PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 75 CENTS



FIRST AMERICAN EDITION

CLAY SHAW: AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

NOTRE DAME'S POLEMIC PRESIDENT: FATHER HESBURGH ON THE STUDENT REVOLUTION

SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD: REVELATORY RETHINK ON PERILS OF PRE-NATAL LIFE

STRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: PICTORIAL FIX ON LONDON'S SWINGING NUDE SCENE

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/SEPTEMBER 1969

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PENTHOUSE 1969, U.S. Volume 1 Number 1; published monthly by Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 (tel. 212-421-4060) and published simultaneously in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W.14 (tel. 01-385 6181). **Subscriptions:** $8 in U.S., 84s. in U.K. Other rates on request.

Advertising offices: *New York*, Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street (tel. 212-421-4600); *Midwest*, The Bill Pattis Co., 4761 Touhy Avenue, Lincolnwood, Illinois 60646 (tel. 312-679-1100); *West Coast*, J. E. Publishers' Representative Co., 8380 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90069 (tel. 213-653-5841); *United Kingdom*, Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, London W.14 (tel. 01-385 6181/6).

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Printed in the U.S. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and distributed in the United States, Canada and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co. Inc., 641 Lexington Avenue, New York 10022, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York, © 12 August 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.

FLAMING DUCK
Grand Marnier



Select a large Long Island duckling to serve 4 people. Salt and pepper, and place one-half an orange and a sprig of parsley in the cavity.



Roast in 325 degree oven for 2 hours. Baste with the pan juices during the cooking.

Place under a medium flame for the last 15 to 20 minutes to get a good brown crust. Put the cooked duck on a hot platter; garnish with orange sections. Heat ½ cup of Grand Marnier slightly, pour over duck and set it aflame just as you bring it to the table.







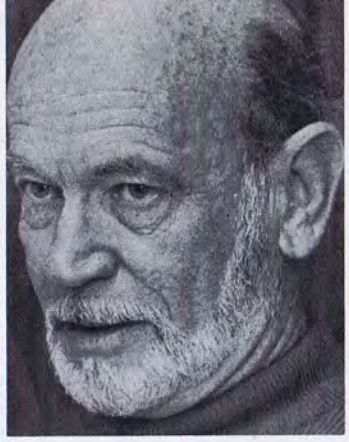
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HARRITY, HESBURGH *(top left)*, MEYER *(top right)*


MULLALLY



MORGAN, PHELAN *(top)*


SPIKE

WHAT ABOUT PLAYBOY?

Before you say to yourself "What kind of a magazine is this that dares to compete with *Playboy*?", we want to say it for you. We want to record our awareness that Penthouse is, in many respects, similar to its much-revered American counterpart before you feel obliged to do it for us. But there are other considerations or *differences* you may not be aware of—and, with a little gentle patience on your part, we'd like to enumerate them for you.

Penthouse began life as a *British* magazine. It was the very first in its field—founded in London four and a half years ago by this writer, an American artist of distinguished anonymity, no publishing experience and even less money. He, along with a small, embattled and bewildered staff of mixed

HOUSECALL

nationalities and common interests paid for the honor of being "first in the field" in the thickest skirmish of all—fighting for the right to publish the kind of revolutionary words and pictures that brought us unhappily to trial. We lost our case, of course, but went right on publishing the same words and the same pictures until the sheer volume of our readership won for us the grudging respect and authority in Establishment-orientated England that *Playboy* now enjoys in America.

Today, having unwittingly proven once again that might is right, Penthouse has become the all-time, biggest selling quality magazine in the history of British publishing. An accomplishment that bears direct comparison to the likes of *Life* or *Look* or the late *Saturday Evening Post* rather than *Playboy*. In France, where Penthouse competes on neutral territory with these as well as other of the world's finest publications, it is now the largest selling non-French periodical in *any* category. And in every other country in which it is sold, Penthouse is among the top three best-selling English-language titles. CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

Illustrated cluster of contributors from among the many whose talents garnish this first American issue includes humorist Henry Morgan, investigator Jim Phelan, British novelist Frederic Mullally, expatriate author Rory Harrity, and Notre Dame's noted president, Father Hesburgh. An original member of the US Civil Rights Commission back in 1957, **Father Hesburgh** launches a Penthouse symposium on *The Campus Convulsion*, in company with two active and articulate Columbia students, **Paul Spike,** 22, and **John C. Meyer,** 24. Spike, son of civil-rights leader the late Robert W. Spike, argues a radical case, while Meyer, once US Junior Chess Champion, records the moves that defeated the leftist pandemonium at Columbia. Another important public topic is involved in the exclusive Penthouse Interview with Clay Shaw, District Attorney Garrison's alleged assassination plotter. **Jim Phelan,** former staff writer with *Saturday Evening Post*, and one of America's three leading investigative reporters was assigned to conduct this interview.

Less weighty matters occupy **Henry Morgan** in his hilarious report of just how explicit sex on the stage turns out to be. Mr Morgan, to whom we turned for biographical prompting, tells us that he has "several distinctions". He is "among the youngest Postmasters of Huntsville ever to be indicted. He holds a Ph.D. in Chicago and is a graduate in the School of Hard Knocks, where he spent the major part of his time in protest. He would have been made a member of the Supreme Court if it weren't for a slight stammer." Another master of the send-up included in our line-up is **Rory Harrity,** who started his career of mockery as editor of Harvard's *Lampoon*. He remains unrelenting in his all-American irreverence even though now domiciled in England, where last year he published a novel, *Customer's Man*. Also expatriate is novelist **Frederic Mullally,** a Londoner currently living on the Mediterranean island of Malta. Mullally, who has written a string of novels since his first success *Danse Macabre*, exhibits an encyclopaedic acquaintance with the esoteric in his satirical series, *Oh Wicked Wanda!*, beginning in this issue. Formerly a political commentator, he was later London's most successful showbiz press-agent. Both Mullally and Harrity are contributing editors with a long association with Penthouse.


N°5
CHANEL

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 may be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. Correspondents will be asked to confirm authorship by signing and returning a verification form. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Testimonial

Two features distinguish your magazine favorably from any competitors: the tastefulness, sophistication and sexiness of most of your pictures, which are in a class of their own, and the very clever selection of letters. Instead of publishing letters which lament or analyse unenlightened public attitudes to sex, which became a bore long ago (who cares about the public attitude among brethren?), you choose to give space to letters discussing personal idiosyncrasies and problems. Now I still think that sex is essentially a private thing between, well, usually two persons, but once it is made the topic of a more or less public discussion your approach is certainly the most advanced and least inhibited. In other words you are not desperately trying to justify sexual freedon (which invariably betrays unconscious guilt complexes). Instead you take it for granted, and let readers express themselves freely and naturally. That's what I find so refreshing about Penthouse.—*C. Trachsel, Dietzenbach, Germany*

I have a confession. I stole Penthouse from a student friend, who stole it from another friend, and we don't know where he got it. Man, what a gagazine!—*Gregory M. Cook, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, Canada.*

Some three months ago I first picked up a copy of Penthouse and I have been most agreeably impressed with the contents. I find the photography blissfully lacking the over-emphasis on technical reproduction which somehow detracts from the natural appeal essential to photographic studies of the female form.

Having emigrated to this country a few years ago from Ireland, a country infamous for its religious and political intolerance and bigotry, I hoped to find progressive attitudes to complement Canada's youthful and vigorous image. Instead, outside of an obviously happier financial climate, one regrettably finds a decidedly sick moral one. The laws in this country which at present govern such things as divorce and abortion are significant examples of a callousness which shrieks defiance in the face of humanity itself. The bizarre taboos which surround the very facts of life must be broken. And, that done, perhaps we may all look forward to a time when we have become accustomed to sex and can think about something else.—*W. Waugh, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.*

Topless on the beach

I would like to see 1969 go down in history as the year in which bare breasts first appeared on the beaches—the year in which our English girlhood won a great victory for enterprise and common sense. For generations men have had the right to strip to the waist in the sunshine; surely the time has come for women to claim the same freedom. Now that topless film stars and waitresses are generally accepted I cannot see that there is likely to be any serious public objection.

I think it is a pity that the gorgeous bodies of your pets are so often disfigured by ugly white patches, tell-tale marks of a bikini. Let girls boldly reveal their bosoms to the sun: it needs only a few to claim their rights. Once it is done there will be tens of thousands ashamed not to follow.

I suggest a Penthouse campaign for Bare Breasts on the Beaches. Pioneers of the movement could be invited to write and tell of their experiences. There could be special commendation for girl readers who pledge themselves to take the lead during their holidays, and finally a Pet award for the most attractive bare-breasted nymph on the beach, either in Britain or abroad.—*N. T. (name and address supplied), Oxford, England.*



Heigh-ho

The Penthouse Pet seems to spend her entire life lazing around the studio couch. How I long to see some bare London bus-conductress, fullup on top deck, or a real cool staff-nurse bringing a breath of oxygen into out-patients. Heigh-ho.—*R. Tomalin, Barnet Gate Lane, Arkley, Hertfordshire.*

When you start a club the staff should be all girls and all nude. Furthermore, lady guests should be admitted on the understanding that they strip on arrival. Willingness to work in the nude should be a prerequisite for all female staff of Penthouse offices, which should be open to visits from readers. You see, good-looking dames are lucky—they should share their good fortune.—*John Simmonds, Bridge Avenue, Hanwell, London, W7.*

The first Penthouse Club opens in London in October. More next issue.—Ed.

Everything under control

I wish corsets were accepted as suitable garments for men, particularly when middle-age spread begins to settle in. For women they are commonplace and widely discussed—from light pantie-girdles for trimming teenage bottoms under slacks, to high-waisted corsets to prevent midriffs of more mature ladies from bulging. Most middle-aged men bulge, nearly always in front, and corsets would improve their comfort and appearance. Such corsets as there are on the market are rather expensive, and the ones I have tried are difficult to wash and dry.

I am 52 and have been wearing corsets for more than 10 years. I wear ladies' high-waisteds, made of nylon/lycra, which are light but give excellent control to my tummy. I add a crotch-piece of nylon. If only one of the manufacturers would make a pantie girdle with a high waist in light easily washed material, tailored for my 40-34-38 figure.

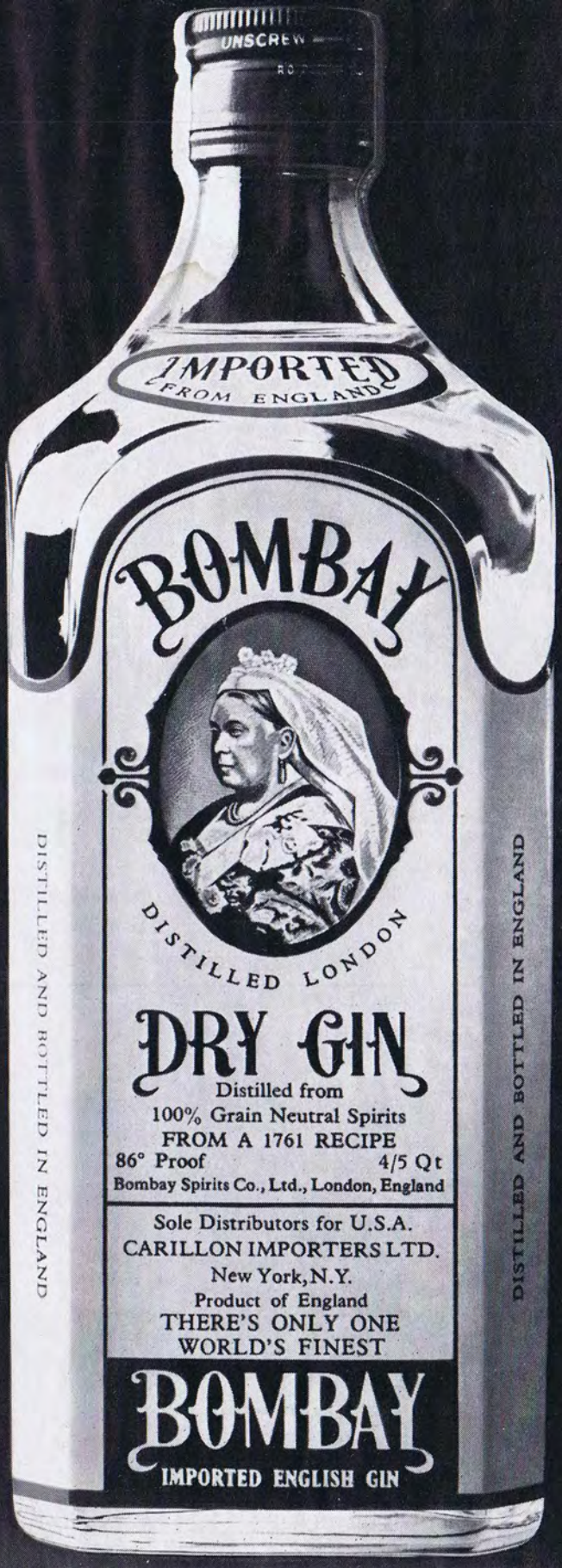
I would be embarrassed if any of my friends knew of my secret, but I suspect some of them have their own tummies discreetly supported. Incidentally, corsets getting too tight are an excellent warning to cut down on beer and cakes.—*Controlled (name and address supplied), Edinburgh 2, Scotland.*

The unkindest cut?

There is so much ignorance about circumcision and its effects that your readers should be told the facts, such as have been verified by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Bombay Vermouth from France is the perfect consort to Bombay Gin.



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medical science. I must emphasize that much is unknown about it. Whether sex is more pleasurable with or without a foreskin is difficult to ascertain, as few men have been in a position to try it both ways.

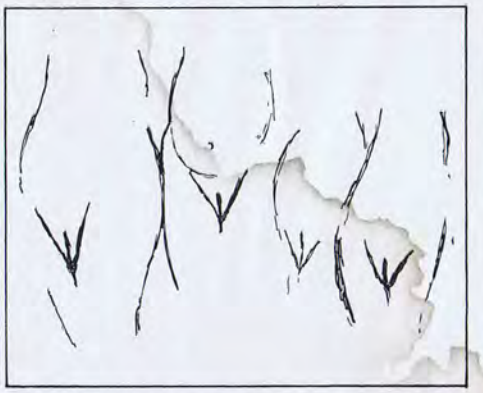
The relation of circumcision to cancer is unknown, but not necessarily non-existent, as some people think. The facts are these, and very surprising they are too. Circumcision is universal among Jewish males. Cancer of the cervix is unkown among Jewish women who marry Jewish men. However, Jewish women who marry Gentiles have a normal incidence of cervical cancer. Perhaps circumcision is implicated, but it is impossible to know for certain. Some authorities have laid the blame on *bacillus smegmatis*, a harmless germ that lives normally under the foreskin, but this view is not widely held nowadays.

The possibilities are endless. Perhaps some Jewesses have a constitutional tendency both to develop cancer and marry out. Perhaps Jewish semen is different somehow (don't call me a racialist—only Jews suffer from Gaucher's disease, for instance, so it's not impossible). Perhaps the Jewish laws of marital conduct have something to do with it. Let me emphasize again: we don't know the answer.

As a parting shot, cancer of the penis is unknown in Jews, rare in Moslems, and common in Hindus, who are never circumcised. Make of that what you will, but it is unwise to jump to conclusions.—*Doctor X, M.B., Ch.B. (name and address supplied), West Didsbury, Manchester 20.*

A fundamental symbol

An analysis of certain contemporary symbolic signs reveals interesting antecedents. The CND emblem worn by many young people was partly chosen because it represented the Nordic rune for death. As is well known, this latter is the rune for birth (*ie* the tree of life) simply reversed. Indeed, the combination of both runes with the centre link forming the stem of the letter P is familiar to us all as an early and still surviving emblem of Christianity.



It might be supposed that the origin of this particular emblem would be lost in the misty realms of antiquity. Fortunately, this does not seem to be so. The earliest record I have come across is to be found in cave carvings of Venuses more than 10,000 years old, from the Upper Palaeolithic period. The sketch shows four Venuses from Angles-sur-l'Anglin, Vienne, France. Here indeed is the clue to a piece of symbolism which runs as a golden thread through many diverse human societies.

This is surely a symbol of something fundamental to all mankind and, once recognized, it is evident why it has been retained somehow or other in all male communities. —*L. B. Halstead Tarlo, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.G.S., F.L.S., Reading, Berks.*



Change partners

Three years ago when my husband and I were on holiday with two married friends I was also horrified one evening over drinks in the bar when they made the suggestion we should change partners for the night. I thought they were joking, but to my surprise found they were quite serious. None of us had had much to drink and when they persisted with the idea I saw they had obviously discussed the proposition earlier. My husband was as surprised as I was but, as I realized afterwards, more attracted to the idea than otherwise. Somehow the idea crystallized and in due course we moved upstairs to bed. I remember wondering what I had let myself in for, but being convinced I could not back out by now.

Finding myself in the bedroom with another man and being expected to undress was quite unnerving. I had never shown myself to anyone but my husband before and I felt I couldn't possibly begin to take my clothes off. However, my friend's husband was very understanding, and a back-to-back routine was followed until we were ready to get into bed—with the light out, I may say. Actually, making love was not so horrifying as I had expected. I just closed my eyes and left it all to my partner. I'm afraid I wasn't a very good partner, but as the night wore on my inhibitions broke down and by the small hours my partner had nothing to complain about. This surprised me very much, but weeks afterwards my friend confessed the same reactions.

I wondered how I would face my husband in the morning, but my partner was again understanding. He rose while I was still asleep and left the bedroom. At breakfast we were all a little embarrassed at first, but gradually we all agreed that we had enjoyed the experience and we voted unanimously to continue the arrangement for the rest of the holiday. Ever since, we have continued to go on holiday together and to take occasional weekends away together with the same arrangements. We never do it in our own homes.

We have a strict rule never to discuss our experiences with either husbands or partners. There is no jealousy and no desire for permanent change. I love my husband as much as ever, but I look forward to the holidays and weekends for about a fortnight beforehand. Afterwards I have no desire to prolong the situation. I know it will come again, and in the meantime my husband and I enter on new experiences of deep love and understanding.—*Mrs R. B., Dringhouses, Yorks.*

My friend and I are both married and share a lot of interests. We both read and enjoy Penthouse and get into long discussions about the Forum letters. During one of these conversations my friend suggested, to my horror, that we swop

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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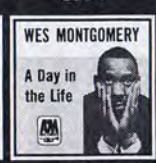
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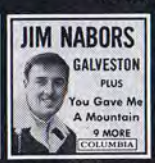
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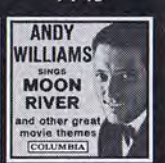




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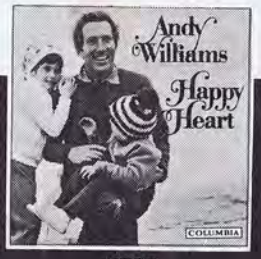
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

husbands for one night. At first I thought she was joking, but eventually discovered she was deadly serious and had already discussed it with her husband. I gave her a pointblank refusal.

To my amazement she went on to tell me about their past experiences and went into details of how such a relationship had helped her and her husband to become closer. Now they had perfect understanding and trust and their marriage is complete in every way. I realize this is all sales talk and a lot of rubbish, but I can't help wondering if there is anything in what she says. She claims that this diversion is practised by a large number of couples—something else I can't believe.—*Mrs A. M. (name and address supplied), Bournemouth, Hampshire.*

As a founder subscriber I should like to manifest my opinion about changing partners. Brazil is not, as most foreigners think, an underdeveloped country; it is an unequally developed country and with regard to sex matters the same classification would apply. In the major cities sex can be discussed openly, naturally, and the practice of changing partners is becoming common for the well-informed and educated classes. In vacation hotels, for instance, we are developing a game called "The key". Women get acquainted with each other while men are gambling, and when the women retire to their room all the room keys are joined and each man chooses one. It is thus only deplorable if one gets one's own wife's room key—and, I am glad to say, it seldom happens.

With regard to other parts of the country I could not tell, because there are places where Penthouse would be considered as pornographic. Our authorities have the same underdeveloped mentality, so that a magazine like Penthouse is not allowed to be printed, and enlightened foreign publications like yours are not to be sold openly. Not even nude model magazines.—*Carlos Alberto Costa, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.*

A few years ago I had an affair with a married woman who after a while suggested we should persuade my wife to start an affair with her husband. I thought she was merely trying to justify our own infidelities, but she explained that she already had this arrangement with her sister, and that they regularly exchanged husbands for a night. She said it would be possible to extend the arrangement to my wife and me.

I never raised the matter with my wife, who I know would have indignantly rejected the idea, and it wasn't long before my girl friend withdrew her own favors. Part of her argument was that she and her husband had found the arrangement released their inhibitions and their own sex-life had become more satisfactory—*Mr C. (name and address supplied). London, N12.*

To me as to most men, a wife's sexual faithfulness is a matter of very considerable importance. It can be taken as a tribute to a man's potency and artistry as a lover, or that he requires the return of his love by his wife's fidelity. When a man wishes to share his wife with other men it may be that either his own potency has declined or that he no longer needs her love. In such circumstances the marriage is in dire straits and must either change drastically or head for divorce.

Changing partners, where couples are unhappily married, may help to revive sexual desire in both couples, thus bringing them together. But look ahead. As they grow older so the sex urge normally declines and they become less attractive to other people. The swopping stops and there is nothing left in the marriage to fall back on. A rather gloomy picture, isn't it—and I have not even mentioned the practical aspects, like unexpected children, VD risks, and the chance of becoming involved in someone else's divorce case—*S.R. (name and address supplied), St John's Wood, London NW8.*

Japanese custom

I first picked up a copy of your magazine in Hongkong and one way or another I have managed to see every subsequent issue, though it is not so easy to find in Japan. Congrats to you and your merry band. As Forum deals in controversial topics for open discussion it should interest your readers that here in Japan the popular and widely used steam-bath service is rarely completed without some erotic stimulation of a masturbatory nature, administered by young women. Of course, the puritan league airs its voice from time to time to have this part of the service stamped out, but should this ever happen we should, I think, be little short of revolution.—*Mr G. (name and address supplied), Tokyo, Japan.*

Doubting Donald

May I touch on a point I find personally very disturbing? The Forum, to be blunt, is too good to be true. The obvious question I and several of my friends (all enthusiastic Penthouse supporters) would like to ask is: *Are the letters genuine?* We're not impugning your integrity. It's just that if these correspondents are genuine then the Penthouse Forum is something of a living encyclopaedia of modern sexual mores. You don't have to publish this letter, of course, but some sort of reassurance would be appreciated.—*Donald Howard, Old Kent Road, London, SE1.*

We wish we could answer this question by printing all the Forum letters in facsimile. Certainly, the letters are genuine. To verify this, we check with every correspondent by letter or telegram before accepting his/her letter for publication. This sorts out legpulls and other mix-ups. As for inventing Forum letters, as some critics have hinted, there are three good reasons why we wouldn't dream of doing it: 1. It's unethical, 2. Truth is stranger than fiction, 3. We receive several times as many letters as we have room for.—Ed.

Not-so-good old days

I envy the teenagers of today and realize what I missed in my young days. They now write freely of their sex experiences, and it all seems

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

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By Bennett Cerf

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives or loving grandparents... but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

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The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist, says he started writing not so much because he wanted to but because he *had* to. In his own words: "Nothing else would serve; it was write or bust." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write... you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares this restless urge for self-expression has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing... or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago, I joined forces with the other authors shown below to form the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help we ourselves would have welcomed when we were starting out. We poured all of our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return your assignment, one of the School's instructors—themselves all professional writers or editors—goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript just as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "After two years of laying claim to nothing but wall-to-wall rejection slips," reports E. Zumwalt of Nogal, New Mexico, "I've sold a story. It was revised from one of your Writing School assignments and sold to a magazine for $250."

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Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."



Bennett Cerf, the distinguished publisher, is also an author, columnist and television personality. He has been a member of the Guiding Faculty of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960. His most recent book is the well-known *Treasury of Atrocious Puns*.

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being... makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart... you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the School.

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They started the Famous Writers School in 1960:
Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff, Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling.

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so open and above board, with no inhibitions about their behavior. In fact, refreshing.

Not so in my young days. True, we had contraceptives, and Dr Marie Stopes with her birth control clinics helped ignorant people to avoid pregnancy. She would provide steel-lined cervical caps, but nine out of ten women wouldn't wear them. They would say it hurt, or made them sore, or why should they go to all that trouble just to give men pleasure—let them wear something.

We could buy sheaths, but they were like bicycle inner tubes and as thick. All feeling would be lost. In desperation we had to practise coitus interruptus. As there was never a guaranteed safe period, and cocoa-butter pessaries were not 100 per cent safe, there was little pleasure in the act. Then came the worry, with the next few weeks unbearable, waiting for either good or bad news. In those days if one got a girl in the family way the decent thing to do was to marry her—otherwise the parents would just as likely throw the poor girl out.

What a difference today. The pill has been a Godsend. Though I don't believe in casual promiscuity, if one has an itch the best thing to do is to scratch.—*J. C. Dean, Broomfield Avenue, Palmers Green, London, N.13.*

The fourth gender

I am first officer in a coastal ship and this entails my being away from home frequently for some days at a time. A near-neighbour is radio officer in the same ship, and our wives, who have been friends for years, are in the habit of spending nights and some days together in one or other of our houses while we are away. About 15 months ago my wife, who is 29, confessed that what had started as mere companionship had changed to lovemaking. I have no objection to this, considering it preferable to my warm-blooded young wife being tempted by other men. Nor do I suffer in any way, our lovemaking on my homecomings having an added zest from her accounts of their sessions.—*Matelot (name and address supplied), Dover, Kent.*

Pain and pleasure

As one who has occasional sadistic impulses may I challenge the psychiatrists. The usual theory is that male "sadists" are basically timid souls who feel inadequate with women and have deep feelings of hostility towards them. Nonsense—at least in some cases. Women have always liked me and I have always been able to pick and choose; I am no more hostile towards them than any man in his right senses who knows how infuriating as well as delectable they can be. The mystery of the war between the sexes (of which I suspect chastising female bottoms is a part) goes far deeper than this, as Sartre and D. H. Lawrence and others recognized.

Fortunately women know better than the psychiatrists, and understand these things intuitively. A measure of hostility is the best aphrodisiac, and there should be an element of challenge in lovemaking. Women like first to resist and then to submit. Letting their bottoms be spanked is a symbolic form of submission and part of a legitimate game.

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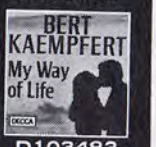


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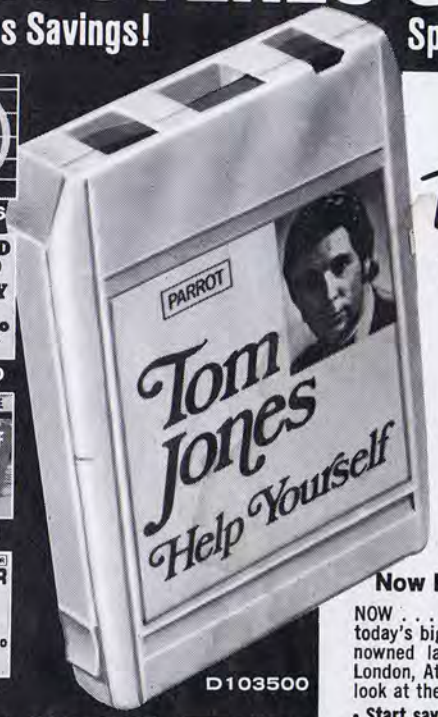
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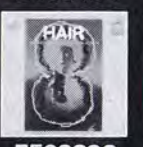
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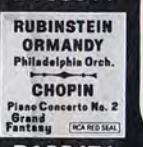


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How abnormal is such behaviour? As a young man I wasted years on guilty analysis of my desires. In old-fashioned sex manuals all sadistic impulses were automatically listed under perversions. I now think I'm relatively normal after all, and certainly my accomplices have been. They have subsequently rebuked me for many things, but never for spanking them.

These activities flow from the natural kinesis between male and female. They do spring from deep-seated impulses, however, and one has to strike a balance between reason and instinct. The notion that children or teenage girls can legitimately be subjected to formal thrashings strikes me as disgraceful and absurd.—*University Lecturer (name and address supplied) London, NW2.*

Until I left home to go nursing in Bristol, Gloucestershire, at nearly 22 I was subjected to extremely severe discipline by my stepfather, who married my mother when I was 12. My misdeeds were recorded in a punishment book, and three or more entries meant a beating at 10.30 on Saturday morning. I had to touch my toes in my bedroom, with my feet about 18 inches apart, and my stepfather then leathered me with his heavy brass-buckled belt, or else he caned me—anything up to 12 strokes. Up to about 14 I was naked, and after that I was in merely bra, suspender belt, stockings and shoes. I had my last hiding when I was well over 21, for getting drunk. My mother knew of my punishments, but said I deserved all I got—in any case she knew if she interfered she would be beaten too, and she still is now and then.

I am now 30 and have been married for six years. For five of those six years I have been spanked regularly, to my great delight and sexual enjoyment. This was something I never expected. My husband one day suggested spanking me, to (as he said) "make us both really randy". I refused. Some months later he raised the matter again and I told him about my stepfather. He said he wouldn't hurt, just "warm me up". We had a bit of a row over it and he eventually said I was either to do it willingly or he'd give me a good hiding. I decided spanking would be better. I found to my surprise I enjoyed it, and we finished in the most passionate lovemaking I'd ever had. We are very happy, and I'm all in favor of men being the boss. I'm in favor of corporal punishment for wives and children and certainly in favor of lovely erotic spankings.—*Mrs V. (State Registered Nurse), Exeter, Devon.*

May a French girl give a Continental view? Until I had reached the age of 21 I have been spanked for punishment by my father. This ceremony always took place on Saturday evening. All the family—father, mother, sister and my two brothers—was sitting in the lounge. If I had done something wrong during the week my father told me to stand up, then my mother related the facts. Then my father told me to put off my skirt and pants and hold my shirt up to the waist. He asked me if I agreed with the facts and if I had anything to say in my own defense. He asked the family how many strokes I deserved. The number was always between six and 20. Then I had to face each member of the family and beg pardon. Next I laid on my father's knees and he spanked me. After that I had to thank each member of the family for this fair punishment. I was then allowed to put back my clothes and attend to the punishment of my brothers or sister if they deserved it.

I think that spanking without injury is the best punishment for children, and even for boys and girls up to the age of 21. But the ritual is also important. The humiliating ritual my father made us practise is, according to my advice, the best punishment for somebody who is always proud of the foolish things.—*Mlle. V. (name & address supplied), Paris 15, France.*

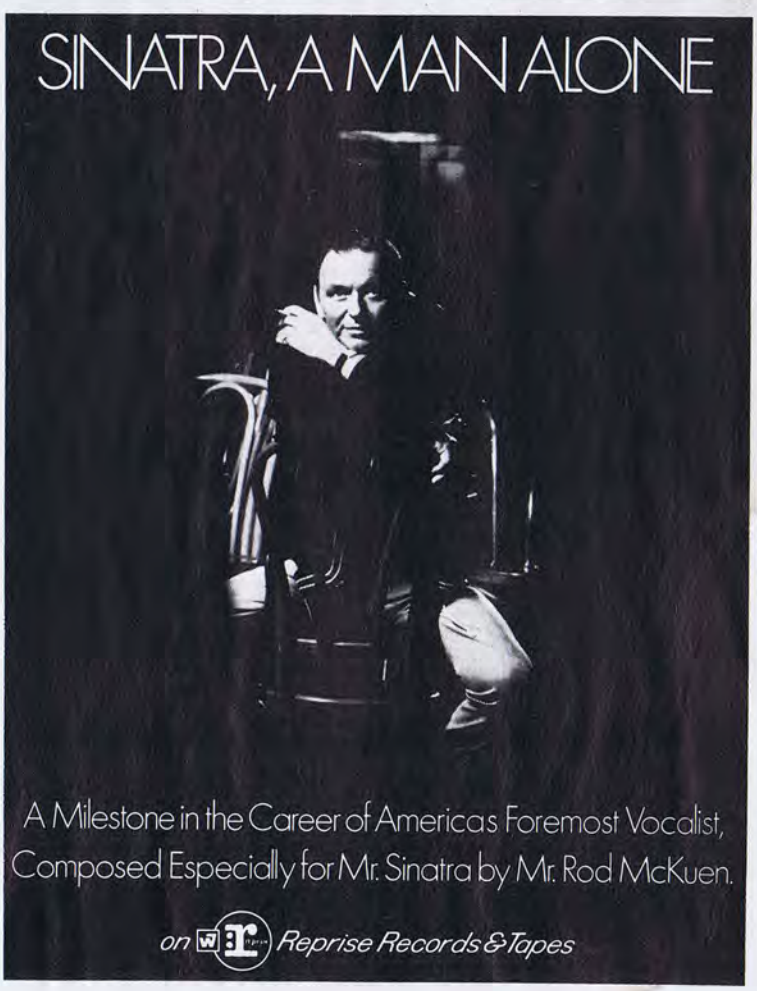
My husband and I have used corporal punishment to settle rows for several years, and have now established a simple procedure that enables us to be satisfied without either of us having to admit to being wrong. No effort is made to apportion blame, but each of us throws a dice to decide the number of strokes to be received. We use Scottish straps (the tawse or Lochgelly strap, as it is known). I take my punishment bending over, but I punish my husband on the hands in the traditional way which I learnt at my Scottish Teachers Training College.

I still have the notes from the lecture on the subject given to all student teachers in their final term at college: "While holding the strap firmly with one hand on each end and flexing it slowly, explain briefly the offence, ending with the words '—and so I am going to give you six. Hold out you hand . . . Stand as relaxed as possible with feet apart for balance . . . More effective to use a lighter strap with full force than to use a heavy one and have to hold back . . . Strokes should be given on alternate hands . . ."

We both feel stimulated by punishment and while this has helped us to live a happy married life we feel this is not natural behaviour, and our children have been brought up completely without punishment of any kind.—*Mrs M. W. (name and address supplied), Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland.*

Your readers might care to learn something of the customs of my country, Pakistan. Any unmarried girl in my father's household is liable to receive corporal punishment, and this means not only my sisters and the servant girls but also any cousins or other relations who may spend time with us. It would be considered degrading and childish, however, for a hand spanking to be administered, and it would not be considered correct for a teenage girl to present a bare bottom to the head of the household. There is no immodesty, though, about an unmarried girl being stripped to the waist, and it is in this fashion that a disobedient or impertinent teenager is made to feel the sting of my father's wrath. The only clothing worn is a thin pair of pyjama trousers, usually of silk.

A girl is frequently caned in front of several members of the family, and occasionally, I remember, of guests as well. She usually has to



stand for five to ten minutes and listen to a lengthy rebuke before bending over in the middle of the room. For a fairly trivial offence six strokes would be normal, but for more serious matters 12 or even 16 would not be uncommon. It is a matter of pride, as a rule, that the unfortunate girl should neither cry out nor move out of position, though sundry gasps and squirming movements are permitted. At the end she murmurs some perfunctory words of thanks for the correction.

This procedure, or something like it, is common in the households of my friends in Lahore. It should be noted moreover that the menfolk admit freely to each other that they find the spectacle rather intriguing and enjoyable—especially if the girl is attractive. I think the majority of men, if permitted by circumstance and public opinion, will occasionally whip or cane any girl or young woman who annoys them. What is more, if they are honest they will admit they obtain some enjoyment from the procedure. If your correspondence is to be believed, the girls may sometimes enjoy it too, but I must say that those I watched gave no signs of enjoyment!—*A. H., (name supplied), West End Lane, London NW6.*

Surely it is a fact that corporal punishment is administered to teenage girls for the gratification of the punisher rather than the good of the punished. My wife's experiences when her widowed mother remarried bear this out. Within weeks their new stepfather was slapping and spanking her and her younger sisters, aged 14 and 12. Soon a cane was hanging behind the kitchen door and for their misdeeds it was, "Take the stick to your bedroom and wait for your father."

In due course a book was kept listing each offence, and punishment was meted out weekly (conveniently, on the night their mother went out to their weekly whist drive). Serious offences such as dishonesty, deceit or insolence were dealt with severely, and it appeared there was such a case at least every other week. After a long lecture they were ordered to kneel over the edge of a divan, without knickers and with knees wide apart. A prolonged beating would follow during which ritual their stepfather would pause and inspect, his hands slipping between their thighs to see, as he said, that they were not enjoying wicked emotions.

The corporal punishment of adolescent girls will nearly always be abused and is therefore a practice to be discouraged.—*I. Fowler, Southampton, Hampshire.*

I have reached the conclusion that British girls must be extremely tolerant. I could imagine a Canadian boss walking into the office and spanking a girl because her work was not up to standard. My word, he would be slapped with an assault charge so fast he would not know what hit him!

I also feel that any so-called boss who has to slap his girls around to get them to work is in the wrong profession.—*David Widenmaier, Stratford, Ontario.*

Fashion notes

At our club one of the boys had your magazine and we were reading Forum and just as a joke he said he bet £1 that none of the girls in the group could prove they had no pants on. Believe it or not, out of eight of us three challenged him and won. Naturally it caused quite a stir as each of them thought she was the only one who would win.

Membership of our club shot up after that famous evening, but strangely enough the boys seem content to know you have no pants on and very, very few try to take advantage. One soon learns how to deal with them in any case. I thought I'd give it a try that same evening and haven't worn any since. As for showing yourself off, it's darn near impossible if you stand, sit or bend normally. Consider, how often do you see a girl showing her pants?—*Miss C. (name and address supplied), Whitchurch, Shropshire.*

As my boy friend objected to the outline of panties showing through mini-skirts or tight slacks, he bought me some G-strings to wear in their place. I'm thrilled to bits with these, as they have a very tiny elastic tape which is not noticeable. I now wear them all the time. My boy friend also wears a G-string under his jeans. —*Susan James, Windsor, Berkshire.*

Eye of the beholder

I would like to challenge very strongly the idea that the "most enticing part of the female anatomy is 'twixt navel and kneecap". In general the beauty of the female body lies surely in the curvaceousness of the whole form. It is true that the area mentioned is the most erotically stimulating in the strict physical sense, but visually speaking I am convinced that the most beautiful and exciting parts of the female body are the breasts and buttocks—especially the latter.

A good indication that most men concur is that striptease artistes always devote a good portion of their act to displaying the buttocks—and presumably they know what the customers like. I am glad to say Penthouse also realizes this.—*C.J.H. (name and address supplied), Leeds 6, Yorkshire.*

Going, going, gone

Long years ago, so I've been told,
Young maidens wishing to be bold
Disclosed their prim and pretty feet,
Enticing men by means discreet.

Such provocation makes us smile,
For nowadays such shameless guile
Would merit naught by coarse abuse
If maidens tried that little ruse.

The mini-minors of today
Attempt things in a different way,
Inviting us to cast our eyes
Upon their shapely, supple thighs.

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Soon these young nymphets will be bare,
And when they are I'll stand and stare!
—Charles Rockett, Newton St. Cyres, Devon.

Enslaved by the pill

Emancipated by the pill—what a laugh! Every boy seems to think nowadays that every girl is taking the pill and is ready, willing and eager every moment of the day and night. It's got so that unless a girl is willing to be laid every time a boy takes her out she doesn't get any dates. I used to think there must be something queer about me that attracted boys wanting an easy lay, but I've asked my friends and girls at the office and they all complain of the same thing. It used to be necking every time, but now it's the real thing and they don't see why they should take precautions. They say it spoils it for them. What about us?

The crunch came when I went out one evening with a boy while I was having a period. I thought thank goodness for that, but he was livid. He said I'd wasted his evening, and there was I thinking he'd taken me out because he liked me. I'm told by other girls they've had the same trouble. Personally I think it's all got out of hand. Nobody enjoys sex more than I do but I don't want to be doing it every night, and I do object to boys thinking I've a duty to do it. But they seem to think it's on the same level as having a meal.

Some of my friends say that brothels would be a good idea, like the French used to have. Then they could work it off there and we could perhaps get some respect.—*Jennifer R. (name and address supplied), Walthamstow, Essex.*

The kinky Englishman

It is my opinion, based on considerable experience, that the Englishman is by far the most kinky of all the male species on this earth. I'm a female, Canadian, and because of my work (show business), I've been to quite a few other countries, and being a rather social animal, have met all sorts of men. But, as I said, of them all, the Englishman takes the cake.

I'm aware of the dangers of generalizing, but this isn't the time or place to list every Englishman I've ever gone out with, with his particular kink. Suffice it to say that, as a group, I've never run across so many latent homosexuals, all trying to prove their "manhood". Being quite psychologically inclined (majored in psychology in college) I can spot the "latents" a mile away. Their sole object is to see how many women they can lay. They're not even subtle about it. With these Don Juans, it's strictly "Slam, bam, thank you mam"

Then there are the fetishists and sex deviates. Everything from the run-of-the-mill rubber/leather variety to the jokers who just can't get turned on until they see a female urinating, including one very wealthy chap who asked me to name my price if I would defecate on him! Frankly, I think I could tell Krafft-Ebing a thing or two.

As for the sado-masochists, they're so common, I'm surprised when Englishmen from "public schools" don't have that particular kink. My problem is, I don't particularly enjoy whipping a bloke and I certainly will not lie quietly on a man's knee while he does his bit with the spanking.

I do not want to imply that I only approve of so-called normal sex with its accompanying missionary coital position. Far from it. I think that sex should be an individual thing, imaginative, sensitive, wild and savage at times, quiet and peaceful at other times. However, what I can't stand is a man who wants to hop into bed with you five minutes after you meet him, or a man who uses me to prove his wavering manhood, or a man who is so bugged with his fetishism that intercourse seems to get in the way.

I think that the time has come for the English themselves to come out in the open and talk about their sexual problems. Now that young people throughout the world are taking hold of the permissive-society concept, I can think of no better time to do something constructive about the sexual guilt which has turned so many of the English into unhappy and maladjusted people, at least, so far as sex is concerned.

Fortunately for me, not all Englishmen are kinky. I'm engaged to a chap, who, despite his working-class background, has managed to break away from it and has made an excellent name for himself in the arts. He incidentally, agrees with everything I've said in this letter. How can our marriage miss?—*Miss J.M., Toronto, Ontario.*

Help stamp out tights

I'd like to investigate public approval or disapproval of the latest trend in female fashion, tights. To me they are the most unsexy and sometimes unsightly articles of clothing to be bestowed on the female form. I agree they're warmer and more convenient to wear, but why give up such a lot for so little?

The days of the garter belt must—and, I hope, will—come back, together with the conventional stocking. Nothing is more pleasing to the eye than the occasional glimpse of stocking top and thigh.

With all this in mind I would like to introduce a Ban the Tights Campaign. Readers should write to Penthouse to prove my investigation and campaign worth while.—*G. A. Morris, Aragon Court, Hainault, Essex.*

The frigid wife

A friend of mine came to work one morning quite miserable, and told us about his wife being frigid (as workmates talk among themselves). One of the chaps suggested, quite jokingly, that he should take his wife out for a few drinks beforehand, but not get her drunk. To our surprise he did this, so he told us on Monday morning, and it apparently worked wonders.—*D. Taylor (address supplied), Wickford, Essex.*

VIEW FROM THE TOP



Et tu, Rocky and Teddy?

If the dreams and ambitions of John Vliet Lindsay, already badly shaken in the primaries, come to a sticky end at the New York polls in November—and there is now little likelihood that they will survive—the body will be carted off to the political morgue with more holes in it than any politician since Julius Caesar. The daggers that will have found the mark, fore and aft, on the 47-year-old cycle-riding football-playing Jet-Setting and sometimes City-Halling mayor (ah, and he was such a good-looking lad, too, wasn't he?) will have come from the scabbards at the belts of two unlikely co-conspirators.

On the one hand there is Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, the multi-millionaire Governor of New York State who was convinced that Lindsay beat him out of the Republican Presidential nomination at a time when anybody up to and possibly including Donald Duck could have swept to victory over Hubert Humphrey (and there are some suggestions that Donald Duck *did*). On the other hand, there is Senator Edward M. Kennedy, the multi-millionaire Senator from Massachusetts who wants to be sure that Lindsay *isn't* around to beat *him* out of anything in 1972, when he calculates that anybody with the Democratic nomination will be able to sweep on to capture the Presidency.

To term Rocky and Teddy co-conspirators in the political assassination of John Lindsay may be stretching it a bit. But not a hell of a lot when you consider the maneuvering that has attended their relationship with and toward the Mayor.

For Rockefeller, a virtual certainty to be elected for a fifth term as Governor, it began on good terms with his early support for the then-Congressman Lindsay as a Republican-Liberal fusion candidate to run the nation's largest municipal bag of problems. It was a support that extended all the way to the bottomless abyss of the Rockefeller wallet, where the Governor and his family (grandchildren of oil baron John D. Sr.) found something like $1 million to help Lindsay with campaign expenses. Lindsay used the money to soundly defeat Abraham Beame, Democratic choice for sacrifice in the lion pit on the temporary retirement of three-term Mayor Robert Wagner.

Back then, four years ago, there was some suggestion that the Great White Way had become a disaster area with neon trimmings under Wagner's cautious indolence—and that all Lindsay needed, without any administrative experience in his background at all, was the skill of a General Motors executive team and a budget about the size of the national debt. There was also a suggestion that if he could bring it off, he might very well take off like Apollo Nine for a landing on the White House lawn.

But he soon turned out to be more closely allied to the man who always said, "Don't worry, things could get worse"—and they did. He brought in a new police commissioner from Philadelphia and saw City Hall's control over its police force so deteriorate that there was a slowdown in law enforcement activities to the point where even Senators' cars were being stolen (Jacob Javits', for one) and even innocent bystanders weren't pegged as target practice by Our Heroes in Blue. He brought in a Columbia University professor to superintend the reorganization of the nation's largest welfare program and watched it quickly escalate into the world's largest welfare problem. He—oh, well, he had a bad time of it—with cabdrivers, transit workers, garbage collectors, doctors who always park next to fire hydrants, schoolteachers, black militants, campus rebels (but he sure was good-looking on television, wasn't he?).

Rockefeller attempted, at some point in this unending stream of crises, to get in his paddle with advice, the elder statesmen thing. Lindsay would have none of it. Privately, he suspected that Rockefeller was attempting to cast a shadow over his own larger political potential. Publicly, he said that a lot of the city's problems were the state's fault—for taking out so much in per capita tax income and giving back so little in per problem support.

Rockefeller fumed. He said Lindsay didn't sound like a man who had been helped into office to the tune of £1 million in gifts. "It was a loan," Lindsay said. "It was like hell," Rockefeller responded.

Then they came down to the Presidency and the garbage dispute. When the sanitation collectors in New York City decided that the only way to enforce their wage-working condition demands (how do you improve the working conditions of a garbage collector—spray it, wrap it and mail it to him?) the already-cluttered streets reached for the skies with towers of effluvia that contained everything but warning lights for low planes. In the hour of his deepest despair, Lindsay said it was all the state's fault, Albany hadn't given him enough money and, besides, the Governor should call out the National Guard to collect the garbage.

That tore it. The Governor said he couldn't, wouldn't and deserved better treatment. He didn't get it in the New York press, which was contributing daily, as many as four editions a day, to the trash problem and thought the National Guard wasn't such a bad idea, after all. Rockefeller eventually won the battle of principle but lost the publicity war—and to this day has insisted privately that the publicity cost him the impetus he needed to turn the Republican nominating convention into a stampede in his favor.

It might be expected, then, that Rockefeller would not be sympathetic to Lindsay's problems after that. The one thing Rockefeller really wanted that he couldn't buy was lost and gone—now that he's past 60—probably forever. The time for his revenge came with Lindsay's announcement of his re-election campaign. Every leading Republican in the state was there, including Rockefeller. Every one of them announced his support of the Mayor *except* Rockefeller, who said he never supported candidates in the primary, but waited for the man to get the nomination and then backed the party candidate, whoever it was.

Then it came time for the collection of campaign funds. Lindsay found, as might have been expected, that the Rockefeller purse-strings were somehow knotted. The Governor, protecting his position in the party, let it be known through associates that he had managed to come up with something like $50,000 for Lindsay (a negligible amount in the campaign for New York's Mayor, but enough to sound good in public and Republican ears). It was viewed by some political theorists as a donation to take the burrs out of Rockefeller's refusal to back Lindsay in the primary (which went to State Senator John Marchi as the Republican, leaving Lindsay only the Liberal line on the ballot).

Then it was Teddy's turn. With the family astuteness about the precise location of the political jugular, he went for Lindsay by helping to push poor, weary Robert Wagner out of retirement and into the race (which Wagner lost, but not without hurting Lindsay badly and scoring heavily on the weakest points in his Administration). Teddy had three thoughts in mind: first, that Lindsay was about the only

formidable Republican-Liberal in his own age bracket who would be around for the first national election to really test the power of the youth majority now attacking the Establishment; second, Teddy's hopes in 1972 could only be helped by having a Democratic Mayor in charge of the political situation in New York (or Lindsay's power badly shredded, at least) when he made his big bid; and, third, he could move through these political sub-channels without exposing his own hand in the maneuvering.

That Wagner lost was not of paramount significance: the question was how badly Lindsay could be hurt. And that is how and why they got to John Vliet Lindsay in the spring and summer of 1969. The funeral is scheduled for November. (Oh, but he was such a nice-looking chap, too, wasn't he?)

Frozen in

"The harbor and Long Island Sound were covered thick with ice and a large number of trans-atlantic steamers could not get in. Traffic was almost at a standstill. In a village near New York a woman was found in bed beside her husband."—*Neue Wurzbürge Zeitung.*

Anything goes in an emergency.

Vandal scandal

"Two 12-year-old boys were asked in the juvenile court at Wimbledon, London, if they were sorry for wrecking the town hall. Both replied: 'Yes, we thought it was the church we were breaking up'."—*News of the World*

A mistake anyone in a hurry could make.

Mind your organ

"If you have any questions of a technical nature on the care of your organ, David Mawn will gladly answer them . . . " And answer them he does, including such points of universal anxiety as "Are there any ways in which I should not play my organ?" ("Normal fingering cannot ever harm the device"), "Does central heating have any effect on an organ?", and "How much of a rest should I give my organ between practice sessions?" ("Do not worry about the number of hours you may use your organ. There are no parts which will wear out with normal playing").

Perhaps the kinkiest query is "What kind of furniture polish should I use on my organ?" This draws the reassuring reply: "Furniture polishes are generally to be avoided".

We are indebted for these diversions to *Harmony*, the magazine of the Hammond Organ Societies.

The unoriginal sin

Without a word of warning the cliché season is on us all again. Perhaps it's the summer that does it, but we do know that in one evening of television we harvested these gems of world-weary dialogue . . .

(1) *The scene:* A plastic and bamboo-shooted coffee bar. Characters: a fading playboy type and his earnest-eyed wife, who still looks beautiful despite everything. She turns with dewy lips to her huband and manages to croak: "Edwin, honey, whatever *happened* to us?"

(2) *The scene:* A house that doesn't know it but is about to be robbed. Characters: four anonymous crooks, scattered about a darkened room. The most nervous of them crawls over to the leader and whispers: "I don't like it; it's too *quiet*. . . ."

(3) *The scene:* A ramshackle boarding-house in the suburbs of Leeds. Characters: a fresh-complexioned pop singer (male) and about 50 other show-business failures. They are all morosely wondering why the big bad Backer has hopped town when lo! the pop singer leaps clumsily on a table and exclaims in a bright voice: "Say, everybody—why don't we do the show right *here?*"

(4) *The scene:* A mid-Western town in the US. Characters: Jeff, an angry young cowhand who feels he's been wronged by his ranch-owning father, and Sarah-Jane, his beloved—but apparently not all *that* beloved, for Jeff's in the process of getting the hell out. As he roars away in his white Chevrolet, Sarah-Jane in anguish is heard to wail: "Oh, Jeff, running away won't *solve* anything! . . ."

Dirty minds beware

"This is a particularly serious offence which we have to deal with severely, as a detergent to anyone in the same mind."—*Leicester Mercury.*

The ultimate detergent?

The plastic mystery

"First time ever in Britain: NUDES on REAL ICE!"—*What's On In London.*

Okay, but are they REAL nudes?

Fit to die

"If you are absent from work owing to illness or injury on the date on which you join the Plan (or, if this is a non-working day, then on the next preceding working day) you will not be entitled to the death benefit until you return to work."—Extract from a firm's Retirement Benefit Plan.

Of corpse not!

Facts of life

"Q. In breeding rabbits is it necessary to take the doe to the buck's cage?

"A. The chances of success are far greater if the doe is taken to the buck's hutch."—*Weekend* (London).

Then there's no danger of her passing the buck.

Sporting America

The Department of Commerce refuses to confirm a report that the Russians, with Marxist-Leninist cunning, placed a bulk order with the Trojan company calculated to ruin Western morale. The order was for a special line of condoms in eight-inch size. The firm, after consulting the CIA, is said to have duly delivered the goods, stamping them "Medium".



Sex is alive and well and living in Calcutta

"Hair" is one of those old-fashioned Broadway shows that should be seen because they're part of our national heritage. It goes back to the days when, if a male actor stood on stage nude for six seconds and you were actually able to get a glimpse of his throckmorton, you figured the "theatre" was finished and you were glad that you managed to get there in time to see the end. On the way home you talked self-consciously to your girl about Sophocles and wondered if she had seen what you had seen and was she making comparisons and did you win.

Hair has, I suppose the world knows by now, only one nude scene and it takes place in a pretty dim light. You've been sitting there wondering when in hell they're going to do it because what precedes it certainly isn't much. But when they finally get to it it's worth the money. It's a riot of laughs.

What you're asked to believe, see, is that this handful of skinny revolutionaries is going to change the world by shocking the old folks. Well I be dab iffen they don't come right out and give 'er a try. For a good ten eleven seconds I be double dab but what some thin boys and girls don't come out onto a dimly lit stage right samack in the buff. Mother nekkid. Bare ass. I fell right out of my seat. The poor things were so thin, so ugly, so . . . inadequate. None of the lads could ever have stripped in a gym because he would have been Saran-wrapped and flushed down the john as something someone had thrown up. As for the ladies of the ensemble, mon doo. They were identical with the boys except that the teeny protuberances were upstairs instead of down.

All right, crowd, I give in. I *was* shocked. Right here in what we always refer to as the richest nation on earth, here in the midst of plenty, actors were being starved to death.

You see what I mean, don't you? Here I've gone and paid eight dollars a ticket to see if the gents are truly gonna face front and, if they DO, is please God just one of them going to have his bumberhausen pointing to the nearest exit? Friends, these kids were so weak, so emaciated, it would have taken two of them to become a father.

Still a sucker, I buy two seats for *I am Curious* (*Yellow*). Everybody on line is there for the same bit. We all have read that finally they DO it right there in front of your EYES. Well, by now you know that that's not why *I'm* there. I'm there to see that if he does it, he's not faking it. I wanna see the old panjandrum ready to be reviewed by visiting royalty with a guard of honor and a 21-son galute. If it's going to be the Fourth of July, I've paid my good money to see real rockets go off.

I'm pretty sure you've guessed the answer, Aunt Bertha. They did and they didn't. You know? There wasn't one clear shot of the proprietor actually opening the store for business. He went





Vixen (and friend) : salacious or bust.
Lena Nyman (top) : curiouser and curiouser.

through the motions, yes. Swept out the shop, raised the shades, opened the door, greeted the customer . . . even went through the motions of making change. But *my* cash register said NO SALE.

This brings us, fellow bird-watchers, to an item called *Oh, Calcutta.* Five boys, five girls. Bright lights. Facing front. One girl in particular is in charge of Sherwood Forest. You can see Friar Tuck, all right, but, of course, no Little John. And among the lads there's one boy who seems right from the go to be one hell of a possibility.

The evening is devoted to sex and what they don't do they discuss thoroughly enough so that it makes *your* daydreams look a little shoddy. There were a lot of laughs, a lot of classy dirty talk—what can I tell you, tickets are 15 dollars and the show is easily worth ten.

Well, you ask, but how about question numero uno? Did the balloon go up? Did Grant take Richmond?

My fellow Americans . . . respectors of the good, of the bea utiful, of Howard Johnson's . . . how, I ask you, how would you feel, standing under those hot stage lights trying to remember your lines, worrying about your stage business, confused by the noise, the audience, the stock market? Would *you* be able to belt one over the fence and clear the bases? Standing there hoping that your fingernails are clean, that your hair is unmussed, your voice audible in the last rows . . . would you be able to give the wogs holy what-for?

Don't despair. It's still true that the theatre is a world of make-believe. A naked gent can get on to a naked lady and go through all kinds of amusing motions, but you and I know it's not exactly the McCoy. You and I have been in a couple of towns and we know a thing or two, eh, old buddy? I mean, a guy who does six nights a week and two matinees . . . all right, he could do it . . . but I mean . . . always? Suppose he's mad at her, or he's got a dame on the side, or he's married and his wife objects . . . it could be all kinds of things, right?

Still, as I said before, don't despair. Our day will come. And so will the actors. **—Henry Morgan**



The copulation explosion

After viewing the current spate of sex/nudie films, one can't help feeling we are about to be ushered into a golden age of film erotica. What with graphically-explicit intercourse the only virtue of *I am Curious (Yellow),* and fellatio soon to be screened in *Coming Apart* (Rip Torn receives it from Sally Kirkland), the cinematic copulation explosion is upon us.

At its most superficial level, the new era presages a time when hung-up leading men will have to give way to well-hung heroes, and sexpots will have to prove they can not only fill out a bikini but *use* what fills it. On a more meaningful level, films will begin to reflect and influence contemporary sexual mores far more than they have in the past. America, so incredibly uptight about sex, is going to receive a cinematic transfusion of sexual candor in the next few years, resulting, with any kind of luck, in more tolerant and sophisticated social attitudes.

The transition into sexinema, however, won't be accomplished overnight—nor will it go down smoothly. Screen sex is still a subject sure to kindle the combustible emotions of our many and varied nut-groups : in Houston recently the Heights Theater, which had been showing *I Am Curious (Yellow)* was mysteriously burned to the ground one night after management had been forewarned, via telephone threats, this would occur if the film wasn't changed. Even though producers, directors and actors are ready for the big step, America isn't.

Which explains, of course, why films with anything more than a 2% sexual content go to such lengths to obfuscate the fact. (We'll know we're into adulthood the first time an *establishment* protest is launched against movies that intrude on exciting visual sex by adding unneeded social commentary.) Future generations are going to interpret cultural America as odd, indeed, when screening our more permissive examples : the socially acceptable variety all lean toward melancholia and depression, while the unacceptable string resembles an adolescent round of show 'n' tell.

To get down to specifics : The much-ballyhooed and oft-reviewed *I Am Curious (Yellow)* stars chubbily attractive Lena Nyman as a *flicka* who stalks the streets of Stockholm with a tape recorder, asking passers-by searching questions about the state of their nation. When Lena isn't interviewing, she's screwing : on a balcony, up a tree—lots of location shots. Only Lena isn't happy, and couldn't be happy, because this is a film Fraught With Contemporary Social Aesthetics (Scandinavia has a death grip on the FWCSA category), which means, by movie's end, everyone lives unhappily ever after.

This is standard procedure for artsy erotica, and the precedent has been established through such movies as *Dear John, 491, Night Games, My Sister, My Love,* and *The Silence,* just to mention a few. Though Scandinavia has more than its share of world-weariness, it also has its share of profit-minded filmmakers.

Homosexuality is also an okay subject for the screen—*The Fox,* a millstone of a milestone, in which overage-ingénue Anne Heywood butched it with Sandy Dennis, established troubled deviants as fine filmfare. An instant shock wave resulted : *The Killing of Sister George, The Midnight Cowboy* and even Andy Warhol's *Lonesome Cowboys,* all delinquent in their own fatuous ways, are the talk of the industry. And soon, thrill of thrills, Rex Harrison and Richard Burton will campily enact ageing homosexuals in an adaptation of Charles Dyer's *Staircase.* The unsaid nasty part of all this : only treat homosexuals as pathetic, psychological freaks. Anything else might bring the censors—or even arsonists—running.

Bisexuality is a new, but coming, screen attraction. In *Teorema,* Terence Stamp portrays a kind of bisexual god-figure who beds down with the father, mother, son, maid, and possibly dog of your average *bourgeois* family, then pulls a disappearing act, leaving the somewhat overtaxed household wondering if he was, indeed, a kind of bisexual god-figure. Moral : Wham-bam, thank you ma'am, pops, junior, domestic and Rover. Additional moral : Bi-sexuality is a magical mystery tour with religious overtones, and should be touched on arcanely and allegorically, but definitely not realistically.

Hard on the humps of *Teorema* come several sex-exploitation films. (You'll know it's a sex-exploitation film if the audience is composed of three-fifths dirty old men who cough, need shaves, and drink Muscatel out of brown-bagged bottles.) Products of this movie genre (my all-time favorite is *Orgy at Lil's Place*) are manufactured for audiences who have children's minds and adults' genitals, so plot is never a problem and talent is never required. The best of these weakly salacious shows is *Vixen,* produced by the same immortal Russ Meyer who gave us *The Immoral Mr Teas.* Vixen has a number of beautiful—and beautifully photographed—busts going for it and a modicum of spurious vitality, but that's about all. *I A Woman, II,* doesn't measure up to its trashy progenitor, *I A Woman,* and *Inga* and *Helga* just don't measure up to anything.

Home color movie

About the only sexinematic display worth attending is **Anthony Newley's** put-on peepshow musical *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?* Judging from his stage musicals, Newley is a man unafraid of overreaching himself and, therefore, always does. Thus it comes as no surprise that *Merkin* is shot through with cliché, but it is also filled with

intoxicating humor and inventiveness. The lousy critical reception accorded *Merkin* was no doubt merited, but still Newley's home color movie is worth sitting in on.

It employs every filmic convention, I imagine, that Newley knows about as it satirically tells the story of satyric Heironymus Merkin, British music-hall entertainer. There are two excellent cameo performances that in no way vitally affect the narrative, even though they're meant to: George Jessel is perfect as the corny, joke-telling Presence (of death), and Milton Berle skilfully uses his main talent—mugging it up shamelessly—as the leering Eddie Filth. Joan Collins, Newley's real-life wife, is featured as his movie spouse, Polyester Poontang (right, much of the humor is sophomoric), and a slim befreckled blonde, Connie Kreski, plays the teenaged, virginal Mercy Humppe, whom Newley relishes and ravages.

Merkin is flawed and uneven, but even if its jokes fall flat, the movie's gusto and bravado are compelling. There's a great deal of nudity as well, and a wonderfully erotic scene featuring Newley and Miss Kreski exchanging crotch kisses underwater. All in all, *Merkin* doesn't take itself seriously (you won't either) and it has the good sense to have a good time while not doing so.

Finally, Newley's film is likeable because it is probably a precursor of 1970s cinema: it doesn't look for a social hang-up through which to sneak in the sex. Merkin's robust bawdiness and self-congratulatory leching are not admirably executed perhaps, but one must bear in mind that Newley is a filmmaking novice—and an enormous ham, to boot. His Rabelaisian celebration of one song-and-dance man's insatiable ecstatic lust, however, is a revivifying contrast to the mournful-minded movies competing for the sexinema dollar. Taken at that level, Newley has accomplished something of value. **—Anthony Rome**



Keepers of the dream

I wish people would stop beating their breasts and weeping copious tears about the American lack of a national theater. In the first place, our penchant for doing things the difficult and expensive way would probably preclude sufficient financial backing short of hocking the hardware for the next ten space-shots and getting all the welfare recipients to contribute at least one third of their food allotment just to support an opening season. Those misguided keepers of the dream for an American national theater are constitutionally incapable of planning simply and producing purely. I cite last season's APA Phoenix production of *Hamlet*, which exposed its artistic director **Ellis Rabb** as a gluttonous egocentric whose central theatrical drive for his company through many other productions, some worthy, mostly not, was merely to get his hands on *Hamlet* and make it over in his own image. The APA Repertory Theater will not be seen in New York this season.

The Lincoln Center Repertory, whose funding is the artistic equivalent of the United States Defense Department, does maintain a slightly higher consistency of artistic achievement but abrogates its right to be classified as a repertory company by bringing in guest stars to goose the box office. In the case of *A Cry of Players*, the neo-naturalistic Bronx fishwife of **Anne Bancroft** managed to unsell by exposure the tickets that had been sold on the strength of her name before opening night. **Joseph Wiseman** played the title part in *The Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer* with almost unbearable dignity—one of the most dynamically reserved and therefore exciting performances seen all year—and yet when the Lincoln Center management, realizing they had a commercial hit on their hands, decided to rerun it Mr. Wiseman was unavailable because of a prior commitment. This is hardly the manner of a dedicated servant of an expensive repertory company.

The American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Connecticut, did an absolutely unrecognizable version of *Henry V*, which served merely to announce to those injudicious enough to be lured by the notion of seeing Shakespeare in a town called Stratford—any town called Stratford—that the young artistic director **Michael Kahn** was against war and for peace. Aside from the fact that he rearranged the script to suit his own purpose, which managed to deviate Shakespeare's intention into a completely perverse attitude, he also flattened out all the peaks inherent in the play, made milksop of the regal stirrings, and was by all counts guilty of theatrical murder.

Here then are three publicly acclaimed theater groups which seem to have conspired to prove us unworthy of being able to sustain a national theater. It may be that we just don't deserve one.

Another problem is of actors and geography. Everyone presumes that if there is really to be a national theater, it must be housed in, near, or around Broadway. But the familiar story of a New York actor who signs a picture contract and immediately heads for the Hills of Beverly on the other side of the continent is still prevalent. In London when a young stage actor signs a film contract, he doesn't have to sell his house in the suburbs and move himself and his family far away from his stage work. To the contrary, many stage actors do their filming by day, their theatre work by night, and don't have to travel more than 20 miles to fulfil both obligations and still get home at night. For instance, Tom Courtenay became a big-time film star and then went into the Midlands to do a season, albeit a short one, of Shakespeare. And he hardly had to leave home.

We really can't expect Broadway actors to turn their backs on the celluloid fleshpots of California, and yet so many good ones are gathered out there that perhaps we should start thinking in terms of establishing our national theater in Los Angeles and letting the Broadway stalwarts do the transcontinental commuting.

Potency on stage

The theater is in the process of nervously reassessing itself as the new medium of artistic freedom. Much as a young girl sees herself in the full-length mirror for the first time as a woman, the theater now realizes that its traditional power of communicating with an audience through live actors in the flesh has now, by literal translation of that premise, supplanted films as the most potent form of artistic expression. *Ben Hur* on the screen is unbeatable, and no one in his right theatrical mind would contest it, but two people making Cinerama love on an oversized movie screen can't hold a candle to a dedicated duo in the buff making it on a stage.

The two De Sade plays of last season (still running as of this writing) are good examples of that same young girl leaving her mirror and flying out into the night screaming at the top of her lungs that she'll go the route with anyone for a fast two dollars. Both these productions are arch, leering, with a stimulation quotient lying somewhere between an *I Love Lucy* rerun and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. *Che* was brash and alarming, but once again the nudeness was mostly lewdness and was therefore theatrically pointless. I have no doubt that we will probably be seeing many more productions where the concept of sexual communication as a life force imputing good or evil or beauty or power, etc. will be sublimated to the leering, no-talent concupiscence of misguided producers. But at the current level of ticket prices I am confident that productions whose primary thrust is displaying sexual activity without any inherent artistic concept will sink of their own weight. In their wake should come a new and healthy legitimate freedom for producers of integrity that can only result in better theater—**Sandy Lesberg.**



Poets go pop

Poetry's a fine thing, as we all know, but the plain truth is that nine out of ten readers find it to be such a crashing bore that the sight of it on a printed page is a better remedy for insomnia than seconal. Which is a pity because our best poets are also our prophets and they are telling us things about ourselves that we *must* know in the only way that they can.

Marilyn Monroe once observed that she liked men who were poets, "but that doesn't mean they have to *write* poetry, if you know what I mean"—and we do. A good case could be made for the proposition that if society finds it beneficial to pay farmers for not growing corn it might be even more rewarding to pay poets not to write poetry. So long as they'll give us their message in other ways.

And lately they've been doing just that. The first sculptors of



Anthony Newley: ecstatic lust.



Candy Darling (with Jane Fonda, left) : impenetrable disguise.

what's become known as concrete poetry surfaced several years ago, presenting their images in scatter-shot style, piling letters and words atop each other like building blocks, creating pictures out of words and sometimes the absence of them. It seemed to follow that the next wave of poets would dispense with words entirely, combining an abstract consciousness with the new technology to present "images" via electronic tapes, slide projections and other mixed-media devices.

So the poetry scene in 1969 is pretty much where the art scene was a decade ago, changing from abstract to pop, with a corresponding increase in public interest. Poets have staged street events, mailing campaigns, moon-viewing parties and other unlikely activities to make people more aware of nature, significantly overlapping the "artists" whose excavations in the countryside have become formalized in the galleries as "earthworks".

Joachim Neugroschel, a New York-based poet and translator who recently founded a theatre where poets can perform, says that a poem is anything that is made by anyone dubbing himself a poet. "Neither rhyme nor the absence of rhyme are hallmarks of a poem. They merely indicate the kind of poem, not the quality".

Enter Candy

Word from the Factory, that fabled mass-art production center above New York's Union Square, is that **Andy Warhol** has given up on girls: the superstar of his new movie will be **Candy Darling,** a 21-year-old high-fashion beauty (real name Jimmy Slattery) who delights in leaning into the windows of passing trucks or police cars to ask for a cigarette and/or light to test the impenetrability of his disguise.

Andy has tentatively titled the movie "Blonde On a Bum Trip", but his associates refer to it as "Andy Warhol Goes Hollywood", and there's speculation about what the trip West, professional equipment and real financing ($100,000) will do for his famed shoestring style. It hasn't, apparently, made him extravagant. "We have this, er, script that somebody wrote for us," Andy says, "but he wants $20,000 for it so we may, er, just not use it . . . ." Which means that, like most Warhol

movies, it will probably be shot with no script at all, the cast improvising endlessly whenever the camera comes around. Roughly the story concerns a spaced-out television hostess in Hollywood and some of the people she interviews. Candy Darling is the interviewer, and among the stars who'll play bit parts are Jane Fonda, Rita Hayworth, Natalie Wood, Troy Donahue and Clint Eastwood.

But why a female impersonator? Well, Warhol deadpans, she combines the best qualities of both sexes and, besides, she's easier to deal with.

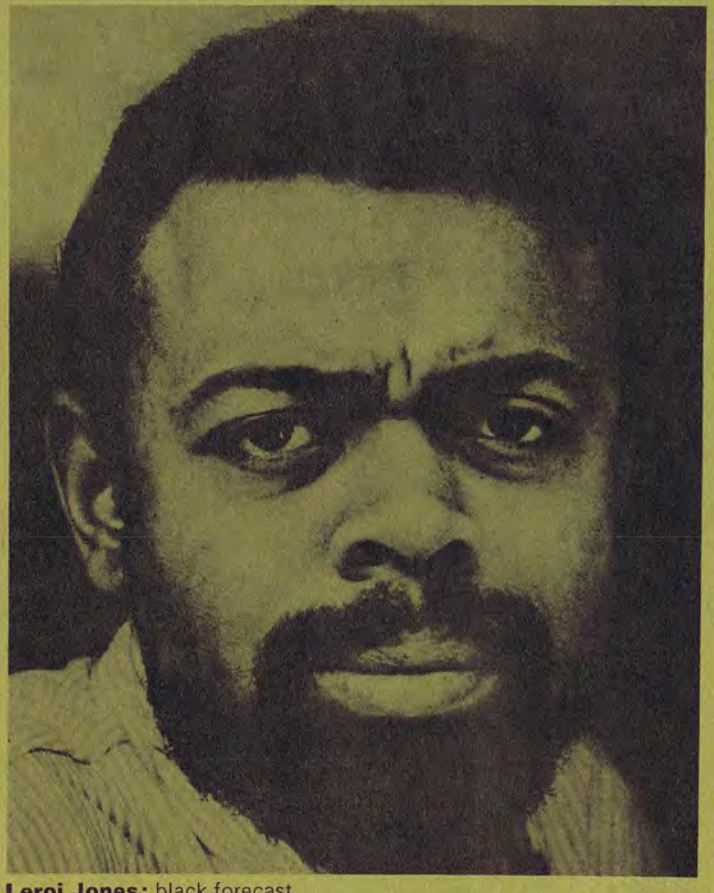
Putting it on paper

It's almost a year since the siege of Chicago, and the Yippie nonleaders are all busy writing books. **Abbie Hoffman** is doing most of his on the run ("I carry a toothbrush next to the pens in my pocket") between a series of trials on various charges in Chicago, Washington and New York, and he's also helping to organize what he calls a Conspiracy Legal Institute ("We're training lawyers in how to conduct a political trial") in preparation for the Chicago Conspiracy Trial on September 24; his co-conspirator, **Jerry Rubin**, who described his Federal indictment as "the greatest honor of my career", is at work on what he terms "a stream of consciousness that is taking shape as I write"; and veteran underground publishers **Ed Sanders** (*Fuck You /A Magazine of the Arts*) and **Paul Krassner** (*The Realist*), neither of them indicted, are telling their stories anyway.

Sanders' book is about Abbie, tracing the growth of the Yippie conspiracy right up to its current position as "an international cartel of chromosome-damaged diplomats, Swedish generals, Yippie agents within the Pentagon, war correspondents, bank presidents, nuns, poets, streetfuckers and peace apes". Krassner, his 10th anniversary issue of *The Realist* just published, a characteristic 10 months late, promises that his book will go down in history as "the great unAmerican novel", and boasts that it will outsell *Portnoy* "hand over fist".

The way the cookie . . .

Forecast by black poet **LeRoi Jones**: "One city will fall to black people maybe peacefully, one will fall by force of arms. One will fall because white people don't want to be there anymore, and they will voluntarily want to leave. I mean, things come together, they break up, they come together on a higher level, they break up. Things are young and strong, they struggle, they achieve some kind of solidarity—they get comfortable, they get lazy, to die."



Leroi Jones: black forecast.

Sex citations

Major category missing from the last Oscar awards, says the P.G.A. Newsletter is "Best Performance by an Actress While in Sexual Intercourse". Nominated by the newsletter were: Anne Bancroft ("The Graduate"), Faye Dunaway ("Bonnie and Clyde"), Barbara Jefford ("Ulysses"), Ingrid Thulin ("La Guerre est Finie"), and Nadia Urbankova ("Closely Observed Trains").

Scene and heard

Why do new rock stars have such a compulsion always to record original material? There's no virtue in novelty for the sake of it if it isn't any good. . . . Nudity has invaded the Japanese post office via a stamp depicting a chick getting out of a bathtub. . . . Call girls who used to wait for johns to contact them now let their fingers do the walking through the sex ads in the underground papers where horny males are always seeking girls. . . . Pacific Telephone is battling in court to prevent San Francisco's Society for Individual Rights (SIR) listing itself under "Homosexual" in the Yellow Pages. . . . A book whose pages are impregnated with perfume has just been produced by a Munich publisher. . . . Cat and dog food advertising "are subtly directed towards the appetites of people, not animals", writes Connie Sohodski in *The Dove*, reporting on a survey by petfood manufacturers proving that their products sell well in areas where people can't afford pets. . . . A Dutch firm has invented a toilet seat raised by foot—a boon for those too stoned to do it by hand. . . . For about 40 cents you can take something small—a handkerchief, candy bar, panties, money—to a special counter in Tokyo's Seibu department store and have it canned and labelled. . . . New York painter **Jim Desmond**, 26, is putting the finishing touches to a papier mâché bear, eight feet high and covered with brown ostrich feathers. In September he plans to rent a store, hang a $10,000 price tag around the animal's neck and paint the store's name above the door: SELL THE BEAR.

Top ten in print

The Underground Press Syndicate, a loosely-knit affiliation of mostly radical papers, hit a landmark of sorts by registering its one-hundredth member. The current "top ten" in this writer's very subjective opinion are:

Milwaukee's *Kaleidoscope* (color, layout, graphics, commitment, extra editions in Chicago and Madison); Berkeley *Barb* (mainspring of the Berkeley revolution, a tightly-packed grab bag of honest, personal reporting); Detroit's *Fifth Estate* (one of the original founding five and among the most professional papers); Philadelphia's *Distant Drummer* (detailed coverage of a very uptight, untogether community); Atlanta's *Great Speckled Bird* (would deserve a credit just for existing in the hostile South even if it didn't have such good graphics and penetrating comment); Toronto's *Harbinger* (colored paper, campaign to paint drab city streets); Seattle's *Helix* and the Chicago *Seed* (first-rate graphics in the tradition of the old San Francisco *Oracle*, skilfully combined with tough, radical coverage); Montreal's *Logos* and Vancouver's *Georgia Straight* (imaginative layouts, color experimentation, determination in the face of considerable harassment).

Your correspondent feels it would be unethical to include his own paper, *Other Scenes*, on the list but modestly suggests that some of his readers might do so.

—John Wilcock



Don't blab it around

"There's this little restaurant tricky to find, not even scented by the *Times* foodhounds when we discovered it. One of those gems packed with friendly warmth, six courses, creaking retainers, faultless sauces and a teeny little bill." Every New Yorker knows at least one such place, where the food, however inexpensive, is of an exalted nature, and the atmosphere refreshingly pleasant. An intimate friend may have tipped him off about it, or he may have stumbled into it one balmy

evening in a mood to escape the more luxurious establishments he usually patronises. Once aware of its existence he keeps the address in his billfold and divulges it only to those precious few who can appreciate its atypical allure. Not to just anybody, you understand—that might result in overcrowding, or entice the restaurateur to expand, or even worse, drive up the prices. So, after much soul-searching (in doing a column of this kind, you inevitably face such decisions), I reluctantly part with some prized discoveries, richly deserving to be included in that do-it-yourself gourmet pocket guide.

Nominated as first choice: the **Cafe Europa**, 220 East 53rd Street. This is a fascinating, offbeat and adventuresome type of place, fancifully decorated with iron grillwork, small compartmented well appointed dining rooms, discreetly lighted, pleasantly animated, and a more than slightly romantic atmosphere which has endeared it to many limited-spending sweethearts. In fair weather, you can dine judiciously in the snug tree-sheltered garden.

The congenial owner, Peter Culthrop, a young Englishman of that new and vigorous generation, is among the most accomplished chefs in New York today. His typically continental fare gives the Cafe Europa a rare distinction. Doing business on a dinner basis only, the weekly changing *prix-fixe* menu (about $6.50) offers a choice of two appetizers, two soups and two or three entrées. Each dish is special and often an exciting new experience.

The Corsican *ragout*, for example, of beef, green peppers, tomatoes and juniper berries simmered gently in burgundy; shrimp croustilles or quiche Lorraine; hot or cold cream of cucumber or mulligatawny soup, chicken with fresh tarragon done in sauterne with celery and scallions. Beef Wellington and duck à l'orange appear frequently and are always a delight. The salads, too, are above average (*eg*: hearts of baby iceberg lettuce with a sake-vinegar dressing). And, when you visit Cafe Europa for the first time, the bananas *au rhum* must be your dessert.

The startling little wine list is priced so modestly that there isn't any excuse for not ordering a bottle with dinner. Reservations are *de rigueur*, and can be made by telephoning PL 5-0160.

There is a certain rip-roaring lustiness in the rumbustious restaurant known as **The Slate**, on the corner of 56th Street and Tenth Avenue, one of the most unlikely locations in Manhattan, but worth seeking out, particularly if one is heading in the direction of the hit play "The Boys in the Band", or Lincoln Center. The environmental aspects are enormously appealing; wood and brick and mock-marble frescoes in high relief.

If red meat whets the appetite you'll find a beeforium of utopian proportions here. Broiled boneless sirloin steaks are as big as haunches, the roast prime ribs, carved about the size of a manhole cover, are pink throughout, juicy and full of flavor. If you crave jumbo double-thick pork chops or freshly broiled plump lobster tails, The Slate scores again. Other highlights are its tasty Italian specialities, marvelous German fried potatoes and homemade desserts. The bar is thickly populated and on a good night you'll find it propped up by newscasters, announcers and other familiar teletypes.

With the exception of weekend entertainment there are no distractions from the serious pleasures of luncheon and dinner. None are required.

A la carte luncheons $2.75 to $6.50; à la carte dinners $2.95 to $6.50. Closed Sunday.

When you find an establishment almost continuously packed with patrons who tuck in their napkins and sit quietly rolling their hands in anticipation, you throw discretion to the winds and settle for a session *tant pis pour la foie*. Of such is **Monk's Inn**, a new restaurant across from Lincoln Center, at 35 West 64th Street, under the administrative talents of Monsieur Paul Jacob.

A cool dark interior and stained-glass windows along with rustic brick, wood, hand-hewn beams, wine kegs and bottles provide a realistic monastic background for this novel and commendable restaurant.

The great specialty here is the selection of cheeses displayed on a hulking groaning board in a variety of shapes and sizes, apples and wine, plus fondues, omelets, Alsatian and Swiss treats such as bratwurst, sauerkraut, and pigs' knuckles, and dishes like veal cordon bleu—scaloppine filled with cheese and ham and delicious cold soups such as cherry and peach, and many others.

Service is deft, despite waiters garbed in flowing monks' robes, which is in keeping with the over-all effect.

Luncheon is à la carte with entrées from $2.25; dinner also à la carte with entrées from $2.75 to $5.50, so the purse-conscious can eat well for relatively little. Beers and wines only. Open seven days a week.

There is charm in the setting of the **Billy Budd Restaurant**, in the Shelburne Hotel, 303 Lexington Avenue, at 37th Street. Created in the English Tavern tradition, Billy Budd is enlivened by many borrowings from the mother country: ship models, mellow wood paneling, old brick, comfortable banquettes, captains' chairs and mansized tables. During dinner, lighting is softened and melodious piano music prevails. The food happens to be quite good too, fairer than most to be found in Merrie England.

Grate and gridiron specialities include some fine examples of beef such as skillet steak, slathered with peppercorns, roast prime ribs of Herefordshire beef and filet mignon, crowned with a giant mushroom; and the Quartermaster's Catch offers some fine seafood examples: imported Dover sole with lime butter, fresh mountain river trout, served in the skillet with almond butter and grilled rock lobster tails. Starters include Seven Seas shellfish boat, Burgundian snails in their shells, large lump Maryland crab meat and fresh artichoke vinaigrette.

The owner, Heinz Block, supervises meals, and will counsel and confer and, if you give the slightest indication you care about wines, produce a bottle or two of something special for your delectation.

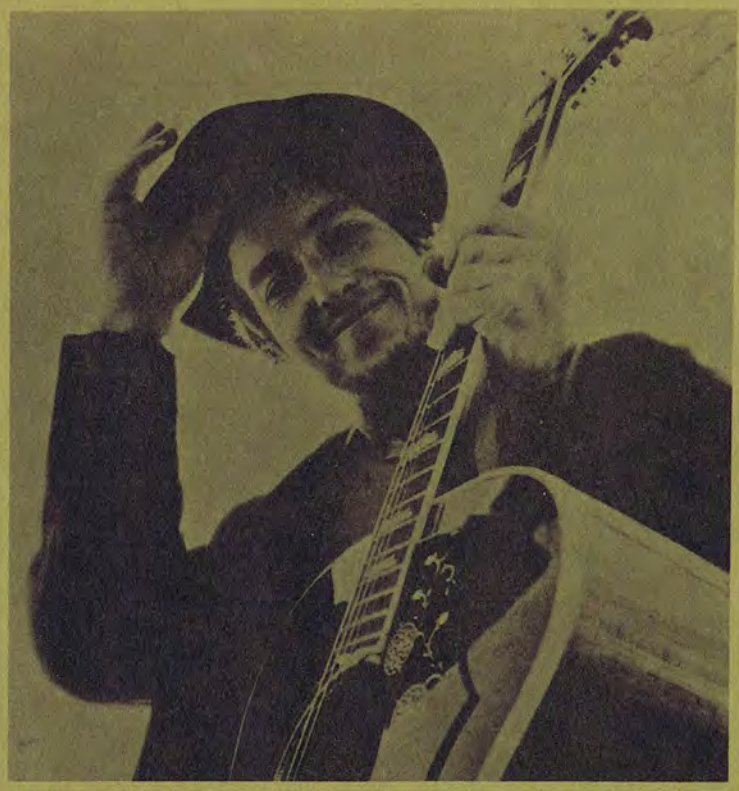
A la carte entrées for luncheon $2.25 to $6.00; à la carte dinner entrées $3.25 to $6.50. Generous libations are served in the bar and lounge and at table. To book a table call 686-0110. Closed Sunday.—**Sheldon Landwehr.**



Outlook for rock

Anyone preparing a report on the state of rock 'n' roll in mid-1969 had better learn to live with contradictions and to run fast in dialectically opposite directions at the same time. How uncomplicated it all used to seem! In 1954, when black rhythm-and-blues met white country-and-Western in the unlikely and more than chubby form of Bill Haley and a song called "Rock Around the Clock", rock was considered a suitable diversion for only the





Bob Dylan: shedding the complexity.



The Beatles: keeping the scaffolding.

most cretinous of sub-adolescents. The charge wasn't true, of course. Even then, there was an undercurrent of hidden persuasion for those who could understand the mythology. The British writer Nik Cohn, in his excellent new book, *Rock: From the Begining* (Stein & Day, $5.95), makes the point well:

"Rock'n' roll was very simple music. All that mattered was the noise it made, its drive, its aggression, its newness. All that was taboo was boredom. The lyrics were mostly nonexistent, simply slogans one step away from gibberish. This wasn't just stupidity, simple inability to write anything better. It was kind a of teen code, almost a sign language, that would make rock entirely incomprehensible to adults. In other words, if you weren't sure about rock, you couldn't cling to its lyrics. You either had to accept its noise at face value or you had to drop out completely."

In terms of quality, rock has been schizoid from its early days. In the late '50s and early '60s, for every Elvis Presley, Little Richard, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis, Don and Phill Everly, Fats Domino, and Chuck Berry who understood and practised "the code", there were such artificial entities as Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Tommy Sands, Brenda Lee, and Chubby Checker. While Elvis and Fabian were never really even heads and tails on the same coin, there was perhaps less distance between the two *in the minds of the audience* than there is now between such antagonists as the Monkees and the Beatles.

Around 1963 in England the Beatles and the Rolling Stones learnt from and updated the Mississippi Delta and Chicago music of the blues and rhythm-and-blues greats of the '30s, '40s and '50s. Meanwhile in New York City, Bob Dylan was reaching back even further—into American folk music from the '20s and '30s—to begin a movement that would ultimately transfer "the code" from high school confidential to university universal. It was only a matter of time before both *16* magazine and *Partisan Review* would become required reading.

For a while in the mid-'60s, rock's natural and emerging lifestyle, rightly regarded by many adults as one of protest, became Protest on the nation's record charts. Fortunately, the capitalizers soon reverted to less pretentious and more effective methods to wage war against what Holden Caulfield used to call "the phonies."

In 1965 Dylan made the existential leap which was to make rock the perennial top tune in McLuhan's global village. The young Minnesotan's finest song "Like a Rolling Stone" (a title filled with randy and random mythology), with its unforgettable and challenging chorus—"How does it *feel!*/To be on your *own*"*!*—was the legitimate precursor of such 1968 bywords as the MC5's "Kick Out the Jams, Motherfucker" and John Koerner's "Don't let the bastards get you down" (from "Bill and Annie").

By 1967, rock may have gone too far in its attainment of cultural respectability. While the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,* the Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request,* and Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* were meritorious works, the examples they set led to disaster among the also-rans (*e.g.* the Vanilla Fudge's *The Beat Goes On*).

The year 1968 was one in which everybody sat back, collected their thoughts, and refigured just what it was they were doing. The Beatles followed *Sgt. Pepper* with the disappointing *Magical Mystery Tour*, the Rolling Stones did nothing, and Dylan recuperated from a motorcycle accident. Rock seemed to be biding its time, solving its problems. Then evidence of a new renaissance characterized by funk and personal expression began to appear. The Byrds rediscovered country-and-Western music (*Sweetheart of the Rodeo*), the Beatles presented some sketches (*The Beatles*), Dylan revisited the folk roots of the American South (*John Wesley Harding*), and the Rolling Stones issued a powerful and driving album (*Beggars' Banquet*).

Where does rock go from here? Simultaneously, in opposite directions, interestingly enough. Dylan has banished the complexity of his poetry, shaken hands with Johnny Cash, and become a near-country performer on *Nashville Skyline*, a moving and artful account of marital and familial contentment. By not deleting the scaffolding of the session (the small talk, the joking, the mistakes even), the Beatles have finally accomplished what they set out to do with *Sgt. Pepper:* "We'd like to bring you home with us." In the new album, structured around the song "Get Back," the four play straight, old-fashioned rock 'n' roll. (As does NRBQ, furthering a revival of Chuck Berry music.)

While much of rock is busy shortening, simplifying and demystifying (at least outwardly), another segment is creating complex and extended works. The Everly Brothers have released a concept album, *Roots;* Arlo Guthrie's 18-minute song "Alice's Restaurant Massacree" has become a film in the hands of the director of *Bonnie and Clyde*, Arthur Penn; and, perhaps most importantly, the Who have composed *Tommy,* a full-scale rock opera which will also become a movie.

Perhaps Nik Cohn's description of the Who can serve as the best coda for the magical state of rock music in mid-1969: "They have it both ways. They're intelligent, musical, they do keep moving forward; but they're also flash and they come on with all the noise and nonsense of some backdated rock 'n' roll group. They make good music and they're still pop. That's almost a contradiction in terms, but somehow they make it."—**Jonathan Kundra.**



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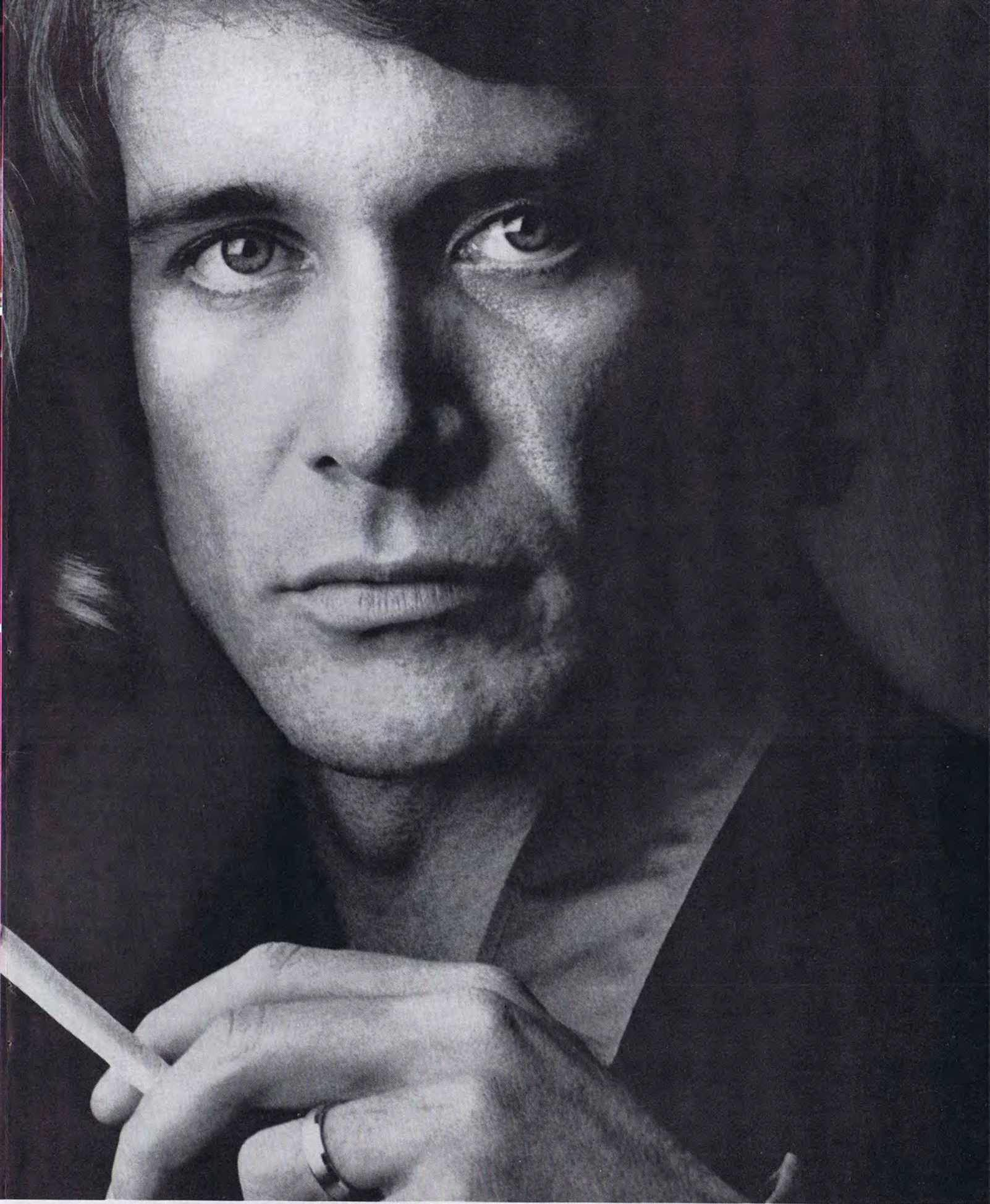
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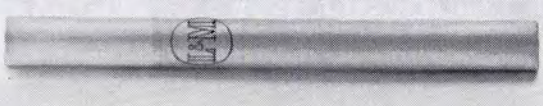
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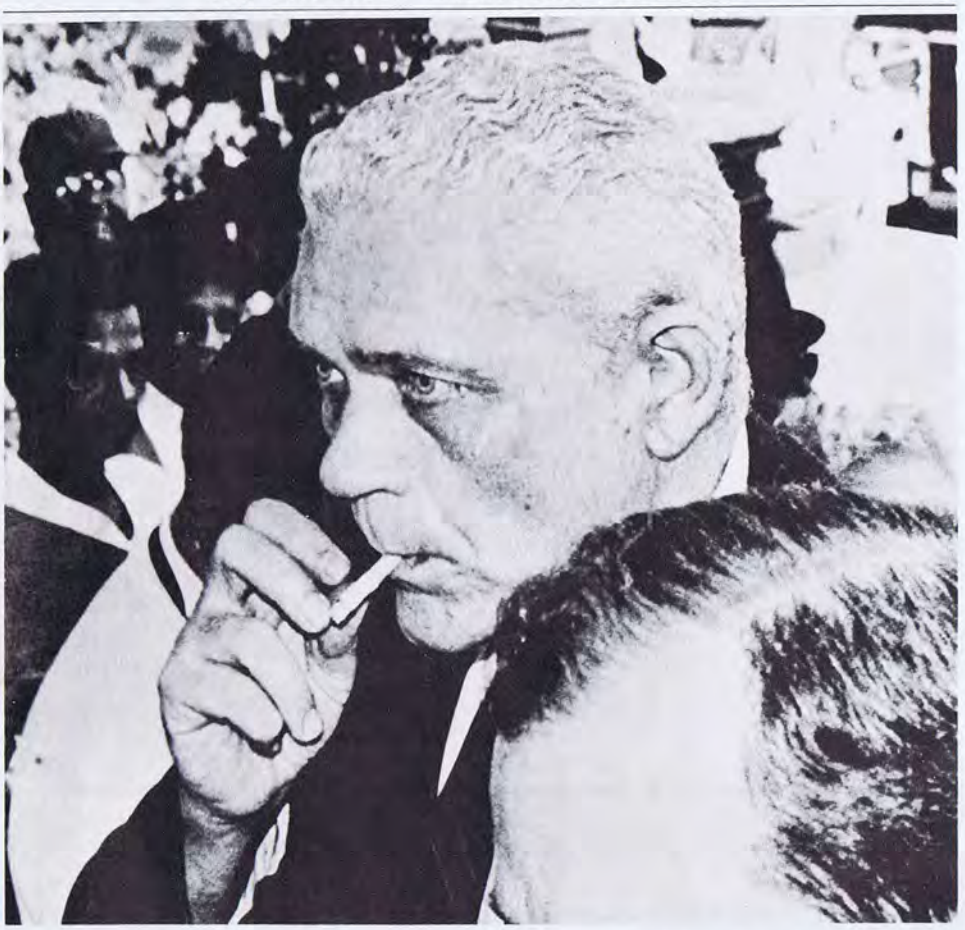
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AN EXCLUSIVE PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW



CLAY SHAW

"If a jury could convict me on such shoddy evidence as Garrison presented, I would gladly have gone to jail—it would be the safest place in a world gone mad"

Clay Shaw, a deep-chested soft-spoken bachelor of 57, achieved instant notoriety on March 1 1967. He was charged by District Attorney Jim Garrison with having conspired with Lee Harvey Oswald and an eccentric one-time airline pilot, private eye and fake psychologist, David Ferrie, to assassinate President John F. Kennedy. Until then Shaw was unknown on the world stage, and barely known beyond his home city of New Orleans, where he lives alone in a handsomely furnished little French Quarter house on Dauphine Street, and has a broad circle of friends, including playwright Tennessee Williams. But Garrison's sensational charge brought hundreds of American and foreign newsmen racing to the city to satisfy their readers' curiosity about the man at the centre of Garrison's "conspiracy" revelation. "My staff and I," Garrison told them, in one of a series of public pronouncements that made headlines around the world, "solved the Kennedy assassination weeks ago. I wouldn't say this if we didn't have the evidence beyond the shadow of a doubt. We know the key individuals, the cities involved, and how it was done." Denouncing the Warren Report as a fraud and a whitewash, Garrison promised further arrests, and privately assured newsmen that "this case isn't even close. If you want to lose money, bet against me."

Garrison's reckless claims found a ready audience. A glut of books critical of the Warren Report had eroded confidence in the commission's procedures and the validity of its findings—particularly its key conclusion that Oswald was a lone assassin. Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment* had been a best-seller for months and according to a national poll, two-thirds of the US population had come to doubt that Oswald had operated alone.

Two weeks after Shaw's arrest, a special three-judge panel ruled in a preliminary hearing that there was enough evidence to hold Clay Shaw for trial. Garrison produced only two witnesses: an admitted drug addict, Vernon Bundy, and a young insurance salesman-trainee, Perry Raymond Russo. Russo's was the only testimony directly supporting the charge against Shaw. Russo claimed to have dropped in at a party in Ferrie's apartment in September 1963. After the other guests left and while Russo waited around for a ride home—he swore on the stand—Shaw, Oswald, and Ferrie had openly discussed plans to assassinate the President.

It was only nine weeks later that Kennedy was assassinated and Oswald was charged with the crime, yet Russo did not come forward with this story for four years, after David Ferrie had died. Shaw immediately denied not only the conspiracy charge but that he had ever known or even met either Ferrie or Oswald.

Garrison declared that Shaw had engaged in the conspiracy under the alias of "Clay Bertrand"—a name that showed up briefly in the Warren Report. According to a New Orleans attorney called Dean Andrews, a man using the name had telephoned him the day after Kennedy was killed and asked Andrews to go to Dallas to represent Oswald. After a series of wildly contradictory descriptions of "Bertrand," Andrews was convicted of perjury and ultimately confessed on the stand at Shaw's trial that "Bertrand" was a figment of his imagination and that he had concocted the whole story "to get on the gravy train of publicity."

After the initial headlines generated by Shaw's arrest subsided, a number of outside newsmen began digging into the Garrison investigation. They uncovered some peculiar circumstances. The *Saturday Evening Post* disclosed, in an article by James Phelan, that Russo had said nothing whatever about Shaw's involvement in the "Kennedy conspiracy" when he first came forward as a witness, but had developed his tale of the conspiracy when asked suggestive questions under hypnosis conducted under the supervision of Garrison's office. The *New York Times* and *Newsweek* magazine's Hugh Aynesworth followed with accounts of Garrison's staff pressuring and attempting to induce witnesses to tell incriminating stories. Several of Garrison's staff defected and charged that the "Kennedy conspiracy" existed mainly in his imagination.

In the face of these developments, Garrison began to assert that there was a vast federal conspiracy to conceal the

truth about the Dallas tragedy. He declared without qualification that Lyndon Johnson knew that the Warren Report was false and that the assassination was a CIA plot aimed at removing Kennedy because he wanted to ease the cold war with Russia and end the war in Vietnam.

In the two-year-long hullabaloo, Clay Shaw became virtually the forgotten man. He just worked quietly with his four attorneys, Irving Dymond, Edward and William Wegmann, and Sal Panzeca, trying to build his defense. "It is an extraordinarily difficult job to prove a negative," he said later. "How do you establish that you *didn't* attend a party held years ago, and that you *didn't* know two men who now are dead and can't confirm your story?"

Late this January his case finally went to trial before a New Orleans courtroom packed with newsmen. The case had aroused such intense passions in New Orleans that it was necessary to examine 1170 veniremen to obtain 12 jurors and two alternates who said they could weigh the evidence objectively. The trial lasted 35 days. With Mark Lane sitting at the prosecutors' side and feeding them suggestions, it devolved mainly into a trial of the Warren Report. Despite Garrison's flamboyant boasts of "secret witnesses" and "disclosures that will rock the nation," he produced no evidence of CIA involvement and never even mentioned that agency. His case against Shaw was largely a rerun of the preliminary hearing, resting almost wholly on the testimony of Perry Russo. After a dramatic summation in which Garrison appealed to the jurors to save the US from a federal plot that he had not established, the jurors filed out, took one ballot, and unanimously acquitted Clay Shaw.

What seemed a fitting conclusion to one of the most bizarre chapters in US jurisprudence proved to be not a conclusion at all. Three days later, at his own instigation and over his own signature, Jim Garrison charged Shaw with perjury for having denied on the witness stand that he had known Oswald or David Ferrie. Shortly afterwards Garrison announced that he had scrapped his plans to retire to private law practice and would run for a third term as District Attorney in November.

Clay Shaw sustained this new legal blow with at least outward equanimity. He abandoned his plans to take a "recuperative vacation" with friends in North Carolina and is once more blocking out a legal defense with his attorneys. In this exclusive *Penthouse* Interview, conducted in New Orleans by James Phelan, the central figure in this far-out case says he "is beginning to feel like a character in a Kafka novel," and tells how it feels to be pursued by a District Attorney who just won't quit.

Penthouse: Being accused of plotting to kill an American President is a unique predicament. Could you reconstruct your feelings when you first heard of the charge against you?

Shaw: My reaction was shock, disbelief, incredulity. I was inclined to tell Garrison's men, "Gentlemen, this is a very bad joke," but it was obvious that they were taking themselves seriously. Actually, I had been asked to come out to the DA's office several months before I was charged. Back on December 23 1966, I was questioned by one of the assistant DAs and finally by Garrison himself. They questioned me largely about "Clay Bertrand"—whom I said I didn't know—and about the Cuban consulate, which had been housed in the International Trade Mart, of which I was managing director, and about the fact that Lee Harvey Oswald had chosen to distribute leaflets in front of the Trade Mart on that pro-Castro Cuban thing he was involved in. I gave them all the information I had and thought no more about it. I had read that a national magazine was reinstituting an investigation into the Kennedy assassination and I thought that Mr. Garrison was working with or for the magazine. I assumed that he was questioning me in search of information in this context and I paid no serious attention to the matter.

Penthouse: You had no idea then that you were under consideration as a suspect?

Shaw: None whatsoever. Then on March 1 1967, I received a phone call from a friend that he had just heard on the radio that a subpoena had been issued for me. I thought that was peculiar—if Garrison wanted any further information from me he didn't have to subpoena me. So I called the DA's office and asked "Do you people want to talk to me?" A Mr. Ivon said they did and I told him I was perfectly willing and when should I come in. He said about 1 pm and I told him I'd be there.

Penthouse: By this time, had you received any hint or indication that Garrison was after you?

Shaw: Only an indirect hint. On the Sunday before I was arrested, Walter Sheridan who was covering the Garrison investigation for NBC—whom I didn't know—called me up and said he wanted to see me. He came down and told me there was a rumor in town that I was "Clay Bertrand." I told him this was silly and ridiculous, that I had never been "Clay Bertrand" and that if there was anyone in New Orleans who would have difficulty using an alias it would be me. And again, I dismissed this from my mind. Innocence, I must say, can be a frightening thing.

So I went out to the DA's office with a perfectly clear conscience. I didn't take a lawyer with me. When I got there they kept me waiting for about two hours, which rather annoyed me. To my mind, I was in the position of a good citizen making himself available to give information to these people, which might or might not be useful. Finally they began to question me about David Ferrie and Louisiana Parkway—where I later learned he had an apartment. I told them I didn't know Ferrie and had never been to his place. Then suddenly they said: "What would you say if we said we had three witnesses proving that you have been there?" I told them that their witnesses were either mistaken or they were lying. At this point it was suggested that I take a lie-detector test. I said: "Certainly not. Why on earth should I take a lie-detector test?"

They told me: "If you don't take a lie-detector test, we're going to charge you with conspiring to kill the President of the United States. To put it mildly, I was stunned. I said, "Well, in *that* case, I certainly do want a lawyer, and I want one right now." They locked me in the interrogation room, and I tried to call my long-time lawyer, Ed Wegmann, who was out of town. I then tried his brother, William Wegmann, who was not available. I finally got one of their associates, Sal Panzeca, who came rushing to the rescue.

Penthouse: Why do you say that the idea of your using the alias of "Clay Bertrand"—as Garrison charged—was ridiculous? Using a cover name is not unheard of. In fact, on some touchy assignments, journalists occasionally use a cover name.

Shaw: I doubt that you would try to use one in your home town where you were well known. For about 17 or 18 years I had been managing director of the International Trade Mart here and in that capacity I was in the public eye a great deal. I was on television quite often and my picture had been in the local papers. I attended many civic affairs, luncheons, meetings. In addition, I'm a highly recognizable fellow. I'm rather outsized—6 ft 4 inches tall—and I have a shock of prematurely grey hair that is almost white. In a town of this size, where I had made perhaps 500 speeches and knew literally thousands of people, the idea that I would go around here trying to use an alias is utterly fantastic. Then at my trial, of course, the man who told the story about "Clay Bertrand"—a local lawyer named Dean Andrews—admitted that he had made up the whole story in an attempt to get in on the Oswald publicity. Andrews finally confessed that Clay Bertrand didn't exist. As someone put it after Andrews testified, "Dean Andrews assassinated Clay Bertrand." And if Clay Bertrand existed only in Andrews' mind, how could I have impersonated him?

This was only one of the inconsistencies that ran through Garrison's case. He charged, for example, that I went out to San Francisco on the day of the Kennedy assassination to establish an alibi for myself. But if I had needed an alibi, I could have stayed right here at my desk in the Trade Mart in New Orleans, where everyone knew me. I wouldn't have had to go to a distant, strange city where I was largely unknown.

Penthouse: In the March 1 interrogation that resulted in your arrest, were you questioned by Garrison?

Shaw: No, he wasn't present. As a matter of fact, I have not had one word of conversation with Garrison from that first casual questioning in December 1966 to the present time. My only communication has been his new charge that I committed perjury.

Penthouse: Panzeca says that he felt as if he had been hit by a two-by-four when he found that he was suddenly representing a client charged with plotting to kill the President.

Shaw: He was plainly astonished, as I guess any lawyer would be.

Penthouse: When Garrison's men told you they had three witnesses who would testify that you knew David Ferrie, did they tell you who these witnesses were?

Shaw: They did not. And if they had three at that time, they did not produce them at my preliminary hearing. They produced only one, Perry Raymond Russo. Indeed, every additional witness that they produced at my trial this year had come forward, or been sought out, or acquired after the date of my arrest.

Penthouse: When was the first time you saw Perry Russo, to your knowledge?

Shaw: The day before my arrest. A friend had dropped in at my house and we were having drinks when the doorbell rang. I went to the door, and a guy I now know to be Perry Russo gave me a false business card with a false name and said he was conducting an insurance survey. I told him I was a very poor prospect. He asked if he could call me later. This visit was for the purpose of Russo's "identifying" me. There was a fellow with him who, I learnt later, was from the DA's office.

I would like to point out the rather idiotic logic behind this incident. You will recall that Russo testified under oath that he attended a party at David Ferrie's apartment in 1963 where he claimed to have heard me, Ferrie and Lee Oswald plot to kill John F. Kennedy. Now if Russo's story were true and I had sat in a room with him and two other people and plotted to kill the President, I think I might have recognized him when he came to my door, even if he gave me a false name. I don't know why Garrison thought that Russo would recognize me—assuming his story was true—but that I wouldn't recognize him. But this is just another of a long series of logical inconsistencies that ran through Garrison's case.

Penthouse: Have you ever understood what motive Mr. Garrison ascribed to you for wanting to kill the President?

Shaw: He never ascribed any motive so far as I know. Certainly none was brought forward at my trial. The only motive I've ever heard attributed to me was his statement to a journalist, shortly after my arrest, that the assassination was a "thrill killing" like the Loeb-Leopold murder of Bobby Franks. But Garrison quickly abandoned this idea, and in his subsequent public statements he came up with a bewildering series of "principals" and "motives". First it was the anti-Castro Cubans who were supposedly angry at Kennedy over the Bay of Pigs fiasco. But nothing about the Cubans was brought out at my trial. Then it was the CIA, or certain elements of the CIA, and the FBI. Then it was oil-rich Texas millionaires, and after that the Minutemen. Over the two years between my arrest and my trial, Garrison must have produced eight or ten separate groups of "masterminds," sometimes combining them or switching from one to another. He finally wound up with the major villain being the "military-defense industry complex." According to Garrison, their motive was a desire to remove Kennedy because of his intention of ending the cold war. But other than his quickly abandoned notion that I was a "thrill-killer," I never understood what role he attributed to me.

> "I must admit that I voted for Garrison when he first ran for District Attorney"

Penthouse: Did you actually know President Kennedy?

Shaw: I met him once, and was greatly impressed by him. When Chep Morrison was mayor of New Orleans, he and I worked closely in the building of the International Trade Mart and the furthering of New Orleans as an international trade center. When Morrison became our ambassador to the Organization of American States he asked me to come to Washington when he was sworn into office. There were 20 or 30 of us there, and he was sworn in by President Kennedy and I had the opportunity to meet him.

What made Garrison's charge so outrageous to me was that I was a great admirer of Kennedy. I thought he had given the nation a new turn after the rather drab Eisenhower years, and that he was in the tradition of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt—in the stream of liberal Presidents. I felt he was vitally concerned about social issues, which concerned me also. I thought he had youth, imagination, style, and élan. All in all, I considered him a splendid President.

Penthouse: Before your arrest, had you known Jim Garrison?

Shaw: I had met him on occasion. In a city the size of New Orleans—and with the jobs we both had—I would encounter him from time to time at civic affairs, luncheons, meetings. We were on a first name basis—it was "Hi, Jim," and "Hello Clay," but I had never known him to the extent of sitting down and having a drink with him or a meal, and I'd never been in his home nor had he been in mine. In all honesty, I must admit that I voted for him when he first ran for District Attorney.

Penthouse: What kind of reaction did you encounter in New Orleans after you were publicly charged with plotting the Kennedy assassination?

Shaw: Well, there was a rallying around by my good friends, which was enormously helpful. And I encountered no animosity whatsoever from people here in New Orleans. In fact, when I went out, perfect strangers came up to me and patted me on the back and said, "Don't worry—you're going to come out all right." I never met any evidence of hostility. Immediately after the accusation, I received three or four hundred letters and of these only three were hostile. It was quite apparent from the tone of these three letters that they were written by disturbed people.

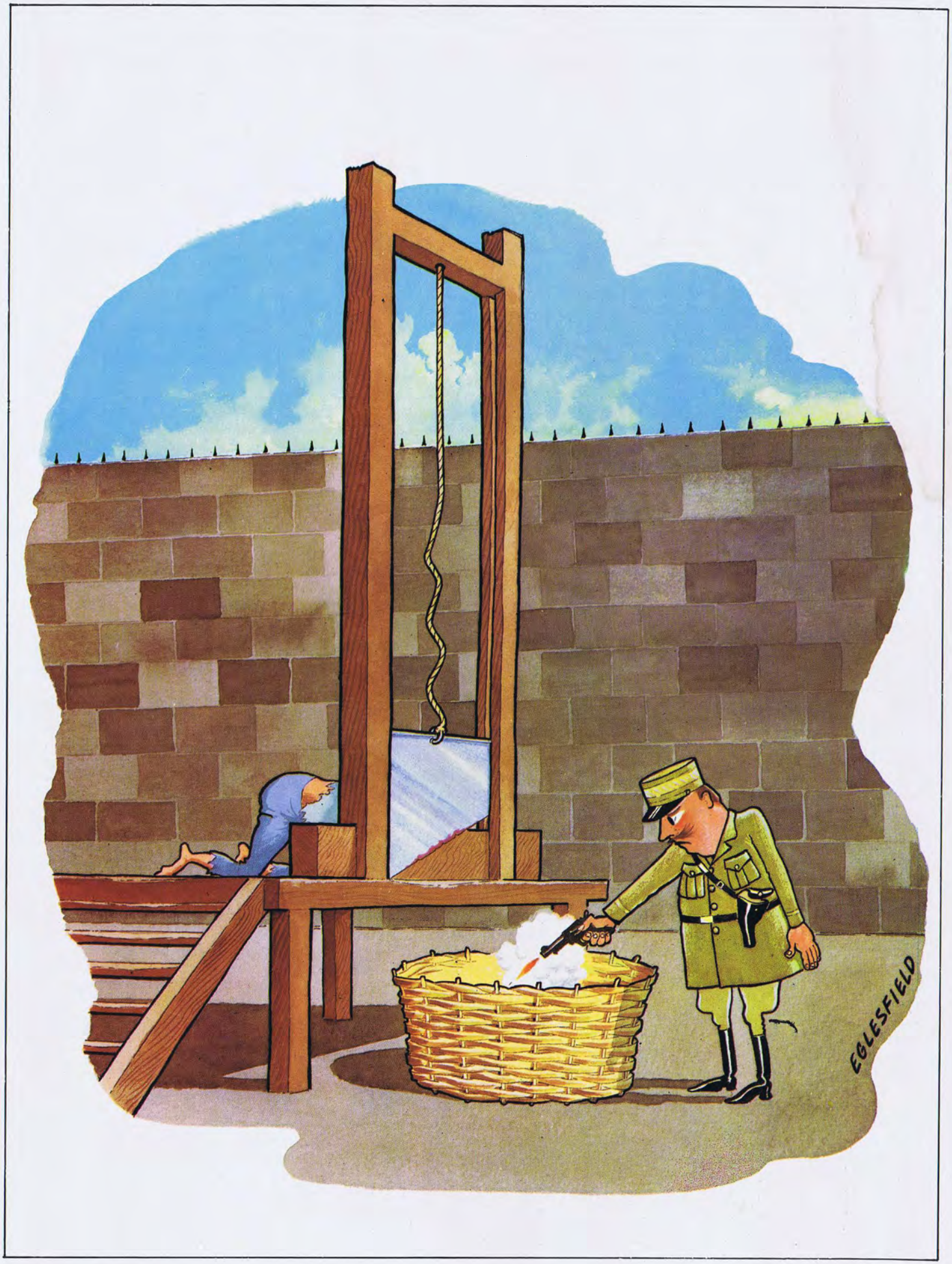
Actually, the ordeal brought me some new friends. One of the most heart-warming experiences involved a New Orleans cab-driver. Shortly after the preliminary hearing back in 1967, I called a cab to take me to my lawyer's office. The driver was a typical cabbie—if you called Central Casting he'd be the kind they'd send you. When I got in his cab he said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before? Your face is familiar." I told him, "You've probably seen me on TV. I'm Clay Shaw." "Oh, *you're* Mr. Shaw," he said, and flipped down the flag on his taxi-meter. "There's no charge," he said. "Come on, you have to make a living," I told him. "Besides, maybe I did all these things I've been accused of." "Naw" he said, "Everybody knows that s.o.b. Garrison. We know what's goin' on." He took me to the lawyer's and asked when I would be going home. I said in about 40 minutes. "I'll be waitin' over at that cab stand," he told me. "I've got my Daily Racin' Form." When he took me home, he still wouldn't take any money. "Naw," he said, "you've got a bum rap to fight and I want to help. Whenever you need a cab, give me a ring." I figured he really *wanted* to do something for me, and I've used Marty ever since. He's a wonderful human being, and by now his family is just like a part of my own. So something good came out of all this.

Penthouse: When you finally came to trial, were you apprehensive about the outcome?

Shaw: Well, I made up my mind very early that my only defense was the truth. I decided to take the stand in my own defense and allow myself to be cross-questioned. I expected that there would be witnesses who would perjure themselves—as there were—and I hoped that the jury would get to the heart of the matter, as this jury did, and would see the flimsiness of the case that had been constructed against me. But of course you never can really know what a jury will do, and it was a very trying experience. As the case drew to a close, I told a number of friends and newsmen that if the jury could convict me on such shoddy evidence as Garrison presented I would go gladly to jail because that would be the safest place to be in a world gone mad.

Penthouse: How would you account for the fact that a total of perhaps eight witnesses positively identified you either as Clay Betrand or as an associate of David Ferrie?

Shaw: Of these, there were about five from Clinton, Louisiana, who claimed to have seen me up there in 1963 in a car with Ferrie. I think these people actually saw someone who must have resembled me, though I have never been in Clinton in my life. Of course, as people who have studied this case know, there was a private investigator—now dead—named Guy Banister who was involved with Ferrie. Banister did resemble me. So far as the Clinton people are concerned, I must conclude that if they did see someone up there it may well have been Banister, and their testimony was a case of mistaken identification. Even so, it did seem odd to me that they would remember in detail an encounter with a stranger that happened five or six years earlier. In his closing argument to the jury, my attorney Irving Dymond quotes Justice Frankfurter on the lack of reliability of eyewitness identification. Justice Frankfurter


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said that such identification was the greatest single cause of error in the judicial process. I think that with the Clinton witnesses it was perhaps an honest case of mistaken identity. As to the other few witnesses, I have my own ideas about them, but I don't care to express them for publication.

Penthouse: In his investigation of the assassination, Garrison has been financed in part by a group of New Orleans businessmen who call themselves Truth and Consequences. What is your reaction to their activity in this case?

Shaw: There are many appalling things about this affair but one of the most appalling is that a group of private citizens can contribute money to a District Attorney to investigate this, that, or the other thing. You can see the doors to abuse that this opens. My God, any group of people can go to the DA and say: "We want you to investigate so-and-so and here's the dough." The District Attorney is paid a salary and given a budget and it's his duty to investigate crimes that come under his jurisdiction. There should not be one penny accepted by him under any circumstances whatever to do any particular thing for any group. I think this is fundamental.

Penthouse: Do you know whether Truth and Consequences is still functioning since you have been acquitted?

Shaw: I don't know. I haven't seen any of the principals in the organization. Before the trial we subpoenaed their records, but Judge Haggerty impounded them and says now that they will not be released because they are not pertinent. So we don't even know how much money they contributed privately to the District Attorney, but even a dollar would have been too much.

Penthouse: You have had four lawyers, including one of the most able New Orleans trial lawyers, Irving Dymond, to represent you. Wasn't this rather costly?

Shaw: Extremely costly. In addition to legal fees, there was the matter of hiring investigators to check on some of the peculiar witnesses that popped up in the case. Before Garrison accused me, I was rather comfortably fixed. Now I'm broke. It is a somewhat cold comfort, of course, that I was financially able to obtain competent defense. Throughout these two years, the thought was rarely absent from my mind that had I not been able to do the costly things involved in properly defending oneself, what would have happened to me? And of course there is the corollary to this thought—how many men are in jail now, falsely charged, simply because they lacked the money to defend themselves adequately.

Penthouse: Some of your critics have raised the point that you seemed to be trying to avoid trial. Although you had a speedy preliminary hearing, it took almost two years for your case actually to come to trial.

Shaw: I think the record should be made clear on that point. After all the pleadings had been taken care of—and this took months—sometime in the fall of 1967 we applied for a change of venue. Because of the vast torrents of publicity that poured out of the DA's office and were religiously printed by the local papers, it seemed impossible to get a fair trial in New Orleans. As an alternative to a change of venue, we asked that the trial be delayed for a reasonable period. The District Attorney agreed to a six-month-continuance. In the spring of 1968, we again applied for a change of venue and there was a lengthy hearing on this. It was denied. My lawyers then decided that there was no reason to go to trial on such fraudulent and contrived evidence, and they decided to ask a federal court to enjoin Garrison against any further prosecution. It was their intention to prove in the federal court the false nature of Garrison's case. The three-judge federal court decided against our request for an injunction, but they did enjoin Garrison against further prosecution pending an appeal. It took the US Supreme Court until December of 1968 to rule that they would not hear the appeal. Garrison then set the case for January, 1969. The delays were for proper legal purposes, not for avoiding trial.

> "My God, any group of people can go the the DA and say 'We want you to investigate so-and-so, and here's the dough.' That is one of the most appalling things about this affair"

When I became involved in this matter, I decided that since I knew nothing about the law I would be guided by my attorneys. The decisions to seek a change of venue and to appeal to the federal courts were all made by my legal counsel and I simply went along with their decisions.

I think it should be pointed out that Garrison repeatedly charged that there was a vast federal conspiracy to keep my case from coming to trial and thereby—in his words—to frustrate him from "bringing out the truth for the American people." But in fact, the Warren court declined to intervene when the matter came before it.

Penthouse: There is a tremendous public curiosity about Jim Garrison's motives in this whole affair. If his case was as flimsy as the jury apparently decided it was, what do you think drove him to push it to trial?

Shaw: I certainly refuse to speculate about what goes on in Garrison's mind. This is a question that only he can answer. The minds of most humans are a labyrinth and Garrison's mind is more labyrinthine than most. Possibly he thought that all this would rebound to his credit somehow—maybe politically—but I'm not going to try to figure out what made him do it.

Penthouse: What are your personal feelings about Garrison now?

Shaw: At the risk of sounding like an early Christian martyr, early on I recognised that I could not bear the burden of hating as much as the circumstances seemed to justify. Hate is a very corrosive emotion and it doesn't hurt the guy you hate. It hurts you. If I had allowed myself for two years to hate—really to hate—the people who were oppressing me, I don't think I would have survived. What it comes down to is that hate was a psychological luxury I couldn't afford.

Penthouse: Are you saying that you have no animosity toward him, or that you have just blocked it out of your mind?

Shaw: I *will* say that he is not one of my favorite public officials. But a feeling of personal hatred and vindictiveness? That I don't have.

Penthouse: Have you ever wanted to sit down and talk to him?

Shaw: Well, I think it would be an extremely interesting conversation.

Penthouse: Didn't you at one point before your trial agree to sit down and talk to your chief accuser, Perry Russo, when he expressed a desire to do so?

Shaw: Yes, I was delighted at the opportunity but it seems that he changed his mind after I agreed to his request.

Penthouse: Are you a native of Louisiana?

Shaw: Yes, I was born in a small town north of here. I went to New York in my early twenties and lived there until the war. I was in public relations and advertising. I went into the army in 1941, and became deputy chief of staff to General Charles Thrasher, who commanded Northern France, Belgium and Luxembourg as the supply base for the three armies fanning out across Europe after the invasion of the continent. It was a very interesting job to have everything at the right point at the right time for a million men moving forward and I learnt some things about organization from it. When I was discharged, I wasn't sure what I wanted to do. There was a group of men here in New Orleans who had an idea of reconstructing an old building as an international trade center, and they invited me to come in and work on the project. I spent 18 years altogether—first reconstructing the old building and then planning and financing a new $15,000,000 structure—the present International Trade Mart. The Trade Mart was designed to increase trade through the port of New Orleans, and if I do say so myself, we did a pretty good job. There has been an increase in trade here year after year. When I was 52—in 1965—I decided that I had achieved what I set out to do. The new building was a reality and I decided I wanted to travel and to write. I had accumulated a little money. It was not that I had so much money, but I am a man of rather few wants and what I wanted most was freedom. I wanted to travel before I had to be carried up the gangplank on a steamer. I thought then that my whole life was planned, and I did get to make a trip to Spain and to England. Then I came back here, and suddenly the world fell in on me on March 1 1967.

Penthouse: In his public utterances, Garrison repeatedly declared that the CIA had a major role in the Kennedy assassination. In this connection, the Rome newspaper *Paesa Sara* published a long story alleging that you were connected with an "international commercial organization" named *Centro Mondiale Com-*

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merciale, which *Paesa Sara* termed "a CIA front." What is your explanation?

Shaw: Back in 1959 or 1960, a young Italian came to see me in New Orleans and told me about a world trade center that was being planned in Rome. The idea was to have one place where buyers coming into the Common Market area would find all the Common Market countries represented in one center. He wanted my advice and asked me to serve on the board of directors. I had no objection if it was a legitimate project. I investigated it and found that the head of it was a man named Imre Nagy, who had been the last non-communist premier of Hungary. Some of the other people involved were Italian senators, journalists, lawyers, and other responsible people. It was agreed that we would have an exhibit at their center, and they would have one at the mart here in New Orleans, and we would exchange information and so on. I didn't mind being on their board, although there was no money involved, but I would have to go to Rome annually for the board meetings and my way would be paid, so why not? Then they ran into difficulties, but they finally got the center opened. It turned out to be either badly planned or badly organized and it closed very shortly, and that was the last I ever heard of it. I never heard that it was a CIA operation and I don't know that it was. I'll say this—it was a highly unsuccessful operation which is not customary with the CIA. Other than what I've told you, I know nothing more about the *Centro Mondiale Commerciale.* I have never had any connection with the CIA.

Penthouse: You say that defending yourself against Garrison's charge has wrecked you financially. Do you feel that you should be compensated for this?

Shaw: I certainly do. I don't know what responsibility the state has for the erratic actions of one of its officers. My lawyers are studying this now with a view to recouping my losses. I don't know the legal obligations, but I think as a matter of equity *somebody* ought to have to reimburse me. Good Lord, a District Attorney can wreck anyone financially on his mere whim by filing serious charges against him.

Penthouse: Has there been any move by any state legislator to put in a bill of relief in your behalf?

Shaw: Not so far.

Penthouse: Do you plan to sue any of the people involved in the charges against you?

Shaw: My lawyers are studying this now, and I'll be guided by them. My personal inclination is to sue everybody in sight. If they find a cause for action, you better believe that I'll be willing and eager to go to court. I'd like to put a number of people in the dock where *they'll* have to answer the questions.

Penthouse: What have you been doing with yourself since your acquittal?

Shaw: I'm busily engaged in restoring some property here in the French Quarter. This is something I've been doing for some years—I've restored a total of about 20 buildings in the Quarter. This has kept me busy with carpenters, painters, paper-hangers, gardeners, plumbers. And I'm also working on a book about the Clay Shaw case. I'd done some play-writing in the past, and trying my hand at a book keeps me occupied in my spare time. In fact, I was engaged in translating a play from the Spanish when Garrison got this notion that I was involved in the Kennedy assassination. When they raided my home and carted off a lot of my possessions, they took the manuscript for this Spanish play. I don't know what they thought that had to do with the tragedy in Dealey Plaza, but as I've said, Mr. Garrison has a very labyrinthine mind. Though it is more than a month since I was acquitted, Mr. Garrison has not yet returned my manuscript.

> "I wouldn't say that what happened to me couldn't happen elsewhere, because it could. But New Orleans is a sort of fantasy-land—a unique city, I think, preoccupied by Mardi Gras"

Penthouse: What do you think will happen to Garrison as a result of having lost his case against you?

Shaw: There are elections coming up in November and Garrison has announced that he will run for DA again. There already is one opponent in the field against him and I hear another candidate will announce shortly. After that, what happens will be up to the people of New Orleans. If they decide that they want Jim Garrison to continue in office, well—so be it. I think it was Lord Acton who once said the people get the government that they deserve. Personally, I think that some move should be made to curb the tremendous powers of the District Attorney by revising our laws, but so far nothing has been done.

Penthouse: A number of the members of the national press who covered the Garrison investigation and your trial commented on the apparent apathy of New Orleans toward what happened to you. Now that you have been cleared, there seems to be a tendency merely to revert to business as usual. Do you think New Orleans is unique in its response?

Shaw: I wouldn't say that what happened to me couldn't happen elsewhere, because it could. But I think New Orleans is a unique city in some respects. For one thing, it is a sort of fantasy-land. This stems from its preoccupation with Mardi Gras. This not only pervades the weeks before the carnival but occupies everyone's attention for many months of the year. People devote a tremendous amount of time and attention to working out the costumes they will wear as dukes and kings, and sometimes I think they forget that they are not really dukes and kings. So there is an abiding air of fantasy here and I think it is easier for people here to accept the kind of fantastic plot that Jim Garrison spun. Any rational analysis of the various contradictory statements that he made and the wild variety of "solutions" he came up with before my trial would impel a person of common sense to the conclusion that he really had no case. I would say that New Orleans provides a good culture in which Garrison's bacteria could grow.

Penthouse: Now that you have been quickly and unanimously cleared by the jury, what do you think the future effects of the case will be?

Shaw: As to the effects on me, personally, I don't think I'll ever be entirely free again. I'll be known as the man who was accused of this heinous thing. This doesn't disturb me too much, now that the truth has been legally established. It has certainly had the effect of impoverishing me, but that doesn't truly disturb me too much, either. The French have a saying that the wounds that come from money are never fatal. I suppose that I can make my living somehow as I've done in the past. It has had considerable effect as far as Mr. Garrison is concerned. His credibility on a national scale has been completely destroyed. It would be truly ironic if he now discovered some new information of a serious nature. I greatly doubt that anyone would pay him any serious mind.

Penthouse: Do you agree or disagree with the findings of the Warren Commission?

Shaw: By and large, I agree with them. I think there were certainly errors, both of ommision and commission, but I think that fundamentally their conclusions were sound and valid. Just one point, that no one ever much dwelt on. There were five Republicans on the commission and two Democrats. If there had been any attempt in the report to cover up on the part of the administration, you can be sure that those Republicans would never have signed the report. They would have brought out a stinging report of their own and this would have become an issue in the next presidential campaign. I just don't believe that if there had been any kind of cover-up or whitewash or collusion that Republicans of the stature of Gerald Ford or Sherman Cooper would have gone along. By exposing this they could have put a Republican in the White House and they would have exploited it to the hilt. And that's just one reason for accepting the report.

The commission conducted something like 25,000 interviews and there were about 500 witnesses whose testimony was taken under oath. I simply cannot believe in any conspiracy that would have to run from the Dallas police on up to the president of the United States. If Mr. Garrison's ideas were taken seriously, there would have to be a cast of two or three thousand people involved. Certainly by now there would be some leaks somewhere, some death-bed confessions.

I think that it was just Lee Oswald, a poor psychotic loser, who got a lucky shot at the President. People find it difficult to believe that the great golden prince should be killed by this psychotic little man, crouching behind pasteboard boxes, with a cheap mailorder rifle. But the fact that it is inappropriate doesn't mean that it didn't happen. Life is full of inappropriate things, and I believe that I am a well-qualified person to make that statement. I speak from first-hand experience.

Penthouse: Mr. Shaw, thank you.



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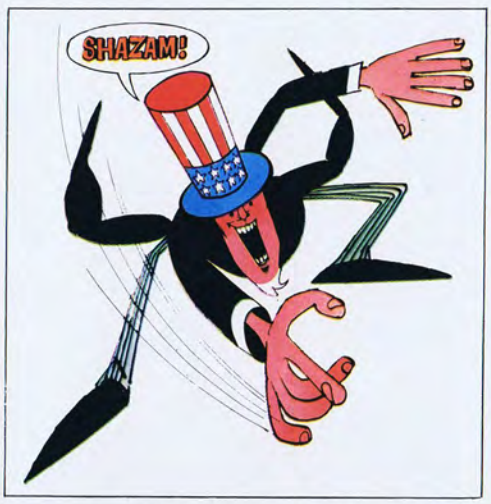
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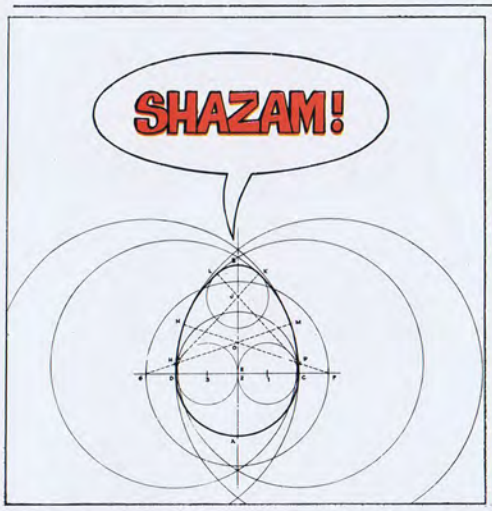
Connoisseurs of the neo-folklore of the American comic strip will have no difficulty in recognizing this nostalgic reapplication of Billy Batson's magic word—SHAZAM. Apart from summoning his plenipotent alter-ego, Captain Marvel, Billy's mystic pronouncement is seen, herewith, to be equally effective in other areas.




SHAZAM!


BOOM!




SHAZAM!


BOOM




SHAZAM!


BOOM



HUMOUR BY RORY HARRITY



A Most Unforgettable Carry-On

In a well-laid plan it was only a brief lapse—but how the hell do you explain sex to the Reader's Digest?

My friend Milligan and I were sitting at a ringside table and throwing them down in *O'Hara's*, the only really swinging nitery in Palm Beach, Florida. It was two o'clock in the morning and my friend Milligan had been in Stygian gloom all day, swearing to himself and stalking everywhere; and as far as I could tell the music, dancing and whisky were only making him gloomier. Milligan (especially when he is depressed) hates to be looked at. I suppose this is no more than a normal symptom of suppressed paranoia, and I usually respect it. But he had been quiet so long that I shot him a glance, just to make sure he was still there.

He was. He was holding his glass clutched tightly between both hands and staring into it as if it were a telescope to the centre of the earth. His black hair spilled in comb-defying turbulence about the fragile violence of his Celtic face. It was the face of a man who, in another time and place, would have blown up British post offices.

"Milligan?" I said.

"Please don't look at me," he said, never shifting his eyes from his drink.

"I just wanted to see if you were still there . . . I'm not looking now."

"Thank you."

Silence.

"Milligan," I said, "I don't mean to pry. But sometimes, it helps to talk about it."

"Talk about what?"

"Well—whatever's bothering you."

I heard Milligan sigh. There was a tinkle of ice, and then the sound of his glass being replaced on the table.

"Okay," he said. "This morning I got a rejection letter from a magazine."

Milligan is a freelance magazine writer and a real pro. It seemed odd that rejections could still destroy him. "Good God!" I said, "is *that* all?"

"You don't understand," said Milligan, "it was from the *Reader's Digest*."

"They were considering a reprint?"

"No, an original—for *My Most Unforgettable Character*."

We ordered another round of drinks. When the waitress brought them I said: "Too bad, Milligan. I hear that feature pays damn well."

"In the thousands. . . .", he said. "Did she look at me?"

"What?"

"The waitress—did she look at me?"

"No," I said, "she didn't . . . Who was it?"

"Who was who?"

"Dammit, man, your Most Unforgettable Character?"

"That's just it," he said glumly, "there wasn't one."

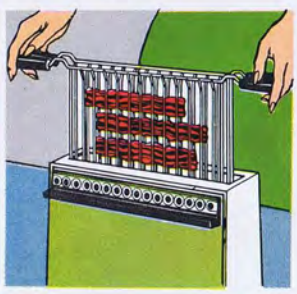
"I don't understand," I said. Milligan (as I have hinted) has Irish Blood. He is a story-teller and a performer, and I knew he couldn't resist even the tiny,

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GOOD NEWS FOR GOURMETS

familiar audience of me.

Again I heard the tinkle of ice and the click when he put his glass back. Then Milligan began:

"It all started about three months ago. I'd been having a run of bad luck, sales-wise. I'd write in the morning, then I'd get back to my apartment from an afternoon of tennis or backgammon, and open my mailbox, and there would be these manila envelopes with my rejected stories and articles inside them. They were coming back like the swallows to Capistrano. I needed one fast, big-money sale to recoup, and the hell with so-called literary integrity.

"First, there was this incredible item in the Palm Beach *Post-Times* about a man in the Everglades who had been swallowed whole by an alligator—and his wife was supposed to have seen it happen. I rushed out to the 'Glades and interviewed the wife. 'As far as I'm concerned,' she said, 'it was the only square meal the son of a bitch ever gave anybody.' So there went Pathos and my Stricken Widow's Fortitude gimmick right out the window, along with my chance for a quick big-money sale.

"What I *did* get in the Everglades was skin fungus, and it was back in Palm Beach, waiting in the doctor's office, that I picked up a dogeared issue of the *Reader's Digest*. I saw the Unforgettable Character piece and I remembered what somebody told me they paid for it."

A girl with COLONEL CHARLIE'S JUMBO DIXIEBURGERS stitched on her shirtback fruged into Milligan and almost knocked him from his chair.

"Bitch!" he hissed.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, the next step was, obviously, to *find* an Unforgettable Character. I went to the library and read a few back issues just to get the feel of the thing. I discovered that my Unforgettable Character would have to be lovable, kindly, brave, humble, honest, stoic, moral, upright, homy and different. As far as *my* circle of acquaintances was concerned, that made him different *right there*. I was a little panicky until I thought of 'Sharkfoot' Charlie Sykes, a charter fishing-boat captain down at the Boynton Inlet. A bunch of us had hired him once to take us after sailfish. He was old and weatherbeaten, sort of. I forgot to mention, but they also like that for Unforgettable Characters. Also, he had Conquered a Physical Disability (they like that, too). Years before, a shark had separated him from his left foot. The rest of the stuff—lovable, kindly, honest, etc. . . . well, I figured, you know, that I could fake it.

"I went down to interview Sharkfoot. When I told him what it was for, he was delighted. No, he was overwhelmed. He said that for the last 15 years he had just had this *feeling* that one day he was going to be tapped for the 'Most Unforgettable Character'. He told me his whole life story. Well, except for the part where he is having a little snooze on board, trailing his foot in the water, and this shark gets it, the Life and Times of Charlie Sykes was pretty pedestrian, if you'll forgive the play on words. But what the hell—I fleshed it out and sent it off.

"Six days later I got it back—rejected. Naturally, I was a little disappointed. But this was minor. The main problem was, how do you explain to a guy who's had this image of himself for 15 years that, in the opinion of the *Reader's Digest*, he's not unforgettable? Anyway I'd played fast and loose with the facts of Sharkfoot's life—why not go one step further? Why not *create* a character, right out of thin air, and make the bastard so frigging unforgettable that they *couldn't* turn him down?"

A gentleman in a dinner jacket, fruging backwards at a great rate, caught his heel on the edge of the dance floor and pitched into our table, crashing everything to the floor. The man picked himself up and, never missing a beat, fruged off like a huge mechanical toy.

"If there was anything forgettable about this character I'd invented you could put it on the head of a pin. This guy was not only unforgettable, he was *unbelievable*"

"Swine!" hissed Milligan.

The waitress righted our table and brought us another round of drinks.

"She looked at me that time," Milligan growled, "I saw her."

"Never mind," I said impatiently, "get on with the story."

I heard Milligan drinking.

"Anyhow," he continued, "I got out my pencils and paper, and I invented this guy who was half Seminole Indian and half white. I called him Laughing Beaver Henderson, and if there was anything forgettable about *this* character you could put it on the head of a pin.

"To begin with, Laughing Beaver was the great-great-grandson (through his mother) of Osceola, the greatest of the Seminole chiefs. This was just for openers. Now his father—his *father* was an extremely famous English poet-adventurer who was on an expedition in the Everglades in 1912 where he met and fell in love with an Indian girl. But after a while, the poet-adventurer got homesick, or something. Anyhow, he split. Nine months later, the Indian girl—this guiltless, bubbling child of nature, brought Laughing Beaver into the world. Bravery and stoicism, I said, came from his mother's side, but his father's blood accounted for Laughing Beaver's subsequent love of the World's Great Literature, and his flashing blue eyes.

"Time passed. Laughing Beaver grew up in the Everglades, but he attended white man's school. I had descriptions of how he poled his dugout nine miles to class each day and they made Lincoln look like a truant.

"As soon as Laughing Beaver was old enough to understand history, he became so disgusted with the way the white man had treated the Indians, and so disgusted with the largely ineffectual way the Indians had resisted that he said, in effect, a pox on both your houses. And loading his dugout with as much of the World's Great Literature as it would carry (his father's blood again) he went to the very centre of the Everglades where no one, not even full-blooded Seminoles, could stand to live.

"This was at the age of 14. From that day to this, Laughing Beaver has left the heart of the 'Glades only once; for the Second World War, in which (under an assumed name) he rose to the rank of full colonel and won the Congressional Medal of Honour.

"Laughing Beaver knows the Everglades like no one else on earth. He can negotiate its labyrinth of swamps blindfolded. He is impervious to mosquito bites, spider bites, wasp and bee bites and the bites of poisonous snakes. He talks to the birds. He has saved dozens of lost men, white and Indian, from oozy deaths in the swamps he knows and loves. In short, he is Natural Man at his uncorrupted best, a great-great-grandson of whom the old Indian Chief, Osceola, would have been proud. But (and get this) he is also his father's son, and under still *another* assumed name Laughing Beaver has published a slender, yet critically distinguished volume of nature poetry, the royalties from which he gives to charity. I said that, regretfully, Laughing Beaver had strictly forbidden me to mention his *nom de plume* . . . or his *nom de guerre* either, for that matter (modesty). When I'd finished I typed it and mailed it off to the *Reader's Digest* without rereading a single word.

"The minute I had, I regretted the move. I figured maybe I'd laid it on a little thick. I mean, Laughing Beaver was not only unforgettable, he was *unbelievable*. But never, *never* try to second-guess a magazine. Just three days later I got an Airmail Special Delivery from the *Reader's Digest*. It was from the 'Unforgettable Characters' editor. He congratulated me. He said that seldom, if ever, had a man of Laughing Beaver Henderson's extraordinary qualities and accomplishments come to his attention. The *Reader's*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP O. STEARNS



TREACHER KNOWS BEST

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP O. STEARNS

Something wonderful happens in summer, so the songsmith assures us. And for our part, the most wonderful things happen in or around tropical waters or wherever and whenever sun, sea and sand collide. It is at this electric moment that the alchemy of man (or woman) and the natural elements mingle to transform urban pallor to native gold. And again, at this electric moment, when 21-year old London-born expatriate Evelyn Treacher was first seen by our vacationing cameraman.

"She was languishing on a little sand dune," recalls perennial Pet-finder Philip O. Stearns, "on a ten-mile-long stretch of deserted beach. It was late afternoon, about 5:30, and she lay there still wet from the sea, glistening like a white-gold fish and not giving a hoot-in-hell that me and a couple of pale-faced buddies fresh from New York had discovered her."

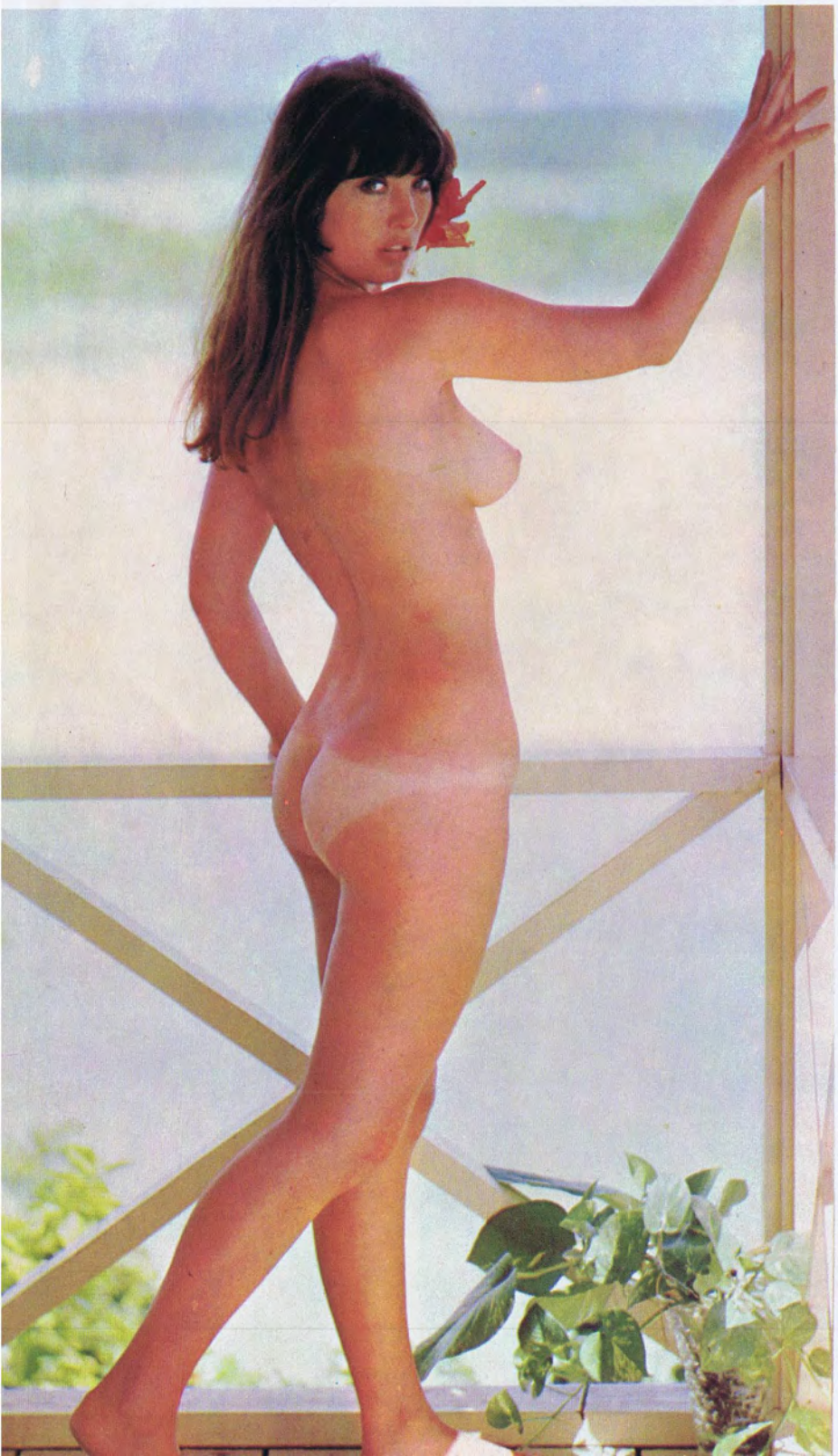
Evelyn, an ex-air hostess on the London-Nassau-Miami run, had grounded herself in favor of "a constant earth-bound Caribbean climate. After London," she told us, "the Bahamas are unbelievable. An English summer normally lasts two or three days. If you happen to oversleep one morning you could miss it completely—the sun part, I mean. But here you feel as if the sun belongs exclusively to you. At night it slips into the ocean—but only to cool off, mind you, it doesn't travel around the earth like it does everywhere else. And in the morning it comes up again—as full and rich and regular as clockwork."

Her defection, though clearly Treacher-ous from an Englishman's point of view, was not altogether unpatriotic. "I always enjoy going back," she said, "despite the weather. I've got loads of friends in London and it's really a marvellous city in its own special way. What I love about the Bahamas goes a little bit deeper. It's something you could never find in London or any other big city and I don't mean the sun. This is a very peaceful place; it's wild, primitive and yet strictly non-competitive. The people are warm and somehow they don't seem to expect anything from you. They live their life and you live yours.













It's an exciting, trippy place too—maybe because you can get so close to nature. You have to be here, alone on the beach, perhaps watching the ocean for a few hours or hearing the birds chatter before you can really appreciate, not what civilization has come to mean in the American or European sense, but what it really is. *This* is civilization. The things I left behind are like those little ships that men build in bottles—perfect little replicas glued to their painted sea—little ships with nowhere to go."

On plans for the immediate future, our prescient Pet confesses to an unhappy but practical kinship with the vagaries of western commerce. "A girl has to work, of course. I'm aware that I can't keep going on living







forever without income and I'm not likely to find a suitable job here. As soon as my savings run out, I'll go back to London or New York or some other woolly place but it won't be air-hostessing. That's too frustrating and besides, I'm likely to end up jumping ship in some other exotic port."

A brief perusal of Evelyn's newly adopted environment is evidence enough that climate still controls the man. "You can't fight the sun," says she, "you simply relax, take off your clothes and surrender the last vestige of animal in you." And, faced with the idyllic configurations of her own pace-clime continuum, who are we to doubt that our well schooled Treacher knows best?



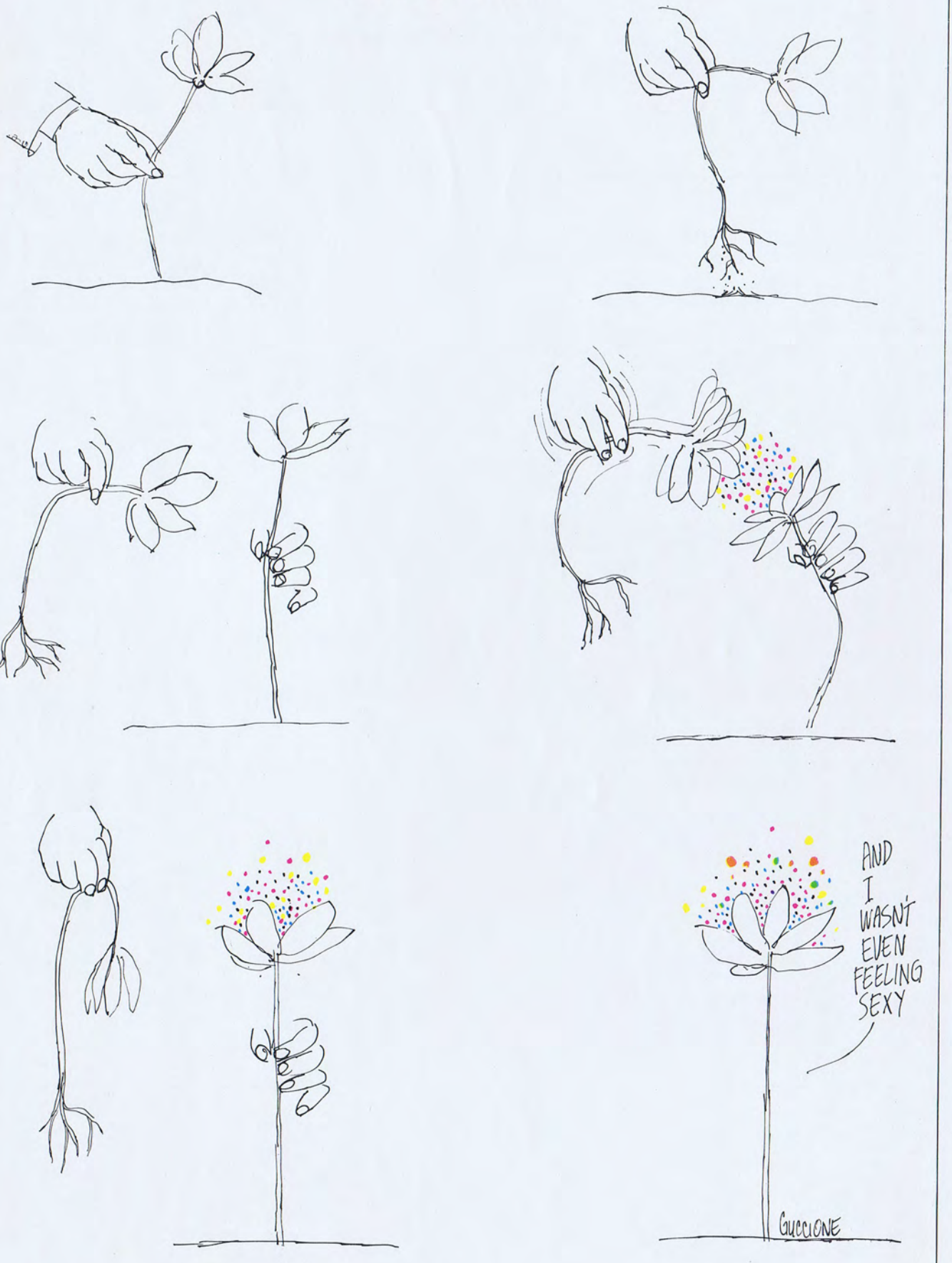


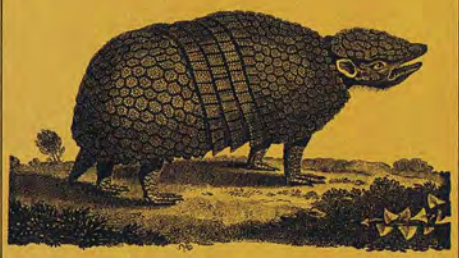


MISS EVELYN TREACHER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

FLOWER POWER





THE AMOROUS ARMADILLO

A FABLE OF OUR TIME
BY
RORY HARRITY

AT last, the lazy golden spring had come to the Piney Woods. It sprawled in yellow spots on the tops of leaves; warm breezes blew and ruffled grass and glassy ponds, and the hearts of all the creatures beat faster.

The armadillo was no exception. His armour clanking lugubriously, he shuffled into a little clearing where the fox was leaning against a tree, taking the sun. The fox opened one eye and narrowly regarded the gloomy newcomer.

"What's wrong?" said the fox, "you look a little down in the snout."

"It's my heart," said the armadillo, "it's going like a trip-hammer. I think I'm having a coronary."

"Coronary my paw!" scoffed the fox. "You ignorant quadruped, you untutored vertebrate, don't you understand? It's spring!"

"What's that go to do with the price of eggs?" said the armadillo.

"Spare me the witty ripostes," said the fox, "and I'll try to explain: you see, various atmospheric changes have triggered your biological clock which in turn is causing a substantial increase in endocrine secretion, leading to an irritability of the pacemaker of the heart."

"Talk English," said the armadillo.

"Aw, fer Pan's sake," said the fox. "okay, I'll spell it out for you—your mind's on the old fandoogle, the old bangaroonie, the old rompity-tompity, the old jiggy-jiggy-jiggy, right?"

"Huh?" said the armadillo.

"SEX!!" bellowed the fox, at his wits' end, "YOUR MIND IS ON SEX!!"

"Hey, how'd you know that?" said the amazed armadillo.

"Never mind, you armour-plated analphabet," said the fox. "And who, pray, is the ill-starred recipient of your low concupiscence?"

"I don't know," the armadillo said, "but I've got one hell of a sneaker for the lady weasel who's just moved in across the road."

"Think of the problems your children will have," said the fox.

"At the rate I'm going, there won't *be* any children," said the armadillo morosely. "The lady's not taken with the luff of my mainsail, the set of my spinnaker or the rake of my mizzen."

"Does she like the cut of your jib?" asked the fox.

"No," said the armadillo, "she doesn't like that either. Alack-a-day."

"Alack-a-day keeps the doctor away," said the fox, and sniggered.

"Very funny, I *don't* think," said the armadillo. "I come to you for help and all you do is fandoogle around."

"Help?" expostulated the fox. "Well why didn't you say so in the first place, me old cabbage? Of course I'll help."

"Thanks," said the armadillo. "The trouble is, I don't think she likes the way I look. I mean, once I get in there with the old personality I'll be all right, but"—he pointed to his body—"all this tatty, clanking armour plating—I think it makes a bad first impression."

"You think right," said the fox. "Let's get it off and I'll lend you one of my spare coats."

"You're a toff, foxy," said the armadillo, and the two of them began prising away the armadillo's armour plating. When they had finished the fox ran off to fetch a spare coat. He returned in a few minutes and gave it to the armadillo, who put it on.

"How do I look?" said the armadillo.

"Unusual. Unique, even," said the fox. "Sort of like an ambulatory rug."

"Am I eye-catching?" said the armadillo anxiously.

"I can't look at anything else," said the fox.

"Goodie!" gleeped the armadillo, "caloo callay! I'll nip straight over to *chez* Weasel and strut my stuff."..

The fox watched his friend disappear in the bushes.

When the armadillo arrived at Miss Weasel's house he discovered her outside, pruning the rose bushes. "I'm in luck," he thought excitedly. "She's bound to notice me as I saunter casually and devil-may-carelessly by." And so, sauntering as best he could under the great dragging weight of the fox's coat, he passed in review before Miss Weasel. But, to his acute dismay, that lady took one look at him, sniffed with devastating hauteur and swept inside her house.

"Where did I go wrong?" thought the armadillo miserably, as he wandered about in the Piney Woods, "woe, woe is me." And he sat down beside a tree and shed many bitter tears.

The bear was also wandering in the Piney Woods, when he espied the grieving armadillo and trotted over.

"Now, now, my little friend, it can't be as bad as all that," he said, patting the armadillo on the shoulder, "tell me all about it."

"Oh bear!" burbled the armadillo, "I'm the most miserable armadillo that ever lived!" And after a little encouragement he told the bear everything.

When he had finished the bear said, "hmmm . . ."—very thoughtfully. Then he said: "My boy, I think I have the answer. Your appearance is not forceful enough, not masterful enough, not virile enough—in short, not bearish enough. We'll have to put that right."

"But how?"—began the armadillo.

"It just so happens," said the bear, "that I have an extra set of claws with me. I'll tie them to your paws and then, between the fox's silky coat and my glinting, poly-phallic claws, the lady will not be able to resist."

"Oh, *thank* you, bear!" happied the armadillo, and wiped his eyes.

The bear went on his way and a half hour later the armadillo, coated and beclawed, once more sauntered past the lady of his choice. But this time, before flouncing into the house, she gave the armadillo the loudest, wettest raspberry that ever there was.

He was lying crumpled in a little ball, sobbing uncontrollably, when the peacock strutted up to him.

"This public display of emotion is most unseemly, armadillo," said the peacock. "Desist forthwith and explain yourself."

The armadillo desisted and explained.

"I should have thought the answer was simple enough," said the peacock. "Consider me. Do *I* ever have any trouble getting birds? Of course not. And why not? Because I'm *colourful,* that's why not. I don't usually associate with, much less assist, inferior animals," he added, pulling out a few of his tail feathers and affixing them to the rear end of the armadillo, "but you are such a pathetic sight that I am slightly touched. Good day to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" the armadillo called after him. Then, fox-coated, bear-clawed and peacock-feathered, he started back toward Miss Weasel's house with new hope in his heart.

Now it happened that on this particular day, two Naturalists had come to the Piney Woods looking for rare specimens. They spotted the armadillo, just as he was about to saunter past Miss Weasel's house for the third time.

"What in hell is *that?*" said one naturalist.

"Search me, buddy," said the other, "but it's the Goddamnedest animal *I* ever saw—c'mon!"

And so they caught the armadillo and took him to Oxford University, where they put him on a shelf in a great big bottle of formaldehyde, between a two-headed monkey and a nine-pound ant.

MORAL: this teaches us that if you try to be all things to a woman, you'll probably end up on the shelf.

MANSELL COLLECTION

Oh, Wicked Wanda!

By Frederic Mullally



Brian Forbes

Penthouse presents an erotic extravaganza series that spoofs the two big scenes of our day: sex and power. At once sharp and entertaining, satirical and voluptuous, this is a fantasy that has everything, but everything . . .

The Outrageous Adventures of the World's Richest and Wickedest Woman (and MAN'S ENEMY!) WANDA von KREESUS and her nymphet accomplice CANDYFLOSS (late of the Ballet Rose) START NOW with . . .

Episode One

"I'm bored," said Wanda von Kreesus. "What's the use of being heiress to two billion Swiss francs when I'm bored bloody stiff!"

Get the scene: the Velvet Suite of the fabulous von Kreesus *schloss* overlooking Lake Zurich—an architectural fusion of the Alcazar of Segovia and the Bavarian royal castle at Neuschwanstein. Erected by Walter von Kreesus (and 2,000 expatriate Lithuanians) to perpetuate the memory of his wife Ilse, dead these ten years from a surfeit of Carpathian gamekeepers. The Pink Boudoir of the Velvet Suite . . . and, languishing in a psychedelic kaftan spun from filaments produced by *bombyxmori* larvae nourished exclusively on LSD, Walter's only daughter, 19 years old, an architectural fusion of Ursula Andress and Racquel Welsh.

Her face? *Get this in colour.* Eyes wide and slanted, the precise tint of the Nizam of Hyderabad's fabled irridescent green topaz, lost to the world since 1948 but rumoured to have slipped from Ilse von Kreesus's hand the moment after her delivery of Wanda in the Montchoisit Clinic at Lausanne. Back to the face: skin the colour of vanilla yoghourt, lightly tinged with cerise about the high cheekbones and delicately-flared nostrils; full lips, the texture and hue of the innermost petals of a Balkan-cultivated damask rose—now affording a glitter, as Wanda speaks, of the matched pearl diadems of her teeth and the dewy pinkness of her sinuously pointed tongue. Her hair, black as a witch's cat, cascades in thick glistening coils from her shoulders, parted, as it spills on down, only by the thrusting outcrop of her truculent breasts. GRRRR-RUH!

Her favourite handmaiden, Candyfloss, was having some difficulty renewing the gold leaf on one of her mistress's little toenails, a daily duty she enjoyed almost as much as massaging Wanda's proud bosom with the perfumed essence of the spinal fluid from radioactive pouter pigeons.

Now a prematurely nubile 15-year-old, Candyfloss had two years earlier been WHOOSHED away from Paris's infamous Ballet Rose (literally out of the trembling paws of a septuagenarian French *académicien)* by a Swiss industrialist heavily debentured to Walter von Kreesus and dilemma-ed at the time about what to give him for his 64th birthday. Wanda had taken one look at Candyfloss, as she was being unwrapped in Walter's breakfast-room, and had promptly claimed the nymphet for her own.

"B-but, my peach," queruled the King Gnome of Zurich (who granted his daughter's every wish SAVE ONE), "There's a note here saying she's to comfort *me,* in my old age."

"What old age, father?" Wanda purred. "Don't you know this is coffin-bait, this kind of dolly? Best stick to your inflatable Japanese sex-dummies. I'll have them mail you the new model, with its own built-out strawberry-whip nozzles. SLURRRP!!!"

She had almost everything her heart desired. The complete original output of the Olympia Press, bound in thigh-soft suede by Mitsou of Madrid; the author's proofs of *Last Exit to Brooklyn* (autographed, shakily, by the entire personnel of the U.S. Supreme Court); the complete Phyllis & Eberhard Kronhausen exhibition of Erotic Art; her own marijuana meadow, tended by young peasant girls from the Guerrero district of Mexico; a superbly-equipped torture-chamber padded in purple PVC, its adjacent dungeons stocked with—AH-HAH!!—*gelded* young tribesmen from the Rei Bouba area of French Equatorial Africa; a life subscription to the *Continental Film Review* and the first human-skin lampshade made by her mother's elder sister, Irma Greese.

And now, for two years, she had had Candyfloss, child prodigy of the Ballet Rose, with her inexhaustible fund of stories about the bizarre predilections of Europe's most powerful leaders—erstwhile clients, almost to a man, of that paedophiles' nirvana.

What she had never had was a REAL MAN!!! This, in the seven languages she already had at her rosy tongue-tip, was *verboten, deféndu, prohibido, vietato, zapreshany,* forbidden and OUT!

Much as she despised her creep of a father, Wanda understood perfectly why he had kept her locked away, since her mother's death, from any contact with the other sex. She was the richest heiress in the world. And she was her libidinous mother's daughter. Well, does anyone need a MAP? What the miserable dwarf never understood, however, was that it had been that self-same mother who had caused Wanda to HATE men.

She had LOVED her mother from the day—her second birthday—Ilse had given her a fluffy Persian kitten together with her very own Junior Dissecting Kit. This love, burgeoning with each passing year, had turned to torment when she was first shoved off her mother's bed to make room for YET ANOTHER lover before breakfast (her father was always away bolstering-up some Social Democratic government or other), and finally to a cold hatred of this species that came and went without so much as a pat on the head for Wanda and always left her mother hot, sticky and too relaxed even to play "submarines" with the new puppy-dog in the sunken onyx bath at the foot of the bed.

She had been able to take it out on men, to a certain extent, since her mother's death—if you could call them men, those black, doped-up specimens flown in by the Arab slavers in the guise of Trade Delegates, complete with briefcases and hornrimmed spectacles. But a girl could get cheesed-off with the same old flogging routine, day in and day out; and besides, the biceps on her right arm were becoming almost unsightly now, when she flexed them. It was all just too easy. There was no CHALLENGE. The real war was going on out there, beyond the *schloss,* in the great big world of exciting Capital cities—Paris, London, Rome, Bonn, Washington. If only . . . if only. . . .

She gave Candyfloss a kick that sent

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THE CAMPUS CONVULSION

GETTING THE YOUNG BACK INTO THE HUMAN FAMILY

by Rev Theodore M. Hesburgh CSC

"How does a whole generation get so exercised, so suddenly, about the general state of humanity? We have stimulated the young to hope for the best."

"What is happening to our young people? They disrespect their elders, they disobey their parents. They ignore the laws. They riot in the streets, inflamed with wild notions. Their morals are decaying. What is to become of them?" Those words were written more than 2,300 years ago by Plato. Another equally famous Greek philosopher, Aristotle, took an almost equally dim view of the young: "Young people would always rather do noble deeds than useful ones: their lives are regulated more by moral feelings than by reasoning—all their mistakes are in the direction of doing things excessively and vehemently. They overdo everything—they love too much, hate too much, and the same with everything else."

So the generational gap looks much the same at a distance of 24 centuries. This younger generation did not invent youth and all that makes it both attractive and difficult. Not that the difference between generations is always exactly the same. For one thing, there are not only many more people around today—about half of them are young people, and in a few years half of the population will be aged under 25. This makes the younger generation more visible, more omnipresent, and, let's face it, a very substantial part personally of what America *is*. There is no reason to believe that they will be satisfied to be a silent or passive part of America either. Nor should they be.

If, as Aristotle says, they love too much and hate too much, I suspect that they hate some things that are well worth hating and difficult to hate excessively: like war, inequality for millions of human beings on earth, poverty in the midst of affluence, hypocrisy in stating one set of values and following another, rhetoric instead of action, promises without fulfilment, empty words, qualities they often find in the adult generation.

The young people of today have grown up in an affluent society that prizes intelligence, that provides the best schooling that this country has ever seen. The affluence of many of their parents has freed many of them from the grimy business of worrying where the next dollar is coming from. They have had more time to think, to discuss, to criticize, to read, to travel, to compare, to judge—this is the stuff of which good education is made. And it does have consequences.

In their earlier years, these young people probably took the American

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

THE REVOLUTION IS HERE AND UNIVERSITIES MUST JOIN

by Paul Spike

"The revolution is political, cultural and technological. To cry "To the barricades!" is feeble. Where the hell are the barricades?"

The student ferment continues, acknowledged to be an international phenomenon of our times. In this special symposium, Penthouse consults those closest to the eruption: students and academics. The President of Notre Dame here argues for a conciliatory approach, and two students (both white) express divergent viewpoints. Next month, in another instalment, a Negro student spells out why America's colleges are uncivilized.

HOW THEY LICKED THE WRECKERS AT COLUMBIA

by John C. Meyer

The notion of an approaching revolution in America, a "Second American Revolution", is something which I believe is both true and false. That revolution is already here and has been for some time. However, the revolution to which many allude will never come.

Today we live in the midst of a revolution which rolls through a technological world, conveyed on the invisible wings of modern media and jet transportation. The revolution churns away beneath the surface of our everyday life, unnoticed except for an occasional spectacular example. We know one of these examples as the Black Movement in America. Another is the "sexual revolution". Call another the student movement. A manifestation of this revolution is certainly "post-industrial" technology. Another is the flood of anarchist and surrealist feelings in today's culture. This is revolution which is easy to see only in certain places at certain times but it is going on all around us and at every moment. It is as difficult to analyse the whole revolution from these parts as a river is difficult to catch in your bare hands.

The revolution for which some wait, in vain I believe, is one which we left behind along with the 19th century. If America is on its way towards an old-fashioned revolution, one in which Washington will be stormed by thousands of blacks, students, dissenting soldiers and a tribe of yippies, then America is on its way over the insane brink and into The End. This kind of crude revolution is suicidal in today's technologically sophisticated world. Violence certainly has been frequent in the last few years and will probably increase in the oncoming years of struggle. But this is limited, tactical violence. Today's police forces, armed forces and security forces are terribly strong! A direct assault, "let's fight'em on the barricades", kind of revolution is lunacy and would sacrifice most of the wisest, most humane men and women we have.

The revolution which is here now needs men who know how to operate with the mass media rather than with rifles. It needs people who can survive the incredible wasteland of modern bureaucracy and apathy.

A new frontier has indeed been crossed in the last quarter of a century. The line beyond which most men cease to desire ever more efficient, ever more comfortable material life has been reached by my generation. The great

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"The myth that the SDS "represented" the students had to be broken if Columbia was ever again to be a community dedicated to open-minded inquiry rather than a battleground of power groups."

It is a common belief, especially in academic circles, that all threats to academic freedom come from the Right. Yet in America today it is extremists of the campus Left who shout down speakers, seize buildings, rifle files, beat up students, faculty members, and even newsmen. Militants, primarily from the Students Democratic Society (SDS), have imported the philosophy of "Burn, baby, burn" from the ghettoes to the campuses. In the last few months there have been literally hundreds of fires set on campuses all over the country, during periods of both extreme tension and of seeming calm. At City College of New York, 11 fires were set in one day, one of which destroyed an entire auditorium. At Indiana University a $750,000 fire destroyed the Graduate Library.

Columbia, where it all started, began its incendiary record during the spring insurrection of 1968. This West Side story has, however, another side. Columbia, especially in the academic year just ended, has been in the vanguard of the rising of student opposition to SDS. The opposition had its modest beginnings under the name of Students for a Free Campus (SFC), founded at the opening of the 1967-8 academic year. Before the insurrection was over the SFC had seen its proposal for a blockade of the SDS-occupied administration building, Low Library, put into action by the Majority Coalition, and organization thrown up by the normally non-political students outraged by the SDS tactics. These students from all sections of the country, every economic and social background, and all parts of the political spectrum—from Reagan and Nixon to Kennedy and McCarthy—acted not merely in reaction to SDS but out of a deep and generally clear belief that the time had come to take a stand for the American principles of democracy and respect for individual rights within the law.

When the university administration finally acted, the Majority Coalition dissolved itself. The SDS, however, gauged the situation accurately and exploited the police action. Creating a mood of campus hysteria about "police brutality" (students suffered many minor injuries, the only seriously injured persons being two policemen), they gained moderate support for a student strike, which seriously disrupted the college for the rest of the semester. As the academic year was ending, however, a new organization, Students for Colum-

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THE CAMPUS REVOLUTION

Continued from page 56



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dream seriously and uncritically to heart: one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. How often they recited it in grammar school, without thinking what it really means. Then, for many of them, as they began to think critically, the dream seemed to acquire some of the aspects of a nightmare; they learnt that 30 million Americans, Negro, Mexican, Indian, poor white, but mostly black Americans, unlike them, attended inferior schools where 12 years of segregated education equaled only eight or nine years of the white school standard achievement. Partially because of this, much of the best of higher education was foreclosed for these deprived Americans.

Then, they found that these 30 million represented twice as many unemployed and unemployable as whites, and with the young non-white, four times as many. Black Americans, they found, generally lived in the worst houses, in the worst section of our cities, and so were fated to continue to attend the worst schools which are located there, so that their frustration and lack of social mobility upward seem ever circular and inevitable.

Thus, the American nation, they discovered, is not indivisible, but clearly divisible into two nations: black and white, poor and affluent, hopeful and hopeless. Liberty means one thing to the whites, the affluent, and the hopeful, another to the black, the poor, and the hopeless. Justice likewise.

And so this generation of the young began to doubt the sincerity of the slogan they had repeated so often. It was the dawn of disillusionment, a coming of age even in youth. What I say here of the white youngster is, of course, even more poignantly true of the black youngster. For a while, they marched together in the South, together sensed new confidence in the rightness of their cause, new power in what they were able to achieve by protest and organized action against what they knew to be wrong, much less un-American.

Then the blacks, at least many of the new leaders of the new power structure called Black Power, decided to go it alone and the great majority of active, protesting white young people felt momentarily alienated again, with the loss of their newly-found cause of civil rights and their active participation in social change.

A new target was quickly found. Escalation gave greater visibility to the war in Vietnam, the draft bit more deeply into the company of the youth, the issues involved were more hotly debated nationally and internationally, and again the youth found a new outlet for their newly-learned tactics and their yearning for personal involvement in a cause. They aimed indiscriminately at the obvious targets: draft cards, ROTC, Dow and napalm, induction centers, troop trains, and military recruiters. Even the flag took a beating at times, unfortunately, and patriotism, old style, almost became suspect in certain quarters.

It is one thing to disagree with compulsory military service, or to be disillusioned by the course of a particular war. But this generation is really hung up at the thought of having to take life and face death in a war that they not only do not like, but often abhor as alien to all that they think America should be doing in the world.

Some simply cop out, as the saying goes. They become conscientious objectors, or move to Canada or to the local equivalent of Haight-Ashbury, taking refuge in drugs, or bizarre hairdoes, or love-ins, or the other appurtenances of hippiedom. It should be said a very small number take this road, which is, for the few that take it, the worst kind of blind alley. The great majority suffer in quiet frustration or erupt in occasional violence, or worry along hoping that somehow they will find a personal escape hatch in the walls that continue to close in around them.

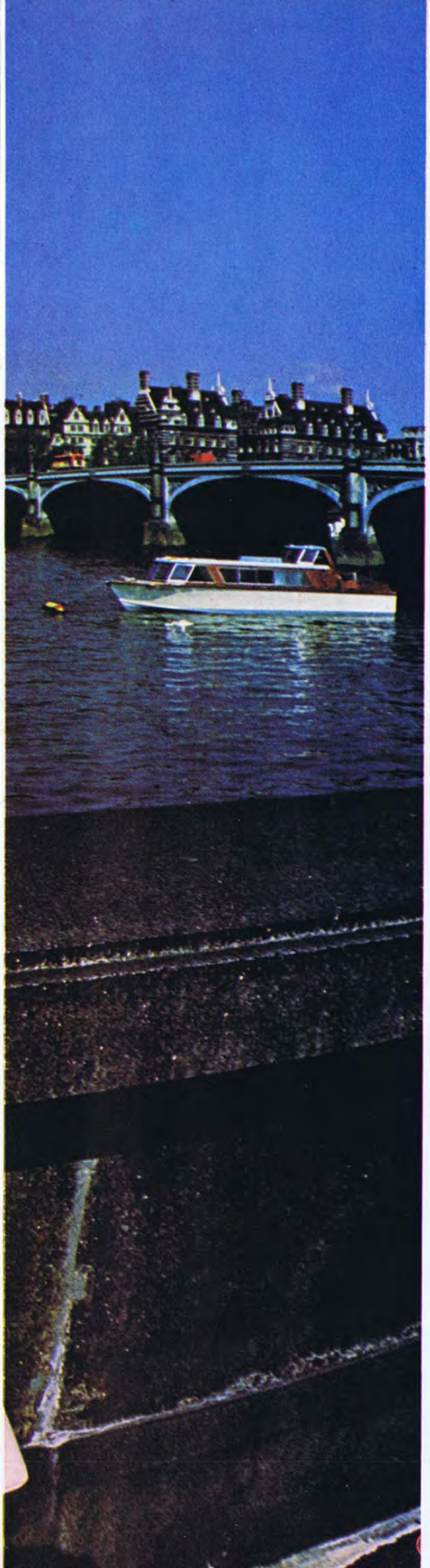
It was this malaise over Vietnam that really triggered what I believe to be the final and probably most important act in the drama of the younger generation today: the campus revolt. Having been forced out of meaningful civil rights action, feeling themselves more or less helpless in the face of the Vietnam action which seemed to worsen despite all their protests, the students finally decided that maybe they should seek involvement and reform where they were —in the colleges and universities. After thinking about it for a while, some even found here the root cause of their alienation from an establishment or a society that they judged to be impersonal, often irrelevant, sometimes immoral, and generally more difficult to move than a cemetery.

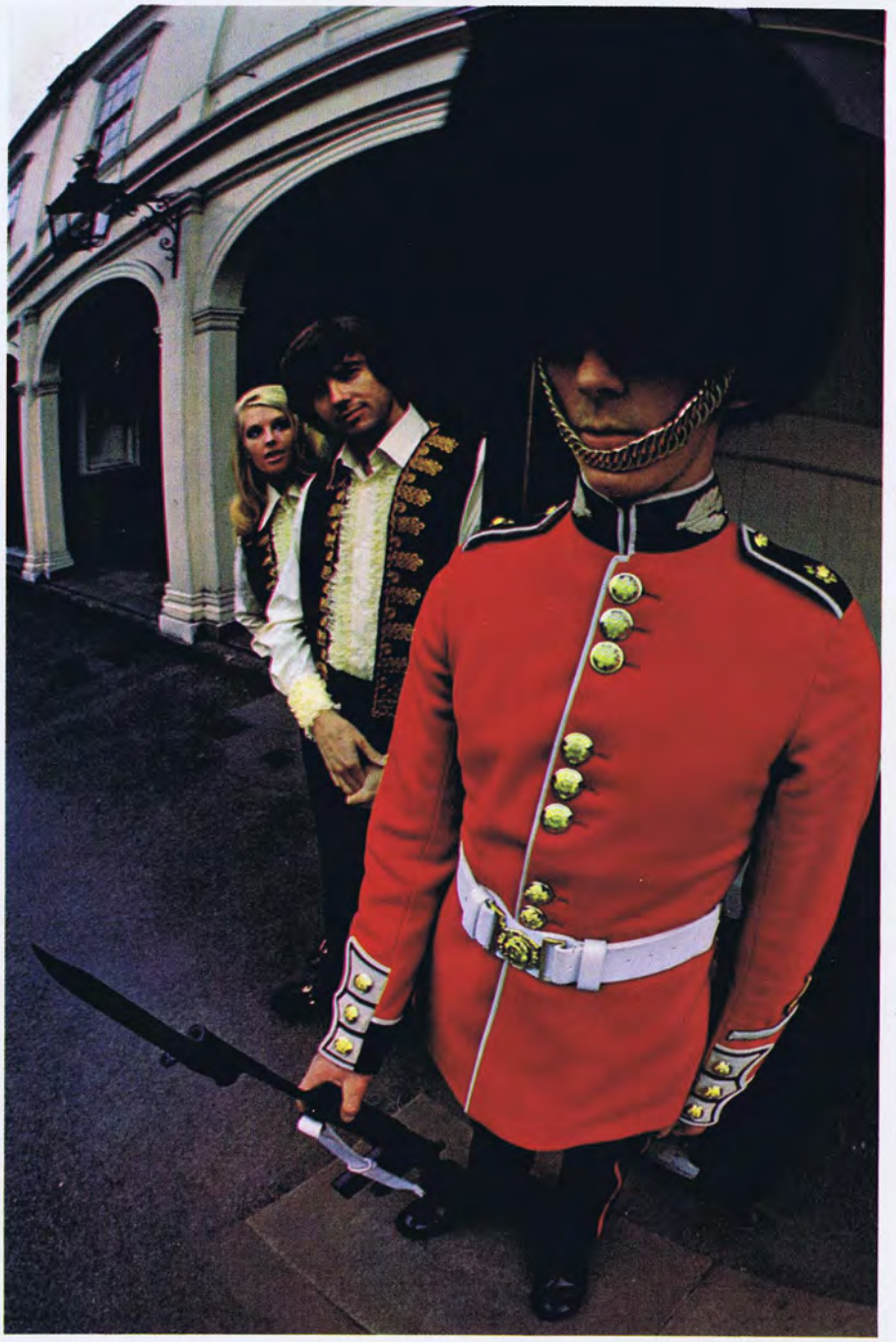
How did it all get mixed up so quickly? How did the apathetic, disinterested generation of a decade ago suddenly get so critical, so ready to revolt against law and authority in any form, so quick to protest, to sit-in, to lie-in, to tear-up-in, to raise-hell-in? How does a whole generation get so exercised, so suddenly, about the general state of society and humanity that they begin waving signs in Berkeley and end by tearing Columbia apart, bringing down the government in Belgium and closing 23 of the 27 Italian universities, immobilizing France and the all-powerful De Gaulle, and telling their elders all over the world that everything is going to change or else. However it happened, it is happening and the phenomenon is no longer local, but national and international.

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JAN PARKER



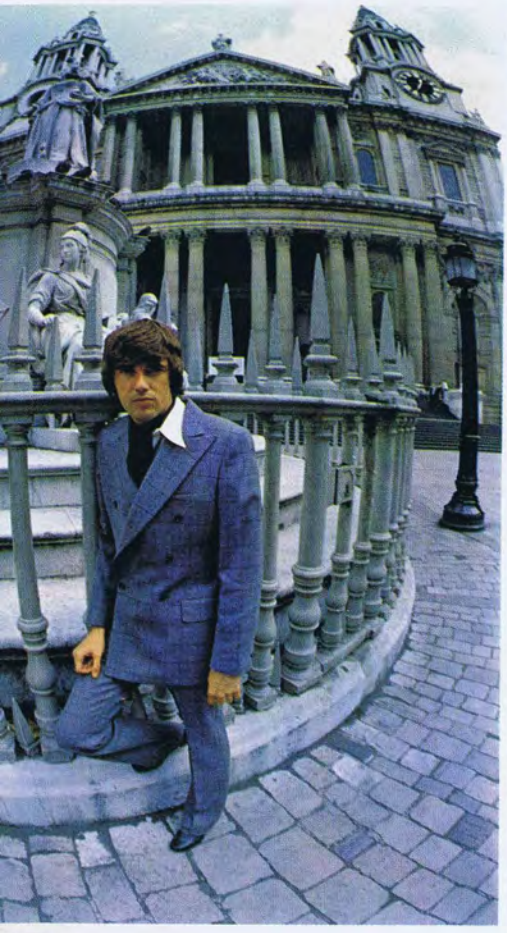




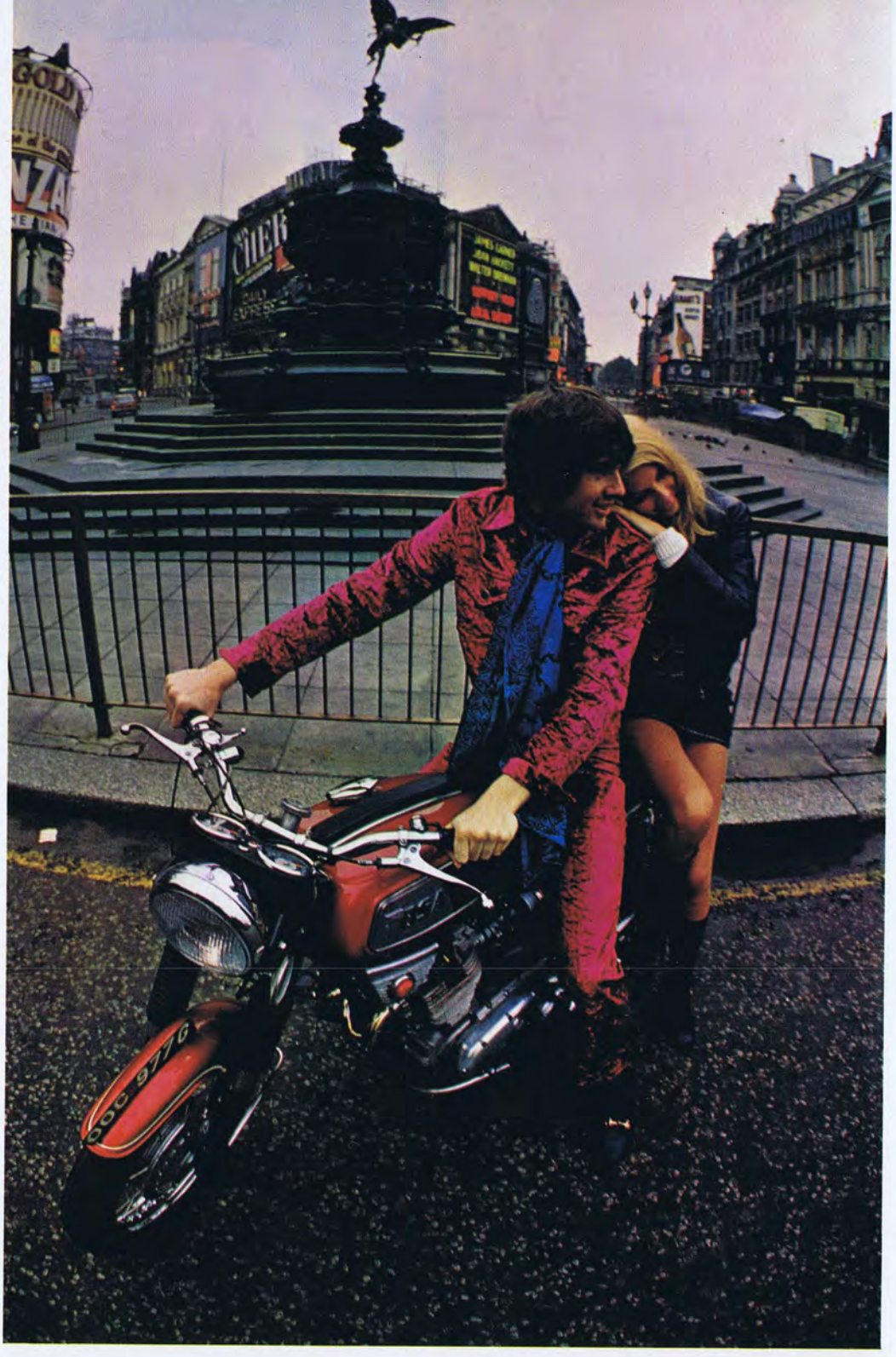
THE LONDON LOOK LOOKS UP

Up, up and away in London this summer, Jim Webb received a double ration of recognition from the old country. The nation's leading pop group, the phenomenal Beatles, invited the 22-year-old songsmith to avail himself of the rare privilege of sitting in on one of their recording sessions, and the nation's leading magazine for men invited him to appear in its fashion pages. And so the fast-rising composer of such hits as *Up up and away* and *Macarthur Park* switches roles here to help us show that these days there's a lilt in the London look for men.

Embroidered waistcoat (above) *in a wool mixture by Scott Lester at* $*22, worn with a cotton frill-front shirt,* $*14, available in yellow, white, blue, lilac and pink. Trevira trousers with self-embroidered pattern from the waistband,* $*25. The fad for military uniforms is now dying in London, except on a genuine Guardsman complete with bearskin, as here.* Left : *Blue striped club blazer by Clubman blazers* ($*75*) *demands mustard shirt and large white scarf.* All stockists on page 98.







Crushed velvet western suit in jeans styling by Scott Lester, $*64, available in black, wine, blue, fawn, olive or orange. Imported BSA motorbike costs approximately* $*1,750.* Left top: *Wide-lapelled look on a double-breasted suit in pure wool (*$*150), worn with open-neck shirt and scarf.* Left, below: *Fur coats face a big revival this season, ranging from the very rare bear to artificial skins, like this fake hamster coat (*$*90). The Tower of London in the background is not for sale—yet.* All stockists on page 98.

Opposite top: *Scott Lester "Lawford" maxi-coat (*$*120) in brown herringbone double-breasted style has extra wide lapels. Also sold in super-maxi length (*$*135).* Bottom: *Nylon French racing jacket with stud fastening, designed by Marshall Lester provides the "wet look" for* $*14. Available in red, purple, navy, black, white or brown. Elegant Marcos, already a prestige foreign car, travels at 125 mph, accelerates from 0 to 70 in. 10.3 seconds, and costs* $*6,730.*

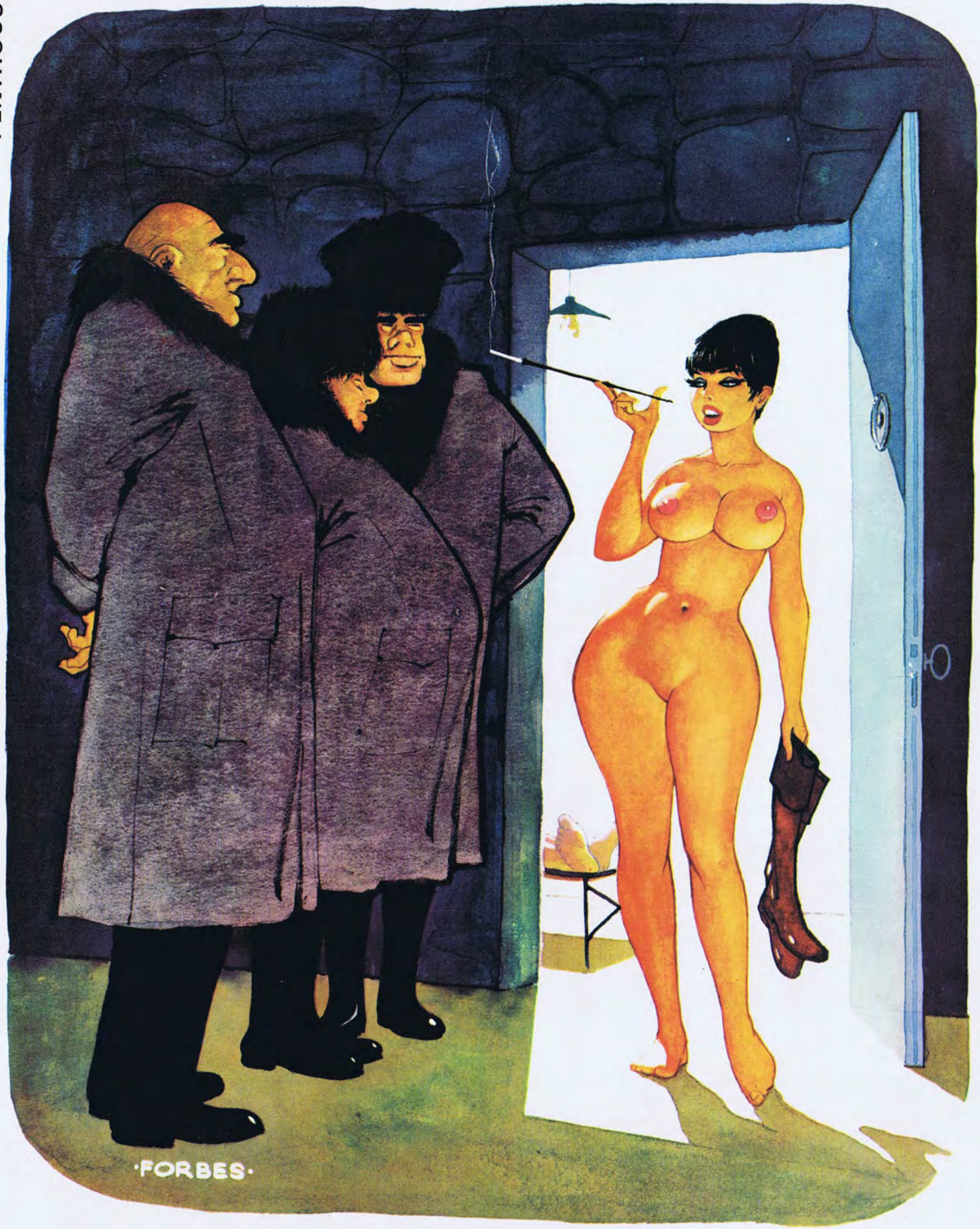
Though the derby hat (bowler to the natives) and pinstripe linger on in the money markets of the City of London, and traditional dark suits are still required wear for executives in the stuffier firms, the English fashion revolution has fanned out from Carnaby Street and King's Road, Chelsea, to make an impact at all levels of life. When two young Englishmen, John Michael and John Steven, opened their boutiques 11 years ago English men's clothes were still formal and drably coloured in imitation of Savile Row. At weekends the Englishman stalked the golf courses and beaches in grey flannel trousers and sports jacket. Any departure from these norms was suspect; to dress colorfully brought whispers of abnormal sex practices. To be concerned with clothes at all was effeminate.

Today the London Look is looking up, and shirts have frills, suits come in velvet, scarves alternate with ties, suspenders (braces to the British) are beating a retreat—and conformity is nonconformist. Though the battle is still far from won, there are enough converts for British manufacturers to start exporting their ideas across the sea. A new breed in Savile Row, consisting of men like Rupert Lycett Green of Blades, and Charles Schuller of Just Men, has followed more traditional neighbours in opening New York houses. Atlantic-hopping Carnaby Street tycoons vie for parking places in their purring Rolls-Royces, bent on tying in with American stores. New boys like Marshall Lester—some of whose clothes are here modelled by Jim Webb—now export more than 80% of their total production.

To buy British can still signify the old made-to-last tradition of Savile Row, but is far more likely in America today to mean color and daring, and a kind of nostalgia for bygone spacious days when gentlemen did as they pleased, and dressed only to please themselves.

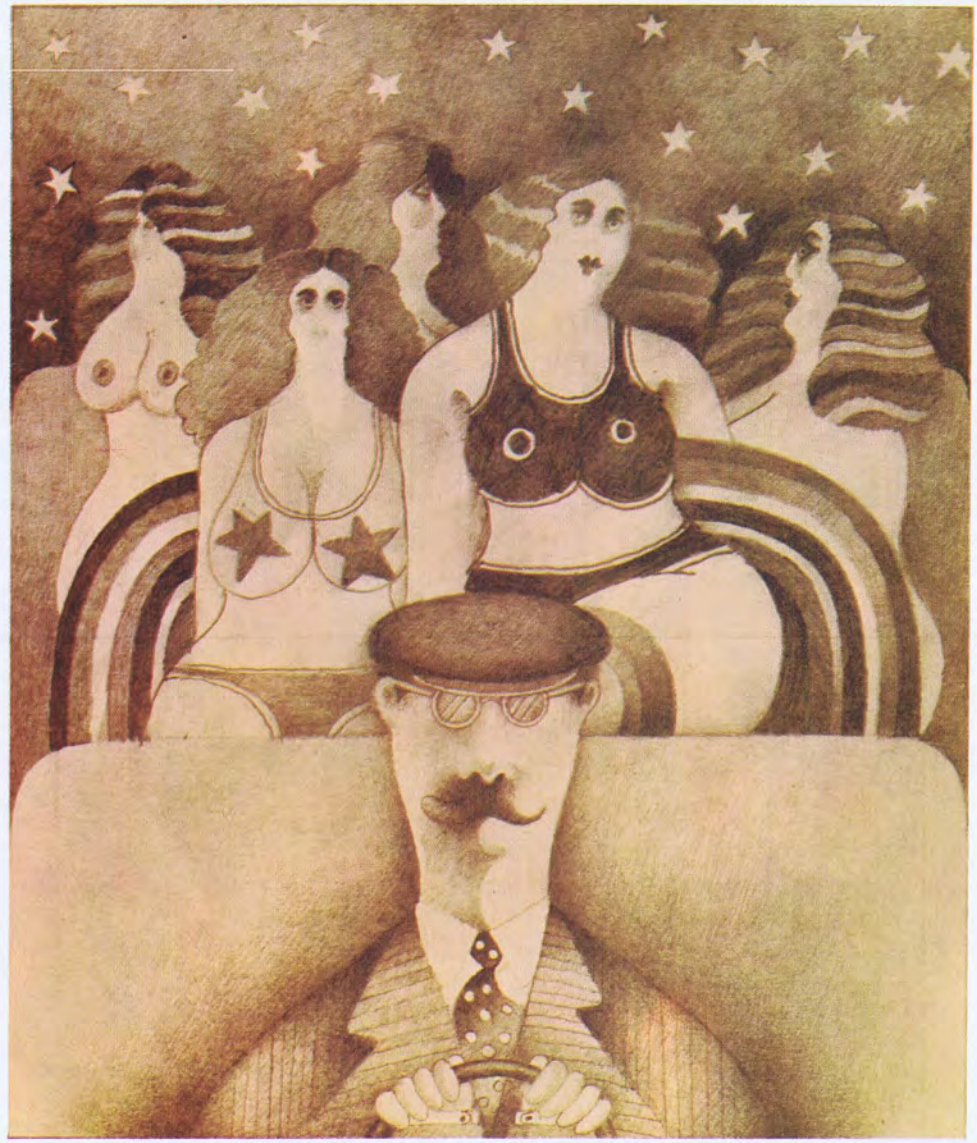






"His brain's not the only thing that needs washing, Comrades!"

LOVE ON THE METER



Wayne Anderson

A rear-view report on life and love as seen in the back of a London taxi by an author-driver

by Maurice Levinson

The Highway Code is pretty comprehensive, but one thing it omits to mention is what goes on in the back of taxis. And I'm not talking about just a kiss and cuddle. Passengers get carried away by their feelings to an extent that deserves a Kinsey report. Perhaps it's the darkened back window of the London taxi that conveys a sense of safety from the prying eyes of chambermaids, reception clerks and every other Tom, Dick and Harry who unexpectedly pops up in a divorce action. Or there might be some more esoteric reason. A passenger of mine who was writing a book on sex, and had presumably given the matter some thought, said it was the bounce of the springs that undermines restraint.

At this point you may be wondering whether I'm having you on. I know many people won't believe that hanky-panky goes on in semi-public, let alone in broad daylight. Believe me, sex happens in taxis more times than the cabs have punctures. And it isn't confined to pairs of amorous passengers—drivers themselves get off with the lady in the back on occasion, the younger and more personable ones, that is.

It's inevitable, when you come to

think about it. At nights you have several thousand young men driving around London with several thousand unescorted young women—typists, housewives, actresses, aristocrats, factory girls. From time to time the biological process is bound to get to work. The surprising thing is that when this does happen, it's the lady passenger who more often than not makes the running. And I may add that a driver soon finds that sex has no class distinctions. An advance is as likely from a woman from Belgrave Square as from an East End girl.

One very beautiful young lady (today she is a well-known actress and, as one article recently said about her, madly in love with her husband) had a yen for picking up taxi drivers in the early hours of the morning. She used to invite a driver into her flat for a drink—and undress herself in front of him. Then she would flop down on the large couch in her drawing room and flick her fingers at him invitingly. She rarely if ever said anything.

I might have suspected that this story was a taxi driver's fantasy but three cab drivers I know had all sampled the young lady's favours. "That bird," as one of them put it, "can slay the pants off you before you can say Jack Robinson."

She is now known on the taxi grapevine as a nymphomaniac who can't look at a taxi driver without seducing him. She told one of my driver friends that she preferred taxi drivers because they were virile and knew how to please a lady. Naturally he remembered the incident vividly, including the detail that when he had finished with her he charged her the 12s. on his meter.

Carting luggage into a woman's bedroom seems to be a frequent prelude to seduction. A girl once asked me to drag a heavy suitcase up five flights of stairs. When I got to the top I was breathing heavily—but from exertion, not passion. I obeyed her instructions and took the suitcase into her bedroom, where she looked at me coquettishly and then, slowly, as though she was doing a striptease before an audience, opened her blouse and showed me her breasts. She had picked a bad moment, as I had just returned from my honeymoon.

Besides, I still had a rather frightening memory of a similar incident when an elegant young lady I picked up outside the Cafe Royal in Regent Street asked me if I would like to go back to her flat for bacon and eggs. I was young and inexperienced and couldn't possibly see anything wrong with eating bacon and eggs, and I even supposed that as it was a bitterly cold night my passenger couldn't bear to see me looking so hungry and her maternal instincts had got the better of her. I soon learnt better.

While the bacon and eggs were sizzling, and we were talking about nothing in general, she suddenly gave me a funny look and began screaming her head off that she was being raped. I hadn't even touched her. It was a big kitchen and I was sitting at one end of it



Carting luggage into a woman's bedroom is an occupational hazard. One fare watched me deposit her suitcase, then looked at me coquettishly and exposed her breasts

and she was cooking the bacon and eggs at the other. Anyway I doubt if any man has ever rushed out of a woman's flat faster than I did.

I tore down those stairs at such a rate that before I knew where I was I had reached the basement. I had to run back up another flight of stairs to get out. I had left my cab outside the front door and I was scared that, with all that shrieking going on, someone was bound to take my number. Then I would lose my licence and probably finish up in jail at the same time. What with my passenger's air of good breeding and the elegant way she was dressed no magistrate would accept my word against hers. But nothing happened.

Since then I have made it a rule never to take luggage beyond a woman's front door unless she is old or decrepit and sometimes when the luggage is too heavy for her to carry. I also have my engine running as some kind of proof that I don't intend to remain in a house or flat more than a couple of minutes.

You have to remember that a lady lonely for male company has no fewer than 12,000 taxi drivers in London to choose from. All she has to do is hail a cab and hop in. If the driver is in the right age group, she can go ahead and make her move in privacy. Usually, after a few preliminary remarks about the weather or some other small talk, such a woman will tell the driver that her husband ignores her, or that he has deserted her, or that he is carrying on with another woman. She may even come to the point and tell the driver that she likes a taxi driver's company because he knows how to keep his mouth shut.

And that's true, too. No taxi driver to my knowledge has ever appeared as a witness in a divorce court or has ever blackmailed a passenger. That's a good record, considering how many times he picks up homosexuals. Incidentally, the only time the police dropped a clanger with me was when they pulled me up in Hyde Park at night and accused the two men in my cab of having unlawful sexual relationship with each other on a public highway.

The truth of the matter was that my passengers had been discussing the general layout of Hyde Park in relationship to a block of flats they intended building in Bayswater Road. They told the two policemen there would be a stink that would reach the Commissioner of Police and reverberate through the corridors of power at Westminster. I verified that my passengers had been sitting on the back seat with their shoulders hardly touching, and peace was restored when the two policemen apologized profusely and admitted that that had mistaken my cab for another in which they had seen two men behaving suspiciously.

The police have a tough job in this respect. They are liable to get in trouble if they make a mistake, yet they know that lots of taxis at night are being used more or less as brothels. Before the Street Offences Act, it used to be common practice for a girl to use a taxi for a few minutes with a client. The general rule in those days, when the demand was more than the supply, was to ask the cabbie to go once round the nearest block. In return he got a quick 10s as against the 2s. registered on his meter. The police turned a blind eye to a taxi going round the block once, but twice constituted turning a Hackney Carriage into a brothel.

As a point of interest, one of the girls once told me that the magistrate who fined her two pounds that morning had slept with her a couple of hours on the previous evening. "What could I say,"

she said simply, "when I'm an whore and he is a magistrate?"

I have no doubt she was telling the truth. If I wanted to blackmail my passengers I could bag politicians, actresses, industrialists, and even a devout member of the church who makes a habit of publicly condemning the youngsters of today for their immoral behaviour.

There is only one occasion I know of when a taxi driver was cited as co-respondent in a divorce case. It was in the newspapers recently. The driver picked up the wife of a wealthy industrialist outside the Cumberland Hotel, but her husband, who had long suspected that she came to London for some reason besides shopping, had hired an inquiry agent. The agent saw the taxi turn into Brook Street, where it stopped, while the driver popped into the back with his passenger for about ten minutes.

What happened during those ten minutes nobody seemed to know. Not that it mattered. The taxi then made for Regent's Park where the inquiry agent saw them having sexual intercourse. The driver's big mistake was in not taking evasive action by going through some back-doubles to make sure he wasn't being followed. Or he could have done what a colleague of mines does—dumps his own cab and takes another. This enables him to have a reliable witness that he wasn't doing anything wrong—unless he is married and his wife wants to know how come he's riding around in a cab with a strange woman. I have even heard a story, never verified, of a second cab driver who joined in and made it a threesome.

The police are pretty strict about a driver who suddenly disappears inside his taxi with a passenger. And yet this goes on much more than taking a passenger to a hotel or back to her flat. It's safer, providing the cabbie can find a deserted spot where his taxi won't look conspicuous, or where a policeman doesn't make a habit of shining his torch into empty vehicles. At the same time the police are also a bit scared about accusing a couple of behaving indecently, in case of making a mistake. A man may have his hand round a girl's waist in a way that looks as though he is fondling her breasts, but, as one policeman explained to me, "It depends if the hand is static or if it is working away vigorously."

My most unnerving incident concerned a couple I picked up at a register office in Marylebone and drove to Charing Cross station. I could see they were a bit tipsy, but that didn't bother me. Perhaps the fresh air affected them, but all I know is that by the time we passed Selfridges they were stripped naked and going for each as though they were already in their honeymoon hotel. My anxious warnings were ignored, and I was in a spot that demanded some quick thinking.

I accelerated and belted into Charing Cross station, with the idea of abandoning the cab temporarily. A porter, unusually obliging, who opened the door, flung it closed again. A phlegmatic type, he advised me to park the cab between two lorries and leave the couple to it. He didn't seem too surprised. "You know," he said philosophically, "that's nothing to what some people do when they get into an empty train carriage. If they finish before stops it's all right. If they don't they get tempted to finish quickly before people get in. It causes a lot of argument and in the end I have to call the police."



I picked up a tipsy couple at a register office. Before we reached the station they were stripped off and going for each other as though the honeymoon had already started

We exchanged a few similar anecdotes and then I went off for a cup of tea. I reasoned it was no skin off my nose if a couple misbehaved themselves in my taxi if I wasn't there. I also thought to myself that if the police did take my number and then wanted to know what prompted the couple to behave as they did, or why I didn't call the police in the first place, I would swing the onus on them and ask them to give me some guidance on what a taxi driver is supposed to do without aggravating the situation.

I was away for about half an hour and when I got back the couple had disappeared. There wasn't even a discarded brassiere or an abandoned pair of socks to prove that it hadn't been a dream. I heard nothing further about the incident, so if they did get nicked the police probably thought it was a case of a couple climbing into a stationary taxi without the driver's knowledge. Anyway it was 7s. down the drain for the trip from Marylebone to Charing Cross, apart from a half an hour's loss of earning time. Still, there is nothing more time-wasting for a taxi driver than to have to appear in court and give evidence against his passengers for misbehaving themselves, so I was glad to have got rid of them. Usually the magistrate begins to wonder if the cab driver wasn't aiding and abetting, especially if he has a record of passengers using his taxi more or less as a brothel.

I had another anxious moment when a policeman stopped me to tick me off for crashing the red traffic lights. The couple in the back looked innocent enough, but I knew they had been stopped, if not caught, in the act. The girl was sitting pertly on her boy friend's lap, with a coat across her knees. The policeman only glanced at them and told me to move off. Then I heard the usual agitated movements behind me, followed by a drawn-out sigh, and when I looked round the coat had slumped to the floor—and I saw enough to give any voyeur his erotic fill.

Normally a driver will try desperately hard not to get his passengers into trouble, though every incident has to be assessed on its own merits. If a cab driver resents any goings-on in the back and his passengers turn aggressive, it's a different matter altogether. In that case, naked or not, he will pull up at the first policeman. But usually a driver keeps his nose glued to his windscreen unless he thinks the antics going on behind him will get him into trouble.

One tall blonde dolled up like a hippie actually tried to get her legs into the circular grab-straps hanging on each side of the cab. I knew what she was up to. She intended swinging backwards and forwards while her boy friend had his face jerked forward and his head propped up against the back seat. It was an ambitious idea, but the girl's legs were not long enough and anyway if she did succeed in getting them astride the passenger compartment there was nothing she could hold on to.

I was too fascinated to stop her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

















STRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

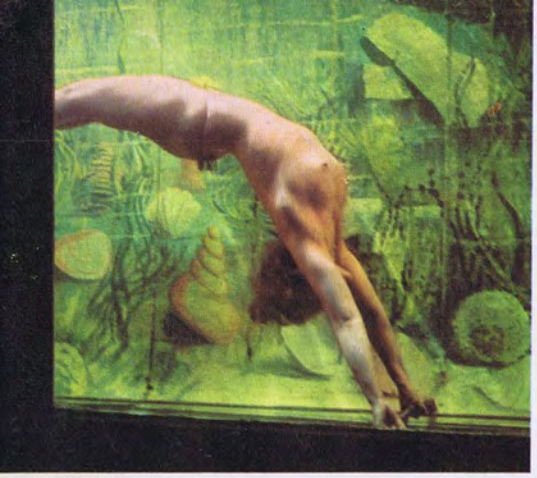
PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR BY PHILIP O STEARNS

Soho—the nudity nexus of the nation—boasts more running feet of bare bosoms, rolling bellies and bouncing buttocks than the rest of Britain combined.

A feature of the nude-wave strip emporiums which pockmark London's naughtiest square mile is a paradox known as the "legitimate" strip-tease theatre. A by-product of these affluent times, the theatre clubs cater to a better-heeled more discerning members-only audience. Shows are carefully planned, expensively costumed and, within spatial limitations, elaborately choreographed.

Raymond's Revuebar, a successful case-in-point buttress to good taste about 300 yards from Piccadilly Circus, presides loftily over its myriad down-beat competitors. Since nothing

Pictured here: Carol Ryva, international star from Paris, tops the bill at Raymond Revuebar.







succeeds like success, the Revuebar, under the creative tutelage of Paul Raymond, pours a substantial percentage of its profits back into talent, production and customer comfort. Acts such as those depicted on these pages are sexy, creative and acutely professional.

Gone, happily, are the days when the bare-bosomed belles of London's yesteryear had to remain as mute and immovable as the backdrops they adorned. Since the protracted demise of the Windmill and that noble theatre's studied depersonalization of sex, strip has come a long way. Now everything that is anatomically mobile is shaked, rattled and rolled at the delighted audience. Costumes are original, expensive and pieced together with numerous working, and of course removable, parts that recall the precision tooling of an engineer. In the end *everything* is removed and with a triumphant flourish, the soloist whisks away her G-string, traditionally the last protective fragment of dress.

Even *les Girls* are different. The theatre clubs never share or exchange talent. Their girls are contracted for one or more long-running shows and not allowed to appear elsewhere until the contract runs out. The smaller "continuous strip" joints may have one or two under contract but the majority draw their talent in toto from a continuous stream of circuit strippers who dash from club to club.

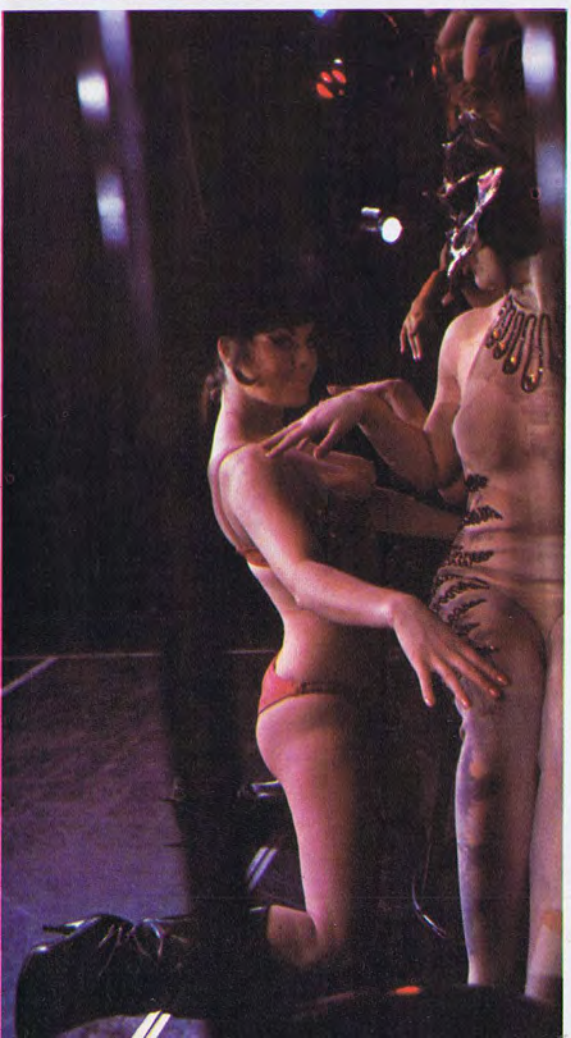
In Britain, where erotic entertainment generally lacks the gusto and imagination of its continental counterparts, men of every age,

More after-dark luminaries: aquatic Mandy Meyer (top left), betressed Lady Flam, feline Jan Carson (opposite page). Revuebar production scene (below) is "Fiesta", and at right "Girls in the Breeze."







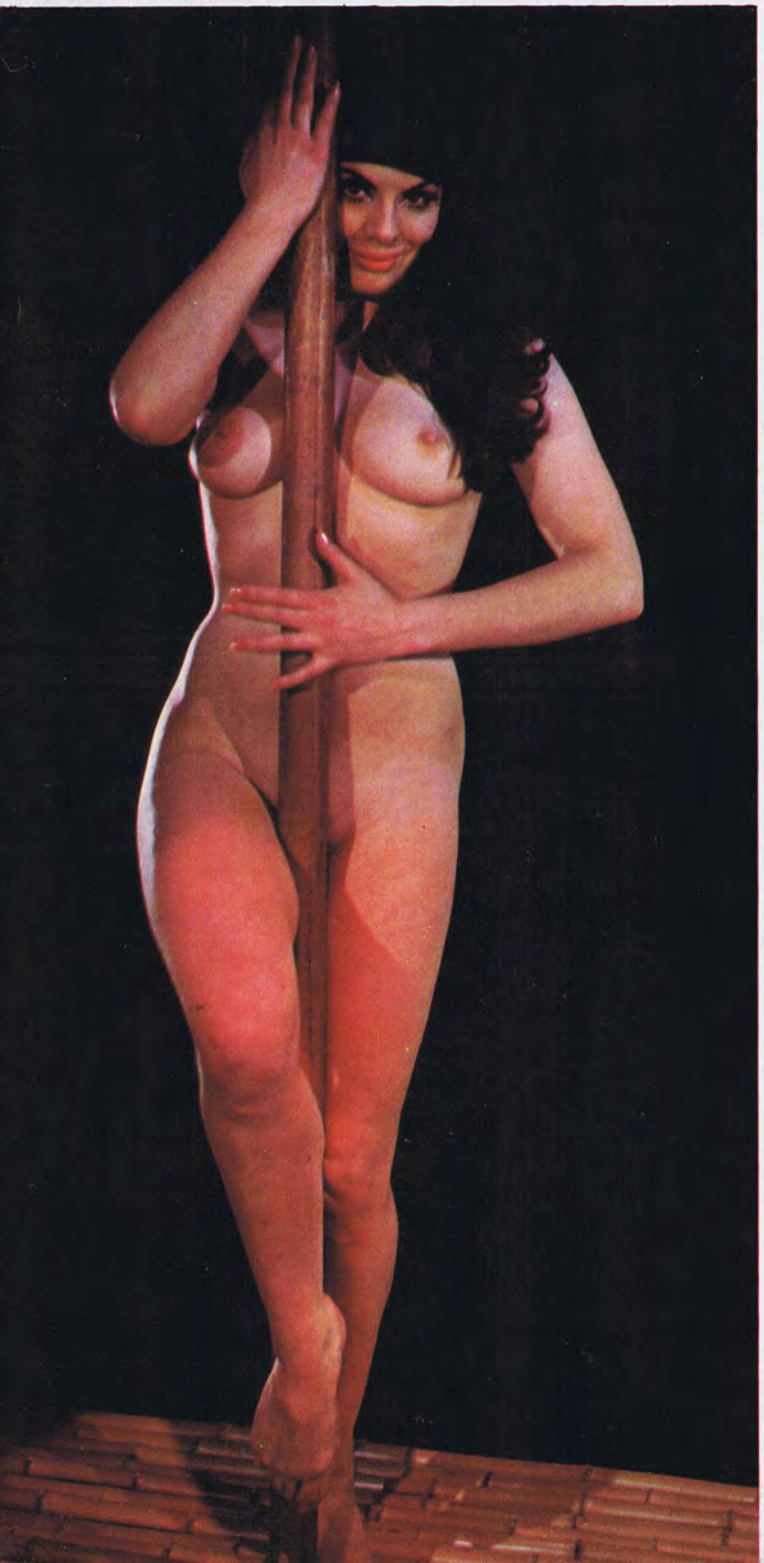














every socio-economic group, every emotional and intellectual inclination pay homage, at one point or another, to the fantasy world of strip. Semi-clad nymphettes, drawn and motivated by lights, music, humor and the inescapable cash economy of sex, provide the repository into which a thousand incandescent desires are poured nightly. But the success of strip—particularly on the London-Soho circuit—remains in its ability to create sexual illusion on a non-involvement non-participating basis. The urge is forced outward and upward—projected in larger-than-life super widescreen Erotovision.

At the Raymond Revuebar the action is an amalgam of fun and fetish, humor and eroticism. Paul Raymond, the Revuebar's owner, entrepreneur and chief host, enlarges the male dream—blowing it up out of all proportion to the finite urge. The result, as our exclusive pictures show, is entertainment—big, bangled and bosomy.

At the other end of the spectrum, Soho's lesser clubs pander to the urge, embrace it in terminal proximity to a small, audience-engulfed stage. Here the feedback is motor-nerved rather than illusory; the screen shatters into a self-conscious smaller-than-life *happening*—more subjective than objective, more flesh than fantasy.



Cagebird (opposite) is Tami Sabra, and other contortions are by Jan Carson, seen also below with Adele Warren. Touch of horse sense (right) pairs Adele with Rahni the Amazing Horse.

These small-time wheel-and-peel operators merchandize sex on a strictly ovarian level. Routines are blatantly ill-conceived, badly costumed, and unimaginatively lit. The girls, many of whom flit between four and five different clubs nightly, make little or no pretext of dancing. Their act consists of maximum exposure with minimum art, effort and loss of time. They pantomime taut episodes of love, often veering on the violent, rapist and sado-masochistic themes, and invariably finish in the throes of simulated orgasm. The atmosphere has a kind of furtive, boiler-room flavor and the client leaves with the uncomfortable feeling that he has bought and paid for something he cannot take away. If he is slightly ashamed it is because—for a moment, at least—he participated, he *bought* the dream. The realization that he was exploited rather than entertained is only a few short steps away.

Stark spectacle (right) as Rose Wang does her Revuebar version of limbo dance. (Below): curvaceous Carol Ryva.





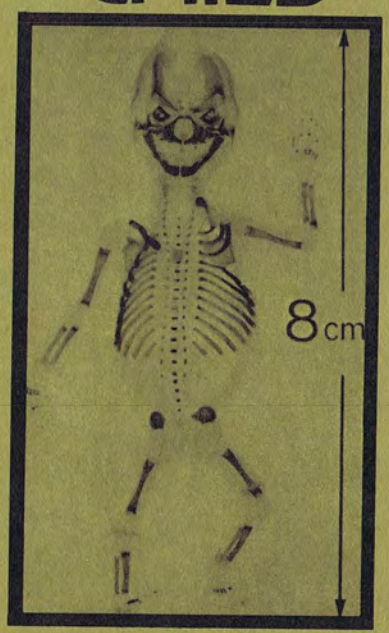




"Birth is not a beginning . . . the true beginning is at conception. Birth is more nearly a bridge between two stages of life and, although the bridge is not a long one, a child crosses it slowly, so that his body may be ready when he steps off at the far end."

Ashley Montagu, *Life before birth.*

SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD



by Roman Rechnitz Limner

Can coitus in pregnancy injure the growing embryo? Latest evidence links the moment of orgasm with oxygen starvation and contractions of the womb. This condensation from a significant book surveys the physiological data pointing to these conditions as a cause of birth defects. Did you know, for instance, that many aborting women who restrict intercourse when pregnant achieve healthy deliveries?

extracted from *Sex and the Unborn Child,* published by Julian Press Inc., New York, $6.95

Few males of the animal world would ever think of approaching a pregnant female sexually, and even the primates closest to man practise this abstention. But Western men and women yield to the pleasure of the moment, not thinking of the possible damage they may do to the unborn. And they are given no guidance. There is no body of scientific knowledge on the subject, and a search of publications on pregnancy provides little information except for mentioning the psychological dangers of abstinence to the marriage relationship. Only recently have scientists dared to even investigate the physiological mechanisms of the sex act.

Doctors today delineate embryonic heartbeat and brain patterns; they study mental retardation, the chemical causes of schizophrenia, and injury to the fetus via the mother through smoking, infection, poor diet, and intake of drugs. But no one has yet given a definitive answer to the simple question of whether parents should or should not have intercourse during pregnancy, particularly in the crucial first months when, science tells us, all the important body structures and organs are growing. Subhuman animals need no advice on this subject; they merely abstain throughout pregnancy.

Emotional disturbances in the pregnant woman may affect both the structural and psychological development of her unborn child. Chemical changes within the mother's body are passed on to him via her circulation and through the placenta to his bloodstream. These are not always harmful and may merely increase his activity, causing a slight decrease in his birth weight. But extreme emotion can harm his development if it happens to come at a critical period and coincides with some inherited tendency.

Children born of seriously disturbed mothers frequently show psychological and psychosomatic irritability after birth. There is also scientific evidence suggesting that a baby's nervous system can become permanently sensitized in reaction to the chemicals released during his mother's emotional upsets. Scientists believe that these chemicals may even affect the reproductive system itself and cause miscarriages or sterility. Studies also show that emotional disturbances during the first ten weeks of pregnancy may be responsible for cleft palates. Since the palate bones grow at this time, nervous hyperactivity, leading to excesses in certain hormones, may affect the formation of the palate.

Sheltered from the world by his briny bath and his mother's body, the child still isn't completely isolated from the world around him. He feels his mother's every move. Her breathing and heartbeat, whether she is walking slowly or running fast, stimulate his skin. But it is not only her activities that affect him; the temperature, pressure, noise, vibrations, pollution in the air, and even the season leave their mark on him. How he will react depends partly on his temperament and strength.

> "Emotional disturbances in the pregnant woman may result in cleft palate"



Bathed in amniotic fluid the unborn child has no contact with the atmosphere and must depend on his mother to breathe for him. The oxygen so essential to his survival and to the orderly development of his body is carried in his mother's blood and reaches him through the filtering system of the placenta. This placenta is a remarkable structure that allows just enough oxygen—and no more—to pass through it to supply the child's needs. Slowly the oxygen molecules pass from the mother's system through the complicated branches of the placenta and, finally, through the umbilical cord. They travel directly to the primitive heart and by-pass the respiratory system (which develops last and has no function until the baby is born). From there they are pumped through this tiny body to feed the rapidly growing tissues. Breathing for the fetus, the placenta removes the baby's waste products. Any drop in the oxygen content of the mother's blood impairs its activity—the fetus is completely dependent on his mother. It can be assumed, therefore, that certain actions and reactions on the mother's part might have some adverse effect on the fetus.

Whether intercourse during pregnancy can of itself harm the developing human being is one of the gaps in scientific knowledge, and couples must turn for advice to the published sociologists and psychologists. Their position, as exponents of Western culture, is that the preservation of a marriage is more important than the fate of the unborn child.

Carl T. Javert, author of the study *Spontaneous & Habitual Abortion,* believes the main reasons for curtailing sexual activities are: (**1**) some miscarriages follow intercourse; (**2**) habitual abortion patients have frequent orgasm, which may be responsible for the loss of the fetus; (**3**) 25% of abortion specimens come from newly-weds (first pregnancies), who are more sexually active; (**4**) unmarried mothers seldom miscarry as there is no husband, and generally, no further sex.

How many babies are born defective? One in every 200 has an abnormality so severe that he dies at birth or shortly thereafter, and one in every 100 lives with such crippling defects as mongolism or heart disease. To these statistics can be added such defects as cerebral palsy and certain types of mental retardation that are not obvious in the baby's first years. And to go further and include all still-births and miscarriages (where the baby could have been born defective) and minor abnormalities such as birthmarks, the shocking finding, says Joan Gould, is that from one-tenth to one-third of all pregnancies are abnormal.

Over 5,500,000 Americans are mentally retarded, according to the White House Conference on Mental Retardation. This is almost 3% of the present population in the United States. People with an IQ of under 70 are members of this category and at the present

birth rate about 126,000 defectives are being added to the population annually.

To what can we attribute these defective births?

The master computer has for its fuel oxygen, and without it all the circuits burn out. The breakdown is gradual, but once it reaches a certain point irreversible damage is done to the whole nervous system. How long can the brain live without oxygen? Writing in such diverse publications as the *Saturday Review, American Heart Journal,* and the *British Journal of Obstetrics & Gynaecology,* some scientists say four seconds without it can cause severe damage, while others believe that the tissues can recover after as much as ten minutes of oxygen starvation. But there is universal agreement on one point: that this lack of oxygen during the prenatal period when the embryo or fetus' brain is developing is the commonest cause of mental defects. For once a nerve or brain cell is destroyed the loss is permanent and the body cannot build a new one.

During sexual arousal the abdominal muscles may contract with considerable force, Masters & Johnson found, often with spasmodic jerks that can rock the whole body. Watching the uterine musculature in action through their scientific instruments, they found that the organ reacts as a whole, the patterns of contraction resembling those of first-stage labor.

What, then, happens to the child-to-be when the uterus contracts under sexual stimulation? His oxygen supply is decreased and the resultant anoxia can cause damage. Clinical observation of the woman's spasms during climax also shows, according to the Kinsey report on females, that at the orgasmic moment she is suffering from an inadequate supply of oxygen. Then what of the unborn child?

Scientists have not yet determined the specific oxygen needs of the fetus, but members of a symposium on the subject agreed that such needs are far greater because of his environment than those of adults. And he not only needs more oxygen but is less able to tolerate extreme variations—too much can be as damaging as too little. For this reason, a pregnant woman should never be given pure oxygen, only that diluted with small amounts of carbon dioxide.

The unborn child can't breathe faster or deeper. This makes measuring the response of his cardiovascular system more important, and indeed there has been a great deal of research in the past few years on changes in fetal heart rate. But the time-honored method of listening for heart sound, at present the best available method for diagnosing oxygen starvation, is crude compared with some of the new techniques in other fields. And finding a slow heartbeat is a late sign of anoxia anyway. Fetal electrocardiographic techniques have not yet been perfected enough to be clinically helpful. While doctors believe such records are interesting, they are of no help to the dying fetus or the doctor trying to save him.

> "The commonest cause of mental deficiency is lack of oxygen while the child is in the womb"



That intra-uterine anoxia places a terrible strain on the unborn child's cardiovascular system has been proved in many studies by the finding of enlarged hearts in severely anoxic newborn infants. But there is little knowledge of the actual hemodynamics in the human fetus, as there is in sheep fetus, partly because of the difficulty of studying the fetoplacental circulation in homo sapiens. In a 1968 study by Prague doctors of the bloodflow through the cord immediately after the birth of 18 infants who suffered intra-uterine oxygen starvation, a relationship was found between the decrease in flow and the seriousness of the anoxia—the more severe the hypoxia, the less the flow. That this phenomenon must have been present before birth is believed, but no information is now available on when the anoxia started.

It is lack of oxygen that is the scientifically documented cause of the greatest number of defectives. In retracting the growth of the fertilized ovum it is apparent that a cutoff of oxygen at the important moments of cell division when the child is being formed can cause malformation. Five to six weeks after conception, when the face and eyes are growing, a jolt or a chemical change may cause blindness or harelip. Around this same time, or a little later, the future child is developing a heart, lungs and brain. The brain—the organ whose development raised man above the beast—is the most susceptible and easily injured organ of the body. What happens to this brain is only gauged after the damage is done.

Unfortunately, because of the small number of pregnant women studied by Masters & Johnson, what happens during sexual activities that can scar the embryo is still a matter of individual interpretation. But it *was* found from observing their six volunteers that pregnant women react physiologically to sexual stimulation differently from non-pregnant women.

In questioning 111 women and 79 married men, Masters & Johnson attempted to find how a women feels about sex during pregnancy. Reactions ranged from complete refusal to deliberate prostitution by one unmarried women who hoped it would "cause an abortion". During the first trimester 26 of the 43 women carrying their first child felt that intercourse would injure him, but couldn't bring themselves to admit their fear to their husbands. Many of the women with children—those most unlikely to worry—also felt a general loss of sexual interest. During the second trimester sexual interest was reawakened in most of the women. Of the six observed during natural and artificial coition and manual and mechanical automanipulation, all complained of various painful after-effects. Contractions from orgasm induced by manipulation in the first trimester were measured as particularly severe.

While man can force himself to stay up nights and sleep days, dealing with sex is a more difficult problem. Society

has provided a pattern of sex behaviour for the brain, but the cortex still receives and transmits sensory stimuli in the animal way. These stimuli and the changes they cause in the human body are the subject of the new science of sex physiology which blossomed in 1966 with the publication of the Masters & Johnson study. Until then there had been no large-scale physiological study of the subject, though Alfred Kinsey and Havelock Ellis had made some impressive observations.

Now it has been found that what the sexually aroused human animal feels—a racing pulse, a thumping heart, and a gasping for breath—are only signs of many changes throughout the body. At the beginning of intercourse, muscular activity is controlled, but soon man loses his head and his abdominal and pelvic movements become so rapid that they sometimes cannot be seen by the naked eye. Here again man behaves like other mammals. Kinsey believed that these musclar contractions and spasms, particularly those just before orgasm, resemble epileptic seizures. And some epileptics report that they occasionally do have an orgasm during an attack.

Nearing orgasm, the human animal appears tortured. His facial distortions, including expanded nostrils, open mouth, and pursed lips, illustrate the highly keyed organism's struggle for oxygen to feed his body's increased demands. Every physiologist and neurologist knows that nervous and muscular tensions can add up until they reach a climax. But sexual biologists still have no idea of the processes involved in the sudden discharge of these tensions in the sex act. Kinsey remarked: "There is only one other phenomenon, namely sneezing, which is physiologically close in its summation and explosive discharge of tension. Sneezing is, however, a localized event, while sexual orgasm involves the whole of the reacting body."

The struggle for breath is the heart's way of showing that it needs more oxygen to feed the body's network of vessels and capillaries. Breathing becomes deeper and faster during intercourse as the human animal fights to get enough oxygen to feed his highly-tensed tissues. Finally this battle is interrupted by the gasps of orgasm and the collapse of the lungs. After orgasm some people pass out and others say they are "out of focus." These effects are due to anoxia, for the body just can't get enough oxygen.

Sexual biologists who have studied the pulse and breathing rates of female rats, rabbits, monkeys, cows, cats, and chimpanzees conclude that they have the same orgasmic experience as the human animal and after intercourse can also be immediately responsive again. Other scientists believe that woman occupies a special place in the animal kingdom and is the only female to reach sexual climax. But if that were really true, why would female mammals also possess an organ of stimulation—the clitoris?

> "Any mistakes in the first three months, when the embryo is formed, may leave a permanent mark"



Sex—man's starring role—makes him feel for a moment that he is one with the universe. If his wife happens to feel the same way, together they can reach paradise on this earth faster than by any other route. But when they choose to have a baby (and today it's pretty much by choice) they should do more than plan for his layette and college education. The embryo, linked to his mother by fragile strands of tissue, is utterly dependent on her. If there are any mistakes—too little oxygen or too much, excess hormones flooding him by his mother's anxiety, and actual traumas that shake and shatter the frail membranes—they may leave a permanent mark. A doctor can't repair a feeble mind or a fractured nervous system. The first three months, when the embryo is formed, are the most important, but during the rest of the pregnancy he is liable to shock and nervous-system damage because of his dependence on his oxygen lifeline. Perhaps the most important finding in a large percentage of stillborns is amniotic debris in the lungs. Doctors conclude this is a sign that asphyxia or *another* unusual stimulus occurred, and that the fetus tried to fight for life. Animal studies show that spontaneous breathing motions from the developing fetus are more frequent early in pregnancy than near birth.

Together the parents must realize that their child is more important than the moment of orgasm. Even when the parents-to-be are interested enough to consult their doctors on intercourse during pregnancy, most physicians have no definite information for the inquiring couple, except to caution them about cleanliness in order to avoid infection. Perhaps the infant science of fetology, as yet only a few years old, will be able to provide information some day. Studying and keeping alive that which is already formed, it has advanced to the point where babies in utero are now given transfusions and their chemical environment is analyzed.

Centuries-old embryology, studying aborted fetuses and performing autopsies, searches for an understanding of how the child develops. Why not a science of living embryology which will investigate the process of the embryo's formation and tip the scientific balance, taking decisions on the subject from the hands of sociologists and psychologists and putting them where they belong? The US Department of Health, Education and Welfare collects data on environment and psychological conditions of families with retarded children, as well as biological and genetic information. Now that Masters & Johnson have given the first scientific evidence of the physiologic effect of sexual activity, why doesn't this agency include in its evaluation a question on intercourse during pregnancy? With the development of science of living embryology maybe the most important part of the 266 days before birth will be studied and knowledgeable instruction given to couples on how their sexual activities affect the embryo's development.


JAN PARKER

COGNAC FOR THE COGNOSCENTE

A distilled digest for the diner-out

by
Lionel Braun

What is the best age for cognac? The late M. Geo. Roulet of Cognac, France, is reported to have said: "Cognac is like a woman. She is at her best between the ages of 25 and 40." To this one can only say that George knew and recognized that the spirit of cognac, like the spirit of the ladies, is perhaps the most wonderful potable ever recognized by the genius of real men.

Time makes a great cognac and the drinking of "eau de vie" has always been recognized as the symbol of richness and civilized living. The drinking of a glass of fine brandy, and sipping from a woman's lips are two of life's great luxuries, and both have powers of resuscitation that has been lauded for many generations.

"That's eight times today that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.
(Samuel Lover 1797-1868)

Strong but not violent, cognac is subtle and richly colored. Its body is trim and smooth, yet with a voluptousness and solidity that saturates the palate. It breathes the fragrance of blossoming vines during a French springtime, with the fleshiness of grapes that have ripened to full bloom. As in *Love's Philosophy* (1819), "In one spirit are taste that meet and mingle . . . for your taste gives it a notability like no other liquid known to man."

It is vital that we understand, at this point, that all cognac is brandy, but *not all brandies are cognac.*

The word brandy comes from the Dutch "brandewyn" or "burnt wine". Legend tells us that in the early 17th century, when several European wars were being waged, the Compagnie des Indes came up with a scheme to concentrate the wine, and thereby increase cargo space on ships. Thus this distilled wine which could ship more cheaply and travel indefinitely would be reconstituted when it arrived in Holland. So the trade began in "vin brulé" or cognac, and it became a means of ballast, bribe and barter. History tells us, too, that as early as the 14th century Villeneuve talked "of eau de vie" and a knight named Croix-Maron supposedly popularized "vin brulé" when he proclaimed: "When I cook my wines, I have found their soul."

Cognac is a brandy distilled from wines made only within the limits of the Charente and Charente Inférieure boundaries of southwestern France. The art of its production is an ancient one which calls for batch distillation and redistillation in primitive copper potstills, which require constant supervision on the part of the man operating the still. From the stills the cognac is put to sleep in casks hewn of cured oak taken from the nearby forests at Limousin.

There are two white wine grapes used in producing cognac: the Folle-Blanche and the St. Emilion, with the latter variety achieving prominence today because it is more prolific and less likely to be attacked by cold.

The vineyards of the Cognac district are divided into six classes and all are aged separately:

Grande Champagne
Petite Champagne
Borderies
Fins Bois
Bons Bois
Bois Ordinaires

A brandy from Grande Champagne is fine though more pungent, heavier and will age slowly. The brandy from Petite Champagne ages fairly rapidly. A bottle of cognac marked "Grande Champagne" is the finest. Fine Champagne should be a 50/50 blend of Grande and Petite; while Grande Fine is a blend containing more distillate from the Grande than Petite. The lesser brandies are made with the quicker aging and softer blends taken from the Fins Bois and Bons Bois.

Because mellowness and richness of color come only from cask aging, this phase of the process is as important as any in the production of cognac. The wood from the Limousin oak is of critical importance, and only this oak will serve the aging purpose. American oak imparts a bitter taste, and all others have comparable faults. After the oak is selected and seasoned for several seasons in sun and rain, it is formed into casks held by metal hoops. But no nail is ever pounded into the oak, for the slightest scrap of metal will blacken the aging cognac.

The process of aging and coloring cognac can never be rushed. Time, care and judgement are necessary. It is during this costly process of aging that cognac achieves its final quality and personality. Like some sleeping beauty it awakens, now smoothed down to about 40% by alcoholic content. Its unschooled youth has vanished. Now it stands endowed with wisdom, compatibility and *l'usage du monde.*

In former days cognac was sold in the village square on market day. Tasters

for the established old firms such as Hennessy had their traditional spot under a tree or in a corner of the square, and those with cognac to sell handed the taster a sample. He either bought, if a price could be agreed on, or he refused it. Today, while buying may be less colorful, it is essentially unchanged.

The Sniffing Glass

Like the best wine . . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.

The glass used most correctly is not the Hollywood variety of big-bellied small-mouthed balloons in which cognac is often pictured. There are two main objections to this type of glass. Firstly, unless you derive some vicarious sensation from bountiful sizes, this glass is too big to warm easily and naturally with the palm of the hand. Secondly, the bouquet emitted through the narrow mouth of this type of glass is too concentrated. So, the ideal glass for cognac is medium-sized and tulip-shaped. You can warm it handily by the palm, and the aroma floats out of the opening.

Never fill the glass, because the bouquet will be lost. Instead pour until the glass is one-third filled. Turn your glass so that the cognac is twirled and its vapors mix even more with the air in the glass. This movement helps the bouquet to come out at full flower, and fully awakened.

"Awake oh North wind, and come thou south.
"Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
"Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits."
(The Song of Solomon)

Your palate tells the story, and your sense of smell should of course distinguish the virtues as well as the faults of the cognac, but only the palate can give the full sense of the body, balance and plenitude of the amber liquid.

At the venerable Hennessy establishment, with which I am familiar, I can only think of Ogden Nash's words: "They have such refined and delicate palates". There are some tasters who from December to Easter taste every morning an average of 60 different cognacs. Curiously, this vigorous exercising of the nose and palate does not exhaust either organ. Even more remarkable, after a long day's tasting, my friends end a good French dinner—by drinking a fine cognac. But this time it is done for pleasure and, instead of neutralizing their minds as they do when tasting, they give their imagination full play.

What does it all mean, a bottle with those twinkling stars in a row? The origin is uncertain; it may be the Year of the Comet (1811) or because it was a year of great wines in France. However, the following two years were also bountiful, and so two more stars were added. Except for astrologers, the stars have lost their usual glow. Three stars usually identify a brandy as being at least three years old, sometimes ten or twenty. And because of the "Star System" we must rely upon the integrity and reputation of a fine shipper.

England, which has always been the major cognac consumer, found words and letters much merrier. The more the letters, the merrier was Olde England, and so this spirited eye-chart came into being:

V = Very
O = Old
S = Superior
P = Pale
F = Fine
R = Rare
E = Especially
X = Extra

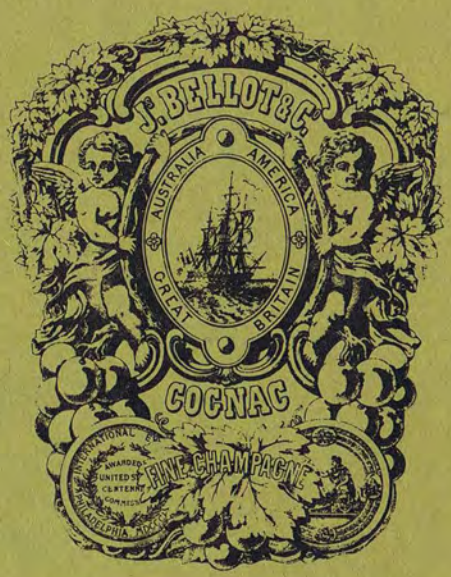
Put them all together and they spell VOSPFREX.

When I talk of cognac or liqueurs, both superb endings to any meal, I must take my cue from the French. For whenever I talk of the French or hear French spoken as I like it, I feel myself quietly falling in love. As civilized man cannot live without food or love, I offer some of my favourite gourmet dishes. One a dessert with a distinctive flavor and bouquet that I have enjoyed at Le Mistral, a fine restaurant in New York. The entrée recipes are from the Hennessy Family Chef, who holds court in Charente, France. SEE OVERLEAF

A Gift of the Earth

Some of the cognac bottles shipped from France are destined for the royal courts of Europe and for the Near and Far East; others go to those of simpler station in life but who have discriminating taste. After all, cognac is for those who cherish the "little luxuries" that enrich our lives. It is a gift of the earth, perfected by the infinite ingenuity of men.

Whether it is drunk in a cocktail, or straight after a satisfying meal, or as a long drink mixed with soda during the evening, or as a stimulant recommended by one's physician, cognac is treasured by the most eminent people of our times.





FLAMING CHICKEN HENNESSY

4 chicken breasts
salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste
½ cup (one stick) butter
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped green pepper
½ cup chopped onion
2 egg yolks
1 cup light cream
1 teaspoon thyme
1 teaspoon tarragon
½ cup Hennessy Cognac

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. Season the breasts with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Heat the butter, add the chicken breasts and brown lightly. Transfer to a baking dish. Add the vegetables to the fat remaining in the pan and cook gently until wilted. Sprinkle over the chicken.

Combine the egg yolks, cream, thyme and tarragon. Cook in a small saucepan over low heat until slightly thickened. Pour over the chicken and vegetables and bake until the chicken is done, about 15 minutes.

Before serving, pour warmed Hennessy Cognac over the top. Ignite at the table.

Yield: Four servings.

SOUFFLE GRAND MARNIER

(Served at Le Mistral, New York)

This is an entirely different type of soufflé and one which is light and exciting and a triumph for the cook. Beat 8 egg yolks with 2/3 cup of sugar over hot water in the upper part of a double boiler until the mixture makes a ribbon when held up and allowed to pour back into the saucepan. It should have the consistency of a zabaglione. Add approximately 1/2 cup Grand Marnier. Transfer the mixture to a bowl of cracked ice and continue beating over ice until the mixture has cooled. Beat 10 egg whites until they are firm but not dry and add a pinch of cream of tartar. Fold into the yolk-sugar mixture and blend thoroughly but lightly. Pour into a buttered and sugared soufflé dish and bake in a 400-degree oven 12 or 15 minutes or until risen and delicately browned. Serve at once.

TOMATOES CHARENTAIS

5-6 beefsteak tomatoes
⅓ cup olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh basil
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
2 tablespoons Hennessy Cognac

Peel and thinly slice the tomatoes and arrange on a serving dish. Combine remaining ingredients and dribble over tomatoes. Let stand for at least 15 minutes before serving. Serves 4.

BRANDY BASICS

Cognac: All cognac is brandy but not all brandy is cognac. Only brandy produced within the legally defined area of Cognac in France may, by law, be called cognac brandy.

Age: Brandy does not age in a bottle; it will age only in a cask.

Napoleon Brandy: Napoleon brandy is commercially non-existent; it is solely an advertising phrase.

★★★: There is no meaning whatsoever behind the number of stars on a bottle. In fact there is no limit to the number of stars that can be used. The brand name is the only sure indication of quality.

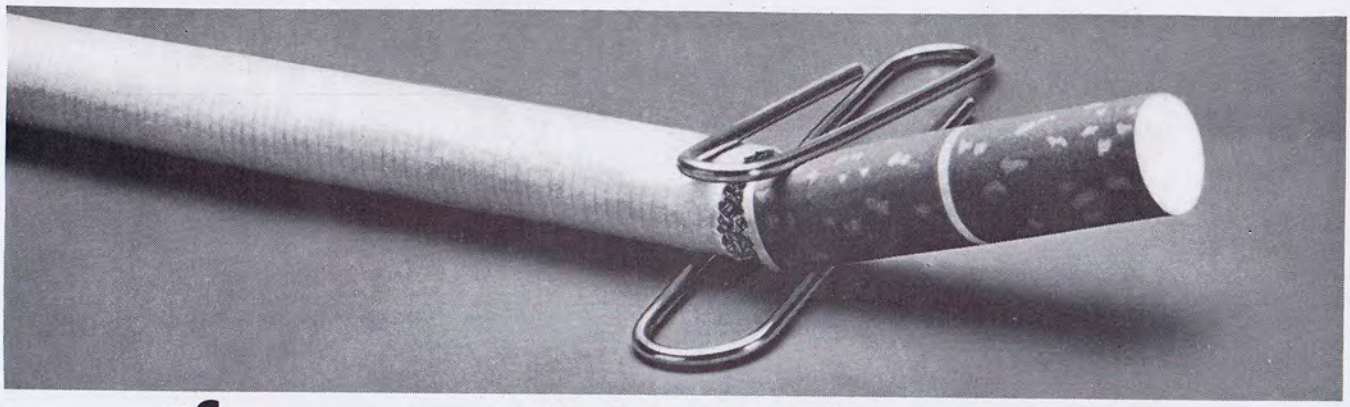
V.S.O.P.: Means "Very Special Old Pale".

Liqueur Brandy: Liqueur cognac is no different from ordinary cognac except that it has been aged longer in cask.

Stocks: The more barrels of old cognac a firm has in stock, the older and more consistent will be its blends.

Color: The color of brandy is derived from the oak barrel in which it has been aged.

Glasses: The brandy balloon glass is ideal for enjoying cognac brandy. It should, however, be small enough to fit into the palm of the hand, thereby allowing the natural warmth of the hand to warm the brandy, so encouraging the fumes to rise to the restricted neck of the glass to be appreciated by the nose.



If you could put Tareyton's charcoal filter on your cigarette, you'd have a better cigarette.



But not as good as a Tareyton.

"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"





100's or king size.

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GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER



Biological law defied



Shaving technique defined



Waistline electronically exercised

Ugly Americans abolished



COOL IT WITH FRAGRANCE

Princess Nyeela (see Nermin Ozunsal), undisputed queen of the bellydancers, just chalked up an impressive year of star billings: Las Vegas Flamingo, San Juan Sheraton, New York Roundtable. The young Turkish delight is unique for several reasons. She's one of the few bellydance artistes anywhere who's really from Istanbul, Turkey, and she has a passport to prove it. Also, she doesn't sweat.

Considering moisture on a tossing tummy to be unsightly under hot show lights, Princess Nyeela has trained herself to stay cool while dancing. By not sweating, she defies all biological law, and how she manages it remains her secret. Less talented souls, still faced with the many problems of sweat, can only turn to a sea of aromatic fragrance now being marketed for help.

From Fabergé comes **Brut** spray for men, an aerosol version of that company's dry, distinguished all-purpose lotion for after shaving, after shower—after anything. It's bottled in a classic green decanter, crested and capped in silver, and its instant mist, ease and speed reflect today's fast tempo($5.00). Also new from Fabergé is **Frozen Cologne** ($2.50). What sounds like it might be presented at the end of an ice-cream stick is actually packaged in a lightweight capsule that can't be spilled or broken. Frozen Cologne pushes up from the bottom for fast easy application.

Another distinctive package, Revlon's **Pub after-shave** features a large, genuine burnt-cork cap for that extra masculine touch. If you try hard enough, the burnt black stuff will come off on your hands and on your clean white shirt for a subtle aura of manliness. The smell inside the bottle is all he-man too, and sells for $6.00.

A new product from GAF Cooper Laboratories: oatmeal soap.

For subtle, sexy advertising, we've always been fond of Love Cosmetics' gentle, dewy-eyed suggestiveness. Made by Menley & James, the same people who produce all those tiny time pills, Love Cosmetics are available only in drugstores and, at present, only for women. The late flash is that the Love company is now considering a line of men's toiletries. The idea being that whenever you're off on a hot date you can always dash off to the corner drugstore for a bottle of after-shave.

EXIT THE UGLY AMERICAN

For years American men in foreign countries could be spotted five blocks away—heavy thick-soled shoes, white socks, bow ties, loud shirts and louder jackets, all tangled up in camera straps.

This past summer is down on the books as one of the biggest travel seasons in history. (Italy alone counted four million foreign noses in four months, an all-time tourist record.) A fact noticed during this time was that the "Ugly American" is becoming a thing of the past. The American male now moves at a smart, sophisticated clip. He has a new image, a new manner and distinct individual style.

Today, whether strolling Via Veneto or Champs-Elysées, in South America or South Borneo, the traveling American travels well. New scientifically made lighter-weight fabrics allow him to take more clothes with him when he's on the go. A much broader acceptance of foreign fashions in the United States, particularly British, French and

Italian, has given his wardrobe a more universal image. His slip-on shoes show the Italian influence. His boaty blue blazer is British.

On the resort scene American men have stepped out ahead in design innovations. In such chic spots as Acapulco or Puerta Vallarta the standard resort dinner jacket was tossed aside for a more informal "formal" look. A dress shirt is worn tieless with the tails outside the trousers and no jacket. Slip-on shoes are worn without socks.

In resort areas such as the British Bahamas, where formal clothes are required as often as two or three times a week in most hotels, the bland, white dinner jacket has been replaced by a full range of colors. In fact, a white dinner jacket on anyone now makes the wearer look like he's off to a wedding or a high school prom.

THE 19-SECOND SHAVER

Richard Crux, 25, bachelor, 6ft 8ins tall, a computer programmer for a London-based mining company, holds the world record for fast shaving—19 seconds. His advice to all men who like to sleep a little longer in the morning is to use lather sparingly and don't over-lubricate the blade. Also use long strokes rather than short, choppy ones. His recent tour of the United States to present shaving demonstrations was sponsored by Personna Electro-coated blades. Of course, he recommends those too.

ANYONE FOR THE CHAIN GANG?

From the American Institute of Men's & Boys' Wear, busy dispenser of facts on fashions: chain belts are achieving wide popularity, mostly worn over shirts and jackets at hip-height. Now the chains are appearing in suspenders . . . While the most popular leather for formal footwear is patent leather, there are new pumps in the stores of gunmetal leather, trimmed with a huge velvet bow . . . Watch for the growing popularity of authentic tartan plaids in slacks for both men and boys . . . Important trend for the next few seasons is the safari look: bush jackets and shirts.

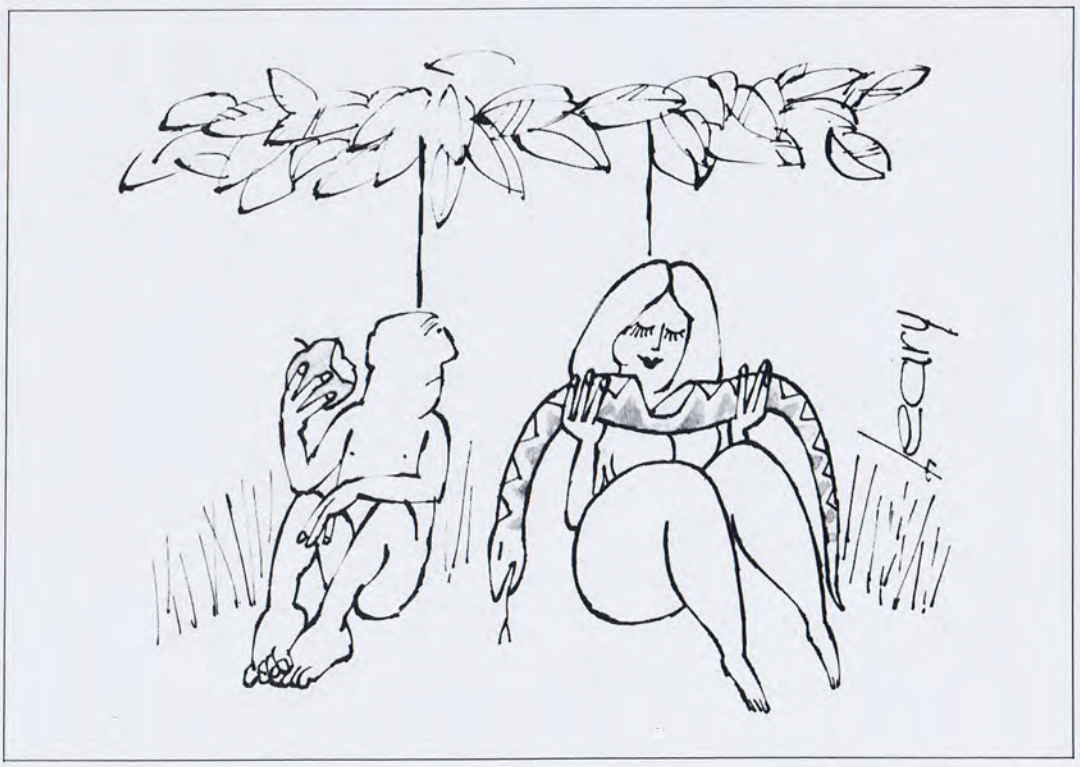
SWITCH ON AND SLIM DOWN

Nils Shapiro, associate publisher of Penthouse, has been running his own Good Housekeeping test laboratory of sorts. For the past few weeks he's been wearing a tricky little gadget called **Dynabelt,** an invisible electronic exerciser that you wear under your clothes, next to your skin. He assures us it works. Dynabelt helps you to lose inches around your waist or hips, without losing weight. All you do is press a hidden dial a few times a day, and you're exercising. Zipped inside the belt is a transistorized, battery-operated power source that sends out a steady stream of tiny electronic impulses that cause your muscles to exercise effortlessly. The belt itself weighs less than six ounces; it's flat and compact, so—unless she's really up close—nobody will ever know that you have it on. Dynabelt, which comes in three sizes, is priced at about $70.

If you're the sort who feels guilty about trimming off inches at the press of a button, you might try jogging at home. The **Abercrombie Indoor Jogger** (about $60) is billed as "the very first of its kind." A metal, track-like exerciser, it provides all the cardio-pulmonary effects of outdoor jogging. Six exercise periods a day are recommended (three in the am, three in the pm) and, as the A. & F. folks add, "these few minutes a day cannot take second priority to any excuse of the moment, as happens with regular outdoor joggers." You've been duly warned.

USE A TIRE, LOSE A TIRE

There's still one more way out for the firm-minded but soft-waisted. Larry Mathews' new **Slim Wheel** looks like nothing more than a tiny tire with a stick stuck through it. All you do is lean over and roll the wheel back and forth on the floor five times a day. Hardly takes any exertion (says Mr Mathews), but these few minutes of scientifically directed action are claimed to equal as much as a half-hour of agonizing sit-ups. What it amounts to is using one tire to get rid of another.



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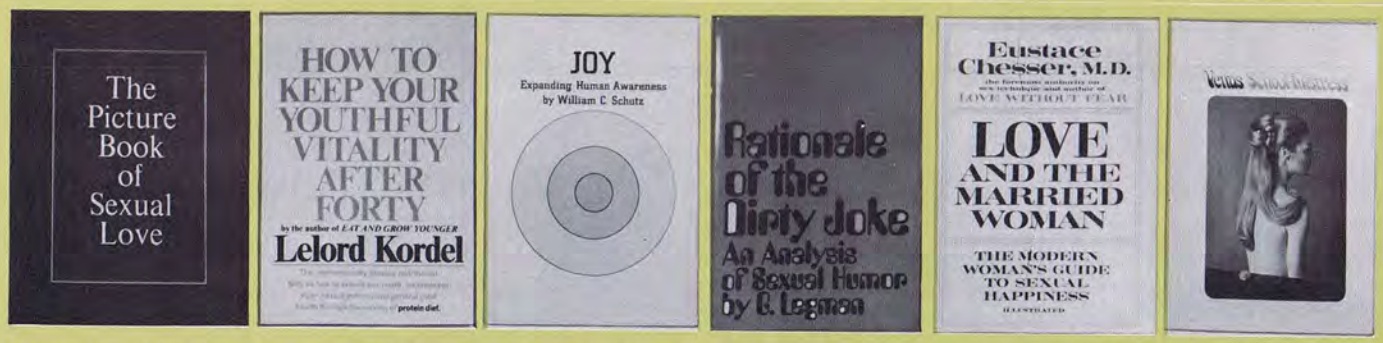
A HISTORY OF EROTICISM. *Ove Brusendorff and Paul Henningsen.* An illustrated study of eroticism and sex in the Victorian age, from shocking novels and open prostitution to its disastrous urge towards the same sex. **Members' price: $5.10.**

CASEBOOK OF A CRIME PSYCHIATRIST. *James A. Brussel, M.D. Intro by Gerald Frank.* The Mad Bomber; The Wylie Murders; The Boston Strangler; The Coppolino Case, and other true adventures from the files of a man who is called "America's psychiatric Sherlock Holmes." Here are the fascinating processes of deduction he uses to help police track down murderers. **Members' price: $5.10.**

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EROTIC ART OF THE EAST. *Philip Rawson, curator of the Gulbenkian Museum of Oriental Art at the University of Durham (England).* Hidden from public view for centuries because of their sexual content, the erotic paintings and sculpture of India, the Islamic countries, China and Japan have long fascinated scholars the world over. This giant volume describes and illustrates the best of it, with hundreds of reproductions in monochrome and full color. **Members' price: $17.00.**



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SEXUAL MANEUVERS AND STRATAGEMS. *A. H. Chapman, M.D.* A noted psychiatrist's revealing study of the games people play in bed, with case histories that guide the reader through all aspects of sexual satisfaction. Learn to recognize the *Constant Lover,* whose mating search is never over, and the *Mantrap,* the coy lady who adds zest to her life by having her lover get caught by her husband. **Members' price: $5.10.**

THE ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND FAMILY RELATIONS. *Carroll Righter.* Will you be able to live in harmony with your prospective mate? Which factors in her personality and yours are likely to cause friction and tragedy? Here is a detailed guide to getting along with men and women of all zodiac signs. A must for all serious stargazers. **Members' price: $4.00.**

LOVE AND THE MARRIED WOMAN: *The Modern Woman's Guide to Sexual Happiness. Eustace Chesser, M.D., author of "Love Without Fear."* A frank and informative look at women's virginity, frigidity, impatience with "bedroom boredom", and guilt about extramarital lovers. In authoritative detail, the author explains what men should know about women in order to deepen their own sexual power and satisfaction. Complete with 20 illustrations of sexual positions; anatomical drawings of male and female genitalia, and true case histories. **Members' price: $5.90.**

RATIONALE OF THE DIRTY JOKE: *An Analysis of Sexual Humor. C. Legman.* For the first time in the history of the subject, what our society calls "dirty jokes" are presented and analyzed according to what they mean to the people who tell them, and to the people who listen and laugh. Over 2,000 jokes and folktales are included without expurgation. A treasury for the serious student and to enliven any party. **Members' price: $12.75.**

JOY: *Expanding Human Awareness. Dr. William C. Schultz.* A leading group psychologist describes revolutionary new techniques for preserving one's identity amid the pressures of mass society. Fully described are the "group seminar" experiments held at Big Sur, which captured national attention. **Members' price: $4.70.**

VENUS SCHOOLMISTRESS. In the tradition of "My Secret Life," "A Man and a Maid," and "The Pearl," here is a collection of fiction, verse, drama and philosophy on the subject of flagellation. Originally published in 1788, it has become a sought-after classic of its kind. **Members' price: $4.00.**

EROS IN LA BELLE ÉPOQUE. *Patrick Waldberg.* The three decades from 1880 to 1910 comprised the age of the can-can, the first nude theatrical pantomimes, Toulouse-Lautrec, narcissism, nymphomania, Lesbianism and sodomy, opium, ether and absinthe—these are what filled the heads of mustached and bearded daydreamers in the year 1900. Here is a history of the erotica of that time, spiced with delicious illustrations from the period. **Members' price: $8.50.**

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE. *Robert L. Harkel.* Seldom, if ever, has any book presented more beautifully and completely the variety of techniques available to men and women who wish to break down the barriers of sexual inhibition. In detailed informative text and 197 dramatic photographs (black-and-white and color), the author discusses such topics as: The Building of Sexual Power; Sexual Stimulation; Building Feminine Passion; Male Capacity; and Positions and Movement. A handsomely produced volume, and a definitive work on the subject. **Members' price: $12.75.**

THE MIDNIGHT PENTHOUSE. *Edited by Peter Haining.* A bumper holiday collection for the sophisticated reader's bedside table, featuring stories by some of the world's finest fiction writers, like Herman Wouk, Ray Bradbury, Norman Mailer, Budd Schulberg, John Gardner, Evan Hunter, H. E. Bates; interviews with leading personalities from the worlds of show business and the arts such as Simon Dee, Allen Ginsberg, Ken Dodd, Edna O'Brien, Peter Brook, Salvador Dali; special articles on the Hippie scene, erotic painting, drag queens, Havelock Ellis and the history of contraception; plus all the regular Penthouse features, including, of course, a selection of Penthouse Pets in color. **Members' price: $3.50.**

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Unforgettable Carry-on

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

Digest, he said, was happy to inform me that it stood ready to purchase my piece.

"The editor said there was, however, one thing to be done before the sale was final. A representative of the magazine must meet Laughing Beaver. This, the editor assured me, amounted to nothing more than a standard formality. No doubt I would be surprised, he said, but the 'Unforgettable Characters' feature was a ready target for unscrupulous cranks who just 'dreamed up' somebody in hopes of turning an easy dollar.

"The editor went on to say that *Reader's Digest* hardly expected a man of Laughing Beaver's Arcadian ways to make the trip to magazine headquarters in New York, but would he be willing to pole his dugout as far as, say, Ocklacoochie, a small settlement on the eastern edge of the 'Glades? If he would, *Reader's Digest* would arrange to fly a representative to meet him there.

"Well, you can imagine I read the letter with mixed emotions. On the one hand I was delighted, but on the other—I had to come up with a reasonable facsimile of Laughing Beaver or I was dead. I thought of hiring an actual Everglades Seminole, but they don't have blue eyes, and knowledge of the World's Great Literature isn't exactly their long suit. Several days passed. Slowly, glumly, I faced the fact that there was only one man for the job."

"*Yourself*!" I cried.

"Right," said Milligan.

In the midst of the Frugers, a middle-aged couple had essayed, with brazen anachronism, the Lindy Hop. He spun her away from him; their grip did not hold. Twirling violently, she skittered across the floor like a child's top and landed, giggling uncontrollably, in Milligan's lap.

"Cow!" he hissed, when the lady had returned to her partner. "Where was I?"

"There was only one man for the job—yourself."

"Which was true," said Milligan. "Physically, I was perfect. I have blue eyes and black hair. Also, I was about the right age and heavily tanned. I wrote back, expressing pleasure over the reception my piece had received, and said I was setting out that very morning for the 'Glades to find Laughing Beaver. I waited nine full days, using part of this time to assemble props. Then I wrote again, saying that my expedition had been harrowing but successful—I had found Laughing Beaver, and, after much persuasion, he had agreed to be at the Ocklacoochie dock at precisely five in the afternoon on a Friday. (I picked five o'clock because nobody's around these 'Glades settlements at that time of day—they're all back inland drinking in the bars.) I said that regretfully, an assignment would make it impossible for me to join them there—but perhaps, I added, with disarming honesty, this would make for a truer appraisal of my man.

"A telegram from *Reader's Digest* confirmed the place and time, and I went straight to Ocklacoochie, this time *for real*. I had six days to lose myself in the part, so to speak, and as it turned out, this wasn't one minute too long. You see, for the first five and three-quarter days, I couldn't manage to stand up and pole one of those frigging Indian dugouts without turning over. My first practice run was calamity. I'd just bought a dugout and some Seminole clothes. I explained to the locals that I was an actor warming up, which was kind of true. I'd no sooner put on my

'This number was a big soft open-face type blonde and—here comes the best part—one look and you knew that she was dumb, really dumb'

Seminole clothes and poled away from the dock (chock-a-block, by the way, with sniggering Seminoles) when I lost my balance and—*splat*! I also lost three Samurai swords, a Japanese cavalry flag, a Congressional Medal of Honour, two leatherbound, illustrated editions of *Walden Pond,* and the better part of Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf, all of which had been strewn, in convincing profusion, about the bottom of the dugout. You want to know what floated? NOTHING—that's what floated, and that goes for the bloody dugout. I made it to shore and, ignoring the hoots of laughter from those Goddam red bastards on the dock, I got in my car and went back to Palm Beach.

"The next day I spent buying up a whole new collection of props. It's now Tuesday. I'm grim, and I'm determined. I hire this Seminole buck to teach me to handle a dugout. Wednesday, I'm still turning over. Thursday, I'm mosquito-bitten, leech-bitten, spider-bitten and *still* turning over. *Friday morning* I'm still turning over. But finally, around one o'clock Friday afternoon, I'm getting the hang of the thing. By three o'clock I figure I've got it good enough to risk loading my props, because I'm terrified, see, that maybe the representative will arrive ahead of time. By four the dugout is still shaky but it feels better (you know how it is with a sport; you suddenly get the hang of it).

"I pole out of the little lagoon where the dock is, and get in behind the nearest little island. From there I can see the dock, but nobody can see me. The point is, I am planning to arrive as if from a great distance. I wait. At 4.45, I see this snappy red convertible skid to a stop and somebody gets out, and I can just barely tell it's a woman. She walks out to the end of the dock, and just stands there looking out over the 'Glades, you know—expectantly. Okay, Milligan, I tell myself, you're on. I adjust my authentic Seminole dress for the 2000th time, and push my hair down hard over my forehead. I tighten my grip on the long pole, and shove. I glide out in full view, and everything is just great, but then suddenly I feel like I'm going over. I flail my arms for balance. When the boat steadies down I see I've let go of the pole. There I am in the dugout and we are pinwheeling lazily in the middle of the little lagoon, going nowhere, and there, about 60 feet back, is the Goddam pole sticking up in the water. I shoot a glance at the dock and *the woman is waving at me.* I get down on my stomach in the dugout and paddle it into the dock like it was a surfboard. I tie up and climb on the dock. Not looking at the woman, who is practically right next to me, and speaking angrily to no one in particular, I say that fish must be dying at this end of the 'Glades, making the alligators go hungry, because it's the fourth pole of mine they have put the snatch on since morning. Then I looked at the woman, hoping against hope that she was maybe dumb enough to swallow this ridiculous story.

"But when I saw her, it was like I had belted about three shots of bourbon. I mean, my anxiety just faded right away. Ever since I'd seen that the *Reader's Digest* had sent a woman I'd been bracing myself for a bun-haired, no-nonsense number in tweeds and horn-rims. Brother, was I wrong. *This* number was a big, soft, open-face type blonde, and—here comes the best part—one look, and you *knew,* beyond the shadow of a doubt, that she was really, really DUMB. The *Reader's Digest,* I thought, *is out of its mind*! She was wearing one of those shift dresses with a floppy pink hat to match, and her body went in and out all over the place. You had the feeling that if you put your arms around her and squeezed, she'd fit exactly against you like a jigsaw puzzle piece. She was also wearing this stunned-ox, big-eyed, really cretinous expression (that incidentally flips the hell out of me) and right there, even before word *one,* I knew that I had got the situation *taped.*

"I led her off the dock and we walked

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



"That looks like a good spot"

Unforgettable Carry-on

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

around the deserted sandy roads of Oklacoochie for an hour or so and Milligan is the Noble Red Man now, lithe and cat-footed — radiating his mystical Oneness with Nature. And all the time Miss Delicious Stunned-Ox of 1964 is walking at his side, and looking up at him, and those great blue vacuous eyes are glazing over more and more. In other words, the girl was developing a sneaker for the Beaver.

"Now I was naturally expecting a bunch of questions, but she doesn't ask me one. Instead, she talks about *herself*. It's like I've gone there to check *her* story. I won't bore you with details except to say that the upshot of her life, as I remember it, was that she had gone to Vassar. I finally got her back on the dock. I mean, I'd spent one hell of a lot of time and money on those props and she was damn well going to see them. Well, she oohed and ahhed, picking over the contents of the dugout and now and then writing a little something in her notebook.

"When she'd finished she just stood there on the dock, looking at me. I guess she was overwhelmed. The sun was going down behind the cypresses and a good wind was blowing from the east, so for once the frigging mosquitoes weren't driving you crazy at that time of day. And, well, it was kind of pretty.

"I asked her what next. She said as far as the magazine was concerned, nothing. I'd checked out completely, and now it only remained for her to turn in the Rent-A-Car and fly back to New York. However, she said, there was one *personal* thing. Would I take her for a short spin around the lagoon in my dugout just so, as she put it, she could tell all the girls back in the office? Well, she told them, all right—the silly bitch."

"What?"

"Never mind. I said that a poleless dugout was an unwise craft, especially for two, but would that rowboat tied alongside do just as well? She said yes. A few minutes later we were gliding away from the dock and the sun was almost gone, and from a distance it must have looked like the end of a travelogue. Then, something occurred to me—Milligan, I said to myself, why not put the cherry on top? Why not seal the bargain with a kiss? Why not make the old Beaver a little more Unforgettable than he already is? I muttered something about a faulty oar and put us ashore on that same little island I'd been hiding behind earlier. Call it the last red pieces of the day glowing on the water, or the Forest Primeval, or that soft jigsaw piece of a body, or call it *insurance*, dammit, if you want to, but Laughing Beaver attended Vassar with a vengeance, and his marks—his marks, my friend, were *high*.

"Later (as they say) we tied up at the dock and I walked her to her car. She got behind the wheel and for a minute she just sat there and looked into my eyes. Then she said, 'I'll never forget you,' and drove away."

"It was an apt remark," I said, "under the circumstances."

"Apt," said Milligan grimly, "and prophetic."

A tall spare man in a spotted T-shirt stopped beside our table. He was in that state of trance-like drunkenness which borders on catatonia. He had stopped beside us because his consciousness was ebbing rapidly and he could go no further. Describing a langorous pirouette, he keeled over right on top of Milligan and the two of them sprawled to the floor.

"Lush!" hissed Milligan, after Vince O'Hara had removed the body, "what's wrong tonight? Why does everybody keep *falling* on me?"

"To hell with that," I said, "what went wrong?"

"How the hell should *I* know?" said Milligan, brushing himself off. "Maybe the bastard slipped."

"No. no," I said with irritation, "— the *Reader's Digest*?"

"To hell with the *Reader's Digest*," said Milligan, "and please don't look at me . . . let's have another drink."

"I'm *not* looking at you!" I cried, "What went wrong at the *Reader's Digest*—what *happened*?"

There was a pause. I heard some scrunching around and jinglings of change that told me he was going through his pockets. Then I heard the crinkle of heavy bond paper.

"What happened?" said Milligan, rhetorically. "Here's what happened." He shoved a wrinkled piece of paper across the table at me. I picked it up and read: . . .

My dear Mr Milligan,

Thank you so much for having arranged the meeting between Laughing Beaver Henderson and the *Reader's Digest* representative, Miss Marcia Esterhazy. Efficiencywise, the whole thing went, as I understand it, quite smoothly. Also, I'm happy to report that the "facts" checked out right down the line, tho' doubtless this will come as no surprise to you!

Now, Mr Milligan, what I have to say next is, frankly, a little difficult for me. Let me begin this way: Literally *millions* of people, young and old, read the *Reader's Digest*. Reader research has shown us that the vast percentage of these people have come to know and love our Unforgettable Characters. He or she is someone they tend to *look up to*. Surely, then, it is easy to see that the magazine feels it has a responsibility to all these people, almost a Sacred Trust. Accordingly, I'm sure you can understand why Unforgettable Characters should not only be "unforgettable", but pretty darned upstanding and Godfearing people as well. Otherwise, Mr Milligan, the magazine would be violating that Sacred Trust.

Unfortunately (and I mean "unfortunately" from the bottom of my heart) something happened while our representative was down in Florida. To call a spade a spade, Laughing Beaver Henderson attempted to take—or took—certain sexual liberties with Miss Esterhazy. She didn't report it (who can blame her?) but girls will talk among themselves and—well, Mr Milligan, the walls have ears.

I hope you don't think me personally prudish. I might mention, in passing, that I spent two years in the Signal Corps, and have a wife and three daughters, and Laughing Beaver's sexual laxity is, I *assure* you, of no concern to me as a man. But as the Unforgettable Characters Editor—well, I'm afraid that is an entirely different matter.

So, it is with considerable regret that I must return your excellent manuscript (under separate cover) with many thanks for your efforts on our behalf, and with my solemn promise that should you run across another Unforgettable Character and send him along to us, so to speak, your work will get the most thorough consideration.

Sincerely,
Unforgettable Characters Editor.

After I had finished reading, I slid the letter back towards Milligan.

"Throw it away," he said, "I don't want it."

I crumpled it into a ball, and placing it in the ashtray I lit it with a match. In a few moments the letter was a tiny, glowing ember.

"Why can't women ever keep their mouths shut?" I said.

"It's not their character," he said.

"Next time I'm up that way," I said "remind me to smack that editor in the mouth."

"Don't knock him," said Milligan. "He has possibilities."

I detected a different note in his voice and shot him a covert glance. To my surprise, his ice-blue eyes were flicking about the room, restless and thoughtful.

"What do you mean, 'possibilities'?"

"In the heart of the Yacatan, there is a fierce tribe of Indians, descended directly from the Mayans. They are supposed to perform human sacrifice and worship the sun. No one has tried to convert them because the price of their hospitality is high: one must subdue one of their braves in a knife fight—and they are the best knife fighters in the world."

"So?"

"So," said Milligan, "how do you think I would go over as a knife-fighting Baptist missionary?"

The *Reader's Digest* has no conception of the kind of man it is up against.

WANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

her—PLAFT!!—sprawling, then sprang from the couch and began to stride the enormous Pink Boudoir, alternately chewing her lip and grinding her teeth in frustration. She crossed to the barred windows and scowled at the reflection of the new moon silvering the smug surface of Lake Zurich. There was a fever burning in her tonight, a compulsion to do something—ANYTHING!—that would break for ever the golden monotony of her cossetted life.

"Um—what about that Mexican bird we caught freaking out on some of your grass?" Candyfloss reminded her, helpfully. "Couldn't we barbecue her for the blacks, or something?"

"Shut up—I'm thinking!" Wanda turned from the window and walked slowly back towards the couch, her eyes riveted to the girl kneeling on the floor, reassembling her scattered pedicure kit. The nymphet was well-named. Good enough to eat. Wanda should know. She had tried to, more than once, but had never seemed to get further than the hors d'oeuvres—in Candyfloss's case, an Epicurean plate of incomparable succulence and delight.

"When," posed Wanda, standing over the child-woman and respiring unevenly "did that fink of a father of mine last give you chase around the *schloss?*"

Behind the errant blonde tassels of her fringe, Candyfloss crinkled her smooth brow fetchingly. "About two months ago, I think. Wasn't he—" she giggled "—still under Intensive Care two weeks later, on my 15th birthday?"

"Correct!" Wanda snapped. "And the old goat collapsed, if my memory serves me, after only his 13th lap around the dining-room Telex. . . . Now listen to me, Pusscake, and listen good. . . ."

Less than an hour later, Candyfloss appeared in the doorway of the torture-chamber, where Wanda was working off her nervous tensions on an ebony-skinned Hercules fresh off that day's charter-flight from Brazzaville. The Ballet Rosebud was still dressed in her running-gear—thigh-length black PVC boots with five-inch heels, alligator-skin micro-skirt and bikini-bra fashioned from 107 tiny silver bells—and her hair was all over the place and her downy cheeks brightly flushed. Wanda tossed the gory bicycle-chain into the bin marked REPAIRS AND RECONDITIONING and hurried over to her playmate.

"Well. . . ?"

"Welcome to the orphan's club," Candyfloss panted. "His last words were 'Sell Nt. Csh. Reg. at 136¼ and buy Frst. Nt. Fin. Cor. at 42/7½.' "

"You know what this means, don't you?" breathed Wanda, drawing the girl's head to her and propping her tingling breasts on the nymphet's shoulders.

"Me, I'm a complete dope about the stock market," the small voice came up, muffled.

"A fig for that!" Wanda laughed. "Don't you understand—I'm *free*!"

For a little while she went on staring over Candyfloss's tousled tresses, her eyes narrowing to green, heavily-lashed slits. Her next words came up low and vibrant from her diaphragm, like the first distant rumble of the Severn Bore.

"STOP THE WORLD! I'M GONNA GET ON!"

What happens when the most powerful man in France comes up against the wickedest female in the world? Don't miss the next episode, in which Wanda and Candyfloss set out for Colombey-les Douches-Grises, home of—PSSST!

HOUSECALL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

To further compound the enigma of our success, the issue you hold in your hands marks the first time a British-based periodical has ever attempted to challenge an American rival on home ground. Which says something for our unshakable belief in the universality of male interests, as well as bringing us right back 'round to our first point—what about *Playboy*?

The simple fact is that we are probably less interested in them than they are in us, and perhaps the best way to qualify our apparently intrusive behavior is to state not only *why* we are here, but now that we *are* here, what do we have to offer?

For a start, the assumption that an affluent nation of 200 million people constitutes a market big enough and lush enough to support *two* magazines of the same genre provides us with all the economic rationalization we need. Add to this the material fact that we are the *first* and *only* English-language magazine of our type ever to outsell *Playboy* anywhere in the world and you will learn whence we get our heart.

Now we all know that *Playboy* occupies a position of absolute autocracy in the men's field. It has no competition—neither a smear nor a smell as far as the eye can see. The closest contender to its walloping 4.8 million sale on the American scene is a long faltering, if not already exhausted, also-ran at something less than 200,000. The gap is unnatural, not to mention unhealthy—nor does it exist anywhere else in publishing.

Playboy, like all things quintessentially American, needs a competitor and Penthouse is the only magazine around whose performance, quality and editorial temperament qualify it for the job.

And we have something specific to offer in our own right. Penthouse is not a parochial magazine nor will it ever become simply reflective of the time and place in which we live. It is a fighter, a leader and an innovator, born—not of the relatively placid *Playboy* epoch of the early '50s but of the age of the social, moral and intellectual revolution of the '60s. We are a child of the permissive society—the first major periodical to be created out of this unique, sometimes incongruous, but perennially dynamic era. We have none of the sexual hang-ups of the lingering and fundamentally puritan tradition of *Playboy*. We report rather than preach and, whereas our own success has made us equally responsible editorially, the only Penthouse philosophy you're likely to encounter can be summed up in four immaculate and meaningful words: "To each his own."

Apart from this, Penthouse—with fully operational editorial sales and circulation offices in London *and* New York, bureaus in Paris, Rome, Geneva, Berlin, Budapest, Tel Aviv, Saigon and Rio de Janeiro—becomes the first-ever truly international magazine for men.

From this vantage point, we intend to inform, amuse and generally cater for the expanding international consciousness of the American male. More people are traveling for business or pleasure today than ever before. Our ethnic, political and geographic frontiers are falling as the world shrinks, not only in the time-space continuum of travel and communications, but in our cultural and economic links as well.

So this, in a nutshell, is where we're at. This is *our* scene and, given a brief opportunity to get our bearings, we intend to develop it further and cover it better than anyone else. As far as *Playboy* is concerned, we've said our piece as honestly and directly as we know how. We're here to stay, and if you still have any doubts or questions write to us—or write to them. Either way the answer should be interesting.—**B.G.**

LOVE ON THE METER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

immediately. This was something new to me, anyway, she wore a mini-skirt and no underwear—at least, I don't think she did. It was a foggy night which didn't give me much chance of turning my head too often without risking an accident. She went on with it until she realized that doing the splits is one thing when a girl has the floor underneath her and quite another when the force of gravity is against her. She was quite friendly when I finally asked her what she was up to, and she said she was trying out something she had read in a Hindu book on love-making. As for her boy friend, he was too drunk to know what day it was!

Then there was the very young girl who climbed in the back with her boy friend, flashed me a charming smile, and asked me not to look for a few minutes. She was full of high spirits and nerve, and when she had finished she called out boisterously: "Okay, cabby, you can look now". I was so intrigued that when they got out I asked jokingly if everything had been all right. "All right?" she echoed. "It was *smashing*."

I can understand that stories like these may seem a bit far-fetched, but I can only answer by asking where would I get the imagination to invent such incidents. Everything I'm relating has happened and I shall run out of space long before I run out of stories I can vouch for. There's no accounting for how fares will let themselves go when they get inside a taxi. Would you believe, for instance, that three girls would get into my cab, throw open their coats, and ask what I thought of their latest fashion in topless dresses? This happened to me in the Whitechapel Road.

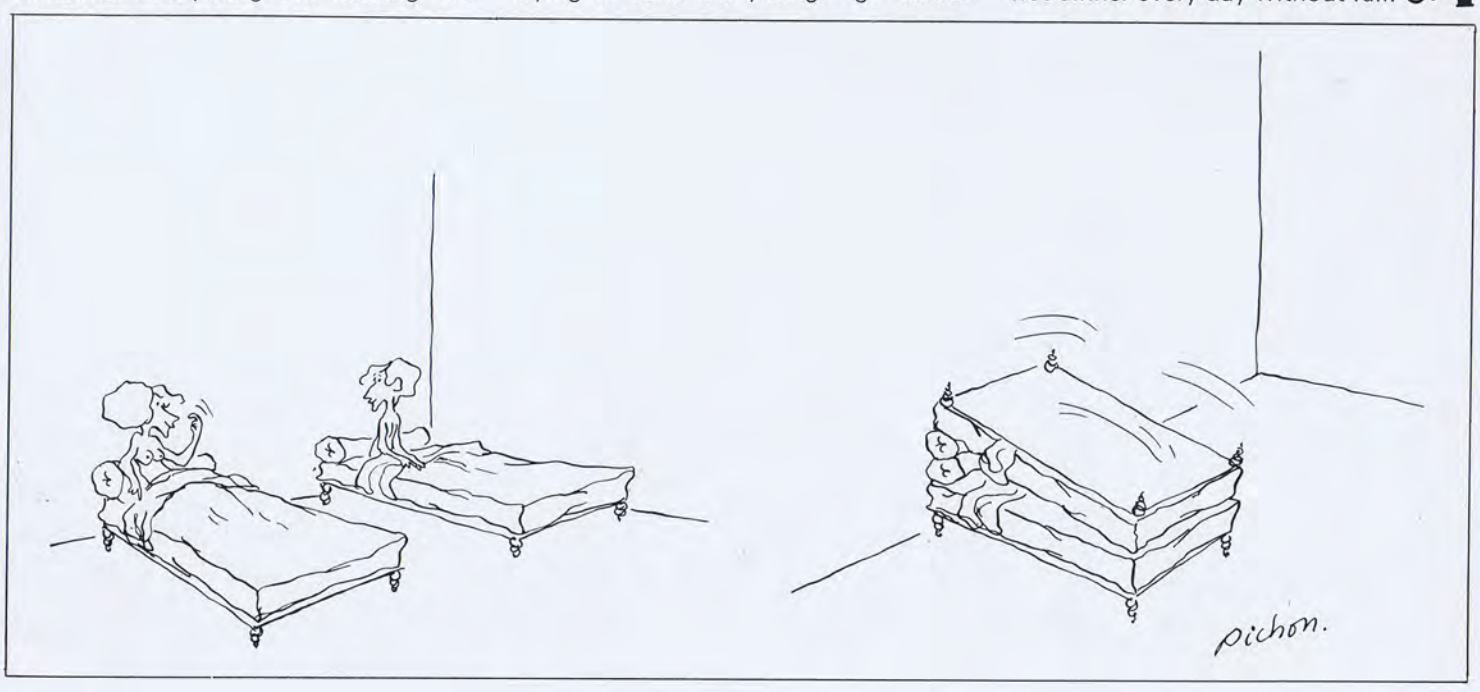
It wasn't done on the spur of the moment either. They were factory-type girls and they started off whispering furtively to each other, punctuated with a lot of giggling. I heard one say to the other: "Go on, *you* ask him." When finally they did attract my attention I saw three pairs of massive breasts staring at me from undone coats. It would have been hard to say which bosom was larger than the other. Two of the girls had their dresses cut away in a manner that exposed their breasts like pumpkins, while the other girl was more modestly dressed in a mini-skirt with shoulder straps that barely covered her nipples.

Probably they were going to the sort of party where the women were expected to turn up topless, and it wasn't any business of mine if they kept their coats on properly. At the same time I couldn't help giving them some fatherly advice that if they got out of my cab in the state they were in then, it was a dead cert they would get nicked or get into trouble if they bumped into some hooligans. I remember reflecting too that whoever the fashion designers were who were trying to coax the younger generation into topless styles, they can never have visualized the effect on young girls with too much puppy fat.

By now readers may be getting the idea that the reason taxis are scarce during the rush hour or when it's raining heavily is because the drivers are busy in the back making love to their lady fares. Nothing could be further from the truth. Nor is a driver expecting a proposition every time a girl hails his cab. Most of the women I pick up wouldn't dream of touching a taxi driver with a bargepole. In fact the majority will ask the driver to dump the luggage on the doorstep and prefer to struggle with it on their own from there on.

Still, a minority exists who do look on a taxi driver as a sitting duck for their sexual impulses, and it's a pretty big one. A taxi seems to offer them sex incognito, with no questions asked, no recriminations, no headaches or heartaches at the end of it.

Finally, I would mention another traffic convention overlooked by the Highway Code: women have their breasts fondled in taxis more often than anywhere else. At least, that's the impression I have. I don't think I've ever picked up a young couple at night, certainly not in the early hours of the morning, without the young man stroking his girl friend's bosom as soon as he settles into my cab. It seems to be a ritual no man can resist. The pity is that the London taxi driver isn't allowed to have a central driving-mirror. Otherwise I might have seen more naked bosoms than I've had hot dinners. And I have a hot dinner every day without fail.



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THE CAMPUS REVOLUTION

Father Hesburgh/from page 58.

An atomic bomb is bad if it destroys people, their homes, and their cities. But it is possible to control atomic energy and use it to accomplish a whole series of useful tasks. This, it seems to me, is the opportunity that faces us today as we regard the revolt of the younger generation in the university. The world needs energy, imagination, concern, idealism, dedication, commitment, service. The world also needs reasonable criticism and peaceful protest as a constant spur to progress and for the redress of many horrible inequities and injustices that perdure in the world at its best. The problem is that we have stimulated the young to hope for the best. Twenty years ago, the United Nations proclaimed the Universal Declaration on Human Rights, but it is still only a declaration, not a fact for millions of human beings here and around the world.

Somehow, somewhere, we have to get the young back into the human family, as a working part of the establishment, if you will. The price for this may well be a different kind of establishment, but that may not be a bad idea either. Perhaps because I have spent all of my adult life in the world of the university it seems to me that here is a good place to begin, for this is where the action presently is. After all, we in the universities have stimulated most of the ideas that set off this youthful explosion.

We might begin by devising new structures in the university for the active and meaningful participation of the students in their university life and education. We do this by creating on campus a community in which students have a real and not a phony role. If they are dissatisfied with the education they are now getting, there ought to be ways for them to be heard and to have their ideas seriously considered by the faculty and administration. One bit of advice our active students need to hear from faculty today is that action is most fruitful when it is backed up, not by emotion, or mass hysteria, or noise, or violence, but by intelligent and competent leadership which is the fruit of a good education that is taken seriously during the years when it is available. Students need to hear that what seems most relevant to them today may be quite irrelevant ten years from now. Students need to hear that action without good ideas and goals and true values is empty posturing, a truly juvenile distraction from doing what is most important to the young: getting a first-rate education.

We have to face head on and to discuss with students their concern for the relevancy of their education, and how we can improve our university structures to make them a more vital part of the learning community—both inside and outside the classroom. We have to give them an alternative to violent and destructive protest by sharing their concern for meaning in life. The young can and should contribute to man's perennial task of remaking the world, especially since they are half of the world that needs remaking. Neither half, young or old, can do it alone.

THE REVOLUTION IS HERE AND UNIVERSITIES MUST JOIN

Continued from page 56

Western tradition of social mobility and success, of "making it", is probably drawing to a reluctant close. Many of us feel that "giving our sons what we never had" is absurd for, in terms of affluent life, we have had enough for any man. The point now is to give such life to every man.

Technological progress has altered our consciousness in ways beyond just a general satiation with fabulous affluence. The speed with which change—all kinds of change, predictable and unimaginable—occurs today and the rate at which it is reported have surely had their effect on our minds. This is not to forget that our parents have lived in the same conditions and have had to adapt to them. But our parents have, for example, not spent their *entire* lives, from infancy on, confronting a television screen. We know nothing from our own experience but a world which contains the possibility of overkill. We know nothing but a world which leaps from fact to fact: Sputnik to Suez to Vietnam to Arab-Israel conflict to pot to STP to the new '69 Chrysler.

In the Twenties, Eliot modernized poetry with his abrupt transitions from line to line without any of the traditional kinds of linking of ideas and descriptions. What Eliot did in his poetry is now an ordinary part of our everyday thinking. It is only when one is writing a termpaper or talking to someone in an "official" capacity that he bothers to build the elaborate old intellectual bridges in his writing and talk. Of course, young people are often accused of incoherency and sloppiness. In the books of William Burroughs, the poetry of John Ashbery, the songs of Bob Dylan, the movies of Godard, there is a common aesthetic presumption which



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both escapes and infuriates those who would approach this art from more traditional academies. This is non-linear art. It rebels against plots and narratives and in their place emphasizes fragmentation, juxtaposition and speed.

Similarly, the revolution is so difficult to grasp in any kind of recognizable form. When we peer directly into its eye, like in Chicago in August 1968, then suddenly it is gone and there is nothing, only a memory shadow. The fact that millions of Americans saw revealed the "police state" atrocity face of Chicago was going to have a great effect on America. It was supposedly going to "radicalize" people. Instead it made radicals into good show business. People watched the beatings and gassings on their color televisions. When that show was over, the image flickered, the channel changed, the living-room radicals became Beverly Hillbillies for an hour or let the *Evening News* peel layers off their brains as the Conventions drifted into The Election into Nixon's Inauguration and then his First One Hundred Days.

The revolution is political, cultural and technological. To cry "To the Barricades!" is feeble. Where the hell are the barricades? For a week they are in Selma, for a week at Columbia, then they are everywhere and a Riot Commission is appointed, and then it is next week in the shady suburbs of America and one takes a little vacation from this revolution. After all, according to the television, nothing much is happening this week.

This is no good of course. Black people in America know well the all-consuming nature of their struggle for self-determination. So do some white radicals, students and community organizers. And so do those who fight round-the-clock to block the revolution out of their minds: complacent commuters, defensive property owners, great defenders of our "American Tradition" America has a comparatively young tradition and it is one of revolution. Those who defend some other kind of America are simply demonstrating their own ignorance. They need education desparately. They have forgotten that such "law and order" as they imagine once existed here is hopeless in the path of this fierce, demon-like rate of change which drags us all along. These people have it made. They made it for themselves, all by themselves. All by themselves. Stuck in identical packages, identically comfortable in the same styles, the same easy chairs, the same televisions tuned-in to the same programs. One wonders if the line between these people and their machines is really there any more. It is so thin.

Universities are crucial today for they are the natural sites for the development of the kind of revolutionary activity which is so lacking. That is: gaining a better understanding of this fragmented, speeding revolution in order perhaps to direct its course.

"Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?"

Bob Dylan said that. But I'll bet Mr. Dylan is not about to claim that *he* knows what's happening all over today. Outside of his own home. SDS doesn't know really what's happening. Nor does Eldridge Cleaver. Nor Herbert Marcuse. Some people know some things, that is well known. But nobody has arrived yet with the last, or even the fourth, word on what this whole movement is about. Poverty and racism and nationalism and human exploitation are parts of it. So are moonshots, IBM cards, personality tests, and Chemical Mace. This is only a partial recipe: angry fragments of our old world. Who can combine them and come out with a new egalitarian world? One where imagination is as important as efficiency, and joy is not always at someone's expense, including your own at the hands of a dehumanizing system. We face the prospect of a planet-village and a technology that is so sophisticated it will soon threaten to determine itself. If machines become self-determining, men will become *their* machines. A crude and foolish revolutionary movement can never hope to resolve such problems.

The universities must join the revolution which is going on all around their walls and has now been carried inside as well. Our task is not simply to purify the university, get rid of military influence, make the place more democratic. It is to put the institution to good and pressing work. Even if that means, and certainly it does, drastically changing many of our old educational preconceptions. Professors who cry "Academic Freedom" but who refuse to devote their knowledge and judgement to the cause of human freedom are the greatest obstacles in the way of a new revolutionary university. Without faculty cooperation, students are hopelessly isolated. Those students who would disrupt endlessly and merely for the excitement and adventure of constant turmoil must be discouraged. Universities must be used, not wasted by immoral services on behalf of old ruling ideals, irrelevant academic privileges, or ignorant provocateurs bound to have their actions backfire.

The faculty, and subsequently the trustees and their administrators, must be educated rather than confronted in ways bound to alienate them. Massive disruptions and demonstrations can be helpful. But only as educational tools. The road to revolution is also the road to wisdom. Slogans and marches are not enough. We need new answers.

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THE CAMPUS REVOLUTION

John C. Meyer/from page 57

bia (SCU) was formed, representing an alliance of liberals, moderates, and conservatives determined to preserve the university as an academic institution.

Summer dissipated some of the SDS momentum, and the resignation of President Grayson Kirk, though an SDS victory, opened the way for Acting President Andrew Cordier, a man with political knowledge and ability, indispensable prerequisites today for any president of a major American university. The new opposition voice on campus, SCU, had received several thousand dollars support from alumni—enough to buy a mimeograph machine and obtain an office—though little more than a tenth of the amount foundations, principally the Ford Foundation, pumped into Students for a Restructured University (SRU), a splinter group from the SDS-controlled Strike Coordinating Committee. In 1968-9 SDS duly encountered leaflet warfare everywhere on the Columbia campus. SCU members knew they had to be prepared to act, and they knew that, even if it had the determination to prevent a repetition of the previous year, the Administration no longer had the power to win.

The SDS myth that they represented "the students" had to be broken if Columbia was ever again to be a community dedicated to open-minded inquiry, rather than a battleground of power-groups and intolerant ideologies. The SCU adopted what might be called a tactic of counter-confrontation. The "confrontation" between students and authority, on campus or off, is the heart of SDS strategy for breaking the system. Once students are persuaded to "confront" the power structure (and preferably get their heads bashed by police) over *any* issue, their frame of mind is susceptible to "radicalization" and "politicalization." The SCU tactic of counter-confrontation sought to bring SDS and their sympathizers up against opposed fellow students.

SCU's first major victory over SDS, and probably the turning-point of the struggle at Columbia, came in February, when three-man SDS squads invaded and disrupted more than 40 classes, and held a rally preparatory to a temporary takeover of two campus buildings. SCU and SFC, which had previously discovered and widely publicized the SDS plans, were out in full force to confront them.

After being heckled at their rally by shouts of "disruption of classes is fascism" over a bullhorn, the SDS wearied of the meeting and marched away. A small group broke from their line and made a dash for Dodge Hall, the placement office. The SCU group were not quick enough to cut them off, as planned, but as the main SDS body started to march toward Hamilton Hall on the other side of the campus, some ten SFC members got there first and blocked one door, but were soon outflanked.

SDS did not attempt to barricade Hamilton and allowed free access to it after a fashion. Classes went on, with difficulty, over the noise. About an hour after the takeover, however, a large and militant SCU group demanded entrance to Hamilton by the main door. On being refused admission except through the side doors, they forced the main entrance, with some violence. Once in, they completely disrupted the SDS demonstration inside, making it impossible for anyone to be heard. Finding their position increasingly uncomfortable, SDS decided to cut their stay short and left.

From this time on, SCU, though often bitterly criticized, was a major force on campus. They ran a full-page ad, entitled "SDS: Tactics and Strategy," in the campus newspaper, the *Spectator*, in which they exposed the manipulative techniques of the SDS leadership and its preference for violent revolution over peaceful reform. Meanwhile, independently, 100 faculty members signed and issued a statement (800 ultimately signed it) entitled "The University as a Sanctuary of Academic Freedom."

In March SDS called a student "strike" (boycott of classes) to support their demands—end open recruiting, ROTC, war research, university expansion, and support the SAS demand for an "Interim Board" to handle a wide range of black affairs free from normal university supervision. SCU and SFC issued leaflets urging everyone to attend class. The SDS pickets were abusive and intermittently obstructive (where they materialized at all), but only one student was beaten up by SDS and the strike was a failure.

Following the vacation, a clear pattern emerged in SDS intentions. Lacking sufficient popular support on campus, SDS planned to bring "the community"



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into the struggle, in the form of students from four nearby Harlem high schools, around a demand for "Open Admissions"—the admission of *all* graduates of these four high schools to Columbia University. The spring offensive was to be on April 21, to coincide with a city-wide high school "strike" planned by SDS and black militant elements. The Columbia offensive would in turn become part of an SDS national spring offensive planned for May 1.

Now SCU anticipated events by publishing on April 16 a leaflet, *SDS: Calendar of Events*, revealing to the campus the SDS plan for preliminary occupation of a building next day, by a combined group of SDS and black high school students, to be followed on April 21 by hundreds or even thousands of high school students, who would "shut down" the campus. SDS acted according to the schedule, and after a brief rally of some 150 SDSers and 50 black high school students, marched on Philosophy Hall. A small SCU group attempted to keep the doors to Philosophy open, but were routed, after some fighting, when SDS hit five of them with mace.

The Administration again secured an injunction—a successful tactic that had earlier secured the ejection of 14 members of the Students' Afro-American Society from the Admissions office—but several administrators attempting to serve it at 9 pm were attacked with clubs and cherry bombs and forced to flee through a window in Philosophy Hall. At 11 pm SDS cut their occupation short and marched out to hold a rally on Low Plaza, where several black high school leaders got up and promised to return on Monday with 4,000 of their fellows to "tear this - - - - ing place down."

That night marked the begining of the "reign of terror" at Columbia. Two SCU members ended up in hospital, one suffering from a blow over the head with a tire iron, the other with a broken leg, sustained while fleeing from SDS members armed with clubs. During the next few days many SCU leaders and numerous other students were threatened and several were attacked. On Friday two fraternity students were beaten up by an SDS "Revolutionary Brigade." On Saturday night six black high school students invaded the Gold Rail Bar (the anti-SDS hangout) and threatened the lives of three SCU leaders. They were ejected by the management, and the three students were escorted home by the campus guards. The threats against one of the students were repeated twice more by phone and on the advice of friends he left the campus for a few days.

The violence and threats of violence had a tremendous effect on the campus community. Many students left campus or stayed in their rooms with doors locked on Monday, April 21. The Friday issue of the *Spectator*, which had hitherto followed a consistently pro-SDS line, criticised SDS editorially for fomenting violence. Meanwhile a splinter faction of SDS, the SDS Labor Committee, and the SAS itself circulated among the students of the four high schools, dissuading them from the projected violence. Campus pressure became so overwhelming that the SDS was unable to get significant support on Monday, attracting only some 70 students from Columbia and an equal number from the high schools. This SDS collapse marked the end of the reign of terror, though sporadic violence continued.

There was one final SDS push. In violation of the injunction, which had been extended to the whole campus community, a small group seized Mathematics Hall at 9 o'clock in the morning of April 30. At noon they held a rally (at which several newsmen, including Gabe Pressman of NBC, were attacked for taking pictures) and thence marched into Fayerweather Hall about 100 strong. Fayerweather has two doors, and when SDS marched into one, SCU marched into the other. For some time each group held one side of the building. As SDS, carrying a variety of weapons, bore down on the SCU group, Proctor Kahn declared the SCU demonstration illegal! For about ten minutes the SCU members argued with him, asking what about SDS? Finally they decided to leave and SDS barricaded the building. Later in the day administrators attempting to serve an injunction on the SDS in Mathematics Hall were attacked with sticks and fire extinguishers.

That night SDS held a rally preparatory to taking a third building, but gave up the plan when a band of about 30 anti-SDS militants attempted (unsuccessfully) to penetrate the SDS barricade in Mathematics Hall. A few minutes later, a larger anti-SDS group gathered in front of Fayerweather, and a number of fights broke out. A group of counter-demonstrators were hit by a Mace grenade from Fayerweather and replied by throwing rocks at the building's occupants. With difficulty, SCU leaders and other anti-SDS leaders were able finally to calm the situation.

At 10 am the next day SDS was ordered to appear in court to answer a "show cause" order. Inexplicably they waited until 11.30 am and then ignominiously fled, hiding their faces to escape identification.

Thus, on May Day, 1969, Columbia's spring offensive collapsed. Since then Columbia's SDS have turned their destructive energies inward, leaving the rest of the campus in an unwonted state of peace.

STOCKISTS/THE LONDON LOOK

Page 60: Blazer from Arnold Constable (New York) and Broadway Departmental Store (Los Angeles). Shirt and scarf from Just Men, 17 East 67th Street, New York.

Page 61: Waistcoat from Limbo Boutique (New York), Freaque Boutique (Boston), Gulliver's Travels (Philadelphia) and The Great Train Robbery (Miami). Shirt from The Village Squire (New York), Tom Olesker (Chicago), Louis of Boston, The Great Linoleum Clothing Store (Los Angeles). Trousers from Suzy Creamcheese (Las Vegas) and Limbo Boutique (New York).

Page 62: Suit, shirt and scarf from Just Men, 17 East 67th Street, New York; fur coat from Astraka, 390 5th Avenue, New York; velvet suit from Head East (Hollywood), Gentry (New York), Freaque Boutique (Boston), and The House of Lewis (Chicago); motorbike imported by BSA Inc., 639 Passaic Avenue, Nutley, New Jersey 07110, and BSA Motorcycles—Western, 2745E Huntington Drive, Duarte, California 91010, and stocked by BSA dealers throughout US.

Page 63: Maxi-coat from Franklin Simons (New York), The Electric Rocking Horse (Dallas, Texas), Freaque (Boston) and The Great Linoleum Clothing Store (Los Angeles). Super maxi from Limbo Boutique (New York); jacket from The House of Lewis (Chicago), Wear Wolf of Philadelphia and Leading Male (Brooklyn, NY); Marcos imported by Prestige Motor Importers, 937 Wilshire Bvd, Beverly Hills, California 90212.



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