PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

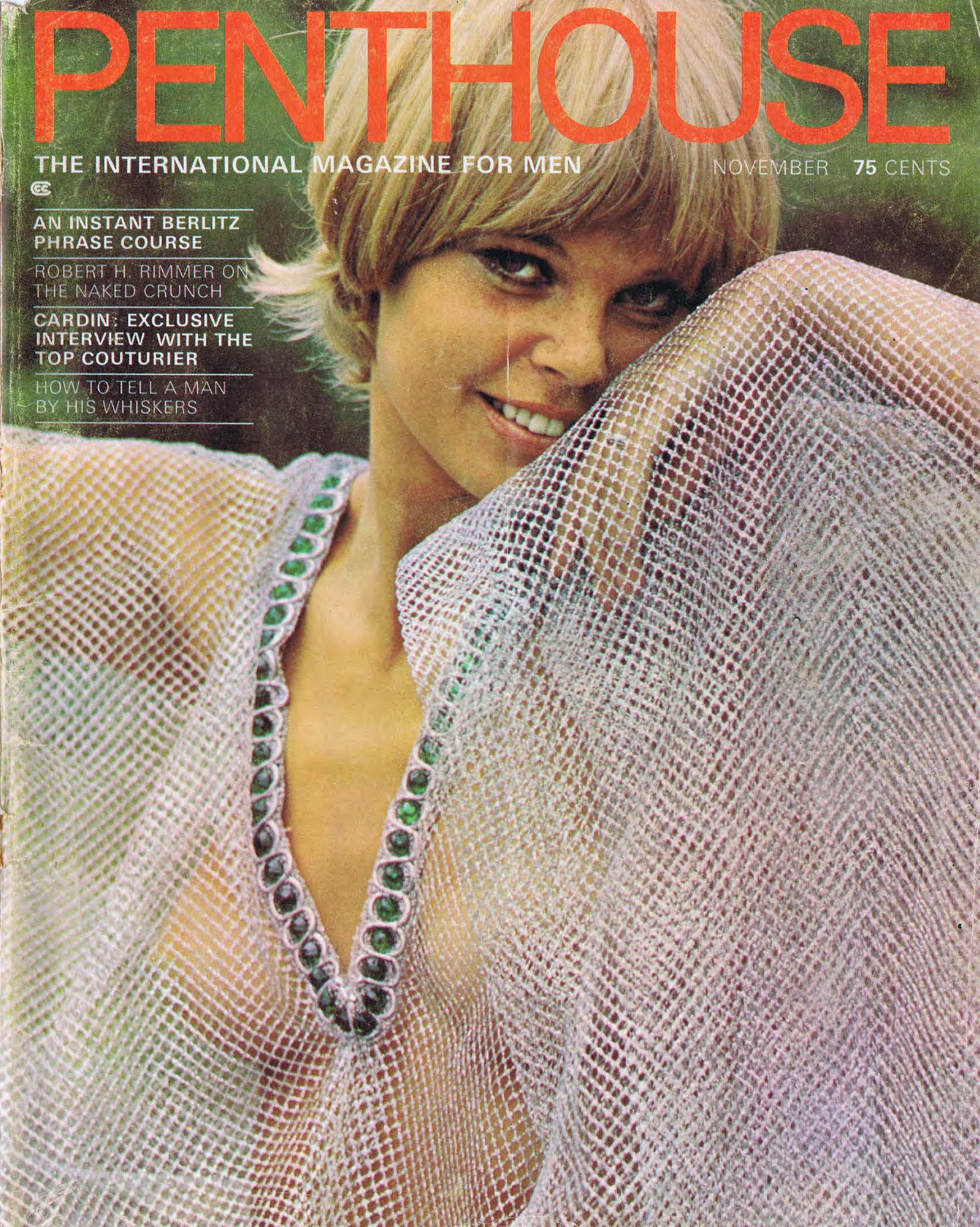
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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/NOVEMBER 1969

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SOUFFLE Grand Marnier



Melt 3 T of butter. Add 3 T of flour, blending thoroughly. Gradually stir in ¾ cup of hot milk. Add ¼ cup of sugar and continue stirring until sauce is thickened and smooth. Remove the pan from the fire. Beat 4 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored and add to the cream sauce. Allow it to cool for a few minutes and then add ¼ cup of Grand Marnier. Beat 5 egg whites until stiff but not dry and fold them in gently. Pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé dish which has been sprinkled with sugar. Bake in a 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes or until the soufflé is light, puffy and delicately browned. Serve at once with Grand Marnier sauce.

For a delightful sauce, steep crushed strawberries in Grand Marnier.

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HOUSECALL


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Another assemblage of eminent and unusual contributors in this issue includes **Charles F. Berlitz,** grandson of the founder of the language schools, **Robert H. Rimmer,** author of the controversial best-selling novel *The Harrad Experiment*, **Dr James A. Brussel,** director of the Bureau of Historical Research of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene (of which he is also Assistant Commissioner), and **Pierre Cardin,** top Paris couturier. To interview M. Cardin, who is as successful a trendsetter in men's wear as in high fashion for women, Penthouse sent Contributing Editor **Paul Tabori** to the French capital, where the conversation was conducted in French thanks to a linguistic facility on Dr Tabori's part that puts him almost in the Berlitz class. He could have managed equally well in Hungarian, German, English or Italian. Currently Dr Tabori, normally resident in London, is teaching in Chicago, where he is spending a year as the first Visiting Professor of Creative Writing at the University of Illinois.

Charles F. Berlitz, a former vice-president of the schools, claims to speak 30 languages and he puts his gift of tongues to entertaining use in his *Instant Phrase Course* in this issue, which is calculated to surprise you with revelations of a command of language you didn't know you had. A parallel piece of popularized expertise is Dr Brussel's topical interpretation of the psychological significance of whiskers, written in collaboration with Mark B.vS Monsky. Dr Brussel is a criminologist steeped in psychology.

Concerned with motivation on a more serious level is Robert H. Rimmer in his outspoken article *The Naked Crunch*, a challenging address to youth on inhibited inherited attitudes to nudity. This is a theme that he first explored in his fictional Harrad College, but this time he advocates a program for action.

Finally, giving credit where credit is overdue, we must hark back to the pictures of John and Yoko Lennon in October's edition. These are the work of **Gerry Deiter**, but were erroneously attributed. Sorry, Gerry.

BUSINESS WEAK . . .

It isn't easy to get our back up. In this business you soon get used to the idea that you can't please everybody and that there's always someone, somewhere, who's ready to take a poke at you. *Business Week,* which everyone knows is devoted to business and finance, and which, because of its authoritative position, must adopt a responsible attitude in its handling of news, took a poke at us recently. That's their right of course, because we're new on the scene and in a lot of ways you might even call us intruders.

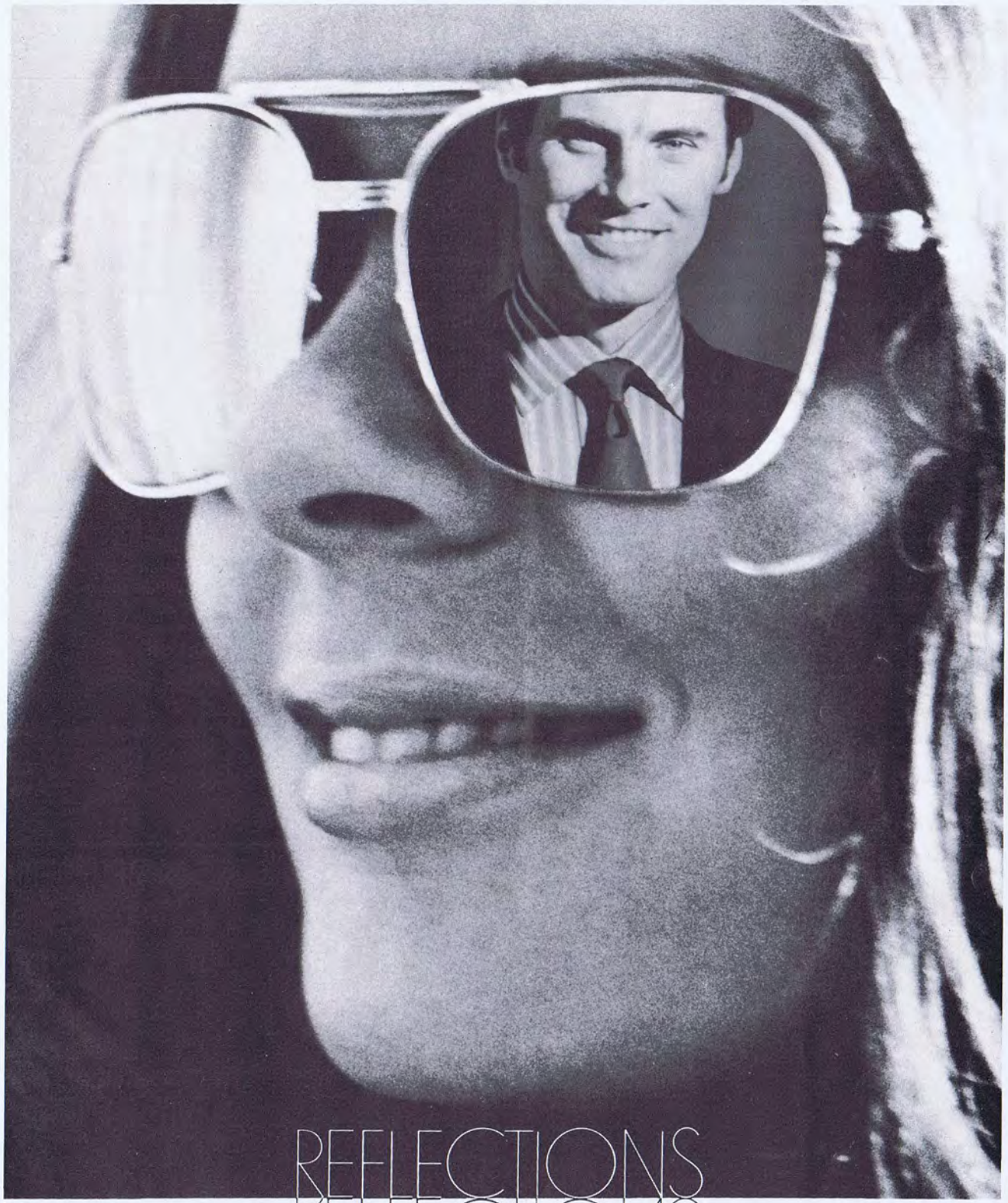
What surprised us is that a journal of *B.W.*'s standing should deal with our entry in the American market in such a cursory and superficial way. The very fact that a 100% privately owned, foreign-based periodical could muster the talent, know-how and finance to span the Atlantic in so unprecedented a fashion for the purpose of invading an industry as competitive, complex and dangerous as magazine publishing in the United States, is worthy of something more professional.

This particular poke didn't hurt too much, because it was one of those sloppy roundhouse right-handers—plenty of steam but no real beef behind it. It began by commenting on our pre-publication ad campaign: "The audacity of the ad —Hugh Hefner's famed bunny rabbit symbol of *Playboy* magazine framed in the crosshairs of a telescopic sight—startled Madison Avenue. But a month later it looks as if the rifle is loaded with blanks." We hadn't even gone on sale at the time, so what *B.W.* meant by "blanks" escapes us. They couldn't have meant that Penthouse didn't perform as promised, and surely they weren't judging us cold—simply on the basis of the advance issue itself? That would mean *B.W.* knew something about publishing men's magazines that we didn't, and we just don't believe that a responsible journal could be so opinionated—or naive, as the case may be.

A little further on they suggested that the advertising men reading our first issue "probably" echoed the comments of some collegian who was quoted as saying: "I guess they call it international because the letters to the editor are signed by people in Essex, Northumberland and Shropshire." It seems pretty funny to us that *Business Week* should leave that sort of thing up to a collegian—he obviously doesn't have a professional's eye or he would have noticed that the first three letters alone came from Germany, Nova Scotia and Ontario respectively, not to mention a few others from Edinburgh, Rio de Janeiro, Paris and Tokyo.

What disappointed us, however, was that *B.W.* (or their student critic) overlooked the real nuts and bolts: our fashion feature, for example, showed British gear readily available in American stores but specially photographed in London. There was a double-page cartoon spread by Ziraldo, Brazil's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



REFLECTIONS

Sunlight captures the reflection of today's man-about-town. A vision of fashion prominence—mirrored in the elegance of Sero shirtmanship. The Margate spread (with French cuffs) portrays the quality and shaped styling that best expresses the mark of masculinity. Sero calls it the Scoundrel....

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these 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.

Disgusted

You mailed me your first issue of Penthouse Magazine. I was thoroughly disgusted. You are merely trying to do what *Playboy* has done; and that is to pervert American morals to a lower degree than they are at the present time. Please know that I will do everything possible to discourage the purchase of your magazine and to discourage advertisers from advertising in it.

I will also do everything I can to have any legal action taken against your magazine by the U.S. Mails. I'm sure you are aware that there will be more strenuous efforts on the part of the Federal Government against such magazines as yours in the near future.

I would really like to know if your publisher or editor or you in the advertising department have children that you would like subjected to this magazine, or perhaps have a wife or daughter of the age of 21 or 22 or a son of that age that you can be proud to say "This is my magazine. I developed it."

You disgust me.—*John W. Brunner, President, Vi-Jon Laboratories Inc., 6300 Etzel Avenue, Saint Louis, Mo.*

Enclosed is our cancellation of the contract for Penthouse magazine. I am sorry my client (Ponder & Best) and I could not use the publication but we found it quite disappointing. It was my impression from our previous conversations that Penthouse would be a gutsy no-punches-pulled publication appealing to the prurient interests of American males. Although I realized some effort would be made to imitate the *Playboy* success it did not occur to me that it would turn out to be a middle-age milquetoast tribute to modern Victorian women.

It suffers from the same barely concealed homosexuality found in *Playboy*. We find the same childish absorption in the mammary glands and the same puerile humor. Both magazines appeal to the voyeurs and totally ignore the fuckers.

Our research indicates that most single-lens reflex cameras are purchased by mature fuckers and not adolescent voyeurs.—*Harold Dreyfus, The Dreyfus Agency, 9220 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.*

Whatever happened to the good old family snapshot?—Ed.

Congratulations

Having read your first American edition of Penthouse, I can only say that it is a magazine, which at times does imitate *Playboy*, but after some future editions here in the United States could create a great deal of competition with that American counterpart. I find Penthouse very stimulating, not only photograph-wise, but also content-wise. Such examples include the Penthouse Forum, View From The Top, the Penthouse Interview, Groom At The Top, and Shazam! With articles such as these, plus the many more throughout the magazine, one can expect the very best from the pages of Penthouse All in all, Penthouse is here to stay. My congratulations for a job well done.—*Dick Clark, Co-ordinator, NBC Radio Network, New York, N.Y.*

I would like to congratulate you on your first American issue of Penthouse and I do wish you good luck. However, there's one thing I would like to comment on. Your centerfold was, I'm sorry to say, of a rather poor quality compared with your leading competitor's. I suggest that you either lengthen its size or drop it altogether and replace it with smaller photos (unthinkable?).



In general I liked Penthouse very much, so keep up the good work, and good luck.—*Mike McDonnell, 8 Springwood Drive, Princeton, N.J.*

Must say that you are turning out a magazine that is tops in interesting material. Of course I read all the Forum letters, most of the stories, and every word of the breezy and informative View from the Top. Your reviewers sound very fair to all, your interviewers draw out all of the interesting aspects that you cannot get any other way. If you continue to deliver such a high-caliber magazine you cannot help but become a huge success.—*Charles E. Schulte, 48th Avenue North, St Petersburg, Florida.*

Age and ecstasy

I wish to endorse Keith H. of Ramsgate (October). I myself at 63 enjoy myself much better than I did at say 25. I believe this to be because most of my married problems are over —financial, and freedom from the worry that has to be present at an early age. The mind is now free and relaxed to enjoy life to the full of its pleasures, with better staying powers, to give and receive three nights a week.—*G. W. (name and address supplied), Orpington, Kent.*

Hair and where

After many years abroad, particularly in the east, my wife decided to remove her pubic hair like many of the local women. This is the custom. In the nude she now looks clean and very presentable. The effect is far more electrifying than looking at a mass of hair which might not even match the hair of the person's head. There is no scientific reason for retaining pubic hair and the cry that depilation is not natural is a load of rubbish. The modern woman makes up her face, perms and changes the color of her hair, shaves her legs and armpits, all under the heading of improving her natural appearance.

My wife is a beautician and learnt her method of depilation out east. It is without irritation and eventually permanent.—*Peter B. (name and address supplied), Derby.*

Kissing—goodbye?

As one who is interested in psychology I have found that the art of kissing is disappearing.

Most participants do it as a convention or to prove maturity. Cinema, television, novels, etc., have caused the art of kissing to be on the brim of survival. Where have all the soul, spicy, highly flavored, tasty and cupid kisses gone to? Rubbing lips is a horror to the art.—*Sam Emmons, Hanwell Castle, Banbury, Oxfordshire.*

Consort's dilemma

The letter from "Frustrated" (October) describes almost exactly my own case. I have a *wonderful* wife, mother of my five children, one only eight months old. But that is no reflection of my sex life. She has gone from "reluctant passive acceptance to active refusal". Yet we share a double bed and lie huddled together all night.

She will accept no contraceptives herself and cannot take the pill. From the moment of conception, when there is no longer need for contraception, she is unable to have sex for 15 months. She loves babies and is glad to have five children.

The first year of our marriage was wonderful —sex all day long and at night and thoroughly enjoyed. I have been married 15 years and am 43. Gradually sex has dwindled to once a month, then once a quarter, and now only once a year.

I have never been unfaithful, and we get on very well in other ways together. She refuses now to talk about sex. She says she doesn't mind if I have affairs outside my marriage—but I want sex with *her.—Mr P. (name and address supplied), London W.1.*

Erotic engineering

Watching the girls this summer on a sunny beach in France, I meditated on the bikini.

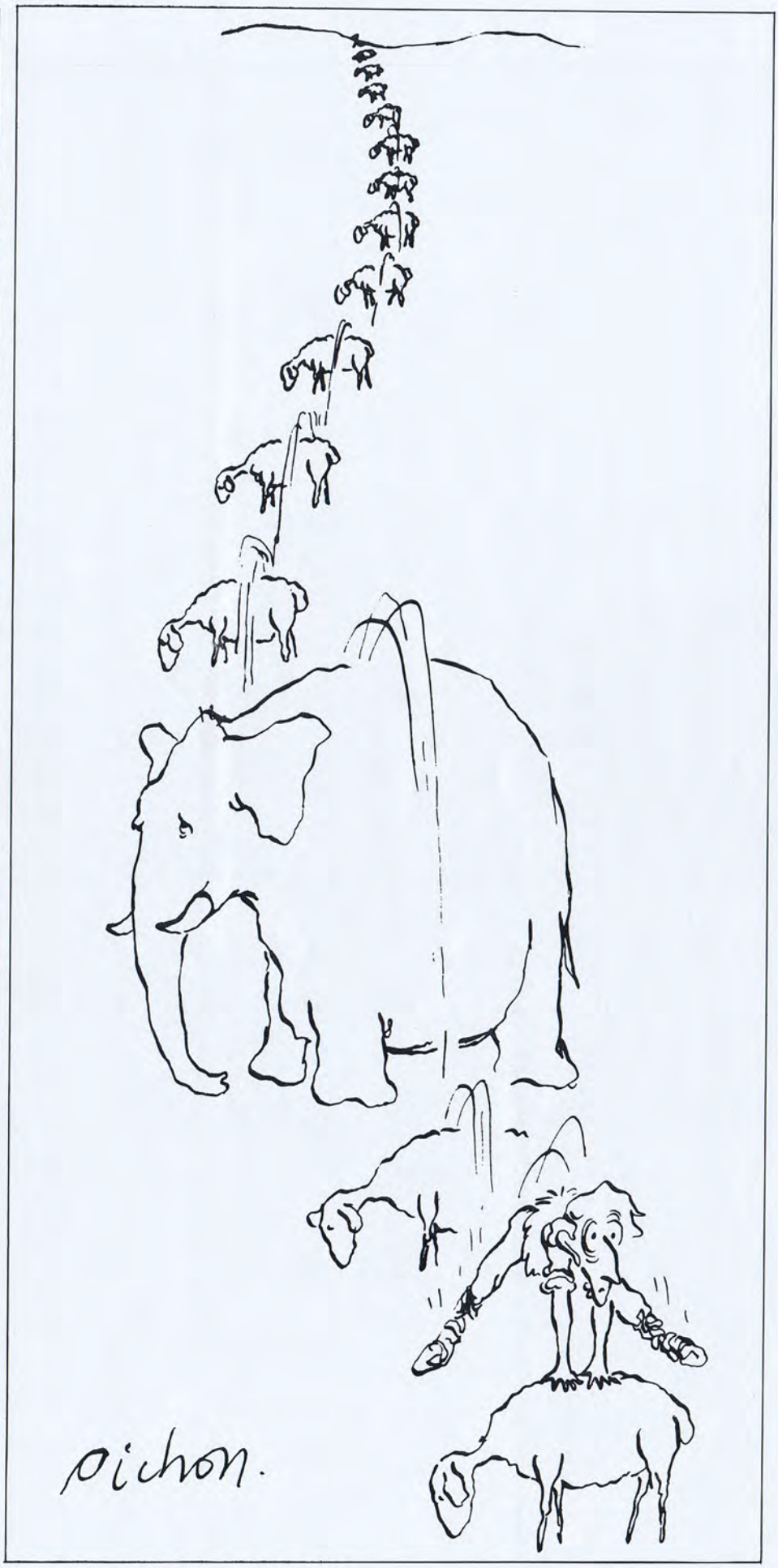
1. It is supremely erotic without offending dress taboos; 2. It multiplies the areas of sexual interest by artificially separating the breasts from the shoulders and the hips from the bottom: 3. It is low enough (when worn correctly) to expose provocatively the top of the sulcus between the buttocks, and high enough to reveal the exciting folds of flesh between the thighs and the bottom; 4. It conceals the less pleasing texture of the flesh of the breasts and buttocks, while revealing their form by confining them.

But research in the library suggests that the bikini was not invented, but evolved. A picture of a Sicilian girl in a bikini survives from A.D. 400. I conclude that it is simply the answer to an engineering problem—how to cover minimally the erogenous zones. O Sanita Simplicitas!—*D.F.C. (name and address supplied), Hull, Lincolnshire.*

Pain and pleasure

I have had about half a dozen unexpected and delightful experiences of playfully spanking the rear end of a woman. The age of the participants ranged from the 20s to the mid-40s and in each case they were willing.

With one partner, after some horseplay and wrestling, the threat of a bare bottom spanking yielded only token resistance which, when once she was across the knee, ceased. I have noticed even mature matrons were only slightly shocked at a quick flick of skirts and slap which



led to a bare bottom slap or two for the asking.

I am in my mid-50s and though such experiences do not come often I can assure those Doubting Thomases that very little objection is raised once the ice is broken.—*P. Arthur Ramsell, Walford Street, Tividale, Worcestershire.*

Spanking, I feel, has a simple urge, even if those who indulge do not recognize it. The pleasure comes from the proximity of the part normally spanked to the areas of natural physical attraction. This is what motivates men to make playful slaps at a girl's bottom in response to an often unexpected opportunity. With the more mature spankings and beatings in which some couples indulge this idea is borne out by the fact that the making-up involves the natural areas of attraction. The greater the pain inflicted the more powerful the lovemaking to erase it.—*Ramac (name and address supplied), Glasgow.*

I am a French reader girl, and I think for many people corporal punishment of teenage girls are pretence to satiate sexual pleasure.

When I was 12 old, I ought to do medical gymnastic. I was led by two teachers women in particular lessons. For the exercises, they forced me to take off my clothes and even my knickers. Very often I had to take difficult and indecent postures and they seemed to make fun of my uneasiness. At the end of each lesson, if I was not obedient, my teacher punished me. For this, one of the two women bent me over her knees and spanked me, while the other one was looking at. She hit very strongly and the slaps on my bare bottom were so painful that during a long time I couldn't stop my cries and tears.

I was never spanked at home and I was so ashamed that I didn't tell anything to my mother. Afterwards I understood these women felt a sadic pleasure to corrige a innocent young girl.—*Anne (name and address supplied), Paris, France.*

I have read with interest most of the Forum letters on corporal punishment, sadism and masochism and it would seem that most people derive pleasure from these practices and are open enough to admit it. But I wonder how many suffer from one of these perversions and are ashamed even to admit they have such a craving? I have been masochist-inclined for years, but until I read reports about Dr. Ward in the Profumo case a few years back, I always took myself to be suffering from a mental complaint and could not find courage to disclose it to anyone. Whenever I heard the words "cane", "whip" or "strap" I got a craving (and still do) to be taken in hand and beaten like a naughty child. Dr. Ward's case was educational to me, and I felt even more relieved when I learnt from Penthouse that it was not uncommon in grown people. I wonder if any of your readers know any way to cure oneself of the craving?

I always believed that if I could find someone to give me a real good beating it would cure me of wanting another, but the point was to find a person who would give it in strict confidence. Eventually I found courage to go to a call-girl and put my cards frankly before her. She was understanding and I faced the embarrassment of dropping my pants and letting her give it to me but, perhaps because I had a free hand to tell her to stop when it became painful, it did not have the desired effect of curing me and I did not have the courage to see her again.

Some two years later I went to a different one and she told me that at least one in every three of her clients came for a beating and not intercourse, but she shattered my hopes by telling me that however hard she or anyone beat me, it would be no cure. She had a charming manner, and told me that if I wished her to be hateful and play the part of a mistress, she was willing to, but she impressed on me that it would not cure me. She seemed to be talking from experience, and so I did not face the further embarrassment of having it off her. If any reader knows the cure, I hope they will write to you.—*F.J.S. (name supplied), Blandford Street, London W.1.*

I have been married 10 years and my wife and I have enjoyed sex together in many forms. However, during the past year or so I experienced an almost overpowering urge to spank her before making love, but when I asked her she, not unnaturally, refused point-blank. Eventually she did agree to let me, provided I paid her for services rendered, which I readily did.

When I went to bed that night I found my sexual feelings were stronger than ever before, and I could hardly wait for her to come into the room. After she had undressed she turned out the light (another stipulation—it had to be in the dark), opened the curtains, climbed into bed, and said "Goodnight". This was just her way of teasing me further. After a few minutes she got out and came round to my side of the bed and said, "If you really want to smack my bottom let's get it over with".

I sat on the edge of the bed and she laid full-length across my knees. By this time my feelings were indescribable. I then pulled up her night-dress, made her bend her knees down, and smacked her six times with my hand across her bare bottom. Although she did not make a sound it brought tears to her eyes, but when we made love we both experienced feelings neither had ever enjoyed before.

I have spanked her bottom many times since, and she now admits that the pain heightens her sexually. I have used a slipper, a hairbrush, a cane and a strap as well as my hand, and the lights are now left on, because that heightens the enjoyment. Only once has she wanted to smack my bottom, which I found enjoyable. She did it very hard with her hairbrush, and when I got up she was extremely excited and said: "Please use a cane this time, and hard". It really made her wriggle and she had red marks across her bottom afterwards, but we made wonderful love.—*P.C. (name and address supplied), Pontypool, Monmouthshire, Wales.*

According to Havelock Ellis, sex variants or unconventional behavior (apart from homo-



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sexuality) are not perversions when they are the means to an end in lovemaking. It would seem that in pre-love play or petting a little bottom smacking, love biting, strip-tease, or nude exhibitionism are the spice that makes love worthwhile in everyone's "bedroom charades", and quite normal practice. The combination of intimacy with submission is necessary, whichever sex submits to the odd forms of stimulation. The odd forms are so often developed quite naturally after marriage and over the years, triggered off by some other experience, as in my case.

My sex behavior was conventional during the early years of marriage, but a chance incident changed this. At the time the fashion craze for young wives was the pinafore dress worn with a blouse, which made my slim dark Irish wife look akin to our pretty schoolgirl daughter. When my daughter was 12, though she had never been spanked before, a serious misdemeanor decided my wife and I that she would have to be. We went to her room, and after a little struggle, I took our errant daughter over my knees, turned up her gym slip, took down her navy gym knickers, and proceeded to strap the bare bottom with the leather end of my belt. During the process of administering 12 severe stripes, and in spite of feeling upset and beastly, I also began to feel quite sexual, and I observed that my wife appeared rather excited, as though she were in the same predicament.

Sometime later, in the course of a little nagging session, my wife and I reproved each other for our interest in our daughter's spanking, and my wife remarked: "I wonder if you'd have been as excited at the prospect of undressing me and spanking me as you obviously were with her". Without thinking I immediately replied: "Why darling, you'd look smashing like that—in fact you almost do, if it weren't for the nylon undies you wear". Imagine my surprise when I retired to our bedroom to find my wife still dressed in pinafore dress, but also wearing a spare pair of our daughter's navy gym knickers! To my amazement she said, "Well, I suppose nagging's as good an excuse as any for a spanking". Then she raised her skirt and laid over my knees, saying, "Well, go on—take my knickers down and give me the strap. That's what you were thinking of, and I realize that's just what I was hoping for."

Needless to say, I did a good job and she enjoyed the "charade" in spite of a sore bottom and a few withheld tears. We then proceeded to a wild state of intimacy, the like of which we had never envisaged before. Since then we have tried many variations of the schoolgirl charade, both in attire to pep it up. It's peculiar at times how my belt seems to disappear for a time, and in its place appears the slipper, a thin piece of garden cane, and of course the traditional hairbrush.

Until recently we never even realized we were perhaps oversexed, or a little eccentric, or even bored with the conventional sex life of the first years of marriage. We are now much more happy, and feel younger, less and less inhibited, and very satisfied after our sexual appetites have been whetted in this way. Even when we are



really cross with each other, it seems to clear the air. Consequently we do not really nag any more, for a session of love slapping soon dispels any resentment.

Our schoolgirl daughter, incidentally, is quite unaware of the change she is responsible for, but she remarked the other day: "Why, daddy and mummy, you look just like a couple of teenagers holding hands"—and we really feel just like that. I trust that all your readers benefit from the many object lessons you print, for since we started to read Penthouse we too have improved our standard of loving.—*Jim and the much-spanked Jennifer, Lower Street, Hillmorton, Rugby, Warwickshire.*

I have not beaten my wife nor have I ever received sexual excitement over caning my children. I did once cane my secretary for insolence. I told her I was going to sack her, but as an alternative she could be punished by caning if she wished. She decided on the latter and I directed her to remove her very short miniskirt, pants and tights and kneel on a chair. She got six strokes and cried, but she is still with me. She has never been insolent again because she knows she would not be able to sit down for 24 hours if she were.—*T.R. (name and address supplied), Loughborough, Leicestershire.*

Help stamp out tights?

I agree with G. A. Morris (September) that tights are unsexy and unsightly. He is quite right in admiring stocking-top and thigh. I have never been able to see sense in the view that to show stocking-top and thigh is distasteful. What more beautiful, charming, and provocative sight can there be to delight the senses of any normal red-blooded male than a lovely girl in a microskirt sitting in public with shapely legs crossed and a substantial amount of stocking-top and that wonderful white thigh above showing so delightfully—and, dare we hope, a tiny glimpse of her briefs? Sexual Utopia, surely. —*M.A. (name and address supplied), Hull, Yorkshire.*

May I first disagree with the anti-tights on aesthetic grounds? Starlets and models excepted, most girls display above their stocking-tops a pair of unattractive greyish puddings, which tights do everything to improve, though the illusion of slim bronzed thighs is false.

However, I suspect the real argument of the anti-tight brigade is more fundamental and practical: how to get on target. Fortunately I can answer this one. When in the U.S. I spend much time with a delightful 18-year-old daughter of a business friend, who modifies new tights by unpicking about four inches of the front seam. I suppose most of her classmates do the same.—*I.C. (name and address supplied), Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire.*

In addition to agreeing with the ban-the-tights group I advocate the banning of culottes, which also destroy a man's joy in birdwatching. Emphasis in fashion may change, however, if the see-through blouse and dress catch on thoroughly. But the girls do not seem to know how to wear these. For daytime to the office the blouse should be worn with the bra seen, and if the dress is worn panties, stockings and pantie girdle should also be seen. For parties and social occasions nothing should be worn underneath, even with the dress. The effect is ruined if no bra, but panties are worn together—it should be all or nothing, depending on occasion.—*Graham Henderson, Sherwood Street, Piccadilly Circus, London W.1.*

Getting a man down

I was very interested by the letter from D.G. (October) who enjoys strong girls sitting astride him. My first experience of wrestling with a girl was when I was 16. Walking in our local park I saw two girls of about 19 in tight jeans having a playful wrestle on the grass, and I sat down to watch. When the taller of the two got the other down and sat astride her, the girl underneath shouted to me to give her a hand. "You'd better not", said the other, "or I'll flatten you as well".

This taller girl was about three inches taller than I was, and heavier built, but I thought a girl would have no chance, so I went to pull her off. "So you want to wrestle, do you?" she said, and clamped her right arm round my neck. I was amazed at how strong she was. After about a minute she managed to trip me and we both fell to the ground, with her uppermost. She immediately sat astride me, holding my wrists down with her hands as I struggled like mad. I had to give up, exhausted, but she made

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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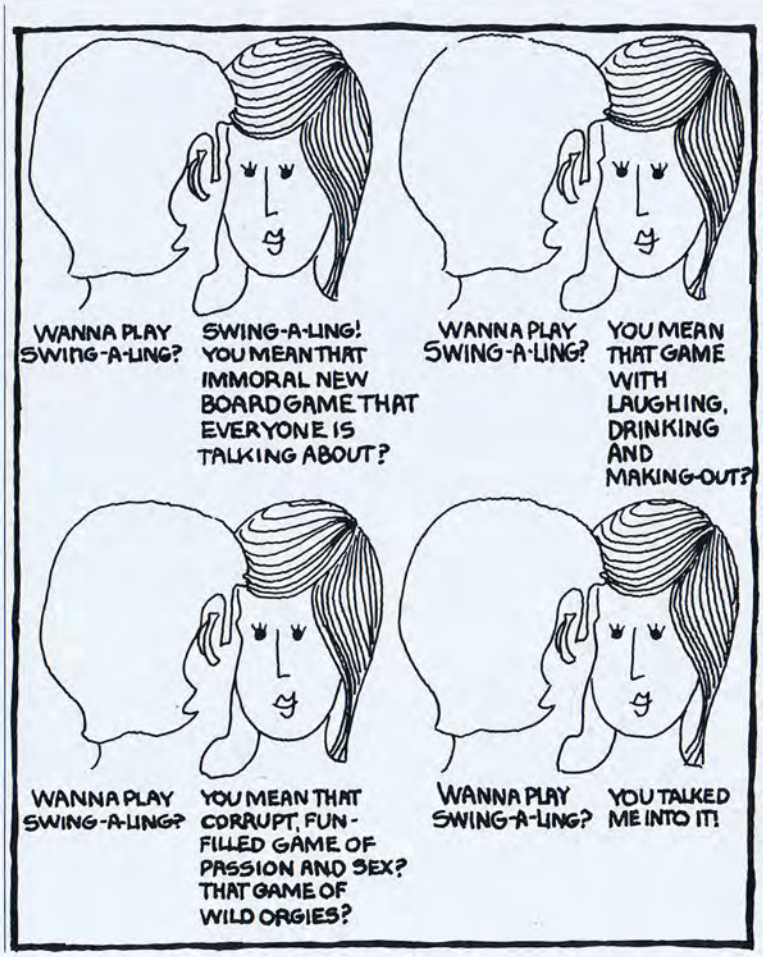
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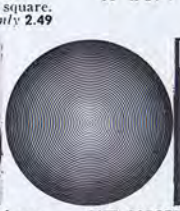
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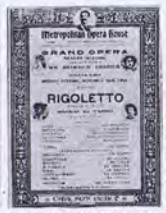


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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

no effort to let me up and started taunting me. After being on my back for about ten minutes I discovered I was enjoying the experience and had a huge erection. By the time she let me up I'd experienced orgasm.

Last summer at the beach I noticed a teenage boy and girl wrestling on the sand, and the girl managed to get him on his back and sit astride him. She was wearing white jeans, and even this was enough to rouse me. My present girl friend is tall and well built and takes delight in wrestling with me. She has told me she has sometimes experienced orgasms while astride me.—*H.C. (name supplied), Carntyne, Glasgow, Scotland.*

Change partners

I am pretty certain one could not change partners unless confident of one's partner and of one's own sexual abilities. So to change partners may be a sign of the strength of a marriage, and a good indication of its potential in later years. Guilt is the most malignant influence on the human mind, and to gain sexual variety and freedom by secret extramarital affairs is likely to be traumatic and emotionally disturbing. This is why changing partners in the way under discussion can, I am certain, be very rewarding. Taking the concept further, sexual activity in a group (the so-called "orgy") would be theoretically ideal.

An important field such as this merits sociological research, and it is encouraging that at a time when the high walls surrounding people's sexual experiences are crumbling there are more potential researchers opting to study sociology and the humanities.—*R. A. Shore, Beaulah Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.*

Last year my wife and I were received by a couple of friends. At the end of the dinner, after a few dances, my friend's wife suggested with her husband's agreement that we should continue the party with changed partners till the following morning. I was rather surprised, but there is no word to tell how horrified my wife was. Nevertheless after a long discussion we agreed to try the experiment. Since then we have met our friends once more and finished the party in the same way.

We must confess that this was for us the most unforgettable experience of our life, and since then it seems that my wife and I have never been so close before. My friends are quite normal people with a comfortable social position, and they tell us that such diversions are not so uncommon as we might imagine. Undoubtedly men want some changes in love. Why can't their wives arrange things to avoid the surprises of adultery?

I would like to send you my best congratulations for all the qualities of your magazine, which is very much appreciated on this side of the Channel, and sometimes difficult to get.—*P. F. F. (name and address supplied), Lille, France.*

During our 25 years of married life my wife and I have indulged separately on approximately three occasions, and both agree that the experience heightened our love and desire for each other. By this I am not saying that all married people should engage in such experiments, for obvious reasons, but we see no reason why those who can live with this form of loving should come to harm or have their marriages flounder.—*T.G.N. (name and address supplied), Harrogate, Yorkshire.*

I'd like to tell your readers of my own experience "in the field". A few years ago I met a married couple. The wife soon became my mistress—which up to now is fairly common—but with the husband's consent. He became my friend. Quite recently he met a girl, slept with her, and told his wife. Surprisingly, she insisted on making her acquaintance and a month ago we all four had a dinner at my friend's house. Late in the evening we did not change partners—changing means leaving—but each couple made love in full view of the others, at my mistress' suggestion. I must admit we all felt a little embarrassed at the beginning, and—as we told each other afterwards—it took more time than usual for the male element to be "ready". But it was such a revelation and so exciting an experience for all of us that I made love with the mistress of my mistress' husband, and my friend with his wife. Since that time, instead of being three we are four friends having a sex party about once a week.

This experience made us understand how love and sex should be free, liberated from selfishness and jealousy. We are educated and, as far as I know, normal people. Excuse my bad English, and congratulations for your fine magazine.—*M.F.B. (name and address supplied), Paris 6, France.*

Circumcision party

In your September issue there was a letter from one of your readers regarding circumcision, and I would like to pass on to you my rather unusual experience. As nature and love will have it, my girl friend (who is Jewish) discovered that I had not been circumcised. She said that it was not healthy. Though my foreskin was very long I could still retract it for cleaning but she suggested that I should be circumcised and cited all the reasons favoring it. After discussing it for some time I agreed. The easiest way to have the surgery done is to go to a doctor, but my lady love is imaginative and decided that it would be great to have a circumcision party just like they do with most Jewish babies. Since it sounded like a wild idea and a good reason for a party I said "All right."

She made arrangements with a mohel (a rabbi highly trained and skilled at performing circumcisions) to carry out the ceremony. The event took place at my girl friend's apartment with a group of our male and female friends gathered around. I was concentrating on the surgery and the pain (only a small amount of local anesthesia had been used which reduced the pain to a sharp stinging sensation) too



much to worry about the embarrassment of people seeing me in an exposed state. The girls in the group were shaken and a little pale at seeing the rather large and somewhat bloody piece of skin being removed. After the ceremony we had a great party, though I spent it reclining in a chair with a drink in my hand.

I am one of those "few men" referred to in the letter who have been in a position to have had intercourse before and after having been circumcised. After a period of time I think that the sensitivity of the organ has dulled somewhat due to constant rubbing against clothing thus making the sex act last longer. The height of climax has *not* been affected, and if anything has been increased.

I would suggest that all men be circumcised. Besides, it's a great excuse for a party.—*Hal Archer, Los Angeles, California*

Enslaved by the pill

In defence of the British male, I disagree entirely with Jean P. of Leeds (October) on her description of men. I don't think much of her choice of male companions—possibly they're different in Yorkshire. Speaking for myself and most of my friends, I would never dream of pushing a girl out of a car in the middle of the countryside, or try to have sex with her on a first date, nor would I attempt it in a car. If I were sure the girl was going to sleep with me I'd go to a hotel or her apartment, where neither of us would have to worry about discovery by some over-zealous country policeman with a torch.

I also disagree that a girl's sexual fluids smell unpleasant. I personally feel the aroma of a young woman in heat is one of the most exciting in the world, and one which I think most men find intensely stimulating.—*T.F. (name and address supplied), Clacton, Essex.*

Ultimately we may be forced to change our attitude to casual intercourse. It has been mentioned that it is taking the place of necking, and this isn't difficult to understand. Before the pill the risk of pregnancy frightened many people because it could alter the whole course of their lives, but now that intercourse is shedding this fear it may come to be regarded as an intimate but social thing. In many ways this would be a pity, and I think Katherine de Villiers (October) has already found this out. Satisfactory sex often requires experience and the partners' knowledge of each other.

Miss de Villiers says most of her partners do it badly, and this touches on a very sensitive area. Most men would feel insulted to be told they were no good at it, but I expect this applies to many of us. It would be interesting to know if she has told any of them and what reaction she got. Also, what are our most common failings?—*Martin B. (name and address supplied), Potters Bar, Hertfordshire.*

Jennifer R.'s and Jean P.'s letters stunned me. It would seem that these young ladies do not enjoy the union as they should, or they would not feel, as they put it, "contaminated" by the aftermath of the climax. It is probable that their boyfriends' amorous skills are at fault. Everyone has to learn, and in answer to the plea of Katherine de Villiers (who has my sympathy) it has been rare in my experience to find and meet a young lady who could not control the tempo of sex play to enhance her own pleasure if she wished to. There is much the girl can do to help her boyfriend to their mutual satisfaction.

Again, the present-day girl must not be surprised at sexual advances when she wears the fabulous miniskirt, sheer stockings and miniscule underwear, and has never looked more sexually enticing. Jean P. is wrong. Boys are excited by the whole girl—not six inches of her.—*G.S (name and address supplied), Surbiton, Surrey.*

Peel off, men

Together with the younger females in our office I enjoy wearing the see-through top on social occasions. Discussing this with them brought us to the reactions of our boy friends. We feel that it's silly for them to wear their suits with us in this garb—they get even hotter than usual. So we suggest that the boys give up wearing their jackets and show more of their bodies. Their narrow hips look so good, why don't they show off more? The girls would love it.

I weighed my clothes against my boy friend's jacket and it weighed more than all mine together, except shoes. And they still wear ties too to keep themselves warm!—*A.J.L. (name and address supplied), Smithfleet. Dentford, Essex.*

Fashion notes

I was delighted to read of a girl leaving off her panties for her man (October), as was my wife. We thought we needed help of some kind, due to the fact that I insisted 12 months after we married that she leave off her panties. That was three years ago and she has not worn any since.

Also recently, now that the weather has got fine and warm, she has discarded her slip and bra when I requested it. We went to a dinner-dance recently and she wore only a pantie girdle and stockings under her ball gown. She enjoys it as much as I do.

We have never had a tiff and we have two children. I wanted her to write this letter herself.—*J. Cunningham, Pear Avenue, Bury, Lancashire.*

Is your splendid magazine just too, too glossy to print anything to do with one of the commonest and most harmless of all fancies? I have a rainwear boutique here in Richmond and it is quite remarkable to see the fascination caused by a simple macintosh made from good old-fashioned rubberized satin, or shiny black rubber-surfaced material. Strong men tremble at the sight of their ladies dressed in them, and some women enthuse as if they were getting a mink for their seven or eight pounds, not a raincoat.

Why this particular material should be so much more fascinating than, say, plastic, I have no idea.—*A. C. Goddard Hill Rise, Richmond, Surrey.*



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VIEW FROM THE TOP



A piece of cheese (green)

The king will put down his clarinet or his prize courtesan, whichever he happens to be playing at the moment, and regard the arrival of the courier from the American Embassy with the uneasy hospitality of a man who has been too often to the hockshop and knows that all he possesses, including his dignity, is gathering dust and high interest charges.

"What is it you have there in the box, Pemberton?" he will ask, giving the clarinet or the courtesan one last, affectionate pat where his lips had touched moments before. "Is it more money?"

"Your Majesty, it is a gift from my government of far greater importance than money."

"Ah, Pemberton, only a man who hates women and music could say a thing like that."

"Sir, what I bring you is a pebble from the Moon, a gift of President Richard Milhaus Nixon, signifying the new era of intergalactic unity and peace that we have entered through the courageous expedition of the three American astronauts who . . ."

"Pemberton," the king will sigh, tamping keef into the hookah and snapping a kitchen match into flame with the nail of his right thumb, "you are very young. Have you ever considered the possibility that it is not the Moon that is made of green cheese, but Earth?"

"Sir, I . . ."

"Go, now, Pemberton. Give it some thought this afternoon as you are fondling the camel drivers at the bazaar. And if you do not mention my impertinence, I will continue to indulge your promiscuity."

Yes, Pemberton, go think it over, for what you will have delivered to the small-potatoes potentate is the entirety of the United States space program and an unnecessarily cheap use of it as a political device—a gesture as painful, for those of us who remember it, as the insinuation by an ambitious California politician that his opponent had some connection with the Old Left, and as empty of logic and political candor as his later explanation of slush funds and cocker spaniels. Yes, Pemberton, you will have begun not so much an era of intergalactic peace and unity as one of Space Politics.

And Space Politics are extremely important, comparing favorably with Bomb Politics (from A to H), Slum Politics (from bad to worse), Health, Education and Welfare Politics (from Inadequate to Disgraceful, those new divisions at H.E.W.), Religious Politics (Billy Graham as the White House padre —wasn't anybody else available at Hill & Knowlton?). It compares, however invidious or odious the prospect may be, simply to maintain its status as a mirage.

For the fact is, as some quiet voices at the National Aeronautics & Space Administration have been muttering into their beakers of liquid nitrogen, there really is *no* United States space program, no matter what Walter Cronkite tries to gaff you with directly from the bar at Toots Shor's. What we have instead, are some Moon pebbles and Space Politics.

If you will read down to the fine print of the *New York Times*, which is a good deal less concerned these days with information than inflammation and the Cult of the Personality (Is Scotty Reston a defrocked Episcopalian priest? Does Clifton Daniel have his hair done by Mr Cinderella? Is Harrison Salisbury really an agent of the N.K.V.D.? Tune in tomorrow to Gay Talese's crackling crystal set) . . . if you read all the way down to the bottom of the stories, you will discover:

1. Congress has not funded the space exploration efforts beyond Apollo 12, 13 and 14.

2. It is conservatively estimated that it will take 15 years to develop a miniaturized nuclear power plant capable of carrying rockets beyond the Moon to, say, Venus or Mars (the next names that are taken so lightly in space conjecture).

3. It will be (by the same conservative estimate) another five or six years after that development before it is possible to send a man on a voyage into those dark skies under such power.

4. It will be three or four years after that before there is a splashdown, assuming some celestial neighbor doesn't decide to zap the noisy Earth insect buzzing in his previously unoccupied territory.

Space Politics, as you may be gathering, has made very little allowance for dollars and cents and hours and days, let alone the space-time continuum. It does not say that the solid-state fuels required for a boost on a journey to Mars or Venus are simply out of the question, that we have few if any men who are willing to kiss the wife and kids goodbye for four years (which is what it will take to get to Mars and back), that the national economy cannot in the foreseeable future even consider the expense of a commitment to much space exploration beyond the Moon.

Look at the Saturn rocket, the power plant of the Apollo package. The thing is as big as the Statue of Liberty now, blows $20 million whenever somebody at Canaveral touches his Optimo to the fuse, does at least $1 million damage to the launch pad getting off the ground each and every time.

The only place to go, all the experts agree, is smaller, lighter, more economical. The only known fuel for miniature power packages would be nuclear.

"And putting them all together is going to take so much money," one of the NASA lab types said the other day in Cleveland, "I think I will go to California and get a job in an airplane factory."

Don't forget your Moon pebbles, baby.

Daddy-oh

"A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Kleintop, Leigh Avenue, during the past week. Congratulations, Pete!"—*Palmerton (Pennsylvania) Post.*

Credit where credit is due.

Beat that

"Norbury Trophy (Group Five touring cars, over 1,300 c.c., 15 laps): . . . Fastest lay: Gardner, 1-0.4s 82.85."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Must be some sort of record.

Harpies' Bazaar

"The quickest way to get close to money is to marry it. Failing that, you can inherit it—or make it yourself. *Inheriting* money entails quite a bit of gloomy waiting around on one foot or another and the arches may not be up to it. What's more, with modern medicos insanely priding themselves on how long they can keep a body breathing (if not exactly alive), things are apt to get worse before they get better."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Now for those girls who simply cannot wait for death to occur by natural causes . . .

Believe it or not

When it comes to sex the frontier between reality and fantasy is always a hard one to draw. Many may think that the antics of heads of state in our serial satire *Oh, Wicked Wanda!* could only occur in the inventive mind of author Frederic Mullally. And yet . . .

Supposing Mullally wrote of a President engaged in an amorous affair with a young girl, the mother of his secret baby. And supposing the Secret Service was called in to smuggle the girl into the White House periodically to facilitate presidential dalliance. And supposing the President, in fear of discovery by the First Lady, made a habit of screwing the girl

inside a dark closet, while a Secret Serviceman kept watch? Who would doubt that all this was just one more of Mullally's flights of fancy?

And yet it all happened. The head of state was President Harding and the facts are all attested in his latest biography.

Harding was President, incidentally at the same time as Lloyd George was the Prime Minister in Britain. Lloyd George was notorious for laying anything in skirts, and was once surprised in his private room at the House of Commons in dalliance with a young girl. Perhaps, on the other side of the Atlantic just then, the President was coupling inside his closet!

Not-so-big deal

Genius is rapidly becoming the most debased word in the language. Once a rare label of intellectual distinction, reserved for minds like Newton's and Goethe's, it is now freely bestowed on footballers and demagogues, sharepushers and even shopkeepers, and a multitude of others in whose activity the intellect hardly gets past the door. The rot is of long standing, having started with longhaired musicians, whose instrumental manipulations, when above average, have become traditionally classified as "genius". Now the thing has got so far out of hand that it's reminiscent of wartime flying decorations, handed out so liberally as to be described as "coming up with the rations".

It's a pity to squander a useful word on any character who manages to do his work with distinction—which, after all, ought not to be so exceptional. Perhaps it's a symptom of faltering Western confidence that we have to seize on every example of excellence and boost it beyond its merit. Perhaps it's just the influence of press agentry, in which every rising performer is hopefully announced as a "star".

Or perhaps there's a less sinister explanation. "Genius" may be bandied about because there isn't a proper word for the outstanding operator. Meritocrat? Superman?

Sporting America

"AID recently engaged an experienced researcher to make a study of motion pictures produced and released during the 10-year period from 1958 to 1968 to determine the treatment accorded to portrayals of characters with Italian names. The survey revealed that some 100 films had themes or story lines that showed characters with Italian names or backgrounds as villains, murderers, gangsters or depraved individuals. The pattern of sinister characterizations in all of these films was uniform in stereotyping the Italian always as the bad guy.

"Our researcher was asked to find films that portrayed anyone bearing an Italian name as a decent or noble character or just plain nice guy. No such film was found."—*Americans of Italian Descent newsletter.*

Answer is simple: *immediate* action or bomb the studios.



All mixed up

Collages, once exclusively a museum or art gallery phenomenon, can be seen everywhere today—illustrating slick magazine stories, advertising deodorants or anti-war demonstrations, covering the walls of entire apartments. Yet it's doubtful if there's a single collagist whose works are providing a living.

In its simplest form the collage is a jumble of images, shapes and headlines pasted together to fill space, make a point, decorate, or convey impressions compactly. The essence of its quality is whether you merely give it a glance and then turn the page or study it closely, tantalized by haunting thoughts you can't define. Ideally a collage is a time bomb (or maybe an onion) whose effects linger longer after the initial impact.

A successful collage is heavily laden with innuendo, the juxtaposition of images producing guilt by association. "Covering a photograph of Nixon or Reagan with sexual organs gives the impression that he fucks, too," says **Claude Pelieu.** "Maybe people need reminding of obvious things like that. America suffers from a Prostestant hangover and collages draw out the inhibitions."

Pelieu, 35, estimates that he's made thousands of collages since he left Paris to live in the U.S. six years ago. A handful have been published in books or magazines but most have been given away. "He makes one with almost every letter he writes," says his friend Mary Beach who works with him on the French-English translations from which his income comes. Pelieu explains: "But writing is absolutely dead. Young people today don't read—they have no time, solitude, relaxation or money. The majority of people are living in a perpetual state resembling drunkenness and the image industry—TV etc—represents the somnambulistic state of society."

Pelieu's fellow-Europeans, Erro, Jean-Jacques Lebel and Nimmo Rotella, all create collages heavy with sexual and symbolic imagery. All have spent time in America and find it easier to use English (which they speak) for their collages than their native language. It's as though artists can bring an objectivity and plasticity to a foreign language that turns it into but another medium with which to work.

Some of the better American collagists transcend language completely. **Anita Steckel** specializes in adorning old posters and photographs (one shows a banquet table surrounded by men who all have identical Hitler mustaches and hairstyles) and **Stan Vanderbeek,** who makes his collages with film, beaming thousands of images on top of each other on the saucer-shaped walls of his moviedrome in upstate N.Y., says: "It's the only universal language."

Verdict

Frank Zappa on hippies: "I don't think the hippy community or the new youth or whatever you want to call it that's supposed to be the forerunner of this revolution today is as much into things as they think they are . . . I think the government or social order has to work for everybody who's alive. You've got to make it comfortable for and provide some sort of reasonable existence for everybody . . . You can't just say we're gonna take a bunch of money from over here and throw it over there. It's not gonna work."

Virile Valentino

The nudity-on-stage bandwaggon got its initial push from **Lennox Raphael,** 29-year-old author of an obscure off-Broadway play called *Che!* Since then, in the scramble to get aboard, he has tended to be overlooked (except by the law, of course, which ignored the blatant sex of *Oh! Calcutta* and filed 54 charges against Lennox and the producer and cast of his poetic political drama. But *Che!* was two years old when first staged, and though Broadway producers are still interested in staging it uptown, Lennox—a slender, soft-spoken Trinidadian—tends to regard it as merely a curtain-raiser for his subsequent works.

Both of these—like *Che!*—deal with his favorite themes of sexual and political power. His new plays are *The Naked Ape* about a president whose authority turns him (literally) into a gorilla, and *Valentino,* the Latin lover of the 1920s who exerted a unique attraction for millions of the world's women. With its flapper lifestyles, tango dancing, magic lantern slides, spiritualism, a light show and what its author slyly describes as "conventional sex acts", *Valentino* is the best commercial bet.

So will the innovator of onstage lovemaking be letting it all hang out again? "Oh certainly", Lennox smiles. "In Valentino's day jealous husbands were always spreading rumors that he was a homosexual—allegations that just weren't true. Actually he was a very active lover and I think it's an integral part of the plot to show proof of that."

Mail (dis)order

U.S. postal officials are having a problem with a new series of postcards printed in Denmark from individual panels of what were once known as "Tijuana bibles" — pornographic comic strips with such famous stalwarts as Moon Mullins and Popeye in orgy scenes. Even Customs officials concede the inadequacy of trying to bar the entry from Denmark of pornography that originated here in the first place.



Foot-in-mouth disease

"Gentlemen, get the thing straight, once and for all—the policeman isn't there to create disorder, the policeman is there to preserve disorder." In the stormy days of the 1968 Democratic Convention, this statement left an indelible impression of Chicago's Mayor Daley ramming both feet down his throat. The impression is true enough, but the irony is too easy. Even Mayor Daley distinguishes disorder from order. It was an easy

slip of the tongue, of a kind that is almost forced on the unwary by the powerful prosody of English rhetoric, which having provided the contrast between "create" and "preserve" doesn't have any easy stress pattern to permit another contrast between "disorder" and "order".

Because it is such an easy slip, the reader outside Chicago may think the mayor was treated unfairly by the attention to it. Now comes evidence to the contrary: a small gift volume of **Quotations from Mayor Daley** compiled by Peter Yessne (Putnam $3.95).

We are expected, of course, to think of this book—at least fleetingly—alongside Chairman Mao's little red book. The image that does gradually emerge has a more poignant humor. We see a strong man who knows what he wants and is accustomed to getting it, but cannot for the life of him make the language say it. Despite all his power, he knows the language has him whipped. He'll never forgive it and he'll never forgive those who live by it (which I suggest explains his self-destructive fury at the press). He knows he can never win, but like Snoopy after the Red Baron, he'll never quit trying to shoot down the language.

"They have vilified me, they have crucified me, yes, they have even criticized me," he cries. But he is not daunted. "Together," Daley summons us, "we must rise to ever higher and higher platitudes".

Tongue and taboo

Fuck is in. For the first time in an American general dictionary, the word is recorded. The book is the **American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language**, just out. Not that Editor William Morris is crowing about a "first". "Every modern lexicographer would routinely have recorded such a common and significant word", he says, "if the business department had permitted him". The eventful inclusion is being neither promoted nor hushed by the publishers, American Heritage and the old Boston house of Houghton Mifflin.

As managing editor of the book, I was among a group of dictionary people invited to lecture to a graduate seminar in the School of Communications of the University of Pennsylvania. My subject could not be treated adequately without consideration of the taboo words in some detail. After several experiments in modesty, I realized that I wouldn't make any sense unless I spoke the words I would be talking about. Nervously I consulted my host, Professor Robert Lewis Shayon. "Scholarship must be served," he gently suggested.

My voice sounds terribly solemn on the tape recording as I say: "With Professor Shayon's permission, I'd like to cite these words when necessary just as we would cite any other linguistic item."

Taking a breath that is audible on the tape, I plunged in: "I start, of course, with the core of the taboo vocabulary, the word *fuck*." Some of the young ladies made a careful note. Then all their bright faces turned again to me with no more expression than flowers.

Once in, the rest was easy. There were no blushes or giggles as I treated such matters as the difference between taboo standard words, such as *fuck* when referring to coitus, and taboo slang, as in "Fuck you, Jack, I'm all right", which is slang because it is rhetorical rather than denotative.

I pointed to words that had lost their taboo as their origins had been forgotten. For example, *bollux* in the phrase "all bolluxed up" is a respelling of a word for testicles. *Bugger* is sometimes used as a term of endearment ("a cute little bugger") but its standard meaning remains "a man who commits buggery". We even hear the word *brownnose* used by those who would be shocked at the explicit origin of the metaphor. I discussed, too, the tendency of a slang word to lose all meaning and become a mere expletive, and I cited the fears of war veterans at coming home to the family table and asking, "Please pass the fucking butter."

In the questions that followed I noticed that not one of the taboo words turned up. Afterwards I was aware of a very dignified white-haired scholar heading towards me with a stern expression. The president? "That was a fucking good lecture," he said gravely, and departed. Whoever he was, he had made the point to me. You can't use these words in any old context.

Taboo seems to attach to that which is deeply important in some way to the lives of the language community. We are told that blasphemy is the chief taboo in societies where religion is of primary concern. For quite a period our own society has seemed to regard sex as more significant than religion. "Fuck you!" has long been stronger than "God damn you."

To some people there are worse crimes than obscenity to be committed by (and upon) the word. These are the people who have a love affair with the language. As Professor Morris Bishop sums up in the *American Heritage Dictionary*, "Let us then try to make good choices (in word usage), and guard and praise our lovely language and try to be worthy of her." To a man who can personify the language as a lovely woman, bad grammar becomes a kind of sex crime.

Such a passion for careful usage is commonplace among writers and editors, but even among nonprofessionals almost everybody has a pet peeve that he regards as an inexcusable error of speech. The Bible tells us what happened to those who pronounced *shibboleth* as *sibboleth*.

The *American Heritage Dictionary* has tried to take account of these facts of life by gleaning advice on usage from about 100 of those considered among the more sensitive users of the language.—**Norman Hoss**

SCENES

The Comic Sutra

Or, Sixteen New Positions Endorsed by Psychiatrists Who Are Tired of Hearing About the Old Ones . . . There have come to hand lately several new books of dull photographs designed to show miserable married couples the functions of various parts of their bodies that they've been pretending they don't own. The books are being snapped up by 70-year-old bachelors as memory joggers, and by 15-year-old kids who want to make their pot dreams take clearer shape. The publishers are, for the most part, horny dentists posing as family friends, get-rich-quick unfrocked dermatologists, smellers of girls' bicycle seats, porny priests, practising money-kissers and the like. They are a welcome addition to anybody's shelf of Books-to-Play-With-Yourself-By.

The only trouble is that they haven't been thought out. At best they are pale ideas cribbed from *In a Persian Garden, The Pearl*, and others your local smut-buck man



"And where are you sneaking off to at this time of night?"

will be glad to sell you. What is needed for an up and coming generation of vibrant constructive campus wreckers, day trippers and the various fringe areas of nihilism is a true guide to the proper use of sex. What follows here has all been tested and certified by the laboratories of good housekeeping, bathroom department.

Note: Naked unless otherwise specified . . .

Position 1. The woman slides under the bed. The man, gotten up as a water lily, thrusts his pinky into a jar of peanut butter. She starts to sing *Up the Rebels* while he, pretending great interest, makes noises in imitation of a vacuum cleaner and sucks around under the bed, meanwhile referring to her as "my piece of fluff", "dirty Nellie", and the like. Then he jumps her.

2. He lies face down on the floor. She lies face down on top of him, facing the other way. They each do 15 pushups. This should work up a good sweat, on which he remarks casually that they ought to take a shower. They get into the shower together and begin playing with taps. HE soaps up the inside of the tub until it's impossible to stand up. SHE thereupon sits down, facing the drain. HE washes his hair without telling HER what HE's doing. The tattoo HIS elbows beat on HER back will give her fits.

3. Since Foreplay is always necessary, HE does this. When HE is ready, SHE does it. They, of course, do not have to be in the same room. At a prearranged signal such as, say, the screeching of an owl, a poor weather forecast, or whatever they have previously decided, he jumps her.

4. This one takes a little practice but the payoff in mutual bliss is a son-of-a-bitch. HE puts his left foot in his mouth and then inserts HER right foot. SHE does the same thing the other way round. Then HE sticks HIS tongue between any two of HIS toes while putting his forefinger between any two of HERS. SHE attempts to do the same. With the other hand, whichever that turns out to be, EACH of them caresses either the back of the knee of the other, or—and this is even better—finds something else to do. (This particular method is not altogether new since it is based in part on something a grandmother told me. She was Bessarabian, and very strict.)

5. The two fellows get in the hammock with the girl underneath, on the grass. One of the fellows is wearing a Sam Browne belt with a loose revolver in the holster. The other is wearing a leather raincoat of light blue. The girl is provided with a long horsetail which fits between her thighs. They start the hammock swinging by shouting at the girl. SHE puts a hand on each of their behinds and, very gently, moves them in opposite directions. The first one to fall out of the hammock jumps HER.

6. Wait for a good thunderstorm. The three girls strip and start making phone calls at random. Number ONE then begins making fudge so that she can give a good answer in case somebody answers the phone in a Puerto Rican accent and asks what they're doing. The Puerto Rican then gets on top of girl THREE and rubs her all over with rum. (A very fine rum for this purpose is actually made right *in* Puerto Rico and is called Gold Ribbon, or Silver Lake, or something like that. The leftover rum can be used in a variety of Latin dishes, or on them.) The other TWO now lick off the rum with fake shrieks of delight. The lickee, if we may call her that, shrieks with delight too, but SHE's not kidding. The Puerto Rican makes DO.

7. They get on a transcaribbean airways plane bound for Puerto Rico. The airline itself provides the first necessary excitement by not taking off for two hours. The hostesses, all gotten up in dashkis and leis, go around humming tunes from old Borinquen while doling out the one drink that comes free in Tourist. On arrival, the man and his wife go to the nearest beach. The trick here is not to drop it in the sand.

8. HE chains HER to the hot-air register on the floor of the parlor and announces playfully that she will be getting hot soon, etc. etc. HE spreads her legs and, still playfully, pretends to shout down to the basement for more heat. SHE then puts her right big toe into his left ear, her left big toe into his right, and tries to catch his nose in the grating. This can bring a deal of pleasure if they don't get to laughing too much.

9. HE gets into a comfortable position on his back with his knees raised and reads *Portnoy's Complaint* in a good light. While he is thus engaged, SHE takes a copy of anything by Jacqueline Susann to the bathroom and endeavors to read more than one chapter. As soon as HE is fairly sure that SHE is asleep, HE gets dressed and goes down to Times Square to pick up a sailor.

10. HE takes a stand with his hands on his hips, about two feet behind the dog.

11 (thru 16). These are merely various ways of sitting around and staring at the topless waitresses in your nearest topless-waitress club. It will not clear up your skin but it's better than staying home with that drag-ass you're married to.

And sometimes he jumps them.

—**Henry Morgan.**



Where's the magic gone?

I don't think that I'd do very well at an orgy. Through the courtesy of the Living Theater I have recently been invited to take my clothes off and join the cast in some sort of wholesale involvement in living life, and even though my mind was deliberately cleared for loose thoughts of all types, I kept getting turned off by the crowd scene. Also, by the fact that this holy rolling about was taking place in a theater. Likewise with *Oh! Calcutta!* The fact that there were ten of them in the buff seemed overwhelming. But again it wasn't only the numbers of people. It was where they were. In a theater.

Where has all the magic gone? If the NOW theater as propounded by these productions must involve such arch realism, then I say we're getting lost in a semantical process of flushing out the Philistines. They are using the theater for non-theatrical purposes—life should be portrayed on the stage, not lived there—while they call those of us who walk away from them reactionary fuddy-duddies who yearn for the return of *Abie's Irish Rose.* It ain't so.

The over-realism that surrounds theater today is really an insult to the innate erotic imaginative process that we all have. I can see a lot more in my mind than I can with my eye. I am ripe to be incited but shudder at the avalanche of detail. A woman's body comes alive best of all when it is suggested as being in the form of my own secret perfection mold, but when all those unrefined white bellies are spilled at me from a stage, a place where suggestion and subtlety once reigned, I am turned off as thoroughly as when Walt Disney tried to jam down my throat his idea of what Night on Bare Mountain meant to him in *Fantasia.*

To lay *Oh! Calcutta!* to rest for all time, there is first of all the matter of the title. In phonetic French it goes like "O quel cul t'as l", which translates roughly as "Oh, what an ass you have". So it makes it both phonetically and semantically as a put-on. The main trouble with the production is that it is essentially inconsequential. It is merely an evening of illustrated dirty jokes where the mixed cast does disrobe and does simulate copulation, but it is all sex without passion—the actors are cold turkey nekkid and the sex is all cold turkey balling. Where they do touch each other in the more quiet scenes it is but mildly arresting as abstract notions and motions and nothing else.

Some of the action can be termed provocative but I recall nothing in the entire evening that could be called really stimulating in the sense that a genuine pornographer would accept. It is really child's play, and if Kenneth Tynan thinks that this evening of little - boy - giggling - in - the - whorehouse is erotic then he must be dubbed the classic case of arrested development. I suggest that we turn, instead, to a graphic depiction of *Lady Chatterley's Lover,* for instance, complete with all the preliminaries. Ponder on the motivations of the gamekeeper and his lady, about to make it—they know it and the audience knows it—and then they get to the bed, exact and specific, complete with the four-letter language that springs alive with meaning because of its relevance rather than its dirty-word connotation. The complete sex act right there on the stage between two people whom we have had the chance to know and with whom we can identify. Not just another couple or three bodies playing animal games.

Or how about an evening of might-have-been love scenes from the movies but without the fade-outs? The surf scene between Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr in *From Here to Eternity,* except in the stage version there's no cutting away to a pulsating cloud formation as the sea pounds the shore, and he likewise her. We'll see them making love right there in front of our eyes, or at least simulating making love. When we start having this kind of production we can proclaim a sexual revolution in the American theater. Which reminds me that Actors' Equity negotiated

a salary increase for any actors who, as a part of their normal professional duties, have to perform in the nude and simulate copulation. I was wondering, if they're caught enjoying themselves, do they have to give their salaries back to the management?

Many plays are announced for Broadway; some make it in and some don't. From my latest list of what's supposed to be coming in this year there are a few that come alive just by contemplating them. For instance, the London hit *A Patriot for Me* by John Osborne, with the German or Swiss or whatever-he-is-this-week actor Maximilian Schell as the homosexual Austrian army officer (circa 1900) who is blackmailed by the Russians into spying for them. It includes a very wild drag party and is based on fact. It should be running by now if the schedule holds. Also Geraldine Page in a new comedy called *Angela* about a cheating Boston suburban matron. Yes, Virginia, it can also happen in Boston. This is at the Music Box. A big excitement is the Katherine Hepburn *Coco,* opening December 18 at the Mark Hellinger. I'm also sort-of fascinated with what the people who wrote *Your Own Thing,* that lively musical translation of Twelfth Night, will do with *Alice in Wonderland,* which will be here in January. Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar on words and music and the well esteemed playright N. Richard Nash on the book. And the William Inge play *Bus Stop* will be brought in as a musical starring Paula Wayne, who is sexy and talented. I'll report on some of these in later editions. The trouble is that so much of the Broadway stuff is a carbon copy of previous hits. Somehow if you've been there before, the fire is missing. But each season also brings its own special stamp at some point. That's what keeps us in constant attendance. Hoping that this one might return the magic to us.—**Sandy Lesberg**



Advent of a cult hero

It has been a long time between cult heroes for American cinema. Our last two both emerged in 1954, when Marlon Brando figuratively tore America apart in *The Wild One,* and James Dean tried to put it back together in *East of Eden.* The following year, Dean, 24, starred in *Rebel without a cause,* and suddenly it seemed as if every kid in the country was wearing a red windbreaker. The intensity of devotion these two men inspired hasn't completely faded away. Marlon, 30 when he made *The Wild One,* went on to a flakey individualistic career that seems to center on his being horribly mutilated or killed in almost every film he's made since. His fans suffer in silence, but await his personal *risorgimento.* Dean racked up his Porsche in '55 and died in the accident, releasing a wave of necrophilia that resulted in fan clubs whose couple of million members insisted for years afterwards that he was alive somewhere. With the passing years, he has gradually become a piece of period nostalgia to be glimpsed on late-night television, a flicker of another America.

We're another country now, and our cinema offers us unmistakable proof of it: the Gleasons, Hopes, Balls, Lewises make their same old films, make the same kind of money, but no one particularly gives a damn. They are dinosaurs of the '50s, their day is past. The big studios, who always know where it's at and do their utmost to produce ersatz products in order to keep the older folks satisfied, give us the Peppards, Sarrazins, Parks, Hemmings and Stamps until we have synthetic heroes coming out of the wall, *every* wall. About all we do in reaction is to turn off the leading men and look to the ladies: Vanessa, Mia, Faye, Julie, the only original things happening in English-speaking cinema. We still look for the next big ballsy guy to come along. Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman give us pause for thought, but it's only a pause.

And then, overnight it seems, we have a new genuine double-authentic cult hero. The real McCoy. And even though we could have predicted it, he still comes as a shock. **Peter Fonda.** Yes. The same Peter Fonda who broke into films six years ago in *Tammy and the Doctor* and *The Victors.* The same Peter Fonda who gave up on Hollywood and, instead of pursuing stardom, began his own pursuit of happiness, mostly in the form of various hallucinogens. In short, Fonda wanted out and got out. This, of course, is the real mark of a cult hero.

So Fonda went his own way, and that included playing in American International trash like *The Wild Angels* and *The Trip.* Both suggested that Fonda couldn't sniff out decent material even if he was standing on top of the collected works of Kurt Vonnegut. But so what if he made mistakes? People occasionally do learn from errors, and I believe Fonda has.

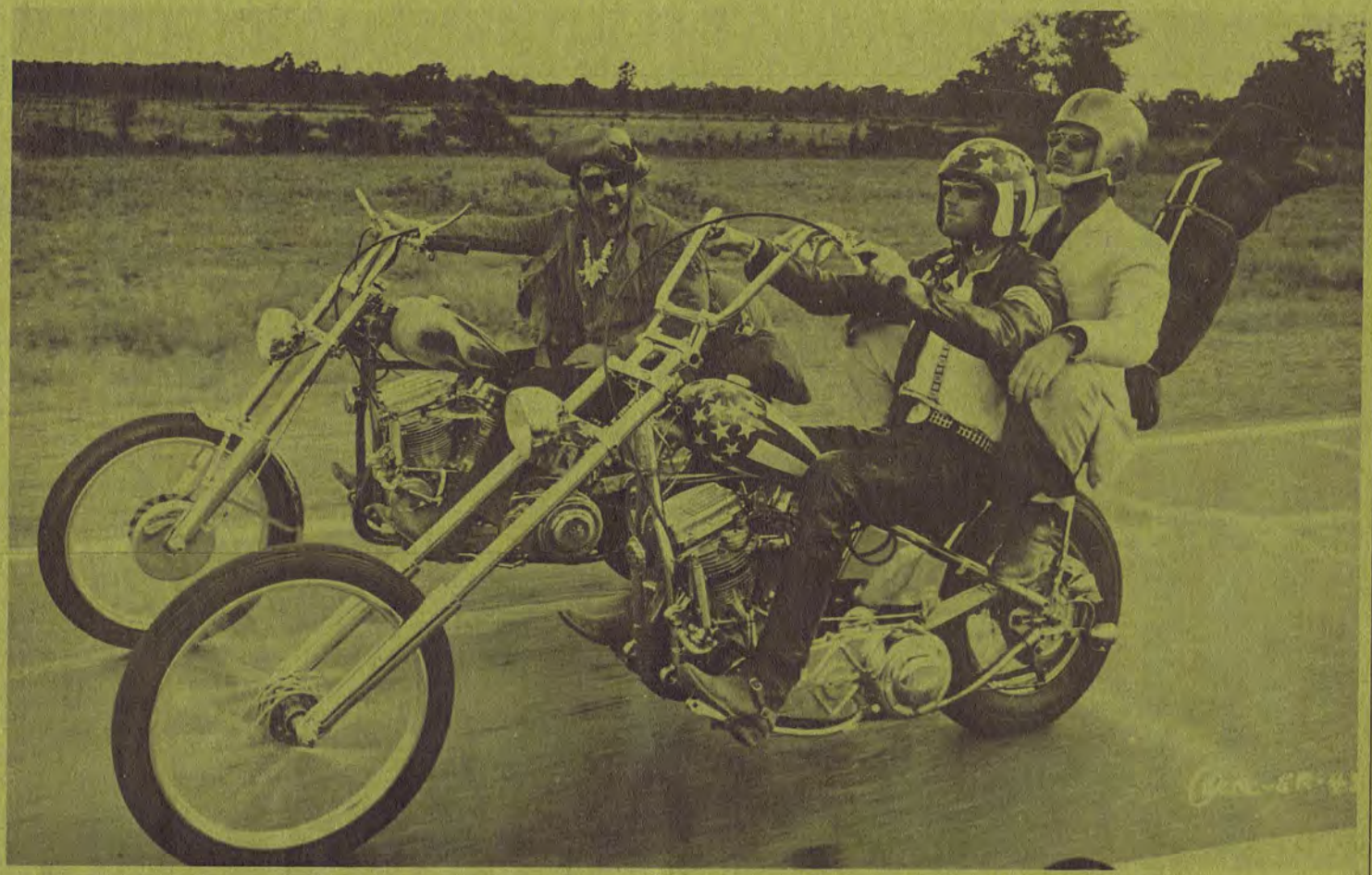
The results of those two A-I inanities? Fonda, seated on a motorcycle, was promptly posterized and for sale in every head shop across the country—a mini-underground hero. There was no poster fallout from *The Trip,* but the spaced-out character he played, plus the publicity about his own predilection for LSD, won him more acceptance, however grudging, from young America. And now, he has put it all together: **Easy Rider** is the finest film ever made about—and for—American youth.

Not a perfect film by any means, it still has the self-indulgent pomposity, the overeagerness to philosophize, that abounded in other Fonda flicks. But they've been held to a minimum and even used effectively in an often-magnificent screenplay written by Fonda, Dennis Hopper and Terry Southern. *Easy Rider* is about a cross-country motorcycle odyssey made by two young pot peddlers from Los Angeles to New Orleans, where death awaits them. Fonda and Hopper are the cycle heads. Along the way they pick up a comically-tragic lush of a lawyer who is beaten to death by townies en route. Jack Nicholson marvelously portrays the barrister, and the fact that he will undoubtedly be nominated for an Academy Award should be evidence that Hollywood still keeps its ear to the ground.

What the three of them encounter is nothing less than a brilliantly compressed articulation of why America is in turmoil as we head for the 1970s. The violence, the waste, the bitter ugliness and psychic chains that so stress us are on display without being hoked-up. As Wyatt, Fonda lets it all roll over him. The individual can't take on the social and technological machine; if he wants to survive, he must live outside of society. Fonda comes through as a non-evangelical visionary. His sidekick Billy (Hopper), humorous, talkative, optimistic, is a perfect complement.



Trip in *The Trip:* and a slight lift for Peter Fonda



Fonda, in following his own truths, produced *Easy Rider* and not only had the good sense to hire Southern as scenarist and Hopper as co-star, but also gave Hopper his first shot at direction. There is little to fault and much to praise in what Hopper has done. He has gone about his labors so keenly and cleanly that the land often seems to talk for itself. When the riders are in the nation's interior, the beauty of North America is dazzling. When they come in contact with society, the grossness of our mindless productivity fills the screen pointedly, a point made without overstatement.

Finally, however, this is Fonda's movie, just as *Bonnie and Clyde* belonged to Warren Beatty. As a producer Fonda has created a film intensely relevant to our times. As an actor he has created a character that instantly communicates with the pleasure-seeking innocent manchild in all of us. As a person his life will become scrutinized and made into a small-dimensioned myth, for his ideas and lifestyle will be given countless forums by media anxious to exploit—but also learn—what has shaken so many people.

And so, Peter Fonda, child of plenty, has made his big move. It has been a creditable, laudable, honest and highly dramatic move. The cult hero lives his movie, and Fonda is doing just that.—**Anthony Rome**



Star seafood

New York's Fulton Fish Market is the largest fish distribution center in the USA, handling more than 160 different fresh and saltwater species in the course of the year. Besides the fishing boats that come in, there are oyster trucks from Long Island, lobster flights from New England, crab and crabmeat from Maryland, and shrimp from Florida, Louisiana, and Texas. Dungeness Bay crabs from the northern Pacific coast, and pompano from the Gulf. The English Channel and the North Sea contribute English sole and turbot. Denmark sends brook trout. Nova Scotia sends salmon. South Africa obliges with rock-lobster tails. The grand total ranges between a million and a million and a half pounds a day, and runs as high as two million pounds during the shad season.

So New York can't help having good shelly and finny fare, especially as hotels and restaurants get their fish fresher than the housewife does. Their buyers or wholesalers are there copping the best long before she's had her morning cup of coffee, and she gets what's left, after it reaches her local retailer. Here's a platter of good places, from among the many.

Sweet's, 2 Fulton Street, is the oldest fish restaurant in New York (1845) and closest to source of supply. Brassbound stairs up from the sidewalk hark back to the days when this building was a hotel for sea captains who, as they ate, quaffed, and yarned, liked to cast an eye out over the lined-up clipper ships with bowsprits protruding over South Street. The floor, scrubbed these 124 years, has the white look of a holystoned deck; walls are trophied with whales' teeth, etc. The bar is a curio.

When waiters set down a plate of fresh-opened oysters or clams in front of a customer, they believe he's going to like the tangy flavor, and they aren't guessing. The same with the broiled bay scallops (size of mothballs, not those big coarsies), the broiled whole pompano, and the finnan haddie a la Sweet's . . . positively grumble-proof. Open 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closed weekends and holidays.

Fish host Edmund Lillys of the **Gloucester House** (37 East 50 Street), came from Constantinople, but in salad doctrine he's Californian, maintaining that the bowl of mixed greens, dressed and tossed, should precede the main course and thus provide a base for it in the healthful swallower's interior. While cooks toil at their broiling of what you've ordered, you are also proffered country-style biscuits, hot in the pan in which they were baked. Thus, though red snappers and crabs may fret at their fate, you are spared fidgets and can consume with composure. If you're a heavyweight battler, try your pluck on the giant-size lobster, tipping the scales at about 14 bucks per. Gloucester House is cooking 'em daily from noon; Sundays from 1 p.m.; is generally accepted as the formost seafood restaurant in New York, and fairly pricy.

To a passer-by, Anita Eshay's plain and simple nautical nook, **Fin 'N Claw** (Third Avenue,



Smooth servers (Anita Eshay at the stove) : milordly for seafood fanciers

Easy riders (Fonda, opposite, in the saddle) : take-off for a cult hero

between 79 & 80 Streets), doesn't look like such a much, but it numbers some of the most discriminating people in town among its regular clients. Anything half-shelled here gulps easy. Anita's version of crepes crab Bengal is a marvel of flavor; her broiled lobsters gladden the gizzard. Mighty good, too, are the fresh fish dishes, and the elegance of delicately baked filet of sole Whitney is positively milordly. Travel as you may, you'll never find any shell-fish stews more soul-satisfying than those simmered in the Fin 'N Claw stewdio. Big portions are the rule at all times, in all categories. An average dinner would cost anywhere from $4.00 to $11.00, or can be ordered a la carte, entrées $2.50 to $7.00. Open seven days.

When you enter the columned portal of **Gage and Tollner's,** 372 Fulton Street, a Brooklyn landmark, you've quit the era of jet-propelled hustle and are back in the "elegance" of 1879, preserved unchanged, gas chandeliers and all. Your waiter has the manner of an old retainer as he hands you the menu, from which you may order oysters prepared in more styles than you could begin to imagine. Same for clams, scallops, and lobsters, with emphasis on *big* lobsters. (A two-pounder is more than twice as good as a one-pounder, and contains more coral.) Few minutes' walk from Borough Hall, which is 25 minutes by subway from Grand Central or Times Square. This establishment is four years older than the Brooklyn Bridge and just about equally revered. It closes at approximately 9 p.m. each evening, and Sundays.

The **Double Dolfin** (41 West 8th Street) serves reasonably good Neptunian provender which is apparently under intensive attack here daily. The deluxe branch on First Avenue, near 57th Street, is designed to snare prosperous Sutton Place patronage, which it does consistently.

The King of the Sea (Third Avenue at 53rd Street) is a monarch with a mob on his hands every mealtime. To ease pressure he enlarged to about 400 chairs and oyster-bar stools, but the only visible result at the plush rope is more people obsessed with the idea of getting in. Maine lobster tails stuffed with crabmeat, and baked Hampton oysters, account for much of the fervor.

For old-fashioned shore dinners, just off the shore of Times Square, try the **Lobster, Oyster and Chop House,** 145 West 45th Street. Open seven days a week, you'll discover good values but no swank. One of New York's least distinguished seafood places is the **Boathouse** (161 East 54th Street), where there is more drama in the physical setting than any other Neptunian dispensary, with its interior of weathered wood resembling a ship's hold. If only the kitchen and service could be of equal distinction, but unfortunately they are not. Nevertheless, this shop has managed to survive a number of years, relying, it would appear, on naive customers with a limited taste range.

In Chicagoland there are only two seafooderies worth mentioning: first and foremost is the **Cape Cod Room** of the Drake Hotel, 140 East Walton Place. Garnished with mounted-catch, fishnets and other nautical gear, this side-salle of one of Chicago's most popular hostelries sure does shore-dine you . . . or ballast you when the sun is over the yardarm. You'll go for the glow of the Bookbinder Red Snapper soup; the Lake Michigan trout (when available), and steamed whole baby lobster. Oysters, crabmeat, scallops, and shrimp are prepared in many imaginable and noble ways. Roy Cowdry, hospitable skipper, continues to build up this long established restaurant to a point where it is bursting with business, mostly repeat.

Chicago's **Nantucket Cove** (1000 North Lake Shore Drive) offshoot of the St. Louis branch, is a spanking new spacious handsomely mounted plank-beam-and-antiques establishment, where Neptune peddles his wares in stiff competition with the highly touted Cape Cod Room. The island of Nantucket, whence the name, was the whaling center of the world during the 18th century. In those days frozen fish was unheard of, and you will never hear of it at the Nantucket Cove either. All treasures of the sea and stream are flown in regularly; trout swim restlessly beneath the waterwheel off the entrance waiting to be netted; lobsters are alert and alive in duplicated ocean brine. Specialties include Yellowtail Snapper Veronique, Block Island Swordfish, steamed lobsters and the same assortment of oysters and clams you'd find along the New England coast. Frits Kroesen Jr. is the hardy seafaring captain of this newly launched shell-and-fin vessel.

Ocean expertise

A few remarks on fish and seafood should-knows: develop the habit of insisting on fish that is freshly caught, its flavor unimpaired by fast-freezing. A few important things to remember concern seasons . . . *Shad* and *shad roe* appear regularly on menus January 1st till the end of May, and should not be bought at any other time of the year. *Soft-shell crabs* begin the end of May till the end of September. Those tasty little *Bay scallops* start their season in September, ending in December. *Southern Bays* are flown in, therefore available the year round. Everything else you can mention is also available the year round.

The only other item is *oysters.* Many people ask why they are in season only during months containing the letter R. It's because of the interesting way they are farmed. In warm months they are farmed in laboratories and then put in natural beds. They become clusters of oysters as they grow. They are separated and then put in beds (shallow water) where they are mopped frequently to keep starfish from eating them. When water is warm, oysters don't grow properly (this is why they are not supposed to be eaten during months sans an R in them). The texture is wrong and they are not juicy. May through June you can get oysters in Florida and Louisiana where the Gulf waters are always warm . . . but they are not as good because they should be bred in cold water.

Some fish and seafood menu terms explained . . .

Bouillabaisse: Hearty stew of mixed fishes and seafood, with a touch of saffron. Served in a soup plate. Originated in Marseilles.

Cocquille St.-Jacques: Fish and/or seafood in a cream sauce of herbs and white wine; lightly browned under broiler; served on a shell or shell-like plate.

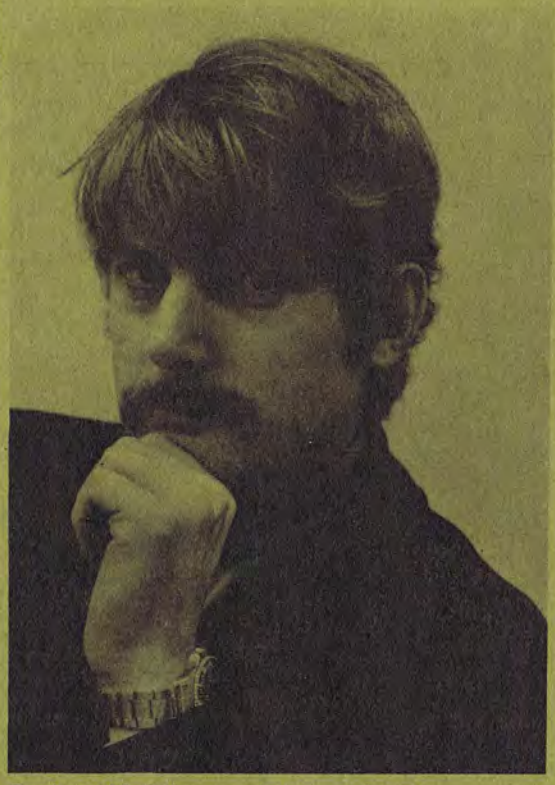
Crabmeat Ravigote: Cold, served with Ravigote sauce, which is mayonnaise piqued with herbs.

Lobster Thermidor: Lobster meat cut up, combined with seasonings, etc., and put back into shell for a light browning.

Moules Mariniere: These mussels are dark-shelled cousins of clams. Steamed and served on the half-shell with delectable sauce.

Oysters Casino: Baked in shell, with butter, herbs, and snips of bacon.

Oysters Rockefeller: Baked in shell and sauced with seductive



Byrdman McGuinn: mythology and rock



Doorman Morrison (pre-beard): death-wish vision

green mixture of herbs, etc. Original recipe of Antoine's in New Orleans.

The term *saute Meuniere* means dipped in flour and pan-fried in butter, with chopped parsley and lemon juice. *Amanadine,* cooked similarly, is shingled with sliced almonds.—**Sheldon Landwehr**

SOUNDS

Hits & myths

"Is it a hit or a miss?" the Dick Clark-type disc jockey used to shout in the innocent '50s, enthusiastic and confident that there really were answers to questions and that pop music was just one long exclamation point to be dealt with between crescendos. And, sure enough, youths in saddle shoes or white bucks rose to the phone to bear him out. How things have changed!

Nowadays, with such rock groups as the **Byrds** and the **Doors** at their most mythopoeic, one could perhaps raise the specious query, Is it a hit or a myth?—myth, in this case, having to do with the dictionary definition, "a traditional or legendary story, usually concerned with deities or demigods and the creation of the world and its inhabitants". To be a mythological rock 'n' roll star, one must consciously deal with the power and the problems of mystique.

Their musics a veritable archetype of antithesis, the Byrds and the Doors—or, more specifically, **Roger McGuinn** and **Jim Morrison,** the respective leaders—are the great mystics and mythologists of rock. The contrasts are striking. Of the two gunfighters, McGuinn is light, open, happy, conjuring the clean magic of a buckskinned Shane riding down into some green Western valley to the lush strains of a theme by Victor Young; while Morrison, oppressive, obscure, doomed, recalls the agonies of Billy the Kid, shot to death at night in a dark alley, his left hand ironically empty of the feared killing tool.

If Morrison's inconsistent demonic near neo-voyeuristic death-wish vision of life has been presented most strongly in the Doors' sec-album, *Strange Days* (Paul Williams of *Crawdaddy!* once said that were his magazine *The New York Times,* it would have Morrison's obituary ready to run at a moment's notice), the remarkably even world of McGuinn can be perceived in an instant by looking at the six pictures on the back cover of *Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde* which depict the group dressed in the accouterments of two frontiers, Wild West and outer space. Evidence of McGuinn's ease in the technological bunkhouse can be found on songs such as "Wasn't Born to Follow" (a basic country music guitar run suddenly melts into electronic music and then out again) and "Space Odyssey" (the Byrds' version of Arthur C. Clarke's parent short story for *2001*, "The Sentinel"), both from *The Notorious Byrd Brothers.*

Origins and career patterns are interesting. Both the Byrds and the Doors began in Los Angeles, McGuinn a loose string from the folk music scene and Morrison unwinding from the University of California's film school. Both men are songwriters and both founders of a music which relies primarily on the evocation of a particular mythological *sound* uniquely capable of transforming almost any raw material into a statement peculiar to each respective group. Any and all eclectioism is firmly welded to a central philosophical system.

McGuinn's range seems infinitely wider and certainly more optimistic than that of Morrison. If Bob Dylan is invariably the singular man looming behind everything the Byrds do, the group has always returned mountain for mountain, leaving the excavation of molehills to imitators. (In fact, one could easily argue that McGuinn's influence on Dylan, during the golden age of the electric "Like a Rolling Stone", was as great or greater than Dylan's on McGuinn.) Perhaps the most unusual missal from the Byrds' canon is *Sweetheart of the Rodeo,* an album on which McGuinn, with the assistance of Gram Parsons, makes a genuine effort to submerge complex rock 'n' roll mystique beneath the more sentimental bangles of straight country-and-Western music.

Ironically, when Morrison's projected emotional barometer seems to descend to a level just short of suicide, he produces his finest songs. His justly celebrated long walks into the tangles of darkest Freud, "The End" (from *The Doors*) and "When the music's over" (from *Strange Days*), effectively explore the far countries of madness, morbidity, sexuality, fatalism, and self-destruction with an intensity that is orientated more to Rimbaud than *Record World.* If the Doors' first and most famous songs, "Break On Through to the Other Side" and "Light My Fire" (both from their initial album), retain a vital sensual charisma and excitement, that world, unfortunately, was soon abandoned for an ill-conceived attempt at versatility in *Waiting for the sun* and for self-parody sadly apparent in *The Soft Parade.*

As for the future, now that there are cowboys on the moon, McGuinn seems unusually content with his group's present personnel, has written the score for a Broadway play (*Tryp,* inspired by *Peer Gynt*), and is busy adapting folk songs by Woody Guthrie and Ewan MacColl to the repertoire. The Doors have recorded an in-concert album at the Aquarius Theater in Los Angeles, and most advance reports are good. One hopes that the following lines from Morrison's last song are not prophetic:

Can you find me soft asylum
I can't make it any more
The man is at the door.

Discography

The Byrds: *Mr. Tambourine Man, Turn! Turn! Turn!, Fifth Dimension, Younger Than Yesterday, The Byrds' Greatest Hits, The Notorious Byrd Brothers, Sweetheart of the Rodeo, Dr. Byrds and Mr. Hyde* (all Columbia).

The Doors: *The Doors, Strange Days, Waiting for the Sun, The Soft Parade* (all Elektra).—**Paul Nelson**



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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

PIERRE CARDIN COUTURIER



The most consistently successful of the dictators of high fashion, Pierre Cardin, not only produces bi-annual Paris collections of haute couture for women, but operates boutiques, designs ready-to-wear (and ties) for men, and plans expansion to South America and Australia. Starting with a boutique in Vichy he later joined Paquin, then Schiaparelli, then Dior (he was there for the New Look), before putting up his own nameplate in the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré. Between times he has done costume design for various plays and films, notably Jean Cocteau's *Beauty and the Beast*. A man who radiates nervous energy, he speaks in staccato phrases, reflecting his decided views on everything to do with his business. Perhaps the most unexpected of these views, for a man with such a flair for making money, is that he sees his work not in terms of business but of "creative art". His taste in design inclines to the simplified, eschewing frills and ribbons and dingle-danglums, to the extent that he once presented what he called the "Minus Look", dramatized by two little girls in the nude with small parasols. He enjoys gags like that, and launched the mini-skirted wedding dress by putting it on a 10-year-old. For this exclusive Penthouse Interview, conducted in Paris by **Paul Tabori,** Cardin answered in French (though he speaks creditable English) and proved to be one of the most articulate personalities on the fashion scene. With his unyielding Parisian loyalty and his scorn for the Carnaby Street eruption, he also emerges as one of the most controversial.

Penthouse: It's widely held today that Paris has lost her pre-eminence as the world's fashion capital. Would you agree that London, Milan and New York have appropriated parts of her traditional leadership?

Cardin: I am not being a chauvinist when I tell you that is absolute nonsense. Paris is still the capital of fashion. She attracts the top talent in creative fashion, and the French textile industry is still paramount in providing the most perfect materials for our work. Paris happens to be the city in which the brilliance and provocative force of fashions finds its best expression. Perhaps there is no rational explanation for it. But just as *avant-garde* and experimental youth found Saint Germain des Pres its ideal headquarters after the war or just as the headquarters of the United Nations happen to be in New York, Paris remains the headquarters of *haute couture*.

Penthouse: Isn't it true, though, that distinctive contributions are being made to the way people dress by, say, London and New York?

Cardin: I believe there are centers of talent where creative urges express themselves. Of course America has talented designers, and so have many other countries. Look at the national origins of my colleagues here in Paris. M. Molyneux was English, Schiaparelli was Italian, Balenciaga Spanish. So making a contribution is not a question of nationality but of talent. And of course, fashion has another essential element—publicity. It needs publicity and for that purpose Paris offers a peerless concentration. Otherwise the fashion writers would have to make the round of the world's capitals, rushing from England to Italy, from the United States to Spain. Instead they can attend the fashion shows in France twice a year all within one week and then spread the gospel all over the world.

Penthouse: London's Carnaby Street and King's Road and their various local and international projections have had an immense impact. Aren't you rather underrating this?



Cardin: Carnaby Street is a means of expression, certainly, but I don't think it's creative fashion. It's mainly interpretation, in that its practitioners have been largely influenced by the past, which they interpret and modify. But there is no trace of invention there. It has taken elements of the past and assembled and exploited them in an amalgam—young and dynamic, certainly, but not creative. It is very close to mere costume design, with a good deal of parody. And it reaches a stage where it begins to parody itself—which is always the sign of something second-rate. But fashion is not costume design. It can *become* costume by establishing itself as a historical tradition—but creative fashion is something entirely different.

Penthouse: Surely fashion often revives historic ideas, and Carnaby Street has used elements of the past deliberately, as in military uniforms.

Cardin: But that, I must repeat, is not creative fashion. I'm a creative artist and not a copyist or an imitator. I don't equate my work with taking firemen's or dragoons' uniforms and putting them on people. For that you don't even have to go to Carnaby Street—all the world over you find people who lack inventiveness, the creative spark, and therefore turn to such expedients. To create is to bring something into being that did not exist before, something that is new and original.

Penthouse: So you aren't budging from your position that, despite everything, Paris is still the capital of fashion?

Cardin: In Paris, as I said before, we have the material, the color, the sense of rhythm and shape that other countries lack. Certainly Paris is the creative center of the world—which does not mean it is also the commercial center.

Penthouse: Would you say that fashion has a national character?

> Carnaby Street isn't creative fashion. It's close to mere costume design, with a good deal of parody

Cardin: Yes, I believe it has. But this is not inherent in fashion; it springs from its creators. Whatever national traits come through are unavoidably rooted in the childhood, family, educational conditioning of those who provide the ideas and then turn them into designs.

Penthouse: You sound as though you have a complete philosophy of fashion?

Cardin: Yes. I adore fashion because it's my profession and the reason of my existence. That is why I always talk with such passion about it. The philosophy of fashion in which I believe allows me to be creative—so that, through the fashion industry, I can bring new color, new shape, new pleasure into the world. It's a welding of art and industry, of talent and craftsmanship. And it has to be totally contemporary, belong to our generation, drawing from the past not as source-material but as inspiration, and forecasting the future as far as it is within the ability of our finite minds. Fashion, in its purest form, *is* art. Creating a dress can be just as important and exciting as painting a picture or sculpting a statue. A fashion designer's art is a universal one, it involves half a dozen different disciplines, and compared to it even a mobile is static. Just because a dress does not hang on a wall or stand on a pedestal, there is no reason to deny it the status of art.

Penthouse: Fair enough, but clothes are more ephemeral than the Mona Lisa or the Venus de Milo.

Cardin: Surely the survival of art is a matter of accident, not of merit. Also, you have taken rather extreme examples. I would say that fashion is the eternal roundabout of life, changing speed and shape, but always returning to its original starting point. So, though ephemeral on the outside, it is enduring, even eternal in its essentials. A beautiful dress to me is far more of an achievement than a second-rate painting or a piece of instant welding miscalled a statue.

Penthouse: What is the inspiration of your art, then—is it sex?

Cardin: No, sex has nothing to do with creativity in fashion. It's as if you were to say that a painter is inspired by sexuality because he paints a nude. It is simply a manner of expression. In fashion we may create a dress that bares certain parts of the human body—but this is part of the creative art. Sexuality is expressed in the image which man forms on the basis of some work of art, some creative expression. But fashion cannot be equated with sex.

Penthouse: Surely, in this art of creative fashion, there are many elements of sexuality?

Cardin: Of course there are. Fashion must be dynamic, it cannot stand still. At certain moments it covers up, at others it bares the body.

Penthouse: You must be familiar with the paradoxical proposition that many famous designers fundamentally hate women. Would this include you?

Cardin: How could I, how could any creative designer hate women? We exist for them and they're our very reason for creating and planning. Anyhow, who said this?

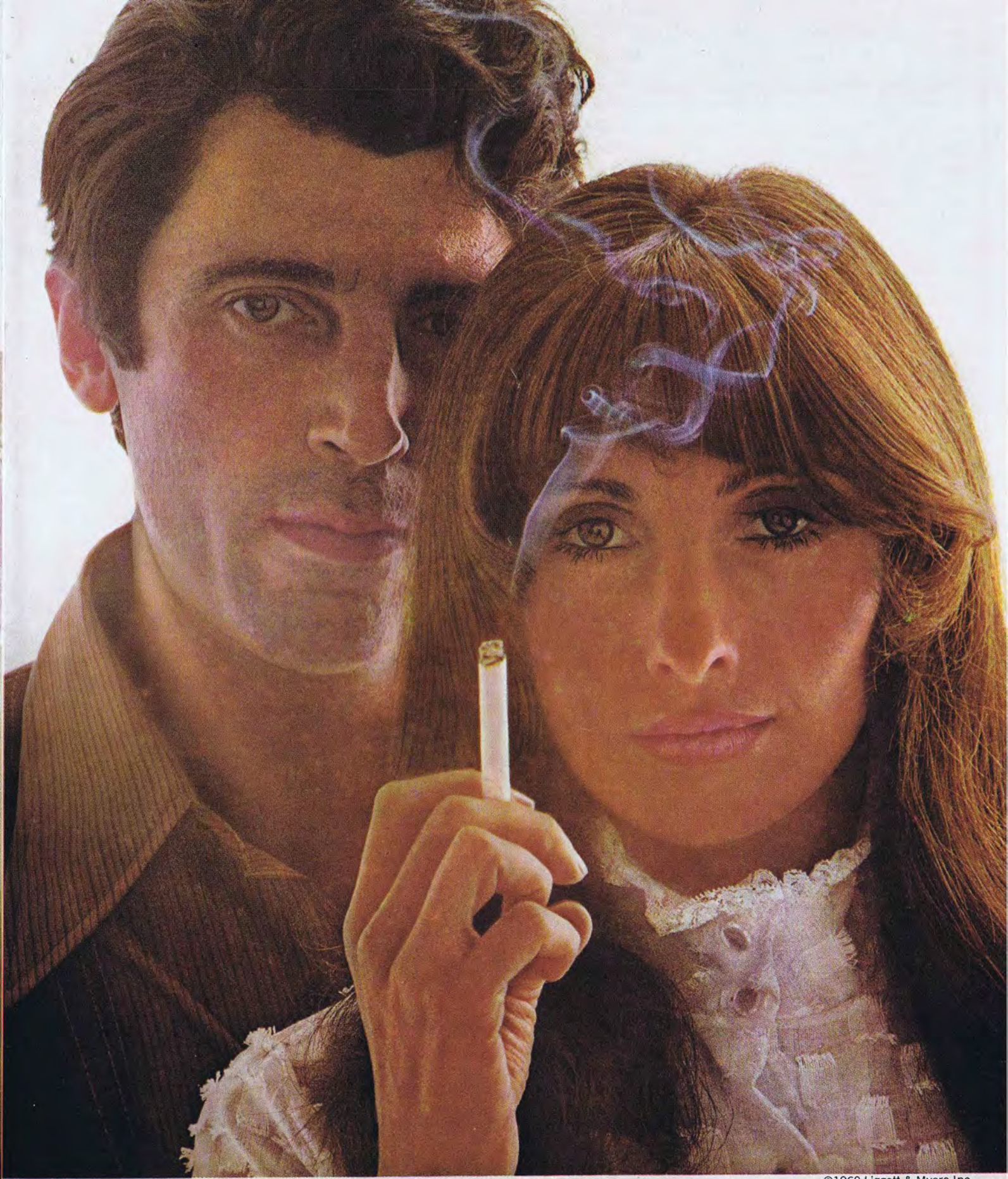
Penthouse: It's a psychological theory put forward by some sociological commentators in America and Britain to account for some of the extremes in fashion.

Cardin: Oh well, I really cannot be bothered with Anglo-Saxon sociologists and psychologists. Besides, I can only speak for myself in this respect and not for others.

Penthouse: But haven't you been rather critical of some female age groups?

Cardin: All I said was that it was time for women of 60 to understand that the fashions of today are not created for them and if, despite numerous warnings, they persist in wearing them they are likely to be taken for complete lunatics.





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There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.



Penthouse: That doesn't sound exactly affectionate, though.

Cardin: If it doesn't, it isn't meant to. Ageing women with their stupid desire to please make the work of pioneering creative fashion designers extremely difficult, and very often rob the young of the natural pleasure in wearing clothes intended for the young. Whenever we produce something a little daring or unusual, public opinion starts to scream: "This is ugly! This is obscene!" Of course it is, if seen on the body of some old hag. If the majority of people concerned with fashion would be guided not by financial, commercial motives but by aesthetic considerations, one could help the matter.

Penthouse: What have you in mind, then?

Cardin: I would simply propose that we, who devotedly serve the cause of feminine beauty, first of all define the ideal of the woman in our imagination. In my humble opinion she cannot be 60 years old! And because I am an honest man I cannot and do not want to work for her. In the 19th century Balzac gave women 30 years as the limit of their emotional and sexual life. Let us not be over-generous today and double this figure in order to feed female vanity.

Penthouse: Life expectancy has been almost doubled since the days of Balzac, and gerontology is making substantial achievements in preserving and prolonging youth. Doesn't this make your attitude old-fashioned?

Cardin: I'm not concerned with youth pills, rejuvenation clinics, face-lifts and silicone injections. If there is one thing I hate it is vulgarity—and there is nothing more vulgar than a middle-aged woman disguised as a hippy, or as we say in French "a *yé-yé* girl."

Penthouse: The point is taken, but perhaps this is the moment to mention that you were accused of vulgarity yourself not long ago, over an alleged excessive use of vynil and a preoccupation with circles and semi-circles. Someone said that in order to show off your latest line properly, a woman would have had to stand all the time with one arm flung out dramatically.

Cardin: A creative artist if he is ahead of his time is often misunderstood and criticized for the wrong things. Once again let me say that I have nothing but affection and admiration for women, who are, after all, my caviare-and-champagne and my inspiration. But as an artist I also reserve the right to be selective in my creative field and to search for the new and original all the time—whatever my critics say.

Penthouse: Would you accept that the permissiveness of our present-day society is reflected in changing fashions in clothes?

Cardin: Well, again, fashion isn't something static and unmovable. Fashion changed in 1910, changed in 1914, changed again in 1920. There were turning-points in 1930, in 1940, in 1945, in 1950 and 1960. It moves and develops today and I hope with all my heart that it will change and move tomorrow as it always has. This is why fashionable and unfashionable are alternative but also *relative* ideas.

Penthouse: Aren't you saying that there are cycles in fashion—that certain elements recur at intervals?

Cardin: Those who repeat past forms are not creators. They are copyists. They are people who do not possess sufficient personality to make themselves independent of the past. Creative work must not be inspired by the past but must always look to the future.

> Balzac gave women a 30-year span of emotional and sexual life. Let us not double that figure today to feed female vanity

Penthouse: Is your creative work influenced by economic climate—for example since 1945?

Cardin: I wouldn't consider 1945 a particularly decisive date in the history of fashion. I think that economic influence has worked the other way—influenced world trade through *industry*. Fashion has been responsible for the creation of entirely new machinery—for instance, various electronic inventions. In the cotton industry, in weaving and in the textile industry in general, hundreds of technological innovations would have never come into existence without the requirements of fashion. I believe that fashion in some respects is far more important than the demands of many other businesses, because it has global effects.

Penthouse: Could you give examples of these links between fashion and industry?

Cardin: Take knitwear. There are now electronic machines which turn out a completed piece of knitwear in 60 seconds. If it had not been for fashion, these machines would have never been invented and installed. A very substantial section of modern electronics has a direct origin in fashion.

Penthouse: Clearly fashion has many ramifications. Would you say it has influenced modern art?

Cardin: I think it's the other way round. Modern art has a discernible and regular influence on fashion. But, once again, where does fashion end and art begin? On the whole I believe there are fashions that will prove far more enduring than certain ephemeral creations of modern art.

Penthouse: Many people will be surprised to hear you talking of fashion in terms of art, because there's a belief that the whole thing is simply a form of promotion for the "schmutter trade", a stimulus to moneymaking for capitalists.

Cardin: Not at all. Fashion is providing employment for millions throughout the world. Look at India, with her cotton industry. Fashion is bringing their daily bread to hundreds of thousands there. Only an imbecile could maintain that fashion springs from the capitalistic system and cannot flourish outside it.

Penthouse: Isn't there a discernible asceticism in the totalitarian regimes?

Cardin: There may be temporary drives against fashion—but these never last long because it is against the vital interests of all economic systems, whether state capitalism, socialism, communism, fascism or what-have-you.

Penthouse: The East German functionary in charge of the *Institut für Bekleidungskultur* (Institute for Clothing Culture) admitted to applying his political philosophy to fashion. "We differ in social conceptions," he once told us, "and therefore also in the problems of fashion. Our clothes are designed for the gainfully employed, not for the parasites and the idle. We do not want to change fashions every season as in the capitalist countries. There you must either throw away your entire wardrobe each year or feel out of the swim. Our progress must be orderly and class-conscious."

Cardin: I met the gentleman, too—wasn't his name Kahl?

Penthouse Yes, Herr Kahl.

Cardin: Well, he is no longer in charge of the Institut für Whatsitsname. East German models have been touring the Communist and the so-called Third World. I won't say that their fashions are exciting—but I am sure they are no longer class-conscious. You can't stop women wanting to look pretty and attractive—and by now the peoples' republics have realized this. Not only do all big factories have hairdressing and cosmetic salons—but even the collective farms provide such facilities for the lady-swineherds and milkmaids. When a woman decides she wants to be fashionable, it needs far greater authorities than a mere commissar to stop her.

Penthouse: Have you any pointers for the future of fashion?

Cardin: Well, I hope it will have a future—or I and all my colleagues will go down the drain. And I hope that this future will be a creative one, not just cannibalizing the past, rehashing costumes and uniforms.

Penthouse: What about new techniques and technological developments?

Cardin: I haven't the faintest idea what I will be doing tomorrow, but certainly there are always new materials, new techniques to be discovered and evolved. The one thing that *never* stands still in the world is fashion. Of one thing I am certain: as long as civilization endures, Paris will be the center of fashion. It isn't I who say this but all the experts and fashion journalists. My clothes go all over the world, are sold in the United States, in London, in South America, in Asia—and the people of all these countries come to me in Paris. This is as it should be—and I expect that for me, individually, this will be the future of fashion.

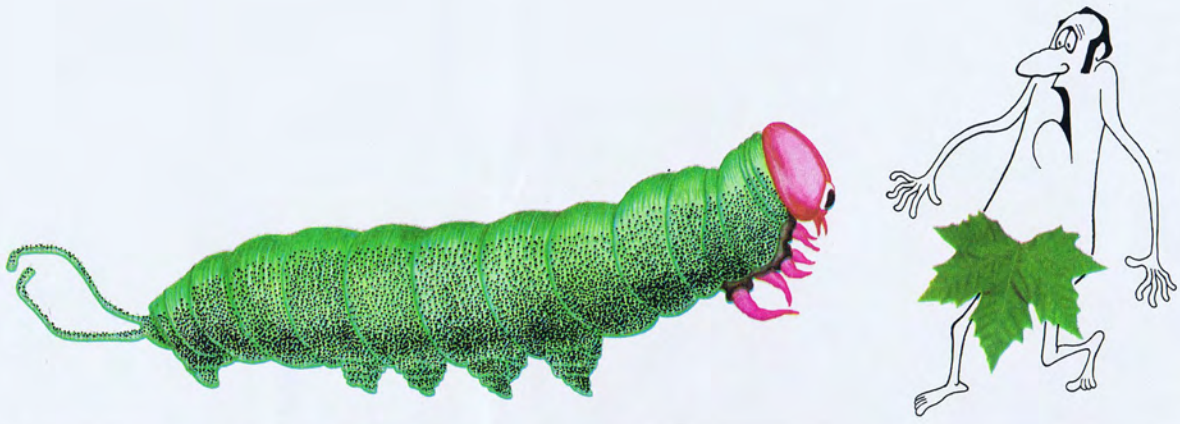
Penthouse: M. Cardin, thank you.

Autumn Leaves

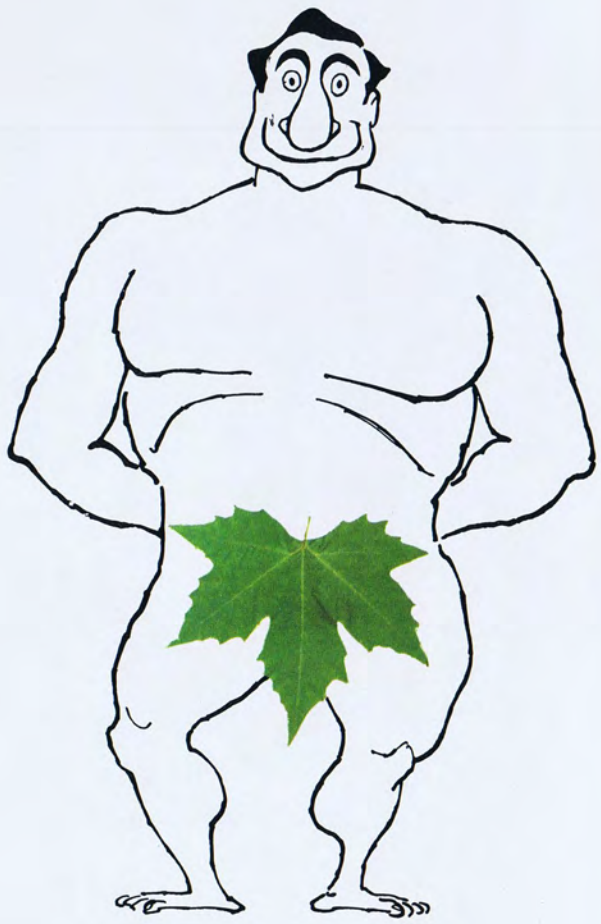
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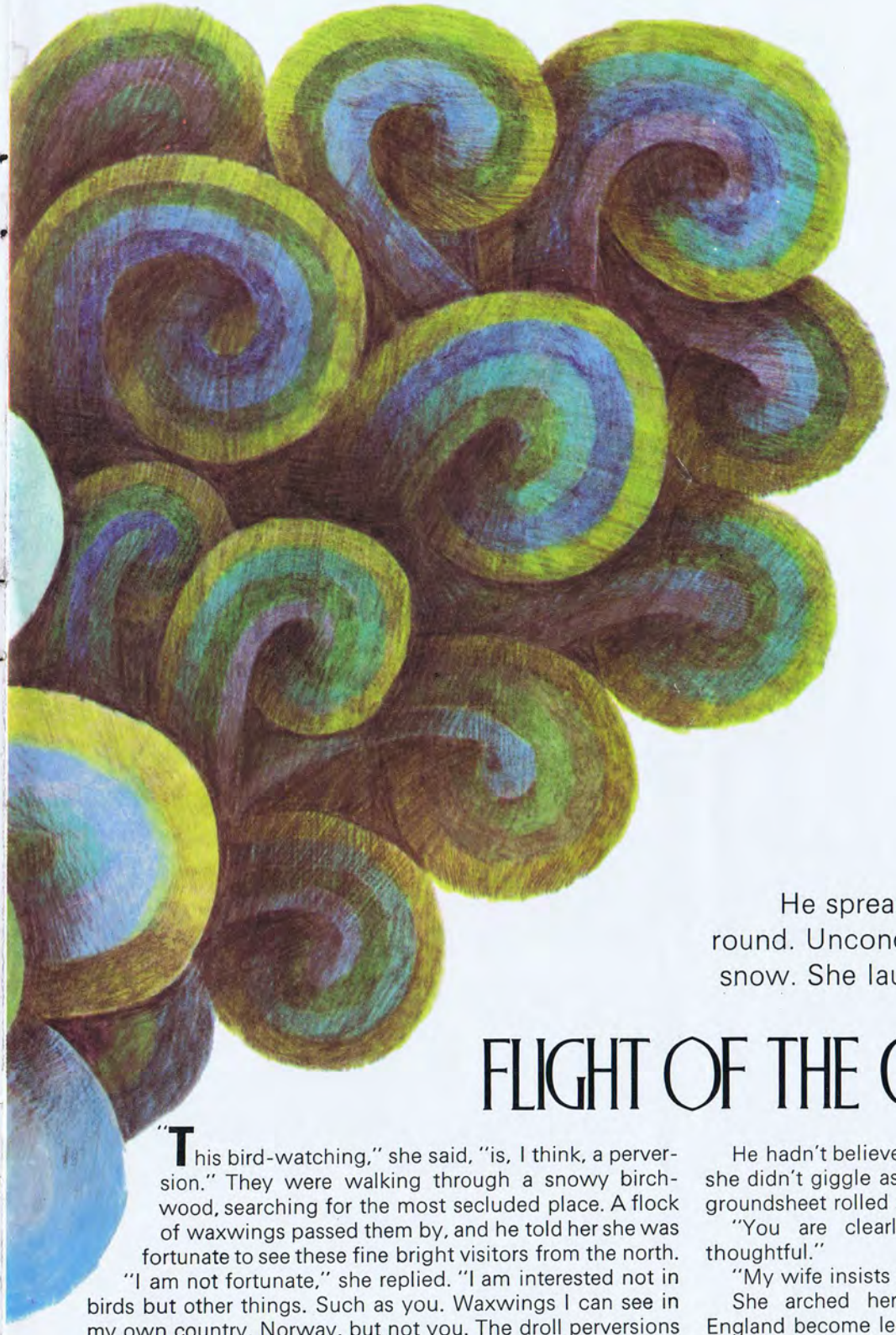
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He spread the groundsheet, and looked round. Unconcerned, she stood naked in the snow. She laughed: "See, I dance for you!"

FICTION BY PETER GLENDINNING

FLIGHT OF THE GOLDEN SWANS

"This bird-watching," she said, "is, I think, a perversion." They were walking through a snowy birchwood, searching for the most secluded place. A flock of waxwings passed them by, and he told her she was fortunate to see these fine bright visitors from the north.

"I am not fortunate," she replied. "I am interested not in birds but other things. Such as you. Waxwings I can see in my own country, Norway, but not you. The droll perversions of the English fascinate me. This must be widespread. Birds are girls, are they not?"

It staggered him that this Norwegian nymph was beside him. Why had she not preferred, say, the Sales Manager, an extrovert with a rowdy sports car and similar symbols of masculinity? He, merely a senior cost clerk, had not done the asking—he had not dared.

"You are much folded up," she had said—was it just yesterday? She had been handing him invoices for signature. "I would unfold you, like seeing the pattern and weave of a bale of cloth. Tomorrow is Saturday. You know where I live? You will meet me there at two o'clock?"

He hadn't believed it. And when she stepped into his car, she didn't giggle as she glanced at the eiderdown quilt and groundsheet rolled up on the back seat.

"You are clearly experienced," she remarked. "Also thoughtful."

"My wife insists on me taking these things."

She arched her eyebrows. "That married women in England become less possessive, more well-distributed one could say, is I think true. I have read and listened on this subject. Yet this surprises me. Even the married women of Norway would hesitate at that."

He blushed to tell her that these things were merely intended to keep him warm while his binoculars peered over windswept moors or bare branches in search of wild birds.

She received the information as coolly as a computer. Quite detachedly she went on to say she wore the new nylons which, as she phrased it, stood up for themselves.

"This, you will understand, dispenses with the suspender belt—a fumbly thing." She lifted her dress to illustrate the point, easily as a man pulls out a new tie for inspection.

His hand trembled as he changed gears. Make not too much of it. A man's tie has been taken as a sex symbol. Psychologists say that when a woman adjusts it her mind fondles something quite different. But things tend to be straight lines or curves, male or female, so everything can have sex tacked on to it. Church towers are phallic symbols, the globe at far-off Dounreay atomic generator is clearly female, a breeder-reactor. Make not too much of a glimpse of her underwear or lack of it.

"You think of something?" she asked. "Tell me!"

He told, and added: "Psychologists seem sex-obsessed. Perhaps because the science originated in Vienna, the sexiest city of Europe. No scientist can escape the influence of his environment. Darwin's theory of evolution by survival of the fittest could only have been formulated in Victorian times when mothers often bore ten children and buried six."

She sighed contentedly. "Something works between your ears. If I love, there must be something of the mind. If all flesh it might as well be a vigorous hairy baboon. You are aware of the symphonies of Beethoven? His seventh dances now in my mind. Legs, souls, together."

Her eyes sparkled. "We are in a birch wood. Perhaps you wish to birch me. Yes?"

All the way out of town they talked of music, even when beyond the village and driving into the shining silver-wood. Only after he parked beside the gate, and they walked on the snowy cart-track, did they even hold hands.

"This is the place," he said. The wood stretched, lonely as Siberia.

They walked 100 yards further forward, moved around in several directions. Then they back-tracked, fitting their feet into the imprints. They jumped over a high screen of heath and willow-bush, then walked 20 paces into absolute seclusion.

"I doubt if any gamekeeper will be out today," he remarked, "but since the Chatterley story one must take precautions." He spread the groundsheet, put his overcoat on top of that, and unrolled the quilt.

A bundle whizzed past his ears as he stooped. He looked round. Unconcerned and quite naked, she stood in the snow.

He felt his mouth dry. "Winter is beautiful, but you are, you are . . ."

Odd, he thought—it is not lust but reverence that envelops me. She is the golden northern goddess. A Norse saga replaces the dull history of our district. She requires obeisance rather than embraces.

She laughed. "I am a woman. Of course much better than winter. Did you not notice before?"

"Come under this eiderdown or you'll freeze."

She shook her head. "Often I have walked naked in the snow. See, I dance for you." She whirled in the snow and flung herself laughingly beside him. Before she put her feet under the cover she twiggled her toes and beat one foot against the other to remove the snowflakes.

"You have not undressed?" she chided. "Remember King Lear, that naughty old man. Out on the wild heath he said, 'Come, unbutton here.' I have read it myself. You have read the great poet of the English?"

They lay side by side, and talked of the wise fool of Shakespeare's masterpiece. It shocked him when suddenly she pushed down his trousers and opened his shirt. He had scarcely felt her fast gentle fingers as she obeyed the royal instructions.

She sighed happily. "You. Not rough clothing. Just smooth you."

"What," he asked, "is special about me?"

She looked at him with great Nordic eyes. "It is the image. Most people try to—what is the word—project their image. Like a small colour transparency making itself enormous on a screen. See what a big man I am. Those who can afford it hire agents, for others it is do-it-yourself. But when one looks closely, there is only a small, scratched and soiled piece of film, very thin. You are odd, more real than imaginary. And I just plain love you, damnfool man!"

She chortled. While he was engaged with her ideas, her fingers explored. "Only one little bit of you is not yet the correct size. Perhaps this is because of the bird perversion. Shall I grow feathers? Would you like to perch on the top-most bough and sing to me lovesongs like a skylark?"

"Skylarks don't perch on boughs."

She exploded with mirth.

"Oh you English! You are impossible!" She wrapped herself round him, warm and loving.

Panic shook him. God, he thought, it isn't going to go.

She felt him go taut, and looked gently at him. "Not to worry, not to worry my love. I have been too much with this suddenness, I am not the nightingale, not the skylark, but the female dog."

Her eyes sparkled.

"We are in a birch wood. Perhaps you wish to birch me. Yes?"

"No! You talk about perversions! Until some years ago juvenile delinquents were birched by the police. That was reformed. Only our bring-back-the-birch sadists would wish otherwise. Now only at the most expensive public schools do they larrup the lads. I am surprised at you."

She shook with indignation. "To improve the circulation in both Finland and my own country we birch lightly with little twigs. Not great rods. It is not—little boy, whack-whack-whack with a cane. Not so in the sauna. It is for the glow that drives out coldness."

"You could have fooled me. I always thought the Finns were masochists!"

She thrust him away. "Who says this of our neighbours, the folk of Finland? Does he not remember the words of your great statesman Burke who said: You cannot indict a nation?"

"But you were indicting England."

She nodded. "Bird-lovers and whackbottom school-masters. No wonder. You send your sons to queer boarding-schools, starve them of the love of girls and women. Would not a tree be distorted if you grew it in a black tunnel?"

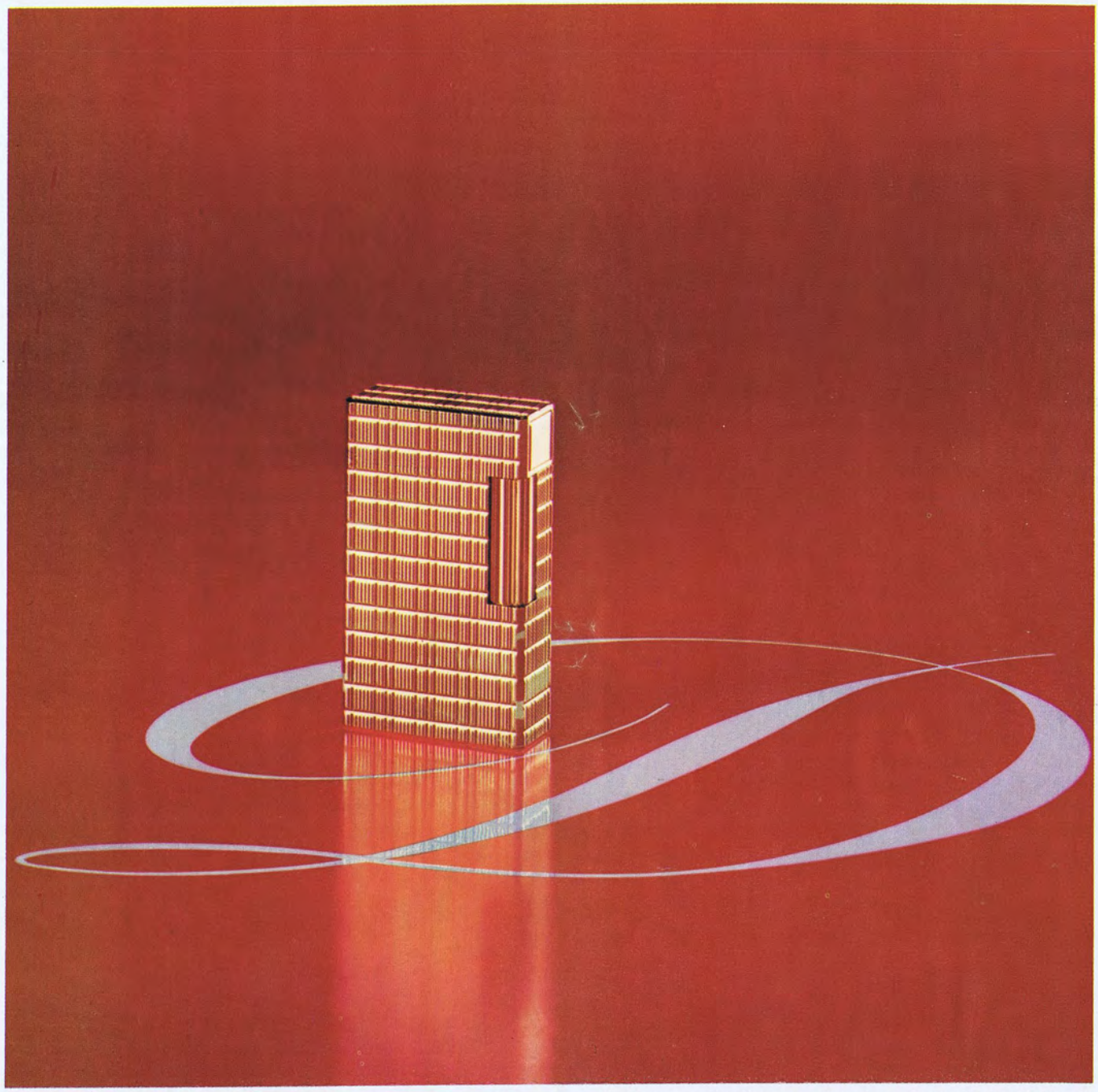
She turned fiercely to him. "Do you know that your great reforming English parliament, just a few years ago, had before it two Bills? One to legalize homosexuality. The other to drive the poor prostitutes off London streets. See—you indict yourselves. All legally just so!"

"I thought you a goddess. Now I see you're a woman. You certainly have the unscrupulous womanly way of arguing."

She shrugged a naked shoulder. "Perhaps also a goddess argues unscrupulously. But no more words. I demonstrate."

She jumped up, tore off twigs from the nearest tree. She handed the small bundle to him, bent her back.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



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"Don't be crazy!" he said.

"I await. Quickly, or I grow cold."

Reluctantly he rose, then a demon took charge of his arm. Amazed he watched the twigs thrash down on her. Bits of bud and small thin ends broke off and littered the snow. Two vast rose-petals curved against the snowy background, and small fiery marks glowed on her legs where isolated twigs had bitten in.

"Enough!" She jumped away.

"Now you!" She glanced at the birch, saw it was rather frayed at the edges, and broke off fresh bits from the tree.

"Quite certainly—no!"

"Coward Englishman! No Drake, no Nelson, no Wellington! Run away frightened home to mummy!" Contemptuously she dropped the twigs and reached down for her underclothes.

"I have no information that Drake, Nelson or even Wellington went in for this sort of thing."

She glanced at him witheringly, as she shook snowflakes off her panties. She began to slide her legs into them.

"All right," he sighed.

"Off with your shirt!"

Uneasily he pulled it off, and stood shivering. He looked at her and thought: I am an Anglo-Saxon watching a vengeful Viking goddess. And she has more muscle than the average girl. Heavens, here I stand naked in the middle of a frozen wood, ready to have the living daylight beaten out of me. Let this be a lesson to any married man who looks forward to a bit of slap-and-tickle with a nubile Norwegian. He's going to get more slap than tickle.

Dextrously she went over his back, legs, hips. This isn't so bad, he thought, feeling his skin glow. But wait for it . . . you'll end up by wishing you'd been educated at Eton, so you'd have been prepared for this sort of thing. Now . . . .

Suddenly she stopped, and flung away the twigs.

"I cannot be cruel like you. Too too much I love you."

They were together again. Heat pulsated through him. She pressed herself to him, and murmured Norse words, over and over again like a Runic incantation.

And within him was the black feeling that as a lover he was a non-starter.



"Be not grieved, dear soul," she whispered. "The deadliest of all English perversions haunts you, the guilt of loving. Why cannot you see it as a shiningly innocent act? You will in time, for I am so desiring of you that I will change your little meanwhile impotence into a great power. I will not let you go."

He wept with relief. She kissed his eyes.

Trumpets sounded in the sky.

Whooper swans, the wild golden ones, flew with great sounding wings overhead. Necks outstretched they made for some southern shore as yet unfrozen. They called to each other with resonant brassy voices.

His spirits rose as he watched them fly over. Wild, free, no one clips their wings or puts them within barriers. Their necks stretch out and they go places. . . . Freedom and power reached down to him from the skies.

"Oo-oo-oo!" she laughed. "How manly! Yes, yes, my own one, but side-to-side, you have made the bottom of your goddess somewhat tender. Is it not wonderful, one escapes from the loneliness of the world? But do not be so swift—rest and kiss gently. See, I open my eyes to kiss you. I do not imagine any other lover. But speak to me. Be with me in mind and soul also. Slowly, please please, let this wonderfulness be more than momentary. I live in the world of Here and Now. Darling you fill that world. It is you."

The world of Here and Now, he reflected, was a place of infinite charm. Especially at the final crescendo, an atomic explosion of ecstacy.

"Is it not innocent and good?" she asked as they clung together in the aftermath.

The wonder of it remained with him as they drove back. Suddenly she laughed, until her firm breasts bobbed up and down.

"Now I think it out. It was the outstretched necks of the wild swans. A phallic symbol. Your fetish, perhaps?"

A dark suspicion struck him. "You're not collecting material for a book on the habits of the English male, by any chance."

She shook her head. "Today's happenings are not for publication. To write may be very fine, but living is better. Writing ends but living proceeds."

He stopped at her door. This was the end.

He spoke slowly. "Will you ever be with me again?"

She looked at him, puzzled. "With whom else?"

It sounded like a pedantic schoolmarm, it sounded like a peal of joyous bells.

"Fresh woods and pastures new?"

"Perhaps. But not until spring. We were fortunate, snow and sun, but weather will rain and be dismal until new green comes. But my flat is unshared and uncensored. One thing I must buy, another thing I must obtain, then invite you there. You will stay overnight, perhaps?"

"What is it you need?"

"From an art shop. A painting of swans flying."

"And the other thing?"

"It grows, free for nothing; I shall tie it below the picture. Should anyone ask about it, I shall say it is a whisk to remove little soiled bits, make everything sparkling and new."

All the way home he thought; what shall I tell my wife when she sees the joy in my face? She is a dear soul, but I must not buy her a present or, like a master-mason jointing stones, she will put the facts together and see the whole structure. I must tell the truth, that today was fortunate. I came close to the graceful golden bird from the north.









ULLA



PERFECT FORM-ULLA

Ever since the day Swedish scientist Alfred Nobel came up with dynamite, the Swedes have been making explosive exports of one kind or another. A volatile and observably voluptuous example is Ulla Lindstrom, this month's Pet—and a Nubile Prize-winner if ever we saw one. We'd even say she's the sort of Scandinavian that does more for her country's image than Ingmar Bergman, Volvos and smorgasbord rolled into one.

Tall (5 ft 8 in) and admirably assembled (36-23-36) 20-year-old Ulla made her first visit to England three years ago, when she journeyed here to cine-test for a British feature film. "I didn't get the part. The producer said it was because I was too young, but I think he was just being polite. The part called for a trained actress, which I'm not and never will be. Acting is hard work and I'm against that on principle —life's too short."

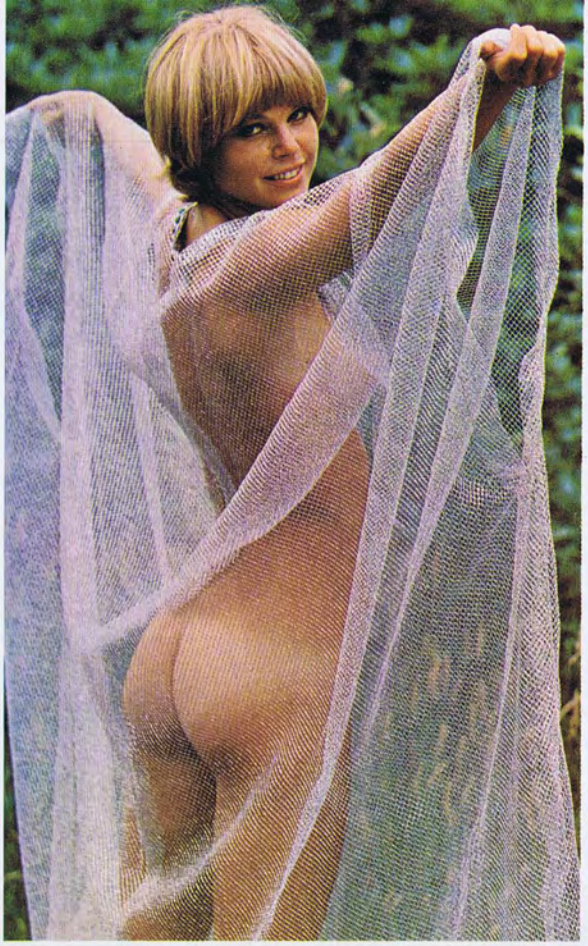
Undismayed by her thespian stumble, this frustrated female export simply shipped













herself back to Sweden and resumed her flourishing career as an advertising and fashion model. Location assignments took her all over Scandinavia, as well as to Rome, Florence, Madrid and Paris. "I loved everywhere I went, except Paris. For one thing, it's horribly expensive—you have to have bags of money to even begin to enjoy it. And I didn't think much of Frenchmen—they're too suave for my taste, too sure of themselves. Give me a Swede or an Englishman every time. There's nothing more becoming in a real man than reserve and shyness."

Despite her self-deprecating attitude towards acting, a film opportunity knocked again, this time in the form of an offer from Hollywood. "I had three wonderful weeks in California. The part I did wasn't very demanding, which left me plenty of time and energy to enjoy Hollywood life. I went out to State Beach in Santa Monica a lot and even did a bit of surfing. And the hotel I stayed in was really something—it's called the Beverly Hills, and its restaurant, the Polo Bar, is always packed with film celebrities at lunchtime. One day I saw Gregory Peck, Peter Sellers, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster, all in there at the same time."

But sports celebrities top Ulla's admiration. And when she learnt that Penthouse had the entree to this year's British Open Golf Championship at Lytham St. Anne's she begged to come along. Refusing the lady was, understandably, beyond our powers, and she journeyed north







with our party, met and chatted to such golfing notables as Jack Nicklaus, Gary Player, Clive Clark and winner Tony Jacklin.

"I've met Pancho Gonzales and Jean-Claude Killy, but I'd never met any famous golfers before and it was quite a thrill. And as far as I'm concerned, golfers are the nicest athletes of all. I mean, they seemed genuinely interested in me, not just as a pretty girl but for myself. Clive Clark actually gave me a golf lesson! I don't think I learnt much, though—he's awfully good-looking."

Ulla's plans for the future are leisurely, amorphous. "Most girls of my age seem to be in a hurry these days—they're eager to get married, get children or get ahead in their careers. I think you miss plenty if you try and rush life. It's best, I think, to take it as it comes and hope for the best."

To which we can only add that Ulla strikes us as one of the best things that any man could hope for.











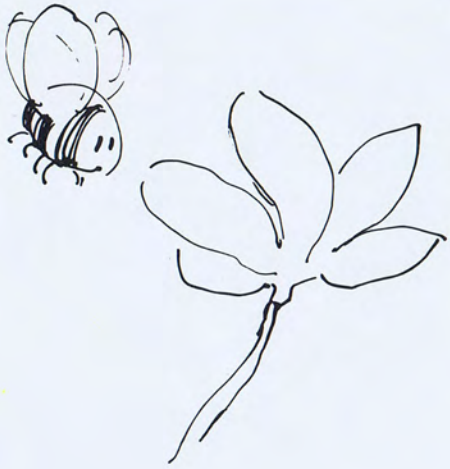




MISS ULLA LINDSTROM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

GUCCIONE

DEFLOWER POWER

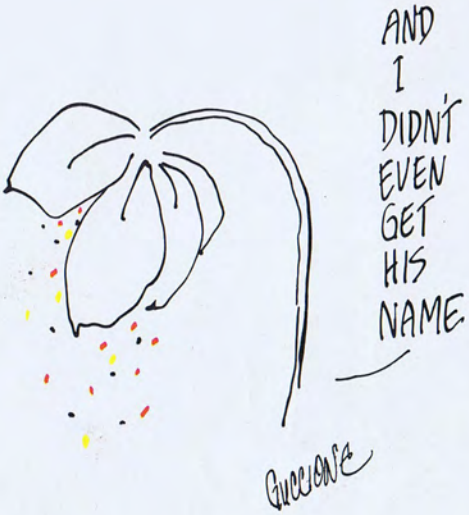














A BEAR AND HIS MONEY

A FABLE OF OUR TIME

BY

RORY HARRITY

The Piney Woods wore summer motley. It was gold where sunlight touched, and greens turned to gold and golds to green in winking, dancing patterns. It was a day for being lazy, and thoroughly, gloriously, worthless, and the fox and the toad—who were easily the laziest, and most worthless animals in the entire forest—lay side by side on the river bank, taking the sun.

Along the bank a bear hove into view. He lumbered quickly towards them, shoulders hunched and eyes glaring straight ahead, a fierce singleness of purpose about his every movement.

"Hullo, what's this?" said the fox. The two idle creatures watched the bear's approach. When he reached them, the fox said: "Good morning, Bear—what's up?"

"The *jig* is up," snarled the bear, "for that long-eared sonofabitch, just as soon as I can lay my paws on him."

"Who?" said the fox.

"What's happened?" said the toad.

"This morning," growled the bear, "my wife gave birth to a rabbit."

"Uh . . . I think the sun's affected my hearing," said the fox.

"Mine, too," said the toad.

"I SAID THAT MY WIFE GAVE BIRTH TO A RABBIT!" bellowed the bear.

The rat and the badger, who were passing by, heard this amazing proclamation and hurried over.

"For shame! For shame!" said the badger to the bear, "if this is your idea of a joke, it's in very poor taste indeed."

"Oh, yeah," said the bear, "it's my idea of a joke all right, a real thigh-slapper. Why, I guess that being cuckolded by that miserable, undergrown, pink-eyed hop-footed little bastard is about the funniest thing that's ever happened to me. Ho, ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha! LEMME AT HIM!" And the bear began to saw the air with his fists in the wildest and most menacing manner, so that the animals had to duck.

"Calm yourself at once!" admonished the badger, "and use your head. What you allege is . . . er . . . ah . . . physically impossible."

"Why?" said the bear.

"*Well,*" said the badger, who was beginning to find things rather embarrassing, "consider the er . . . ah . . . difference in sizes."

"I have," said the bear, "and I've also considered that the rabbit can hop."

"Even so," said the badger, who was now thoroughly uncomfortable and blushing to the roots of his coat, "what makes you think that your good wife would . . . ah . . . have . . . uhm . . . been a party to such . . . uh . . . goings-on?"

"When I accused her she didn't deny it," said the bear, "and anyhow, she mightn't have known what was happening—that's where the differences in sizes come in."

"*Really!*" said the badger, "there is no need to be coarse!"

"Did you actually see the birth occur?" said the toad.

"Of course not, you disgusting animal," said the bear. "My wife told me and showed me the baby rabbit and that's good enough for me."

"And I should think so, too!" said the rat.

"Oh, perfidious rabbit!" said the toad.

"Tell me, Bear old buddy," said the fox, who was a very bloodthirsty animal when it wasn't his blood, "what are you going to do to the rabbit when you catch him?"

The bear said: "I'll tweak out his eyes and pull off his nose!"

"Oh boy!" said the rat.

"Then I'll tie his ears in knots and skin him alive!"

"Hot diggity!" said the toad.

"Then I'll roast him over a slow fire and eat him head-first!"

"Tell it like it is, Bear-baby!" said the fox.

At that moment the rabbit appeared, hopping unconcernedly towards them along the river bank.

"Pssst! Here he comes!" hissed the bear. "Act natural and he'll jump right into my clutches!"

The bear was right. And no sooner had the rabbit approached than the bear seized him in a vice-like grip.

"Hey, fer chrissake lay off the grab-ass, will you?" said the rabbit to the bear, "It hurts."

"Tweak out his eyes!" said the toad.

"Pull off his nose!" said the fox.

"I think I'll just twist his head off and have done with it," said the bear, and he began to twist.



"Hold it! HOLD IT!" the rabbit managed to squeak. "What in hell is going on here?"

"I'll teach you to mess around with *my* wife," said the bear, and started to twist again.

"Wait!" squawked the rabbit."Are you saying that I indulged in a bit of the old fandoogle, the old rompity-tompity with a *bear?*"

"I am," said the bear, "and you did. Now shut up and die like a rabbit."

"Listen a moment," said the rabbit quickly, "and maybe you'll understand why I would never touch your wife—not if she were the last female in the world."

"He's stalling," said the rat, "twist his head off."

"Yeah," said the fox.

"It's simply a matter of aesthetics," said the rabbit to the bear.

"Whuzzat?" said the bear.

"Will you admit," continued the rabbit, "that I'm reckoned a pretty gay blade with the ladies?"

"Everybody knows that," said the bear.

"And would you further admit that I can have any female I choose?"

"I suppose so," said the bear, "but what's—"

"Then *why,* in the name of all that's holy," said the rabbit, "would I choose a goddam *bear?*"

"What's wrong with bears?" said the bear.

"Oh, nothing, I suppose," said the rabbit, "if you happen to be one. But if you don't—Yeeucch!"

"Yeeucch?" said the bear.

"Well, my dear fellow, just think of it," said the rabbit. "I mean, surely there is no female less attractive than a female bear. To begin with, they're fat. Also, they're unresponsive. And they sleep most of the time. Their coats are greasy and prickly, they have no animal grace, they're unsupple, unsubtle, lumpish and thoroughly unlovely. And of course they smell *frightfully.* Now I ask you: who, in their right minds, would want to sleep with a bear—except, perhaps, another bear? And frankly, I have serious doubts about that."

The bear stood for a moment in silence. His thoughts appeared to be miles away. Then he said: "Jesus. I never thought of it like that . . . ." He put the rabbit down gently beside the river and lumbered off home, where his wife greeted him as he entered the den.

"Oh, love-bubble!" she said, "I'm so glad you're back. I've got something to confess: I haven't really been messing around with the rabbit. I found that baby and brought him in and *pretended,* just to make you jealous. So you're not a cuckold after all! Aren't you relieved?"

"Huh? Oh yeah . . . zat a fact?" said the bear, and he turned on the television and collapsed in his easy chair.

"Oh, *boopsy!*" said the bear's wife to the bear, "has my lovey-dovey been upset? Let Mamma come and give her sweetie-tweetie a great big sloppy kiss!"

"YEEUCCH! !" said the bear, and that night he moved his bed-clothes to the spare room.

MORAL: *Better a cuckold for master and Lord,*
Than an unwronged husband who's thoroughly bored.

Mansell Collection


Tony Escott.

When you laugh, you're saying 'Mother' in Japanese

An instant multi-lingual phrase course
by Charles F. Berlitz

Americans living in Japan have been pleased to find that when a Japanese thanks them with a bow and a polite *arigato* (thank you), they can say in reply "Don't touch my mustache!" The Japanese will consider that the American has, in a polite and ceremonious Japanese manner, said, "You are welcome"—which phrase, in Japanese, comes out *Do itashimash'te!*, the same sound as the English admonition against fondling one's mustache.

In like manner, one can greet Swedes with the sort of British-constable type query, "Who stole the till?" and they will invariably think that you are merely inquiring about their health, since the Swedish expression for "How are you?" is *Hur star det till?*, pronounced like the inquiry about the theft. They in turn will no doubt reply *Tack* (thanks), which sounds like our "tack", and will add in reply *Hur star det till med err?*, which sounds in English, like a heavily moralistic "Who stole the till may err . . . ", but which means simply, "How is it going with you?"

If you say "horror-*show*" to a Russian, he will just think that you are correctly pronouncing the Russian word for "good" (Harashó). (Let psychologists make of this what they will.)

Americans traveling in Spanish-speaking countries have sometimes used the trick of remembering the word for "ice" (*hielo*) by saying the English



Colin Mier

word "yellow", the while reflecting that that is how ice in the tropics often looks anyway. The word for "butter" (*mantequilla*) can be remembered by considering that is "meant-to-kill-ya", as generations of tourists have somehow suspected.

Conversely, most raconteurs of intra-language anecdotes know the one about the Latin-American who, speaking no English, was trying to buy a pair of socks in an American city. After a harried clerk had shown him, with no result, a succession of handkerchiefs, shirts, ties and belts, the salesman finally produced a pair of socks at which the Spanish-speaking customer immediately exclaimed, *Eso si que es!* (That's exactly it!). Coincidentally this Spanish phrase can be exactly rendered by saying the English letters S-O-C-K-S. One can easily sympathize with the bemused clerk who reputedly asked his customer: "If you can spell it, then why the devil can't you say it?"

To turn to a more specialized situation—if you wanted an Ethiopian taxi-driver to go forward, all you would have to do would be to say in English—"What a fit!" (Wodafit) and forward he would go. Also, while dealing with Amharic, the language of Ethiopia, it may be useful to remember that the word for "direction" sounds exactly the same as the hippie-like admonition, "Be cool!". And while linguistically in Africa it is interesting to note that our word "simile" said as a command, means "Go away!" or "Get lost!" in Swahili, the main language of south-east Africa.

When one considers that only so many sounds can be made with the human mouth, tongue, teeth, vocal cords and nasal passage, it is not unusual that many sounds should be coincidental even though they have completely different meanings.

Take the word "how". In Chinese it means "good", in Hawaiian "to smoke", in Japanese "autocrat", in Algonquin "Greetings", and in German "Strike!" or "Hit!".

Another short syllable, "so", has a variety of meanings. In Italian, it means "I know", in Spanish "Whoa!", in French "stupid" or "pail", in Zulu "face" or "the morrow", in Vietnamese "to be afraid", in Fijan, "to scrape the skin off yams before boiling", in Chinese "a lock", and in Japanese, by an unusual coincidence, the same as the English meaning as "like that".

The rules of this game establish that the meaning of a word cannot have a linguistic connection between the languages considered. Therefore, as we course through some of the world's languages looking for sound coincidences, we find that our English words convey some unexpected meanings when their sound is applied to other languages. In Russian, for example, the English word-sound "sin" means "son", the English word "brat" is the word for "brother" (a curious coincidence), while our English "mere" comes out "peace" or "world" if said to a Russian. And people named William have two words in Russian that they already know—"Bill" means "was", while "Billy" means "were". But if you say "Billy" to a Zulu, he will think you are saying "two". Our English words "bait", "peel", and "tough" sound respectively almost exactly like the Hebrew words "house", "ass", and "good". "Sit" comes out in Arabic to mean "lady" or "madam", while "bike" means "OK" or "all right" in Malay and Indonesian. And these are just a few.

Shakespeare used this technique for French sound-alikes in one of his "make - the - groundlings - chuckle" moods. In *Henry the Fifth* Act III, Scene III, in one of his rare French-speaking scenes, he has Katherine, Princess of France, ask Alice, her lady-in-waiting, for an English lesson. Alice proceeds to name parts of the body and wearing apparel from the head down, and at the end of the scene the following dialogue ensues:

Katherine: Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

(*How do you call the foot and the gown?*)

Alice: "De Foot", Madame, et "de coun".

(Shakespeare's audience was expected to recognize that "foot" sounds extremely like *foutre*, referring to sexual union, and "gown", said with Alice's accent, sounds very much like *con*, the female organ.)

Katherine: Oh Seigneur Dieu! Ce sont des mots de son mauvais . . . et impudiques, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais pas prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France.

(*Oh, Lord God! These are bad sounding words . . . and immodest, and not for ladies of honor to use. I would not wish to pronounce these words before the Lords of France . . .*)

And then Shakespeare tops it by having her follow with:

. . . Il faut de foot and de coun néanmoins . . .

(*De foot and de coun are nevertheless necessary . . .*)

This scene is frequently deleted when the play is produced nowadays, because of the use of the French, one suspects, and not, given the present permissiveness of the theatre, because of the somewhat "blue" quality of the repartee.

The Japanese language is a mine of words that sound like English but have different meanings. The name of our state of Ohio simply means "Good Morning" in Japanese, and bearers of the proud name of O'Hara have found that in Japan their name has provoked feminine titters since it means "honorable stomach". Our word "high" is Japanese for "no". "Ha-ha" is "mother" and "auto" is the sound for "father". The numbers from one to five, with one exception, all correspond directly to English sounds. They are: *itchy-knee-san-she-go.*

American students of Japanese approach some Japanese word-sounds with a sort of unbelievable fascination. For example, the sound-alike *Fukkyu* is simply the Japanese word for "restitution"; *Fukin* means "towel" or "neighboring", while *Ifuku*, according to context, means "clothing" or "subjugation by authority".

Turning to Chinese, we observe an incredible coincidence. The well-known military phrase expressing disbelief by referring to a bull's excrement sounds just like the Chinese expression for "It isn't so!": *Boo shih!. Boo* means "not" and *shih* means "is". Also the colloquial English "Ta-ta!" for "Goodbye" expresses in Chinese "Talk! Talk!" or "Fight! Fight!", according to the pitch at which it is uttered, which in turn depends on what the Chinese are doing at the moment.

In Cantonese, the language of most Chinese in the United States, the ubiquitous "soy sauce" sounds like "see you". As a sort of Cantonese in-joke, therefore, young Cantonese Americans, by a double reversal, sometimes express the concept of "So long—I'll see you!" by simply saying "Soy sauce!"

Lao, the language of Laos, should offer consolation to anyone named Sam Cohen who thinks he is overworked. For in Lao the sound "Sam Cohen" means "three men".

As German and Dutch are linguistically so closely related to English, it is more difficult to find common phrases or words of completely different meanings. One is "gift", which in German is "poison", and another rather unexpected one is the German word *Fahrt*, meaning simply "trip", which sounds exactly like an English word, still in the taboo category even in today's permissive society. Oddly enough the English word comes from the German and was originally a polite euphemism. Conversely, the English word "pet" causes French eyebrows to lift, as it is French idiom of "breaks wind", or "breaking wind".

Afrikaans, a Dutch-related language spoken in the Republic of South Africa, offers an interesting example of sound-alikes that almost constitutes a double-take. The problem of South Africa, *apartheid* (literally "apartness" as opposed to "togetherness") is usually mispronounced "apart-hide". However, if you remember our word "hate" and pronounce it "apart-hate" you will have the correct Afrikaans pronunciation and, curiously enough, you will be describing at the same time exactly what it is.

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Brian Forbes

OH, WICKED WANDA!

PART 3 OF AN OUTRAGEOUS SEX SATIRE BY **FREDERIC MULLALLY**

A DREAD SECRET EXTRACTED

THE STORY THUS FAR: Nineteen-year-old **Wanda von Kreesus,** heiress to a gigantic fortune in hard Swiss francs, has disposed of her father with the help of her nymphet companion, **Candyfloss,** and set out from the family *schloss* overlooking Lake Zurich, on a diabolical campaign of world conquest. Her plan is nothing less than the enslavement to her will of all the world's leaders, either by securing evidence of their past misdeeds or by trapping them into some new and scandalous misdemeanour. First, Wanda and Candyfloss gain entry to President de Gueule's country house, disguised as nuns. He wakes up in the night to a vision of Joan of Arc in the flesh, reproaching him for the Sin of Ommision he has committed against France and demanding a frank confession. This nocturnal Maid of Orleans looks and talks remarkably like Sister Jeanne, chaperone to the postulant Candide, charming "niece" of the de Gueules' cook. There can be no doubt of it: the nun must be Joan herself, returned to earth to square the President's account with Someone Up There. . . **NOW READ ON!**

Habitually on Saturday mornings on his country estate, the President enjoyed a "breakfast *anglais*". He never ordered it by such a name, for "franglais" corruptions of his mother-tongue drove him quite around *la courbe*. Even football, to this purist, was always and inflexibly *ballon-a-pied*. Madame's Singer sewing-machine had to be referred to by the household as "La Chanteuse". And the President was seriously thinking of retitling the city of Nice—as soon as he could make up his mind whether to call it Gentil or Délicat. The Sunday morning command was usually for *"un petit dèjeuner a la mode des sacrés Anglais."* It took longer to say but helped him to start the day in good mettle.

Imagine, then, the consternation in the kitchen when a badly shook-up valet (oops!—*valet*) hurried in with a presidential request for a glass of cold water and a piece of stale bread. *"Sans beurre!"* the flunky croaked, heading for the cooking cognac.

When this grave intelligence reached Madame de Gueule, she climbed from her bed and tottered along the corridor to her husband's room, noting in passing the sturdy nun's boots still lined up outside the room occupied by Sister Jeanne and the postulant Candide. "Poor dears," she murmured. "Up half the night, praying for dear Charles, you may be sure."

She found her husband pacing slowly to and fro in his nightshirt, mumbling over the beads of the glittering ruby rosary he had found on the pillow beside his bed when he awoke.

"What ails you, Charles?" she cried. "Bread-and-water for your br——, your *petit dèjeuner!*"

"*Doucement,* Clothilde!" the President groaned. "It was a choice of fasting completely or dèliberately mortifying the flesh. I decided to mortify."

"But why, *chéri*? That Con de Merdeville hasn't been upsetting you again?"

"You might as well know," the Saviour of France intoned, sonorously, "that our blessèd Jeanne d'Arc appeared to me in a vision during the night." He lowered the rosary and stared bleakly out of the window. "I have sinned, Clothilde, and must repent. Go back to your room and pray for me . . . Wait! Have you spoken to our guests this morning?"

His wife shook her head.

"Go to sister Jeanne. Tell her I need her counsel and await her here."

"Charles! You're not getting up to your old ——" Clothilde broke off as her husband's anguished eyes burned the air between them. "I'll see if she's awake, *chéri,*" she sighed, closing the door behind her.

The President had donned a dressing-gown presented to him by the new Chancellor of the West German Republic, Dr. Fartlaueder, when Sister Jeanne appeared in his room—after opening the door, *ca va sans dire*. The garment was a duplicate of the one he had admired on the Chancellor—complete with Habsburg epaulettes and a Heidelberg duelling society's badge emblazoned over one breast. He had rather fancied himself in it. But now, under Wanda's cool green gaze (for it was no other's) he felt suddenly ridiculous and wished he had settled for the old egg-stained *robe-de-chambre* from the Monoprix on the Boulevard Haussmann.

The old warrior and the young bride of God gazed at each other across the room in silence for a full minute. Then:

"Ma chère soeur! If you are not the reincarnation of Jeanne d'Arc, tell me now, so that this cup can pass from me and I can find peace of mind again!"

"M'sieur le Président, I am what your conscience tells you I am—no more and no less."

"But the dream! Or *was* it a dream? You . . . here . . . at the stake . . ."

With a sad smile, Wanda lowered her eyes to the ruby rosary dangling from the President's hand. When she raised them again, he knew beyond further doubt that hers was the tortured virginal body those beads had girdled in the Vision. He sank to his knees.

"The sin of omission, Jeanne! Reveal it to me, that I may repent!"

"Search your own heart, Charles, and you shall find it. Devote this day to your conscience. Tonight, perhaps . . ." She made a slow sign-of-the-cross, her fingertips teasing the nipples beneath her Balenciaga habit, for they had sprung to life the second the ruler of France knelt at her feet.

"You will not leave, Jeanne? Promise me! Not until . . ."

"I shall spend the day in my room, praying you unburden yourself of your sin against France before I continue my wordly pilgrimage tomorrow."

Candyfloss looked up eagerly as Wanda slipped back into their room, locking the door behind her. The nymphet was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



IN THE FALL OF ROME

Fashion by Ron Butler

Photographs by Amnon Bar-Tur

Rome, Italy

In summertime, Rome—city of pasta, pizza and paparazzi—is hot, humid, chaotic with traffic, and filled with camera-laden tourists. But in the fall a more leisurely pace takes hold. A deep green Alfa-Romeo roars easily down Via Gregoria, and over on Via Veneto handsome dark-haired men watch with familiar appraising eyes as all the pretty girls go by. Although widely considered the capital of creative fashion, influencing universal trends in men's wear, Rome is also the ultimate in cosmopolitan, international cities. When in Rome one need never do as the Romans do. On these pages, for example, 28-year-old film actor Stelvio Rosi, who recently starred in Universal's *The Battle of the Last Panzer,* wears a wardrobe that appropriately reflects an international fashion climate always in evidence here.



In the opening photograph, Rosi is seen wearing a regimental stripe business suit of Trivera and wool by Hardy Amies of London. Complete with matching vest, it is priced at 103,125 Italian lire. Not quite as expensive as it sounds, that's $165 U.S. Shown in front of the Roman Colosseum, our fair-haired gladiator is dressed to kill in a double-breasted mohair and worsted, six-button formal evening suit (tuxedo, if you prefer) by After Six. It's priced at $160. His accessories are also by After Six: dress shirt with ruffled front is $15.95; "floppy" rib silk bowtie is $5.95.

Soaking up the warm autumn sun, Rosi is wearing a long-collared, long-sleeved print challis shirt from the Frejere collection of J. Freezer & Sons of New York; about $12.

On the opposite page, the look is leopard—a "Royal" model, shaped, simulated leopardskin jacket by Clubman Sportcoats of New York; $65. Natural-color Esquire socks by Kayser-Roth.







Of all the cities in Europe, Rome probably contains the greatest number of sight-seeing musts. The giant round dome of St. Peter's Cathedral can be seen from all corners of the city. Those viewing it for the first time from within are astonished by its vastness. In the basilica to the right of the cathedral's famous many-staired entranceway is Michelangelo's Pieta. In the nearby Vatican museum is the Sistine Chapel. Also high in sight-seeing priority are the Pantheon, the Spanish Steps (located in one of the city's major shopping centers), and the Fountain of Trevi, constructed in 1762 and late of *Three Coins in a Fountain* fame. Finally, the Arch of Constantine, built in AD 315 and shown in the background below. Scene-stealing, our dashing actor wears an off-white towncoat of Trivera and cotton. It is priced at $110 and designed by Louis G. Tarquini.





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GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

SEXY SAUNAS

The latest in U.S. status symbols is a hot one: the Finnish sauna. No company president worth his Dun & Bradstreet credit rating is without one in his office. The suburban set is building them in record number next to lakeside cottages and beach-front hide-aways. Swinging bachelors have portable versions in bedrooms, bathrooms and renovated clothes closets. Women dig them too.

Saunas, to put it simply, are good for you. They relax, clean and invigorate you, melt off fat, cure your ills and put your sex drive into overdrive. In fact, the complete after-effect of a full sauna treatment can be described as similar to that which follows sex—a weak wobbly-kneed walking-on-marshmallow feeling, and smiling.



To fully appreciate saunas one has to go to Finland, a country of fewer than five million people and more than 600,000 saunas. The Finns, *en masse*, family-style, take as many as seven sauna baths a week during the warm summer months and at least one or two a week in the wintertime.

The ritual is now world-known. Stones heated by wood fires or electric burners create dry air temperatures of up to 240 degrees Fahrenheit. (Those temperatures are strictly for hearty men—women seldom brave heat of more than 180 degrees.) You enter the sauna as you would a shower, sans all clothing; even a draped towel is considered overly modest. Buckets of water are handy for splashing on wooden benches inside so you can cool yourself a place to sit down. (The benches are generally built on three levels, the top level receiving the most heat.) Then you literally cook for 10 or 15 minutes.

Once the body has adjusted itself to the extreme temperatures, traditionalists swat themselves or each other with birch branches in order to aid circulation and stimulate sweating. If increased heat is desired, a ladle of water is tossed on the hot stones and a blanket of steam comes forth. It's important not to breathe deeply when the steam comes at you because it gets in your lungs and you'll think you've just died. Happily, the steam is quickly absorbed into the sauna's wood-paneled walls.

After you've had about as much heat as you can stand, it's "everybody into the lake!" There are more than 55,000 lakes in Finland and every one of them is icy cold, even in the summertime. Surprisingly, the body absorbs so much heat in the sauna that the cold water plunge is not quite as shocking as it sounds. If you stay in too long, however, you fast swim out.

Experienced sauna bathers repeat the entire process once or twice more. Then, particularly if you're at a hotel, spa or public sauna, a lady attendant gives you a brisk scrubbing with what feels like soapy sandpaper. You recline on a bench and she does you both sides over, handing you the soapy sandpaper when she's through so you can do the private parts yourself. Needless to say, women hired as sauna attendants are not selected for their sensuous beauty. Most are plump grandmothers (mine was a skinny one).

Afterward, you jump back in the lake (ocean, pool, shower or wherever you happen to be) to rinse off. Finally, you go off to an adjoining room to relax for an hour or so on a cot or rocking chair—whatever's handy.

The total effect is remarkably stimulating. After the first naked plunge into the icy lake, men generally race about for a full 10 minutes, tearing up trees by the roots.

Americans, game for anything, say the Finns, can't wait to try sauna baths when they come to Finland; also the Germans. Englishmen are reluctant, and the French avoid them completely.

Not even the Finns, who have been using them for more than 1,000 years, know how saunas originated. Long before hospitals, Finnish mothers gave birth inside the sauna because it was germ-free and warm. Old sick people were taken there to die in comfort. The sauna was the first structure built when a family resettled. It was used as a dwelling until the main house was completed.

Today, saunas in Finland have great social significance as well as health and cleansing facilities. When groups of married friends get together, the men usually take their sauna together, first. Later, when the men have finished and dressed, all the women go in. Sauna sausages are cooked on the

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"Make any new friends on your first visit to the sun club, darling ? . . ."

Amber Revisited

A nostalgic reference to pleasures past and present

Like many an enterprise which has burgeoned rapidly and successfully from humble—albeit ambitious—beginnings, Penthouse is subject every now and then to a kind of corporate nostalgia. The original offices (which would have fitted easily into one small corner of our new building) are recalled with a fondness not accorded them at the time and, thanks to a trick of the human memory, even our thorniest early difficulties seem in retrospect to have been happy incidents in the Penthouse story. Besides, there were undeniable editorial compensations *en route:* witness Britain's Amber Dean-Smith—Penthouse Pet of the Month in our fifth issue and subsequently our first reader-elected Pet of the Year.

The reappearance of this most appealing aspect of our publishing past endorses the dictum that what is prologue is past, and what has passed is merely prologue. Certainly, the passage of time has made the toppingly proportioned Amber (38-24-37) more multi-facted than ever: she is an accomplished designer and artist, whose fashion drawings have appeared in leading English magazines such as *Vogue* and *Queen.* At one point a commission to design murals for a new club in Palma de Majorca took her to Spain's Balearic Islands. "After the job was over I stayed on for a while," she recalls. "The thought of going back to England and leaving all that delicious sun behind was unbearable. Also, I wasn't sure about myself any more. I wasn't sure if painting was what I really wanted to do. It was satisfying in many ways, but I wasn't sure how deeply involved I wanted to become. I'm an incurable sensualist and I feel cheated if even the tiniest part of me remains unoccupied."

Amber's attitude toward the opposite sex is as trenchant as it is cerebral. "I believe," says she, "that women, if anything, are more predatory than men. We're capable of the most elaborate schemes and histrionics to acquire things we want. We are all actresses and we have as many faces as men we meet. We have as much interest in sex as they do—probably more—but we don't advertise it. In the main, a













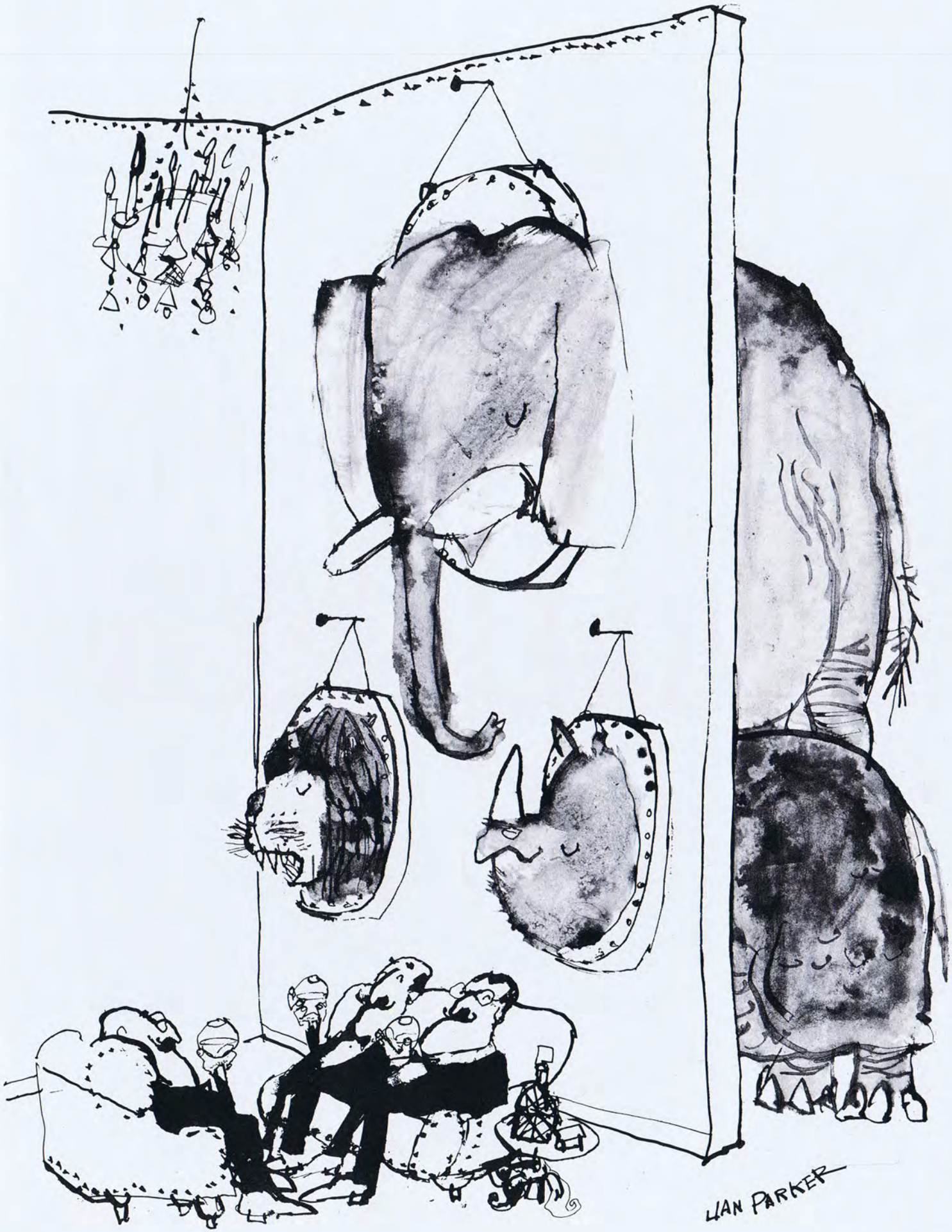




girl *wants* to be led by the man she loves and respects. If she feels that she can manipulate a man, she will, but she won't enjoy it—not really. There's a difference between a strong man and an egotist. The strong man makes the decisions but he has taken the girl's feelings and desires into consideration. The egotist makes the same decisions but he does so quite independent of the girl's feelings. With this kind of man, the relationship soon degenerates into a struggle for mental supremacy and the woman, regrettably, always wins. Then she loses all feeling, all respect, and all interest in the man. As for myself, I want a man who's physical and commanding—but also sensitive and artistic. He should have a slightly Bohemian, nonconformist attitude toward life."

Which remark, we feel, should increase the ranks of Bohemian nonconformists by a thousandfold.




IAN PARKER



"Now how the hell do we explain this to Old Man Jacobs?"

THE NAKED CRUNCH



It's your world and you can change it! That's the message to youth from the outspoken author of *The Harrad Experiment* —and the weapon he urges is: nudity!

by Robert H. Rimmer

Though I write what many people describe as Utopian novels, I do not believe that man should waste his time striving for the perfect society. A more realistic approach is to take some facet of our living as presumed human beings and see if as a personal decision we can define how we believe man should or could function in a specific moral and ethical framework. Not only isn't this as simple as it may sound, but no matter what area you may tackle you will quickly find yourself embracing changed thinking and concepts in other areas.

Perhaps, for example, you know exactly how you feel about being naked. Yet, if you were sitting here with me as I type this, naked, I'd wager that like most people in this society your attitude to human nakedness might prove to be quite ambivalent. In the past year musicals and plays with little to offer except sex and nudity have opened on the New York stage amid protests from the critics that the whole business of stage nudity is not only getting boring but, worse, naked human beings going through the motions of copulation in front of a live audience are obviously "not doing it" and hence exalting impotency. At the very least they fail to create an empathy with the audience.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Be that as it may, since there is more than a casual relationship between nakedness and copulation (particularly in the neuroses of the older generation) it is instructive to review what progress western society has made towards nudity in the so-called Sexual Revolution. If he wanted to see what a female looked like naked, without marrying her, a young man used to have two choices: the burlesque show if he was living in a city where one existed, or the Public Library Art Section under the surveillance of some old lady—who was well aware that the pimply faced young man was getting a faint erection looking at naked Goyas or Tintorettos, but of course, even if she had been sympathetic, couldn't have dared to enlighten him that the truth was most women did have hair down there. The only other recourse available to a young man a quarter of a century ago was the *National Geographic* which (with the conviction that Africans weren't human anyway) occasionally revealed some black beauty with her breasts uncovered.

But what about with her legs open?

Since then Pets and Playgirls have at least made it apparent that the female body is beautiful (and also given the somewhat false impression that it is more readily available than it actually is). But the old mystery remains: what does this delectable configuration of plateaus and valleys, of breasts and buttocks, the human female, look like with her legs open? For better or worse, through the efforts of the American Sunbathing Association, who pursued their belief that the human body was not obscene to the Supreme Court (and won!), the mystery has been plumbed. Now, to the surprise of legitimate nudist organizations (who were also aware that nakedness came with pot bellies and shrunken breasts) the young man of 15 or 16 (and his father, who is still pretty naive) can buy in certain stores photographs of the genitals of beautiful young females. With his face buried in the new crop of crotch magazines, the young man might even wonder if the rumor wasn't true that the female genitals look like an emasculating snatch that could snip off his penis in a twinkle.

So *now,* in 1969, here is the sum total of where we are nakedly at.

(*a*) An avalanche of magazines devoted to picturing the male and female genitalia, sold only in areas like the Combat Zone in Boston or 42nd Street in New York City—the crass depiction and the environments where the magazines are sold reinforcing the past-30 attitude that no matter how you slice it nudity and sex are dirty and obscene.

(*b*) Few general magazines and newspapers and no television shows permitting nudity in any form.

(*c*) Motion pictures known as nudies (fully available in the same run-down sections of our big cities) concentrating on female breasts and male and female buttocks but never showing genitals. After several hours of prurient leering and pseudo-violence (the violence is only pseudo because the producers are not sure how far they dare go in the area of aberrant sex) these films often conclude with platitudinous remarks about the wages of sin.

(*d*) Slightly higher-class movies such as *I am Curious* (*Yellow*) still unable to escape the dilemma that copulation is dirty; and even in one scene using a copulating couple to symbolize the old curse of "go fuck yourself."

(*e*) Live theater, largely in New York and a few major cities, occasionally going the whole route and using the nakedness of the cast and the promise of copulation before a live audience as the drawing card.

Now, I ask you, as a young male or female, single, not yet committed to marriage but quite likely involved with some member of the opposite sex, isn't our culture still quite sick on the subject of nakedness and copulation? The answer can only be yes, and the truth is, that while we are supposedly in the midst of (or have already passed through) a sexual revolution, the older generation, responsible for this ludicrous situation, is still trapped in the neurotic religious and moral thinking of the past.

If mixed nudity were legal in public

Our current inability to solve the problem of human nakedness and remove the human body (yes, God's work if you believe in God) from the ugliness and the gross commercialization of man and woman's deepest potential response to each other (the devaluation of man who is supposedly superior to the animals) could be solved by permitting mixed public nudity in school gymnasiums, Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., public beaches, public pools and parks and for that matter wherever any person found it more convenient to be naked than wearing clothes. Overnight the sad nudie movie, the slick film with the X rating, and the crotch magazines would disappear. For the first time since the Greeks the dignity of the human naked body would be restored.

This distressed area of where it is proper to be naked, and whether my nakedness or your nakedness is an invasion of someone's privacy (mental equilibrium) and whether as a shocking consequence we might occasionally be exposed to the spectacle of an erect and virile male, is the ideal challenge for the young male or female activist, to *force* social decision, to take a possible step toward Utopia now!

> “On warm spring days, black and white students should walk out of their dormitories naked, play together on every campus naked, and do this purposely as a protest. An annual Spring Festival of Nakedness would occasion the biggest belly laugh the students have yet been able to perpetrate on the Establishment”

If you are really a member of the so-called honest generation, the generation that has questioned the lopsided approaches of the past, can you dare to face the children you will eventually have without demanding an end to this neurotic behavior towards nakedness? Will you bring up *your* children in a society that satisfies its voyeuristic needs by buying nudie magazines or attending restricted movies? Or should you do a little soul-searching and ask the question that gets to the root of the problem. Isn't it the uptight, hung-up, past-30 generation you have found so exasperating that is performing the configuring act of selling your generation photographed nudity and copulation but forbidding you to be naturally and casually naked? Ask yourself—before it's too late 15 or 20 years from now when you're the older generation —is this the kind of world you want your children to experience?

Now, before the counter-revolution sets in and censorship clamps down on what little progress has been made, both the black and white students of America should set aside the the last

few weeks in May in every college year (and those who aren't in college should join them) and on warm spring days walk out of their dormitories naked, play together on every campus and in university grounds naked, and do this purposely as a protest—a protest against the generation that ignores the dictum of the Supreme Court, and panders by accepting violence and the sex tease in all of our arts while building new monuments to their neurotic belief that the sex act and the human body are basically ugly and dirty and that sex without commercial titillation would be a bore.

My guess is that if enough young people not only in the colleges and universities but in the high schools united in an annual Spring Festival of Nakedness it would occasion the biggest belly laugh the students have been able to perpetrate on the Establishment—who, in the area of sex and nudity, have proven they don't know where they're at. Would the policeman in his cruising car arrest the naked youngsters? Would the university faculty side with the administration or would they too doff their clothes? Best of all, what would the television networks which have given up life for a world of simpering conformity do? Would they have to tell the cameramen that live coverage above the waist was okay for the males, but not the females? Maybe they would be reduced to pleading with the peaceable naked students to cover their breasts and genitals so they could record the event for the fine citizens of our country who still believe that man is conceived in sin.

What would happen if you and millions like you convinced the world that nakedness was not shameful? But rather, it was quite healthy for human beings to see each other in all ages of life, naked and humanly fragile. Graduating high-school seniors would quite likely exchange naked pictures of each other and enjoy looking at them later, since the human body doesn't change as much as styles. Males and females would wear different beach costumes designed to protect themselves from the sun's rays and not the glances of others. Facially homely females would find it easier to attract a male since their total body would compensate for their facial shortcomings. Males would discover that small-breasted women naked were just as physically attractive as their better-endowed friends. Television, magazines and the theater would depict the human being naked where it was logical for him or her to be naked, and the world of men and women would discover it was just a mite easier to be defenseless with each other, and drop the role playing.

After natural nudity open coitus

The question is can the single generation, brought up in all the guilt tradition, with all the hang-ups of its fathers and mothers, create an entirely different heterosexual environment for its future children? If you who are members of this generation can't do it, are you willing to face the fact that all the rebellion and challenge of your youth was simply a tempest in a teapot? Will you have to face your children and admit that when the chips were down you too retreated into the sleazy shilly-shallying and half-truths of your parents?

If you dare to create a world where nakedness is a natural casual part of everyday living, you will make it possible for a new young, single generation (your children) to move on to the next phase, which may not turn out to be a sexual revolution at all but a civil war between those of your generation who remain trapped in the attitudes of the past, and those who are deeply committed to the necessity of deep vital changes in all our interpersonal approaches (the world in microcosm) to solve the problems of faltering blundering global society. If you do succeed and the world moves into a new realm where the visual delight of seeing the naked male and female, in youth and age, is a common occurrence, the concomitant breakthrough would be to create a world where males and females actually experience coitus as an equally normal part of their physical and emotional life in an environment that surrounds the act of love with the deep joy of a shared experience.

This kind of world, a small Utopia, is within your grasp. But you can't wait! Now, while you are young, while you are single, you must define the kind of sexual world you really want to live in. For the first time possibly in the history of man, sex as enjoyment, sex as a relief from tension, sex as the profound joyous discovery of the intimate person of the opposite sex, without fear of pregnancy and without commitment of marriage, is a possible way for the young single person to grow into life.

But the potential is a long way from the reality. My guess is, despite the belief that the young, single generation is reveling in pre-marital sex, the truth is that the young male at the height of his sexual powers at 18 or 19, and for the balance of his unmarried life, is still pretty much trapped in the world of his father. Very few females will go to bed with him without (i) a preliminary courtship or testing period. Much the old chase formula, foreshortened perhaps, since the modern female may not have as much staying-power as her mother; (ii) followed by the female being convinced, or (in the absence of a definite avowal of love on the part of the male) convincing herself that the boy really loves her. Thinking: "Now we have gone this far it won't be too long before we're married;" (iii) quite probably maintaining after the first capitulation that "we really can't (shouldn't) be doing this all the time," or "too often," ignoring or never being aware that the young male can and does need sexual intercourse a good deal more than he ever achieves it.

Creativity and the sex drive

Can a male learn to think female or vice versa? Not only is it possible (all of us have varying components of the opposite sex) but one of the basic premises of a Harrad College is that males and females living together during their four-year undergraduate experience would actually discover as a subconscious process the joy of viewing the world from the perspective of the opposite sex. This doesn't mean, as some writers have predicted, that in the next 50 years or fewer we will only have one sex, a unisex with the special male and female characteristics amalgamated into a composite personality that is neither male nor female. No, rather I would venture that a new kind of premarital environment could emerge *if your generation dares* to create a world where the young male and female grow up swiving (you'll find the word in Webster's and it means what you think) as a normal part of their late adolescence and premarital years.

But to achieve this world you must decide how you really feel about premarital sex. Your parents' generation literally believe that a man must *earn* his right to sexual pleasure. While a few of the more liberal have come to accept the inevitability of premarital sex, most of the older generation still look on it as a temporary indulgence. In their view it simply isn't a part of your heritage, even if you find a partner with a similar need, to be able to make love if your body tells you you need to. Your parents have been thoroughly indoctrinated with the Freudian belief that man owes his material progress to the conscious repression of man's instincts. This belief in the power of frustrated sexuality is amazingly deep-rooted. If you point to Picasso at 80 as a creative genius who has lived a full sexual life, you will be overwhelmed with the names of artists like Goethe, Tchaikovsky,

Tolstoy, Shelley et cetera who during most of their life were sexually at their wits' end.

A writer I once knew told me that he had an agreement with his wife: when he was in the throes of creation, no sex. Sometimes this state of affairs went on for weeks, presumably making him a better writer. His wife, who was more creative than he, finally divorced him. Obviously if you accept and approve the view that we have reached the present heights of materialism by creating generations of suffering neurotics then you are not only going to replicate the world you are criticizing, but you are going to find it hard to agree with my belief that it is now possible for *your* generation to raise a new breed of children who from 16 (at least) will be aware of their sexuality and can release it with a deep interpersonal respect and wonder for the partner of the opposite sex.

If you dare to create this kind of sexual world, man could enter an age of creativity and wonder and joy of living beyond anything the world has yet seen. While I can't speak for the female, let me assure you that the myth that the sexually happy man is half-dead and phlegmatic is just that . . . a myth! If you want a tower built to the sun, or want to make a race against time, make up your mind: the potential of the man or woman who is sexually alive and complete in their driving instinctual needs represents a force that has never been tapped in this frustrated world of sin and taboo.

So, along with the casual world of human nakedness that is in your grasp, is the possibility for you to raise children in an entirely new kind of home environment. An environment where your 16-year-old son or daughter has his or her own room and your daughter can tell you without embarrassment, "Jimmy asked if he could stay overnight with me, and I said he could." Or your son introduces you to Susan who walks around your home casually naked, acts like your own daughter, but is unafraid to tell you that sleeping with your son in his own room is much nicer than making love in the back seat of a car.

A daughter's social testament, 1989

Do you dare to create that kind of home life for your children? When you are in your forties will your 16-year-old daughter be able to say:

"I've played games, swam and tumbled with my whole family naked. Once I asked my mother and father why I couldn't watch while they made love, and mother's reaction, seconded by my father, was there was nothing shameful about coitus and they were happy that I had seen many lovely films of men and women making love, but the truth was most people found it embarrassing to be watched.

"I knew what they meant. I enjoy myself naked. I like to watch people naked and wonder why they don't try harder to keep the lithe bodies they had when they were young. I grin when I'm at the beach, or the Y, and my boyfriend gets a tiny erection. I suppose I could have intercourse in public but my mother and father are right: sexual intercourse is a private experience. I could do it watched, but I like it better when I'm with a boy alone and we can be tender together and laugh together and even shriek and tumble together at our own silly joy.

"While I have had intercourse only with Jimmy so far, I expect to make love with three or four different boys before I marry. I'm discovering one thing about the act of sex: it's much more rewarding and fulfilling when Jimmy and I use it as one of the many ways of discovering each other and the kind of persons we really are. Sex is holding each other naked too, and finding the world by losing it.

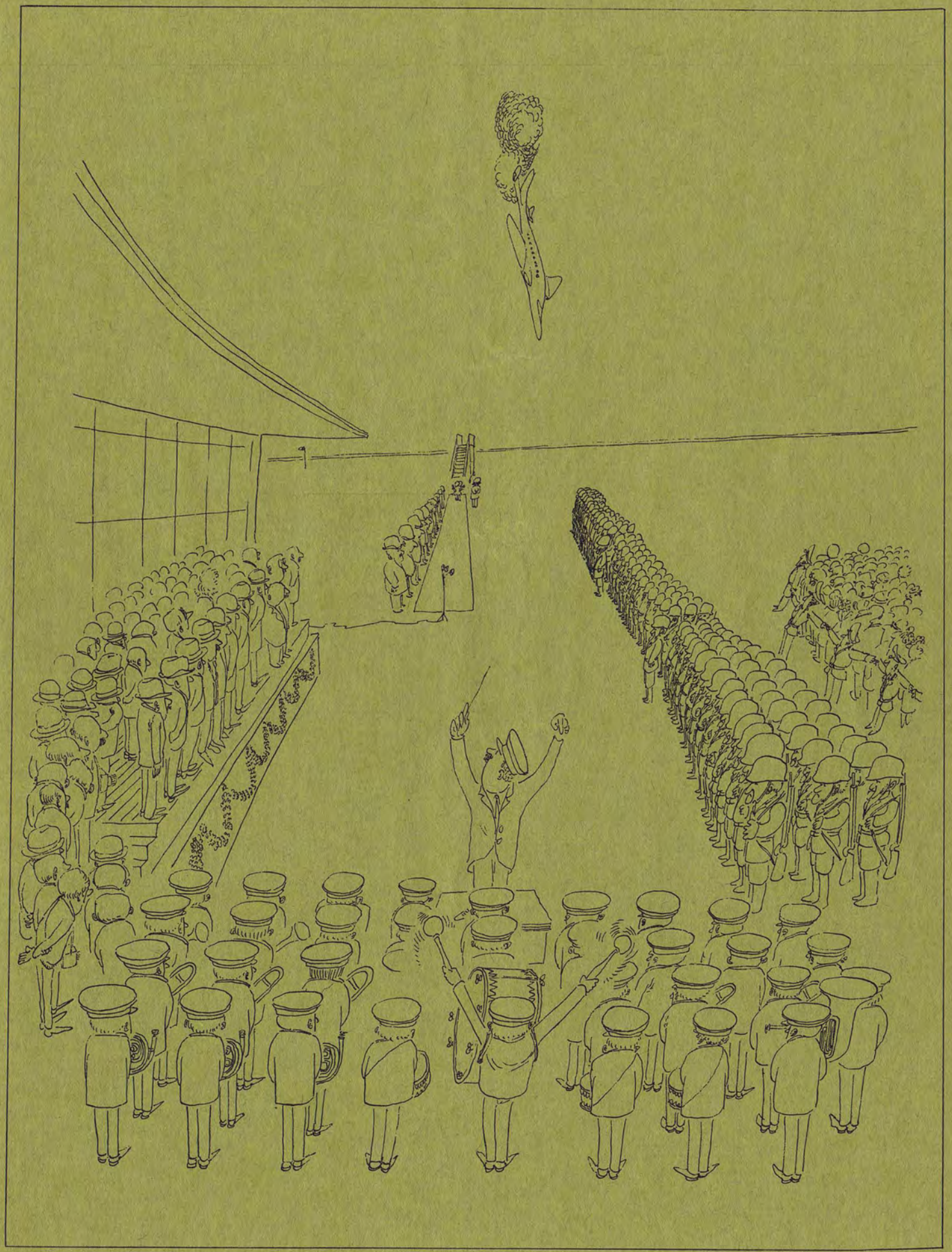
"I have a keen sense of family. I'm convinced that what makes my family relate better than most is that my mother and father *like* each other. Because they like each other sex is especially nice. I suspect also if I asked them they would be honest and tell me that the Joneses (whom they have known for years) are 'special' and occasionally they sleep with each other's spouse without rocking the boat of our family life.

"As a matter of fact, my family and the Joneses are very much alive and thinking people who welcome me and my brothers into their discussions (but don't force us) making us keenly aware of the thousand facets of living possible in a full life.

"While I can't evoke it exactly I sense my parents want me to develop my own uniqueness both as a female and a human being, not demanding love but giving it, not demanding security from anyone but giving it to those near me, and not taking myself and my own ego so seriously that I can't step aside and laugh and chuckle at my only silly fears and failures."

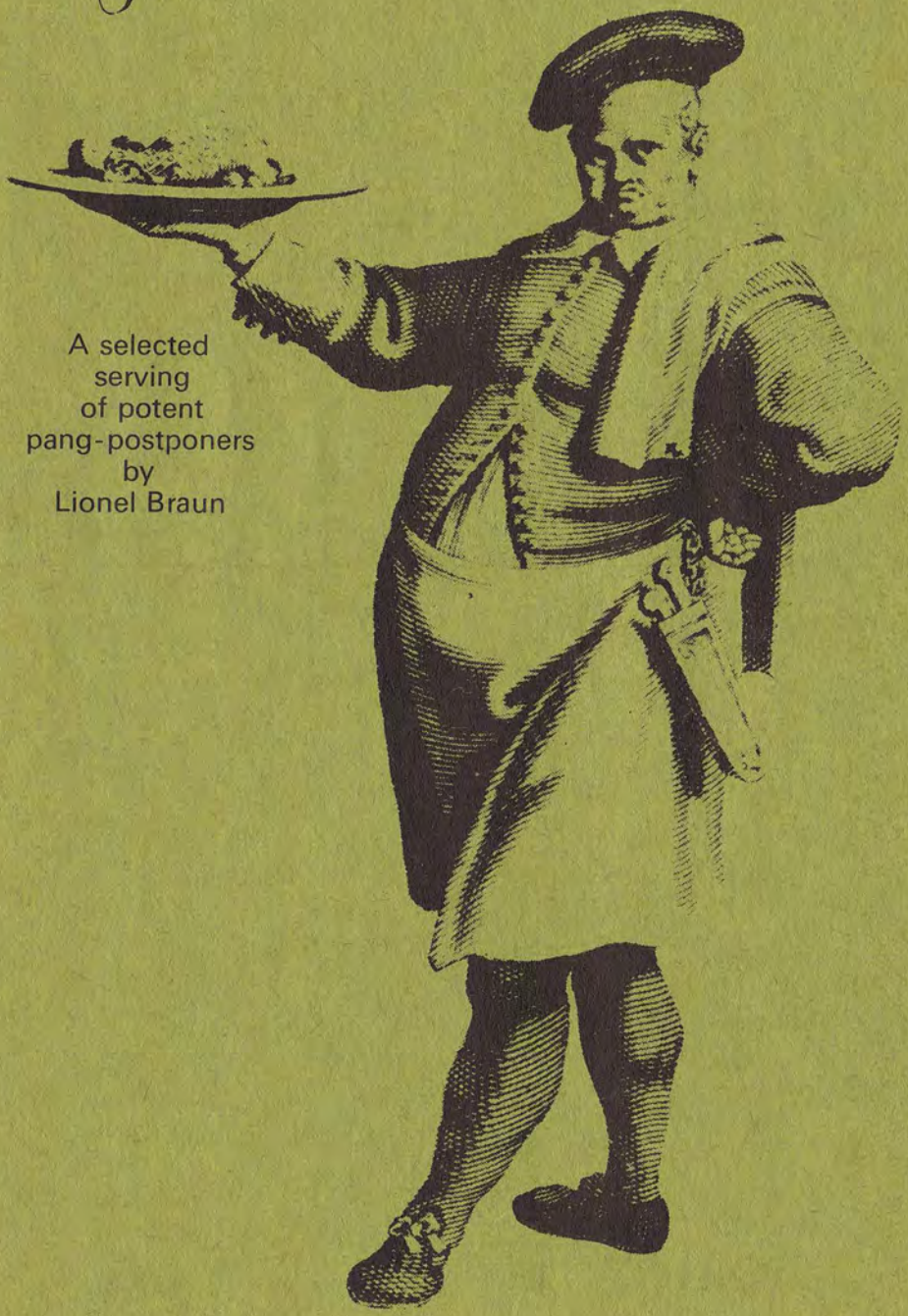
Is this the kind of daughter you want? If it is and you create her and an equivalent son (you may have to wage minor civil wars to do it) you will change your world not only in the area of warm, joyous sexuality but politically and economically too as a by-product of this new kind of man and woman. So start now and work towards small Utopias!





BETWEEN THE HALVES

A selected serving of potent pang-postponers by Lionel Braun



I suppose, like every male-male, the dishes I have prepared in my kitchen workshop are more often really planned for sly attacks on the stronghold of *her* virtue than her digestive system. I recall last year, when visiting France, an acquaintance told me that the only aphrodisiac recipe more effective than Damiana from Mexico is a dish prepared with breasts of young chicken served with champagne sauce, and a lively bottle of Moet & Chandon from a fine year. The bottle of champagne always seemed to guarantee that the object of his affections would be cosily desired, because champagne was included in all of his culinary blandishments, inside or outside of the maison.

While much has been written and planned about dining and seduction in some guy's or woman's apartment, and restaurants, few of us have seen fit to comment about the approach to intimate eating in a really public place.

I do not mean drive-ins, or roadside restaurants, because they are in a category by themselves, and the kind of food they serve to the tense, tired and troubled traveler is gastronomically boring and abusive. And it really isn't too different at the many athletic parks, stadiums and arenas that dot every city in America, giving us all a chance of being menaced by that dreadful burning sensation called the "blahs". Is it any wonder that I would almost categorically refuse to go to a game where between the halves a headlong race for the hotdog line is the feeding prospect, leading to confusion, undignified participation, watered-down mustard—and a lost direction to your seat?

I for one am about to espouse immortality for those who take my road to recognition. I choose for my inspiration John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich. This English naval figure achieved immortality with a dubious contribution to gastronomy,

because he was so absorbed by the action on the gaming tables that he would never stop for a proper meal. Thus, while naval affairs were sadly neglected, the poker-playing earl tucked his sliced meat into bread, which had been baked in a deep pan to come out with a crusty top. England thus gave birth to the "Sandwich loaf", and Kings George II and George III were blessed with a First Lord of the Admiralty who was more content to be a naval loafer than loaf around a navel! I for one continue to delight in the latter.

You may find yourself and your favorite lady at a night baseball game in San Francisco, when the fog moves in across the bay, at a hockey game in Boston or at the Army-Navy game. Whatever the circumstances—food is in order. Before I concoct for you in a moment or two some sandwiches, fillings and a salad that may jolt, surprise and shock you and your partner into excitement and subsequent delight, be assured that my menu will serve two masters: those of you who will attend any chilly afternoon presentations, and those of you who might enjoy the evening crowds with bright lights. When nibbling between the halves at night games most of us will have already eaten earlier, so the sandwiches should be filling, but since you'll be going to bed sometime soon, the sandwiches should be light.

Anyway, all the old patterns of bread fillings and sausage are going to be redistributed to break up the ignominy of the "wide end run" to the hotdog stand—the slow poison in every mouthful, the antagonism and annual resentment that is sneaked into a soggy bun or pasty slice of bread. One or two of my recommendations will warm any spectator, but certainly stimulate and refresh those athletes among us who never have had any problems in getting off a pass.

I find a great part of the enjoyment that comes out of a sandwich has to do with the type of bread. It's fun to try molasses bread, Irish soda bread, French bread, rye, Swedish beer bread, corn bread—and you can go on ad infinitum. But for ease and efficiency the ready-prepared (canned biscuits refrigerated) or hot-roll mixes will work pretty well in preparing our filled breads.

Everyone at some time or other has had an experience with savory pasties. The Russians call it Piroshki, in Poland it's Pierogi, in Morocco Sfeeha, or Puerto Rico and other Spanish-speaking countries they eat Empanadas — and I mustn't forget Pizza too! All of these filled breads can be made with a hot roll mix, and with several fillings you will be rescued from the usual pedestrian affairs. You can serve these filled sandwiches with a salad, or antipasta, and wine or beer is a perfect accompaniment.



HOT BREAD CAKES

Packaged roll mix is handy and when preparing a packaged hot roll mix, I like to add two eggs instead of one. The dough rises to about double its size, and now should be gently kneaded on a floured board. Break off pieces of dough about the size of a small egg and flatten into 4-inch rounds, and spoon some filling on to each round. Make a sack out of the dough by pinching the edges together and sealing. Flip the buns so the seamed side is down on a sheet of foil. Now you brown in an oven at about 450 degrees for 15 minutes. If you prefer this pizza-style, you may leave the dough as flat 4-inch rounds and top with the lamb filling overleaf:

RECIPES

MOROCCAN SFEEHA

2 lb lean ground lamb
2 large onions diced
¼ cup pistachio nuts
Brown this mixture quickly in a little peanut oil. After you remove the mixture from the fire, stir in two tbsps. of fresh lemon juice, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. each of white pepper, cloves and nutmeg.

This North African meat pastry is good either hot or cold, and reheats beautifully if you place it in a moistened bag or cover with foil, and heat slowly in an oven at 375 degrees.

PAIR OF PIZZAS

Another specialty is a pizza roll done with a ready-made hot roll mix. This time brush the rounds with olive oil while they are resting on foil or an oiled cookie sheet. Top each of the rounds with a thin slice of tomato, a couple of onion rings, some grated Parmesan and Mozzarella. Top with a diced olive and sprinkle with grated Romano and olive oil. Let the mixture and rounds rise for about 15 to 18 minutes and bake at 425 degrees or until browned.

The last specialty is an onion pizza. Slice very thinly some onions (three medium size) and sauté in olive oil until soft or translucent (not brown). Cool the onion mixture and spread over dough. Sometimes I will cover the onions with a light sprinkling of Parmesan. Place the mixture on your 4-inch rounds and cover with another round. Be sure to pinch the edges to seal in mixture. Bake in oven for about 35 minutes at 400 degrees.



BIFTEK A LA PENTHOUSE
(Beefsteak au Poivre)

For one small Delmonico steak, trim off most of the fat. Brush one side with melted butter. Put to set in the refrigerator. While setting, crush with pestle and mortar 1 tb. of black peppercorns and 1 tb. of white peppercorns. (Crush very coarsely. Put cloth over bowl.)

Press the crushed pepper on the buttered side of the steak. Completely cover the steak with the pepper. Turn the steak over. Butter the other side. Use a very heavy sauté pan. Sauté the buttered side of the steak first. Then sauté the peppered side of the steak. After steak has been sautéed, you may flame steak quickly with a good Cognac. Serve on toasted slices of round French bread, with your own choice of condiments. *Note:* Hamburgers can be prepared the same way for a change of pace.

As an alternative to beer, I might suggest you pack a thermos bottle of vegetable soup (Minestrone) or take along a bottle of a good Italian Chianti—Nozzole is about the best. You'll find this Chianti classico has been aged and will afford you a softness and mellowness that makes this an uncommon chianti.

ALMIGHTY SALAD.

And now let's make the salad: my favorite was conceived by Burgess Meredith, who is also an excellent amateur chef. It was 6 a.m. one Beverly Hills morning and I was exiting the Beverly Wilshire Hotel when Mr Meredith and I stopped to chat about his "Almighty Salad." This robust salad has a hearty Italian character that can be enjoyed as a main course with buttered French bread and a fresh fruity bottle of Beaujolais, perhaps a 1967 Moulin-au-vent or a Fleurie.



BURGESS MEREDITH

¾ cup pure olive oil
½ cup inexpensive wine vinegar
Juice of one lemon
½ tablespoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon finely chopped tarragon
½ teaspoon Italian seasoning (this is a commercial spice mixture containing marjoram, thyme, rosemary, savory, sage, oregano and sweet basil)
1½ teaspoons hot red pepper flakes
Pinch of chili powder
Pinch of seasoning salt
1 dash Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
Salt to taste (Mr Meredith uses coarse Maldon salt, which is available in specialty shops)
1½ tablespoons grated Provolone cheese
1 ice cube
1 five to six-inch head of red cabbage with all the coarse outer leaves removed.
1 red or green pepper, seeded and cut into cubes
¾ cup green beans, cooked until barely tender and chilled
¾ cup cauliflowerettes, cooked until barely tender and chilled
½ cup Provolone cheese, cut into half-inch cubes
1 red onion, coarsely chopped.

First prepare the salad dressing by combining the oil, vinegar, lemon juice, mustard, tarragon, Italian seasoning, red pepper, chili powder, seasoning salt, Worcestershire sauce, pepper, salt, grated Provolone cheese and ice cube. Beat with a fork until well-mixed.

Then chop the cabbage and place it in a large salad bowl. Add the peppers, beans, cauliflowerettes, cheese and onion. Just before serving, pour the dressing over the salad and toss.


THE SPEED OF THEIR SWORDPLAY WAS SO FAST . . . .
THAT THEY HARDLY APPEARED TO MOVE

WHAT WHISKERS WHISPER

by
Dr. James A. Brussel
M.D. &
Mark B. vS Monsky



Moustaches and beards are psychological give-aways. Hirsute characteristics are hereby classified in a novel guide to the cat's whiskers

The top musical of 1968—from which came three of the year's top records—was *Hair*, in which one part of the title song goes:

"Oh say can you see
my eyes. If you can . . .
Then my hair's too short!"

If for no other reason, *Hair* was a hit because it was named after the one aspect of the so-called Youth Revolution that has taken hold of a good portion of the adult male population. It's hard to find any younger man under 25 today who doesn't wear his locks several inches longer than his father did at the same age, and to a lesser degree that's true of city dwellers up to about age 45. On the fashionable streets of New York and other urban centers, men of 35 and 45 who traditionally buy their clothes at Brooks Brothers and Dunhill are wearing hair over their ears, down over the nape and with a little additional facial adornment.

By contrast, none of the major presidential candidates of 1968 wore a moustache, beard or sideburns. And their hair was definitely shorter than that of many of the delegates to the national conventions—especially at the Democratic convention.

However, while the younger generation may think that they've started a revolution, the word "renaissance" is more accurate. For the truth is that longer hair is the traditional mode for men while short hair has historically been the exception. An exceptional period was 1941 through the early 1960s, when for the first time in the history of the United States short hair became the fashion. Why? Most likely for the same reasons that dictated previous hair fashions: hero worship. The returning fighting men were the heroes to be worshipped and they, for the practical reasons of field combat, wore short hair. It took this country more than two decades to get over that influence.

In the beginning—said to be 100 million years ago—men and women had similar hair except on the face and pubis. Anthropologically, it seems that as soon as homo sapiens began standing erect, he began losing the bulk of his hair which, by the way, was on his back. However, since hair plays a strong role in sexual identification, it is no surprise that some of it has been retained—a sort of program, one might say, so that each player knows the score.

In males, the hormone testosterone guides secondary sex characteristics, among which are hair growths under the armpit and on the forearm, chest, beard and groin. But scalp hair is controlled by the hormones known as androgens. The close interrelationship between hormones, sex and hair is evidenced, for example, by eunuchs who almost never become bald, though they have no bodily hair. Administration of androgen to eunuchs reverses the pattern. No wonder that hair has become a symbol of all aspects of sexuality.

Note that in eras when men have worn their head hair long they have also tended to cultivate facial hair, *e.g.* the Golden Age of Greece, medieval Europe, and northern Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries.

Facial growths have developed their own special identification, one which often overrides the character of the wearer. All over the world, flowing beards have stood for wisdom, strength and fatherliness. In the Orient, the venerable men cultivated long, wispy moustaches and beards as a sign of their wisdom, much in the same way as mandarins grew long fingernails as the sign of their exalted rank. In the early civilizations of the Mediterranean, the great men of the mind were all bearded: Abraham, Moses, Jesus, Aristotle, Plato. In fiction and folklore, this tradition has been carried over to such varied characters as King Arthur, Father Time, Santa Claus, and Charlemagne. Similarly, when artists have drawn the face of God, it has been with a flowing, white beard. The Creator was seen this way by Michelangelo as he was lying on his back on a scaffold in the Sistine Chapel.

On the other hand, slick pointy beards and moustaches have come to signify craftiness and evil. Have you ever seen the devil drawn or represented with a flowing beard? Mephistopheles usually has a neat pointy little goatee. Recall a few bad guys of the past like Rasputin and Svengali.

Uncle Sam is always drawn with a moustache and a little goat-like chin beard. Here, there is an added bit of psychology. Uncle Sam was first drawn by a British cartoonist who deliberately gave him the "Pappy Yokum" hayseed style.

When Delilah sheared off Samson's hair he lost his strength, and only then could he be taken captive. But when the hair grew back—even though he had been blinded and weakened—Samson was able to bring down the house. This Biblical tale is a classic example of another traditional association of hair with strength: the more the hair, the more the man.

For centuries, some orders of the Roman Catholic Church have made it a practice to shave the heads of nuns, and to tonsure monks. To this day, one of the first things the U.S. Army does with recruits is to clip their scalps, and the same practice used to be prevalent in prisons. All these are places where sexual identification is discouraged.

Hair has always told a specific tale about the man that wears it. In the mid-1960s, the wearing of extremely long hair was like wearing a chip on your shoulder. When the long-hair styles were first imported into this country by Beatle worship among the adolescent, it was a shock to the older generation. Perhaps it was too reminiscent of the Beatniks. But, in any event, it became a matter for complaint among the adults. Thus the young, always ready for a symbol of their eternal rebellion, were handed a new hirsute banner.

In the cultural context of this century, the wearing of long hair or the growing of a moustache requires a decision.

The decision, simply, is that one does not shave. But from that first decision follow others: which parts will be shaved and which will be allowed to grow? And how long will it grow? Will it be waxed and groomed? Or will it just grow as it will? And since the decision-making process is a self-serving one, the man who grows his hairy adornment is, in psychological terms, creating another aspect of his ego—or personality. And the psychiatric interpretation of personality may be better understood if one recalls that the word personality comes from the Greek word for a mask worn by an actor in a Greek play to identify the mood or character of the role portrayed.

Thus the moustache or beard becomes part of the mask that a man puts on in order to control those parts of his character that he shows to others. Consciously, the man choosing a beard is doing so because he thinks it adds to his appearance and attractiveness to the female.

Because of these factors, hair growth will tend to complement physical construction and ego. According to researchers like Ernst Kretschmer and William Sheldon, there are three basic types of male physical constructions: the asthenic, the pyknic and the athletic or proportioned.

The asthenic is tall and thin. He tends to have cool skin, low blood pressure and is prone to lung and gastro-intestinal disorders. He is quite sensitive to both heat and cold. If he tends to baldness, it is likely to be patchy and is known as "rat-type" baldness. Of the three types, he is least likely to grow a beard. The asthenic tends also to be asocial and introspective; his personality is schizoid and when mental illness develops, it will most likely be schizophrenia.

The pyknic is disproportionately developed laterally. He is broad, even fat. He is subject to polar extremes of emotion, loving passionately and hating violently. Naturally, in mental illness, he tends toward manic-depression He is prone to arterial and heart diseases. And when baldness ensues, it is most likely to grow from the middle of the forehead and spread evenly backward.

The third type (the athletic or proportioned) is self-descriptive. He fits squarely between the two previous types and the most one can say about him is that he tends to keep his hair and that in mental illness, he tends to the paranoid.

Obviously, few men will neatly fit any one of these categories because no two minds—and therefore no two personalities—are the same. Similarly, it would be impossible to explain accurately all the reasons why any specific man would grow a specific

MOUSTACHES

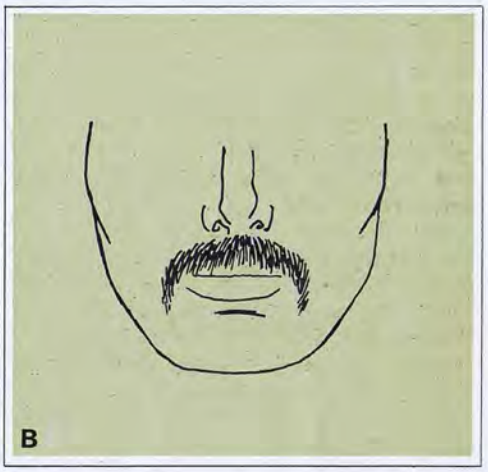
Type A. He retains a degree of conservatism and is moderate in both ambition and sexual drive. Not severely emotionally disturbed by disappointment or resistance, he may be temporarily sidetracked by distractions. On the couch, he's most liable to acquiesce in the turn-down and place the relationship back at the beginning friendship level. He may well shrug, get up and leave permanently. He always learns something from his mistakes and he will be most cautious before again resuming sexual advances.

Type B. His psychosexual make-up is characterized by "champagne" ideas and "beer" equipment. He tends to be a bit of a slob and possibly a dreamer. He is indifferent to success—in any sense of the word—and could very likely be found in non-competitive fields. Example in the extreme: the "hippy". Faced with a firm turn-down on that couch, he is most likely to take it as a personal rejection. He does not waste time in introspection. If his hang-up begins to take on a deep, depressive coloring, he is more liable than most to find an easy escape in drugs.

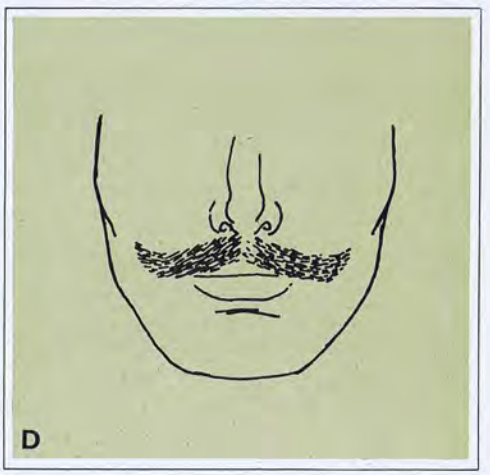
Type C (known as the Handlebar). He wears this type because fondling the hair serves as a socially acceptable substitute for masturbation, the more so as the mouth is an erogenous zone. The wearer of a handlebar is also saying that his sense of inferiority lies in a lack of innate aggressiveness. He uses the "handlebar" as a means of steering safely through life. His reaction to the young lady's "no" is most likely to be a rejection of her; a rejection accompanied by anger and injured pride. Typified by vituperative remarks. He keeps his ego intact by promptly eradicating inferiority feelings from his unconscious by the mental mechanism known as projection. The rejected becomes the rejector.

Type D, "the Military Moustache." This man too is substituting for sexual gratification since the brushed and flared ends require such constant attention as stroking. But unlike the "Handlebar" he is an anal-erotic precisionist who seeks security through strength. He deliberately endows himself with an aura of authority. His interpersonal relationships are based on an "eye for an eye" philosophy. You invite him to dinner because you like his company. He invites you to his house because he "owes" you a meal. Should he be "delayed" by a refusal from the young lady, he would see it as an obstacle to be circumvented by switching to another topic or activity until he can maneuver around the objection.


A


B


C


D

type of beard or moustache. Yet the fact of the adornment's existence gives the first clue to the psychological make-up of the man behind the mask.

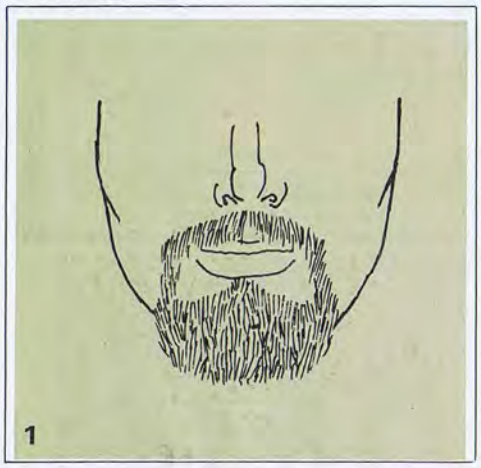
The moustache is obviously orally oriented. And such orientation is founded on childhood satisfaction. So it is to infancy we go for the first clues to the anatomy of a moustache.

Psychiatry calls the period from birth to about two years the oral-erotic stage. This is the period in life when an individual's only means of achieving gratification of conscious desires is by making noises. If these noises bring him gratification, whether through feeding or just being held snugly, the child learns that his mouth is a valuable asset in attaining pleasure.

If the oral-erotic's demands are pampered, he may turn up later in life as a chainsmoker, a nailbiter or a chewing-gum addict. He is often the high-power salesman, the teacher, actor, or executive; a glib talker. This man is also likely to be the one who boasts about his sexual prowess. There is a popular theory that this oral-orientation also tends to a tendency toward cunnilingus, but there is no statistical information to prove or disprove this.

This same oral-erotic may also be carrying an overlapping mark on his character from the next stage in his psychosexual development, the anal-erotic stage. It is in this period of life that a person is first impressed with the demands of others (*i.e.* society). The infant is "proud" of his creativity realized through bladder and bowels. For him, toilet training can be a major frustration but—depending on how the mother achieves success—the experience may not substantially affect his personality. Badly managed it can result in severe emotional trauma which can eventually produce a personality that is rigid, petty, and obsessively

BEARDS











Types 1& 2. The goatee is definitely anal-erotic. Here is the "operator". It denotes a smooth, slick personality and is an attempt to create the impression of a sharp mind and an irresistible personality. It also points to neatness, precision and tight pursestrings. Faced with such a turn-down on the couch, he'd most likely see it as a "girlish" hangover and begin a smooth and glib process of "education" of the "confused" young woman.

Type 3, the Pointed Goatee. Super-Mephistophelean. The wearer wants to be considered shrewd and irresistible. It tends to be worn by shorter men who are trying to achieve a sense of strength, stature and suaveness. Note that the devil is almost always portrayed with a pointed goatee. In the past, this style has been worn by such famous men as Napoleon III and Cardinal Richelieu, and slightly longer versions by Svengali and Rasputin. On that couch, Type 3 is the one most likely to resort to liquor to achieve conquest. He might also try the "if you really love me . . ." gambit. He isn't a pleader, he is the hypnotist.

Type 4, the trimmed full beard. This also shows the tendency toward precision and forward thinking. This man will tend to plan extensively almost any action, even sharpening his pencils before he leaves the office in the evening, thus demonstrating a great anal-erotic orientation. Notables of the past who have worn trimmed full beards include Pasteur, Freud, George V and Nicholas II. Because of his reliance on planning and pre-evaluation, this type is unlikely to be on that couch in the first place. He would carefully analyze the potential *before* he began. But if faced with a turn-down by the young lady, he would probably give the whole thing up as a bad investment of time and send the girl home as soon as possible.

Type 5, the untrimmed full beard. This represents independence, carelessness and a lack of concern for mores. If the Type 5 man participates in accepted society, he seeks to create an atmosphere of benevolent, patriarchal authority. The full beard is the most extreme case of *persona* and therefore is the greatest attempt to hide what he thinks you see—or don't see—in him. He is trying to neutralize unconscious feelings of inferiority in a socially accepted way. Brilliant examples of this type of man are: Karl Marx, Brahms, Rimsky-Korsakov and G. B. Shaw. It may be hard to imagine this type on that couch at all. But should he find himself there, he would probably pass off the turn-down with a shrug; a pat on the young lady's head and a long-winded, friendly discussion. The original goal, whether achieved or lost, doesn't mean much to him.

precise.

Psychiatrists regard the moustache as an adult reflection of infantile oral-eroticism. It is also recognized that the moustache neutralizes unconscious feelings of inferiority. This is true partly because the moustache is an attempt to improve on one's appearance and partly because the moustache is, in essence, a phallic symbol signifying strength.

Thus, by following the personality patterns associated with oral- and anal-eroticism, an *ungroomed* moustache demonstrates plain oral eroticism while a *groomed* moustache can be said to demonstrate oral and anal eroticism.

For the sake of generalization—an admittedly hazardous task—let us create a "sample" man. He is about 30 years old and earns between 15,000 and 20,000 dollars a year working in an office in an urban area. On this man, we shall place various types of facial adornment (in each case assuming that he wears his scalp hair in a "middle of the road" fashion, *i.e.* with neither flamboyant length nor stark shortness).

In order to encapsulate the psychosexual framework of each type, we've designed a test circumstance; one that will bring out the simplest, most honest reaction to a denial of a strong sexual desire. The test is simply that the man is on a couch with a beautiful young lady. They have been engaged in extensive sexual foreplay. Suddenly, the young lady says "NO!"

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SIDEBURNS

A note on sideburns. The decision to grow sideburns is obviously made with two prime considerations. First, that one regards one's self as attractive to women. Second, that one feels the need to express masculinity. In essence, the choice of sideburns over beards and moustaches is a half-measure designed to get the feet wet, yet remain within jumping distance of dry land, emotional safety.

One last note. Scientific prognosticators are talking about all kinds of physical changes for man. Among them, the prediction is that at some time in the future we'll lose our scalp hair. But there has been no significant speculation that men will lose their sex-characteristic hairs. In the past, the general reaction of men to baldness has been to grow face hair. So, assuming that the psychosexual make-up of man will remain basically the same, we can all look forward to more and more beards, in ever-expanding periods of fashion.

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A tense story of fear and violence down under
by Peter Draffin

Night. Ten fifteen. Back, along the lonely road, in the small North Queensland town of Morriset, the pubs would be closing. A boy and a girl stood beside the road, hoping for a lift. When the truck driver had dropped them off in the town, they'd started to walk, past the combined post office and general store, past the two pubs, out along the highway until the weatherboard cottages gave way to coastal scrub with the tee-trees ghostly white in the moonlight. Standing still now, they could hear the hushing of the waves from over the sandhills. Two hundred and fifty miles to go. Saturday night. They should be in Cairns on Monday.

"Not much traffic now," he said, looking at her in the moonlight. Slim. Her fair hair caught the moonlight. Tight little hips. Two of the many things he liked about her.

"We'll wait until eleven. If there's nothing by then, we might as well give up." He liked the sound of her voice even more out there on the highway, away from everything.

"We can sleep behind those trees. At least it won't be as bad as the night it rained down near the border."

"No."

He could tell that she didn't feel like talking about it. Perhaps she didn't feel like talking about anything. That night they'd stood in the rain, soaked, and when they were too tired to stand they lay down together under the one groundsheet and shivered until a grey dawn. About 11 the next day, a car stopped for them.

Now they were standing beside a slow curve in the road, under some tee-trees. Behind them, thick coastal scrub stretched to sandhills and then came the sea. On the other side of the road there was the smell of decayed, decaying mud from the mangroves, where an arm of the river branched in across the flat land.

It was a warm night. The sky was like black velvet and the stars were cold and diamond-like. He looked up through the branches of the straggly tee-tree and thought that yes, they *were* like diamonds—for once those descriptions that you read in books are right. A segment of moon showed above the flat horizon over the mangroves.

The only thing that seemed out of place was the black ribbon of road. Otherwise, it was as if they were alone in the bush, separate. The town they'd come through could be 1,000 miles away for all the evidence it gave of its presence. A mopoke cried; it made them jump. Mor . . . pork, mor . . . pork. He touched her hand reassuringly. Indefinite images flashed through his brain. Lonely romanticism, hidden barbarism on a hot summer night like this one. He'd always been susceptible to atmosphere. It certainly was a hot, still night. And it was so different from things at home.

He was English. His name was Michael. Not that it really mattered. Being English did, because he saw Australia so differently. The bush, the long, endless dirt roads, her. Something very Australian about Janey—so open and honest, almost to the point of brutality. He'd met her at a party.

His father had paid his fare out, he'd arrived in Sydney with no money, worked as a bus conductor, and a builder's labourer. It didn't take long for him to fall in with the same sort of crowd he'd known in London, the sort of people his rich family so resented. He could tell they were secretly glad to be rid of him. He didn't care. He was 20.

She'd been with one of those phonies from the university. As soon as Michael saw her, he knew. Yes. This was it. He'd been right, it was. Before that, he would have told you that all that love-at-first-sight stuff was a lot of crap. Not now. Within a week, they'd moved into a flat together. Small, dirty, but cheap, and it was somewhere where they could be together and that had been the most important thing. She'd been teaching then, while she waited to start a job with the English department at the university.

More or less on impulse, they'd decided to hitch up along the coast. They both tossed in their jobs—they had a little bit of money saved. They'd spend the winter in tropical Cairns. Better than rainy, cold Sydney. People said that you could live in an abandoned house for free, that you could live off the dole. There just wasn't any work up there that they could give you. Quite a few of their friends had already gone up. Some of them were artists. Most of them were layabouts.

Janey was sitting against a tree trunk. She looked up at him almost disinterestedly. "I wish you wouldn't stand up there and look down at me. Why don't you sit down?"

But he didn't move. He was worried. About her. There had been something frantic in the way she'd kissed him when they woke that morning in the back of the truck. She'd never been desperate like that before. Always so controlled, she had it worked out. Should have, too, he used to think. She was five years older than him. 25. And this morning she'd wanted to make love, right there in the back of the truck, and if anyone had come up to pass from behind, they would have been in full view. Instead, they'd watched the road spinning out behind, and the sandhills slipping away on either side of the road.

That had been the truck that took them to Morriset. The driver had looked at Janey as she jumped off the back. And Michael had been watching the way he looked at her.

"Well, sister, I reckon if those jeans were any tighter, I'd be able to see the seams of your underwear. No kidding." She'd turned away, shy. He'd been looking right between her legs.

"Thanks for the lift, anyway," said

Mike, and they walked off down the highway which was also the main street. He was carrying most of the clothes. He had a proper rucksack; she only had an airways bag. Just out of town, she stopped to change it over to the other shoulder, and he caught her eye.

"Well, Mike, what do you think I should have done about it? Pushed my crotch in his face or something? Do you?"

"What? Do what about what?" He hadn't even been thinking about the incident with the truck driver.

"You know what I mean. When he said that about my jeans."

"I don't know. There wasn't any need to do anything. It was just a joke, wasn't it?"

"Well, was it?" She was angry. He had no idea why. She'd never been like this before. That was why he liked her: she was so stable, something to come back and back to every night. She'd taught him a lot of things. It balanced out, though. He paid her by sharing his innocence. He gave her enthusiasm, she gave him stability. Very occasionally, he'd resented having to share his vitality with her. And until now, he'd never been aware of any resentment she might feel towards him.

He stood there looking down at her, listening to the waves and the distant mopoke, trying to read an answer to her behaviour in her face. He'd never had to look for answers with her before. They'd always been there. He looked away and drew a heart in the sand with the toe of his gymboot.

"M.J. loves J.B."

That made her smile. She ran a light hand down his thigh. "That's nice darling."

"I'm glad you like. it. Because it's true."

He was going to elaborate the pattern around the heart, and then he'd kneel down beside her and kiss her, but they were interrupted.

The sound of a car approaching. Janey jumped up, brushed her hair out of her eyes, pulled her T-shirt down tight. The glow of headlights appeared long before the car.

It was moving fast when it came out of the far corner and it didn't slow down. A big black-and-red Chevvy, about a '58 model. As it thundered past, a head came out the back window, swivelled around to shout at them as it passed. More a scream than a shout, overtones of hysteria, it was utterly foreign to the other elements of the night which had been building up an atmosphere in Michael's head. The tail-lights glowed and then slipped out of sight around the next bend. The sound of the engine died. But the scream seemed to hang still in the silence. It had sounded like "Sssseeeeeexxxxx!!!!," only the impact of the word doesn't reproduce in print. Try shouting "Sex!!!" as loud as you can. It sounds uncanny.

They looked at each other after the tail light's glow had faded. He tried not to show his concern. Here they were, miles from anywhere, no-one knew who they were or where they were going, no-one would miss them if anything . . . happened to them. He had to use a euphemism, even in thinking about it. He didn't want her to be frightened though, so he said:

"Probably just some drunk kids off for a drag somewhere. They wouldn't have been going far. A lift from them wouldn't have done us any good."

"No, not considering what that one yelled out."

She'd heard it too. He'd thought that she mightn't have been able to distinguish the word, or that he'd been mistaken. No. She looked down at the stretched, faded denim of the jeans over her long thighs. It occurred to him yet again that she was a woman and not a girl. She was the first woman in that sense that he'd known well. They just stood there together hoping that a car would soon come and pick them up. They didn't want another experience like that one with the Chev. It left a nasty taste. When he touched her hand, the sweat on the palm had gone.

He was worried. Even when he'd been a schoolboy—that was only three years ago—he'd been able to tell when trouble was coming. He had a nose for it. To him, the silence seemed to thicken, and the waves sounded closer. Ridiculous. Nowhere to go. What if the car came back? What if they wanted to rape her? He couldn't think about that. He'd never been very good at thinking about sex and violence as connected phenomena, but with her, it was . . . well . . . unthinkable. She was so gentle. Womanly, really. They were entirely alone. The only way to get back to a world where other people lived was to start walking back along the road. The idea didn't appeal, but they couldn't stay where they were. He was just about to ask her what she thought when there was the sound of a car engine from around the corner, and then headlights arcing fast across them and their clump of trees as the car hit the straight. Heavy metal hurtling down on them and then, suddenly, the raucous squealing of brakes drowning out the warm night silence and the sound of the sea. The dark grey Standard came forward hard on its front shocks as it slowed suddenly and came inexorably on at perhaps ten miles an hour. Mike's mind registered fear, a lot of chrome on the front, mirrors, foglights, insignia. All that sort of junk. And four men inside.

The car pulled up opposite them.

"Going anywhere, baby?" asked the driver. There was an unnatural tension in his voice.

"Yes, Cairns," said Mike.

"Not you, you poofter bastard. Why don't you get a haircut? You, beautiful. *You* going anywhere tonight?"

"Not with you, no," answered Janie. Michael was surprised at how calm her voice was, because he could feel her hand shaking in his.

"Well, lovers, I hope someone picks you up or you get out of here, because we'll be coming back this way in about half an hour. We're just going on out to North Beach to have a drink in the moonlight, and when we're coming back we might just be feeling . . . romantic, get me? Hell, anything could happen, especially to a well-built chick like you. I dunno why you bother to go around with a long-haired poofter. You want a big man, a really big man, who can give you what you want and give it to you big. Isn't that right?"

"Why don't you grow up and go away?" Michael could feel the school mistress in Janey coming out.

"Okay, Mam," said the driver. "Okay, Miss Jeancreamer. But we'll be back." Mike could see his face in the light from the dashboard. Hard, pitted, as if he'd had smallpox as a child. The adolescent trimmings: leather jacket, slicked hair, trimmed sideboards. He looked much older though—say 25. The other three crowding at the windows looked about the same. Something very sinister about these 25-year-old teenagers. The Standard burnt rubber as it took off fast towards a skidding, gravelly corner and then silence.

They didn't say anything for a while.

"Well?" asked Michael. She always made the decisions at times like this because she was so much older.

"I think we'd better start walking back towards town. Really. They might have been trying to scare us, to make themselves big men—but I don't want to be around if they're serious."

"Okay, let's go then."

"Stupid country hick morons—fancy being so bored and frustrated that you have to carry on like that."

"Okay, but let's start moving, I don't want to be around either, if they come back. And they might."

They started off down the road in the moonlight. Michael walked fast, so that she had trouble keeping up. He looked at his watch. Almost eleven. Perhaps they'd be able to find a place to stay in Morriset. It looked as if they might have to.

They were just around the first corner when they heard a car coming the other way. First the noise; then the lights. It was a sky-blue Holden utility. Janie waved frantically, but it didn't stop. Some citizen on his way home, he could have easily given them a lift in the back, and they would have been out of danger. But no. She looked at him and shrugged her shoulders and they walked on.

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After five minutes an old Pontiac slowed down as it passed them. Michael's heart beat faster. The funny thing about being scared was that all the things that he'd read about, all the things that were meant to happen, did. But it was okay. The car went past. No, it was stopping just behind them, he watched over his shoulder and kept walking, knowing that they were a long way from help if anything should happen. The car reversed with a grinding of gears, backed towards them, coasted along in reverse to keep pace as they walked. There was no point trying to go faster now.

The window came down, a head was poked out. "Hey darling, you want to have a drink with us, we're all going down to North Beach and we're one girl short." Michael could hear muffled giggling from the back seat.

"Dunno about your boyfriend though, I don't think we want him. He looks like a bit of a poof to me." Another male voice. Then a girl's; she sounded very drunk, the words were slurred. Through the back window Mike could see two girls. They looked like part aboriginals.

"C'mon, don't muck around, Kevin, let's get out to the beach, I want another drink. She looks too stuck-up to come with the likes of us, isn't that right, you beautiful thing?" Janey didn't answer. There was the resentment of race in the girl's voice.

"Isn't that right?" A rising pitch. Somewhere up near hysteria. They were almost at the next corner now, walking all the time and the car coasting along backwards. The gears crunched at the turn, and before they drove off a hand came out and slapped Janey on the backside—hard, so that she cried out.

"That's nice, I'd like some more of that," shouted the boy as they drove off.

Mike looked at his watch. Ten past eleven. The other car was due back soon. They started to walk faster, the first streetlights of the town couldn't be far away. The moon was almost down, slipping from a segment to a sliver and then an afterglow. He could hear the sound of the blood in his ears and his legs were moving as if they weren't really part of him. "Let's face it boy," he told himself. "You're terrified." He couldn't tell if it was for himself or for her or for both of them. He liked to think that it was for both of them. Hell, you don't realize how much people mean until something like this happens.

He remembered a story he'd read in the newspapers just after he'd arrived in Australia, about how some seasonal workers in Victoria had taken a girl and a boy for a ride down to the river bank. They shot the boy through the head and raped the girl and afterwards they killed her. With the rifle butt.

"I'll be glad when we get to Cairns," Janey said, but they both knew that she was only saying it for something to say, because the silence was unpleasant, and neither of them liked to admit how worried they were. Michael thought how forced her voice sounded, thin, a bit like the half-caste girl in the car who had been close to hysteria because she'd been drunk.

"... And it'll be good to see Chris and David. We can stay with them for a while, until we find a place of our own, anyway. Susan had a letter from Chris just before we left and he said that it was just *fabulous* up there, it really was . . . "

The words hung out over the silence. No-one was fooled, though they were both relieved when they came around the next corner and there, in front of them, was the first streetlight. Not far from the town now. Michael thought that maybe they should go to the police. Just the streetlight. No houses yet. The low scrub stretched away on either side of the road.

"I'm glad to see that light," Michael said, but he knew it was only a front to try and reassure her. They both knew that they had a long way to go. A hundred yards on there was another light, on a corner where a new-looking dirt road joined the highway. Still not a sign of a house.

Janey was panting and dragging one foot. "These sneakers are killing me, darling, can't we stop? Just for a minute? It'll be allright here under the light. And anyway, it's not far now."

"All right."

He stood looking at the growing darkness beyond the lamplight as the moon's afterglow faded. Janey lent against the pole and started to unlace her shoe. The light made her hair look good.

Sound of car engine, blaze of headlights, squeal of brakes, tyres spurting gravel as the car pulled off the asphalt, on to the gravel edge. It was the '58 Chev. At least, Mike thought, it wasn't the Standard. That had been the one that said it was coming back, but he couldn't be sure. Crashing of gears, yellow flashes of light on the chrome fenders, the reflection of the streetlamp on the black duco of the bonnet slips sideways as the car pulls out, revs, edges in so that it's facing them squarely, the headlights blindingly bright. Mike puts a hand up to shield his eyes and Janey is back there with one foot bare and unprotected, leaning up one-handed against the post, trying to push hair out of her dazzled eyes, the face he loves gone all arrogant and hard. She looks much older than 25. He turns away from her and back into the blazing light. They can't move. They can't run with her shoe off. And there's nowhere to run to.

"Don't go away handsome. Jeez, what a beautiful pair."

Mike couldn't see behind the headlights. So he looked hard at the Chevrolet insignia on the grille, bright chrome, reflections, a strangely distorted image in the fender, a frightened boy and a defiant woman. He couldn't fool himself any more. He wasn't old and she wasn't young.

"Hey beautiful, is that all you, under those jeans, huh?"

Mike's bent, reflected face didn't move. Her face was pushed all out of shape too—grotesque with fat cheeks. The mouth was moving but he couldn't hear what she was saying. Only the car radio through the blood bludgeoning his brain, roaring in his ears, hazing his eyes.

"I jus' wanna-make, *love* to you, baby, *lerve* to you . . . " It was the Rolling Stones. His mind needed these details: Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, Brian Jones, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, anything to hang on to.

"What would you do if we got out and came over and shit-punched in your poofter face?"

"You won't be wearing those tight jeans for long, baby."

A slightly slurred voice: "You look like you're not wearing any underwear under that, sister. Are you a slut who doesn't wear underwear?"

"You want us to come over and find out, is that it?"

"Answer me, smart-arse bitch . . . "

A school-mistress voice behind the panic in her head that made her want to cry told her that they were working themselves up with words, gaining strength from obscenity, and obscenity from shared strength. In the back they'd be talking together. "Okay, go on, I'll bet you're not game." They'd shout out again. Obscenity didn't shock her, but this time it did; it was the terrible connection between sex and cruelty, the desire to dominate that lay behind the words. Sex wasn't like that. It was like love for her and it always, always had been. She didn't know what to think, only that the glaring lights were driving her crazy.

Crazy spangle-jangle lights like the spirals when you press your eyelids and colours burst. Mike had to concentrate or he'd break, concentrate on the Chevrolet emblem so close he could touch it if he could only move. No, "Chevrolet," it says, this divided symbol, chrome and shining enamel, reflections solid enough to hang your very sanity on.

Fantasy. A grey Holden police-car comes around that corner, siren howling, the Chev pulls out, turns but can't make it; tyres, gravel, smell of rubber, smell of fear and beer sweat inside. "Okay, what's going on here? Out of that car." Janey sobbing in his arms. "Don't worry baby, don't worry darling, everything will be all right and we can



"Now in this scene you fall in love with the beautiful white Goddess but you can't do anything about it because you're a gorilla—"

V8

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go back to being gentle again." *end of fantasy.*

Pain in his face. He puts a hand to his eye and realizes that whatever it was didn't hurt much. A hollow clatter at his feet, looks down, only a beer can.

"Good shot, maybe we should try it with stones?"

Concentrate. Don't look defiant. Don't provoke them. Concentrate on the can at your feet, not the pain above your eye. It says "Tooth's Export Pilsener" in fancy gold lettering against a blue background, and the rest of the can's white and there are two triangular punch-holes in the top; you open them with those special beercan openers. He used to have one in his pocket whenever he went to parties—it came in very handy . . . But when he looked up the shining Chev symbol of whatever it was a shining symbol for hadn't changed, the headlights were the same and the radio was still playing.

The Stones. The Late Night Show. "I'm-a king bee baby, buzzin' aroun' yo hive, ah can-a make honey baby, if you'll let me . . . come inside." Mick Jagger's huge mouth, the Stones' Live LP . . . "do you *feel* it, do-you-do-you-do-you DO you *feel* it?"

Voices from the car. "Do you, though, darling, up against that great big post. Baby, I want to . . . you." The one word lost in a scream, drowned by the radio or the blood roaring.

"You don't let that long-hair queen screw you, do you?"

"He wouldn't know what to do darlings, he's just *tooooo* camp, aren't you?"

"We can fix him easy baby, and then . . . we'll fix you. Fix you right *up,*" (giggle, laugh.) "Hey, that's good, get that, right *up*?" (laugh). "Yeah, that's even better, get that right up, get it?"

"Pretty funny."

"But isn't she just *beau*tiful?"

"Four of us, darling, just think—isn't it enough to make you wet yourself?"

For Christ's sake, hold on to that symbol in your mind. You can't hang on to goodness or a belief in gentleness or what she said that night about sex and love and giving being all the same. You can't hang on to that—just this symbol, the obtuse-angled V where it says V-8 chrome splayed legs apart pushed back across the bonnet and Janey's head going thrash thrash thrash down on the duco, crump crump crump, this hollow sound, heavy breathing, her fair hair all stranded down the shining black duco, yes, anyone can do it . . .

"And now we're going to get out of this car and we're going to . . ."

He drowned the words out with concentrating on the radio, it proves there's an outside world.

A jingly commercial: "PK gum adds to your fun, it's a hit with everyone. Real cool flavour, what a treat, make your mouth feel fresh and sweet. Doot-n-doo-doo, doot-n-doo, it's a hit with everyone, arrowmint, chewing gum . . ."

Doors slam, thunk, shadows move behind blazing lights, Janey's hair lashing her face, she swings her head frantically left, right, left again. Nothing. The road's empty and you can't see the sky any more because of the brightness of the lamp.

Her voice is desperate: "You must be mad . . . you can't get away with . . ." She wanted to scream. Nothing came.

"And now we're going to walk over to you. Fight if you like, it's all the same to us."

"Him? Fight? Don't look like a fighter to me."

"Come on . . . you two hold her and . . ."

The radio's still real. There's an outside world and help could come. Yeah, says a desperate voice in his brain, if it was a nightmare you could wake up, but it's not a nightmare.

"Yessiree babies" (the voice on the radio), "swingers, this is a blast from the past, a Wardy's wayback, playback, a Golden Gasser, this is young Bobby Dylan from way back when in '65, away you go, Bobby—babes, yeah . . ." Instrumental buildup, swelling organ, "How does it feel, to be on yer own, no direction home, of complete unknown, like a rolling stone . . ." Fade out.

Fade in. Feet on the gravel edge, crunch, crunch, the radio's louder now, lights are brighter, he can't even hang on to the Chev symbol . . . *Fantasy flash:* run round behind them, get in, crash the gears, get Janey, reverse, spin the wheel, pull out, accelerate away . . . *Fade out fantasy.* Crunch crunch crunch, silhouette figures between him and the circle lights and the chrome light on the fender and the spread V-8 and the gold lettering on blue Export Pilsener. Mike, Mike, wake up, wake up.

This is no dream. Not the hand that reached out like a wide-angle photo to grab him by the neck so that his twisted teeshirt went all tight. Smell of tobacco, smell of drinking and the feel of knuckles shaking under his chin, trying to lift him up before the drawn-back fist came forward in slow motion. Janey, up against the light pole, was screaming very loudly: "eeeEEEEEeee, don't *touch* me, you big bastard . . . ."

The radio over all the other sounds. "I see ya every day, you sure look good, you're my baby, got my eyes on you . . ." The Spencer Davis Group.

"You hold her . . . . *c'mon* sister, you don't wanna get hurt do you?"

ZZZZZIP!

Mike swung his head back to face the boy who had been driving. He recognized the sideboards. With the detachment of terror it came to him that he felt sorry for him, 25-year-old teenager . . . .

"Okay poofter . . . ."

"Get this inta ya baby, get it in, uh, uh, uh . . . ."

Suddenly, the sound of a second car over the idling Chev, headlights blaze and bounce back off chrome and Mike knows that it's now or never, swings his head down, jabs up with his right, "Hang on to this," blam! Pain, exploding head, imploding vision, hazing over with red taste of blood in the mouthful of fabric tight as he doubles up to protect his crutch, teeth all down his fist, blood as he swings again, Janey throwing herself up and down, up and down to break away, ripping fabric, tearing red teeshirt pink flesh flash and he can see why.

Yes! He *had* heard another car, lights approaching, tyres, gravel spurting. She breaks out and runs out into the roadway out into the road and the headlights make her an actress but this is no act, waving her arms, screaming out, squealing and squealing tyres. Doors slam, the tension miraculously eases on Mick's neck and he stumbles forward, almost falls, staggers, recovers, stumbles over towards Janie and the new car, the lights and voices over there, past the Chev, black and red, the gaping doors and the radio . . .

He's at the car, feet behind him, someone pulls him in, door slams, engine revs, smell of rubber and the takeoff throws him back against the door so that the handle hits him in the kidneys. It doesn't matter, they're safe. Unbelievable. They're safe. Yes, unbelievable, as he sits up and wipes the blood out of his eyes the man beside him is waiting . . . and as he comes up, glinting light flashes down a flick-knife blade. The metal is a cold line across Mick's adam's apple.

"Don't move or . . ."

"Janey! Janey! Janey!"

He tries to force the knife aside, swings round, but before he knows it, it's always like that, the cold razor-edge flicks from cold to hot sticky, wet. This messy line, ear to ear, separates neck from neck and flesh from flesh, but that doesn't matter to Mike because he can see for a moment back down the long straight of the road with the low scrub and the four men are closing in, bending down on something lying in the middle of the road before it all slides behind the tee-trees on the corner. The last thing he sees as his head swings is the same scene slipping off the glass of the rear-vision and the black studded leather coat of the man driving and then everything goes all black and red forever.

WANDA

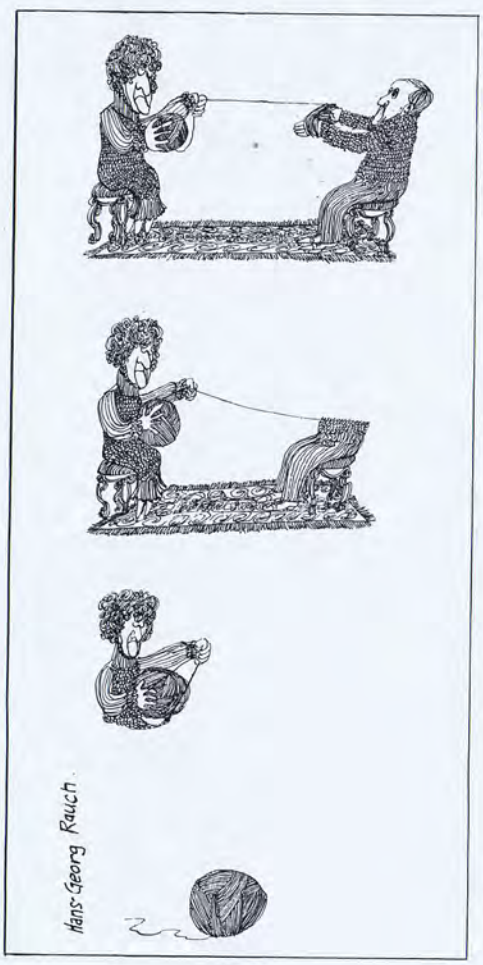
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Now that you've confessed', she told the President, 'just put it in writing and sign it.

spraying luminous gold paint over the chain-mail cuirass and broadsword they had taken from the armoury of the von Kreesus *schloss*.

"How did it go, darling? He give anything away yet?"

"Not yet. But we're on the track of something, Pusscake, and I've got a hunch it's pretty BIG. When you've finished spraying that tit-flattener, I want you to slip a mild sedative to that old bag of a cook and tell her it's to go into whatever the Prezz drinks, last thing tonight. And get her to send me up some nosh. There's nothing says a girl can't masticate while she meditates."



"As long as you don't burn up your strength, Booful," Candyfloss murmured absently. "Remember, we've got another fraught night ahead of us."

Night had in fact long settled over the township of Colombey-les-Douches-Grises when the ruler of France stirred irritably in his sleep. Crouching beside the huge four-poster, Candyfloss held her breath for a few moments, then slipped her small hand under the covers and adminstered another, harder, pinch to the flaccid left cheek of the presidential *derrière*. He sat up, grunting, as the Ballet Rosebud dived back under the bed. Then he froze.

A few paces from the foot of the bed, framed by the pelmet and drapes of the four-poster, stood the Maid of Orleans herself, in glittering cuirass worn over a homespun peasant *chemise*, torn where the licentious lances of the swinish British soldiery had sought her soft maidenly scabbard. Her hands clasped the golden sword in a vertical salute.

"Jeanne! I dreamt you had come again!"

Under the bed, Candyfloss clamped a hand, quickly, over her mouth.

"Are you ready to confess, Charles?"

The President bowed his head. "You know I am, Jeanne. As you know very well my sin."

"Speak it aloud!"

The President raised his head, swallowed hard, and began:

"I, the most celebrated Frenchman in all France's long history, *am not French!* My mother was a ——" His voice broke. "Must I go on?"

"He who sent me awaits your confession. You must speak it first, then write it out for me to take back to Him."

"My mother," he croaked, "was an Englishwoman, a nursemaid named Norah Biggs, born in the parish of Much Haddit, Hertfordshire, on April the first, 1871. In service to a French family, the Bidets-Quifuits of Le Chambons-Feugerolles, holidaying at Cap Croisette, she became enamoured of an American merchant-seaman named Will Roger, who had jumped ship at Marseilles after rifling the captain's safe. He seduced her, then took temporary employment as a pimp on the Cannebière, where he died after a knife brawl with three Lascars. My mother, *enceinte*, was discharged by her employers, gave birth to me two months later and left me one night, wrapped in a ——" the President gave a shudder"—a copy of *The Times*, outside Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde. There I was found by a certain Madame de Gueule as she left the cathedral, where she had been praying for divine intercession in the case of her husband, whose impotence had brought shame on them both. They reared me as their son and took their secret to the grave."

As the final words of his confession echoed hollowly about the vast room, he climbed stiffly from the bed and advanced towards Wanda, his hands clasped as in prayer.

"Tell me I am forgiven, Maid of Orleans, and I shall have a statue raised to you in every *place de la ville* of France!"

"You'll do no such thing!" Wanda snapped. "My father's always sounding off about your frittering of public funds on meretricious grandiosities!"

"H-he *is*?" the President stammered (unaware, of course, that there was but a small f to this father"").

"Just write out the confession the way you spoke it. Sign and seal it and I'll do my best for you Up There." She extended the sword, tapping him playfully on the shoulder. "In a wicked world, Charles, we French ought to stick together, *hein*?"

"Jeanne!" He seized her hand, kissed it, and hurried to the Louis Quatorze *escritoire* beside the head of his bed.

He had signed his name to the confession and was stamping his presidential seal on it when Candyfloss's slim arm wormed out from under the four-poster, hypodermic-needle at the ready...

Morning sunlight was lancing through the poplars to the east of the de Gueule *manoir* when the security guards swung open the gates and saluted the beautiful nun at the wheel of the battered Peugeot, and the demure young postulant sitting beside her.

"Did you remember to tip the cook?" Wanda asked as she swung the wheel around at the crossroads and headed for Paris.

"I gave her 1000 dollars, darling. That should keep the randy old sow grooving on local cock for a while."

"Super! Now for Orly airport, tea-and-crumpets in Swinging London and a truly diabolical dodge for screwing Her Britannic Majesty's First Minister, Sir Raven Crapp-Spowter!"

Intercourse during pregnancy?

SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD

Damage to the fetus resulting from sexual intercourse during pregnancy

Roman Rechnitz Limner

Introduction by Carl T. Javert, M.D.

Forewords by Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., and Theodor Reik

'Sex and the Unborn Child' throws light on an important question that many expectant parents ask, "Can we have intercourse throughout pregnancy without damaging our baby?"

In SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD the author presents the evidence of his lifelong research which strongly indicates that a major contributing factor in involuntary abortion and abnormal birth is anoxia (oxygen starvation) caused by orgasm in the sexually stimulated pregnant woman. He supports his thesis with the most extensive medical and physiological data and relates this new material to the age old belief in original sin which he contends has been improperly understood. Since the publication of the important Masters and Johnson study, Human Sexual Response, *it is now known that the human body suffers oxygen starvation at the point of orgasm. Limner describes what happens to the incipient child because of this deprivation during its developmental stages.*

"Mr. Limner's arguments are so well presented and written that they deserve attention and through the publication of SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD we can hope that this theory, so interesting in its ramifications, will stimulate the appropriate and necessary research."—Alan F. Guttmacher, M.D., President, Planned Parenthood-World Population.

I recommend this informative book to all professional and lay readers as a must."—Carl T. Javert, M.D., Clinical Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Columbia University.

"I am sure physicians will be impressed by the author's link of oxygen starvation at the moment of orgasm with the possible injury or death to the fetus of the sex-stimulated pregnant woman. I recommend this book as one of importance . . '"—Theodor Reik, Author and Psychoanalyst.

The Julian Press, Inc., *Publishers* 150 Fifth Avenue, New York 10011 $6.95

At all Bookstores, or use this coupon to order now:

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Sirs: Please send me copy(ies) of SEX AND THE UNBORN CHILD at $6.95 each plus .18 postage and sales tax (if any). I enclose payment in the amount of

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Business Week *staffer Don Dunn apologizes for sloppy reporting at Penthouse party*

HOUSECALL *continued from page 6*

most famous and controversial political satirist . . . a pictorial feature on a celebrated London night club . . . a Pet of the Month portfolio photographed in the Bahamas . . . a true account of the erotic misadventures of a London cabbie . . . and a collection of cartoons representing France, England, Ireland, Germany, Brazil and the United States. And apart from editorial, there are two completely separate editions of Penthouse. The American edition to which *B.W.* specifically refers was edited in equal parts in both London and New York, designed and typeset in London and printed in Milwaukee. There is a continuous cross-pollination of British and American staff traveling between our New York and London offices, and our senior executive staff in London alone comprises resident expatriate talent from Canada, the United States, Australia, South Africa, Brazil, India, Sweden and Israel. In all fairness, however, we can't blame *B.W.*'s student commentator for overlooking the above. He doesn't have the research facilities of a magazine like *B.W.* nor the responsibilities that go with it. He probably doesn't give a damn anyway.

Next item: "Penthouse's well publicized claim that it outsells *Playboy* 3-1 in Britain is akin to the *New York Times* boasting that it outsells the *London Times* in New York". Now the only charitable explanation for that lapse is that *B.W.* is simply not aware of the facts—which may or may not be excusable, depending on how seriously you take the business side of *B.W.* They're not aware, for example, that until Penthouse came along, *Playboy* had a sale in England of nearly *four* times that of its *nearest* British equivalent and that it was one of the three largest-selling quality periodicals in the U.K. We might be sticking our necks way out here, but we don't believe *The Times* of London ever outsold the old *Hobo News* in New York, let alone any competitor of the *New York Times*.

Nor did they bother to mention our equally well publicized claim that Penthouse outsells *Playboy* in France as well—despite the fact that our cover price is nearly twice as expensive. Perhaps they simply couldn't find another non-analogy to fill the bill.

At around this time, to their subsequent discomfort, *B.W.* had found their second wind. It appears that our relatively large number of advertising pages—particularly for a first issue—demanded some sort of authoritative explanation. *B.W.* began by *misquoting* a client as saying that we had given her (by way of inducement) a "special" discount. It so happened that the advertiser in question was present at a Penthouse party in New York also attended by one Don Dunn, author of the *Business Week* article. Mr. Dunn was duly brought to confront his alleged source and there, before others, apologized for his authoritative misreporting.

In yet another swipe at our credibility as a bona fide advertising medium, *B.W.* suggested that some advertisers may find our otherwise expensive page rates unimportant when confronted by Penthouse Advertising Director Kathy Keeton, "an attractive former ballerina and exotic dancer". We find it a little difficult to believe that advertisers actively supporting the magazine (already more than 40 of them), many of whom are entrusted with budgets totalling tens of millions of dollars, are so easily manipulated by Miss Keeton's albeit undeniable charms.

It's no secret, except possibly to *B.W.*, the authoritative journal of American business, that Penthouse neither invented the beautiful woman as a sales aid nor was the first to employ her special brand of alchemy in advertising. And what about Miss Keeton herself? We may be sticking our neck out once again, but we would have thought that *B.W.*'s business-orientated readership would be more interested in the fact that for all her youth, grace, beauty, and charm, Kathy also enjoys the distinction of being the highest-paid woman executive in Britain today.

Producing yet another spokesman of redoubtable authority, *B.W.* finally came up with the editor of a men's magazine which, having once half-heartedly challenged *Playboy* and lost, now believes that no one else can do it successfully either. After a series of inane comments, no doubt commensurate with the intellectual level of his own readership, this impartial observer of the publishing scene concludes with: "Let Penthouse go broke bucking Hefner. In our quiet way we're making a buck".

Now this may come as a surprise to *B.W.*, whom we all know to be adept at interpreting the socio-ethical machinations of big business, but for their own edification and that of their student and/or amateur commentators, the prospect of "making a buck" is not in itself sufficent reason for our presence in the United States. Making a buck, quietly or otherwise, is not foreign to our experience, nor is it—as we see things—the only satisfying criterion of success.

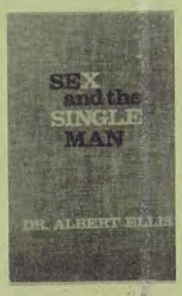
The fact that *Business Week*, in judging *our* rifle to be loaded with blanks, so badly misfired their own popgun, is not as remarkable as it may seem. There is nothing magical about an established magazine. In the end it is only as good, or as sharp or as accurate and reliable, as the people it employs. If *B.W.* is content to use the judgement of students, or to form opinions without proper evidence or information to support them or to employ reporters who can't keep their facts straight, only two conclusions can be formed. Either they assume that their own readership is too stupid or unaware to notice the difference, or, failing that, they are incapable of anything better. And just why *Business Week* should personally (and apparently not without emotion) recoil at our early taste of success is quite beyond us. We could make one or two educated guesses, of course, but guesswork appears to be more their field than ours.—**B.G.**

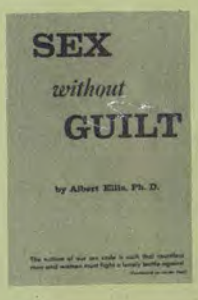
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Sex and the Single Man. *Dr Albert Ellis.* Professional advice for the man who is living without a woman: how to avoid guilt without sex; how to survive disappointment in love; how to avoid becoming a sex pervert; how to pick a suitable wife; how to avoid medical complications; where and how to meet females. Members' price: **$3.95**

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GROOM AT THE TOP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

hot stones and ample quantities of beer are consumed. (If you're trying to lose weight, remember that the beer replaces the moisture lost through sweating, and the sausages replace the salt.)

During recent years, young Finns of dating age have begun to institutionalize co-educational sauna bathing. "It's quite natural to sweat together," one of them told me. Also, it might be pointed out that male sperm cells in a body subjected to temperatures of 170 degrees or more for a period of 10 minutes lose all potency for no less than two hours. (But don't count on it.)



HAWAIIAN SURF

If you'd rather skip the sauna, you can always try *Hawaiian Surf* aftershave cologne, "a native essence created for that special breed of man with the lust for adventure. It is a blend of exhilarating island citrus and long-lasting native spices, designed to refresh and delight the senses."

FLASH . . .

Big fashion move by the makers of men's underwear is the introduction of the popular deep-tone shirting colors in boxer shorts, reports the American Institute of Men's & Boys' Wear. Now available are pastel shades of gold, mint and lilac. In many cases T-shirts are made to match the shorts.

DECEPTION IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

Though this is a column for men, we feel obliged in a public service sense to point out from time to time what the girls are up to. For instance, even we men have come to accept our girl's false eyelashes as part of modern living. (I keep finding them, and think I've squashed a bug.)

False eyelashes are now being replaced by *transplanted* eyelashes that are glued on like the other ones, only one at a time. Developed by beauty expert Jean Kane of Manhattan, the transplanted eyelashes last for three or four weeks, day and night. The girls sleep with them, bat them across crowded ball parks, wink, jump up and down and never worry about losing them. They do fall out eventually, a few at a time, like dandruff.

Another new item, introduced by a giant in the beauty business named Kenneth, is bosom make-up. Kenneth's make-up for the bosom comes as a kit in a shocking-pink box. No doubt inspired by the see-through fad, Kenneth's kit includes a "bosom highlighter" for the top of the bosom. This is a frosted cream that is applied with the fingers to lend a delicate glow to the skin, a youthful innocence.

To emphasize depth of the bosom, Kenneth includes a "cleavage delineator", a shader with its own brush that may be used dry or wet. The cleavage delineator is brushed up the inner sides of each breast and carefully blended to leave no demarcation lines. It fades off just above the beginning of the actual cleavage.

For the final touch, Kenneth includes a "tip blush", a transparent, red liquid with a sponge applicator that is drawn across the tips in a circular motion to achieve a glistening, rosy hue.



Eyelash transplants: glued on individually . . .



Bosom make-up: applied with the fingers . . .

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