recommendation, the bill funded the IFIs for five years?

"Strengthening multilateral financial institutions"—Trilateralese for strengthening the Chase Manhattan Bank, Citibank, the Bank of America, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company, and First National Bank of Chicago at the taxpayer's expense—is so important to The Trilateral Commission that it has created a "citizen's force" called New Directions, a front group masquerading as a public-interest lobbying organization. The idea is to loop gullible members of the public into sending in twenty-five dollars (ten dollars for students) to lobby for legislation that will pick their own pockets, such as the IFI swindle. New Directions was founded in 1974 by Trilateral Commissioners Cyrus Vance and Paul Warnke, now director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. Other Trilateral commissioners on the Governing Board and Council of New Directions are W. Anthony Lake, now director of policy planning at the State De-

partment; Richard Gardner, now ambassador to Italy; Sol Linowitz, U.S. negotiator for the Panama Canal Treaty; William M. Roth of Roth Properties; and Robert V. Roosa of the investment banking firm of Brown Brothers, Harriman, & Company. The May 1977 issue of *Citizen Force*, New Directions' newsletter, features an article entitled "We Have Some Friends in the Administration," which begins: "Twelve high-level members of the Carter Administration had been officers of a national organization concerned with global affairs. What organization? The Trilateral Commission? No. New Directions. (Only ten have come from The Trilateral.)"

New Directions lobbied heavily and effectively for the multilateral bank funding bill for its "friends in the administration." The Carter bill passed and the multilateral financial institutions have been strengthened very nicely. And if you listen carefully, in the background you can hear Marvin Hamlisch playing "The Entertainer."

THE ORGANIZATION OF MONEY/EXPORTING COUNTRIES (OMEC)

One of the reasons why the New York banks were so quick to lend billions to the less-developed countries was that they assumed that the LDCs would take one look at OPEC, call a meeting at the Holiday Inn in Gaborone, Botswana, and form an Organization of Cuttlebone-Exporting Countries, an Organization of Jumping Bean-Exporting Countries, and an Organization of Lichee Fruit-Exporting Countries to cartelize their commodities and drive prices of raw materials up. With commodity prices sky high, the LDCs would have plenty of cash to pay back their loans. What the banks didn't bank on was that the recession in the developed countries would drag on, keeping demand for raw materials low. Countries that have to pay four times as much for oil while their own commodities are selling for bottom dollar have a perverse tendency to feed their people first, before they write out a check to the Chase Manhattan Bank.

The solution to this problem appears in the 1976 Trilateral Commission report "Seeking a New Accommodation in World Commodity Markets." The developed world is to set up a "common fund," which would be used to buy and sell buffer stocks of such key commodities as coffee and tin. This would ensure "stability in export earnings" for the LDCs—in other words, it would enable the Trilateral bankers to use the taxpayers' money to manipulate the commodity markets to keep prices high enough for the LDCs to pay off their loans.

Two days before last April's meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development opened, American officials leaked to the New York bankers that they would like to talk about a creation of a common fund. One of the essential purposes of the London Summit a few weeks later was to create a forum in which Trilateral Commissioners Carter, Brzezinski,

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

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

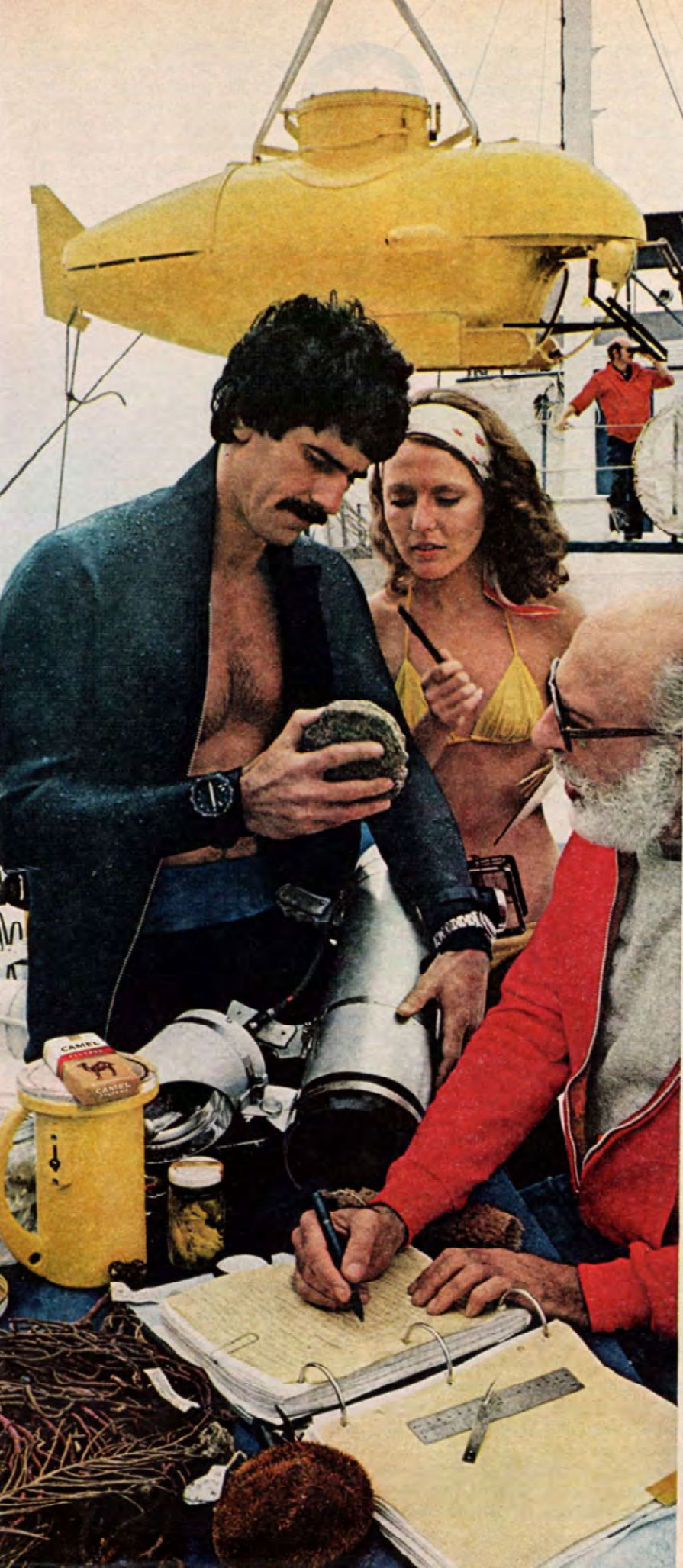
Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

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

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



Vance, and Blumenthal could convince their European and Japanese counterparts to spring for the common fund. Then, at the Conference on International Economic Cooperation held in Paris last June between the developed countries of the "North" and the less-developed countries of the "South," at which the United States was represented by Trilateral Commissioner Vance, the common fund was offered to and accepted by the LDCs. Not only are Americans going to pay more for commodities; we're actually paying the LDCs to raise their prices.

THE INVISIBLE HAND

The *pièce de résistance* of Jimmy Carter's foreign policy has been his series of high-sounding statements on "human rights." The issue of human rights as a factor in determining the amount of U.S. foreign aid was first broached in 1973 by a Trilateral commissioner, Congressman Donald Fraser of Wisconsin. The real purpose of the human rights issue is to put a politically popular veneer of morality on an American foreign policy based purely on economic considerations. The less-developed countries that torture and imprison their citizens without trial must have U.S. aid, or they won't be able to pay back the billions they've borrowed from American banks—particularly David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan—since 1973 to pay for Arab oil. The Trilateral Commission wanted to seize control of the human rights issue to prevent congressmen without connections to the banks from throwing a human-rights monkey wrench in the works.

During the campaign Carter proposed that U.S. aid not be provided to "countries that consistently violate human rights." On November 16, 1976, he reiterated that "the allocation of foreign aid and the normal friendship of our country would be determined or affected certainly by the attitude of those countries toward human rights." "Because we are free," said Carter in his inaugural address, "we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere. Our moral sense dictates a clear-cut preference for those societies which share with us an abiding respect for individual human rights."

Shortly after Carter took office, an article by Fraser entitled "Freedom and Foreign Policy" appeared in *Foreign Policy*, whose editor is Samuel Huntington, author of the Trilateral report *The Crisis of Democracy*, and whose managing editor was Trilateral Commissioner Richard Holbrooke, now undersecretary of state for East Asian and Pacific affairs. The office of *Foreign Policy* is located down the hall from the office of The Trilateral Commission in the building at 345 East Forty-sixth Street in Manhattan. Fraser's article contained the following recommendations: "The president should consider delivering a major foreign-policy speech in which he places the human rights issues in their proper perspective, to educate both the public and the federal bureaucracy. He should point to the obliga-

tion of the United States, under the Charter of the United Nations, to promote the observance of human rights, and identify the means by which he proposes that we discharge that obligation." Carter followed Fraser's recommendation. At Notre Dame University on May 1, Carter proclaimed his "unwavering commitment" to human rights throughout the world. He pledged "a new American foreign policy... based on constant decency in its values and on optimism in its historical vision." The first plank of that policy would be "America's commitment to human rights as a fundamental tenet of our foreign policy."

Behind the scenes, however, the Carter administration has been lobbying energetically and successfully *against* making a good human rights record a precondition for U.S. aid. Last spring New York City Congressman Herman Badillo introduced an amendment that included the requirement that the United States representative to such international financial institutions

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Jimmy Carter's
energy program isn't
"the moral
equivalent of war."
It's the moral equivalent
of Teapot Dome.

9

as the World Bank vote against any loan to any country that systematically denies the essential human rights, such as freedom from torture and imprisonment with trial, unless the loan goes to provide basic human needs. Carter's lobbying activities against this measure included a personal letter to each member of the House of Representatives—a very unusual tactic—urging him or her to vote down Badillo's amendment. Trilateral Commissioner Vance sent his deputy secretary of state, Trilateral Commissioner Warren Christopher, to meet with congressmen and try to convince them to oppose Badillo. Carter underestimated congressional support for human rights, however, and Badillo's amendment passed by voice vote.

Badillo and his supporters were shocked by the contrast between Carter's public and private positions on human rights. "Insofar as these fellows are members of The Trilateral Commission," Badillo told me, "they seem to have an unwillingness to implement the eloquent statements into legally binding actions."

Shaken by the setback to his human rights nonpolicy in the House, Carter sent the big guys—most notably Trilateral

Commissioner Bergsten of Treasury—onto the playing field to lobby the Senate against the Badillo amendment. This time Carter scored, cutting Badillo's strong human rights language out of the bill by a fifty-to-forty-three vote. I asked Iowa Congressman Tom Harkin what he thought was going on. He originally authored the portion of the Badillo amendment that would have mandated the U.S. vote against international loans to human rights violators. "I have the feeling," said Harkin, "that there's an invisible hand in this—The Trilateral Commission."

It's interesting to note that, according to inside sources, Carter was originally inclined to support the Badillo human rights amendment. When Trilateral Commissioner W. Michael Blumenthal of the Treasury Department and World Bank President Robert McNamara (you'll remember him fondly as the defense secretary who gave us the bombing of Vietnam) learned of Carter's naiveté on the subject of human rights, they scheduled an urgent meeting and warned him that this would "introduce politics into the World Bank." If the United States started voting no on loans to dictatorships that tortured nuns with cattle prods, they explained, the Arabs might get ideas and oppose international loans to Israel. Carter, who is out of his depth in matters of international-financial politics, thought this sounded plausible and reversed his position.

Two weeks after the Badillo amendment had been defeated in the Senate last June it was revealed, much to the Arabs' pleasure, that McNamara's World Bank was cutting off all loans to Israel anyway.

THE LEGITIMATE RIGHTS OF THE TRILATERAL COMMISSION

For the last thirty years, this country has had what it calls "a special relationship" with Israel. The Trilateral Commission's position, however, is that the United States' special relationship ought to be with Saudi Arabia and Iran. "The Trilateral Commission is responsible for Carter's emphasis on having good relations with Iran and Saudi Arabia," Prof. Richard Falk told me. Falk is Albert G. Milbank Professor of International Law and Practice at Princeton University's School of International Affairs and a colleague of Zbigniew Brzezinski's on the editorial board of *Foreign Policy*. Unlike the *Foreign Policy* editorial board members who have been appointed to high posts by Carter, however, Falk is not a member of the Trilateral Commission, thinks and talks in a straight line, and is therefore conspicuously absent from the administration. "America's prosperity is terribly precarious at this point. If you had the radicalization of one of the regimes which we depend on for oil—a Qaddafi, an Amin, not to mention a Mao—it could be disastrous." The Trilateral idea is to throw money at the shah and the sheiks to help them snuff out dissent at home, on the assumption that the best way of preventing a radical takeover of our main sources of imported oil is to finance repression.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



“I have a passion for
love in candlelit
bathtubs, moonlit
beaches, and
balconies in the rain.”

DEBORA



THE MARK OF ZULLO

"What turns me on the most is turning on a man," says lovely Debora Zullo, whose dark beauty envelops you like a strong perfume. "I love sex. In bed I'll do anything for my man—dress up, playact, whatever is fun and new, whatever leads us into exploring the intensity of our feelings." Our twenty-four-year-old Pet lives in comparative privacy in the hills above Los Angeles, where her 36-22-36 frame can soak up the sun's golden rays and her spirit can run free.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



“Fantasies should never stay fantasies. I act on my impulses to make them happen for me.”

“I have a heavy case of wanderlust,” says Debora. “I like to feel really free, to follow my fantasies and make them realities, to be able to just up and take a plane on a moment’s notice.” Perhaps that attitude comes from being a Cancer and being young and beautiful and in love with life. Debora does everything spontaneously. “Fantasies should never stay fantasies,” she says. “I try to act on my impulses and my desires, to make them happen for me, whether it’s going to Rio when my heart is set on Rio or making love on a desk top behind closed doors during lunch hour. There are no forbidden things. Everything is possible. Everything! I have no taboos with someone I love as long as it feels good and we both want it.”







Since Debora's favorite pastime is making love, she's become a connoisseur of just how to maximize its pleasures. "I have a passion for candlelit bathtubs, moonlit beaches, and balconies in the rain," says Debora, "but that's only for starters."





Deborah has strong views on anything that affects her life, including women's liberation. "I don't think it's right," says our raven-tressed Pet. "I think it defies nature. It tries to take away those things a woman is meant to be. Men should be strong, but that doesn't mean their women should be weak. I don't want to compete with a man; I want to love and comfort him." Debora also has definite ideas on what she wants that man to be. "I like my man to be handsome in a sexy, European kind of way—strong on the outside with a little-boy vulnerability. And his eyes are very important. You can read a man's soul through his eyes."



Deborah enjoys her career as a fashion model. Her *Penthouse* debut, however, marks the first time she's posed *au naturel*. "It was a little scary at first, but the photographer was fantastic. After I relaxed, it was wonderfully satisfying." Deborah is soon to appear in *Rocket*, which also features Pet of the Year Victoria Lynn Johnson. Deborah plays the part of a photographer in Las Vegas, where the film is being shot. "It's a whole new career adventure," she says, "and I'm looking forward to making more movies and to learning more about acting. I have very high goals for myself. I really want to make my mark in life. If I do something I want to be the best." And so, herewith, the best of Deborah. 



“I love sex.
In bed
I’ll do anything
for my man—
dress up, playact,
whatever’s fun and new.”

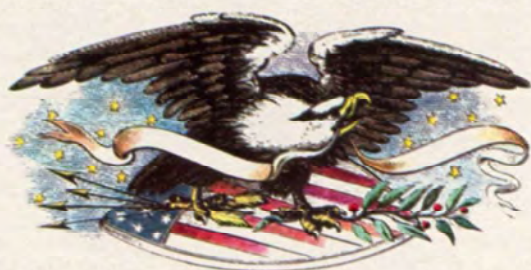


Wardrobe courtesy of Strip Thrills and Eclectigaria, West Hollywood, Calif.

10







THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Adding to the list of Vietnam veterans' woes, the Veterans Administration's hospital system is under attack. Recent reports by the National Academy of Science, the General Accounting Office, and the Congressional Budget Office detail an alarming deterioration in the system's ability to deliver quality health care to the some 30 million veterans across the nation.

This deterioration is best seen in the fact that VA hospital staffing is only about half that found in other major systems. For example, the VA's staff-to-patient ratio is only 1.5 (that is, 1.5 staff for each patient), while the community hospitals have a more advantageous average staff-patient ratio of 2.5 and the teaching hospitals have a near ideal ratio of 3.5.

Exacerbating this situation, the quality of the VA's hospital staffs is less than adequate. According to the veterans' newspaper, *The Stars and Stripes*—*The National Tribune*, more than one-third of the VA hospital staffs is composed of part-time doctors; more than one-third of foreign medical graduates, who have communication problems with patients; and the remainder of physicians in their seventies and eighties, with a low percentage of Board Certified doctors. This dependency on marginally effective physicians has, in recent years,

produced a high turnover and loss by the VA of young physicians who possess the skills required to maintain a health-care delivery system "second to none."

The cause of this deplorable situation is simple. In the last four to five years, the money appropriated by Congress to operate the VA's medical system, although increased, has not been enough to offset the unprecedented inflation in hospital costs. Moreover, the number of veterans from all age groups seeking medical assistance has expanded at a rapid rate. To be sure, other necessary but burdensome considerations, such as the VA's requirement to provide specialized drug and psychiatric therapy to Vietnam veterans, have contributed to the overall decline. Nevertheless, the root cause was the lack of enough money to provide for both these new services and conventional health and hospital care.

Today the VA's hospital system is at a crossroads. On the one hand, the National Academy of Science report has recommended that acute-care facilities of the VA be phased out and those patients transferred to community facilities. The final phase of the NAS recommendation presumably

would require the full integration of the VA hospital system with that of a national health insurance program.

On the other hand, in view of President Carter's commitment to a balanced budget by 1981, it's questionable that the VA medical program can survive. According to Oliver E. Meadows, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans: "Without the capacity for acute care, the system would become a custodial institution. It could no longer perform its outpatient functions. It could no longer continue its educational programs, and it is doubtful that it could continue to staff itself. . . . In its review of the history of the VA medical program, the NAS report pointed out that the system was concerned with a basic mission of caring for the

veteran with a service-connected disability. Presumably, this concept is to be abandoned. In the academy's plan, service-connected and non-service-connected cases alike are to be consigned to community facilities with no special regard for the service-connected veteran."

Penthouse shares Meadows's concern. Admittedly, the VA medical program's problems are many, but they will not be solved by phasing the VA into the nation's community health system. Not unexpectedly, the old-line veterans' organizations are strongly opposed to a planned demise of the VA's medical system. Their

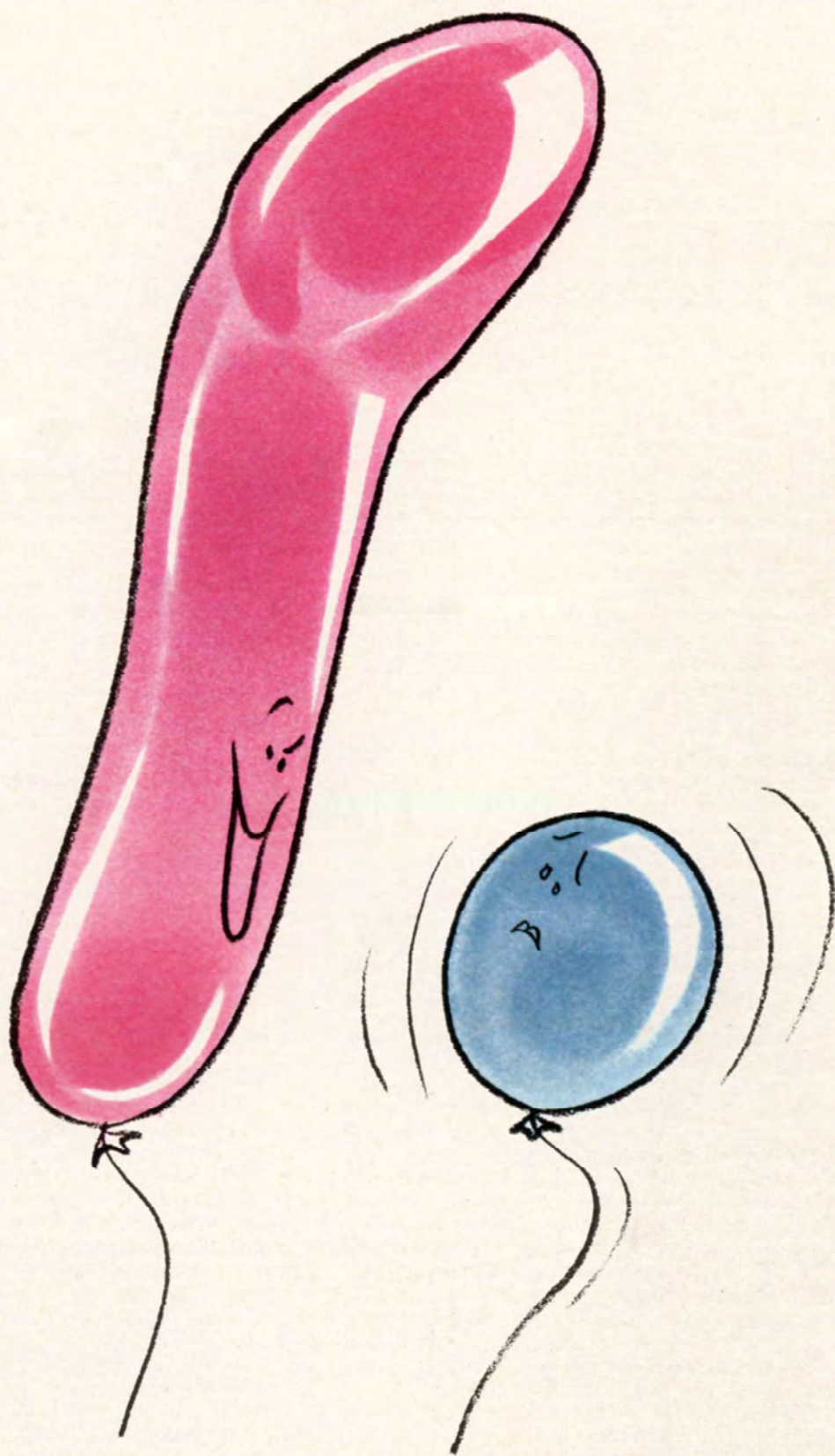
opposition is understandable, but it is considerably undermined by their lack of support for the special needs of Vietnam veterans in the areas of jobs, GI Bill benefits, discharge review, and so forth. Nonetheless—because the condition and continued existence of the VA's hospital system is an issue that transcends differences between veterans of America's (different) wars—*Penthouse* strongly supports the efforts to improve and save the VA hospital system from extinction at the hands of bureaucrats and budget cutters. *Penthouse* emphatically endorses the view of *The Stars and Stripes*—*The National Tribune* editorial "Do Not Be Deceived," which concluded (emphasis added):

"If Veterans organizations, the Veterans Administration, and Congress do nothing about the problems in the VA hospital system, their lack of affirmative action will certainly be evidence that they do not represent or care about veterans. Too often veterans are told that improvements are being attempted from within the system. Veterans must seek the support of the president and Congress before the entire VA hospital system is lost." □

The VA's White House-dictated party line has been one designed to obscure the extent of the deterioration in the veterans' medical system.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Just try to relax and it won't hurt."

ADVISE AND DISSENT

OPINION

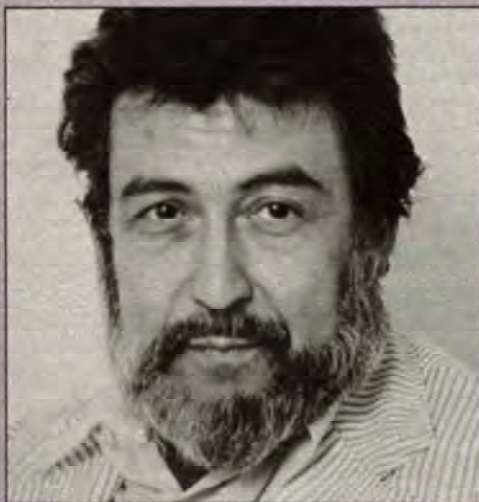
HOW THE SUPREME COURT IS VIOLATING THE CONSTITUTION

Speaking in his chambers a couple of years ago, a federal district judge in Michigan told how he dreaded having to preside over obscenity trials. "That area of law," he said, "is about as well defined as the course of a tornado. The Supreme Court has utterly confused the issue; so how the hell are we supposed to know what we're doing? What the Court should have done, long ago, is to strike down all obscenity laws as unconstitutional. Then none of us would be in this mess. William O. Douglas and Hugo Black tried to tell that to their brethren again and again, but the Court kept getting tangled up in its own contradictions. Now, with that prig Burger running the show, it's all gotten much worse."

Indeed, Mr. Justice Douglas did keep trying to get his colleagues to show him exactly where the First Amendment separates "obscenity" from all other speech. Look at the text, he would say; it says that no law can be made that abridges freedom of speech or of the press. Period. No exceptions. Therefore, Douglas said in a 1953 obscenity case, "In order to sanction a system of censorship, I would have to say that 'no law' does not mean what it says, that 'no law' is qualified to mean 'some laws.' I cannot take that step."

Neither could Mr. Justice Black, who was a scholar of constitutional history as well as of law. Black had read just about every scrap of available material on the debates leading up to the adoption of the Bill of Rights, the first of which is also the foremost. And Black often emphasized that Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and the other principal architects of the First Amendment used to insist repeatedly that all speech was to be protected. "Why," Black would say, citing the legal authorities of the Revolutionary period, "there were not even to be laws of libel."

Once, when a law-school professor was pressing Black



By Nat Hentoff

Mr. Hentoff has written widely on civil liberties, particularly the First Amendment, and is a member of the board of directors of the New York Civil Liberties Union. He is currently completing a book on the history and current developments of the First Amendment.

whether he really did mean that all speech, even obscenity, is protected, the justice said that he surely did: "I believe with Jefferson that it is time enough for the government to step in to regulate people when they do something, not when they say something, and I do not believe myself that there is any halfway ground if you enforce the protections of the First Amendment."

Is it possible that Black and Douglas were right about the law all along and that, therefore, the Supreme Court has been continually violating the Constitution by insisting on punishing "obscenity" when it cannot decide what obscenity is? Not only is it possible, but as I shall demonstrate, it is exactly what has happened.

At least one member of the present Court, William Brennan, has long been agonizing about whether the Court has gone wrong; and while he is not yet ready to go all the way with Black and Douglas, he is getting closer.

"No other aspect of the First Amendment has, in recent years," Brennan said wearily in 1973, "demanded so substantial a commitment of [the Court's] time, generated such disharmony of views, and remained so resistant to the formulation of stable and manageable standards."

Yet this was the same Mr. Justice Brennan who, in 1957—when for the first time the Supreme Court had to confront directly the question of whether obscenity was protected by the First Amendment—airily declared: "We hold that obscenity is not within the areas of constitutionally protected speech or press." (*Roth v. United States*).

After sixteen subsequent years of being lost in what he called "the mire of case-by-case definition of obscenity," Brennan was a changed, chastened justice. It just hasn't worked, he said in 1973. "The outright suppression of obscen-

“What a citizen wants to read or see,
said Justice Douglas, is entirely up to him,
and that is the article of faith that sets us apart
from most nations in the world.”

ity cannot be reconciled with the fundamental principles of the First Amendment. . . . We have been unable to provide 'sensitive' tools to separate obscenity from other sexually oriented but constitutionally protected speech, so that efforts to suppress the former do not spill over into suppression of the latter.”

“Damn right,” said William O. Douglas. Obscenity has to do with taste, and taste is “hardly reducible to precise definitions.” In trying to make taste criminal, all of you have been wasting the Court’s time, Douglas added, and unjustly sending any number of poor souls to prison. To indicate how absurd, let alone unconstitutional, the Court’s obscenity hunting continued to be, Douglas had told his brethren in 1971 that “whatever ‘obscenity’ is, it is immeasurable as a crime and delineable only as a sin. As a sin, it is present only in the minds of some and not in the minds of others. It is entirely too subjective for legal sanction. There are as many different definitions of obscenity as there are men; and they are as unique to the individual as are his dreams.”

This lyrical flight did not move the majority of the Court, least of all Chief Justice Burger. Two years later, in *Miller v. California*, Burger spoke for the Court as the upholder of a “decent society.” Not mentioning Douglas by name, but clearly and exasperatedly having him in mind, the chief justice declared that “to equate the free and robust exchange of ideas and political debate with commercial exploitation of obscene material demeans the grand conception of the First Amendment and its high purposes in the historic struggle for freedom.”

Let us look at that historic struggle. Before the American Revolution, only Massachusetts had an obscenity statute, primarily concerned with antireligious material. All the other colonies left sexual materials alone. Nor was there a word about obscenity in the deliberations leading up to the First Amendment. Actually, Benjamin Franklin wrote and circulated erotic material (*Letter of Advice to Young Men on the Proper Choosing of a Mistress*); James Madison was known for “Rabelaisian anecdotes”; and, as Judge Jerome Frank pointed out, the libraries of many Founding Fathers included flavorsome tales abounding in explicit sex. These men of robust appetites, the originators of our freedoms, would hardly have recognized Chief Justice Burger’s pinched version of the “grand conception” of the First Amendment.

In any case, in that 1973 decision, *Miller v. California*, the majority of the Burger Court further and quite hopelessly obscured the lines between protected speech and unprotected obscenity. For one thing, they threw out the previous standard by which a prosecutor had to prove that a work is “utterly without redeeming social value” before it can be condemned as obscene. Now the slippery burden of proof is on the defense, which has to convince a jury that the indicted material has “serious literary, artistic, political, or scientific value.”

What does “serious” mean? And to whom? Mr. Justice Brennan was appalled. This new muddying of the issue means, he said, that even if a work has *some* social value, it can be censored because, “by some unspecified standard,” it is not *serious* enough. This way of defining obscenity, Brennan continued angrily, “is nothing less than a rejection of the fundamental First Amendment premises . . . and an invitation to widespread suppression of sexually oriented speech.” Until this ridiculous *Miller* decision was reached, Brennan noted, “the protections of the First Amendment have never been thought limited to expressions of *serious* literary or political value.”

Where in the First Amendment does it say only “serious” speech is free? The Court was slipping deeper into the mire.

The *Miller* decision, however, contained even more constitutional monstrosities. No longer was there to be a national standard, however elusive, of obscenity. Chief Justice Burger, speaking for the three other Nixon appointees and Byron White, mandated that books, magazines, movies, et al. were to be judged by “community standards.” The virtuous people of Maine or Mississippi, he said benignly, would not have to accept what the jaded folk of Las Vegas or New York found to be tolerable.

Never before in the history of the Republic had varying standards around the land been allowed to apply to the one federal constitution. Should the Fifth Amendment or the Sixth mean one thing in Wichita and another in Chicago? How, then, can the First Amendment constitutionally differ in its application among the states, cities, and hamlets? Only a Supreme Court obsessed with the unsolvable conundrum of obscenity could have so recklessly distorted the First Amendment as to make it mean different things in different places.

Furthermore, to limit expression only to what the *majority* of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179



THROUGH A LENS STARKLY

Everyone has secret sexual fantasies, the unspeakable, bittersweet act you can only dream of but do not dare. For a long, long time our mystery woman had her own secret fantasy—to be paid or otherwise forced to pleasure herself in front of an audience of admiring, roguish men.

But her burgeoning career as a top fashion model in Paris, her family, education, and personal morality prevented her. Until recently, that is, when a trusted girl friend reminded her that a simple eye mask would do the trick. Now, through *Penthouse*, she could exercise her own special predilection on an epic scale . . . before millions of adoring onlookers. Her pleasure could be theirs. "It is the moment for self-realization." The accent is lilting, very French. "The act of living out my most private fantasy has set me free . . . if only for a moment. From the time when I was a little girl and would run naked through the streets of Nantes, I have dreamed of such mysterious moments."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID JONES





"There is so much to consider—my career, my family name. So many silly things to stop me from being the person I really am. But in that moment of exquisite pleasure I became the woman I have always longed to be."







"Few persons can ever know this strange happiness. I cannot hear their remarks or see their faces, but I know they are watching me, and my excitement mounts with the feel of their eyes on my body. My pleasure is for them. It is an ultimate kind of sharing. You may not know my name or anything about me, but I promise more of me is in these pictures than I have ever revealed before." O +



CARTERGATE:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

If this begins to sound like the best and the brightest all over again, we shouldn't be surprised. When Trilateral Commission Director Brzezinski and Trilateral Commissioner Cyrus Vance were working for the State Department in the 1960s, they were key architects and supporters of our Vietnam policy. Back then they thought that the best way of preventing a radical takeover of South Vietnam was to finance repression—and where it got us was evacuating the U.S. embassy in Saigon with helicopters landing on the roof. Carter, Brzezinski, and Vance picked William Sullivan, known as "Dean of the Counterinsurgency Diplomats," as ambassador to Iran. From 1964 to 1969 he ran the secret war in Laos. From 1973 to 1977 he was in the Philippines, holding the hand of President Marcos while that particularly nasty dictator imposed martial law on the entire population.

It's clear that America needs Israel. Israel is the one factor that is keeping the Soviet Union out of the Middle East. It's the only democratic country in the world that's capable of defending itself—unless you count the United States, which was a democratic country until January 20, 1977, and might someday be one again. Israel is the only nation in the Middle East that was friendly to us from 1948 to 1973, before we gave it a penny of military aid. If the Arabs got Israel, they'd be shooting up the Olympics to force us to give them Palm Springs.

But precisely because the survival of Israel is in our best national interest, it isn't in the best Trilateral interest. "The important consuming countries," says Prof. M. A. Adelman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is considered to be the most authoritative oil economist in the world—because, for one thing, he doesn't work for an oil company—"have export interests which will benefit by the higher oil prices because of the oil-producing countries' greater purchasing power. Those segments of industry profiting are relatively small, but the gains are large for them, the losses diffused over very many, and hence their political influence will be much greater." The purpose of The Trilateral Commission is to marshal the political influence of these export interests. Members include the chief executives of such huge exporters as The Coca-Cola Co., Bendix Corp., Deere & Co., Caterpillar Tractor Co., FIAT, Ltd., Nippon, Seiko, K.K., and Toyota Motor Company, Ltd. If Israel could be eliminated, the oil price wouldn't be \$13 a barrel, it would be \$130 a barrel—which the Trilateral exporters wouldn't mind one bit, because then the Arabs would have ten times as much money to buy their sugar-free Tab, their tractors, their cars, their digital watches, and their compact cassette recorders with automatic shut-off, pre-end alarm, and cue and review. While the Trilateral exporters are salivating over the carrot, the Trilateral banks are looking over their

shoulder at the stick. Most of the Arab oil booty is in such banks as David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan. Their cash is in three-month certificates of deposit, and if the Trilateral banks jump when the sheiks say *squal*, they could pull the oriental rug out from under the pinstripe-suit set in ninety days of bankers' jumping out of windows.

Zbigniew Brzezinski scrubbed up for his amputation attempt on Israel by getting fellow Trilateral Commissioner Henry Owen, director of foreign policy studies at Washington's Brookings Institution, to sponsor a 1975 study entitled "Toward Peace in the Middle East," with Brzezinski and Trilateral Commissioner Robert R. Bowie, a Harvard international affairs professor, as participants. The Brookings report outlined a settlement to be imposed by the United States by a process of "initiative, impetus, and inducement." Israel would have to withdraw to the suicidal 1967 borders "with only such modifications as are mutually accepted"—i.e., none, since the Arabs have

In every area of Carter's policy, the interests of the international banks and corporations come before those of the American citizen and taxpayer.

repeatedly stated that they won't accept any. The West Bank would go to the Palestinians, who would have to promise to be nice boys and not kick sand in the Israelis' faces. The border would be "safeguarded by demilitarized zones supervised by U.N. forces," which is a hoot considering that the official U.N. position is that Zionism is a form of racism.

No sooner had Carter taken office than he reversed President Ford's signed commitments on arms to Israel and issued Policy Review Memorandum 12, which lofted a trial balloon to the effect that Israel's special relationship with the United States was kaput. When Trilateral Commissioner Vance testified at his confirmation hearing before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he referred to "the legitimate rights of the Palestinian Liberation Organization," which is further than Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, or Saudi Arabia or the PLO itself has gone. This blooper was deleted from the printed transcript of the hearings. Every waffle and lumper of Carter's Middle East policy comes straight out of the Brookings plan. Brzezinski is so hypnotized by his own brilliance as expressed in the Brookings scenario that when, on Israel's

election day, he was given an early projection that the tough, no-nonsense Menahem Begin had won as prime minister, he couldn't believe that the Israeli voter wasn't behaving according to his plan. "No, no," he said. "That's wrong."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE DEVELOPED WORLD

Jimmy Carter was elected the thirty-ninth president of the United States. He governs as the first President of the Developed World. With his refusal to protect endangered American industries, his policy of no-policy when he is confronted with the largest trade deficit in American history, his quadrupling of American contributions to international financial institutions whose policies are set at meetings closed to U.S. taxpayers by men who refuse to appear before committees of the U.S. Congress, his lobbying at the London Summit for a commodity slush fund, his opposition of a legal requirement that the United States oppose international loans of its taxpayers' money to dictatorial torturers, and his attempt to sell the West Bank to Saudi Arabia, we begin to see that in every one of Carter's actions, the interests of other countries come before those of America. In every area of Carter's policy, the interests of the international banks and corporations come before those of the American citizen, the American workingman, the American taxpayer, the American consumer.

There's no way I could put it better than Samuel P. Huntington, Harvard political scientist and author of The Trilateral Commission's report, *The Crisis of Democracy*: "Once he is elected . . . the president's electoral coalition has . . . served its purpose. The day after his election the size of his majority is almost . . . entirely irrelevant to his ability to govern. . . . The governing coalition need have little relation to the electoral coalition."

In the next several months, I am going to publish in *Penthouse* a series of articles exploring the nature of the governing coalition of which Jimmy Carter is a member. The greatest fear of The Trilateral Commission, as expressed in Huntington's report, is freedom of the press. "Recent years," wrote Samuel P. Huntington, "have seen an immense growth in the scope and power of the media. In many countries, in addition, either as a result of editorial direction or as a result of the increasing influence of the journalists vis-à-vis owners and editors, the press has taken an increasingly critical role toward government and public officials. In some countries traditional norms of 'objectivity' and 'impartiality' have been brushed aside in favor of 'advocatory journalism.' The responsibility of the press should now be increased to be commensurate with its power; significant measures are required to restore an appropriate balance between the press, the government, and other institutions in society."

Come and get us, Sam—we're ready for you. 

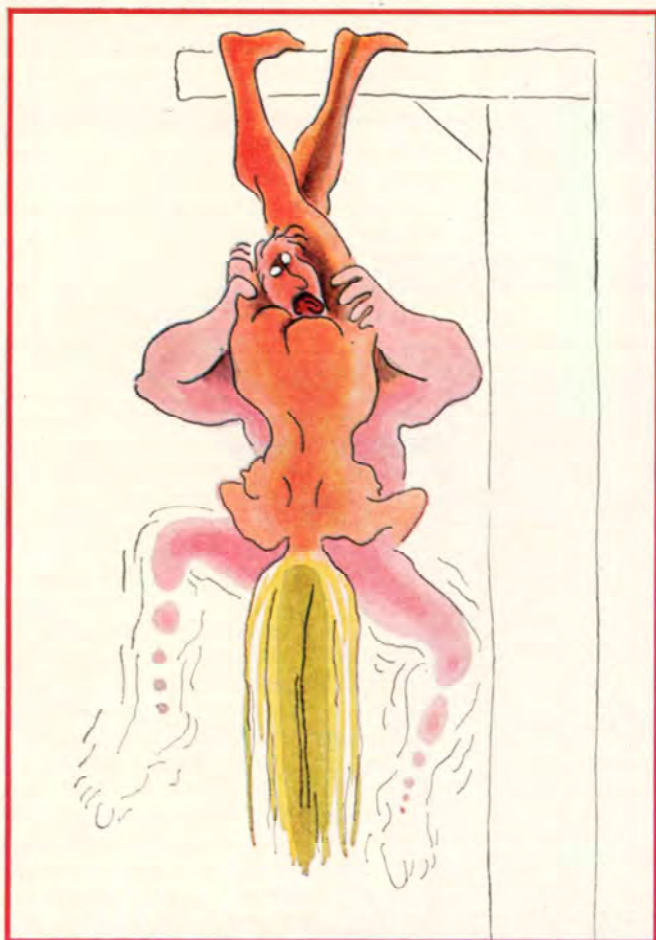


OR IF YOU CAN'T JOIN 'EM, BEAT 'EM



Her fingernails sank deeply into the top of my head as we held each other in an embrace of utter terror. I am not describing a personal encounter of sadomasochism, but, innocently enough, only a panic-fear reaction while I was seated in the relative safety of a movie theater. My friend (an ex-model turned shopkeeper) and I were part of a group of terrified adults getting an adrenalin high over the horror of the film we were viewing. I turned to my left to see a little boy next to me bobbing up and down in his seat, giggling sadistically over the gore of this full-color, wide-screened, nightmare celluloid entitled *Jaws*. When the scene subsided, the nail pressure lessened and my blood pressure returned to normal. I questioned Dennis the Menace. "Hey, kid, how come you weren't scared by that scene?" Turning toward me with the same smile that Lizzie

BY BILL LEE



"It is usual, Mr. Leffingwell, that the ceremonial demonstration of affection be confined to a simple kiss."



"Henry, it's fantastic. It's just like being engaged."



SEMI

Borden gave Mom and Dad on that fatal evening, he said, "I love it, I seen it seven times." "You saw it seven times," I corrected: "Fuck you," he answered, thus correcting me. This scene occurred in the East Hampton Cinema (it rhymes with enema) in a part of Long Island once voted "the most beautiful town in America" and boasting a higher rate of affluence than the chemin de fer table has at Monte Carlo. Describing that locale and the class structure of its inhabitants might help to point out the degree to which sadism and its partner in scream, masochism, have embedded themselves in the mainstream of American society. It's so readily accepted that a person-eating shark, tearing people to pieces, decapitating (have you had your lunch yet?) children, acquires only a "PG" rating (parental guidance). While I do not personally believe in censorship, I can't understand why America has drawn a clear-cut line between "flaying" and "laying."

"The 44-caliber killer," a psychopath whose I.Q. matched the size of his ammunition, left a bloody trail through the streets of New York City. Before this mental midget, who was also known as "Son of Sam," was collared, he perforated thirteen people (six dead and seven wounded) and became a popular headline that produced windfall profits for local newspapers.

The *New York Post*, an Australian-owned newspaper, boasted of its record-breaking sales figures on Thursday, August 11, 1977, the day that "Son of Sam" was captured: "Sales matched our previous record set on June 6, 1968—the day that



"You sweet-talkin' son of a bitch."



SEMI

Sen. Robert Kennedy was shot." The assassination-murder of a popular political leader and the lurid details of the life of a psycho-killer represent a financial shot in the arm (so to speak) for the daily print media of "fun city." With that thought in mind, can you imagine the possibilities if a newspaper's circulation department tried to bolster its sagging sales figures by *deliberately employing* sadistic murderers to stalk the streets?

"Citizen pain" is alive and well. "Jello journalism" returns with the hiring of well-armed crackpots for the sole purpose of increasing circulation and decreasing population. "Daughter of Zelda" could haunt the Wall Street area, gunning down stockbrokers whose middle names rhyme with *schmuck* while "Niece of Marvin" could specialize in the poisoning of washroom attendants who bear a striking resemblance to Nelson Rockefeller, avenging her lifelong bout with diarrhea. A coed group of heterosexual terrorists could run amok, assassinating all men named Bruce and all women named Ralph. An infant street gang from Harlem ("the Black Pampers") could loot the toy stores of Manhattan while the "mad cunnilinguist" wreaks havoc on the campus of Sarah Welles College.

Rent a psycho? Why not? The public loves it, and above all else, it sells newspapers. As a matter of fact, it also sells magazines. Just to prove that I'm as sick as the rest of you, here's my version: "Son of S and M," or "If you can't join 'em, beat 'em." ○—



"You are under arrest on a charge of first degree murder.
I will now inform you of your constitutional rights."





DR. FREDERICK J. HACKER

“We have to assume that terrorists will make use of today's technology, including atomic material—or at least the threat of it. These groups have instruction manuals that outline how this could be done.”

Once a madman's random, destructive act, terrorism has become today a thriving growth industry. For desperate men with a cause, terrorist acts require little investment and yield enormous returns in publicity. The increasing availability of nuclear weapons and the heightening of Third World political passions have escalated the problem almost beyond solution. Since 1968 nearly 700 people have been killed in 728 separate acts of international terrorism.

Shocked into awareness, many governments have begun to establish a "science of terrorism"—a consistent, logical approach that would enable authorities to defuse the terrorist's fire with a minimal loss of life. The foremost "crisis counselor," critic, and writer in this emerging science of terrorism is a Beverly Hills psychiatrist, Dr. Frederick J. Hacker. His recent book *Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies: Terror and Terrorism in Our Time*, is the definitive text on the subject.

Dr. Hacker's authority springs partly from personal experience. Born in Austria of Jewish parentage, he was a medical student in Vienna when the Nazis invaded Austria. "The day they marched in," Hacker recalls, "I made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. It was a month before I was able to leave."

As a refugee, Hacker traveled from country to country, finally arriving in New York and New Jersey, where he finished his medical internships. Later he became associated with the Menninger clinic in Topeka, Kans. Eventually, Dr. Hacker moved to Southern California and opened the Hacker clinics in Beverly Hills and Lynwood.

At this point his interest in the roots of violence emerged. He confronted the problem from his psychological stance: "There's the age-old problem," he explains, "of how the Germans and Austrians, many of whom were my friends—kind, cultured men in love with children, nature, and so forth—were capable of the most sadistic and brutal

deeds without developing any feelings of horror or remorse. For a long time we thought it could never happen in America, but then, during the Vietnam War, we watched some of the same things happen. I feel it's extremely important to make a connection between individual aggression—which we know about—and collective aggression, about which nobody wants to know." The result of Hacker's research in this area was his 1971 book, *Aggression*, which caused great controversy in Europe.

Largely because of the success of *Aggression*, Hacker was asked by the German government to help instruct and prepare the German police for the 1972 Munich Olympic Games. "I favored making the Olympics as peaceful and unmilitary as possible," Hacker remembers. "The German government had some doubts about the wisdom of this, but I thought it was crucial to make as much contrast as possible between the 1972 games and the Hitler games of 1936, when the Olympics had last been on German soil."

The rest is history. Arab terrorists invaded the Israeli dormitory and seized the athletes. By the end of the nightmare, most of Israel's Olympic team lay dead. While Hacker admits that tighter security might have made it more difficult for the terrorists to penetrate the Olympic Village, he maintains that maximum security is not the answer for peacetime living. "I cannot avoid shouldering some of the blame for what happened," he says now. "But if we had handled things differently, it would have entirely altered the nature of the event, in this case the Olympic Games. And that's the tragic thing about terrorism: if we succumb to it, it will radically alter the nature of our lives."

After the Munich tragedy, the German government requested that Hacker make a study of the tragedy. As part of his research, he traveled to Beirut, where he met with and interviewed the planners and executors of the Munich massacre. This experience led to his writing *Crusaders, Criminals, Crazies: Terror and Terrorism in Our Time*.

The following year he was able to test his theories. A group of Arab terrorists kidnapped several Soviet Jews en route to Israel, made their way to the Vienna airport in a small van, and there held the police at bay, threatening to blow themselves up with their hostages if their demands were not met. Dr. Bruno Kreisky, the Austrian chancellor, asked Hacker to join a crisis counsel consisting of several high government ministers and security people. At one point Hacker and the terrorist leader huddled in the landing area of the Vienna airport as hundreds of Austrian police guns were trained on them. The result of the negotiations: the hostages were released unharmed, the terrorists got away, and certain symbolic concessions were made on the part of the Austrian government. It was a historic turning point in the methodology of government dealings with terrorists, and it set a pattern that was almost exactly duplicated several years later in Washington, D.C., when the Hanafi Muslims took over B'nai B'rith headquarters.

Back in California the next year, Hacker was swept into the Patty Hearst affair. Hired by the Hearst family just days after the kidnapping as its chief psychiatric consultant, he astounded everybody with his widely reported remark that he expected Miss Hearst to begin identifying with her captors. He was ridiculed, but proved to be the only one on record who understood, from the outset, the psychological complexity of the kidnapping. Throughout the long

ordeal, Hacker remained a close adviser to the Hearsts.

Today Hacker is one of the recognized world authorities on aggression and terrorism. He is president of the Sigmund Freud Society of Vienna and holds double professorships in psychiatry at the University of Southern California Medical School and in psychiatry at law at U.S.C. Law Center. He is also chief of staff of the Hacker clinics and director of the Institute for Conflict Research in Vienna. He is currently working on a new book, *Freedom and Manipulation*—a study of brainwashing, with emphasis on the Patty Hearst case and the "de-programming" phenomenon now running rampant throughout the western half of the United States.

Hacker has worn many hats—psychiatrist, writer, teacher, negotiator, legal consultant—and will even admit to a touch of political ambition. His versatility has at times drawn fire from conservative colleagues, but Hacker dismisses this criticism: "It's time not only to interpret the world but to *change* the world through interpretation. I do not believe in the detached role of the scientist. I want to leap into the fray, to make my knowledge useful to all levels of our society. The great task of our time is to bridge the gap between those who presumably know everything but can do nothing, and those who do everything but know nothing."

Writer David Haldane spent several evenings with Dr. Hacker in Beverly Hills to conduct this exclusive *Penthouse* interview.

Penthouse: Let's begin by defining our terms. What, precisely, is terrorism?

Hacker: I define terrorism as any coercive behavior that is intentionally designed to create fear in order to induce others to perform the wishes of the terrorists. In my book I make an important distinction between what I call terror from above and terror from below. Terror from above is that exerted by the powerful: dictators, bosses, parents, teachers, and so forth. Terror from below is the intimidating tactics employed by the powerless to signal, alarm, draw attention, and frighten people into doing their bidding.

Penthouse: How did your interest in terrorism begin?

Hacker: As a psychiatrist and psychoanalyst, I had, of course, seen a great number of people who had trouble with aggressive or violent behavior. But what interested me most was the people who engaged in violence without suffering any guilt or shame—so-called normal people. I became very interested in the justifications this sort of people employed for their violent behavior. I wanted to know why a presumably Christian civilization not only tolerates but also *uses* violence and brutality all the time and is surprised only when the other side uses it, too. As a result of my investigations in this area, I wrote a very successful book in 1971 called *Aggression*, which caused a big controversy.

Penthouse: And that led to your involvement in the Olympic Games of 1972?

Hacker: Yes. After the book came out, I had a reputation as an expert on violence. So, when they were planning the Olympic Games, I was asked by the Munich police chief and German government to help instruct and prepare the German police for the event.

Penthouse: Were you in Munich when the Israeli athletes were killed?

Hacker: No, I was in Beverly Hills. For several days everything had gone smoothly. Then, suddenly one day, my phone rang. They told me what was happening and

The mass media
and terrorism are made for
each other—
if they didn't exist
independently, they would have
to invent each other.

asked for my advice. There wasn't much I could do, of course, not knowing the circumstances. By the time I got to my television set, it was all over.

The next day I flew to Munich and talked to all the ministers who had been involved, including the then minister of the interior, who had been held as a hostage for a short time. Later, at the behest of the German government, I made a trip to Lebanon, where I was able to interview members of the terrorist organization that had planned the Munich action.

Penthouse: Where did you find them?

Hacker: It wasn't difficult at all. I simply went to the terrorists' headquarters in Beirut and introduced myself truthfully as somebody who wanted to write a book about them. They loved that. They had a tremendous amount of security; guns lying on the table and so forth. But otherwise, contrary to ordinary belief, they were very hospitable. They were eager to explain, very eager to talk. They wanted everybody to know what they were thinking, and they would have kept me there for ten days if I could have stayed that long. They even showed me their camps. All of them claimed to have been involved in innumerable

raids. They were real veterans of the terror business.

Penthouse: What were they like from your psychiatric point of view? Did they express any regret at the loss of life they had caused?

Hacker: None at all. They were very much like the fanatics I knew in my youth under Hitler, which is to say they were distinguished by a total lack of any bad conscience. They considered themselves soldiers in the service of a higher cause and were therefore willing and happy to lay down their own lives. They regretted that they sometimes had to victimize innocent people, but they regretted it in the same way you and I regret that people die of cancer—they certainly didn't feel responsible for it.

While I was in Beirut, I made a very interesting observation: the Arab terrorists think of themselves as, and sometimes even call themselves, "neo-Zionists." They say, "We are inspired by exactly the same motivations as the Zionists were."

In a way, they have a point. Look at the history of Zionism. Herzl, when he first suggested a Jewish state, was laughed at and considered a buffoon. But the Zionists were so dedicated and single-minded that they avidly pursued their goal, using every means at their disposal—including terrorism. They made themselves totally inaccessible to the criticism, not only of the world but also of their own people. It got them very, very bad behavior marks—and it got them Israel.

Penthouse: Is there such a thing, then, as justified terrorism?

Hacker: Let's start from the beginning. I believe that all terrorists from "below" learned their techniques from terrorists from "above." Maybe it's a chicken and egg problem, but if we make any beginning arbitrarily, we have to start with the parents and then go to the children; we have to start with the powerful and then go to the powerless. Everybody is born into a power structure, and this structure regularly uses fear

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and intimidation to compel good behavior.

Ask yourself this question: how much of your behavior in the past has been induced by fear—the promise that you'll burn in hell, for instance? This is the purpose of terror. You strike terror into the hearts of men to compel them to behave well on earth. What percentage of a normal education consists of inducement by threat—"If you don't do this, I'm going to break your goddamn neck!"? That's a terrorist threat. And as we all know, it's justified and legitimized constantly by the explanation, "I do this not for my benefit, but for yours."

Which is precisely what the terrorists mimic. All of them are convinced that, ultimately, they don't do it for their own benefit but for the benefit of others who don't know any better. So the patterns of terrorism begin at the top. And sometimes, against this terrorism from above there is no choice but terrorism from below. I grant you that this claim is always made, but it is not always true.

Penthouse: Is your goal to wipe out terrorism altogether, or is this distinction between legitimate and illegitimate terrorism an important one to you?

Hacker: My ultimate goal is to reduce the fear-producing mechanism designed to manipulate human behavior. To be morally justified in our severe treatment of terrorists, we must be prepared to treat them all alike. We must measure terroristic violence by governments in the same way that we measure terroristic violence *against* governments. Stalin was a bank robber before he became leader of Russia; so he was a terrorist from below who, through a change in the power structure, became a terrorist from above. The Nazis were bomb throwers for decades until they assumed power and became the great purveyors of law and order. So the difference between terrorism from above and terrorism from below is very often only one of power distribution.

Penthouse: Why have we experienced such an upsurge in terrorism over the past few years?

Hacker: Because terrorism has paid off. Modern terrorism is a thriving growth industry whereby, with relatively little investment, one can reap enormous returns in terms of publicity. If you figure the human sacrifice—excluding for the moment the Irish enterprise, which is more like a civil war—terrorism has demanded perhaps 1,500 or 2,000 lives in the last twenty or twenty-five years. Of course, the loss of even one human life is one too many, but compared with losses in warfare or ordinary crime, 2,000 lives is infinitesimal.

And yet, the success in gaining publicity and the consequent political success that have crowned some of these endeavors is enormous. The whole political atmosphere of the world has changed as a result of these terroristic actions. So, unfortunately, terrorism has proved itself to be an extremely useful and effective technique in drawing attention to certain things and in moving people who, according to the ter-

rorists' view, have turned a deaf ear and need bombs to be waked up.

Penthouse: Was the Vienna incident an example of that attention-getting technique?

Hacker: Let me start from the beginning. In September of 1973, two heavily armed young Arabs with Lebanese passports boarded a train in Czechoslovakia, seized several Soviet Jewish passengers whose tickets indicated they were bound for Israel, disembarked in Austria, and commandeered a small delivery van to the landing area of the Vienna airport at Schwechat. I happened to be in Vienna at the time and was summoned by the Austrian minister of the interior to participate in a crisis counsel that he had brought together, consisting of himself, the minister of justice, the head of the state police, and several other high-ranking security officials.

Penthouse: What were the terrorists' demands?

6

The trouble isn't
just that the public watches
too many cop shows.
The cops watch too many cop
shows, too.

,

Hacker: They wanted to take their hostages to an Arab country of their choice to exchange them for Palestinian brothers jailed in Israeli prisons. They also demanded a guarantee that all further transmigration of Soviet Jews through Austria to Israel be stopped immediately. Naturally, the terrorists had been refused permission to take off. So there they sat at the airport, threatening to blow themselves and all their hostages up if their demands were not met. When the crisis counsel convened, the director of national security had already been negotiating with the Arabs for half an hour, and the time limit on their first ultimatum was to run out within a few minutes.

Penthouse: What do the authorities try to do in a situation like that?

Hacker: The first thing we had to do was buy time. This, fortunately, proved to be relatively easy. Next, of course, we had to determine what the terrorists *really* wanted—in other words, just how much they'd be willing to compromise. Our crisis staff was in constant telephone contact with the airport. The Arabs seemed willing to talk—at least, most of the time. We considered various military alternatives and ruled them all out as unfeasible. Negotia-

tions dragged on for many hours. At one point the government negotiators, having nothing else to talk about, resorted to discussing the weather just to keep the Arabs talking.

Finally, the Austrian chancellor, Dr. Bruno Kreisky, suggested to the terrorists, via diplomatic channels, that, in exchange for unconditional, immediate release of the hostages, he might be willing to close down Camp Schönau, an old castle near Vienna used by the Jewish Agency as a transit refugee camp for Soviet Jews en route to Israel. Camp Schönau had long been a symbol, in the minds of the Arabs, of Austrian-Zionist duplicity.

At this point my colleague, Dr. Sluga, and I were asked whether we would be willing to take the risk of talking to the terrorists directly. The ministers wanted to know how dangerous the situation was at the moment, whether further negotiations were desirable, and whether we, as psychiatrists, could contribute anything by personal intervention. We jumped at the chance.

Penthouse: What was it like, talking to terrorists in action?

Hacker: I was standing beside the Arabs, who were in their car, all of us surrounded by the entire Austrian army with their guns trained on us! But after about ten minutes, a personal relationship was established, and it was just like talking to one of my patients in my office on Lasky Drive.

We talked for about forty minutes, during which several things became clear: (1) the terrorists had taken drugs that would enable them to stay awake for days; (2) they were disciplined, determined, and well trained; and (3) they were willing to die on the spot if necessary. At one point the terrorist leader told me, "I'm not important. I'm a soldier; I'm a commando. There are thousands like me. We are under orders. We are ready to die. We don't mind dying for Palestine. My comrade and I, we know that this is probably the last day of our lives. . ."

Penthouse: How did you advise the ministers?

Hacker: We told them that the terrorists represented a clear danger, one that was increasing with each passing minute as the terrorists and hostages grew fatigued and became more desperate. We recommended that negotiations be brought to a close as quickly as possible. Of course, negotiations dragged on for some time after that, but eventually the terrorists did agree to Dr. Kreisky's offer. The hostages were released unharmed, the terrorists were flown safely out of the country, and the government closed down Camp Schönau.

Penthouse: What was the public reaction?
Hacker: At first we were heroes. But the next day the exact opposite reaction set in, and we were the villains. We were the spineless surrender apostles with no guts. The chancellor, the government, and I were attacked viciously for having negotiated at all, for having yielded, and for having "aided and encouraged" the terrorists.

Penthouse: But when you negotiate with terrorists and eventually make concessions, including the terrorists' freedom, aren't you actually allowing the terrorists victory? Should we give terrorists what they want?

Hacker: Obviously, you can't always give them what they want. How can you give them Israel, for instance, without taking it away from the Jews? But you must accept them on an equal level, as negotiating partners. You must negotiate in good faith and keep your word.

Penthouse: What did you think of the handling of the Hanafi Muslim incident in Washington, D.C., last March?

Hacker: It seemed to me that Washington repeated the Vienna model; namely, they didn't go in and shoot. Law-enforcement forces in this country, for the first time in my memory, realized that they couldn't handle it by themselves. So they called in exactly the same people we had assembled in Vienna: the ambassadors who spoke the language, who were familiar with the religious views, who could talk to the terrorists. And they negotiated in good faith. I felt the whole thing was a brilliant success, in accord with the Vienna model.

Penthouse: But wouldn't you say that the lenient treatment that the Hanafi leader, Hamaas Abdul Khaalis, received right after the Washington incident can only encourage other would-be terrorists?

Hacker: What has happened since Washington? Khaalis was subsequently brought to trial and convicted, by the way. And have you seen a string of reoccurrences? No. But what happened after Indianapolis, earlier this year, when a man held a bank manager hostage for several days with a shotgun, made threats, negotiated over a long period of time with the authorities, and finally extracted a promise of immunity—which his lawyers had written up in legal form? As soon as he surrendered his hostage, the authorities said, "Well, now we've got you, and we're not going to keep our word." And almost immediately, in quick succession, there were at least seven other terroristic incidents around the country, all with the same basic modus operandi. So we can conclude this much: breaking promises does not prevent imitation of crimes, whereas keeping one's word does not—at least, not immediately—produce such "spin-off" crimes.

Penthouse: What about the media? Do they fan the flame?

Hacker: Terrorism is precisely the kind of thing the media crave. The mass media and terrorism are made for each other—if they didn't exist independently, they would have to invent each other. I don't mean to scapegoat the media, and certainly not the people in it. But right now, for whatever reasons, terroristic violence is glorified and showcased. When these incidents take place in the glare of publicity, the potential for violence is tremendously increased. One of the most important factors to consider in meeting the terrorist challenge is that of time and patience. And if the whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162



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SEX AT WEST POINT

The long, gray line is acquiring some strange curves.

BY JAIME MARDIS

"Okay, Sullivan," I said to the bartender at West Point's Hotel Thayer, the hotel where Mrs. Arthur MacArthur once stayed for four years to keep watch over young Douglas's cannonballing. "What's the scuttlebutt on sex and the Corps?"

"What scuttlebutt?" asked Sullivan, smoothing his hair behind his ears and tightening his bow tie.

"That's what I'm asking you," I spread my change across the bar like a wishful hand of cards. "I need a story."

Sullivan looked at the money and stifled a yawn. "I wish I knew one. But there just aren't any good dirty stories going around about cadets. Not that sex is *dirty*," he quickly added. "Just that cadets are clean. You know what I mean?"

"Wilco." I walked out of the Hotel Thayer into a darkly overcast autumn Saturday and trekked along the gothic battlements overlooking the gray swaths that the Hudson River below had cut through these granite highlands. I knew from my year at the Point that sex wasn't common here. But back then we had no women in the ranks.

We might not have had women, I reminisced, but we sure had hopes. Seven years ago to the month I had been appointed "rubber rep" of my company. A rubber rep was the plebe who was stupid enough to go to the PX to buy rubbers for the upper class. The duty had been a "haze" or a challenge, depending on how you looked at it, because Rubber Representation was illegal. Why? Because sex itself was illegal—or unauthorized—and paraphernalia associated with the illicit act were held equally suspect.

Consequently, many plebe reps were nailed in the line of duty in the PX by nosy officers, who always seemed to be there asking dumb questions about why their film hadn't been developed. The officers would overhear the nervous, naïve plebes querying shopgirls for the illicit merchandise,

and *bang!* Many a rubber rep thus went down the tubes and out on "The Area" to march off demerits, all in the name of sex (or in the hope of it). But not me.

I concede that it required a near honor violation for me to carry out my "orders" faithfully. The upperclassmen who commissioned the rep didn't expect him to succeed, nor were they so greatly upset by a failure, since the upper class seldom had a purpose—let alone a *hygienic* purpose—for the prophylactics. Still, I was dedicated.

In the great tradition, I had stuttered incoherently at my face-to-face debut with a shopgirl in the PX. Worse, I could not pronounce the civilian word for rubbers.

"Propane?" she'd kept asking. "Propane for your lighter?"

Finally a brassy major had stepped over with his little pack of Kodak prints. "What do you want, mister? Are you harassing this young lady?"

"No, sir."

"So then what do you want?"

"Duh . . . gentlemen's wear," I quibbled.

The major and the shopgirl had pointed simultaneously to the rear section of the PX. There, by whim of destiny, I indeed found my goods in a shady side of toiletries.

That night long ago at the company had been a grim one as I brooded over the honor violation. I had wangled out of a direct question from a superior officer, and this was a sin punishable by expulsion. I went to see the honor representative, a first classman, and confessed.

"We have a very serious quibble on our hands, Mardis," he'd said gravely. "I think it is relevant to know if you actually engaged in buying the devices."

I guiltily took off my hat and showed him the neatly folded, brown paper sack full of upperclassmen's rubbers.

The honor rep sighed autocratically. "This violation is somewhat complicated by

the facts that, technically, these devices are to be worn and, on the same line of thought, a gentleman would certainly defer to the situation, hence gentlemen's wear."

The honor rep stared me in the eye. "But most important, did the major in question ask you for any further specifics on the type of items you were seeking?"

"No, sir."

"Then we'll just let this bullshit go down the toilet, Mardis," the honor rep concluded. "Now give me my three Trojans."

I approached Grant Hall and the Parade Plain, swinging my umbrella merrily on memory lane. The Point looked the same save for a new building or two. Cadets strolled hither and thither in pairs, on Saturday privileges, clad in capelike raincoats. Now I stopped. What's that?—a cadet doubletiming right toward me with nothing on but boxer shorts under his raincoat?

Holy of holies, it was my first sighting of a female cadet. She wore a white skirt, not boxers, and she had on high heels. A few curls poking from beneath her hat. A big smile on her face. She seemed to be headed for the PX, down Thayer Road. Maybe she was the vibrator rep.

Screw Sullivan, I thought. I started after the female cadet, but the going was tough, since I was not used to double-timing. Don't believe what they say about women in high heels. This kid was doing thirty knots against a head wind. Past the parade bleachers, past Trophy Point, and down the cobblestone path by the captured British cannon, I followed her. I noticed other cadets picking up the scent. We were being led to Eisenhower Hall, the mammoth, sparkling new activities center.

Inside the hall, however, I was instantly nabbed by an upper-class guard wearing a saber. I tensed. Upperclassmen had



never particularly liked me back then.

"Are you a guest?" the guard frowned.

"You guested it," I told him.

"In that case," he frowned, "you'll find the umbrella rack to your left, sir."

"Why, thank you," I frowned, catching on after all these years.

Downstairs I went to the plebe social center, an enormous though charming arrangement. It looked like a Greenwich Village café multiplied by fifty and redecorated by an ex-marine working for Holiday Inn. But coffee was only ten cents, and they threw in as many stir sticks as you needed.

This seemed almost too easy. Female cadets were all over the place. Male cadets were all over the female cadets. It was dealer's choice. Applying singles-bars techniques, I walked a hundred yards to the nearest café table and made out like Dale Carnegie. The only difference was that I asked the girls for their ranks instead of their birth signs. Then I bought them all a round of ice-cream sundaes.

The guys around the table, as in any singles establishment (and cadets are all singles), didn't appreciate an intruder—particularly a two-fisted spender like me who would buy a perfect stranger a hot fudge sundae. Besides me, only a few civilians were visible in the large activities hall—Mom and Pop types who had brought Junior his write-up in the hometown express.

The stud man at the table, a wise guy with a good-conduct medal duly pinned to his dress gray tunic, decided to set me straight: "We don't mind answering civilian questions," he stated crisply, "as long as they are courteous and discreet."

"But I haven't asked you anything yet."

"This is our policy with reporters," he informed me, for that was what I told them that I was.

"Oh, shut up and let him ask a few questions," said a femme plebe who called herself Tommi "with an /." Cadet Tommi with an / was a cutie pie in the classic mold. In her gray tunic and neatly trimmed bangs, she reminded me of the bratty English schoolboy who's always putting a bullfrog in the headmaster's pudding.

As she explained how plebe women could date plebe men but not upperclassmen until they were upperclasswomen, I peeked under the table for a profile shot.

"Oh, I'm not wearing my skirtie today," she laughed. "I've been wearing trousers all the time, because this one platoon leader keeps hazing me."

"You mean he hazes your legs? How does he do that?"

Cadet Tommi looked at her sisters of the sword across the table and giggled. "He claims I don't shave my legs close enough. He says that if he has to shave every day, so do I. It's such a haze."

They told me the Corp's new "in-house" definition of dating. *Dating* is the act of socializing with a member of the opposite sex outside the line of duty.

"But—" said Cadet Marian across the table, "there are still a few kinks to be

worked out in the precise definition of socializing."

"I'll bet there are!" I said gleefully. This provoked disgruntled sneers from the male members of the party, but I went on excitedly. "And now let's talk about Public Display of Affection—you know, sex!"

"This is not a discreet and courteous question," snapped the bearer of the good-conduct medal.

I could only wonder what they'd been talking about before I'd arrived. Swapping rifle serial numbers or something. Yet no one seemed alarmed that I knew about Public Display of Affection. Perhaps they'd forgotten that in the real world no such laws exist.

PDA had always amused me as a regulation. The name in itself is fairly explanatory, and the regulation itself is brief, to the effect that an officer trainee will maintain decorous and exemplary standards pertaining to the application of his person in public circles. You learned the specific dos and

One West Point cadet
was caught getting a blowjob
and told the MP
to go away because a good
soldier never
leaves a job unfinished.

don'ts in indoctrination classes.

For instance, while promenading, a woman may take a cadet's arm but not his hand. She may kiss him once but never twice and never on the lips. If the woman happens to be a relative, she can get away with kissing him more than once ("Mother, please!"). But under no conditions can cadets ever return a kiss. As for PDA on the dance floor, a safe, decorous, and exemplary margin between dancers is about three army inches.

Still, there were exceptions. A cadet is free of any crime if by chance a woman brushes up against him as she passes through a door that he is holding open for her. He may also take exception to the rules when he shields her from excessively inclement weather or when he protects her from bodily harm.

All told, the only time a cadet can get a quick feel off his girl friend is when he's railroading her through a revolving door to escape a homicidal maniac in a snowstorm. That is a rare occasion.

Playing stupid, I asked Cadet Tommi with an / to explain Public Display of Affection. The meaning had remained intact. Yet Tommi baffled me when she followed up

with a slightly revised section of the Code of Social Behavior. "... And at all times a member of the U.S. Military Academy will act in a gentlemanly or ladylike manner."

"You mean they give you a choice now?" I looked around the group. "You mean you guys can curtsy now if you feel like it?"

Nobody laughed; so I shut up and listened to gossip about hard-nosed table commandants. They'd told me PDA never happened anyway, and it wasn't worth talking about. Boy, did I want to enlighten them about the old days. These plebes had it made sitting around hamming it up in their singles snack bar, but what about what my class went through? Desperate rascals. Repression, frustration, and depravity were our middle names. And to top it off, we were lonely.

Cadet Marian told a story. "That girl Lynn—in A-3—you know, the one with the gruff voice? Well, she was sitting as cold-beverage corporal this week, and these two third-classmen were hazing her to see who'd get his water first. Finally, she just poured the water right down the table, and that put an end to that. But this officer came by when one of the thirdies was still trying to haze her, and you should hear the slug he got! Forty hours!"

"What'd they write him up for?"

"Licking his glass in the presence of a female cadet."

"Wow!"

I'd begun to notice something peculiar about the cadets. They played with their zippers. Their coat zippers, that is. A dress gray jacket has a snappy two-way zipper hidden under the bold black stripe in front. The plebes at my table were having a zipping field day. Now here was something. Some people are into leather, handcuffs, and the like. Other people are into zippers.

I watched. Could these be gender signals? A quiet plebe named Rolf had been thundering his bottom zipper back and forth quite some time. The zips had started as uneventful two-inch round trips, but he was now up to a big eight inches and rising. Odd. The girl Marian was working on a melody with her zips, like zippity-do-dah. A lovers' concerto in zip minor. She'd unfasten her black, clerical-type collar and bring down the top zipper an inch, heave a breathy breath that made it go up, and then fondle the other zipper around her navel.

What were the signals saying to each other? Baby, please spit and polish me? Come inspect my bottom drawer? You make my whole body stand up and salute? I didn't know. In the old Corps we left our zippers alone. There was nothing to zip about.

"What's her name in the First Regiment—do you know what they finally did to her?" The plebes broke into private whispers and suppressed laughter. The quiet cadet, Rolf, nudged me. "They're discussing a case of PDA. I can tell you about it. But not here."

We went up to the billiards room, a new convenience for cadets, Rolf explained that some Presbyterians didn't play pool,

but he did. I racked the balls, and he broke.

"I was listening to your questions," Rolf said, miscuing on a simple side-pocket cut. He reached for the chalk, and I told him to take the shot over. "I am dating a girl cadet. This is confidential," he frowned.

"Yes," I frowned.

"Last week we went to the pizza parlor. No one knows, you see." I nodded. "It was Thursday," he continued. "We get an hour after supper and before study call on week nights. We plebes are allowed to go to the cadet pizza parlor if we like. It's an optional privilege."

"Go on, go on."

Cadet Rolf tried the side-pocket shot again and miscued again. He was nervous. I told him to take another shot. "Your cue's warped, Rolf. Here, you use my cue, and I'll use yours as a handicap."

"Do the rules say you can do that?"

"It says it right there in the *Broadway Shooters Manual*, first edition. Now tell me about the pizza parlor."

"It was our first date," Rolf sunk his shot with a flourish and made some bitter remark about the eight ball. "We didn't even hold hands," he told me. "It wouldn't have been authorized. But you can't expect too much the first time around, right?" I agreed noisily, and Rolf added "Especially on optional privileges."

"You've got the angles, Rolf. Now tell me about the PDA." He had his back turned; so I moved some of his balls closer to the pockets. Winning made him more talkative.

"Two plebes were caught doing it."

"A man and a woman," I confirmed.

"A guy and a girl," he reconfirmed. "Here at the Point we've got what is called the 'open-door policy.' That means that at any time two members of the opposite sex are in the same room, the door has to be left open. Even an officer has to leave the door open."

Rolf chalked up confidently, loosened the zipper on his dress-gray jacket, and stroked a beautiful corner shot. "Like I said, two plebes got caught doing it and in her room, too. A firstie caught them with the door closed. Believe it or not, a violation of the 'open-door policy' was the only thing they got written up for, because regulations don't actually say they couldn't do what they were doing."

"Just socializing, so to speak?"

"Five hours was all they got," he mocked. "I say that that firstie must have been lax, because *really*, when he got there and found them, that made it PDA ... even though PDA doesn't really apply to the barracks."

Rolf scratched his forehead; he seemed to feel cheated that the punishment hadn't been worse. "Sure, Public Display of Affection applies to public thoroughfares, and barracks aren't public. But gee ... if those two hadn't had the door closed, there might not have been any violation at all." Undoubtedly, Rolf was plotting out an encore for his next date at the pizza parlor. But he waved it off. "I still say that that firstie was lax. When he walked in, it was PDA, I tell



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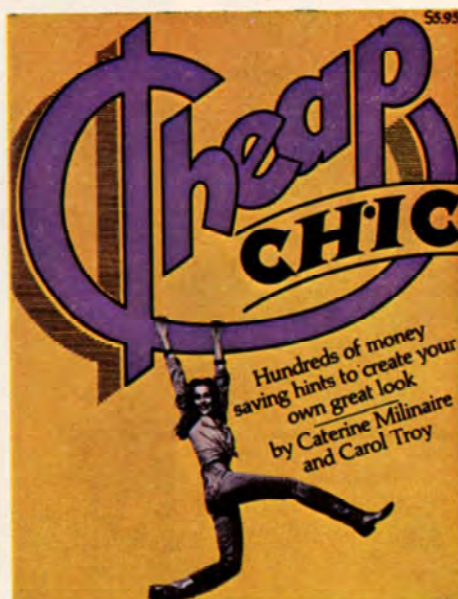
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you—plain as the nose on his face."

"Maybe the firstie was a voyeur?"

Rolf took a shot. "No, he was a platoon sergeant."

I went back to the Hotel Thayer for dinner and for reflecting on the afternoon's findings. The PDA affair bothered me, too. Surely the firstie could have spotted some other violations committed by the cadet lovers. For instance, I'm certain that the couple wasn't in complete uniform. I'll bet they didn't salute when he came in either, although perhaps the boy plebe might have gone to an erect position of attention. And then there is the room's inspection order. Why, if the upperclassman had attempted to bounce a quarter off the bed, I know that quarter wouldn't have bounced. It would have probably stuck, with a small *splat*.

Five hours' punishment on the Area—big deal. In civilian life you go through that much punishment just taking her out to dinner. I killed some time in the hotel lobby and met an upperclassman. He'd asked to borrow my comb in the men's room, and we struck up a conversation. Winter, apparently, is when the hanky-panky goes on. Lady guests in cars can be escorted by cadets to Target Hill Field, a notorious "parking area," and here PDA is often committed in private. Obviously, Flirtation Walk was a second choice, since you couldn't drive there.

"But why winter?" I asked him.

"Because the windows fog up, and if the officer in charge comes by, he can't see who you are."

"So he opens the door."

"Not if the doors are locked."

"It's that easy, huh?"

"It's that easy if you can find a girl friend who has a car and is willing to do it and willing to drive all the way up here in the middle of winter and stay over for the weekend."

"Which is not easy, I take it."

"I haven't met one yet," the cadet said saltily.

"Therefore . . ." I coughed, swallowed, raised my eyebrows, etc. "What do you do for sex?"

"Mister, I don't think that's a very respectful question."

In Eisenhower Hall I waited for Rolf to escort me to the Plebe Saturday Night Hop, or social. The center was teeming because of some Shakespeare performance. Across a row of sofas sat an upperclassman with a very attractive girl friend. The sight almost made me want to reenlist and get back in uniform.

Rolf appeared all decked out, with his hair parted in about three directions. I said, "Do you see that upperclassman over there with his date?"

"Sure, I see them."

"She's putting her fingers in his mouth."

"Huh? Yea, how about that? Look, if you want to be my guest at the hop, let's go. I hate to be late. All the girls get grabbed up

real fast here, and I think the Hostess Office got us some Vassar ones this week."

"Wait, Rolf. Now look at that. She's got half her hand in his mouth, and he's biting her fingers or something. That's Public Display of Affection, isn't it?"

"I guess it *could* be," he shrugged. "If I wanted to, I could write them up myself, because any classman can submit a violation report on any other classman if he sees a regulation being broken. But that's not PDA."

"Sucking hands in public isn't PDA? They're still doing it over there, too. I suppose she's just checking for cavities?"

"The hop—?" hinted Rolf, tugging urgently at his zipper.

The café tables had been rearranged in the activities center in order to allow a dancing space the size of Yankee Stadium. On the way down I'd seen a few cadets playing an intellectual game of *foosball*. The hop had a live band, and the cadets were hopping. (Some liberated Presbyterians play pool and dance.) Rolf hit the floor with a Vassar girl, and I stood back and watched a girl plebe doing the bump with none other than Mr. Good Conduct. Before long half the floor had aligned themselves into a split-T formation and were doing what I had seen advertised on TV as the *military hustle*.

That's the one where everybody lines up and dances in cadence . . . two steps right, shake your boogie, three steps left, wiggle

your wigwam . . . one step forward, kick and spin, three steps backward, and do the hustle. I was awestruck and fell back into a chair to watch. It was if Fred Astaire had been made commandant of cadets all of a sudden.

I thought of Douglas MacArthur's farewell address. I thought of Lee and Grant at Appomattox. I thought of duty, honor, country, and of repression, frustration, and depravity. These kiddos were having the time of their lives. Whatever happened to the cadet who got caught being blown by his girl friend in the chapel bushes and told the MP to go away, because a good soldier never leaves a job unfinished? Whatever happened to the guy who got a hard-on in ranks every time his rifle was inspected and was written up each time for improper posture? Whatever happened to raping virgin peanut butter with your fist? What happened to the plebe caught jacking off on the Parade Plain?

I tapped a plebe who was grooving discreetly and courteously to the music. "Hey, pal, you ever get nominated as the rubber rep of your company?"

"Excuse me, sir? What? I do not think I understand."

"Did you ever . . . Ah, skip it." I left the hop, feeling like a relic of the past. It was clear I was out-moded, outdated, and maybe even outclassed. But old rubber reps never die. They just get bent out of shape. ☐



"I think the food was better when you were the governor."





THE 20 WORST

COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS OF 1977-78

Is your school on our list?
Read what happens when a college
insists on academic standards
for potential players.

Compiling a list of the nation's top twenty college football teams is about as difficult as predicting the shape of a full moon. With surprisingly few exceptions, the top twenty this year were the top twenty last year and will be the top twenty next year—and were the top twenty twenty years ago. The cast rarely changes: Alabama, Maryland, Michigan, Nebraska, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Oklahoma, Penn State, U.C.L.A., U.S.C., and selected survivors of the epic football wars waged each autumn in Texas. When was the last time such schools *weren't* part of the top twenty?

The true pigskin prophet therefore doesn't waste his time on so self-evident a pursuit as predicting the top twenty. A much more demanding test of precognition awaits the sporting oracle who is bold enough to tell America which of its schools will field college football's *worst* twenty teams. Such an unprecedented undertaking calls for a football forecaster of unquestioned wisdom, courage, compassion, and prescience. Luckily, *Penthouse* was able to find a gridiron guru who possesses all four of those qualities.

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

I refer, of course, to myself. Even for me, however, the job wasn't a snap. In addition to devoting weeks to solemn divination, I also felt it necessary to consult with other sporting visionaries, among them bookies, touts, gamblers, and journalists. Along the way I gradually learned the innermost secrets of inferior college football. Roger Stanton, editor-publisher of *Football News*, told me that at least three ingredients must be present before a college can assure itself of a steady diet of losing football. "In addition to poor coaching," he said, "you need an alumni association that doesn't much care for the sport and a college administration that will be satisfied having a football team that's always a small fish in a big pond."

Charly Blue, a high-rolling Los Angeles connoisseur of college football, had a simpler answer. "You just make sure there's no money for recruiting," he said. "If you can't get a coach on the road, you won't have a team at home."

Danny Sheridan, a nationally known football prognosticator, was even more succinct in his explanation. "If you want to wreck a college football program," he said, "all you have to do is establish high academic standards."

In other words, the worst football today is played by institutions that more or less measure up to the traditional standards of amateur sport. Helped by this knowledge, I was soon able to foresee the identities of America's most maladroit college football teams:

(1) Texas Christian
T.C.U. enters the 1977 season knowing that its football team can't possibly get worse. In 1976, you see, T.C.U. was 0-11—the only major college in America to achieve that singular honor. That came as a shock to the team's fourteen fans, for it was well below the form T.C.U. had displayed during the 1974 and 1975 campaigns, when it posted identical records of 1-10. This year, however, T.C.U. has a new head coach, only its fifth since the start of the seventies. The newest sacrificial lamb is a gentleman named F. A. Dry, who comes to Fort Worth directly from the University of Tulsa, where his teams won four straight Missouri Valley Conference championships. That's not exactly comparable to winning a Southwest Conference title: aside from Tulsa, West Texas State—with a 6-5 finish in 1974—was the only other Missouri Valley Conference team to log a single winning season during the past four years. But why jinx the man? His new team's holdovers include All-SWC receiver Mike Renfro, starting quarterback Jimmy Dan Elzner, and two seasoned backup throwers. Unfortunately, the holdovers also include seven starting members of a defensive unit that last year gave up 430 points and 4,763 yards. In addition to having the worst football team in the nation, T.C.U. also has the dubious distinction of the worst team nickname: The Horned Frogs. Maybe that's why decent ball-players enroll elsewhere.

(2) Hawaii

No one can accuse the University of Hawaii of not being ambitious. Over the years the school has continuously upgraded its football schedule and has finally banished such foes as Puget Sound, Lewis and Clark, U.S. International, Cal Lutheran, and three standbys that always sounded like a single Washington law firm—Linfield, Whitworth, and Parsons.

For 1977, Hawaii has put together the toughest schedule in its history, but the results may make Honolulu residents want to secede from the mainland. The Rainbow Warriors, 3-8 last year, finished the season in mortifying style: after being drubbed 59-0 by lowly Oregon State, they were humiliated by Nebraska, 68-3, in the worst college rout of 1976. When we consider the shellackings that Hawaii suffered at the hands of San Jose State (48-7) and Texas A&I (56-21), it's clear that it just isn't ready to meet ten NCAA Division 1 schools. It will shortly become clearer. Hawaii will again

In addition to having the
worst football team,
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has the worst
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Horned Frogs.

have to make do without a first-rate quarterback, and with seven starters missing from last year's second-rate attack unit, the offense will be fourth-rate at best. Most of last season's defensive crew are returning, but, as might be gathered from Hawaii's 1976 performance, that's not saying much. About all that can be said for the Rainbows is that they're the same size as their opponents.

(3) Rice

A number of football experts will tell you that Rice is the most pitiful college team of 1977, but they're wrong. Rice is the *third* most pitiful college team of 1977. One reason for this is probably the school's proximity to T.C.U.: Fort Worth, after all, isn't that far away from Rice's Houston campus. A more important reason is that quarterback Tommy Kramer has graduated to the Minnesota Vikings, and last year, even with the nation's leading collegiate passer, the Owls were able to win only three of eleven contests. The coach of Rice is Homer Rice, and Rice, the coach, knows that Rice, the football team, is going to have a ghastly time replacing an All-American quarterback and eleven other departed starters. As if

that weren't enough, the Owls must also contend with a tougher schedule, but at least they'll meet T.C.U. to determine which of the two teams is the more lamentable. Call it the Wretched Bowl and maybe ABC will televise it coast-to-coast. You may call it what you will; but if the Owls get past T.C.U. and somehow go on to match last year's record, they'll definitely be a credit to their Rice.

(4) Virginia

Yes, Santa Claus, there is a Virginia. So why haven't you brought any presents? For instance, a decent football team. Last year the overly chivalrous Cavaliers were 2-9, and only if you believe in Santa can you believe that the Cavs will do better in 1977. Two developments are responsible for Virginia's poor showing: the rest of the Atlantic Coast Conference keeps getting stronger, and Virginia—the ACC's perennial door-mat—keeps getting weaker. This season will prove no exception. Second-year coach Dick ("when I took this job, I inherited nothing") Bestwick has faced up to the unenviable task of refilling every skilled position on an offensive unit stripped clean by graduation. As we went to press, the quarterback job was up for grabs among no less than eight candidates. The team's ground game is also an unknown: Virginia's leading returning runner, Skip Browning, gained all of 102 yards last season. The defense, however, promises to remain consistent, which is to say that it will again be awful. Last year's Cavs gave up 416 yards per game, and all of those shocked troops (save one) are back to absorb more punishment. Not by coincidence, Virginia's most valuable player this year will be punter Russ Henderson. A real horror show.

(5) Cornell

Do you want a lousy team? Well, then, take Cornell. After all, every one of the Big Red's opponents will probably be as bad this fall. Cornell football has declined so rapidly and so drastically that this year the school actually went out and hired itself a real head coach. Bob Blackman comes to the shores of Lake Cayuga after spending the last six years at Illinois and the previous sixteen at Dartmouth, where he led the Indians to seven Ivy League titles. Good luck to you, Bob, because you'll need it: Cornell comes off a 2-7 season with a grand total of exactly one returning lineman. If that conjures up visions of Cornell ballcarriers being hacked to death as they gain five-sixths of a yard per carry, and if that also conjures up visions of enemy runners stumbling over the faces of wiped-out Big Red tacklers, you're obviously on the right track. While you're at it, you might want to sing along to an old, lied tune:

Far above Cayuga's waters,
There's an awful smell.
Some say it's Cayuga's waters,
Some say it's Cornell.

Trust us: it's Cornell.

The Cyclamate of Pop



Letterforms By Craig Carl

If the FDA has banned saccharin, why is
Barry Manilow's sweet-'n'-low music still available to the public?
He writes the sludge.

"A lot of people would give their right ball for what I have," says Barry Manilow as he munches on iced shrimp served on a silver tray. In his luxurious, antique-filled suite at the Beverly Wilshire in Los Angeles, Barry leans back into an overstuffed, pale pink sofa. He's dressed in all-white: a clinging white sweater, tight, white pants covering what he calls his "flat ass," and his white, patent-leather shoes that reflect it all. Sitting there, Barry Manilow is a vision in Jean Harlow white, a pop wedding cake of a superstar, his blindingly white presence accented by a tiny necklace that floats a gold star on his tanned neck.

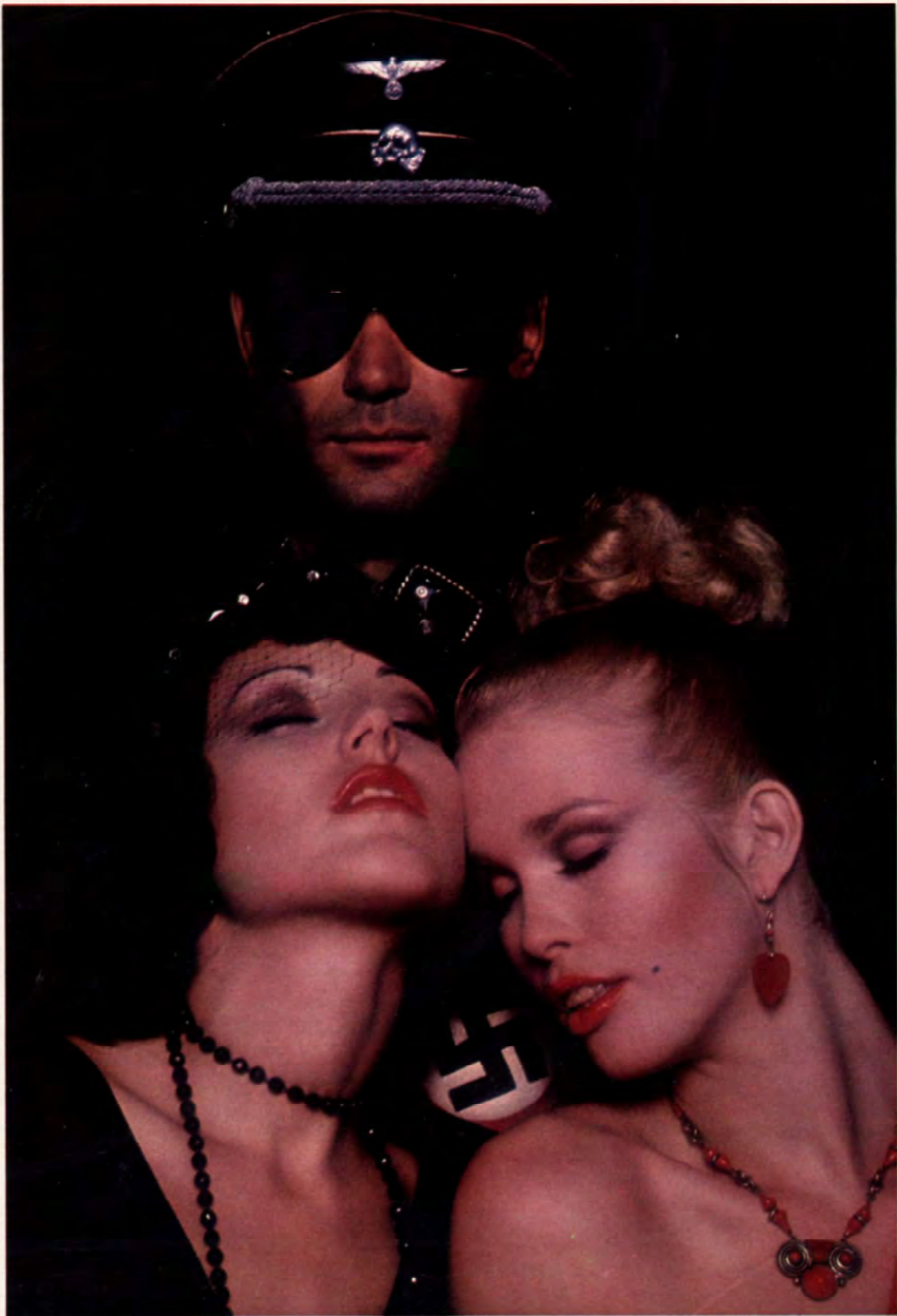
But what exactly does Barry Manilow have? Commercial

success, for one thing. In two years this singer/songwriter/arranger has sold 11 million records, won *Photoplay* and Tony awards, been voted top male pop vocalist by *Record World* and *Billboard*, and aired an ABC special (sponsored by Kraft cheese) that received better ratings than "The Waltons," "All in the Family," and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," leaving the specials of Diana Ross and Neil Diamond in the ratings' dust.

But there are some things about Barry Manilow that most people wouldn't give either their right or their left ball for: varying shades of blond hair and a rise to superstardom that has, according to one of his many former publicists, "... made his mouth too big. Barry's become his own worst enemy.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 168

BY HENRY POST





Ladies' wardrobe and jewelry courtesy of Eclectigara, West Hollywood, Calif.

ANY SPORT IN A STORM (TROOPER)

It was December 1944, but it seems like yesterday. I was in Kleist, en route to Belgium with General Dietrich's Sixth Panzer Division. The *schloss* of the notorious Countess Von Jaeger had been put at our disposal for the night, but as I arrived late, due to a torrential downpour, I thought it improper to disturb the charming aristocrat and her young charges. I had settled into my rooms when I heard strange noises above the storm . . . noises that came from behind the bookcase. I will

never forget the way the wall parted, a sliver of light, the gleam of cold jewels against warm flesh, the streamlined power of young bodies, and the way my fear changed to excitement at the sight of them. Two girls, one dark, one fair, with long, tawny bodies barely clad. Sensuous kittens in silk stockings. The beauty of the Von Jaegers was legendary, but I was not prepared for the nubile radiance of the two young vixens. The war had been strange, but never so strange as this apparition.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Uta, the dark one, spoke first. "We have come to welcome you to our ancestral home, Herr Lieutenant." Her voice was a mere whisper. "Marta, show the lieutenant how grateful we are to be able to do our part for the Third Reich." Marta moved closer to the fire. I could see she was breathing deeply and a moist film of excitement had formed on her upper lip. Her breasts, like those of her little cousin, were perfect orbs of flesh. Her nipples stood erect, and her mist of pubic hair was golden, whereas her cousin's was dark. "You are very handsome, Herr Lieutenant" was all she said. I felt myself grow hard beneath my uniform. "We wanted to make sure you were comfortable," said Uta, moving closer. But when she placed her hand on the cold metal of my gun, I reacted automatically, pushing her down with my crop. A look of pain crossed Marta's face. "You don't trust us," she said. She knelt by her cousin on the floor and comforted her with kisses.



I watched Marta as she caressed her cousin's breast. Her tongue followed the course of the slender body, finding sanctuary in the velvet space between her legs. Uta moaned. I was delirious with the pleasure of watching them. Uta took my crop between her teeth. "Join us," she pleaded and returned to her pleasures. Marta grasped my hand and pulled me down between them. Their soft flesh glistened with their lovemaking, and the

scent of them filled my nostrils. Marta undressed me as Uta covered me with kisses and tiny bites. She found my instrument and placed it in her mouth, her heaving breasts rubbing against me as she moved up and down. Hungrily, I found Marta's creamy cleft and drank deeply of her juices. Her grateful body convulsed with powerful spasms of joy. The three of us melted into a single, throbbing knot of moist passion.







Uta, with a re-sounding sigh of satisfaction, raised herself from our bodies.

She took my hat and leather crop. "Now I am the lieutenant," she cried, and a small, deep laugh escaped from her. "You will obey me. Hear my orders," she said, laughing once again. "Please her," she cried, and I felt the fateful flick of her crop.





Uta was an implacable mistress, but Marta and I were willing victims. "Mount her," she ordered, and the swish of her leather raised hellish welts upon my buttocks. I knew my military career had taken an auspicious turn. With each cut of the tawse I braced myself for the victory I would bring home to these charming vixens of the Reich. Tonight was to be the first triumph of the Battle of the Bulge.

○+■



DR. HACKER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

nation is watching on television, you're under a lot of pressure to get it over with.

The best example, of course, was the Symbionese Liberation Army shoot-out in Los Angeles, which happened—by coincidence—on prime-time television and took exactly one hour. Maybe that was why the time given by the police officers between the first warning and the final assault was between twenty and forty seconds. Anybody with experience would say that, first, you should try for time: two hours, four hours, maybe much longer, since the SLA were in the house and couldn't get away. But when the TV cameras are trained on such things, everybody expects a resolution similar to that in the television shows where the FBI catches the criminal within the course of half an hour or an hour. The police are almost under a compulsion to get it over with. The trouble isn't just that the public watches too many cop shows; the cops watch too many cop shows, too.

Penthouse: Then, do you favor some form of censorship?

Hacker: Well, I'm glad that my suggestion was recently taken up by Ambassador Young and President Carter, who want to have the Supreme Court study the extent to which some type of media control might be compatible with the First Amendment.

I don't favor compulsory censorship, but I do believe there are certain limits to the public's right to know. Let's take the hypothetical situation in which an important public figure has a heart attack in a public place. Now, that is certainly a reportable event. But suppose the television cameras block access of the ambulance to the patient. Certainly, the man's right to immediate medical attention supersedes the public's right to know "the details."

I favor specific voluntary restraints on the media. There should be an absolute prohibition of presenting an ongoing terrorist event. Only a simple, informal agreement is necessary. There is not at this very moment a TV camera installed in the office of the president or in the Senate or the courts; and the progress of an ongoing terroristic action should similarly be kept off the airwaves. Certainly, the public has the right to know what's going on in the White House, but presumably the president says to the media, "Come back later, because with you here right now I can't get the work done." The police should say the same thing.

It's interesting that after I became well known for advocating these sorts of media controls, I was asked by the Austrian government to advise them on the problem of pornography, because in many respects it's a very similar problem. What I discovered, to my amazement, was that it is precisely those people who are most vociferous in demanding laws against pornography, because it might be "imitated," who are lenient about showing violence.

Penthouse: Some people believe that

many terrorists are trained by, and working for, the Russian KGB. Do you agree?

Hacker: I think it's a total myth. Marxist-Leninist conspiracies have explained many things to our local crime fighters for years, but I think recent events, such as the Hariri incident, have exploded it. Terrorism is not a prerogative of the Left.

Penthouse: You were the first person to publicly predict that Patty Hearst would begin to identify with her SLA captors, weren't you?

Hacker: Yes, I was. After my first visit with the Hearst family, as an adviser, I suggested that, under the circumstances, it would not be surprising to see Miss Hearst begin to identify with her captors and feel an emotional attachment to them. Upon my second visit to the Hearst mansion, I was very icily received. When we finally talked about it, Mrs. Hearst said that her daughter was really of a different fiber from all these airplane hostages and so forth, and that this certainly couldn't happen with their

There are certain limits to the public's right to know. . . . For example, there should be an absolute prohibition of presenting an ongoing terrorist event.

daughter. And while we were talking about it, the second tape arrived and proved my point. In fact, this development seemed so striking to them that from then on I was a guru around the Hearst mansion—I could say nothing wrong. It was not only embarrassing; it was *dangerous*, because the FBI believed for a while that I was in cahoots with the SLA!

Penthouse: Weren't you a little surprised, though, that Patty's conversion induced her to join her captors?

Hacker: Yes, and I'm convinced it was the result of coercive thought control. It doesn't take much to brainwash somebody. The combination of great danger, extreme isolation, probable physical violence, and the formation of strong emotional ties with the members of the group all resulted in her total identification with them. Now, in an age where we have this occurring thousands of times with all religious groups—the Moon children and so forth—it shouldn't surprise anybody that the brainwashing process could be successful in a matter of weeks.

Penthouse: For a year after the shootout in Los Angeles, though, Patty Hearst remained underground. Why did it take her

so long to "come to her senses"?

Hacker: First of all, she was still in contact with some of the remaining members with whom she strongly identified. Also, loyalty to one's dead comrades is a very strong glue. She even stated at her arrest that she was a "professional urban guerilla." I think she very sincerely participated in her new identity. It was not just a journalistic expression—at that time she was Tania. The killing of all her friends only fortified her feelings of loyalty.

Penthouse: What does the term *brainwash* actually mean?

Hacker: The term *brainwash* is very inexact. The cleansing phase, in which the "dirt and pollution" of former beliefs is washed out, is only the first phase, after which the more important one starts, namely, the *brain impressing*. The most frightening thing about it is that this thought coercion is *not* magical or occult or in any way mysterious. In many respects it only repeats the process of education; it establishes what sociologists call the "total institution." The total institution is one where the masters of that institution control all informational input and especially control all interpretations. They also have total control over reward and punishment, including control over life and death. With that kind of control, you can do almost anything with a person through "selective sensory deprivation"—by giving him only a certain type of stimuli and fortifying it with threats.

The process is always the same. First, sensory deprivation, the "emptying out" of the mind achieved by isolation or other torture to create confusion and helplessness. Then, indoctrination; after dislodging the old personality, you begin to give the subject an indoctrination scheme that shows who his friends are and denounces his former associates. The third phase, as every educator knows, is something psychologists call "internalization," meaning that the demands of the parents or—in this case—the demands of the brainwashers become part of the victim's personality. Once internalization has been firmly established, you can let your prisoner go.

It doesn't take much skill; you don't have to know all these terms in order to practice them. The SLA practiced all of them. People shouldn't be smug and believe that this could happen only to a weak and silly girl who didn't have the right upbringing. The same thing, in one form or another, could happen to anybody.

Penthouse: There's been a lot of controversy over a process called "de-programming," whereby members of certain cults, most notably the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, are divested of their beliefs and brought back to a "normal" consciousness. How do you feel about de-programming?

Hacker: I'm completely opposed to it, as I am opposed to all forms of coercive thought control. You know, it reminds me somewhat of the Patty Hearst case in that, on her tape addressed to Steven Weed, she claimed that it wasn't *she* who had



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been brainwashed, but Steven Weed and the Hearsts—brainwashed by the FBI! Mr. Ted Patrick, who started the whole thing, and Michael Trauscht, the Arizona attorney who now wants to do it legally, call what they want to do "de-programming." Everybody has a tendency to call the imposition of his own views the natural thing. But if somebody comes in and imposes another view—that's "programming," from which the person has to be rescued by "de-programming."

It's exactly the ideology by which totalitarian countries defend themselves. Coercive thought control culminates when the subject feels that he now finally sees the truth, that he has found his true self. What's really abject slavery is experienced as tremendous liberation.

Penthouse: In a sense, though, when Patty Hearst's parents said that the SLA had brainwashed her, weren't they saying about the same thing that the de-programmers are now saying about the Unification church?

Hacker: Ah, but the great difference is that Patty Hearst was a victim at first. Whereas the Moon children went there voluntarily to subject themselves to that kind of pressure, Patty Hearst was dragged away screaming. This, I think, makes all the difference in the world.

Penthouse: But isn't the Unification church guilty of the same thing? Don't they use coercive thought control in the same way

that the so-called de-programmers do?

Hacker: The Unification church certainly employs thought control, but I don't think it has the means of applying much coercion. Of course, within the church totalitarian methods are used, and therefore the church doesn't meet with my approval. But it's not coercive thought control, because they don't have the means to apply coercion—just as the Nazi party in America does not have the means of coercive control over its members, and therefore I'm all for letting it do whatever it does. However, if the Nazis ever approach the kind of power that could compel anybody, allowing them to establish the kind of coercive regime that they established in Germany, I would fight to the death to eliminate them. The element of coercion makes a great deal of difference, you see.

Penthouse: What did you think of the decision, in San Francisco, granting conservatorship custody of adult Moonies to their parents?

Hacker: I considered it a dangerous precedent. You cannot defend freedom by using means that abrogate and destroy freedom. I believe that freedom is always risky behavior and that you have to take chances. Even for the best purpose, you can't afford to use the kind of methods you most abhor.

Penthouse: So far we've been discussing almost exclusively a particular kind of terrorism, the kind involving hostages, de-

mands, negotiations, and so forth. What about the larger, indiscriminate type of urban guerrilla terrorism, involving mass or anonymous targets? What are the chances, for instance, of a dedicated group of terrorists getting hold of a nuclear device, and how much damage could such a group do?

Hacker: An incredible amount of damage. I think that urban guerrilla warfare is indeed a danger, mainly because terrorism up to now has been so spectacularly successful. I can easily imagine all sorts of disgruntled groups, such as the Puerto Rican Independence Movement and other people who feel they have been unjustly treated, using the techniques of urban guerrilla warfare. We have to assume that they will make use of all the improved technology, including the use of atomic material or at least the threat of it. There are already instruction manuals circulating among these radical groups that outline how it could be done.

Penthouse: What can an urban center do right now to protect itself from such events?

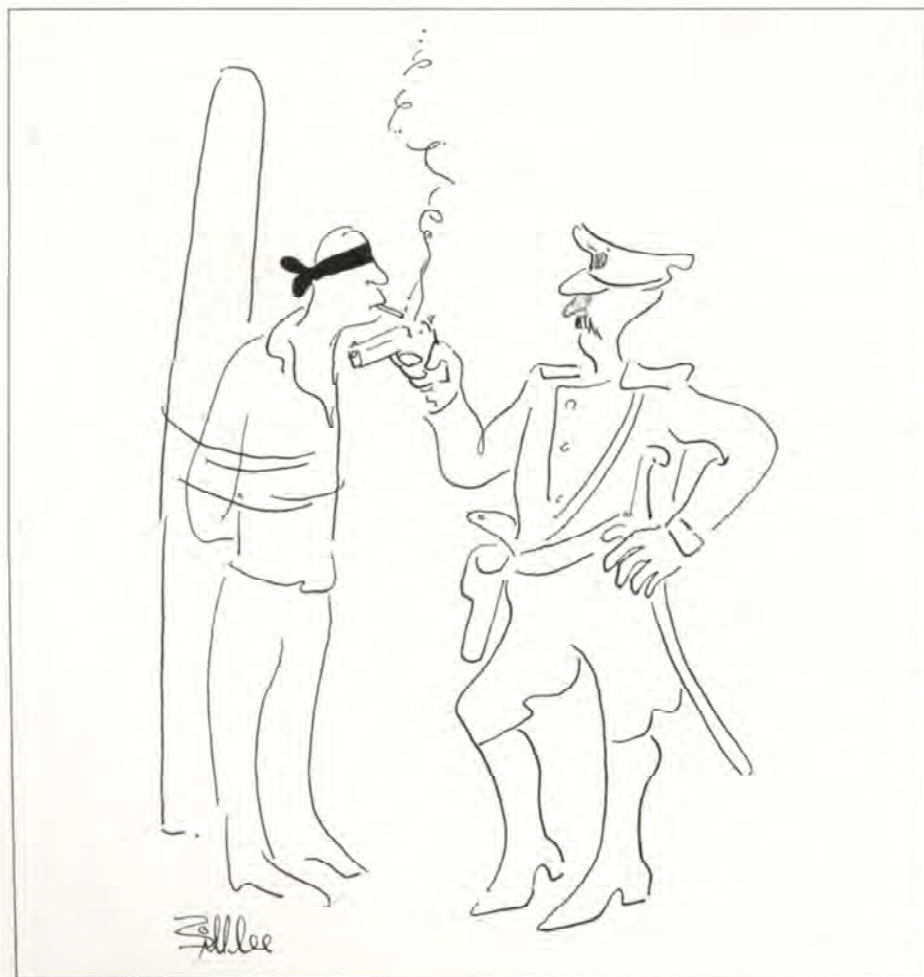
Hacker: This side of a police state, there is no way we can realistically prevent the possibility of such things happening. The only thing we can do is to create an atmosphere conducive to negotiation. When you think in terms of nuclear weapons, it's particularly foolish to refuse to negotiate with terrorists. Imagine a group of terrorists disclosing, credibly, that they are flying over New York with an atom bomb. Are you going to say, "Sorry, I can't talk to you because it's against my principles"? It would be absurd.

Rather than close our eyes to it and say it will never happen, we have to work out methods for defusing the danger. It can be done only by social policy. We have to know that cops do something other than shoot. There should be some general principles that we abide by that have to do with the overall principle of using violence as a last resort only. In dealing with terrorists, I believe there are only two things that should be absolutely nonnegotiable: providing of further arms and the "turning over" to them of people notably hostile to their cause. Everything else should be negotiable—at least, in principle.

In my opinion, we have to begin with two broad assumptions. First, we have to stop flirting with the idea of a police state as a feasible possibility. And, second, we have to wholeheartedly attempt to remedy unjust social conditions.

When the terrorist challenge arises, we must never shoot first, never break confidence, and at all costs avoid humiliating our opponent.

I hope it can someday be said that the one fringe benefit gained from all this terrorism was that we learned how to depend on the techniques of civilization—negotiation, compromise, and the mutual matching of interests—rather than on the primitive idea that to win an argument, you have to shoot it out with your opponent until one of you is destroyed. 



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WRAP AROUNDS

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FRANK LAFFITTE

FASHION BY
ED EMMERLING

The reasons for the overcoat revival are not too difficult to discern—the coldest winter in years and the need for a dressier, traditionally flavored coat to top off the elegant suits that men are wearing once again.

Designers have returned to the 1930s for inspiration. Taking the cue from the true classics of that era, the silhouette today is somewhat looser and

(at left) The new shawl-collared wool polo coat (about \$135) by B. Teller of Vienna. Silk scarf by Liberty of London. The dacron-polyester, gabardine all-weather coat with wool lining (about \$115) comes from Johnny Carson by Gleneagles. The vested suit of Klopman texturized polyester (about \$150) is by Johnny Carson Apparel; wool scarf by Handcraft; shirt by Egon Von Furstenberg; silk knit tie by Rooster, sunglasses by Cool-Ray; both men's gloves by Crescendo for Christian Dior

has a longer line. Wools dominate the fabric scene, and lightened earth tones set the color pace. Camel, as always, is out in front.

At a still higher level, some designer lines are once again showing suede with fur-trim coats, particularly raccoon and coyote, to catch the eye of the trend-setting man with a view from the top.



(at left) The wool herringbone-cotton poplin reversible steamer coat (about \$175) is teamed with the wool herringbone sport coat (about \$150) in an ensemble by Jeffrey Banks for Nik-Nik Clothing. The long suede wrap coat of split calf-skin with rabbit-fur lining and raccoon collar (\$1,800) is by Yves St. Laurent Clothing, Inc. The tie is by Egon Von Furstenberg. Her natural silver-fox cape coat is designed by Jerry Sorbara. The jewelry is by Gindi, N.Y. Her hair is styled by Vincent Nardi of Nardi Salon, N.Y.

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MANILOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

This whole star thing has gone to his head. Now he's sure that he's not only a singer-composer but a TV star and a movie star-to-be. And worse than that, he doesn't know when to shut up."

"I'm even bigger than Elton," Barry proudly announces as he lifts another piece of iced shrimp to his mouth. He smiles and looks at his patent-leather shoes. "Sometimes I can't believe it all. I was nothing four years ago. And now! Shit. There's the TV special. My own TV special! And then there are movie offers. My God! And all this is happening to me."

But four years ago it wasn't all happening for Barry Manilow. He was Bette Midler's piano player and musical director, and before his eyes that little redhead became a superstar. "Every night I watched her fans screaming, 'More! More! More!'" he recalls. "She was a sensation." And after each show Barry smiled at the show business heavies who passed him by on their way to the Divine Miss M's dressing room. As Rona Barrett put it at the time, "There are some stars that happen spontaneously, like Bette Midler and Jonathan Livingston Seagull."

But Barry knew that the Divine Miss M. was the same old difficult Bette he'd first worked with at New York's best-known homosexual bath house, the now-defunct Continental Baths. Barry also knew that as her arranger he was the prime musical force behind her act. It was he who arranged and produced most of her early recording, including Bette Midler's only hit single, "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy." And it was his piano playing that formed the basis for her most effective ballads. If she could become a star, why couldn't he? After all, he was difficult, too, and certainly as talented as a goddamned seagull.

And so Barry was hooked. "Once you start thinking about yourself as a star, you've had it. I had to leave Bette. Sure I was nervous then. Like when I did that solo spot at the start of Bette's second act, I used to throw up before I went on. Of course, I didn't have much support from the Midler people. The only one who was good to me was Woosie [Bette's road manager]. He'd tell me everything would be okay. I really needed that then, too."

After recording an unsuccessful album for Bell Records, Barry Manilow hit the road on his own. He was taking a risk, because his act, which toured small clubs across the country, was losing him about \$4,000 a week. The financial drain was offset by his lucrative work in jingle writing and arranging. (He performed "You Deserve a Break Today" for McDonald's.)

"I knew I could do it," Manilow now remembers, "even when it looked like all my money was gone, when it seemed I'd have to stop." Determined, he forged on, borrowing the Midler formula by hiring the Harlettes, an irreverent and foul-mouthed trio

who were Bette's backup girls. "Barry Manilow become a star?" one of them remarked at the time. "Don't make me laugh."

Certainly to the Midler crowd Barry, or as they nicknamed him, Verry Vanilla, was just too tight-assed, square, and drippy. They wanted another Bette Midler or at least a butch version of her. And Barry hardly fit that bill. The Harlettes were certain that his attempt at stardom was doomed, and they were particularly sickened by the first romantically overcome teenager who rushed the singer during a show in Boston. Clutching roses, the girl cried out her lifelong devotion to Barry until stagehands dragged her offstage. At that instant, one of the Harlettes burst into laughter so uncontrollable that urine began trickling down her leg. "Barry turn on girls?" she screamed in her quick exit from the stage.

No one suspected that Barry would cause such reactions, certainly not the Harlettes, who were later fired, and not even the singer himself. "I was certainly just as

We all know that
pop music
is really just selling
jingles to
thirteen-year-olds going
through puberty.

surprised as anyone," Barry recalls. "I mean, I was forced to hire bodyguards—bodyguards to protect me from girls! Not that the star has anything against little girls. As his manager, Miles Lourie, describes it, "We all know that pop music is really just selling jingles to thirteen-year-olds going through puberty." And with even greater insight into the success of Barry Manilow, Lourie claims, "The real art of a career is longevity." "Mandy" was that first jingle that sold for Barry Manilow. But before "Mandy" there was Clive Davis, the famed egocentric record-company head who was knocked from his king-pin position at Columbia Records when a payola scandal blew wide open in 1972. Davis got back into the record business via his takeover at Bell Records (now Arista) and giving Barry Manilow and the newly transformed Arista Records their first big hit record, "Mandy." In discussing that hit, Manilow's coproducer, Ron Dante, says, "Clive was coming off a real bummer when he reentered the record business and took over Bell Records. I can understand it, I guess. But Barry and I were the first thing that happened successfully for him. And he wanted too much credit, much too much credit."

Clive Davis tells the story somewhat differently, as though he were the first to spot Manilow's talent. "I don't relish talking about this," he says, "but it is my track record. I knew that Barry needed a hit single." True, it was Davis who suggested that Manilow record an up-tempo English hit called "Brandy." "Brandy" became "Mandy," but the singer didn't hear it as an up-tempo hit. Davis listened to Manilow's version in the studio and "wanted more." Dante and Manilow tried everything. They upped the strings and the back beat. "It sounded preposterous to me then," says Barry, "like 'Ave Maria.'" But Davis still wanted more and took a copy of the Manilow-Dante version into the studio, where, according to Dante, he "spent a night yelling at some poor engineer." And the next morning "Clive called and said, 'Okay, we'll go with your version.'"

Eight weeks later "Mandy" was number one. And as they say in the record business, Manilow's career had broken wide open. While Dante and Manilow are both eager to give Davis the credit for bringing them the song, they were less than happy when Davis announced that he was taking a producer's credit.

"But what could we do? We were nothing then," confides Dante. "This was Clive Davis. But I was hurt. I know Barry was, too. What we should have done is said no then. We didn't. We made a mistake."

Davis's name appears on the forty-five as executive producer. But on the album, he is listed as "guide." When the Grammy Awards called to clear up the confusion, Dante says, "We thought, 'Why rock the boat?' And so we let Clive have the credit and sit with us as coproducer at the Grammy Awards."

"No, Clive didn't produce 'Mandy,'" Barry now states, having remained, until now, close-mouthed on the subject. "I don't care what he says, he didn't produce 'Mandy.'" Barry Manilow is emphatic on this point and emphasizes it by stressing his own expertise in the field of hit making.

"If you want a hit," he says, "you've got to grab everyone's attention, brighten everything up. It may sound silly at the time, but when you're competing with thousands of other potential hits, you've got to go the limit. Because of my experience, I know what's commercial, know what will sell. As much as I love the FM market, the people like Laura Nyro and all that stuff. I learned a long time ago that that's not the way to the masses."

Barry Manilow a star? *Newsweek* calls him "the most hummed musician of all time." But, like many superstars, Manilow has had a tough time with the pop critics. His music remains the same: solid, well-produced and arranged, middle-of-the-road toe-tappers and tear-jerkers. But many reviewers have been quick to note that the singer seems uncomfortable on stage, projecting a manic, boyish light-heartedness that rings forced. Barry's own self-consciousness even prevented him from including Los Angeles in his ninety-

eight-city tour. "Well, you know everyone in this business is out there. Everyone. And I don't know. . . . I just didn't want to perform here [Los Angeles]. New York makes me nervous, too, but any place else is fine. I know they like me in Cincinnati."

No doubt Barry proved a hit with his masses; Manilow LPs automatically make the Top Ten, and his ABC special did garner an audience of 60 million. But detractors note that his TV show was placed to assure success, following John Denver's ABC special. Yet Manilow's special was not a special in the usual television sense. It was Barry Manilow-in-Concert.

"I like my special," insists Manilow. "You know it took three months to write." But all the writing involved was at a minimal level. Given the choice between singing and talking, Barry chose to sing. And sing. And sing.

Said a source at ABC: "You know, we just didn't know what to do with that Manilow special. It was all in-concert work. Sure, it was fine. But the key to success in TV is to give the viewers some sense of a real person who comes into your living room. That Manilow special was an edited version of Barry Manilow, the performer. You never really got to know him as a person. It was all music and fans screaming."

"I guess it could all end tomorrow," Manilow muses, when pressed. But then he quickly dismisses the idea. "But it's so incredible. Me on Broadway! Sold out. An orchestra behind me. The whole works."

When asked about the mediocre reviews that have consistently plagued his career, Barry offers, "The one thing that bothers me about the press is that they go after me and not my music. I mean, I don't really care what they think of my music. I know what I think. So what if they don't like it? But it's when they talk about me that I get depressed, when I think they go too far." If not for the press, then for his public, or, as the singer himself puts it, "The reason I did this ninety-eight-city tour and sold out weeks at the Uris in New York is that I owe it to my fans."

Barry Manilow believes that. He's even sincere when he states, "I really haven't been changed by stardom. I have the same apartment, dog, and girl friend."

Not that he's forgotten his star status. How can Barry Manilow forget that he was once a nobody, a "nothing," as he puts it? His career has been too long a climb up since those days when Scott Muni of WNEW told Manilow's then press agent, Candy Leigh, that the higher echelon at Arista had been calling Manilow a "one-hit artist."

He knows that no one can call him that anymore. Barry Manilow is a star, and surrounded as he is by personal assistants, bodyguards, managers, tight, white clothes, and all the shrimp he could ever want, how can anyone ever forget his stellar status? "I'll tell you something," he confides, leaning forward on his pink sofa, "They say it's lonely at the top. But let me tell you, it's wonderful up here." O+

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COUPLES



HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

Humping in the hallways and balling against the blackboards. This was no school without scandals, as these young lovers tried to prove that sex can be wild on the other side of eighteen.





● We were getting to know each other that night, deep inside, the way they say sixteen-year-old kids can't relate. Adults think all we can feel is the hots. ●

AARON'S STORY: I got to know Melinda because someone tossed my jockstrap in her face. Honest, I kid you not. It was the stupidest damn thing I remember happening in high school. The team had just finished practice, and there was this jerk who was always the goof-off. You know, the guy who plays practical jokes and you can't stand him but sometimes he's funny? Well, out in the parking lot he reached into my gym bag and grabbed my jockstrap and wadded it up into a ball. Then he pitched it into a car that was passing. That car was full of chicks, and Melinda was driving.

I don't know if it was really all that sexual at first. I mean, the situation was *embarrassing*, when she slammed on the brakes and pulled my smelly jockstrap off her head. The girls were giggling and the guys were rolling in laughter, but Melinda just looked at me as if to say, "You child." I thought, *Aaron, you dumb fuck, how could you have let him?* I mean, how do you go up to a car and ask a chick if you can please have your athletic supporter back? But I did, and it took guts. The request turned out to be the most important words I ever said in my life.

Actually, I had noticed Melinda in September, in a boring history class. She was soft and blonde and striking as a high-fashion model. That's all I thought. At that time I was getting it on with this girl named Sally, and once in a while with Jill, who had the big tits Sally didn't have. I really made the rounds. Every girl who'd drop her pants for a guy was on my list. I even got a few of them to do it for the first time. I had been beating off in the bathroom and under the covers for as long as I could remember, and when I finally got to be sixteen I thought, *Hell, man, what's the sense wasting it all on the sheets or down my legs when I could have some action?*

So I never really gave Melinda a second thought until that day in the parking lot. She handed my jockstrap back as though she were holding a dead rat (it didn't smell *that* bad), and then our eyes met. She smiled, and I smiled, and I felt my blood race a little. Maybe my cock got a little hard too; I don't

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

COUPLES

really remember. Then I said, "My name's Aaron. We're in Old Man Miller's history class together. You're in the first row."

"I know. I'm Melinda. Your friends are lousy jokers."

"They didn't mean nothing. I'll kill 'em later anyway. You wanna go out with me?"

"Yes."

And that was it. We went to a dance that Friday night, and then we drove down to the lake and parked. It still wasn't basically sexual. I mean, I wanted to get in her pants, and I figured that she was turning on to me, but we were getting to know each other that night, deep inside, the way they say sixteen-year-old kids can't relate. Bullshit. If our bodies are developed enough to make love, our brains are developed enough to understand the emotions.

And that's what it was—making love. I'm eighteen now, and just a few months ago I tried to explain how I feel to my dad. He said that now I might be old enough to begin to understand love, but I sure wasn't when I was sixteen. I have his approval now, mainly because it's been a steady two years of going with Melinda, but I wish I had had it then. No one believes young kids can really be in love. They think all we can feel is the hot.

Well, we had the hot, too. Not that first night, though we kissed and I felt my cock trying to poke through my jeans. We went out a few times, and something was happening to me that I had never felt happen before. Something was welling up really deep down inside me. Man, it was a rush, a high! I was *so into* her, the way she looked, the way she thought, the way she talked, and the way she made love. I'd been the pro, sticking my dick into every loose chick in town, and she'd been a virgin, but you would never have guessed that if you'd seen us going at it together. Man, she taught *me* things!

I remember that first time so well. She had never even held a dick in her hand before. I told her to do it, assuring her that it wouldn't hurt, that it wouldn't bite (though I was afraid it was going to fucking cream just from her touch). She did, and she never wanted to take her hand off. Then she kissed it, and she took it in her mouth without my even having to ask. Sometimes Jill used to make me beg her for hours to do it at the drive-in movie, and she always acted as if she were doing me some big favor. Who needs that? Sally used to open the car window and spit my jism out. Jesus. It makes a guy feel unwanted, as if he were dirty and unclean.

But Melinda swallowed my come. She swallowed it and looked up at me, and her eyes told me she knew she'd done well. She didn't even have to ask for my approval. I was in heaven. Then she let me discover her body. It wasn't any rush to "fuck me, fuck me," as it had been with so many girls. She had discovered me, and now it was my turn, and then we could discover each other at the same time. I undressed her and licked at her nipples until they were really hard, and then I got on my knees and rubbed the tip of my cock against them. That got me hard again, and some jism got one of her tits wet, and I licked it dry. That turned us both on. Then I kissed her all the way down to her sweet, young pussy, and I swear, man, I

wanted to keep my head there forever. It was pleasure—simple, honest, terrific pleasure, and I figure that's one of the best things in life—pleasure. That's the purpose of life.

I asked her to sit on my face, to straddle me, so that I could put my tongue all the way up her. I had only experimented with that kind of sex before and had never really gotten into it, because the chicks were pretty uptight about it. Everyone wanted to fuck and smoke a joint and go home. Melinda was daring; she was different. She was superb, man, just fucking superb! She shook and moaned and almost fell over, and I finally held her and asked what was wrong, and she said that she didn't know, that she'd never felt that way before. It was so incredible and wonderful. We found out later, talking about it after we made love many times, that it had been her first orgasm. I think experiencing that with me made her love me even more.

And that's what it's all about. Love. We didn't actually go all the way until we knew we were in love. We played with each other and sometimes got into a kind of desperate passion

when we were kissing and I was pumping my finger up her pussy and she was beating me off or running her smooth hand against my ass hole or pulling on my nuts. I came between her tits lots of times, and once I even jerked off all over her face. Another time she made me come in my pants, and she sucked the jism right through the denim. I got so carried away one night that I ate a hole in her panties and she had to toss them away because she couldn't take them home for her old lady to find. I learned how to make her come with my fingers and with my tongue and even by just pressing my cock against her pussy. But we didn't go all the way until we were sure that we were in love.

That happened about six months after the day we met. We had gone for a picnic at a nearby lake. We had found a secluded spot under rhododendrons, and we were lying there below the large flowers in the hot

sun, feeling very horny. Suddenly, she turned to me and said, "I love you, Aaron." And I told her that I loved her. We had never said anything like this to each other before. And it wasn't only because we were getting on so good sexually (short of intercourse). It was because we had grown together, because we were better people than we were when we were alone, and because we cared about each other just as much as we cared about ourselves. People still say that kids our age can't feel deep emotion, but I've got news for them; we can and we do.

We undressed each other and lay on our sides. She reached down and gently brushed my cock against her pubic hair. Then I put one hand under her head and one down on her smooth ass, and I pressed forward and she did, too, and she closed her eyes and moaned. And then I felt it, her hot pussy closing around my cock, feeling so goddamn wonderful, so amazing, so much better than I had ever dreamed. And I kept thinking, *I'm going inside her! I'm going to come inside her, and that's gonna make me a part of her!* And we kissed, and then she grabbed my hair and pulled as I lunged forward, and

I'd been the pro, giving it to every loose chick in high school.
And Melinda was a virgin.
But that first time together, you never would have guessed it. Man, she taught *me* things.

I just started coming and coming until I thought that I was passing out. It had never been like that with any of the other chicks. Never.

I held her, and she held me, and we started to cry. Honest, we did. I know you're going to say that this sounds too sappy and young, but, hell, we felt really emotional. We were happy and relieved and afraid of losing one another and glad that it had finally happened. God, I said, I really love this girl. I don't ever want to be without her.

And that's how I feel now today. Two years have passed, and we're more in love now than we were then. We're constantly having to buck the contempt of people who don't understand and look down on us—even some of the kids we went to school with—but we can do it, because we have each other and what we feel is strong. We both just graduated. And now we're going to live together. Sure, our parents were against our living together until they realized that we would probably do it without their consent. So we got them together one night, and we talked to them like adults, or as adult as we could be, and they really were impressed. I think that they finally believed we were in love, not just in the sack all the time. They know we won't be happy apart, so they gave their "blessing" to us living together because, before anything else, they want us to be happy.

The future isn't going to be easy. We don't know, of course, what it will be like to live together full-time, and we both know there's a chance that it won't work. But we're going to give it a try and do our best, and we won't fall apart if things don't quite work out the way we hope, either. I've stopped screwing around now. Melinda is enough for me. I think that my cock would shrivel up if I tried to do anything more with anyone else. A couple of times during the past two years we've broken up for a few days at a time, and we've both gone out with other people, but it just didn't work. I met a girl who I thought was incredible. We went and balled, and it was hot and exciting. But then when it was over, she didn't want her hair mussed and didn't want me to touch her anymore because (I think) she felt a bit guilty. Who needs that? Melinda only asks me to be me; she doesn't demand anything more than that. She's made it with a few other guys, but, each time, she said, she only thought about me. So we're content having each other.

MELINDA'S STORY:

Being in love when you're young is something they write about in songs all the time, but it isn't easy. My older sister told me how everyone in high school in the sixties called her a slut because she was supposed to be getting it on with some guy. He had started the rumor, probably so that everyone would think that he knew what to do in bed. Well, she was a virgin until the day she walked up the aisle. It's not so different, really, today. There's still a stigma if you're honest about sex. Aaron and I went all the way when we were sixteen. I never kept it a secret from my close friends. But they couldn't take it; they looked at me as if I were some kind of whore.

When I first met Aaron, I thought that he was handsome and attractive and that it would be fun to date him. I had dated a lot of guys. They were always calling me, passing me notes in class, asking if I needed a ride home. They just wanted to get into my pants. Sometimes they did, but only with their fingers and only for a moment. I wasn't ready to go all the way. I couldn't make it with someone I didn't love. That may sound corny, but it really isn't. I wasn't doing something ridiculous like "saving myself for my husband," but I was going to wait until the right guy came along. The guys used to call me a cocktease. I was.

I even did it to Aaron when we first met. We went out a few times, and he really wanted to fuck me, I think, but I wouldn't let him. He'd press my hand down on his big cock and say, "Don't you want to feel this inside you?" And I would just moan a little and pull back. He would say, "I sure do." And I would hold it and then cross my legs and tell him not yet, but I would like to put my mouth on it if he wanted. Aaron is circumcised, and it seemed so right to eat that ice-cream cone, with its

staring eye on top egging me on.

Even that I did slowly at first, just a little at a time, and it drove him crazy. Finally, he came in my mouth, and my lips stayed glued to his glans, and I felt wonderful. The moment I could taste his sperm, he slid a finger into my pussy, and I had an incredible orgasm. We did things like that so many times, just teasing and exploring and getting to know all the parts of each other's body. When we finally went all the way, when we knew we were in love, it made it all the more exciting and fulfilling—because we were already so close. And all those times when we played with each other's body—I licking his penis, he sucking my breasts and putting his thumb up my pussy and rubbing my ass with his fingers at the same time—were kind of like one big night of foreplay, leading up to the big thing—our *pièce de résistance*.

It was a confusing time for me mentally. I would feel very guilty

when I got home. Whenever my parents looked at me, I would think they knew. Perhaps they did suspect, and now they certainly do know, but then it was just my paranoia. I got over thinking that my sex life had to be approved by the other kids at school, the ones who thought I was some kind of whore. But I had a difficult time with my parents, mainly because they had gone through it with my sister. The rumors had reached their ears! They were worried that their little girl was going to get "knocked up," and there are all kinds of religious worries my mom and dad had—they can't see me going with anybody but an Irish Catholic—and still do have, I think. They're not too keen on my going off to live with Aaron so soon after graduation, but they know it's what I want to do. I'll tell you something: I'm not sure our relationship is going to work out. We've never lived together before. We always had our parents to depend on, our homes and families and warm meals and all that stuff. Now we're going to try it on our own. I know that the sex will be wonderful. We never get enough of each other; I dream of my lover's big Kosher cock at night (I was always attracted to Jewish boys) and sometimes put my fingers up my cunt and

Aaron would press my
hand down on his crotch and say,
"Don't you want to feel
this inside you?" I would moan
a little and pull away.
The guys in a school called me a
teaser. I guess I was.

COUPLES

concentrate so hard that it feels like him. But there's more to living together than sex, and that's what I'm worried about. I want it to work so badly!

It's easier now with my parents. They resented Aaron so much until they got to know him. Then they discovered that he is a smart and really likable guy, that he is interested in leading a good life and being happy and making me happy. I think that they sincerely believe he is very much in love with me, but they're skeptical that it won't last. They know he is all for my making a career for myself, and he's going to work to help support some of the schooling I'm going to need. That says a lot. They see now that he wants more than my pussy. Just last week my dad and Aaron put the engine of my little brother's dune buggy back together, and on Sunday Aaron helped Mom in the kitchen, making corn muffins for the breakfast she had whipped together. They enjoy him.

We're faithful to each other. We didn't promise that we would be, because we believe that if a time comes when we do want to go out with someone else it will be easier and less painful if

we don't make promises. Right now we just don't have the desire to go to bed with anyone else. I look at some of the dirty books Aaron has, and I like looking at naked guys. I like to fantasize about penises and all, but none of them are as beautiful as Aaron's. I'll be honest with you, though—I still like to be a cocktease. That turns me on. Only yesterday I was at the local college (I'm going to start business courses there in the fall), and I saw a guy sitting across the way from me, eating a sandwich and drinking a Coke. I was having a Coke, too, and we started staring at each other. The situation was very sexual. He had on tight, faded jeans, and he spread his legs a little so that I could see the outline of a very interesting cock. I could even tell that he was circumcised. I know he wasn't wearing any underwear. Well, I opened my blouse a little more and ran my hands over my tits, and then I lifted my skirt higher and higher until

he was completely hard. I thought his sandwich would fall right out of his mouth—he was that turned on! I finally shot him a beaver, and he was shocked and happy when he found out that I wasn't wearing any underpants. (I never do when I'm wearing a skirt. It can be great fun on a bus!) I think he came in his pants when I got up and bent over the trash can and gave him a shot of my bare rear! I didn't look back to see if he had fainted. Another look at that bulge and I'd have come, too.

I do things like that a lot. I can be very forward sometimes. I just grabbed a guy's crotch on impulse once and held the lump until he looked faint. Aaron doesn't know I'm like that, but I'm sure he's got his secrets, too. I love playing around with guys, but I can't think of anyone but Aaron who I'd actually screw with. Aaron thinks I fucked two other guys, but that's not true. I did go out with two other guys, but I never let them go all the way. I let Aaron think that I did just to make him jealous. I let Tony eat my pussy all he wanted, and he jerked off while he was doing it. With Joe, well, that was a real bummer of an evening, because all he knows how to do is to fuck, and I wouldn't let him. He sulked and just felt my pussy a little. But

Aaron was really jealous, and the next time we got together—we had been fighting, and that's why I went out with those other guys—he took out all that frustration on me and fucked me until it hurt. I admit I have a special name for his cock then—Schwanzenegger. I like it when he's really strong.

But the thing with Aaron is that I love him. It scares me, however. I wish I could accept it the way he does, always looking on the bright side, saying that this was meant to be. But I'm worried that it won't last, or that we'll find out that what my mom said is true—two people can love each other, but they may find out that they can't live together. There are other problems too, maybe. I want a career, and I want to go on to college. I've been determined for a long time. Aaron doesn't really know what he wants to do. I think he wants to go college, but he won't admit to it. He thinks that maybe he's not good enough. I've always been a straight-A student, and he just got by. I hope that he won't resent my going to school and his having to work his butt off making Xeroxes in an office. But then maybe he looks at things more simply than I do. I hope

so. If the sex stays good, it'll work out.

The main point is we're happy together. I never feel happy when we're apart. We make each other laugh. We're like one person. At times we're so together in our thinking that I'm sure we were meant to be together from the day we were born. Wow.

There's this big number about our being too young to carry on a relationship. Well, I've read that the sex drive is strongest during the teenage years. If that's true, why do people try to suppress it all the time? Aaron really gets irate on this subject. He's always saying that we're only doing what is natural. Having sex together makes us happy; it doesn't mess our heads up. Anything that makes us happy and doesn't mess up our heads is good for us. Just the other day I was feeling rotten. I don't even remember why, but it was a dismal day. Aaron picked me up that night and we went to his place (he has his own little apartmentlike room over



the garage), and he told me to rest my head and close my eyes and get rid of all the thoughts in there and just go along with the music and feelings. I drifted off to Nirvana.

Most guys would give you grass or booze or a pill or something, but Aaron undressed me and just played with me, stroking my breasts and lightly running his fingers over the lips of my pussy. He put on the Eagles' "Hotel California" album and then a Joni Mitchell. I smelled his cologne and felt his tongue licking at my ear and his hair moving over my nipples. He pressed his head between my legs and held me with all his might, in those strong arms of his, and then he spread my legs and knelt between them and entered me and I forgot all about the way I'd felt. I was completely lost in the sensual world he had created. I could feel every globule of semen when he finally exploded inside me. Ahhhhh.

Oh, I get all tingly just talking about it! I try to be honest all the time, and although I keep my secrets (like my turning other guys on so that they whistle at me and proposition me), I'm really honest with him. I'm not afraid to tell him I'm feeling low or depressed, and he's not afraid to tell me that the best way

he knows to make me happy again is to make love to me. We share our problems and our crazy dreams. Sometimes we feel we're very grown up, and other times we hope we'll never grow up. I feel high when I feel grown up.

I want to please him all the time, but I know that isn't possible in any relationship. We're both smart enough to know that. So sometimes I'll just watch him take his big, hard cock in his hand and masturbate. I'm not a voyeur; I just like to watch. Sometimes I think his cock will break, and so I'm very gentle with it. But then I see how rough he is with it, and I realize a cock is pretty strong. That's how he likes it; so he teaches me not to be afraid of hurting it the next time I take it in my hands or put it in my mouth. And, of course, practice makes perfect.

Sometimes he'll say, "Melinda, I think I was farther inside you that time than ever before!" He isn't afraid to talk about sex. One night I said to him, "I think I want you to put your cock up my ass." There was nothing but silence from him. It surprised me, because he had always been able to tell me what he was thinking. So why couldn't I do the same? I asked what was wrong. He said nothing was wrong. "Aaron, come on, it's more than that."

"I guess . . . I guess I've got a hang-up about it."

"You don't want to."

"I'm not sure," he said. "No, it isn't that. I'm afraid it will hurt you. Remember the time you first put your finger up my ass and it hurt like hell?"

I remembered. But I reminded him, "But the next time you asked me to do it again, remember?"

He smiled and remembered. So it still hasn't happened yet, but it will. It's my biggest fantasy, because it's something that no one I know has ever done and it sounds so kinky. I don't care what Anita Bryant thinks.

Some of my teachers have said I'm mature for my age. I guess maybe I am. Lots of girls I went to high school with could never handle a relationship. I think I can. I'll find out soon, won't I? I think how exciting it was to go off into the photo lab near the auditorium and lock the door and, with our graduation robes hiked up to our necks, fuck like rabbits, yelling, "We're free! We're free!" But sleeping together every night and making the beds and shopping for groceries . . . that's all something else. I guess I am mature—mature enough to worry about the future and hope that it will all work out fine.

A girl friend just told me that I'm cutting myself off from the best years of my life by moving in with Aaron. I thought about that. Yeah, I'll miss some things, but I don't see why I can't still hang around with the girls I know, and why Aaron can't spend lots of time with his buddies. I agree that these are the best years (I hope I'll think that about all the years), but why should spending them with somebody be so bad? It could make the years even better.

I love him. I love the way he blows in my ear and chews on my hair. I love the way he walks into the room with the bath-towel wrapped around him, his cock just a big curve down the front, looking at me with those big, silly eyes while he says, "Will you help dry me?" I love how his cock gets bigger and bigger as he reaches over and just rubs his hand against my

pussy when we're driving down the street. I love when he does outrageous things, crazy things, such as the time he pulled out his cock at the drive-in and beat off into the milkshake and then called the carhop (a girl he couldn't stand). He told her that it tasted funny and asked her to taste it; she took a sip, and we could hardly keep straight faces knowing that she was drinking his come. He can be funny and silly, and then a few minutes later he can be a real man, strong and protecting. I love his body and his mind and his cock and balls and the smell of his armpits and his muscles and the feel of his lips against mine. He's a beautiful person, inside and out. And right now I want to spend the rest of my life with him. Maybe tomorrow or next month or next year I'll feel differently, but for now, that's what I want.

And I always get what I want.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

Love is best defined as an emotional response of one person for another, and it does require a degree of emotional maturity.

Sex relates to love in that it allows us to express, in the most intimately physical way, the emotional response that people have for one another.

Many critics of the sexual revolution contend that two people cannot fall in love unless they are emotionally mature. That viewpoint is valid, but these critics usually set the average age of emotional maturity at the early twenties. This restriction is absolute poppycock: there is no average "age" for emotional maturity.

Aaron and Melinda may be in their teens, but one cannot deny the fact that they both show definite signs of emotional maturity. They do so in such remarks as, "The future isn't going to be easy. We don't know what it is like to live together full time, and we both know there's a chance it won't work," and "We are going to give it a try and do our best, but we won't fall apart if things don't work out quite the way we hope, either."

Unfortunately, things probably won't work out quite the way they hope; and this realization will be the real test of their emotional maturity. I hope that they won't resent my giving them a word of advice: if things don't seem to be working out, they should not run away from one another. Even if their difficulties last over a long period, their love for one another will grow if they can eventually surmount these problems.

From what I've read in these two stories, it seems clear that Aaron and Melinda are emotionally mature enough to love. But coping with the stresses and strains of the nonsexual aspects of a relationship requires an even deeper kind of emotional maturity.

Partners must respect one another's views and wishes. A happy, satisfying relationship depends not only upon sexual compatibility but also on companionship.

I do not mean to sermonize, but let me make one last point. I suggest that Melinda try to curb her "teasing," which actually teeters on the brink of pathological exhibitionism. One of these days she's going to get a guy so hot that she'll be raped. And that's not the road to a happy marriage. 





"Hey, I thought you were supposed to change into a prince first!"

ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123

a community allows is to go wholly against the clear intention of the Constitution. Madison, the key framer of the First Amendment, had explicitly warned that individual speech must be protected "against the community itself; or, in other words, against the majority in favor of the minority."

It was Douglas all along, therefore, who was the strict constructionist, true to history, when he would tell the Court that if the First Amendment means anything, "it must allow protests even *against* the moral code that the standard of the day sets for the community [emphasis added]."

Meanwhile, through all the bumbling changes in the Court's approach to obscenity, the justices have yet to be able to define it, even as they keep on criminalizing it. These are such "indefinite concepts," Mr. Justice Brennan has lamented, pointing to "patent offensiveness" and "prurient interest." Their meaning, he adds, "necessarily varies with the experience, outlook, and even idiosyncrasies of the person defining them." In no other sphere of our system of law are people sent to prison on the basis of such dangerously vague, highly subjective standards.

Mr. Justice Douglas, accordingly, refused to see any of the movies or to read any of the books that came to the Supreme Court to be tested for obscenity. There is no constitutional way to test them, he explained, and it's foolish to try. The idiosyncratic reactions of Supreme Court justices to sexual material have no more weight in law, Douglas would say, than the views of anyone hauled off the street. Such tests have no business in an American court. What a citizen wants to read or see is entirely up to him, and that "is the article of faith that sets us apart from most nations in the world."

Yet his colleagues on the High Court have doggedly read the books and the magazines and seen the movies, and they still come up befuddled. Consider Potter Stewart, one of the most sophisticated justices, and his special interest in the First Amendment. In one 1964 decision, so frustrated was Stewart at his inability to get a constitutional handle on obscenity that he started to say that it is lawful to go after "hard-core pornography" but then found himself in midair. "I shall not attempt further to define the kinds of material I understand to be embraced within that shorthand description," Stewart said, flapping, "and perhaps I could never succeed in intelligibly doing so. But I know it when I see it."

How pathetic a confession of ineptitude by an arbiter of the Constitution! If even as astute, scholarly, and conscientious a Supreme Court Justice as Potter Stewart can set no fairer standards in a criminal proceeding than "I know it when I see it," how much more arbitrary and destructive of the First Amendment are the actions of much

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

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Left: BRASS BED FACTORY bed; SCINTILLA satin sheets; CONTINENTAL QUILT SHOPPE quilt; JOVAN fragrances; flowers by G.D. FLESSAS. Above: BELL & HOWELL movie camera and projector; PHONE-MATE 9000, BLM SALES, stereo attaché; MAXELL tapes.



Right: motorcycle, Jet Ski, and gear by KAWASAKI; swimwear by OLEG CASSINI.

Inset: TOURNAMENT SOCCER TABLE game.



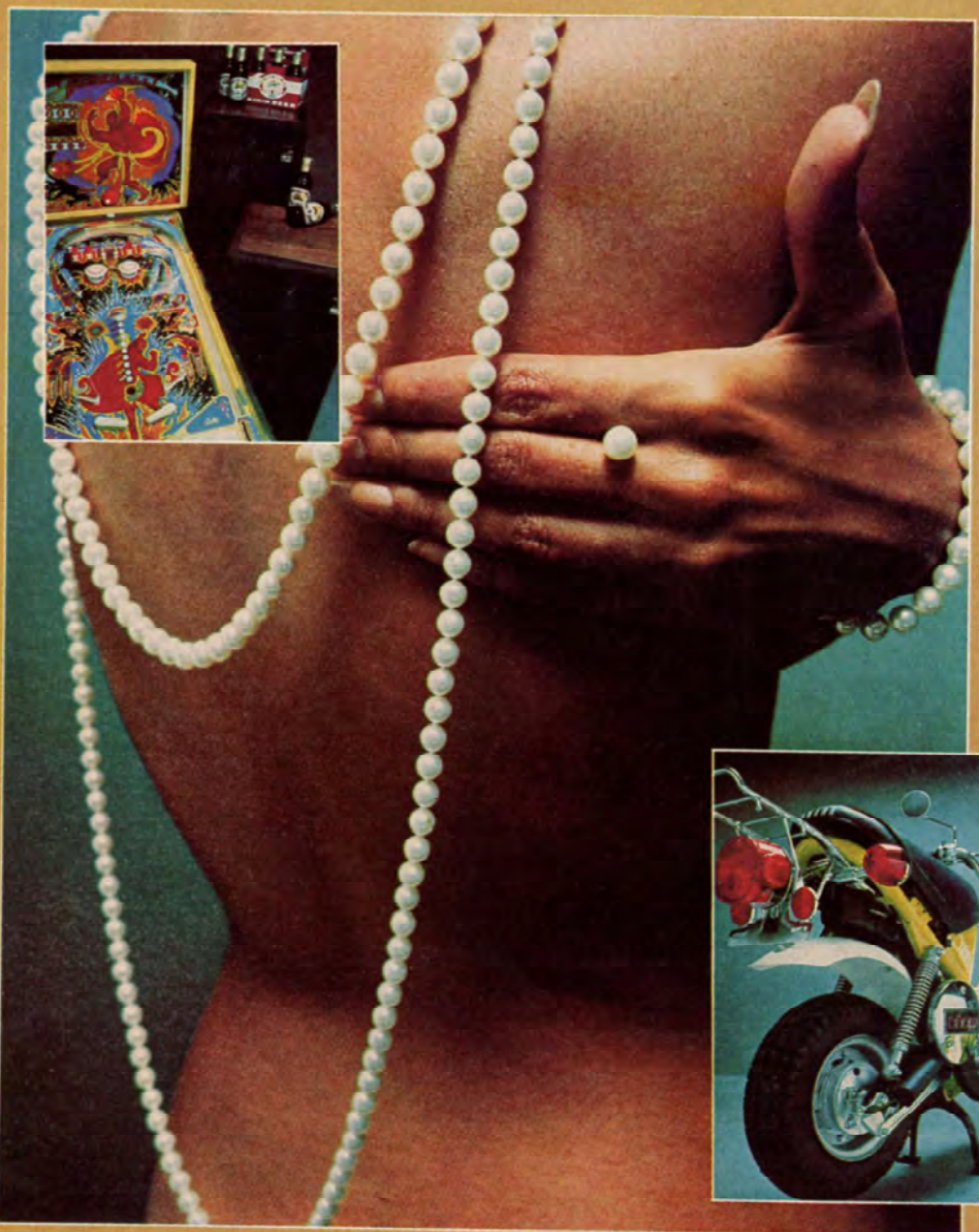


Above: VENTURA luggage and wardrobe of blouses by NIK-NIK. Right: CALIFORNIA COOPERAGE hot tub. Below: Majorica pearls from UNIVERSE TRADING, LTD. Inset: BALLY Fireball! pinball machine, KIRIN beer; KOSS CM1020 stereo speakers.



Photograph by Barrie Schwartz

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
STAN MALINOWSKI



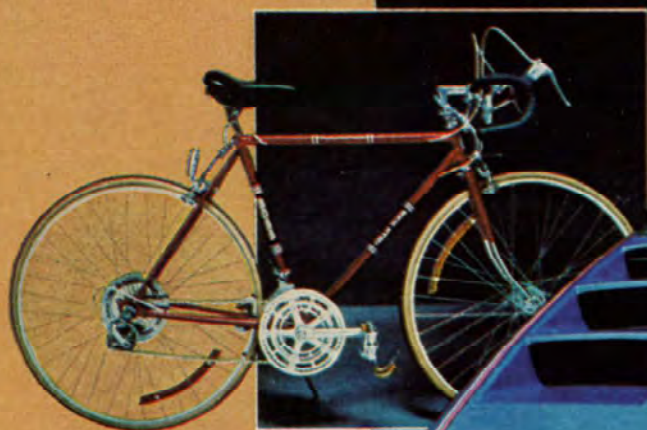
cially for her by Mike Hayden of FEUER & WOLF INT'L. RAYMOND AND NASSER of New York will minister to her hair care and beauty needs. The PROFILE HEALTH SPA will see to it that her body stays in shape.

After partying in her SCOTT BARRIE evening gown, Vicki can slip into her JOHN KLOSS loungewear by CIRA, switch on one of her stereo systems (or the fifty-two-inch color TV), and sip some Charbaut Certificate Champagne from crystal stemware by ORREFORS, and wind up the evening with a dip in the CALIFORNIA COOPERAGE hot tub.

When Vicki is not being photographed herself, she can photograph others with an impressive assortment of camera equipment: the MINOLTA SR-T202 (with three lenses), the KONICA C35/EF, and BELL & HOWELL's 1238 Macro



Left: Chappy motorbike, tennis shoes, racket, and case, all from YAMAHA.



zoom movie camera and Film-sonic Zoom projector.

When she can tear herself away from her luxuriously appointed home base, Vicki will travel in style with VENTURA's Presidential 500 luggage set, trimmed with leather belting and filled with a wardrobe of blouses by NIK-NIK, swimwear by OLEG CASSINI, sports-togs by KAWASAKI, and the PENTHOUSE/VIVA Tennis Collection. She can count on PHONE-MATE's remote 9000 answer-phone to record important calls while she's away.

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Above, clockwise: champagne from SHERRY-LEHMANN, INC., and GOLO boots; ROSS Gran Tour ten-speed bike; KAWASAKI Sno-Jet 440 Invader; PANASONIC CT946 color TV; BIC 1000 electronic belt drive turntable with ONKYO TX-1500 servo-locked stereo receiver.

Right: CHRISTINA SHIPPS 14K gold triangle; Penthouse key by FEUER AND WOLF INT'L; cultured pearls from TELE-PRESS ASSOC. Far right: SCOTT BARRIE gown; ORREFORS crystal; GENSE flatware; HOGANAS stoneware; lucite tables from ARTEX-GREEN CORP.





Above: TheaterVision by ALLAN MARKOFF THEATERVISION, INC., with KOSS Pro/4 Triple A stereophones. RIGHT: JVC 3060 portable b/w tv/radio/cassette; MINOLTA SR-T 202 with three lenses; HY-GAIN CB radio model 2716 (microphone and transceiver not shown).



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And, finally, perhaps the most luxurious gift of all will be \$5,000 of cool, green, crispy cash from Penthouse International Ltd. for Vicki to spend as she pleases. The question is, What's left for her to buy?



Above: ROD LAVER'S Tenni-Stroke; LEADERER leather cartridge belt; PROFILE HEALTH SPA membership; PENTHOUSE/VIVA Tennis Collection; lingerie by LILY OF FRANCE.

Top: KONICA C35/EF camera; watches by BENRUS, UNIVERSAL GENEVE, and LONGINES-WITTMANER. Left: loungewear by CIRA for JOHN KLOSS; sofa by PILLOWED FURNITURE AND CREATIONS, LTD. Far left: SCOTT R336 receiver; ADC ACCUTRAC 4000 turntable.





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ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 179

less sophisticated judges and juries throughout the entire country as they grapple with cases on the basis of amorphous "community" definitions of what is obscene.

In fact, judging from the recent trials of Al Goldstein, Larry Flynt, and Harry Reems, jurors, instead of examining the First Amendment implications of their work, generally appear to make an entirely visceral determination whether the books, movies, or magazines on trial are to be shorn of constitutional protection. Their thumbs go down on the basis of whether, as a juror in the Reems trial said, they find the material "revolting." Where, in the First Amendment, is "revolting" speech declared criminal?

Thomas Jefferson would have been revolted at such ways of criminalizing speech. Indeed, he was in 1814 when he said in a letter: "I am really mortified to be told that . . . the sale of a book can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry, too. . . . Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? . . . Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut or stretched?"

Millions and millions of "community" feet of all sizes and shapes, Mr. Jefferson.

What are the auguries, the possibilities, that Jefferson and our other libertarian founders may yet be redeemed, with the Supreme Court confessing error and finally allowing *all* speech to be free? The immediate prospects are gloomy. Chief Justice Burger, the other Nixon appointees (Blackmun, Powell, Rehnquist), and Byron White give no indication they will ever stop chasing the bluebird of obscenity. They are not always solidly aligned, but they share the utterly misguided conviction that obscenity, if you can catch it, is *outside* the First Amendment. Meanwhile Mr. Justice Brennan has come to the point at which he will only rule against distribution of obscenity (which he admits he can't define) to juveniles. He also says that he will come down against "obtrusive exposure to non-consenting adults" of dirty material. Brennan is not sure what he means by that either.

With those two exceptions, Brennan will now carry on the Black-Douglas-Jefferson position that all speech is protected. Thurgood Marshall and Potter Stewart have come generally to side with Brennan on these vexatious matters. The newest justice, John Paul Stevens, is not yet predictable; but in a 1976 case, speaking for the majority of the Court, he mocked the notion that the First Amendment fully extends to "adult" movie houses and bookstores. "Few of us," said Stevens, "would march our sons and daughters off to war to preserve the citizen's right to see 'Specified Sexual Activities' exhibited in the theaters of our choice."

Potter Stewart was furious with the new man on the Court. It is "wholly alien to the First Amendment," Stewart said, for the Court to act as if the First Amendment protects *only* expression that "more than 'a few of us' would take up arms to defend." The First Amendment was not meant to buckle and sway according to majority opinion. Then, sternly addressing the rest of the majority, Stewart ended his dissenting opinion: "The Court must never forget that the consequences of rigorously enforcing the guarantees of the First Amendment are frequently unpleasant. Much speech that seems to be of little or no value will enter the marketplace of ideas, threatening the quality of our social discourse and, more generally, the serenity of our lives. But that is the price to be paid for constitutional freedom."

The majority of the High Court is by no means ready to follow the Constitution and pay that price. Realizing this, William O. Douglas, before he left the bench in 1975, grimly outlined what the Court's incessant obsession with obscenity has done to the nation: "Every author, every bookseller, every movie exhibitor, and perhaps every librarian is now at the mercy of the local police force's conception of what appeals to 'prurient interest' or is 'patently offensive.' The standards can vary from town to town and day to day in unpredictable fashion. How can an author . . . know whether the community deems his books acceptable until after the jury renders its verdict? If the magazines in question were truly 'patently offensive' to the local community, there would be no need to ban them through the exercise of police power; they would be banned by the marketplace which provided no buyers for them."

Yet, despite the First Amendment, the government, including the majority of the Supreme Court, will not trust its citizens to decide for themselves what they will read and see. But then, as Potter Stewart once said, "Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself." And in time, as censorship is allowed to grow, "we forsake a government of law and are left with government by Big Brother."

So far as so-called obscenity is concerned, the Supreme Court has indeed become Big Brother; and those of its members who thereby restrict free speech have violated their oath of office, for they are transmogrifying rather than preserving and protecting the Constitution.

In 1969 William O. Douglas tried to shake up his colleagues by telling them that there was simply no way under the Constitution that they could lawfully continue to be censors. If you really have such a thirst for this kind of work, he went on, you'll need a constitutional amendment to empower you to go after "obscenity."

No one has ever proposed such an amendment, because the Court has kept right on being unlawful. In fact, it has never been possible to prove a connection between exposure to obscenity and the subsequent commission of illegal acts—except for those committed by judges. 

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20 WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

(6) Drake

When a college team is truly horrible, its coach is fired and his successor categorizes the coming season as a "rebuilding year." Well, Drake's truly horrible, its coach has been fired, and his successor has indeed categorized 1977 as a rebuilding year. So far, however, the only thing that's been rebuilt is Drake's schedule. Iowa State and Colorado, the two toughest teams Drake played in 1976, whipped the Bulldogs by scores of 58-14 and 45-24, which was reason enough for both to be dropped as opponents this year. Patsies have been substituted in their place; but since the Bulldogs are patsies themselves, they may not improve last fall's 1-10 record. In fact, Coach Chuck Shelton might have to declare Des Moines a disaster area: Jeff Martin, who passed for 189.6 yards a game, has graduated, and not one of the holdover troops is in Martin's league. Drake's running game is puny, its defense is regrettable (more than five TDs a game last year), and its overall prospects are unalterably bleak. What does all this add up to? Right: a rebuilding year.

(7) Washington State

The Cougars of Washington State are a joy to watch but a pain to root for. The joy is

supplied by junior quarterback Jack Thompson, who last year passed for 2,700 yards and twenty touchdowns, second in the NCAA only to Tommy Kramer. The pain is provided by what passes for the Cougar defense, a meek unit that gives up touchdowns faster than Thompson's aerial circus can score them. Acrobatic Mike Levenseller, who caught sixty-seven passes last season, will again join with Brian Kelly and Eason Ramson to give Thompson his choice of choice receivers—and we've just covered 95 percent of what Washington State does well. In 1976 the 3-8 Cougars were helpless against the run and were able to prevent only one of their opponents from scoring less than three touchdowns. The Cougars' own ground game, meanwhile, was (and still is) nonexistent. The 1977 season promises to be a replay of last fall's entertaining but ultimately depressing misadventures.

(8) University of Pennsylvania

As long as Penn's around, Cornell isn't going to just waltz into the Ivy League cellar. The Quakers have an intriguing handicap: they can't score. Their total offensive output for 1976 added up to a pathetic ninety points, and since then they've lost their two top receivers and quarterback Bob Graustein, an underrated performer who last year completed 127 of 230 passes for 1,429 yards. The Quakers don't have a single seasoned passer on the roster.

Prospects for an effective running attack are equally dubious. The team is devoid of anything resembling a flashy ballcarrier; and with three new starters on the offensive line, Penn's ground game will continue to be theoretical. Luckily for coach Harry Gamble, Penn's defense is brutally parsimonious. The Quakers gave up just 131 points last season, but the loss of All-Ivy middle guard Bill Petuskey and linebacker Bob Mardula will not go unnoticed. At any rate, if you can't score, you can't win. Penn again will have plenty of nothing.

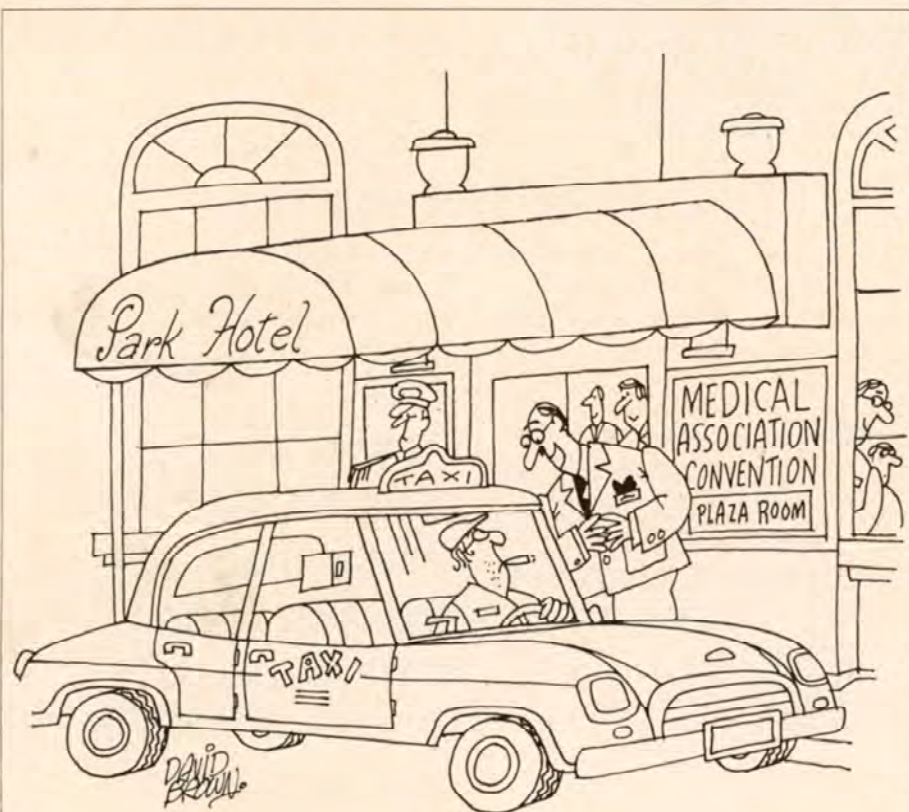
(9) Northwestern

What do you say to a college football coach whose team last year was incredibly inept, and whose team this year will suddenly have to get along without the school's all-time leading runner, its fourth all-time leading passer, the passer's leading receiver, and an All-Big Ten defensive back? What you say is simply this: tough darts, John Pont. In 1976 Pont's feckless charges were 1-10, but with graduation having claimed the performers indicated above—tailback Greg Boykin, quarterback Randy Dean, wide receiver Scott Yelvington, and defensive halfback Pete Shaw—the Wildcats will slide even further downhill in 1977. This year's quarterback, for example, is Steve Breitbeil, and it might be remembered that as Dean's stand-in last year, Breitbeil completed twenty-seven passes to his own team and eight to the opposition. The defensive picture is plain scary: in 1976 Northwestern gave up an average of 4.5 yards per running play, and three newcomers will be called upon to shore up the defensive front wall. To make matters totally grim, Northwestern's only non-Big Ten opponents will be Arizona State and North Carolina, both of which figure to reduce the Wildcats to dogmeat. Very tough darts.

(10) Utah State

Just as we planned to leave for a visit to Utah State, we received an unsolicited report on the team from Dr. Wilbur Swain, whose adventures were chronicled by Kurt Vonnegut in a novel called *Slapstick*. We can't vouch for the accuracy of Dr. Swain's communiqué; so we'll offer it without comment:

"Utah State has a wonderful football history, but right now it has a terrible team. The 'Aggies' won only three games last year. I think the real problem is that they're not very good football players. That's not true of all the boys, of course. The two quarterbacks, nice young men named Keith Myers and Eric Hipple, are good enough to play for just about any professional team you might care to name, such as Ohio State or Oklahoma. And they've got a very good catcher in Ron Robinson, who people say is a 'fleet flanker.' But I don't think the three of them want to play very much. They seem to prefer to stand on the sidelines, watching as their rivals skedaddle right through the Utah State defense. Most of their teammates are new to the campus and are as green as the Green Death. Hi ho."



"Uh, some of us were wondering if you know of any place in town where we could get a piece of gluteus maximus."

(11) Oregon State

For the past two seasons, Oregon State has turned in identical won-loss marks of 1-10, but second-year coach Craig Fertig promises that 1977 will be different. He's right. In all probability, the Beavers will win at least two games this year—which could still serve to stamp them as perhaps the weakest of several weak sisters in the Pacific Eight Conference. The Beavers are a team of contrasts. They can run, but they can't pass; and they can stop the pass, but they can't stop the run. Fertig, thirty-five, a resourceful former U.S.C. quarterback, has reached into the coaching profession's usual bag of tricks—redshirted players and junior-college transfers—to improve his ball club, but virtually every quality athlete that he's come up with will add to the team's strengths and do nothing to reduce its shortcomings. Oregon State's most glaring weakness is its absence of a reliable quarterback; but if one of six aspirants to the position suddenly blossoms, the Beavers will be competitive in at least five of their games. In any case, Fertig really is a comer, and it's possible that by next year the Beavers will escape the utter opprobrium of appearing on this list.

(12) University of Texas, El Paso

U.T.E.P. is an emerging jock factory that over the years has taken the measure of such schools as Arizona, Arizona State, and Mississippi. But in 1976, for the second

season in a row, the Miners won only one game, which was reason enough for a new head coach to be brought in. His name is Bill Michael, and he should do a little better than his predecessor. To begin with, starting quarterback Don Amerson, who broke a leg midway through the 1976 campaign, is healthy again. Even so, Amerson might remain on the bench: junior-college All-American Oscar Ramirez, new to El Paso, is reputed to be a much more accomplished passer. If Ramirez pans out, the Miners ought to win a few games, for they already possess a pair of superb runners in Robert Elliott and Ray Holt, who last year raced for 861 yards and 623 yards, respectively. The Miners are just fine until you get to their defense, which is something opponents are able to do with alarming ease. U.T.E.P. gave up 356 points in 1976, which should suggest that the defense can't even stop a sneeze. Look for a slight resurgence, but don't look too closely.

(13) Holy Cross

Holy Cross is not wholly inadequate. The Crusaders have an exceptional running back in sophomore Brian Doherty, who last year averaged 6.2 yards a carry on his way to being named the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference Rookie of the Year. And quarterback Bob Morton, who threw for 797 yards and ran for 459 more in 1976, is also a classy performer, as is his leading receiver, Craig Cerretani. Unhappily, the

Crusader defense is sinfully generous. Holy Cross was 3-8 last season, mostly because it couldn't repel the run—and with three linemen graduated and not a single freshman rated tough enough to start, Holy Cross will again turn both cheeks to its adversaries. The Crusaders gave up fifty-six, forty, and fifty-nine points in their last three games of 1976, and this fall they may not wait that long before caving in.

(14) Kansas State

The Big Eight Conference features several of America's finest football teams—Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma State, and Missouri—and one of its very worst: Kansas State. By now it's traditional for the Wildcats (1-10 in 1976) to be manhandled by every conference foe they face. That really is a tradition. Kansas State's had only one winning season in the last twenty-two seasons (twenty-three after 1977). When last observed, Coach Ellis Rainesberger was still trying to paste together a defense that could stop a running play within five yards of the line of scrimmage. If not for Gary Spani, a senior linebacker who made 110 tackles last year, the Wildcats might have trouble containing Bryn Mawr. That is a shame, because last year Kansas State's offense (led by quarterback Wendell Henrickson and tailbacks Tony Brown and Roosevelt Duncan) averaged better than fourteen points a game and is expected to improve. Sad to say, the

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Wildcats gave up more than thirty-one points a game in 1976. With seven defensive starters having taken their diplomas and run, even more abuse is in the offing.

(15) Air Force Academy

Although the service academies invariably lose the great recruiting wars, the Air Force Academy—without the storied football pasts shared by West Point and Annapolis—loses more than its fair share. Still, coach Ben Martin always manages to field a team of tough, bright, and highly motivated athletes who are willing to give their all for the academy. Unfortunately, their all isn't nearly enough. Military weight restrictions rule out the possibility of a service academy enlisting king-sized head-knockers, and one result is that the Air Force Academy is now too streamlined for its own good. The Falcons' defensive front line weighs in at an average of less than 218 pounds per player; against heftier opponents (Notre Dame's offensive linemen, for example, average 261 pounds each), the school will spend Saturday afternoons as usual: being pushed back—way back. Appropriately enough, the Falcons' bright spots are a sound air defense and an emerging aerial attack. By the end of the season, sophomore passer Dave Ziebart may wind up a top national quarterback.

(16) Tulane

Once upon a time Tulane was unrivaled in

football power that delighted in breaking the hearts and heads of rivals throughout the South. Those days are long gone, of course; and at the rate Tulane is going, they may never return. Last year was Larry Smith's debut as head coach of the Green Wave, and his maiden voyage was rocky enough to make even a hardened sailor grow queasy: two wins, nine losses, and not a glimmer of stability at the season's end. Most of the guilty parties are back for another go, but the going will still be rough. Expect Tulane to be more obdurate against the run, but three new starters in the secondary presage a season-long vulnerability to the pass. Tulane's own aerial game is reasonably strong. Junior quarterback Rich Hontas accumulated a good record before a hip injury last year sidelined him; yet even with a 53 percent completion average, his total offense for eight games was less than 100 yards per game. For the Green Wave to make any kind of splash at all, Hontas will have to increase his yardage by at least 40 percent. The same holds true for the team's running attack, but don't expect that to happen: Tulane still lacks a breakaway back. With just a little bad luck, the Green Wave will again wind up 2-9.

(17) Auburn

After watching a young Auburn team struggle through a 3-8 season during 1976, many Alabamians are expecting this year's

War Eagles to straighten up and fly right. No way. Auburn will again be shot down by any team with a well-drilled offense. Last year Tennessee, Mississippi State, Memphis State, Arizona, Georgia Tech, Georgia, and Alabama all scored four touchdowns or more against the War Eagles; and while some defensive upgrading can be expected, the improvement won't be dramatic. Auburn's own offense, meanwhile, is a large question mark, and that's always a bad sign. The team's runners were so severely banged up in 1976 that William Andrews, the leading returning rusher, played in only four games last year. The quarterback situation is even more questionable. Phil Gargis, a real slickie, has graduated, and there's no reason to expect his untested successor to run Auburn's complicated Veer formation with similar efficiency. All-Southeast Conference punter Clyde Baumgartner and place-kicker Neil O'Donoghue are also gone and if suitable replacements aren't found for them as well, color the War Eagles dead. You can take out your crayons right now.

(18) Florida

After compiling an 8-4 record in 1976 (including a Sun Bowl appearance), Florida will surprise nearly everyone this season by doing an abrupt el foldo. Last year's Gator games resembled schoolyard football, with touchdowns being scored



"Separate checks."

from opening whistle to final gun, and whoever tallied last usually won. Florida frequently scored last. Victories over Mississippi State (34-30), L.S.U. (28-23), Florida State (33-26), Tennessee (20-18), and Auburn (24-19) could easily turn into defeats this time around, however, for Florida's electrifying offense has been short-circuited. The biggest power shortage will be at quarterback, where Jimmy Fisher, twentieth in the nation in total offense last fall, must be replaced. Gator aid may be provided by senior passer Bill Kynes, but don't bet serious money on it. In addition to Fisher, six other offensive starters from 1976 are gone. Florida's defensive platoon suffered less serious losses, but it will probably come close to giving up the 23.2 points a game that it yielded last season. Without a four-touchdown offense, the Gators will be swamped.

(19) Iowa

On paper Iowa has been the worst team of the decade, winning only eighteen games since 1970. Each year, however, the Hawkeyes edge closer and closer to a winning season, but this won't be it. Iowa's good news is its defense, an aggregation of aggressive midwestern beef that's led by linebackers Tom Rusk, Dan Moore, and Mike Jackson. These three play their positions the way Iowa alumnus Alex Karras used to: they simply dismember anything not wearing an Old Gold-and-Black jersey. The bad news is that since last fall quarterback Butch Caldwell—the heart of Iowa's 1976 offense—has also become an alumnus. Replacing him is a tall order that will probably go unfilled: neither of Caldwell's successors—Tom McLaughlin and Bill Dolan—appears ready to step into his shoes. If that's indeed the case, count on the Hawkeyes to hang tough, but mostly to hang.

(20) Baylor

You read it here first: in the course of only one season, Baylor will tumble from a 7-3-1 record to no better than 4-7. Admittedly a dark-horse selection to the Worst Twenty, Baylor is nevertheless eminently worthy of the honor. Gone from last year's squad are quarterback Mike Jackson, four starters from the offensive line, three from the defensive line, both starting linebackers, two outstanding defensive backs (including All-American Gary Green), and both the place-kicker and punter. In search of blue-chip talent, coach Grant Teaff spent much of the year hauling ass throughout the Southwest but was only moderately successful in his quest. The assortment of junior-college jocks he's lined up will keep Baylor from being a total flop, but that's about all. And even that remains to be seen: after opening their season with consecutive games against four of last year's bowl teams—Texas Tech, Kentucky, Nebraska, and Houston—the Bears may well indeed begin playing like cubs, and we are by no means referring to the Chicago variety, either. ☐

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stood, she was already half a block away. The streets of night were deserted of other walkers; only evildoers waited in doorways. A dreadful innocence protected her. She was like a mermaid, an isolated creature that lives in fulfillment of its own senses; she lured me on; she was the lorelei of the gleaming river of traffic with its million, brilliant eyes that intermittently flowed between us.

Once, when she was perhaps fifty yards away from me, under the lighted portico of a movie theater that showed a revival of *Emma Bovary*, outlined against the face of Tristessa, a face as tall as she was, she halted, as if suddenly purposeful, and disappeared for a moment behind a red-painted pillar on which had been inscribed that fearful female sign. When she emerged, she let drop some black, wispy thing and, as I now ran toward her openly welcoming smile, she became, as if miraculously translated, as if all the time no more than trick photography, posed against a Coke stand fifty yards further ahead, placidly drinking a bright pink milkshake and laughing, with a great display of yellow, brown-streaked teeth.

So I reached the thing she had dropped and picked it up. I knew what it was before I handled it, though I could not believe it, even when I held it, her—I noticed—crotchless knickers. I buried my face in the sexual

black nylon, and the lace felt as healthily abrasive against my lips as her pubic hair would do. Around us, as if cut out of dark paper and stuck against the sky, were the negative perspectives of the skyscrapers. She set down her empty goblet with its spent striations of artificial cream, and now she was off again, my marshfire, and I stumbled after her as fast as my erection, which was now gigantic, would permit me.

We came to a place where the rats outnumbered humanity five to one. Now we were in a dismal zone of crumbling tenements, and though this zone was not alive, nevertheless it was peopled. The rusting fire escapes that wound round and round the buildings carried a freight of folk who had not been able to sleep in the heat and the humidity and now, in night attire or underclothes, had come out to try to catch whatever breath of freshness or coolness might ripple through the brazen air of the waning middle of the night. They sat upon the iron rungs of the fire escapes in attitudes of intense silence and immobility; so deeply were they absorbed in the pursuit of refreshment, for the air was like a sewer and it took the utmost concentration and a continuous, highly disciplined effort of will to obtain any life from it.

We had walked for hours, for miles.

In the doorway of a dingy apartment block under a pathetic single bulb that still shone over the step, she turned to me again and, as I approached, let fall her bright fur so she stood quite naked but for her stockings, the scarlet garters that held

them up, and the spike-heeled shoes that now she bent, with an infinite display of erotic guile, to unfasten. As if perfectly unconscious of me, she rolled the mesh stocking down one black, matt thigh, upon which the coarse mesh had left indentations as tragic as if the flesh had been pressed against barbed wire in an attempt at an escape from a prison camp in which she had always lived, would always attempt to flee, would always fail.

Before she could pull off the stocking, I was upon her. I took hold of her roughly and pressed the most intransigent part of myself against her, under the mean light of the bulb, in the street of ruinous tenements where the silent, blind-eyed residents imbibed the foul air that turned them all to stone. She showed no surprise at all at my embrace but laughed and wriggled away from me, subtle as a fish.

From one hand swung her shoes, which would have made a painful weapon; and once she'd telled me with a heel, she could have strangled me with her garters. For a moment, I knew how defenseless I was, how much at risk; above the pounding of my blood, I could hear the high-pitched conversations of the rats in the hall beyond the gaping doorway and see the shadows that converged there. The darkness inside terrified me.

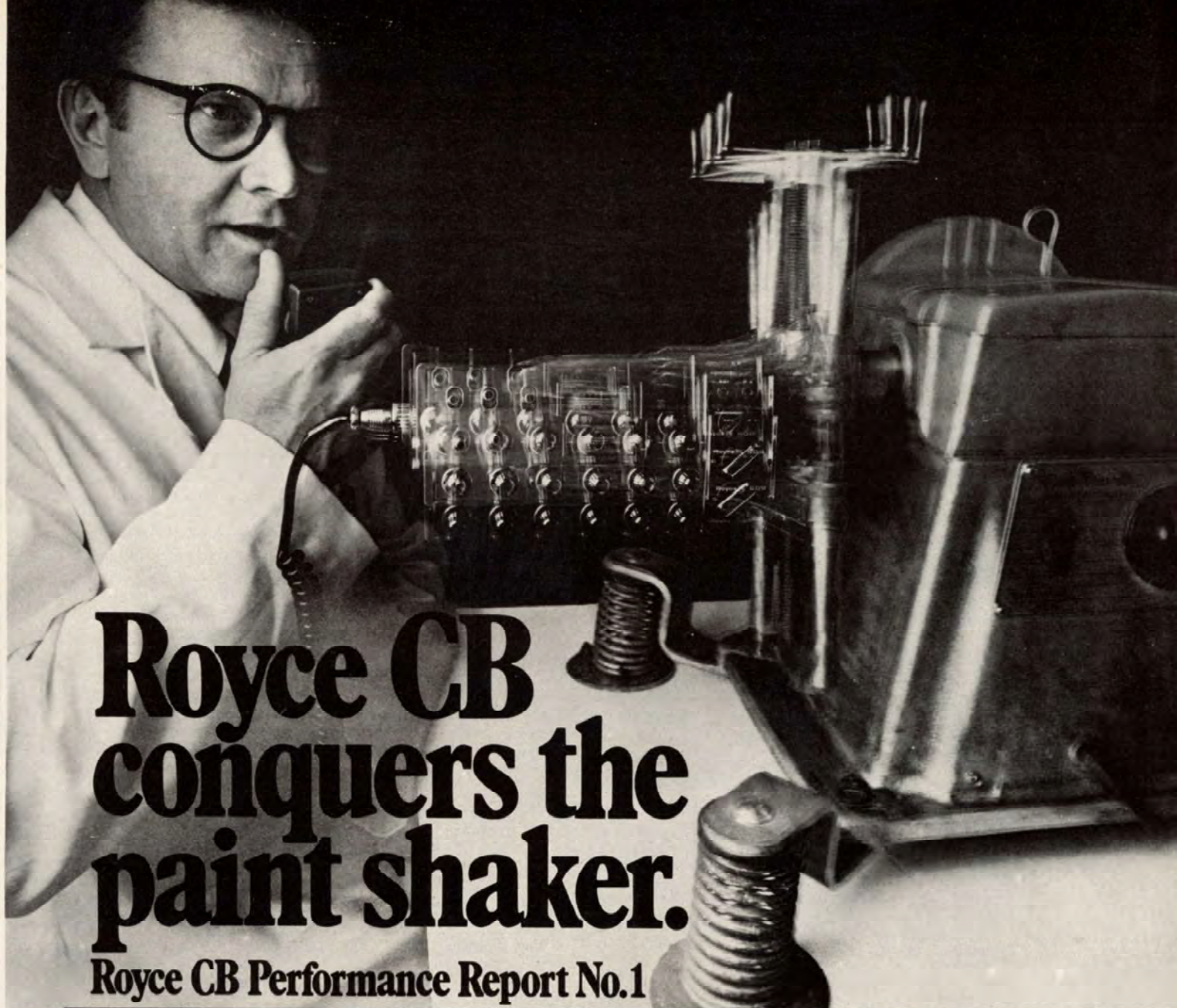
But, in the grip of such savage desire, I was unable to sustain fear as fear. I felt it only as an intensification of the desire that ravaged me. She drew away from me and put one finger on her lips, gesturing me to silence; with her free hand she took hold of mine, she drew me—she impelled me.

For one moment, one moment only, just before she touched me with the enameled blades of her fingertips, just as I crossed the filthy threshold of that gaunt, lightless, vertical, extinguished apartment block, all tenanted by strangers, my senses were eclipsed in absolute panic. This panic bore no relation to any of the titillating fears I had, up to the moment, experienced in the city; it was an archaic, atavistic panic before original darkness and silence, before the mystery of herself she unequivocally offered me, a mystery that also had its penetrable equivalence in this house with its many, many rooms, all tenanted by strangers. And, scrawled in chalk upon the wall, one piece of graffiti that could have perturbed me if I'd rummaged the meaning of it out of my memory: *INTROITE ET HIC DII SUNT*, a tag, the incomprehensible nudged at the edges of my mind...

I felt all the ghastly attraction of the fall. Like a man upon a precipice, irresistibly lured by gravity, I succumbed at once. I took the quickest way down; I plunged. I could not resist the impulsion of vertigo.

Little red fires, the eyes of rats, darted away from us in the hallway as she drew me by her small, cold hand up the spiraling staircase, up, up, up, until we came to her room, where roaches swarmed on the floor and the worm-eaten nightlight of the city flooded in through a curtainless window. The door slammed behind us. She





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dropped her shoes with a dull thud on the splintered floorboards. I kissed her. Her mouth had a strange flavor, like that of those mysterious fruits, such as the medlar, that are not fit to eat until they are rotten; her tongue was incandescent.

She dropped her fur on the floor, I stripped, both our breathing was clamorous. All my existence was now gone away into my tumescence; I was nothing but cock, and I dropped down upon her like, I suppose, a bird of prey, although my prey, throughout the pursuit, had played the hunter. My full-fleshed and voracious beak tore open the poisoned wound of love between her thighs, suddenly, suddenly Leilah, the night's gift to me, the city's gift.

How do you earn a living, Leilah? She was a naked model, she said, and sometimes she danced, naked, or else decorated with bows and tassels; and sometimes she took part in a simulated sex show as, perhaps, the filling in a chocolate sandwich or a layer in a mocha layer cake. So she earned enough for her rent, she did not eat much, anyway. Who had given her her fox-fur coat? She stole it, she said, with a burst of tinkling laughter. And she was seventeen; and her mother, she said, was somewhere in California.

And why me, Leilah, why me? Why did you choose to give yourself to me in such a rococo fashion? But she giggled and would not reply to that.

She made me instant coffee on a grease-caked electric hotplate; there was artificial cream made from corn-syrup sol-

ids to go with it. She flung up the window to let the smell of sex out, and then we had to shout at one another over the roar of the traffic, awakened with the dawn. Her argot or patois was infinitely strange to me. I could hardly understand a word she said, but I was mad for her and threw myself upon her several more times in the course of the morning although she herself showed no signs of satisfaction, only of yearning, of greater and greater irritated yearning. By lunchtime the dark lipstick on her nipples had been transferred completely to my own pale flesh. I must have impregnated her either the very first night or else that fetid forenoon, I suppose.

What did she do all day when she wasn't working? She lay in her narrow bed of white-painted iron the landlord must have stolen from a hospital, ate hash candy she made herself, so much hash candy her teeth were rotting, and dreamily agitated her clitoris with her forefinger, her mind—as far as I could tell—full of diffuse, purplish and crimson shapes that came together and divided in patterns that, as she described them to me, seemed singularly listless, limp, exhausted, as though her dreams were wearier by far than she was. When she remembered to switch it on, she would play, over and over again, the same record of a soul singer or a Motown group on a very expensive stereo system. Sometimes, when she remembered to do so, she would change the record, and then the new one, too, would play over and over again, over and over and over again. Where did

you get the record player, Leilah?

At the free store, she said and laughed; she meant the sound system; it, too, was stolen. She popped a lump of hash candy in my mouth. She was unnatural; she was irresponsible. Duplicity gleamed in her eyes, and her self seemed to come and go in her body, fretful, willful, she a visitor in her own flesh. Her skin was like the inside of a glove. I licked her all over and pulled her down upon me; the crucible of chaos delivered her to me for my pleasure, for my bane, and so I gave her Baroslav's gold.

In the curtainless, carpetless room, with torn pictures of soul singers on the wall, she danced her naked dance for me and for her reflection in her cracked mirror. She was black as my shadow, and I made her lie on her back and parted her legs like a doctor in order to examine more closely the exquisite negative of her sex. Sometimes, when I was exhausted and she was not, still riven by her carnal curiosity, she would clamber on top of me in the middle of the night, the darkness in the room made flesh, and thrust my limp cock inside herself, twittering away as she did so like a distracted canary, while I came to life in my sleep. Waking just before she tore the orgasm from me, I would, in my astonishment, remember the myth of the succubus, the devil in female form who came by night to seduce the saints. Then, to punish her for scaring me so, I would tie her to the iron bed with my belt. I always left her feet free, so she could kick away the rats.

Then I would go out and leave her to her punishment. I wandered through the disordered streets, I, now in full possession of Leilah's sweet, blurred, safe world of early childhood, every day a day of promise, of surmise, for I was eating as much of her hash candy as she did. I would come home in the evening with a box of fried chicken pieces or a sack of hamburgers; she had never made the least effort to free herself. She would be lying just as I had left her, her brackish eyes fixed—if "fixed" be not altogether too taut and positive a description of their wandering gaze—upon the ceiling. But sometimes, in revenge, she would have fouled the bed.

If she had fouled the bed, I would untie her and use my belt to beat her. And she would foul the bed again or bite my hand. So these games perpetrated themselves and grew, I suppose, more vicious by almost imperceptible degrees. She seemed to me a born victim, and, if she submitted to the beatings and the degradations with a curious, ironic laugh that no longer tinkled—for I'd beaten the wind-bells out of her, I'd done *that* much—then isn't irony the victim's only weapon?

I used to adore to watch her dressing herself in the evenings, before she went out to the clubs, the theaters, the restaurants where she performed, which I never visited. I would lie on her bed like a pasha, smoking, watching, in her cracked mirror, the transformation of the grubby little bud that slumbered all day in her filth; she was a night-blooming flower. But, unlike a flower,





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she did not grow beautiful by a simple process of becoming. Her beauty was an accession. She arrived at it by a conscious effort. She became absorbed in the contemplation of the figure in the mirror, but she did not seem to me to apprehend the person in the mirror as, in any degree, herself. The reflected Leilah had a concrete form, and although this form was perfectly tangible, we all knew, all three of us in the room, it was another Leilah. Leilah invoked this formal other with a gravity and ritual that recalled witchcraft; she brought into being a Leilah who lived only in the not-world of the mirror and then became her own reflection.

These preparations extended over some hours. To decorate the other was her sole preoccupation at these times; she did not hear me if I spoke to her. When at last she assumed the darkly luminous appearance of Lily-in-the-mirror, she became her; everyday Leilah disappeared immediately. My Leilah was now wholly the other one. She turned to kiss me quickly. With an absentminded dignity that she acquired only through the mirror; the mirror bestowed a grace upon her; now she was her own mistress.

And then she tripped off on her tall shoes to some benighted cabaret.

Regular as clockwork, once a night she witched me, night after night. Oh, my domestic brothel! All the delights of the flesh available in one institution of bone and muscle. The finicking care she used to give to the creation of this edifice! Applying the

rouge to her nether lips and the purple or peony or scarlet grease to her mouth and nipples; powders and unguents all the colors of the rainbow went on to the skin in the sockets of her eyes; with the manual dexterity of an assembler of precision instruments, she glued on the fringe of false eyelashes. The topiary of her hair she would sometimes thread with beads or dust with glinting bronze powder she also applied to her pubic mound. Then she sprayed herself with dark perfumes that enhanced rather than concealed the lingering odor of sexuality that was her own perfume. What would the poor scrubwoman back home in the ghetto of Watts say if she could see you now, Leilah. Lilith. mud Lily. as you slip on another pair of the sequined knickers that function as no more than a decorative and inadequate parenthesis round your sex?

So she ingeniously put together this seductive apparatus while Joe Tex or Al Green played on the stereo.

Her dresses were rags of chiffon or of slimy, synthetic fabrics or harsh-textured, knitted, metallic stuff—gold and silver and copper. Her stockings were made of black or purple or scarlet mesh; her vertiginous shoes, combinations of shiny leathers dyed green, pink, purple, or orange. She walked in technicolor. Sometimes she put on eccentric boots that laced up to her knee but left her toes bare. Sometimes she lashed her calves with thongs, like a slave. Then, bedizened like Rahab the Harlot but armored with an impregnable plating of

corrupt innocence, she would fling yet another fur—for she possessed a tea chest full of furs, even a chinchilla stole—she would fling a scarf or cloak or jacket of the beautiful pelts of animals around the extraordinary sloping delicacy of her bare shoulders and trot off, with the air of a good child on its way to Sunday school, into the diabolic cleft of the night, to return about five or six in the morning with a touch of liquor on her breath, though never much, and a great many dollars tucked in the top of her stocking.

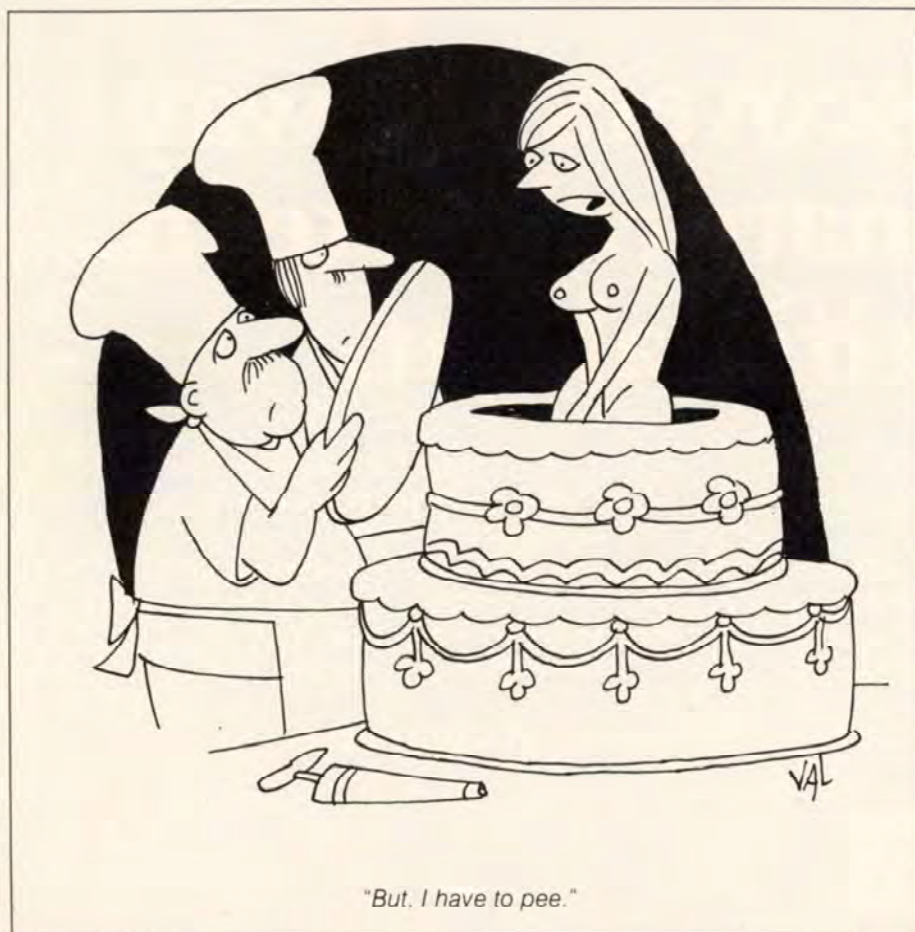
A great many dollars tucked in the top of her stocking. All the time I lived with Leilah, I never lacked for money. We ate well and often from the counter of the neighborhood deli, sandwiches (pastrami on rye and so on), salami, coleslaw, fried chicken, potato salad, apple pie, blueberry pie, boysenberry pie, raspberry and red currant pie, peach pie, pecan pie, etc., etc., etc., cheesecake, and strudel. We brought home egg foo yong and won ton soup and fried rice in wax cartons from the Chinese restaurant and drank, I recall, a great deal of Coca Cola from cans sweating with refrigeration.

The cracked mirror jaggedly reciprocated her bisected reflection and that of my watching self with the mauve exhalations of a joint curling round my head. To watch her dressing herself, putting on her public face, was to witness an inversion of the ritual disrobing to which she would later submit her body, for the more clothed she became, the more vivid became my memory of her nakedness, and as she watched me watching the assemblage of all the paraphernalia that only emphasized the black plush flanks and crimson slit beneath it, so she, too, seemed to abandon herself in the mirror, to abandon herself to the mirror, and allowed herself to function only as a fiction of the erotic dream into which the mirror cast me.

So, together, we entered the same reverie, the self-created, self-perpetuating, solipsistic world of the woman watching herself being watched in a mirror that seemed to have split apart under the strain of supporting her world.

Yet I have not told you what a child she was, how little, how sometimes clinging. And she had something of the awful delicacy of those china ornaments that invite you to smash them, because they are so fragile. And when she walked, she looked as though she were dancing; she had a sprightly grace that suggested how easy it would be for her to stumble, to trip, to fall.

I never knew a girl more a slave to style. It was the most important thing in the world to her that her eyelashes and the sculptured arc of her hair be just so. She did not want me to kiss her before she went out to work in case I would smudge her lipstick or otherwise untidy her so, of course; so aroused was I by her ritual incarnation, the way she systematically carnalized herself and became dressed meat, that I always managed to have her somehow, at the last minute, even if it was up against the wall,



"But, I have to pee."

BLOODY CAESAR



Try me!

Men have hailed me everywhere, for I'm perfect every time. I'm lighter and brighter—I'm a *Bloody Caesar*.

Why don't you try me? Just pour vodka over ice, fill with Clamato®, season if you like and garnish with a celery stalk.

Yes, I'm a Bloody Caesar, and I'm *perfect every time!*

And you can *Try Me* in my own special goblet. To get four handsomely embossed 11 oz. stem goblets just send \$5.00, check or money order to: Caesar, Box 2307, Hillside, New Jersey 07205.



Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted. Offer expires January 31, 1978 or until supply is exhausted. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, flowing blonde hair. She is crouching, looking down at her lap with a soft expression. Her hair is blowing in the wind. She is wearing a silver bracelet on her left wrist and a ring on her left ring finger. A banana is visible in her underwear, which has a white lace top and a red strap. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and white.

**FOR THE
MAN WHO HAS
EVERYTHING
AND NO
PLACE TO
PUT IT!**

The versatile Banana Warmer. One size fits all. It holds and protects anything from a banana and two plums to the family jewels. Use it as a pipe and tobacco pouch or use your imagination. Keep it in your drawers and your forbidden fruit can come in from the cold! Send \$4.95 plus 75c postage and handling to Penthouse Products, Dept. B002, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. NY residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

IN THE NOVEMBER VIVA ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

STEVIE WONDER

Never before has a name so aptly described a performer. Until now, he's always let his music be his mouthpiece. But in an exclusive interview, the private side of Stevie—the parts of his life that aren't all "sunshine"—are finally given an airing. Elliot Mintz reports.

DAY PEOPLE, NIGHT PEOPLE

Some people could rule the world provided that you don't make them work past noon. They are the day people. And then there are the night movers—who use the wee hours of the night to nurture creativity and turn into Count Dracula at the first light of dawn. Which are you? If you've never thought about it, Janet Chase-Marshall has some fascinating insights that will help you decide.

SADOMASOCHISM

As a practice, sadomasochism is not exactly spanking new. But it is picking up converts at an amazing rate these days. There's more to S&M than the boots, bullwhip, and black-leather cartoon images you've seen on newsstands. What is the hidden psychology behind the kinkiest of contact sports?

PARTY PEOPLE

Getting a taste of what it's like to hobnob with the Beautiful People may be the most habit-forming drug of all. Rose Hartman, an unabashed New York party junkie, tells her story and explains the phenomenon.

WOMEN ARTISTS

It's still a man's art world. But the sexual enclave is breaking up more and more every day. Rhoda Fagen interviews six modest young female esthetes who've made it and gathers some surprising news about just how palette-able the profession is getting for its distaff side.

PLUS:

Hair today, gone tomorrow; sweater girls hit your town; and John Simon's last word on Anita Bryant.

while her lips stretched back to show her dark gums in an agony of affront and she gasped: "No!" and her purple fingernails scored my back more out of indignation than passion.

But soon I grew bored with her. I had enough of her, then more than enough. She became only an irritation of the flesh, an itch that must be scratched, a response, not a pleasure. The sickness ran its course, and I was left only with the habit of her sensuality, an addiction of which I was half ashamed.

What could she have seen in me? She must have liked my tender pallor and my blue eyes and my English accent she found so hard to follow, so quaint to hear. God knows what else she could have liked, except the victim's role. I gave her nothing but an ingot of alchemical gold and a baby and mutilation and sterility.

She began to vomit in the mornings two or three weeks after I moved into her little room with its view of the ruins. It was growing colder. There was a chill snap to the mornings and a fine, sad mist over the Hudson. She bent over the cold-water sink, straining and sobbing a little; it humiliated her to vomit in front of me. Her breasts swelled, and she would not let me touch them because they hurt her so. Her period did not come. She took a sample of her urine to a clinic. Yes. She was pregnant.

How do I know it's my baby, Leilah? The oldest abuse, the most primitive evasion. Her lips skinned back, and she screamed. Her eyes rolled until they were all whites. She took her case of cosmetics, flung up the sash of the window, and tipped all out into the street below. She tore up her dresses and would have torn the furs, but I stopped her. She ground up glass and ate it, but she vomited it all up helplessly, and then, weak and sick, she demanded in a hysterical falsetto that I marry her. She said it was my duty to marry her. She issued voodoo threats against my manhood; she told me a chicken would come and snap my cock off, but I did not believe that. All this witchery offended my European sensibility; it seemed to me her pregnancy had unhinged her.

As soon as I knew she was carrying my child, any remaining desire for her vanished. She became only an embarrassment to me. She became a shocking inconvenience to me.

Sometimes I had dragged myself out of my sensual lethargy long enough to go back to my old apartment on the East Side to collect my mail. I had written to my parents that my job had fallen through and asked if they could, perhaps, see their way to subsidize me sufficiently for a brief holiday, so that I could buy a secondhand car, drive round, and see something of the States, so that my journey would not be entirely wasted. I did not tell Leilah I had done this.

At first they prevaricated. News of the unstable political situation in the States distressed them. They wanted their son safe home. The blacks had burned down Grand

Central Station; so there were few, if any, commuters. The inhabitants of the inner city had come into their own; Manhattan was an almost medieval city, for the gutters had become open sewers and the towers where the rich lived were as strongly fortified as castles. There were no lights in the street at night except those of burning buildings. Strikes reduced utilities to nil. The National Guard patrolled the banks; urban guerrillas of many denominations added their bullets to the random bullets of the streets.

But I pleaded my own adventurous spirit and told them the European press was exaggerating the Transatlantic situation to distract attention from affairs at home, where the first National Front members had just taken their seats in the House; there were riots in Birmingham and Wolverhampton; the power workers had been on strike for months. Then a distant uncle died and left me a legacy; so they could not make any excuses about money. Now I received a banker's order from them for a sufficient amount, even at the present price of gasoline. I had planned a luxurious itinerary in my head, during those purple hours spent between Leilah's dirty sheets . . . New Orleans, the names of whose streets were music, and all the siren South; the Spanish West; the desert . . . and now Leilah was pregnant, and she seemed to see no good reason why she should not, God help me, marry me.

I told her firmly that she could not marry me, and she must have an abortion. She sprang at me from the bed and tried to scratch out my eyes with her poor fingernails on which the purple enamel was now pitifully chipped. But I caught her wrists easily and held her down and reminded her she was only seventeen and very beautiful, that the world must contain a great deal more for such an enchanting person as her than a penniless young Englishman who had not even got a job. I was a perfect, sanctimonious hypocrite. Nothing was too low for me to stoop to if it meant I could get rid of her.

I capitalized on the few books and possessions I kept at the Lower East Side apartment and gave the proceeds to her. I also gave her what little of the money I had left from the sum I originally brought with me, but I did not tell her about the check my parents had sent me, since now I had set my heart on the trip and did not want to jeopardize it in any way.

And although all I told her was true, far more true than I wished to believe, because to acknowledge she was indeed just as beautiful and brilliant as I told her she was would have wounded my own vanity too severely. Still, even then, I could pretend that I did not see her contempt in the face that now shut up all its dark petals against me.

When she came to herself, in the sullen convalescence from her hysteria, she did not turn against me. No; she became indifferent to me, though acquiescently so. I ceased to have any significance for her,

How to Achieve Total Financial Freedom

A MUTUAL CONCERN. We've never met and probably never will, but I think we share a common interest. That interest is in achieving complete and total financial freedom.

Recently my net worth reached the *magic million dollar mark*, and it only took me 48 months to achieve that.

That might not impress you, but if you had seen me just a few years ago, you might wonder how I did it. I lived in Denver then, in a cramped, tumbled down house at 2545 South High Street. My wife was expecting our second child and we were so broke we had to borrow \$150.00 from a relative just to buy food and pay the rent.

By the way, I know I didn't make a million dollars because of my superior intellect — I barely got through Ames High School (Ames, Iowa) with a C average. I did a little better later on but I soon realized that a salaried job was not the way to become financially free. If you'll stop and think, you'll realize that millionaires do not work 10, 20, or 50 times harder or longer than you.

FINANCIAL FREEDOM. It seems that most people who are charging for financial advice have studied how to "do it" but have never actually "done it" themselves. You will find as you read my formulas, that since I have actually achieved total financial freedom myself, that you will receive from me more than just the motivation to achieve your own financial independence, but a workable step-by-step plan to actually do it.

STEP-BY-STEP. Contained in the work entitled *How To Wake Up The Financial Genius Inside You* are the various formulas which will show you exactly how you can do each of the following:

- buy income properties for as little as \$100 down.
- begin without any cash.
- put \$10,000 cash and more in your pocket each time you buy (without selling property).
- compound your assets at 100% yearly.
- legally avoid paying federal or state income taxes.
- buy bargains at one-half the market value.

MORE LEISURE. If you apply these formulas and methods you will find in a very short time, you will be able to do almost anything you care to do, and I think, at that time, you will find as I have, that spending several weeks on the beaches of Hawaii, or on the ski slopes of Colorado, or just sightseeing in Europe, or any other place in the world, you begin to understand what *real freedom* is all about.

Most people think that it would be impossible to do some of the things listed above. For example, to buy a property, and at the same time put \$10,000 (or more) cash in your pocket without selling the property, or to buy a property with little or no cash down.

Believe me, it is possible and fairly simple. This is exactly how most wealthy people ac-



Mark Haroldsen reached his first million in 48 months:
"I've found that most people just need a very specific financial road map to follow . . . they can do what I've done."

tually do make 10, 20, or 50 times more money than you do.

YOUR MONEY'S WORTH. While I was struggling on making my first million, I often thought how nice it would be to have the personal advice and counsel from someone like Howard Hughes or J. Paul Getty.

What would I have been willing to pay for this service? I can tell you one more thing for sure, it would have been a lot more than the \$12.00 that I'm going to ask you to invest in your financial future.

country lose, not because they lack intelligence, or even willpower, but because of procrastination, or lack of action — please don't be like the masses. Make a decision while you have this paper in your hands. Make a decision now to either act now and send for my material or immediately round file this paper. If your decision is to order, do it now, not later. Otherwise you may lose, just by default.

TO ORDER, simply take any size paper, write the words "Financial Freedom," your name and address, and send it along with a

" . . . more than 100,000 people have discovered that my formulas will provide the road map that can lead to total financial freedom . . . "

FOR YOUR FUTURE. What will this \$12.00 actually do for you? It will give you a complete step-by-step plan that you can follow to become totally and completely financially independent.

Please try to understand my dilemma. I'm not a New York advertising agency with all their professional skill and manpower to write a powerful and persuasive ad to convince you that I can make you financially independent. I am just somebody who has actually 'done it', and can really show you how to 'do it'.

TEST IT YOURSELF. It's really quite frustrating to have something so valuable as I know I have, but lack the skill to convince people to try it for themselves. I hope by my simple direct approach I can convince you to try my formulas.

INDECISION — THE COSTLY DECISION. It seems the majority of the people in our rich

check for \$12.00 to Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc., Dept. E-884, Tudor Mansion Bldg., 4751 Holaday Blvd., Salt Lake City, Utah 84117.

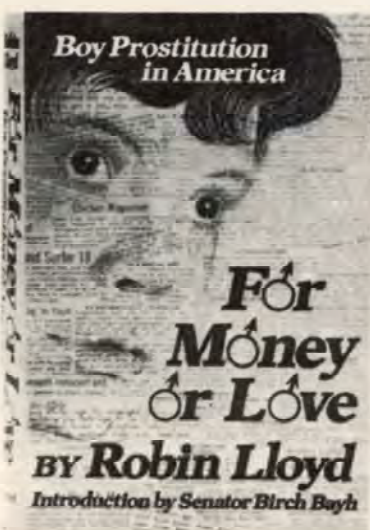
If you send for my materials now, I will also send you documents that will show you precisely how you can borrow from \$20,000 to \$200,000 at 2% above the prime rate using just your signature as collateral.

IT'S GUARANTEED. If you are still somewhat skeptical, and believe me, when I started out I certainly was, because of the many people in the world trying to deceive others, I would encourage you to postdate your check by 30 days, and I promise and guarantee that it will not be deposited for at least those 30 days, and if for any reason you do not think that what I have sent you lives up, in every aspect to what I told you in this letter, send the material back, and I will quickly, without question, refund your money and send back your own uncashed check or money order.

M2-12 © Mark O. Haroldsen, Inc. 1977

CHICKEN!

Slang term for a young boy who sells himself to older men...



FOR MONEY OR LOVE:

Boy Prostitution in America
by Robin Lloyd
with an Introduction by Senator Birch Bayh

Now, the first complete and uncensored story of the sale of young boys through a nationwide network of prostitution.

It is told in compassionate terms that spare no details by a man whose own sons were approached, something which started him on a three-year research project in which he interviewed scores of boys, their clients, and their pimps.

This is the only work on the biggest sexual secret in the country. The book also contains statements by leaders of the gay community, police, ministers and psychiatrists.

FOR MONEY OR LOVE...
a book no parent or concerned adult can afford to be without. For immediate delivery, send \$8.50 to **Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PH-70, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.** Please add \$1.00 for postage and handling. NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

snow came, and there was a taste of snow already on the winds that raced up and down the thoroughfares. My brain cleared of the hashish fumes; I saw disaster clearly.

I bought potato salad and cold ham for the journey. On my way to the parked car, less than fifty yards away from it, I was set upon by young blacks, the oldest of whom could not have been more than fifteen, and severely beaten. But they did not get my money since, following the advice of the clerk at American Express, I had folded it into a small parcel, sealed it in polythene kitchen wrap in case of involuntary incontinence, and attached it in the hollow of my crotch with Scotch tape. The roar of an approaching tank scared my attackers away; I rose groggily to my feet as the conquering heroes roared past and bolted for the car as fast as my shaking legs would carry me.

So I abandoned Leilah to the dying city and took to the freeway, past flaming wrecks of cars, secure from snipers behind my bullet-proof windows. Down the freeways in fine style, like a true American hero, my money stowed between my legs.

At first I was exhilarated. I thought I left behind a fatal sickness that had been bred of the city; yet the darkness and confusion were as much my own as that of the city, and I took the sickness with me since I was myself infected, or had brought it from the Old World to the New World with me, was myself a carrier of the germ of a universal pandemic of despair. But I wanted to blame my disease upon somebody, and so I chose Leilah, for she was the nearest thing to myself I had ever met.

I said to myself: her slow, sweet flesh has suffused my own with its corrupt languor. The sickness of the ghetto and the slow, delirious sickness of femininity, its passivity, its narcissism, have infected me because of her. She has been doubly degraded, through her race and through her sex; this affliction she has given me is therefore twice as virulent; I might die of it. All these absurd notions flickered through my injustice as I tore hell-for-leather through the night. As dawn came up over the New Jersey turnpike, I saw the desolation of the entire megapolis, and it was a mirror of my own.

Festering with misanthropy, dreading the pestilence I ascribed to inhabited places, I abandoned all my ill-made plans. I would not go south; there were too many ghosts of Europe in the bayous. I would go where there were no ghosts; I needed pure air and cleanness. I would go to the desert. There, the primordial light, unexhausted by eyes, would purify me.

I would go to the desert, to the waste heart of that vast country, the desert on which they turned their backs for fear it would remind them of emptiness—the desert, the arid zone—there to find, chimera of chimeras, there, in the ocean of sand, among the bleached rocks of the untenanted part of the world, I thought I might find that most elusive of all chimeras, myself. 

IN THE NOVEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

WHY MEN LOVE HAIR

"Farrah Fawcett-Majors has rekindled the sex power of hair," claims the creator of her wild blonde hairstyle. One look through these pages about the phenomenal sex appeal of hair and how it's changed eroticism in America may cause your lady to lengthen her crowning glory.

HOW TO LIVE WITH STRESS

Stress kills thousands of people every year. Either one learns to cope with stress, or else. Dr. Donald L. Dudley and Elton Welke reveal what your personal chances for survival are.

VIVA VASECTOMIES

Vasectomy is fast becoming one of the most popular forms of contraception in America. In this informative article, you will find out when, why, and how a man should have a vasectomy. This is must reading for every man who is interested in a safe, inexpensive, and quick way to ensure contraception.

VITAMIN E SLOWS AGING

Vitamin E has long been considered a revitalizer of sexuality, but this vitamin, utilized properly, also retards aging. And, of course, the younger you feel, the more you feel like making love.

THE VIRGINITY BOOM

Is it possible that the hymen is making a comeback? Writer Peter Hochstein explores the newest rage—the virginity boom—and comes up with the conclusion that the sexual revolution may be in serious trouble. Don't miss this witty article.

SEX AS EXERCISE

Dr. A. I. Friedman outlines the many ways that sex can benefit your life. Providing pleasure is only one of the benefits of sex; it is good for the heart and prostate, relieves tensions, and helps you lose weight.

How To Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

Give Us 5 Days — And We'll Give You A New Modernized Method of Getting Girls That Works Like Nothing You've Ever Seen Before — Let Us Prove It

IT'S the newest ... most modern way of getting girls.

It's called *S/A Hypnotism*. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

S/A Hypnotism works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: "I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely — to say the least. Then I heard about *S/A Hypnotism*.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to *S/A Hypnotism*!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).



That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)

- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)

- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)

- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or *S/A Hypnotism*.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls; a method that will work anywhere, anytime ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-1177
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls: Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research

This short short is the
best-selling car in Europe, where drivers
take their machines seriously.

Designed for people is the best way to describe Renault's latest version of its R-5, Le Car (as it has been officially dubbed in the United States). This is a minimum-care, maximum-fun, three-door subcompact that makes getting from here to there a distinct pleasure. It's no wonder that Le Car has quickly become the most popular means of private motor transportation on the continent of Europe.

Students of automotive history won't be too surprised by Le Car, for Renault has been building tough, competitive machines since 1899. The R-5 is no exception. The 1978 models now coming off the boat are powered by 79-cubic-inch engines that drive the front wheels via a transaxle. Don't let that engine size fool you, though—it can get the four-seater up past 90 mph and keep it there all day long. And in town Le Car really comes through when traffic gets heavy. Sliding through tight spots with a flick of the wrist, you can scoot by lines of waiting cars faster than by any other means short of a motorcycle. Le Car, in fact, is the only thing on four wheels that can compare with a cycle for nimble, surging performance on the highway or byway.

On the practical side, Le Car is a mini-car with a big-car interior. The headroom, legroom, and shoulderroom exceed that of most U.S. compacts—and of many full-sized cars, too. The sense of open space is further enhanced by the oversized windows and slim roof pillars.

In addition to being able to accommodate four linebackers, Le Car has more than ample trunk space. Twist the trunk key and lift the hatchback, and the whole rear seat folds down to provide a carpeted deck, stretching back to the tailgate. With the back open, big items fit in easily. Though hardly in the moving-van class, Le Car can haul an amazing variety of bulky objects and can do so with a thriftiness that belies its performance.

Mileage figures are 41 mpg on the highway and 26 mpg in town. Before you raise your eyebrows at those figures, remember that they're from Uncle Sam's Environmental Protection Agency, which puts all cars through a tough road test. You will actually get this mileage, if you can manage not to use the loud pedal too strenuously. And with the cost of gas going up every time an Arab sheik sneezes, that's a temptation worth resisting.

Two models of Le Car are available, the TL and the GTL. A vinyl sunroof can be obtained with either model, but the GTL

VIVE LE CAR!

has several comfort and convenience options that make the trip a bit more fun. Your local dealer can install on either model such goodies as roof racks, mag wheels, trailer hitches, and a slew of interior extras. For serious drivers who want maximum road holding, the slightly larger 145-by-13 tires of the GTL give it an edge over the TL, with its 135-by-13 shoes.

Handling is one area to which Renault's engineers obviously devoted much time and effort.

The front-wheel drive, disc brakes, four-wheel independent suspension, torsion-bar springing, and radial tires are all beautifully matched to keep the wheels on the road and the car going where you steer it. The rigid, unitized body provides an ideal platform for Le Car's mechanical components, and its light weight is one key to its brisk acceleration. Sitting at the curb, ready to run, Le Car tips the scales at a mere 1,819 pounds. If that sounds like a lot, check the weight of the car you're driving, and you'll get a rude shock.

The interior styling is functional and uncluttered. The neatly finished seats and door panels, covered in leatherlike vinyl, can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. Fully reclining bucket seats are standard on GTL models and optional in the TL. The controls are easy to operate, work well, and give every indication of holding up under hard use. Even the jumbo sunroof works at the flip of a finger. With the top open, Le Car becomes the nearest thing to a four-passenger convertible you can buy today.

Taking full advantage of the superior handling and light weight of Le Car, owners by the hundreds have been racing their Renaults in the Sports Car Club of America Showroom Stock class. The car's ability to race successfully against tough competition has surprised owners and spectators alike at tracks across the U.S. To support these efforts, Renault expanded its competition department, so that any Le Car driver who wants to go racing can do so at rock-bottom prices. In addition to providing technical advice, Renault has offered liberal awards designed to hold the cost of racing down. For details of how you can join the fun, drop a card to Patrick Jacquemart, U.S. Competition Manager, Renault USA, Inc., 100 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632.

The price (in the \$3,600 range) is right, especially since operating costs—fuel, tires, insurance—are bound to be low. So put a smile on your face and give your bank account a lift: join the Le Car generation. 

BY JOE KELLEHER



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

car? I have never made it in the backseat. I shall be glad if you can give me some guidance on (1) possible foreplay, (2) the right clothes to wear, and (3) positions of intercourse in such a limited space.

I don't have any mental hangups regarding the boy. My attitude is comparable to that of an unsatisfied husband who wants to make it with a whore. In fact, my sexual fantasy is to become a high-class whore, one who is able to turn down a good offer. By the time this letter is printed in the magazine, I might already have seduced this boy Bruce. I just need some encouragement and a few suggestions regarding enjoyable sex in the backseat of an automobile.—C.C.

You sound a little selfish to me. You had a great marriage when you and your husband were in great physical shape, but now that he's unable to perform, you simply have no regard for his feelings or emotions. Paraplegic people do have souls and minds and certain parts of their bodies that function. Your husband does have a mouth and hands, I presume, and can still kiss and caress and stroke. The penis is not the one and only implement for achieving an orgasm.

My own father died three years ago, and for the last eight years of his life he was severely crippled from various strokes. In all those years my mother never had sex with another man, and, as she confessed to me after his death, they were able to carry on a fairly reasonable sex life.

I can sympathize with your situation, but need you go after your husband's own son? If you want to begin an affair, don't do it behind the man's back. (No wonder his sister is so protective; he needs some moral support.) Explain your situation to him, but don't ignore his sexual needs, either. If he can give you an orgasm via his tongue or hands, perhaps then he won't seem so jealous of other men.

I'm amused that your sex fantasy is to become a high-class whore. Fantasy? I'd say you've already achieved that status, my dear. Remember, you were a poor little secretary who married a wealthy man for sex and money. If you had loved the man, you certainly wouldn't be writing me a letter like this one. The call girls I've known screw for sex and money, too, but at least they don't call it love and hide behind their wedding rings. Why don't you try some honesty on for size, or won't it fit?

THE BULGING QUESTION GROWS

I'm amazed at your naiveté regarding those bulges in men's pants. Your problem is that you seldom encounter a penis in one of its calmer moments.

The "down position" is the natural position with or without clothes, and most men "wear" the penis in this dangling fashion. It has something to do with gravity. The penis

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T. Greer—"My waist actually came down 5 full inches in 5 days—from 38 to 33. My entire physique looks so much better and I feel so much better that I can't praise this sensational trimmer enough."

J. Morgan—"Remarkable results from a remarkable product. With the Astro-Trimmer I actually reduced, firmed and tightened my waistline 5 inches—from 33¼ to 28¼—in just 3 days—without dieting. Not only has my appearance improved tremendously, but I feel so much better and seem to have so much more energy than before."

How many excess inches can I lose with the Astro-Trimmer? How many excess inches do you have? Many users lose 2 or more inches from their waists and 2 or more inches from their abdomens the very first day. Three, four, even more inches off the waist in three days is not uncommon. Not everyone will do this. The degree of inch loss will vary with individual body response. However, this matchless body shaper melts excess inches off the waist, abdomen, hips, thighs with such amazing speed that if your waistline isn't 2 to 5 inches trimmer after using your Astro-Trimmer for just 3 days—or less—and if you don't lose these inches without dieting and in only 5 to 10 minutes a day, you may simply return your Astro-Trimmer and your money will be refunded.

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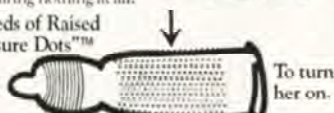
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rests on the scrotum, and the bulge is affected by the balls.

Most men are "heavy left," meaning that the left testicle hangs lower than the right and the penis tends to hang left. As tailors will tell you, the man's equipment usually hangs to the left of the crotch seam if the crotch is snug. Knit shorts can minimize this hanging effect by supporting the testicles and bunching the equipment together. Some guys with short penises show a prominent, concentrated bulge primarily because they have little length to hang down. Wearing it "up" causes the bulge to show in a different position; and if there should be an erection, this position allows full expansion. In other words, your crotch ends up looking like a tent. Wearing it "down" gives one more compactness, but it can be somewhat painful if the shorts are too tight and the guy gets hard.

Unfortunately, perhaps, one cannot always tell by the bulge if the organ is large or not. An Adonis-like friend of mine always showed a nice bulge, but when we roomed together I was amazed at his small size. (He's built like a Greek god; you've probably seen those statues.)

The tightness and cut of the pants have a lot to do with it, and a man can emphasize or de-emphasize the bulge by the choice of his pants. In my student days I always tried to hide the frequent and dramatic bulge by carrying my books in an awkward position. Now I wish I hadn't; life might have been more interesting. I guess I was just born twenty years too late.—A.A.

Thanks for the information. I'm going south for the winter and should have ample opportunity to do further research on this difficult question. Hanging, standing, swinging, just plain limping along—the male organ and its proper posture (at rest) seems to be quite a bone of contention.

TEE-TEE AND SYMPATHY

In 1972, when I was just eighteen, I had an abortion in a well-established hospital here in Montreal. I considered myself lucky, because I was nearly three months pregnant. Before the abortion my sex life varied, and I never met the same guy twice in sexual encounters. I had fun and orgasms. Now, after five years of conjugal life with my current lover, I'm afraid that sex is a dull affair—with men, that is.

Just recently I met an old girl friend from school, and we had sex together. It is a gratifying experience with her, and I find that orgasms are easier to come by when I'm making love with this woman. As a matter of fact, I don't come at all with my boyfriend. He hops on me, fucks, and comes. He may finger me, but no oral sex—he says he never liked the smell of a vagina (even though I douche regularly). Unlike him, my girl friend takes her time and fondles my breasts, caresses my body, and performs oral sex. And I enjoy doing the same to her. I've never seen anything so beautiful as her long blonde silky hair as it brushes against my breasts and thighs.

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On the other hand, *Xaviera*, I dearly love my boyfriend and cannot bear to think I've repulsed him. He just doesn't know how to be a good lover. During sex he shouts obscenities and tears at my breasts. When he gets on me, he thumps away at me until it hurts. I endure this out of love for him. He is a Leo, and it would sting his pride if I ever told him he was useless in bed. I've even tried bondage and spankings, but I just can't achieve an orgasm with him.

Today, when I think about sex, I can only visualize *Christie's* soft, loving touch, the way she makes me feel whole again. I don't see her often, since she lives so far away. *Christie* is married to a beautiful Swiss guy who sometimes takes part in our sex play. We do coke and *Quaaludes* during our orgies à trois. My lover hates my two friends and threatens to leave me if I ever again have sex with them. He caught on to my extracurricular sex when I didn't arrive home for a week. He knew where I was and phoned, asking me to return home. But to what? I tried to explain how happy I was with her but how I still loved him, too.

My boyfriend says he's not jealous, but that's not exactly the case—I can't even dance with another guy. He just likes to sit there and drink, and so I have to sit there and drink with him. I'm like a programmed yo-yo, nervous and ready to snap. I've been to shrinks over long periods of time, and all they do is prescribe drugs to calm me down.

I do love women's company, both physically and mentally, but need male backing for security. What can I do?—L.D.

Does your boyfriend really give you all that much security? Are you really that dependent on male companionship, even if it turns you into an absolute wreck?

I don't think you should live with either a man or a woman—at least, not right now. Try it alone for a while; give yourself time to put your life back into balance. It seems you've never actually tried it alone. After living with your parents, you immediately set up house with some guy. You probably needed his support after your abortion, but that's part of history now. On the other hand, some lingering emotional pain from that abortion could be what's interfering with your orgasms.

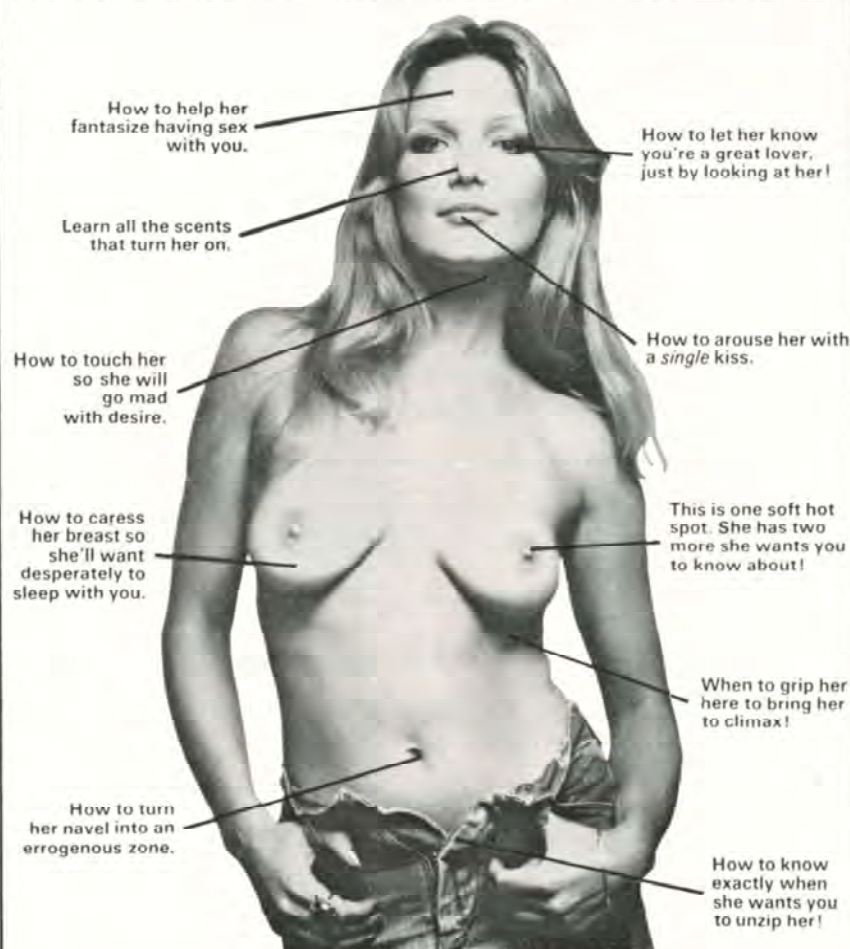
Once you're living alone, I suggest you try dating both men and women. Eventually, you'll find someone who can give you the love and the security you're looking for.

COMING TO ATTENTION

I'm nineteen and am having a problem characteristic of the so-called fuck-and-roll-over-and-sleep syndrome. The thing is, once I've fucked my girl friend, it seems like years before my erection comes back.

Here's the situation. My girl friend and I are college students. Unfortunately, our colleges are 150 miles apart. On various weekends I drive up and see her. The night that I arrive, we have a long and enjoyable "class." It's great sex, but I can't come again for all the rest of that evening. High-

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PN

way fatigue maybe? That's what I've figured, but it happens (or, rather, doesn't) during the rest of the weekend, too.

Another problem: my girl friend doesn't always have an orgasm. She uses a contraceptive foam, which might be the reason why. During her period, however, there's no problem with her coming. She has orgasm after orgasm, and then some.

Luckily, these problems don't seem to be hurting our relationship. Knock on wood.—Worried

Weekend fucking is probably your problem. Preferably, although your situations don't allow it, you should be spending more time together. Since this seems an impossibility right now, just don't expect so much action from your penis. It's not a machine you can operate at will. Try not to worry too much about your "second coming." It's voltage, not spillage, that counts.

I'd suggest your girl friend try some method of birth control other than usage of the foam. I can't imagine that you can care much for oral sex, what with her love hole all filled with awful-tasting chemical whip. (That's not the kind of foaming at the mouth you want.) Have you tried performing oral sex? It might not be a bad idea to give her at least one good orgasm, via cunnilingus, before you move on to joint action. Give your penis a rest. Remember, in the little dance we call sex, there's more than one way to cut a rug.

MONOSEXUALITY: TWO'S A CROWD

Two years ago I married a very attractive, interesting man whom most people would probably describe as a good-natured jock. Before then, when I was just dating my future husband, the presence of roommates often thwarted our sex life. I assured myself that things would change once we were married and on our own. Oh, was I ever in love! And today? My husband says that women "don't need sex."

Like most men, my husband enjoys making passing comments on the girls he sees on the street. Frankly, I don't know what he'd do if he did get an offer, since getting him into bed is like pulling teeth.

I've tried to initiate chats about sex, but this makes him very uncomfortable. After my one-way monologue with myself, he changes the subject. We're both thirty. Xaviera, and although he tells me two or three times a day that he loves me, we have sex about twice a month. If I initiate the action, I get put off sexually with "I'm tired," "Don't be silly," or—would you believe?—"I have a headache." I've tried the slinky dresses and fancy underwear, but all to no avail. My husband makes me feel ashamed, like I'm begging for something.

I'm not a nagger, but he just refuses even to discuss the need for more sex. After all the good sex I enjoyed as a single woman, this arrangement certainly seems like Mother Nature's dirty trick. I might as well be living with my brother.

At first I thought my husband might be homosexual, but he likes Penthouse magazine. However, get this: when I've purchased the magazine for him, he refuses to crack the cover—when he's around me. If he does and finds that he's becoming aroused, he immediately closes it. Usually, though, he takes the magazine into the bathroom and masturbates.

This happens at least three or four times each week. I don't know how stupid he thinks I am not to have caught on by now. Xaviera, why doesn't this man want to share his sex with me? Is a picture worth a thousand wives? —Gloria

Obviously, your husband is not totally asexual, since he does masturbate to erotic pictures. But there does seem to be some knot in his way of thinking. It could be that anonymous women in a magazine are all the stimulation he needs and wants. No, I doubt that your husband is homosexual. How about calling him a monosexual? Yes, Gloria—they do exist: people who get off on themselves and nobody else.

It would be great if you could get your husband to a marriage counselor or psychiatrist, but I think that's hoping for too much. After all, if he doesn't want to talk about sex with you, why would he do so before some stranger? Then again, it might be worth a try. Approach him with the idea, but don't say it's to help him with his own sex problem. Say that it's your problem,

that you're oversexed and need his help to cease being a nymphomaniac. Okay, we know you're not a nympho, but your husband just might buy the line. At least you'll get his foot in the shrink's door.

If your husband absolutely refuses to see a shrink, go to one yourself. A psychiatrist should help you to cope with such a man and to decide whether or not your marriage need be prolonged. After all, why stay married to a man who believes, "I'm in love with myself and we're happy that way"? You need company, and I don't mean your own magazine subscription.

ALL STUFFED UP

I'm a Navy fighter pilot who's been all over the world. An interesting thing happened to me a few years ago, when I was temporarily stationed in Osan, Korea. I met and moved in with a beautiful twenty-year-old Korean girl, and she did a number on me which I've since tried to teach other women. So far I've had no luck with these other women.

The trick was this:

While making love, I'd lie on top of her, with her knees against her chest. She'd apply some lubricant to my testicles and, with unbelievable ease, insert my testicles into her anus. She would then tighten her anal muscles. I usually take about fifteen minutes to reach a climax. But that first time, when it hit me what she had done, I came immediately.

I've told my buddies about this experience, and most of them say it's just so much bullshit. A couple of them have even tried it with their women, but to no avail.

For lack of a better phrase, I've named this number "The Old Italian Ball Stuff." Why Italian? I don't know; it just has a better ring to it than Korean. Have you ever heard of such a sexual variation?—Ken

When I was about twenty years old and still living in Holland, I had a boyfriend with a lovely penis and set of balls. One evening we were exploring a few sexercises and came across a position whereby I could squeeze both his penis and balls into my vagina.

I've never really thought about sticking a man's balls into my anus (or a camel through the eye of a needle). While it might not be impossible for some women, I'd imagine the woman would have to have loose sphincter muscles to stow your family jewels in her cellar. It sounds like you've found the sexual equivalent of Triple Sec—Double Sac. At present I'm living with a young ballet dancer, and he's showing me all kinds of great exercises. Personally, I think I'd prefer his stretch exercises to the admittedly interesting type of "balling" you've experienced.

DRIVEN IN LOW GEAR

I've been married for the past six years, and lately my sex drive has begun to decrease just as my husband's has begun to increase. As we've switched gears, he's also become selfish. I mean, he'll ask me to sit on his lap. I think, great; I love to. But just



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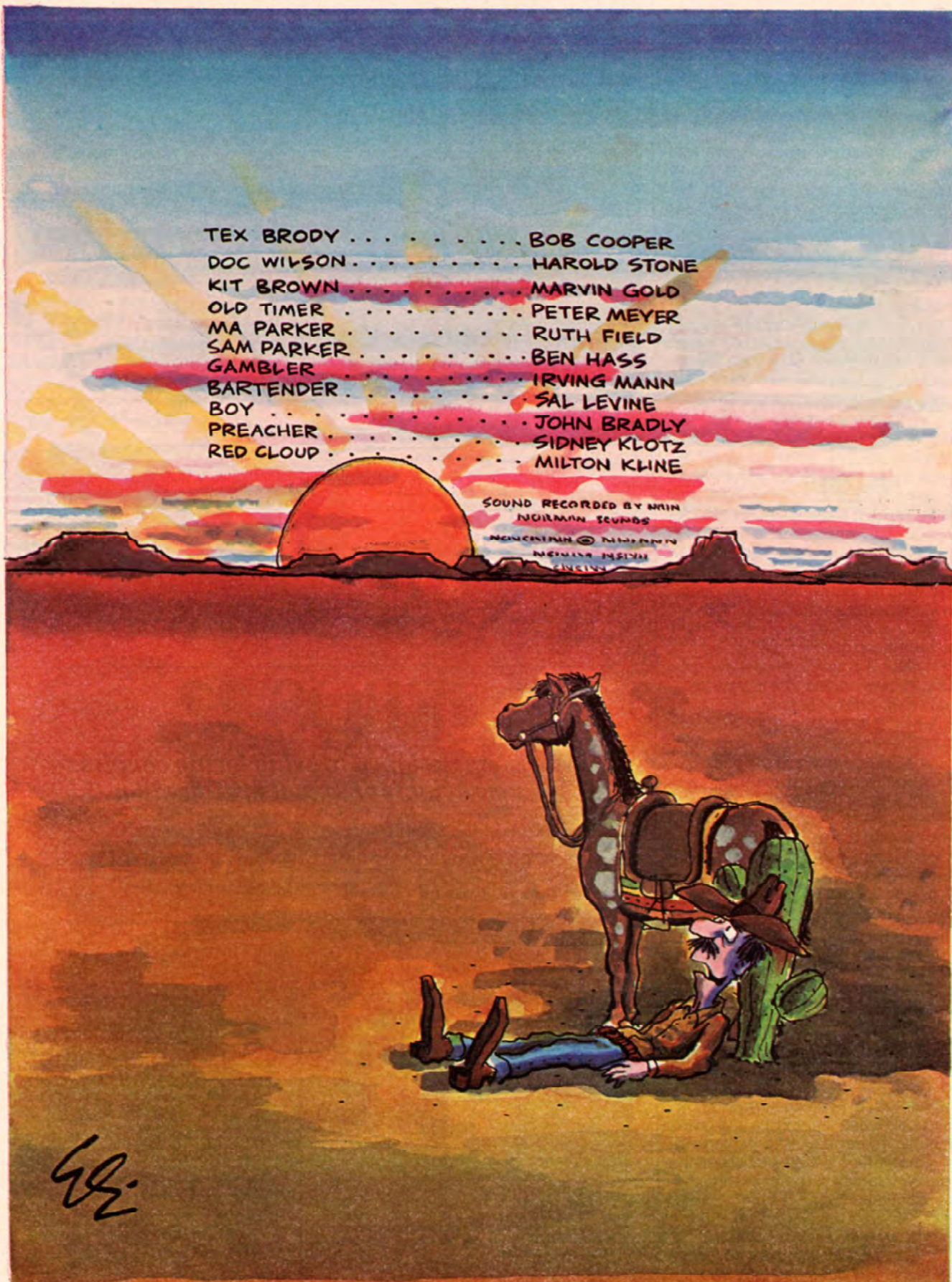
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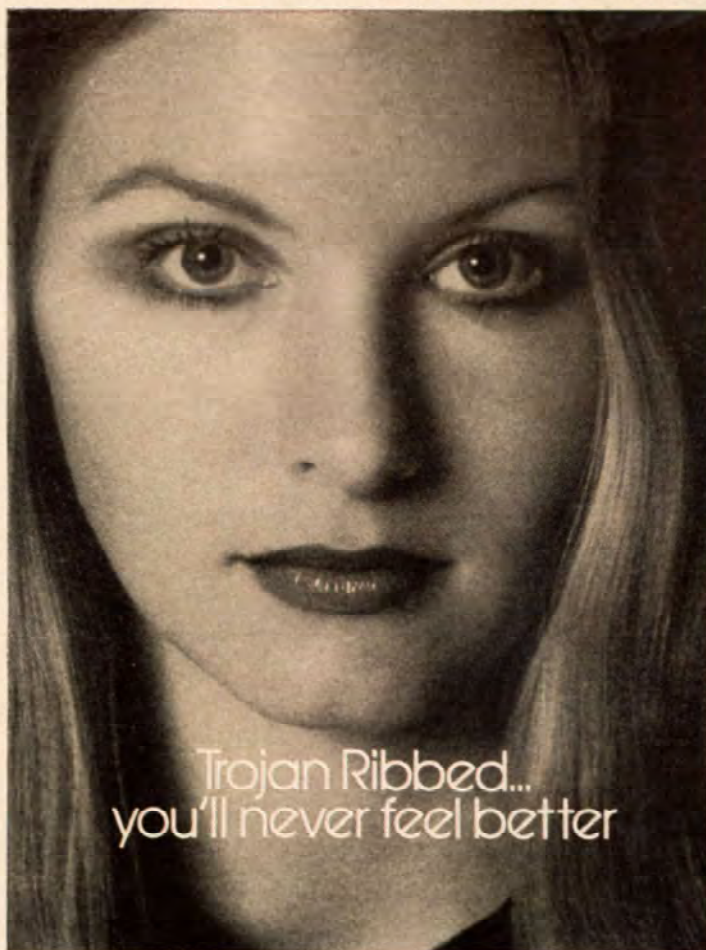
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as soon as I do, his hands start roving about. He won't just let me sit there and be held for a while. He seems to think I should get all excited instantly, and when I don't, he says I'm not interested anymore.

He also likes to sit there in his chair, whip his cock out, and say, "Wouldn't you like to have this?" Right out of the clear blue. What a turn-off! Sometimes he'll say, "Come over here and suck my cock." That really gets me, too. I mean, I prefer to do it on my own steam. The worst, however, is when we're unable to screw because we have no rubbers around the house. I'll suck him off, which I enjoy doing—I get a good feeling knowing I've taken care of my man. But all he does for me is masturbate my clitoris for a few seconds, get me good and hot, and then say, "Good night. I'll take care of you next time. I'm too tired now."

He just doesn't know how to treat a woman, Xaviera. I'd really like to talk these problems over with him, but my husband has a supersensitive ego. Whatever I say seems to hurt his masculinity.

I'm feeling so low right now that I even wish he'd go to a good hooker—someone who could teach him the fine art of sex.

You see, my husband was a virgin when we married. I was not, and he constantly points this fact out to me when he's angry. Well, I had only one man before I married. We screwed for about one minute, and I never even had an orgasm. Some fallen woman, huh?

Please help. We've come this far through rough and easy times. It would be a shame to think that sex, of all things, will be our downfall.—Barbie

From your letter, it seems your husband initiates all the sex play. That's okay, except that the initiator also gets to set the rules. If you want sex on your terms, then you'll have to be more aggressive. Also, you don't need a hooker around to teach your man new tricks. Aren't you woman enough to do that yourself? If you want to experiment, then do it. Don't say, "Now let's try some oral sex," or whatever. Just position your body in such a way that he can't refuse. As they say in the sports world, bring it to him.

Lure him into the bathtub some day. As you face each other in the water, rub some soap all over his body. Even put some up his ass. After the bath surprise him by kissing and caressing every part of his body. And please, don't just stick to his cock. If you want your man to be more loving, then you'll have to teach him that there are other erogenous zones on his body. His cock is not his only responsive organ.

When you've got him good and hot after the bathtub scene, try turning your own body in such a way that he can't help feeling your pussy in front of his face. If he doesn't eat you out, then ask him to. If he still refuses, then refuse him your services in bed. Perhaps then he'll realize that you,

too, have real needs, needs like his. By the same token, you should remember that you occasionally don't perform as your horny husband would like you to. Love is a two-way street. Isn't it time you and your husband started traveling in the same direction—or making a few "you-turns"?

THE BETTER HALF OF A MAN

I have been having an affair with Jim for about two years. Our only problem is that he is married. I knew this when we started our relationship, but it didn't make any difference to me, because Jim really makes me feel great when we're together.

We have met at motel rooms, out-of-view (and out-of-sight) parking places, and at my apartment. Most of the time we plan ahead carefully where to meet so that we don't have to fear being caught by his wife. We usually meet about three times a month, more if possible.

In all the two years that Jim and I have been meeting, I believe we enjoyed ourselves the most the last time we met, which was about a week ago. We didn't have it planned at all. We were talking on the phone, and both of us got real hot and horny. All at once Jim told me where to meet him in about twenty minutes. So I did.

It was a wooded riverside area, a few miles from the town we live in. I carried a blanket so that we wouldn't have to use the backseat of the car. Jim brought along cold beer, and we made a day out of it.

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We lay on the blanket, drinking beer and talking about the sex that we have had with each other and with other people. The more we talked about it, the more we wanted it. Before long Jim and I had stripped off our clothes. I started kissing and licking around his cock while he fluttered his fingers around and inside my cunt. I had one orgasm after another. We went on this way for about ten minutes. Then I decided it was time I did something for Jim. I started really sucking his cock and letting it go down my throat until his balls were touching my chin. Jim started playing around with my tits, and I soon had his balls cupped in my hand. Jim couldn't hold it any longer. He came, and I swallowed every drop of it and then licked his cock until it was free of all his come.

We rested for a while, drinking a few beers and talking some more about sex. Again, we got tired of talking about it and found ourselves eager to put our words back into action.

I lay back on the blanket with my legs spread far apart and my fingers in my cunt. Jim started playing with himself while he watched me reach an orgasm. We really get a big kick out of watching each other masturbate. I had about three more orgasms, and then I thought it was about time I played with him. So I put some Vaseline on my fingers and probed very easily and slowly into his ass hole. I finger-fucked him until he was almost out of his mind.

When Jim and I meet, we have only an hour or so to make love. We are always afraid to stay too long, because someone might put two and two together and come up with two—Jim and me.

Sometimes I think I should stop seeing Jim because he is married. Every time I bring the subject up, he tells me there is no way he'll stop seeing me. If we enjoy sex so much, why should we stop seeing each other—just because he is married? We are always trying something new. He says that his wife is a very cold woman and that she hardly ever wants to go to bed with him. That's where I come in. I believe I am the best part of his life.

I've been with a few other men since Jim, but none of them has been able to satisfy me the way Jim does. I always manage to come with them, but it's just not the same as with Jim.

I guess you are wondering why Jim doesn't divorce his wife. He says she won't give him a divorce; and if she did, she would get almost everything they have. He has worked all his life for what he's got. I would rather go on like this than to have Jim lose everything. I would rather have his sex life. Money can't buy the feelings we have when we're together. Sometimes I think I am in love with him. What does it sound like to you?—A.D.

Your letter is interesting, and I find myself quite excited by it. But don't you want more from your relationship than just a few hasty hours of secret sex? You want my opinion? Okay, here goes:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

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His work has been funded by the National Cancer Institute and the United States Public Health Service. He is a member of the American Society for the Advancement of Science, the Royal Society of Medicine and others. He has received professorship from and has been invited to lecture at the University of Bonn, Germany; Taft University, Boston; Baylor Medical School, Houston, Texas; University of Copenhagen, Denmark; University of Heidelberg, West Germany and many others.

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As appeared on page 109 of study

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THE FOLLOWING IS A TABLE OF RESULTS OBTAINED

As appeared on page 110 of study

Treatment Time (Weeks)	Percentage of Regrowth of Hair
8	26%
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16	42
20	50
24	53
28	66

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PHOTOGRAPH BY SHIG IKEDA

YSL, a great outdoors scent with crisp citrus and woody tones; the sensual man might prefer **HALSTON Z-14** with notes of spice and green in an aromatic blend. For the aggressive, there's **MACHO**, a true modern blend. **CHANEL** for Men is a very modern citrus blend for those who are brisk and virile. **OLD SPICE** Musk cologne Lotion is the lighter version of musk and works around the clock. A sophisticated scent comes from **PIERRE CARDIN**, a medley of citrus topnotes with spice and amber; for a country scent, try **DEVIN**, a fresh, green, woody blend. Orient romance comes across with **GINSENG COLOGNE** by English Leather; **BILL BLASS** comes on elegantly with a strong, brisk patchouli scent. **MAN** by Jovan is virile, leathery, and woody in feeling. Sportsmen will respond to **LA-COSTE** Eau de Sport, a fine musk and patchouli blend; truly elegant **BLACK TIE** Midnight Musk is a mix of woody and citrus notes; and if you're a social activist, try **MON TRIOMPHE** Musk Plus.

Your scent is your signature—a personal, memorable statement about who you are. Many men are building a wardrobe of scents to meet the many aspects of their changing life-style, keeping in mind their own nature, both chemically and biologically. But even if you choose one cologne for the office and another for the evening, what's most important is the fragrance. To test a cologne, dab it sparingly on the hand and let it evaporate. Scents are meant to be tested after they've dried. Do the same when you choose a perfume for her. Take into account her natural inclinations; and if she's not near, always test the fragrance on a woman who is.



MEN WHO MEASURE UP

Are you the kind of man who can measure up to any woman? Do you have the confidence to please any woman?

If you can answer **YES** to these questions without blinking, turn the page! Because you don't need the fascinating eye-opening factual information in **The Penis**.

If you are curious, however... if you think there's something you can learn from the years of research and vast experience of Dr. Brian Richards, then read on.

Because **The Penis** is an authoritative study by a medical doctor who has treated and counseled thousands of men and women on sex problems—and especially on man's most prized possession, his penis.

Do you know how to use your penis for pleasure—**really** use it—to satisfy you and your partner?

This astounding book will give you plenty of ideas you can use immediately to start improving your sexual self-confidence. And it will expose you to techniques you may not have tried yet, to increase your stamina, excitement, and pleasure!

Does Penis Size Matter?

Despite all recent attempts at downplaying its significance, penis size can have great relevance to the individual. Concern is not restricted to those with below average dimensions. The source of anxiety may be physical, psychological, pathological or any combination of the three.

Now, for the first time, after years of extensive research, Brian Richards M.D. reveals medical facts about penis enlargement. In his new book, 'The Penis', he discusses effective methods of penis enlargement. He thoroughly explains each method and brings to bear the definitive results obtained from scientifically controlled experiments.

Irrational?

However irrational it might appear, every man would like to have a large penis. It is only natural to think that something bigger and better will behave that way. And the truth is that the vast majority of women do think that way. Dr. Richards explains that this preference is not completely due to just psychological pressures or social coercion. "The explanation for the women's choice is that a thick penis causes greater stretching of the sphincter and a greater feeling of being filled."

This frank, often blunt book will entertain and inform you as you discover...

- Male semen as a cosmetic some women use (p. 21) • Why men—and women, too—want a bigger penis (p. 26-27)
- "High-riding" as an exciting sexual technique (p. 30-31)
- A connoisseur's guide to erotic orgasm (p. 33-37) • The benefits of voyeurism (p. 40-43) • What oral sex can do for you (p. 43-45) • Is anal sex healthy? (p. 45-46) • Sado-masochism, discipline, submission, domination, spanking (p. 47-49) • Why masturbation is okay (p. 50-52) • Amazing myths and legends of the penis (p. 63-68) • Penis problems and diseases (p. 80-90) • What to do about premature ejaculation (p. 92-93) • Help for impotence (p. 95-100) • Sexual aids, ancient and modern (p. 103-105 and 107-114) • The female pleasure button (p. 121) • The power of fantasy (p. 128-130) • Group sex—advantages and disadvantages (p. 130-131) • The well-dressed penis (p. 141-143) • and more!

Is It Achievable?

There is little doubt that a larger penis is a worthwhile goal. But can it be done? Dr. Richards believes, based on his study, that "You can definitely enlarge the size of the Penis." The problem is simply how? Which methods work? Which methods are just rip-offs or quackery?

Actual Medical Results!

Years of intensive scientific study of penis enlargement went into the writing of **The Penis**. Its reports on controlled medical experimentation with penis enlargement show what happened with one particular method. After collection of initial basic data, the patients were instructed in this method, which is described in detail in language that any man can understand.

Changes began to be recorded during the second week. At the end of the experimentation period, the average length increase was greater than 16%! And the average breadth increase was more than 15%! Among a second, similarly selected group of subjects who were not instructed in the penis enlargement method, **no increase in penis size was found!**

This table shows results of the method:

Number showing enlargement	87.5 %
Average increase in length	16.96%
Average increase in circumference	15.88%
Smallest increase in length recorded	2.6cms.
Largest increase in length recorded	3.8cms.
Smallest increase in circumference recorded	1.4cms.
Largest increase in circumference recorded	3.1cms.

DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS!

With the precision that only an experienced medical specialist could have, Dr. Richards illustrates the physiological factors involved in enlarging the penis. Step by step, detail by detail, he describes the methods for you

...explains how you can employ them...and reveals how long it should take you to achieve results.

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It is time to clear up misconceptions about the penis and put an end to the exploitation that has robbed thousands of the virile self-confidence they should have! Now that **The Penis** is available in America, send for your copy. Put the power and knowledge of medical science to work for you—today!

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

I'm too much of a perfectionist to play second-fiddle in any relationship. I believe that you've mind-fucked yourself to the extent that you actually believe you have the better half of this man: his body. By the way, it's the oldest line in the world for a married man to tell his mistress, "My wife is dead in bed. She is frigid." What do you expect him to say—"I just fucked her pants off last night, and it was great"? Come on, dear!

Divorces are pretty easy to come by these days. Look around you. How many people whom you know, even among younger couples, don't have at least one divorce in their past? So what if the divorce costs him a little money. I hate to put a price tag on love, but you're being sold cheap.

EXPECTING THE UNEXPECTED

I'm eighteen years old, and I lost my virginity when I was very young. Well, last week the strangest thing happened to me. Two Fridays ago I was at a party with some friends where I met a girl named Amy. She was really something else, and we nestled in a corner and talked for a while. Soon we were making out, and I was about to get my hand in her jeans. But just before I did, some jerk got tired of listening to records and asked the band to play. I was in the band (I play bass), and so we had to stop. Fortunately, we did get to exchange phone numbers.

Last Tuesday, Amy called me and told me that her parents were going to be out on Friday. She asked me to come over then. But when I got there on Friday, just before 8:00 P.M., Amy said that her mother had a headache and would be staying home. I heard her mother call out and ask who was at the door. When we went into the kitchen, where I was expecting to see a fifty-year-old corpse, I was met with a surprise. Amy's mother was only thirty-seven years old and was one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen.

Anyway, Amy and I went upstairs to Amy's room to watch TV. Before long we were making out. We got into bed and undressed each other. I sucked off her tits, and she started to suck my cock, literally engulfing it. She put her mouth around my cock, not over it. That's when it happened. Her mother walked in, gaped, and went silent. I thought all hell was going to break loose. Instead, she said calmly, "Amy, you're not doing it right."

Amy's mom then walked over and proceeded to give me the best head on the planet. I was about to come when she pulled her mouth away and said, "Okay, Amy, now you try it."

Amy did one hell of a job, but nothing compared with her mother's sucking skills. Xaviera, how can I duplicate this fantastic situation?—D.V.

You simply don't get to enact a scene like this every day. The mother felt her daughter

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was awkward and inexperienced, and so she showed the young girl how to use her head. Once Amy got the knack, or shall I say the hang of it, there was no need for dear old Mom to keep showing how headstrong she is.

Don't expect the unexpected. When it happens, it will happen, and it will feel so much more spontaneous!

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW THAWS

Today I was in a nearby town, about thirty miles away, on some business. As I was heading back home, I passed my mother-in-law in her car. She was heading toward her house in the town that I had just visited. She recognized my car and motioned for me to turn around to follow her home. And so I did.

When we arrived at her house, we went in and she fixed me a drink. As I was sitting there talking to her, my mind started wandering a bit. I was thinking about how great it would be if I could get laid by my mother-in-law.

Even though she is in her late fifties, she still has a young mind and body. Many times in the past she had flirted around with me—hugging, kissing, rubbing her hand along my backside, things like that. She is constantly talking about sex and many other things pertaining to it. My mother-in-law has married, for the second time. The man she is married to now is at home only on weekends.

Back to the story. After we had sat around and talked for about an hour, we decided to go out and get something to eat. We went to a café and had a bite to eat and a few more drinks. By this time I had a good buzz going. All through dinner the only subject we talked about was different sex experiences that we'd had. All through dinner I kept thinking that I might possibly make my move. But I just couldn't get up the nerve, and I never did.

So I still think about her and making it with her. I do believe that if I caught her in the right mood, it would be very easy for me to get laid.

Do you feel that I should just think about it and not try anything, or should I accommodate her loneliness? I'd love to fuck her and have her suck me off. I know that she is a very experienced woman, wanting the attention of a man, I know, because she has told me many stories about her nights on the town. I just feel that it'd be great to fuck her, even though she is my mother-in-law. Do many other men want to fuck their mothers-in-law? Would you please publish a few letters from such men? I know I'd enjoy reading them while I fantasize about my own wife's mom.—A.K.

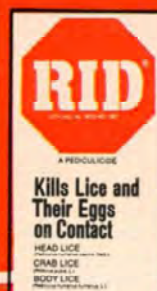
How refreshing to read your letter! I'm so tired of all those jokes regarding shrewish mothers-in-law who hound their daughters' husbands. Not all older women are nagging, ugly hags. Quite the contrary.

Should you try a tryst with your mother-in-law? Yes—if you're prepared for what your wife will say. 

SOMETIMES YOU GET MORE THAN YOU'RE ITCHING FOR.

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I'm a woman — and I'm not ashamed to admit that I enjoy sex...

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OKAY, YOU WIN THE BET—A MAN CAN JUMP 12 FEET FROM A STANDING POSITION!

I'M GETTING A BIT BORED WITH THESE PARLOR GAMES!

I NEED TO SHARPEN MY WITS IN A REALLY COMPETITIVE ENVIRONMENT!

IS IT SETTLED THEN, WANDA DARLING—WE'RE OFF TO THE U.S.A.?

WHY CAN'T SHE CONTENT HERSELF WITH THESE SIMPLE DOMESTIC PLEASURES?

NIXON FOR CHIEF JUSTICE

AT THIS RATE SHE'S GONNA BE WORSE THAN HER LATE AND UNLAMENTED FATHER!

WE'RE TAKING SADIENS, GRUD AND A HANDPICKED HALF-DOZEN OF MY PUSS FORCE. GO SEE TO IT, PUSSCAKE!

SHE SHOULD LEARN TO RELAX. WHEN SHE OWNS THE WORLD SHE'LL HAVE US ALL CHASING ROUND THE BLOODY UNIVERSE!

WHAP!

by FREDERIC MULLALLY
and RON EMBLETON

LATER....

SURE THEY'RE CANDYFLOSS'S FAVOURITE CHOKKIES—BUT I'D NEVER ATTEMPT A BRIBE!

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CANDYFLOSS!
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

WASSAMATTER, BOO'FUL? I DISTINCTLY HEARD YOU ASK FOR A HAND-PRI..... OH, WELL—AS YOU WERE, GIRLS!

FINK!

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOU?

I DUNNO! BUT "VIVE" IT!





GOT ANY TICKET
-TAPE? THERE'S
A PARADE DOWN
THERE!

IF IT'S BEAUME YOU CAN
DROP THIS FILING CABINET
— I LOST ALL THE FOOD IN
THE FREEZER WHEN THE
LIGHTS WENT OUT!

AGENT BEAUREGARD HERE!
I'M ON 5TH AVENUE —
DISGUISED AS A TRAFFIC
SIGNAL! GET WORD TO
THE GREAT MAN — SHE'S
HERE!

HEY, YOU!
MOVE IT —
WILL YA!?

DROP DEAD
— HOT ROD!

IF SHE'S
RUNNIN' FOR
MAYOR — SHE'S
GOT MY
VOTE!

ANOTHER BANANA
REPUBLIC OVER
HERE FOR A
HAND-OUT!

WHO IS SHE?

WHO CARES?
SHE SURE AS
HELL KNOWS
HOW TO MAKE
AN ENTRANCE!

EXHIBITIONIST!

WITH A CAR
LIKE THAT SHE
MUST BE THE
SHAH OF PERSIA!

THEY SEEM
QUITE PLEASED
TO SEE US!

WELL, AT LEAST
THEY AIN'T
THROWIN' STONES!

EDGAR! I'M
BEING ASSAULTED!

THAT'S NICE
FOR YOU, DEAR!

P.J.F

ALL THIS — JUST
TO MAKE IT ONCE
A WEEK! IS IT
WORTH IT — I ASK
MYSELF?

HEY! ARE YOU
A REAL COP?

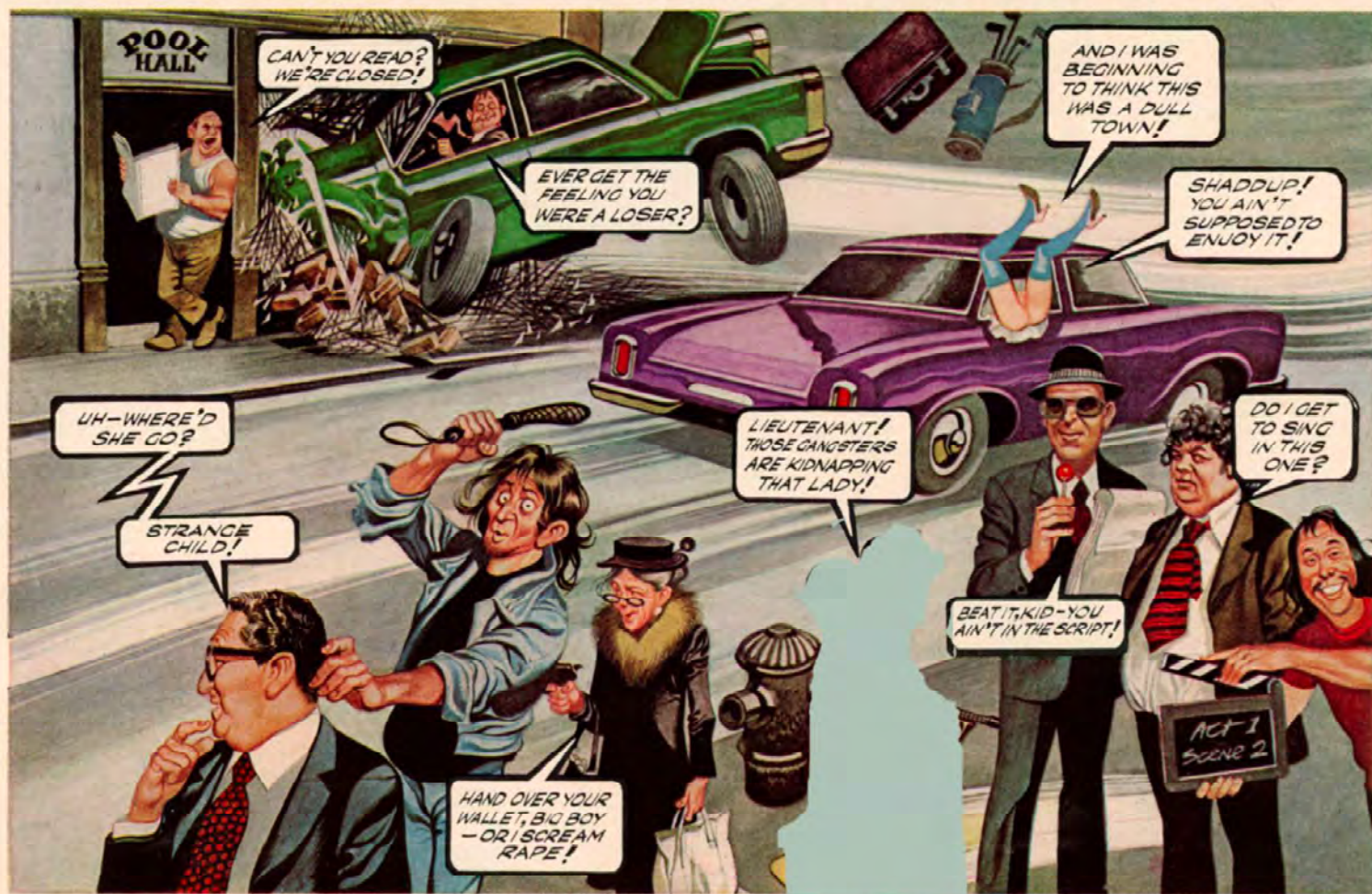
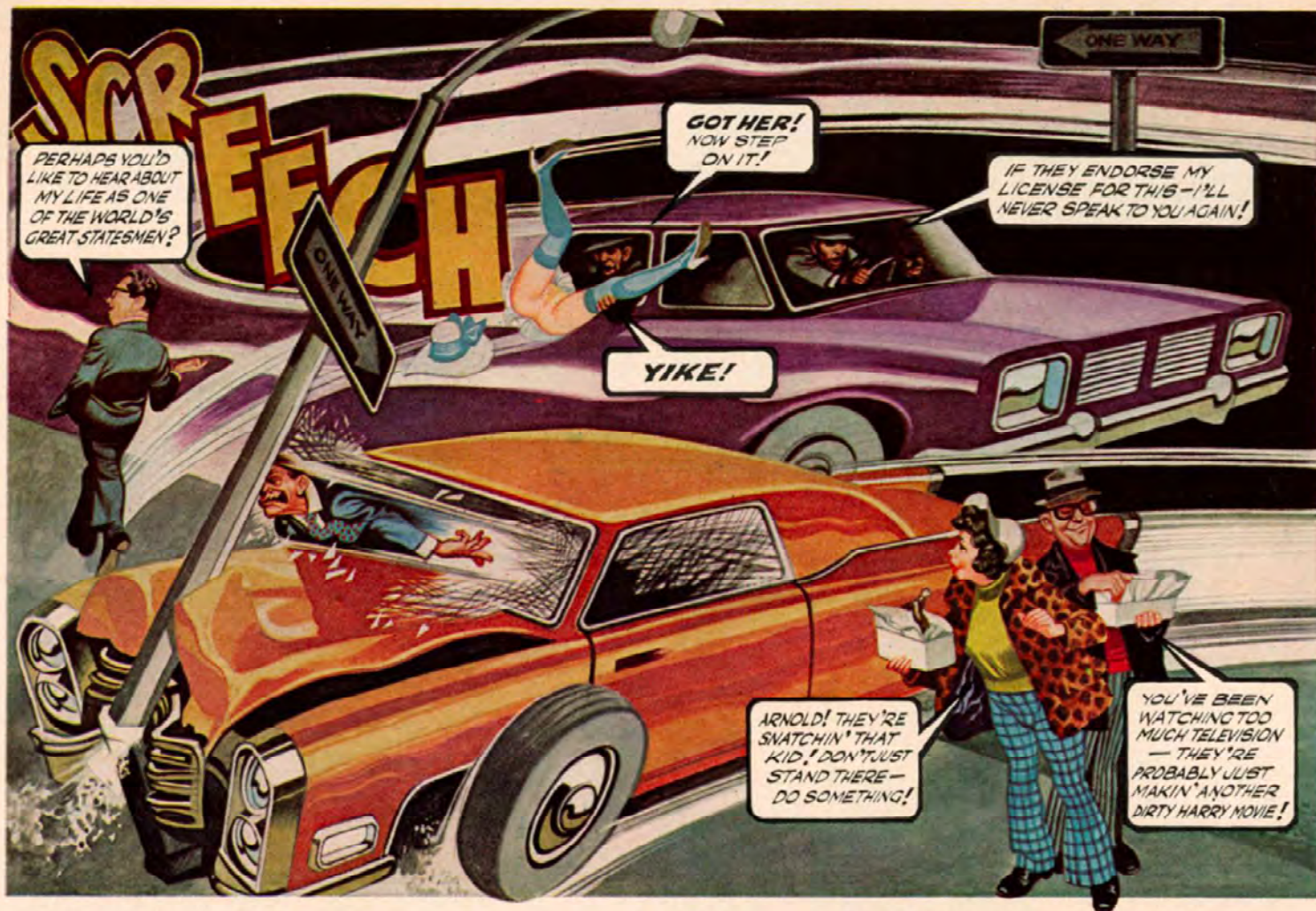
HAND OVER
YOUR WALLET,
BIG BOY!

I DIDN'T KNOW
IT WAS STEUBEN
DAY!

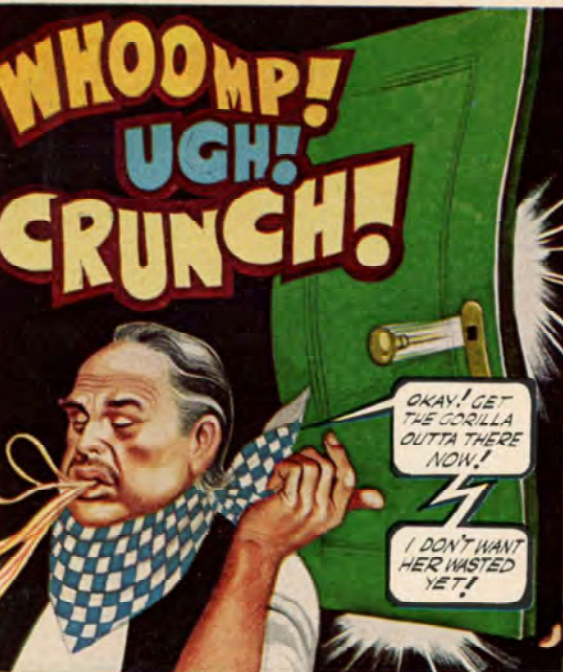
LOOK! HOW THE
HELL SHOULD I
KNOW WHO
THEY ARE....?
COULD BE...
..... WHAT
DOES IDI AMIN
LOOK LIKE?

STEUBEN —
SCHMEUBEN!
THEY MAKE TOO
MUCH FUSS
ABOUT ETHNIC
DIFFERENCES
IN THIS TOWN!









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HOME MOVIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

mous advantage in itself, obviating the need to buy and carry around multiple lenses. The **zoom ratio** describes the difference between the longest and shortest focal length (angle of view) available on that particular lens, the average ratio being four or five to one. The beauty of a zoom lens is that it allows for a variety of long shots, medium shots, and close-ups without one's having to change the camera position.

There are other ways besides zooming to move the camera. Side-to-side lateral motion is called **panning**. Up or down movement is called **tilting**. Moving the camera toward, away from, or around the subject is called **tracking** or **dolly**. These techniques create a stronger viewer involvement in the action than does the zoom.

When the first single-system Super-8 cameras went on the market in 1973, Super-8 talkies were born. Single-system means that the sound track is recorded directly onto a thin magnetic stripe (running down the side of the film) at the same time that the film is being exposed. This allows the Super-8 filmmaker to record dialogue in perfect lip synch. It also makes possible the addition of synchronized sound effects, music, or voice-over narration to Super-8 movies. Recording sound is a craft in itself, and in the world of professional film, sound men—like camera-men—are highly skilled and paid technicians. Yet, with care and practice, you can, as a crew of one, get good-quality synch-sound.

There are several things to keep in mind when you are recording sound. Unlike the human ear, microphones are not selective. They make no distinction between your leading lady's throaty whisper and a car horn down the block. The trick is to get the microphone as far away from the camera and as close to the subject as possible, without violating the frame. Sometimes you may be able to conceal a small mike in the subject's clothing, but the bread-and-butter way to mike a scene is by taping the microphone securely to a boom—an old broomstick will do—so that it can be pointed directly (and off-camera) at the subject's mouth. Since handling both the camera and the boom at once is a tricky business, some cameras come with small booms that can be mounted on the camera top. But in situations that require moving the camera around, such as pans or track shots, you must be careful to avoid the whooshing sound called, appropriately, wind. An accessory known as a wind-screen can cut down on this somewhat.

It is advisable to preplan each sequence as much as possible before shooting. (Don't forget that it is the editing that dictates chronology, and there is no reason to shoot scenes in consecutive order.) On the other hand, once your developed rushes (raw footage) have been returned to you,



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The editing procedure is not complex. First, study your rushes until you have eliminated the outtakes. Break down the remaining footage into individual shots, and label and store them either in a film bin (easy to build) or on empty reels. Then, using tape or cement splices, assemble these in-takes in the order of sequence desired. The resulting print is called a rough cut. As you study the rough cut, concentrate on the exact frames on which you wish to begin and end your shots. Keep in mind that cutting on movement within the frame generally provides the smoothest transitions, but that such cuts as a macro-close-up to a high wide-angle can give your film a strong visual punch. Editing is a pragmatic procedure; try things several ways to determine what works best.

One complication in the editing of single-system sound is the fact that the sound travels eighteen frames ahead of the corresponding image. This means that in scenes involving dialogue, you may have to leave in more frames at the head of the shot than you would wish—or that shots may have to end more abruptly than you would like. You sometimes see this on the TV news, which uses a single system for sound recording (albeit in 16mm). But good preplanning and a bit of imagination in the postdubbing can solve most aesthetic problems. The main thing is to be conscious of the fact that although sound and image are simultaneous on screen, on the physical film they are three inches apart.

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served my mistress until she squeezed me tightly, arched her back, and came in a long, spasmodic orgasm. Even after she came, I stayed between her outstretched legs and tenderly kissed her body until she was ready for more.

It was dark by the time she let me stop; so she decided to take me home with her. She tied my hands behind me, taped her panties across my mouth, and led me outside, still naked, into the alley and her car. That night, after making love to her again and again, she told me to masturbate for her to see. It didn't take long for me to send sperm flying through the air. Nora got a big kick out of it and told me to do it again. Two more times and I was through, panting on my knees and covered with my own come. I slept that night tied and naked on the floor beside Nora's bed.

Soon after, I moved in with my mistress, and I've happily served as her complete slave ever since.—Name and address withheld

Plastic preference

I was certainly surprised to see the letter from the man who likes to see girls wearing plastic. In addition to seeing good-looking girls wearing it, I like to wear it myself; in fact, I'm wearing plastic pants as I write this. I agree that plastic garments are hard to find and expensive when they can be found. It's necessary to improvise; sometimes I have access to a heat sealer at work. Also, I take a large shirt size, and I have discovered that a small-sized plastic raincoat fits me like a shirt except for the sleeve length.

My problem is finding women who are interested or turned on to plastic at all; it's an extreme turnoff to my wife, and that causes problems. In fact, this is the first time I've heard of anyone else liking it at all, but I always figured there had to be more of us.—P.F.M., Seattle, Wash.

Duplex delight

I was enjoying a few drinks with my good friend and his wife on the front porch of their duplex. It was a warm, pleasant evening early this summer, and my friend's wife was wearing tight cutoffs, a T-shirt, and no bra. Mary has medium-sized breasts, and her pert nipples were outlined through the T-shirt, displaying her arousal as we discussed all kinds of sexual topics. We were all drinking, and the talk was getting looser. I have always been sexually attracted to Mary but never felt that we would ever go to bed together.

Well, there was more beer drinking, and I had to use the bathroom; so I headed into the house. Mary made some excuse about mixing another drink and walked in with me, with her arm around my waist. She had never done this before; so, spurred on by her gently bouncing tits, I was getting quite a hard-on. And I was absolutely floored

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when, outside the bathroom door, she used her free hand to reach down and massage my crotch. I'm really surprised that I didn't come and piss in my pants, since I had to do both!

I wasn't going to miss this opportunity, though. I plunged one hand down the back of her shorts to massage her soft buttocks, and I slipped the other one right up her back, lifting her T-shirt. Without another word Mary pulled the T-shirt over her head, and two, beautiful pink globes bobbed on her bare chest in front of me. She then unzipped me and pulled out my aching cock to massage and squeeze it some more. I soon shot off all over the bathroom door.

We returned to the porch separately, but my friend was by this time sufficiently sloshed that he didn't seem to notice my barely concealed grin.

Unbeknown to me, however, Mary had earlier invited over their neighbor from the other half of the duplex, Cathy. She is a beautiful, young, divorced woman with a deep tan. She came over, wearing very short, loose cutoffs and a sweat shirt. As she stepped out on the porch, the sight of her gorgeous, golden thighs put another bulge in my pants. She sat directly opposite me, and I could enjoy her good looks without being obvious.

The conversation bounced from one topic to another but eventually ended up on sex. We talked about several different fantasies, and—wouldn't you know?—Cathy mentioned how much she enjoys reading *Penthouse* and "Forum." There were a few more drinks all around, and then it happened. Cathy's knees separated about twelve inches—with her crotch aimed squarely at me—so that no one else could see what I saw. She smiled softly as I looked right up her thighs. There, peeking out from the loose cuffs of her shorts, very plainly, were the pink lips of her pussy—staring me right in the face! Plentiful pubic hair surrounded the entrance to her peeking cunt, and my mind went reeling as my eyes became glued to the fantastic view that she was providing.

I could almost smell the fragrance of her juices and taste those delicious cunt lips pressed against my open mouth while her golden thighs locked around my head. It seemed as if it had been only a few seconds before she crossed her legs, which made me realize that I'd been staring.

The evening pressed on, and since we all had to work the next day, we started to break it up about eleven. I said good night to Cathy (she was the first one to leave) and purposely spread my legs and stretched as I stood up, hoping that she would notice my bulge. About ten minutes later I was heading for my car, when Cathy came out of the dark—to say good-bye "properly," she said. We began kissing almost immediately, with tongues intensely lashing into one another. She broke away finally and whispered, "Eat my cunt!"

I couldn't believe that all this was happening in one night. Suddenly, I was get-



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ting more pussy than I had had in a month. Behind the open car door Cathy unzipped her shorts and let them fall right to the ground. In the pale moonlight her bush was staring right up at me. She hopped into the backseat, crotch facing the opened door, and spread her legs wide. I quickly dropped to my knees and started lapping wildly all around and in that furry paradise. I ended up by lashing furiously at her glistening clit, and soon she was gasping and moaning in pleasure.

I was finally able to pull away long enough to remove my pants completely, right there in the driveway, and I climbed aboard for the ride of my life. About a long two minutes later, I dropped my load—the second full one of the evening.

Nothing ever came of the thing with Mary. But then I have been so busy with Cathy that I wouldn't have the time anyway.—*B.D., address withheld*

Female forum . . .

For months I have been becoming increasingly aware of our sexy mail carrier; so I decided to send myself a "postage due" letter so that he would have to ring my door chimes. This would at long last give us face-to-face contact.

With eager anticipation and quite shaky knees, I prepared for the meeting. All bathed, I donned a black, lacy, satiny brassiere, a short, black half slip (no panties), and sheer black hose attached to a garter belt and heels. When I opened the door to reveal myself, I thought his blue eyes would pop out of his head. He gladly came into the house (it was a bone-chillingly cold day) as I went to get my purse for the money due. When I "accidentally" dropped a coin, we both went to the floor after it. I looked straight into his eyes, and each of us knew instantly what the other wanted to do.

He played with my breasts (which are quite large and full), and, as if aware how sensitive they are, he caressed their large, extended nipples. Lifting my sheer slip with his other hand, he buried his face right into my black, furry bush. After I was nearly out of my mind with desire, I groped for what I wanted stuffed up inside me. Finding it to be as beautiful a tool as I've ever laid eyes on, I exposed its shiny, purple head, folding back the foreskin, and took it into my eager, wet mouth.

I could relate the whole wonderful session and the others that have taken place since, but it would take a journal to tell of all the magic that we've conjured up. For those females who at times find themselves in need, I could suggest nothing better than to have one of old Uncle Sam's boys come in for a cup of coffee. But the lady should make the first move, because the carrier is reluctant to get out of line, lest a complaint be voiced. Also, don't be put off if he seems reluctant at first—keep trying. Carriers are also leery of being entrapped by postal inspectors.

I never imagined what wonderful service the postal service could render. Now I

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... Tricot traipse

For the record, I know of no sensation that begins to thrill like the touch of my lover's lips on my nipples, neck, back, arms, elbow—oh my goodness—just everywhere. But some close cousin to those thrills attacks my body with my every move when I put on a gown to traipse around the apartment.

Lying in bed with my man one morning, and still in my traveling gear, I reached across and between my lover's legs. Now, between my lover's legs thrives and glows the most beautiful penis and wondrous set of balls ever. And that penis was erect and at attention. As my gown slid across the head of that precious cock, a moan escaped his lips, and he fell back on his elbows with his eyes closed.

This lady has learned that a moan of that timbre means "Sock it to me, Baby!" So I did. First I began to lightly caress the head of his penis with my finger, tracing the outlines and crevices and finally the veins on the shaft. Then, as my other hand began to feel left out, it wandered to that area just between his ass hole and balls, and I began stroking through the fabric of the gown also.

By now my man was flat on his back, his head rolling from side to side, and begging for more. Well, being delighted with the whole situation, I really began to work on his penis while sucking, kissing, and biting on his sensational boobies. I became so aroused by his pleasure that I almost pulled off my gown and impaled my own wet, hot, juicy, throbbing pussy upon his ever stretching, hardening penis. But with the greatest effort I held back and just continued to give him more strokes and kisses until his come was all over my hand, mouth, and gown.

Since my man enjoyed that silky turn-on so much, I purchased a two-yard length of ultrasheer, black tricot at a fabric house. Want to know where I keep this sexy stuff? Under the bed, of course.—R.B., address withheld

... pop psychology

My husband and I have been married for fifteen years and are very loving and understanding of one another. Our only sexual problem was his premature ejaculation. It was the only one, but still, as I said, it was a problem.

My husband always wanted me to give him terrific blowjobs, and I used to swallow the come. But once, while doing it, I suddenly gagged and started choking on his eight-inch cock and an unusually large load of sperm. After that experience I would get sick just tasting his come, and so would give him head only on special occasions—and then I wouldn't let him come in my mouth.

Now, since I have been studying psychology and finding reasons for his (and my) actions, I realized that my husband's premature-ejaculation problem started

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COMING IN THE DECEMBER PENTHOUSE



FICTION CONTEST WINNER



CHAIRMAN BRZEZINSKI



PRIME MINISTER MANLEY



SAM BROWN

The Thoughts of Chairman Brzezinski—The most important individual in the U.S. government is no longer the president; it's his national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Kissinger (who ran Richard Nixon's government) began the tradition, and Brzezinski is continuing it with a vengeance. Author Craig S. Karpel, in his second article on the continuing Cartergate scandals, will examine the role and power of Brzezinski, who selected Jimmy Carter years ago to be president and, in alliance with David Rockefeller, created The Trilateral Commission to fulfill his dream of "world order." Kissinger believed in great nation-states. Zbig (as he's called) believes in multinational companies and banks. It is a chilling portrait of the man who holds Jimmy Carter's chain.

Murder as Usual—While Congress and the White House held mock investigations of covert CIA activities and issued pious pronouncements of guilt and recantation, the gentleman killers of the CIA were engaged in a secret war with Prime Minister Michael Manley's Jamaican government. Veteran journalists Ernest Volkman and John Cummings uncover Henry Kissinger's scheme to wreak havoc on the Jamaican economy as revenge for the prime minister's friendly overtures to Castro and his unsuccessful attempt to regain control of his country's bauxite resources. This is a penetrating look at the hypocrisy and determination with which we maintain control of the Caribbean.

Fictional Finds—*Penthouse* is pleased to announce the winners of the New Writers Short Story Contest. Initiated a year ago this month, the contest underscores *Penthouse's* commitment to literary excellence and dedication to discovering new talent. We received 7,500 manuscripts, and our four judges picked twelve finalists. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., selected the first- and second-prize winners. *LaPrade*, by Suzanne Hudson, is Mr. Vonnegut's choice for first place, and the December *Penthouse* will feature her dark tale of incest in the Georgia backwoods. To further titillate literary sensibilities, *Penthouse* is proud to publish in the same issue another short piece of fiction by one of America's leading writers. Donald Barthelme delivers a series of erotic visions as his personal Christmas gift to our readers.

The Pretty Baby of Hollywood—The misfortune of most child stars is that someday they have to grow up. The tragic lives of these young celebrities are legendary, and few mature into a happy adulthood. Brooke Shields is the latest adolescent idol to soar into stardom, and one look at this eleven-year-old beauty explains why. However, Brooke must live under the careful scrutiny of her ambitious mother, and there's a heavy price to pay for her newfound fame. Robert Stephen Spitz profiles Hollywood's new Lolita.

Establishing Sam Brown—During the sixties Sam Brown was known as the "Chief Kid" of the "Clean-for-Gene" Children's Crusade behind Eugene McCarthy's unsuccessful bid for the presidency. Then came the Vietnam Moratorium in 1969, which Brown organized, and numerous antiwar activities. Last January Carter appointed activist Brown to head ACTION, the federal agency that comprises VISTA, the Peace Corps, and several special programs for older Americans. Has Brown changed under the weight of his new establishment role? Roger Neville Williams interviews this maverick administrator.

soon after my choking reaction. After questioning him about it, I found out that while we were making love (as hard and as fast as I like it), he would fantasize about fucking me every conceivable kind of way; and when his fantasy reached the point where he imagined himself coming in my mouth, he would reach his climax and leave me dangling along the way.

So, using psychology, I put some loving thought into action to create some lovemaking that would bring me to a climax at that time, too.

One evening I gave him the usual clue that I needed some loving, and later, as I walked into the bedroom, he was lying on his back on the bed with a beautiful, semierect cock. I had a see-through evening gown on and some fresh, deep red, glossy lipstick that makes my lips slippery and shiny. I turned the bright lights off and turned on a soft, pink light that put a rosy glow on the performance I was about to give.

I slid out of my evening gown, revealing my still-firm breasts and bent over to kiss his lips. His aroma was that of sweet sweat, and as my erect nipples dragged across his chest, I kissed my way down to his belly button and onto his cock and balls. Now, with his shaft full and hard, I started licking the head of his eager cock and placed my hand around the shaft at the base, with my thumb placed firmly on the underside of his cock.

I then began to plunge his cock deep into my mouth, turning my tongue sensuously back and forth on the sensitive head. Because my attitude was so obviously one of loving hunger for his cock, he soon began to shoot his come. But I was able to feel his climax beginning with my thumb at the base of his shaft; so I immediately placed the head of his cock directly against the roof of my mouth and just behind my upper front teeth. Since my head was higher than his cock and there was only one first giant gush of come, I just let my lips relax, and the come just ran down his cock and over my hand. I then began running my tongue all over his shaft until it finally grew limp.

Since that first time, I have done this new blowjob technique countless times, and every time I've had equal, if not greater, success. I usually try to leave a little of his come on my lips and then kiss him with a deep tongue kiss. We then lie there, kissing and caressing, until he is hard again. Then he fucks me hard and fast until I come two or three more times.

You see, I've made his fantasy a reality, and it leaves him with one goal in mind—and that is to bring me to my fantasy—which he can now do every time—*R.T., Columbus, Ohio*

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

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EVER NOTICE HOW EVERY BIG CELEBRATION
TURNS TO RED?

JOHNNIE WALKER RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.



Box or menthol:

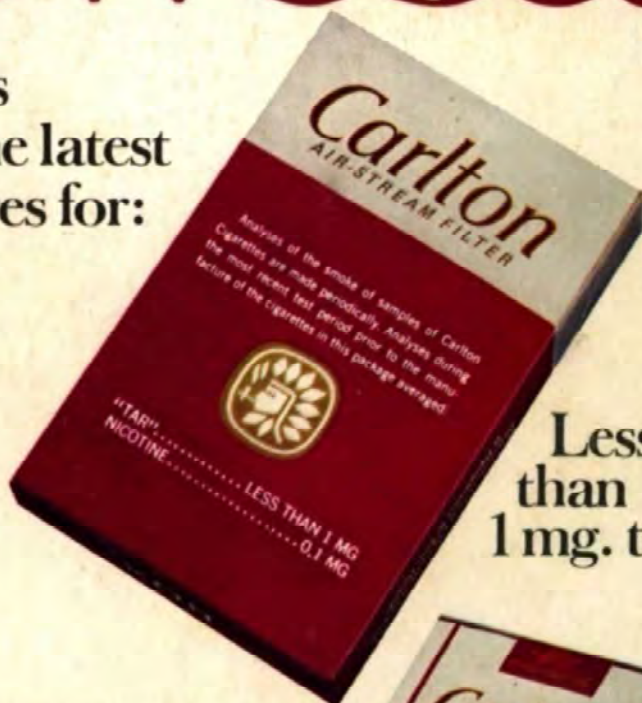
Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks
down in tar. Look at the latest
U.S. Government figures for:

	nic+tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
BBrand V	10	0.7
EBrand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than *1	*0.1

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method

†Of all brands, lowest... Carlton Box:
1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette
by FTC method.



Less
than
1 mg. tar.



Only
5 mg.
tar.

Carlton
brings you
the lighter
100.

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

Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

