

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1970 75 cents

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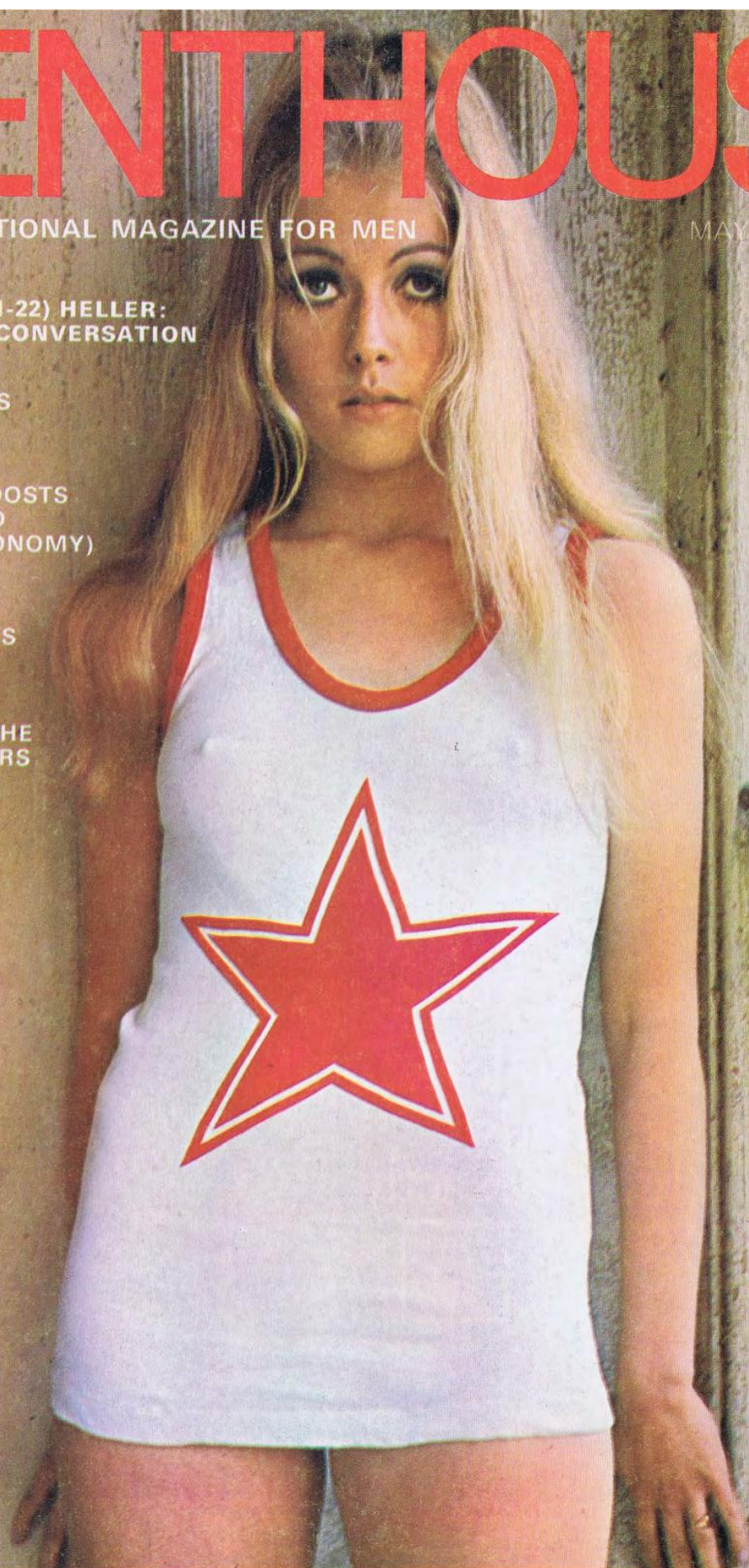
JOSEPH (CATCH-22) HELLER:
AN EXCLUSIVE CONVERSATION

DE SADE'S
BEDROOM OPUS
SCREENED
IN COLOUR

HOW CRIME BOOSTS
INFLATION (AND
SPURS THE ECONOMY)

MY LIFE OF
FOLIES—BY THE
DOYEN OF PARIS
STRIP

THE IMMINENT
PROSPECT OF THE
PEOPLE BREEDERS



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for the uncommon man"

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/MAY 1970



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CONTENTS

PAGE

HOUSECALL	Introduction	4
FORUM	Correspondence	6
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	15
CRIME AND INFLATION	Article	20
PERSONAL MAGDATISM	Pictorial essay	24
A LIFE OF FOLIES	Interview	32
THE PEOPLE BREEDERS	Article	37
ALL'S WELL THAT STARTS WELL	Fiction	40
BENEDICTIONS, BENEDIKTE	Pet of the Month	43
THE VIRGIN	Satire	52
LITERARY DIALOGUE	Conversation	54
PASSIONATE PORTENTS	Astrology	58
THE OTTER AND HIS UGLY STICK	Fable of our time	62
THE UPPER CRUSTACEANS	Food & drink	64
INSTANT SEX TIME	Humor	67
SHIRTS GO WILD, WILD, WILDE	Fashion	68
MAMMARABILIA	Cartoons	72
PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR	Pictorial report	74
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	80
DEVIL IN THE FLESH	Article	83
GROOM AT THE TOP	Toiletry	88
EASY RIDING	Article	97

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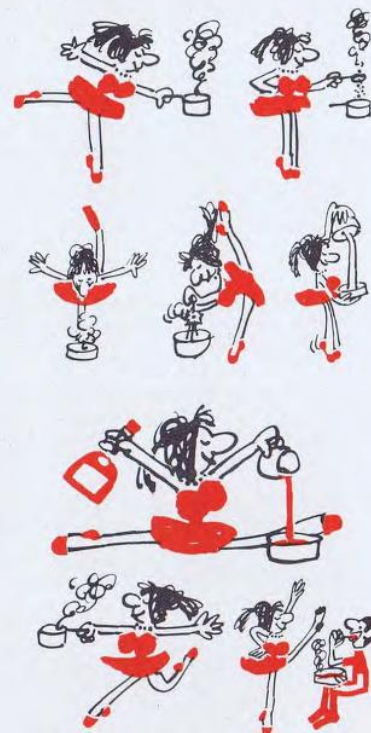
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Choreography of a SOUFFLE Grand Marnier



Melt 3 T of butter. Add 3 T of flour, blending thoroughly. Gradually stir in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of hot milk. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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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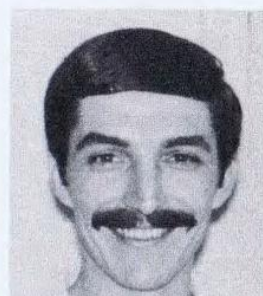
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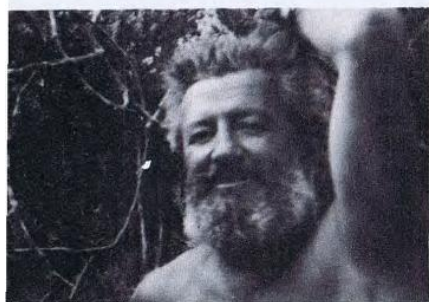
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PHOTO/ SHEILA YURMAN

HOUSECALL

YOUNG IB AND THE SEX CIRCUS

An item we noticed in Britain's *Sunday Mirror* announced that 28-year-old Ib Anderson and his 22-year-old wife Tove would make love on a stage in Odense, Denmark, before 5,000 people. They would do it twice a day for four days in what organizer Ernest Penlau (who usually stages exhibitions of furniture and machine tools) described as the "greatest-ever show of erotica". Called Sex for Millions, the fair would feature live exhibitions of lesbian and homosexual love, sauna baths for mixed couples, leatherbooted, miniskirted hostesses to comfort the needy, non-stop blue films, etc.

Barring any unforeseen interference from the police, the event will have come and gone by the time you read this—as will have thousands of European and American pilgrims—and Odense will have slipped noisily into some historic file normally reserved for earthquakes, floods and other natural disasters. After several days of intensive effort, however, we managed to contact organizer Penlau's American press secretary by telephone. Penlau, we were told, was temporarily unavailable, as were young Ib and his wife Tove—"Mr. Penlau is checking the food and drink concessions, and the kids are rehearsing."

"Does that sort of thing have to be rehearsed?" we asked.

"You bet," we were told, "those kids are real troopers."

"You mean they've done this sort of public exhibition thing before?"

"Sure, but only in small clubs. This is their first big break and they want to be letter perfect."

"But two shows a day—isn't that a bit rigorous, especially in front of an audience of thousands?"

"Nah, not for young Ib. Two shows a day are nothing when you consider they're in love and spend most of their time practicing anyway."

"But all those spectators—doesn't it put him off his stride?"

"Young Ib!" he laughed, "Why that kid trains like a boxer,

Rarely tempted to talk to the press, Joseph Heller of *Catch-22* fame is captured for this issue of *Penthouse* thanks to his old friend and fellow novelist George Mandel. Their bantering Literary Dialogue, with its quality of a private conversation overheard, reflects a long and easy relationship and shared professional interests. Mandel's first novel was the revolutionary *Flee the Angry Strangers* which, published in 1952, initiated the Beat genre of seminal writing and anticipated the spread of the drug scene. He has a new novel coming up, *Scapegoats*, concerned with American sexual morality, which promises to be no less controversial. And talking of controversy brings us to Walter K. Gutman, larger-than-life Wall Street financial analyst, who identifies what he calls an "illegal Gross National Product" and puts a price on the inflationary cost of crime. Besides authoring for many years the weekly Gutman Letter, Gutman has been art critic, writer, stock speculator, film actor (playing the star role in the double bubblebath scene in George Kuchar's *Unstrap Me*) and now, in his mid-sixties, is embarking on a new career as underground movie maker. By contrast Bernhardt J. Hurwood has left movies behind. Formerly a reviewer and film editor, he now concentrates on his books, of which his *Korea: Land of the 38th*

Parallel made a "best books of 1969" list. Hurwood is of course best known for his spirited, *The Golden Age of Erotica*, though he also authors as Mallory T. Knight the tongue-in-cheek spy series *The Man from T.O.M.C.A.T.* In this issue we call on his talent for facts ("Devil in the flesh", page 83) and our fiction ration is contributed by expatriate author William Fifielfield, an O Henry Memorial Award winner in the short story field, to which he has lately returned. A much travelled man, Fifielfield is now settled in Spain, where he lives with his blonde wife Aalya (a former model) on the Balearic isle of Ibiza. Besides his novels (*Sign of Taurus*) he is a linguist, wine expert, and bullfight aficionado. In this issue he contributes a science fiction story. There is also a sci-fi flavour to "The People Breeders", an account by Dr John Garwes of the imminent prospect of genetic engineering. Dr Garwes, a 30-year-old Londoner now returned to England to join the Institute for Research on Animal Diseases, has been working for the last three years in the biochemistry department of New York University Medical Center, first as a post-doctoral fellow and then as an instructor. He has been researching the nature and function of the genes in bacterial viruses and also the mechanism of biosynthesis in animals.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

EVERY WOMAN ALIVE LOVES CHANEL N°5



William Buckley Jr., George Wallace, Tricky Dick . . .

I hope that both your magazine and Henry will keep up the good work; and may I wish you happy rabbit hunting.—*William George McAdams, University, Al. 35486.*

Henry Morgan is at it again on page 67.—Ed.

Consumer reports

I am now serving in the Republic of Vietnam and read your magazine every chance I get. My best goes to the Penthouse staff, and any one who is connected with the publishing of such a great magazine, which it is.

I've read every one of the others that was published, and I always come back to Penthouse. To me it has the best selection of girls and stories of any magazine I've read.

One girl caught my eye more than the others. Her name is Marilu Tolo and she is pictured in your December issue, *The Nubiest Roman of Them All*. My thanks go to the photographer Amnon Bar-Tur, and her discoverer, Carlo Ponti.—*Don R. McRae, U.S.M.C., San Francisco.*

Your Forum negates whatever aura of sophistication and refinement is achieved by your photography and stories. It would seem, in reading the Forum, that your readership is made up almost entirely of sadists, masochists, flagellation freaks, leather and rubber lovers, bottom beaters, hairy-arsed amorists, people with a passion for (or against) panties, and those with strong feelings concerning tights, stockings, and panty girdles. Why not run a full page in each issue entitled "What sort of man reads Penthouse?" and devote it to depicting a different sexual hang-up each month?—*Capt. Thomas K. Farley, 1st Cavalry Division (AM), APO San Francisco 96490.*

I have been reading Penthouse since its entry on the American market (is the British Edition the same?) and it definitely stands a chance, as proven already, if it doesn't become a magazine of advertisements like another magazine I used to read.

Many of your readers write letters pertaining to homosexuality and/or masochism. A good old-fashioned orgy would, it seems to me, be the height of sexual release. I pray for the day to come when I can participate in such an exercise or even being raped by several attractive women: this would be the maximum utopia.—*D.E. (name and address withheld), West Berlin, Germany.*

I have been an avid reader of *Playboy* for three years now because of the simple fact that their articles, short stories, and interviews are the most interesting I have found.

A few days ago I picked up my first copy of Penthouse and, needless to say, it won't be my last. I have found your magazine to be quite interesting. Even the women, in my opinion, look like real women and not the goddesses *Playboy* makes its Playmates out to be.

I do think though that you could use a little less satire. It seems that anything you have to say about sex is done in a very sadistic manner. But on the whole I do approve of your magazine

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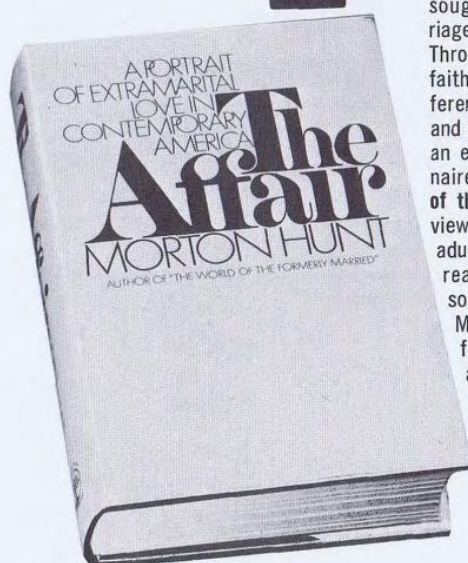
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Cheater or Cheated ?

Whichever you are, you owe yourself the facts about the new national pastime.

Going further than any study previously made public, this confidential report on American marital infidelity is must reading for all who have sought sexual love outside of marriage—and for their “wronged” mates. Through depth interviews with 91 unfaithful men and women, through conferences with scores of psychologists and marriage counselors, and through an extensive coast-to-coast questionnaire survey, the author of *The World of the Formerly Married* opens up to view the densely populated world of adultery. Some of the affairs you will read about here were damaging, some relatively harmless, others, in Mr. Hunt’s words, “distinctly beneficial.” Whether they titillate, amuse, trouble, overjoy, or distress you, they will certainly fascinate and inform you.

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New York and Cleveland



in general. Keep up the good work. And good luck in your competition with *Playboy*.—*Cassandra Gordon, Briarglen, Houston, Texas.*

Penthouse education

I am writing in response to Mrs F. D.'s letter in your January issue. Lady, you have a very sick mind! Don't you realize that your type of attitude towards sex has a far more harmful result on a young person than this so-called filth?

I am 21 years old and have been married for three very happy years. And by the way it wasn't a shotgun wedding either, so don't start calling me a sex maniac. Would you like to know where I received my sex education? It was through magazines of this type. Sure I would have preferred to have learnt from my parents but I guess they figured since I was a boy I'd learn on my own. But I really would have preferred to have learnt from them.

I grew up with a normal sexual attitude. My wife and I have a very happy and normal life together. If I had listened to people like Mrs F.D. it could have been disastrous for both of us.

So I say, Penthouse, forget about backward people like her and keep those presses rolling.—*RPC L.E.H., (name and address withheld), Germany.*

Keep your shirt on

I refer to the picture in the movie review column of your February issue which shows Christopher Plummer and Susannah York in bed together, he with his manly chest exposed and she with the sheets up to her chin. It occurs to me how much better the picture would be if the position of the sheets were reversed.

In common with most people, I enjoy the greater freedom of the movies when it concerns viewing the female figure in its undraped or semi-draped form, but I find my enjoyment spoiled by the sight of so many hairy-bodied males on the screen.

Frankly, I am tired of scenes where actors, even middle-aged ones, take off their shirts, often for no reason necessary to the story. What do your readers think of all this male monkey fur on the screen?—*E.C. (name and address withheld), Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.*

Double the pleasure

Mrs L.'s letter (Midlothian, Scotland) in the February issue brought to mind an experience we would like to share with your readers. Let us start by saying that we are identical (38-24-36) twins, transplanted to America from "across the pond" (Pontypridd, Wales). Mrs L. is correct in saying that "orgasm in water has to be experienced to be believed". We were at a party one night and things started to get wild. We met a particularly attractive man, who was enthralled with the fact that we existed in duplicate.

He proceeded to tell us of the wonders of underwater antics. We had had several drinks, and before we knew it, we were in the swim of things! We all hopped into the pool, and as per his instructions one of us held the sides of the pool with our arms while holding him firmly around the chest with the legs. The other straddled him and fulfilled herself completely.

After waiting for him to regain his composure we reversed the procedure, giving him double delight.

This was a most enlightening experience, and we repeated it several other times during the following weeks. The fact that he was a somewhat famous singer, however, and the fear that he would be discovered forced him to leave us. We might also add that we've since introduced other American boys to aquatic acrobatics.—*Linda & Laura Jenkins, Washington, D.C.*

Fourth dimension

From this side of the Atlantic may I add support to Mr E. K. Allen's plea (February issue) for inclusion of cup sizes on the dimensions of your lovely girls. His arguments make sense right down the line and would, I believe, add another dimension to your very interesting magazine.—*R. C. Logan, Bellwood Drive, Nutley, N.J.*

Turns to jelly

Over the past few months I have been reading your fabulous magazine, and I would like to tell of a very memorable experience I had recently.

A group of guys and girls that I was with went to see the movie *De Sade*. After the flick we returned to one of my friends' apartments. Once there we engaged in a conversation about the movie. The discussion finally centered around one of the key scenes: where *De Sade* licked jelly off a woman's nipple.

One of the girls suggested that we try it in order to discover if it was really sexually

stimulating. At this point the host went into the kitchen and brought out a jar of jelly. I must admit I thought it was a ridiculous idea. However, after trying it with several girls that night, I returned home with the greatest sexual satisfaction of my entire life.

I used to think that the articles in Penthouse were fictional but after that night I will believe anything I read.—*S.G. (name and address withheld), Ithaca, N.Y.*

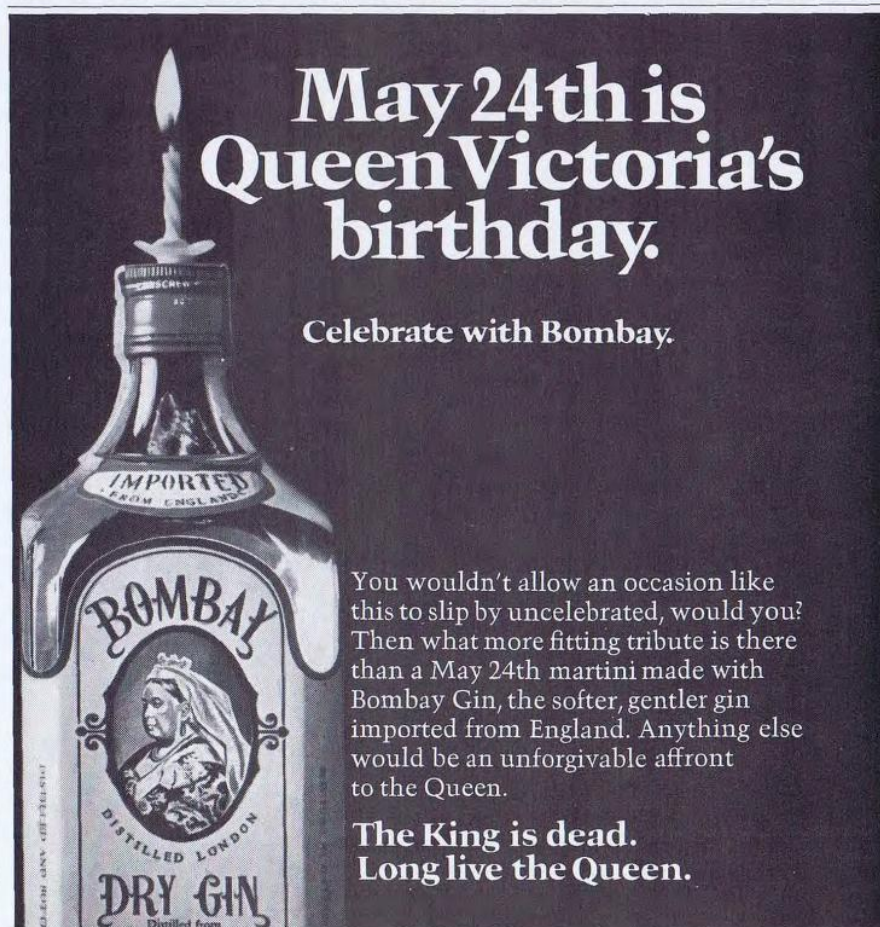
Measure for measure

I am looking for an authoritative source for facts on a subject of concern to me because of my uncertainty as to my personal situation. The matter is specifications of the human penis (minimum to maximum).

I have reason to believe that my wife finds my dimensions in the lower range and I'm not sure but what this is true. For example, when I use a condom, only less than half its length is required to cover my erect penis.

Therefore, can you tell me if I'm below average or near average when my erection measures 5½ inches long by 4½ inches in diameter? Or can you refer me to any literature that will reveal the results of studies or surveys so that I can determine what category I would be in?

There are any number of references to average body weights (both male and female) along with the common description of the female figure by bust, waist, and hips. Also the near-complete specifications of the athlete, such as for boxers, are listed. But how does one find



**May 24th is
Queen Victoria's
birthday.**

Celebrate with Bombay.

You wouldn't allow an occasion like this to slip by uncelebrated, would you? Then what more fitting tribute is there than a May 24th martini made with Bombay Gin, the softer, gentler gin imported from England. Anything else would be an unforgivable affront to the Queen.

**The King is dead.
Long live the Queen.**

how penis dimensions compare with the norm?

When my wife insinuates that I'm "small" of course I wonder just how much experience her judgement is based on, or if she is just ribbing me. At any rate if I had the facts I would at least know where I stood and not linger in this insecure state of wonderment.—*L.M.C. (name and address withheld), Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Hair and where

The frankness of the letters in your Forum are somewhat surprising but I find no harm at all in such discussions—it's about time. I was, however, disappointed to find no reply to the letter of Mr & Mrs E. W. Thomas in your January issue. Like Mrs Thomas, I have an excessive amount of pubic hair and would be very pleased to receive information about any methods of removing hair which are permanent.

It is also a change to see a magazine with excellent photography that does credit to the female form.—*Miss C.A. (name and address withheld), Kingston, Ont., Canada.*

Having had many conversations with the female species about the problems of depilation, I note that two of your readers make mention of some new method used "out East". The letter was published in the January issue and I would appreciate hearing what this "new method" is all about.

May I also mention that I heartily endorse your new monthly magazine endeavor and believe that your fresh approach is certainly to

be commended.—*John P. Kunz, Masline St., Baldwin Park, Calif. 91706.*

Bust-up

I feel that I must disagree with the supporters of the Big Bust. In my limited (sigh) experience, it seems to me that a small breast has much more pleasure potential than a large one. The small breast will tend to remain slightly more turgid instead of flopping all around as a larger one would. Thus, the friction of body against body tends to be more intense and exciting. Whether or not this is the reason, lithe girls with a minimum of fat seem to get a lot more out of intercourse (and vice versa).

I can only speculate that the origin of the Big Bust hang-up stems from men too early weaned who never get enough num-num.—*Henry G. (name and address withheld), Boston, Mass.*

Pain and pleasure

I was astonished to read of the man who was unable to gratify his desire for corporal punishment at the hands of a woman since leaving Johannesburg where he was whipped by his Bantu maid.

At age ten, in England, I received my first spanking across the knee of a robust female playmate two years my senior. Since then I have enjoyed this painful pleasure on average once a month for more than 50 years. Only two women have refused to co-operate.

Now retired, I have a relationship with a Licensed Nurse who has thoroughly enjoyed warming the male bottom over her knee since

age 15. She also introduced me to an exotic practice popular in France and England from the 17th through the 19th centuries which seems to have, shall we say, gone out of fashion? At least, I have seen no mention of it in Penthouse Forum.

The affair with the Bantu maid recalls an experience I had some 30 years ago. I had engaged a woman to come in Saturday mornings and dust my rooms. Though plain of face, she had the body of an ebony Venus de Milo and she enthusiastically agreed to my proposal that she administer a weekly spanking in return for double wages and a few drinks. This highly satisfactory arrangement lasted for a year until she met a dentist who offered marriage in exchange for her use of a birch.

Since your correspondent has taken up residence in England, I am sure that if he visits the Soho district of London he will find a variety of women willing and eager to gratify his taste.

I would remark here that the phenomenon of the dominant woman is a feature of a matriarchal permissive society such as we have today.—*L.C. (name and address withheld), Florida.*

I have just become a reader of Penthouse and must say I think it is a great magazine. After reading the letters sent by A.P., A.M. and J. (February), I think they have proved my point, as I am male, 29 years old, single and have never been spanked in all my life, but I have always believed that people tend to make a big thing out of it. Now I know that spanking is not as painful as people would have us think: if it were that sore, I am sure your readers would not come back time and again for more.—*Ralph Brett, Polepark, Dundee, Angus, Scotland.*

Collectors' corner

First my congratulations on the American issue of Penthouse as the quality is absolutely second-to-none, though the jokes and cartoons could stand some improvement as to humor and more of them perhaps in the future.

I would like to make a request to your readers who may perhaps have old previous issues of Penthouse U.K. editions they may wish to sell or loan to me as I hope someday to own a complete collection of all Penthouse magazines published to date. Perhaps if you would be kind enough to print my name and address your readers may contact me regarding this.

Thank you for your help and best wishes for success until you are number one in the U.S.A.—*Rod Smith, Rod Smith Inc., 7a Broad Street, Lynn, Mass. 01902.*

Consort's dilemma

If a man of 35 is highly sexed and has enjoyed wonderful sex relations with his wife for 13 years, what is he to do if his wife starts to turn cold and refuses to make love any more? I have tried everything in my power to stimulate her—as you can imagine, I am now pretty understanding and well practiced in the art of love-making—but I don't seem to be getting anywhere.

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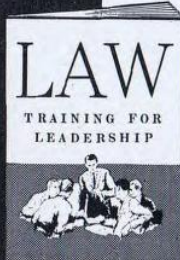
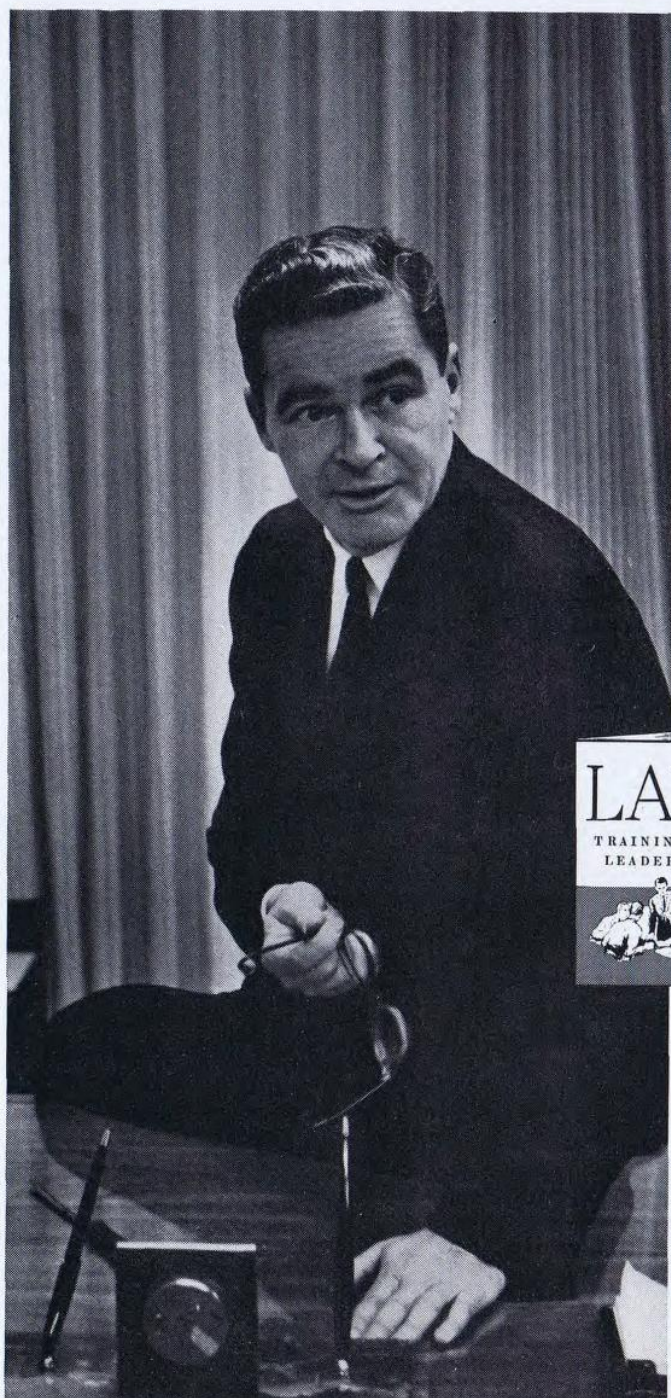
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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.

Cleaver verbatim

I would like to comment on your article on Mr Eldridge Cleaver in the February Penthouse. You claim that it is the "International Magazine for Men", but from your distorted and hostile view of Mr Cleaver, you are obviously letting your All-American Right-Wing show. First, Mr Cleaver is not a fugitive, for he was never tried in a court by his peers. Only in Establishment's white court. Next, if he wishes to travel to Russia or North Korea, that's *his* business. I would go there too, among other countries, but I haven't the money. As for being in jail, I'm no stranger there. I, too, have been arrested five times on drummed-up political charges.

What really brought a smile was your allegation of "Soviet aggression in Czechoslovakia." Now, how many megaton bombs did the Russians drop in that country? How many "search and destroy" missions? How many towns like Song-My did the Russians destroy? How many of their planes did they send to bomb "ten to 15 miles from Prague"? They just put their troops and tanks in, they never used methods to burn down the country like the US government does in Vietnam. On page 83, before you get into Mr Cleaver's speech, you imply Mr Cleaver is a "tyrant". Agnew is the closest thing to a fascist since 1945, and you think Mr Cleaver is a "tyrant"!?

Mr Cleaver is right about many things. First, let's take the cops. Someone robs a bank and they might get around to doing something about it. But when there is a legitimate demonstration, the US version of the SS is out there with their 3.57 mogs clubs, machine-guns, shotguns and mace. They come goose-stepping out and claim we're "violent". These "public agents" can't wait to terrorize the black community and the Black Panther group.

Another good point of Mr Cleaver's is "spoon-fed lies". It wouldn't be hard to quote at least a half-dozen instances where those in power have deliberately lied. Vietnam is only one example. Now they're saying there are no combat troops in Laos or Thailand, etc. I know damn well there are!

I am one of the hundreds of thousands of young people in this country who have finally awakened. Mr Cleaver isn't going 10,000 miles to kill some Asian patriot who never called him "nigger" and neither am I. I am 23 and white, but not too proud of it!—Robert Burnell Jr., Airport Dr., South Burlington, V.C.

Conspiracy of color

Was Dr Martin Luther King's assassination a diabolically ruthless conspiracy in traditional tone of white malice against the black man? Immediately after Dr King's death I accepted the probability of a mad conspiracy. Peter Dawnay's article in your December issue has fortified my belief. Moreover, I believe that the murder of the Kennedy brothers and King matured from paradoxically connected plots: the hideous conspiracy against black humanity and new social aspirations in America. Such plots are being barbarously authenticated in blood by the psychic dynamism and nigger syndrome imprisoning white minds—a psyche whiteism.

Examples: 1. The nation's paranoid chief cop, J. Edgar Hoover, has issued numerous "fear mandates" to the public concerning the civil rights movement and its leaders. Yet his G-men are deficient and nearly defunct in the job of surfacing evidence involving white violence upon civil righters. Likewise, many other whites in positions of responsibility live behind masks of deception. 2. A disturbing

irony rests in the fact that no white man has ever paid the supreme price (death) for killing a black man in America, notwithstanding how inhumanly animalized the crime was fashioned. 3. Such organizations as the American Nazi Party, Ku Klux Klan, and other white hate-monger groups live in their historical patterns, while the Black Panthers and similar black organizations pay in blood for their short existence. In essence this is an insane and tragic analogue of the black-white reality in America. A ghetto definition of KKK has become Kennedy-King-Kennedy.

Alas, I surmise King's death resulted from a heinous conspiracy! However, the mad impetus for such acts of inhumanity upon humankind is even more terrifying and sinisterwise when one observes how easily it pours from human hearts. It's rather a deep psycho-conspiracy raging in the soul of white America against black America.—James Wm. Brown, SP5, Republic of South Vietnam.

Pet partisan

With all respect to those readers who wrote in favor of Miss Ulla Lindstrom being a charming and lovable girl may I give my nomination to your December Pet of the Month Miss Janet Pearce or, as she is affectionately nicknamed, "Kipper". She is truly a very lovely and beautiful lass.

Congratulations on a fine magazine. Every issue keeps getting better every month. Keep up the fine work and let's see more of those lovely lasses like Miss Janet Pearce appear as Pet of the Month. Maybe in some future issue you can put out a special called "Pet Review" showing the loveliest Pets in all their splendor that appeared in past issues.—Stanley D. Stratton, Hillsdale St., Inglewood, Calif. 90302.

Henry Morgan

A few weeks ago I picked up your magazine at the local newsstand and found it to be very good. I had read several copies of the British version and found the American equally superb.

When I saw the name Henry Morgan listed under the contributing editors, I asked myself, "Isn't that the straight nerd that the show *I've Got a Secret* was trying to marry off when I was a kid?" After reading the first paragraph, I knew it was. Then I told myself, "Man, what's this? Henry's a real stud." His satirical criticism was a work of art. He's another Buchwald,



I am starting to feel degraded and ashamed, and if this goes on any longer I will be forced to look elsewhere for love and companionship.

What can I do?—R.P. (name and address withheld), Pontcanna, Cardiff, Wales.

Auto-erotic

The psychic link between a man's car and his sexual drive has long been established, but in my case it's a lot more than just psychic. I have recently become the proud owner of a Boss Mustang with a 428cu. in. engine that gives me fantastic acceleration—in more ways than one. Recently on a deserted stretch of road, I stopped the car, keeping the engine running. My girl friend began to perform fellatio on me while I remained behind the wheel, and when I sensed that I was 20 seconds or so away from orgasm I slammed the car in gear and gave it the gun. The combination of swiftly mounting speed and swiftly mounting sexual tension was something out of this world. I would never have believed it. I reached climax at about 120mph.—Stan H. (name and address withheld), Grand Rapids, Michigan.

P.S. on fetishes

In the December issue B.J.W. of Gosport introduced the subject of fetishes into the corporal punishment correspondence. He referred to adults chastising each other as a "fetish". Let us get our psychosexology terms straight for a start. A fetish can only refer to

sexual stimulus centered on inanimate objects, materials or a particular body part. Stimulus on a physical basis as described by B.J.W. and others comes under the heading of sado-masochism, in however mild a form. There are innumerable forms of fetish—many, though outdated now, being described by Havelock Ellis. The rubber-lined mac was mentioned, this being one of Britain's most common forms. There are footwear fetishes (hence kinky boots) and breast fetishes (hence Penthouse Pets).

B.J.W. seemed to connect sado-masochism and fetishism, but on the authority of people like Anthony Storr and David Stafford-Clark (whose lectures I have attended as a student) I would doubt that many fetishists are self-flagellants, as he implies.

The reasons for having a fetish, which B.J.W. found inexplicable, are deep-rooted, and the explanations given by psychologists are often over-complicated. Many of your readers would recoil from the idea that a breast fetish was "unnatural", but why should this part of female anatomy hold such distinctive attraction? Answer: the breast was your first contact with woman which satisfied your earliest basic desires, for food and affection. Similarly, waterproof cot-sheets, rubber aprons, strongly associated with mother love and the earliest forms of erotic reaction, give rise to a conditioned sexual response to rubberized material. Thus a fetish is as deeply rooted in the personality as sexuality itself.

Thousands suffer from feeling abnormal, fearing marriage, living in fantasies of macintoshes loved ones. Of this particular fetish it may be of interest that it is practically confined to men, and these of middle and upper class origin. I hope some light will be thrown on this problem by my letter. Perhaps it might help those suffering in doubt and loneliness to know that they are not alone, and not drastically abnormal, if your magazine published the occasional dressed model as well as the undressed ones. It is strange that photographs of (say) macintoshes models are classed as pornographic, whereas nudes are not. This is just one sign of the unhealthy attitudes that prevail towards fetishism, which can only increase the guilt feelings of the fetishist.—Professional (name and address withheld), London S.E.13.

The numbers game

I find it laughable the way Penthouse, *Playboy* etc. carry on about group sex as if it were some kind of brand-new phenomenon. I don't mean to rain on your parade, boys, but it's been going on for years—and as an ex-member of a certain prominent New Yorker's "harem", I should know. I met this man two years ago at a Park Avenue cocktail party and recognized him right away from pictures in magazines and newspapers. I was quite impressed at meeting such a well-known person, and when he invited me back to his place I accepted. He lived in a huge penthouse overlooking the East River and after we'd had a few drinks I also accepted his suggestion that we make love. You can imagine my surprise when, in the midst of our amorous activities, three other girls,

also undressed, strolled into the bedroom! At first I was terribly shocked and embarrassed and tried to get up, but he held me firm and told me to relax.


While he was still making love to me the other girls began to fondle and kiss him and, to my intense amazement, I began to find this bizarre situation very erotic. Soon the man turned his full attentions to two of the other girls, and just when I was beginning to feel left out, the third girl turned her attentions to me! I had never experienced another woman and I was extremely shy—but so sexually keyed up that at length I found myself returning the girl's attentions with enthusiasm.

Later that evening I was told that I had passed with flying colors and was invited to join the "harem" and live in the penthouse with the other girls. The man required me to sign a document which stated that anything I might report about our activities was untrue and would constitute attempted blackmail. The other girls told me that he had made them each sign a similar document.

I lived there quite comfortably for three months, during which time two other girls joined our little group. We were all well looked after and each had her own weekly allowance. Sometimes the man did not participate in the sexual goings-on but preferred to watch the variations which we girls came up with among ourselves. It was a weird, but not unpleasant situation. After the three months, though, I'd had enough—I just left one day and never went back. But now, when I see the man's picture in a newspaper or magazine or see him on television, I can't help wondering if he's still on the same scene. I'm tempted to drop in and see for myself but I don't dare—I'm a happily married woman now.—Rosemary S. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.

Nocturnal admission

I am a traveling sales representative for a large Mid-Western concern and because of my work I am frequently separated from my fiancée, often for as long as a week. As she is the most beautiful and desirable girl imaginable, I used to find these separations sexually frustrating in the extreme. Casual affairs while on the road only made me feel guilty and yearn for my fiancée even more, masturbation likewise.

Then one night my fiancée and I decided to tape-record our love-making sounds, just for a lark. Later in the evening we played it back and much to our mutual surprise our moans and cries of pleasure, erotic talk etc. acted as a powerful aphrodisiac. Out of curiosity I took the tape recorder with me on my next business trip and turned it on at low volume just as I was going to sleep. The result was the most fantastic nocturnal emission I'd ever experienced! What's more, it worked the next night and the night after that. Now I take the machine (always with a new recording) on all my trips, and the technique continues to work like a charm. My fiancée tried the same thing with her own tape-recorder, but so far without success.—Clifford P. (name withheld), Springfield, Missouri. 

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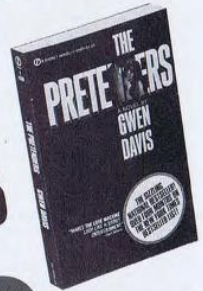
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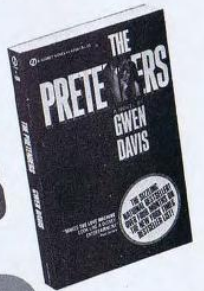
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



The crybaby society

According to old-school psychology, everyone wants to feel needed—needs to feel wanted. Maybe so, though a lot of people seem more bent these days on being left alone. But we'd bet that if Freud were around today he would not be basing his theories on a universal need for love and sex. He would recognize instead a far more pervasive human craving: the need to feel persecuted.

"Tell me, Momma, how oppressed I am!" is the demand behind all the crying, shouting, sloganeering, demonstrating, speech-making, underground-pressing and other carryings-on of our demented era. "Tell me again about how I'm the helpless victim of all those mean, nasty oppressors!"

And telling them, again and again, is today the fastest-growing franchise business in the country. A little overcrowded, perhaps, but it certainly hasn't peaked yet. And it pays off better than handling them one at a time with couch and notebook. It's a volume business.

So where once we might have been a nation of neurotics with aggressive tendencies, we are now well along the way to becoming a country of crybabies. A generation or two ago, the leaders of truly oppressed groups—former slaves, Jews, Catholics, Irish, Italians and particularly those who labored in the fields and sweatshops, were urged by their leaders to fight and scratch and claw their way up. Feeling sorry for oneself was largely a solitary pastime, indulged in only in the privacy of the home. Today, leaders are selected for their ability to organize choruses mewling, whimpering, whining self-pity on a grand scale for the benefit of the mass media. Nearly everybody in America is eligible for membership in at least one recognized oppressed minority or majority—usually more than one, because they overlap, being drawn along lines of color, sex, age and occupation.

This is not to say these groups do not have legitimate complaints. In many cases they do. But in many others they are based on the

idea that the baby who cries the loudest gets the most milk. And the injustice is that the hungriest baby, being also the weakest, is often the one who is least heard.

Our 20 million older people, aged 65 or over—10 per cent of our population—are probably the most neglected minority of all, precisely because they are too tired and sick to make a noise or stage marches or issue threats of violence. They are the most leaderless as well as the least militant, though at the same time probably the most deserving of help, having reached their maturity during a time when society openly refused to give a damn.

At the other end of the scale, we have more than 50 million young people under 30 who have had the benefit of an era of reform and welfare-statism, who are perfectly capable of standing and speaking up for themselves, and yet prefer to be spoken for by an elite of the most unattractive among them.

In addition there are 25 million black people who seem to need leaders—both militant and moderate—to tell them how persecuted they are now, or once were. Some of these blacks—some say the majority—are also under 30, which automatically puts them in at least two oppressed groups. But that's not all. More than half of all Americans of whatever color are females. Roughly 105 million altogether, compared to 101 million males. Those of us who follow the crusades of Betty Friedan and other leaders of the so-called Women's Liberation Movement (see *Happenings*) know they are working a territory that is potentially the strongest, and numerically the largest, of all.

So if you happen to be under 30, black, and also female, you qualify for membership of three gigantic blocs of down-trodden people. If your occupation also puts you among the 18 million or so members of major labor unions, that's four. And if that's not enough, you can become a communist and be red-baited as well.

But those who don't happen to be young, black, female, Red or unionized need not feel left out or

neglected. Even if you're a wealthy industrialist—white, middle-aged, anti-communist—chances are you can belong to at least one trade association or lobby group that will not only represent your interests in Washington but also send you reams of literature each week telling you how conspired-against you are by the Government, organized labor and irate consumers, all bent on taking away your freedom and making your life miserable.

Consumers, by the way, are currently enjoying a veritable orgy of self-pity over their vulnerability. They are the only new grouping whose potential strength might be even greater than Women's Liberation. Their leaders are Consumer Affairs divisions of city, state and federal government, various attorneys-general with consumer fraud divisions, and of course Ralph Nader.

College students now number some seven million in America. A few dozen, perhaps, are "working their way through", as we used to call it. The rest are for the most part subsidized by the government or by Mom and Pop. This makes them dependent on their parents who in turn are dependent on the System. And this, according to student leaders like Mark Rudd and organizations like SDS and others, makes economic slaves of the students. Attendance at college is therefore a form of oppression in their view far worse than laboring in sweatshops. And this contention is easily conveyed by the Movement to the students themselves through meetings, rallies, sit-ins, be-ins, and the college underground press. It makes the students so sorry for themselves they can find solace only in rock music and dope.

So Middle America (middle-aged, middle-class and straight) who have had to work the daily grind to keep the kids in college and the poor on welfare have finally begun to feel persecuted and downtrodden, too. They needed a leader to tell them how oppressed they'd been by the militants. At first they thought they'd found him in Richard Nixon. But he turned out to be too bland

for the assignment. Then suddenly such a leader emerged, as he usually does, from a totally unexpected source, in the person of the Vice President. Spiro T. Agnew became the Eldridge Cleaver of the oppressed ("Silent") majority.

There are unconfirmed rumors that the ultimate is about to happen. Cleaver, Rudd, Agnew, Friedan—plus a few militant Indian, Mexican, Jewish, Puerto Rican and other leaders—are reported to have been meeting clandestinely at an obscure coffee house in Appahoochia, Nebraska, to plot the formation of a new organization which will devote itself to reminding the leaders of the oppressed how oppressed they are. Then no one will be left out. And everybody in America will have at least one place of his own in the crybaby society. And we'll all live unhappily ever after.—

Fred Darwin

Science marches on

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Carnival of the animals

"Belcoo police seized 20 cattle and 30 small pigs on suspicion of having been smuggled, assisted by Miss K. Marston (violin) and Mrs F. O'Reilly (percussion and effects)."—*Fermanagh Herald*.

In a word, contra-band.

Redefinitions

What is the difference between a crook and a virgin? Once a crook always a crook.

The seat of emotion is normally a sofa.

A bachelor is a man who can take

women or leave them—and prefers to do both.

A woman's finest asset is man's imagination.

The honeymoon is over when the bridegroom who whispered sweet nothings now says nothing sweet.



Men the enemy

The biggest threat to seduction since the adoption of pantyhose is the Women's Liberation Movement, and there are few single males around today who aren't likely to encounter one of its adherents sooner or later if they continue to play the field. Hardest to cope with, of course, are the militant booted ladies with short-cropped hair, shapeless clothing and a slogan for every occasion, their twin cries of "exploitation" and "male chauvinism" serving as a rallying cry for every man-hating butch within earshot. Though highly visible, they're a relatively small percentage of the movement. One perceptive female says of them: "At menopause you're supposed to take all the energy out of your ovaries and put it in your brain but they're doing it now".

More insidious are the thousands of women, influenced by the militants, who have come to regard men—all men—as their enemy. To many of these chicks (a taboo word so far as Movement purists are concerned) "male chauvinism" can be detected in every word that every male utters and is the automatic definition for any creative work of man. Strangely, creative works and statements by women are not similarly tagged "female chauvinism".

Admittedly Women's Lib has a legitimate grievance—in fact many grievances: vicious anti-abortion laws shaped and administered by men which deprive women of the right to regulate their own bodies . . . the repressive attitude that a woman is "something that you screw on the bed and it does the housework" . . . penny-pinching business firms which advertise the same jobs at different salaries for men and women . . . the inability of single women to go out in public without being regarded (they claim) as "sexual objects".

Men don't take that last complaint very seriously; some, indeed, claim that provocative sexuality on women's part is not so much a grievance as a calculated way of life. But militant feminists

(some of whom condemn sexual allure along with bras, makeup and frilly clothes) feel that it's all part and parcel of the "exploitation" that has to be brought to women's awareness.

"We've accepted it for generations the same way a black has allowed himself to be pushed off the sidewalk", says militant Wendy Roberts. "Until one day a brother or sister comes along and says to him, 'What is all this crap?'"

Wendy, whose blonde braids and shapely, unconfined breasts might well tempt unwary male observers into regarding her as a sexual object, has just completed a book about the subject and ironically now finds herself in the same position as most spokeswomen for the movement: the target of men who seek to notch up conquest of militant feds to assert their continued sexual dominance.

"What we're learning to be wary of," adds Wendy, "is men who are beginning to memorize our rhetoric just so they can get laid". The truth is that the current furore is the time-worn Male vs Female battle in slightly different guise—with the women as the aggressors. Which mightn't be so bad when men decide to counter their tactics with Male Submissiveness.

A substantial number of men probably already would agree with editor and *Realist* ringleader Paul Krassner who has publically endorsed most aims of Women's Lib and adds: "Seduction is obscene because it implies exploitation; decent, honest sex is more fun. Besides, liberated women don't have hangups about being on top and that's my favorite position".

Miscellany

A Spiro Agnew wristwatch bearing the Veep's portrait and all the numbers in the wrong order has just gone on sale in Los Angeles . . . "This instrument surrounds hate and makes it surrender" (inscription on Pete Seeger's guitar) . . . German author Joachim Joesten whose book subjects have included LBJ, De Gaulle, Jim Garrison, Marina Oswald, Onassis, Lucky Luciano and Nasser, publishes a fortnightly newsletter, *Truth Letter* (87-70 173rd Street, New York 11432) which specializes in "assassination news"—JFK, RFK, Martin Luther King "and related matters" . . . Off-the-beaten-track vacations by jeep or minibus, tagging after camel trains across the desert or "following the reindeer with the wandering Lapps" are advertised by an adventurous English group called Minitrek Expeditions (38 Fife Road, Kingston, Surrey).

—John Wilcock.



Ladies' man

Ever since Yoko Ono proclaimed "woman is the nigger of the world" every depressed minority has jostled for the term. Students want to be niggers, Negroes want to be niggers, and, like the lady said, women are niggers too—and the most vocal of them all.

One member of the enemy sex (male) who foresees complete equality for women and welcomes it, is Isaac Asimov, an old hand at predicting the future as well as explaining the past and present. He has explained and re-explained all the sciences, predicted the future in dozens of science-fiction novels, produced a brilliant exegesis of the Bible, and is now tackling Shakespeare. It was the consistent superiority of Shakespeare's heroines that got Asimov thinking about the role of women. So in his 101st book (I think I've counted right), while writing of everything under, and around, the sun as *The Solar System and Back* (Doubleday, \$5.95), Asimov says he sees the population explosion as producing an irreversible trend toward women's freedom. "There's the beginning of it right now and it is well established." He refers to the new sexual permissiveness: "Sex has been divorced from babies, and it will continue to be so, since sex can't possibly be suppressed and babies can't possibly be encouraged".

Asimov explodes all the traditional temperamental and intellectual differences as mere cultural reflections of only two real physiological differences: male muscle and female childbearing. He won't allow as natural even those traits of intuition and compassion that earlier feminists have taken pride in.

Whatever the "true" nature of women may be, thoughtful women—and men—are agreed that traditional clichés may be inhibiting satisfaction for both sexes. From the woman's side Vivian Gornick, a lower-case feminist writing in New York's *Village Voice* (a damned good newspaper), says in criticizing upper-case Feminists: "Not only do I believe there is a male and female nature in each of us, but I believe that what is most exciting about the new world that may be coming is the promise of stripping down to that nature".

Asimov says it from the man's side. He has pointed out that Golden Age Greeks regarded male homosexuality as the highest form of love, since it was the only way a man could love an equal. He



concludes his surprising little essay with this: "I say we can't beat the trend and we should therefore join it. I say it may even be the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to mankind. I think the Greeks were right in a way and that it is much better to love an equal. And if that be so, why not hasten the time when we heterosexuals can have love at its best?"

Only one more movement is needed to complete our revolutionary society, as we enter the seventies. It has to happen. Some over-30 WASP male executive with lots of children and mortgages is going to discover the daddy as a nigger.

The Battle at Generation Gap

The revolution of the young has not lacked publishing attention. A blast from the over-30 side is John W. Aldridge's *In the Country of the Young* (Harper's Magazine Press, \$5—marvelous invective!). From a hardened but not-one-whit-sobered revolutionary comes *Do It! Scenarios of the Revolution* (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95). Jerry Rubin, who has had a hand in nearly every big bust since Berkeley, writes wild. *Our Time is Now*, a collection of "notes from the high school underground", with "the student as a nigger" an important theme, was followed up too soon to have inspired it by *High School Revolutionaries*, edited by Marc Libarle and Tom Seligson (Random House, \$5.95).

Let's eat

Colleague Sandy Lesberg has produced *The Single Chef's Cookbook* (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95). I haven't tried it yet, but I can't wait till the family is away!—Norman Hoss



Crazy Horse dozen: you didn't have to be kinky to enjoy Paris



Paris after dark

Once provocative, alarming, and honestly sexy, Paris, I tell you true, is now a fake. All that was once real is false, and yet she expects us to believe her.

The Crazy Horse has been, for years, the best put-together strip show in Paris. They have 12 girls who for the most part get out there and do their thing individually, accompanied by rear projections and kinky music and lots of talking to the audience. What with its jammed-together tables and smallish stage and generally imaginative and occasionally satirically funny back-grounds for the girls, the place does smack of a fairly intimate private club. Then, just before the intermission we hit a scene where two girls went at each other hot and heavy and turned what had been a mildly pornographic group of attentive tourists into a bunch of non-believers. Until that moment you didn't have to be kinky to enjoy the Crazy Horse, but when you get thrown in with a couple of dikes who are so busy turning each other on that they couldn't care less what you, the male animal, were about . . . For some it's a kick, the new gay way in Paris, but I would guess that for old acquaintances its pretty much of a sad scene.

At the Lido the topless show girls wear big hats and long flowing rhinestone necklaces and some of them are young and most of them aren't so young, and the most exciting thing about the two-hour show is a group from

Argentina called The Dancing Devils who perform while the girls are off-stage, and really drum and heel-tap up a storm. There was also a scene where two knights errant had at each other on real horses, charging up and down on the raised stage to prove that the Lido really did feature live entertainment.

But the real grabber was the change in attitude. One scene where the male photographer, unable to contain himself any longer, tore the clothes off his female model, would have been enough in the old days. But in 1970 as soon as he had exposed the outer woman for all to see, she grabbed his clothes and tugged and, presto chango, we had ourselves an adonis in brief briefs designed, I would suspect, to take care of that other sort of trade.

As for the famous Folies (see page 32), Michele Frascoli is a very pretty girl who is undoubtedly good to her mother and a credit to her gender in all matters where it counts but, while the orchestra is struggling with the not overly difficult score of *Swan Lake*, she prances on stage in the altogether and begins gyrating and leaping with all manner of tribal motions, in concord with some sort of male apparition, all apparently in the name of art. I have seen *Swan Lake* many times and I will concede that most lady ballet dancers don't have the milky-white skin of Miss Frascoli nor her other obvious endowments, but when they hit the stage to do *Swan Lake* they are there for the dancing of it. Not so Miss Frascoli at the Folies Bergère. She is there for the skin of it all and therein lies the problem.

What the Folies does have, in ample quantity and quality, is naked girls in assorted opulent costumes and non-costumes, and

a waterfall and a lot of movement to the forestage and around the runway circling the orchestra pit. It's a pleasant throwback to the old days in New York where no one was supposed to pay attention to the show itself, as everyone was there to see the girls. The girls, now as then, didn't have to do anything except move around where they were told, and stand straight, and try not to chew gum during the big numbers, and in general stand with their sheer prettiness on display as semi living examples of the finest goodies available on God's good earth. Sinful it ain't. Sexy, mostly, it ain't. And to travel 3,000 miles to see bad acting, immature singing, and inferior dancing, plus some nudity?

Sandy Lesberg.



Critics of what?

All the Oscars are prominently placed on the baroque mantels of Beverly Hills (or maybe on bookshelves these days—Hollywood folk are quick to pick up the latest fads). The relentless Ten Best Lists, which arrive with each New Year like midgits shot from cannon, have been forgotten. Critics are back squinting out notes in dark places in order to draw-and-quarter another film year, another decade, another century. This classifying and listing is not merely pandering to the American public's neurotic need for professional guidance. It is also a subtle, even subconscious, attempt by contemporary film critics to certify themselves as social commentators.

At its simplest and best, film criticism provides a service to the public, telling them about movies, offering a (sometimes) animated guide to their basic content. Unfortunately film critics seldom stop there. Value judgements are included and before long the public (who asked for it in the first place) are being told daily what they should and should not like. It is not surprising that these critics become arbiters of public taste, and it follows, of course, that they acquire the power to make or break a film at the box-office. But in the Ten Best Lists they try to do more: they try to insinuate that they are guardians of the public conscience.

This year as usual the critics played scrimmage with the compulsory bundle of social documents. *Alice's Restaurant*; *If/Oh*; *What a Lovely War*; *The Damned*; *Easy Rider*; *The Wild Bunch*; *Z* appeared on many TBLs and, perhaps confusingly for the public, on some of the Ten Worst Lists. Though many are good, some films are included for the simple reason that they seem to be with it, and, for the critics at least, to be valid documents of the time.

Vincent Canby, *New York Times* critic, stipulated that his TBL this year would not be concerned with "the weekly landmark movies" but with "movies of craft and discipline that recall the film's heritage while adding to it", which is something like what a film critic should do. Then he started his list with *Alice's Restaurant*, a movie so infinite in its boredom, so unoriginal in its presentation, so insensitive to the lifestyle it purports to depict that it is as valid a picture of today's youth as *How To Marry a Millionaire* is of big-city career girls.

Judith Crist in *New York Magazine* had the good taste not to include *Alice's Restaurant* on her list, but she did propose a list of the decade's best films (re-deemed by her admission that it was unofficial). Rex Reed went one better in *Holiday*, placing *Alice* on his Ten Worst List. But another of his "Worst" is *The Wild Bunch*, a superior Western which Canby has on his TBL. It is all very confusing as film criticism. How would it hold up as social commentary?

Most critics put *Z* on their TBLs. But was it there for the right reasons? The film accounts the assassination of a political liberal in Greece in the early 1960s. This event, and the film, derive much import from their prognostication of the dictatorship which now rocks the cradle of democracy. Taking this into consideration, Richard Schickel in his *Life* column said of *Z*: "It seems almost irrelevant to speak of direction and acting when you are dealing with

a film of this kind". Irrelevant? Isn't he a film critic?

Will last year's TBL reflect the mood of 1969 in, say, 30 years? No one can say, but it is illuminating to reverse the process. Take the National Board of Review list for 1941, which inaugurated the practice of picking the Ten Best Films; the board prides itself on being "about 175 public-spirited men and women with an interest in the motion picture and a mature sense of social responsibility". Fortunately this pretension is not borne out by their 1941 list which has more relevance to the history of film than the history of man, and isn't that as it should be? In a year when the U.S. was on the threshold of world war, with Europe already embroiled in it and Jews being slaughtered in Germany, the list (in descending order) was: *Citizen Kane*; *How Green Was My Valley*; *The Little Foxes*; *The Stars Look Down*; *Dumbo*; *High Sierra*; *Here Comes*

Alice's Restaurant? — James Kotsilibas-Davis



Unpop pop

If these notes seem much given to sociological and political analyses of pop music, it is not from any lack of appreciation that pop deserves attention for another reason: some of it is damn good music. So this month's theme, by way of a treat, is a few of the records of the past half-year that are memorable for one reason or another.

If you listen to AM pop radio it won't be a half hour before you hear one song or another by a southern California quartet called



Quicksilver Messengers: listen for the pianist (third from left)

Mr. Jordan; *Tom, Dick and Harry*; *The Road to Zanzibar*; *The Lady Eve*. Three comedies; two stories about coalminers; one based on the life of William Randolph Hearst; one about greedy southerners; one about a gangster; a fantasy; a cartoon about an elephant with big ears. What about the war? It seems curious that not one film dealt with it at that crucial time.

The board, in spite of its pretentious view of itself, did seem interested in the quality of film whereas contemporary critics seem much more concerned with ideology than with art. In retrospect, shadowed by the war, the board's list seems frivolous, yet those films give greater insight to the period than quickie war movies. It is for newspapers to chronicle daily events: movies hopefully take a longer look and interpret them. After 30 years, those 1941 films at least remain good movies, some of them great. Stripped of its currency, will

Creedence Clearwater Revival.

They are a hard rock band led by an extraordinary vocalist and guitarist named **John Fogarty**. White singers have been making their livings since *Rock Around the Clock* by imitating black singers and, though many can capture mannerisms and inflection and especially dialect, very few—Elvis Presley, Eric Burden, Bob Dylan, few more—develop the timing that is the essence of blues and r & b performing. Fogarty has, and all of his albums contain exquisite rock, if that's not a contradiction in terms. Fogarty hasn't been hailed by critics yet because he isn't pretentious. In fact, though he is leader, vocalist and writer of most of the material, Creedence is much more of a band, a collective unit, than almost any group in rock. Their playing is tight and controlled. If you want to give them a try I suggest *Willie and the Poorboys* (Fantasy) which, in addition to being their most polished effort, includes *Fortunate*

Son, the best political song to reach the pop charts last year. Be prepared to turn up the volume.

It is a rare pleasure to be able to enjoy most of the work of an entire group. Excluding Ray Charles and Otis Spann who at their bests aren't pop musicians, the finest keyboardist in rock is **Nicky Hopkins**. If he hadn't been invited to appear on a couple of Stones albums and the last Jefferson Airplane release, hearing him would be a greater chore than many would be willing to undertake. His taste in groups has been extraordinarily bad (thus confirming our long-held contention that most artists know nothing about their own artforms, writers on writing, incidentally, being the worst of all). For a time—and this was probably responsible for the attention he later received—Hopkins played with Jeff Beck, a self-fixated guitarist whose band also included screamer Rod Stewart who reminds one of a cross between Little Richard and Oscar Wilde. In any case Quicksilver Messenger Service, the legendary, over-rated quartet on *Shady Grove* (Capitol) is good enough not to be in Hopkins' way. The pianist has assimilated a lot of different styles (eclecticism is the soul of rock) and he is great at introducing disparate influences—Chopinesque, Gershwin-like, Spann-ish (?)—into seemingly inhospitable musical environments.

Scanning *Billboard* magazine's listing of the top-selling 200 albums will fail to reveal *Those Who Are About To Die Salute You* or, for the more pedantic among you, *Morituri Te Salutant* (Dunhill) by a superb British jazz-rock quintet named **Colosseum**. They should be on the charts because this is among the best pop albums of this or any year. "Jazz-rock" is a meaningless term, but while this is certainly a rock album, the aesthetic sensibility that inspires it is much closer to the average jazz album than to pop. And all the members of the band except possibly guitarist James Litherland seem to have jazz experience. Colosseum is led by ex-John Mayall drummer Jon Hiseman and features Dick Heckstall-Smith, probably the most widely respected reedman in rock. For the record the band is rounded out ably by organist Dave Greenslade and bass guitarist Tony Reeves. We rarely recommend pop albums with long stretches of instrumental soloing because, quite simply, few pop groups can carry it off. Colosseum can. The ensemble work is very "together" and as soloists they are far above par (the only niggle is with guitarist Litherland and it's little even for a niggle).

Most of the composing duties have fallen to Heckstall-Smith

(one tune is by Graham Bond), but the most significant work is *Valentyne Sweet* by Dave Greenslade with a little help from J. S. Bach. *V.S.* is a three-part suite—call it anything you like—that is held together less by the writing than by the consciousness of the participants (in this it is not unlike many of the best extended jazz words such as Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain*, Mingus' *Tijuana Moods* and much of Ornette Coleman's recorded work). It is doubtful that the States could support a group as deep as Colosseum without a hit record, but maybe the British club scene is still strong enough.

Not finding **Lorraine Ellison's** *Stay With Me* (Warner Brothers/7 Arts) on the charts is more of a surprise. Besides being excellent, it is not otherwise handicapped. It is straight r & b, advantaged a bit by an emphasis on ballads by the best female soul singer since Aretha Franklin. The production was handled by Jerry Ragovoy, one of the best (his last masterpiece was *Howard Tate* on Verve, an lp that was so good that the manufacturer took the unusual step of repackaging it—and it still didn't sell). Actually, to say the best since Aretha is to mislead, because Lorraine Ellison has been kicking around the industry—and been kicked around by the industry—for years and this is the first time that anybody has bothered to present her, where she belongs, in a gospel-soul context. Finally the record company gets it together—at least at the production end, and now the audience can't seem to (Warners spends a lot of money pushing its artsy white groups, but I don't remember any ads for *Stay With Me*—up against the wall, Warner Brothers). For comparison shoppers: if you dig Aretha or Ray Charles' *Doing His Thing* (Tangerine Records; a superb release), or, faint hope, Howard Tate, or Jerry Butler (*The Iceman Cometh* and *Ice on Ice*, Mercury), then you will enjoy Lorraine Ellison. And if you are unfamiliar with any of the above, buy a new needle and get listening.

Penthouse picks . . .

In Concert—Rick Nelson (Decca). There's life in the old boy yet.

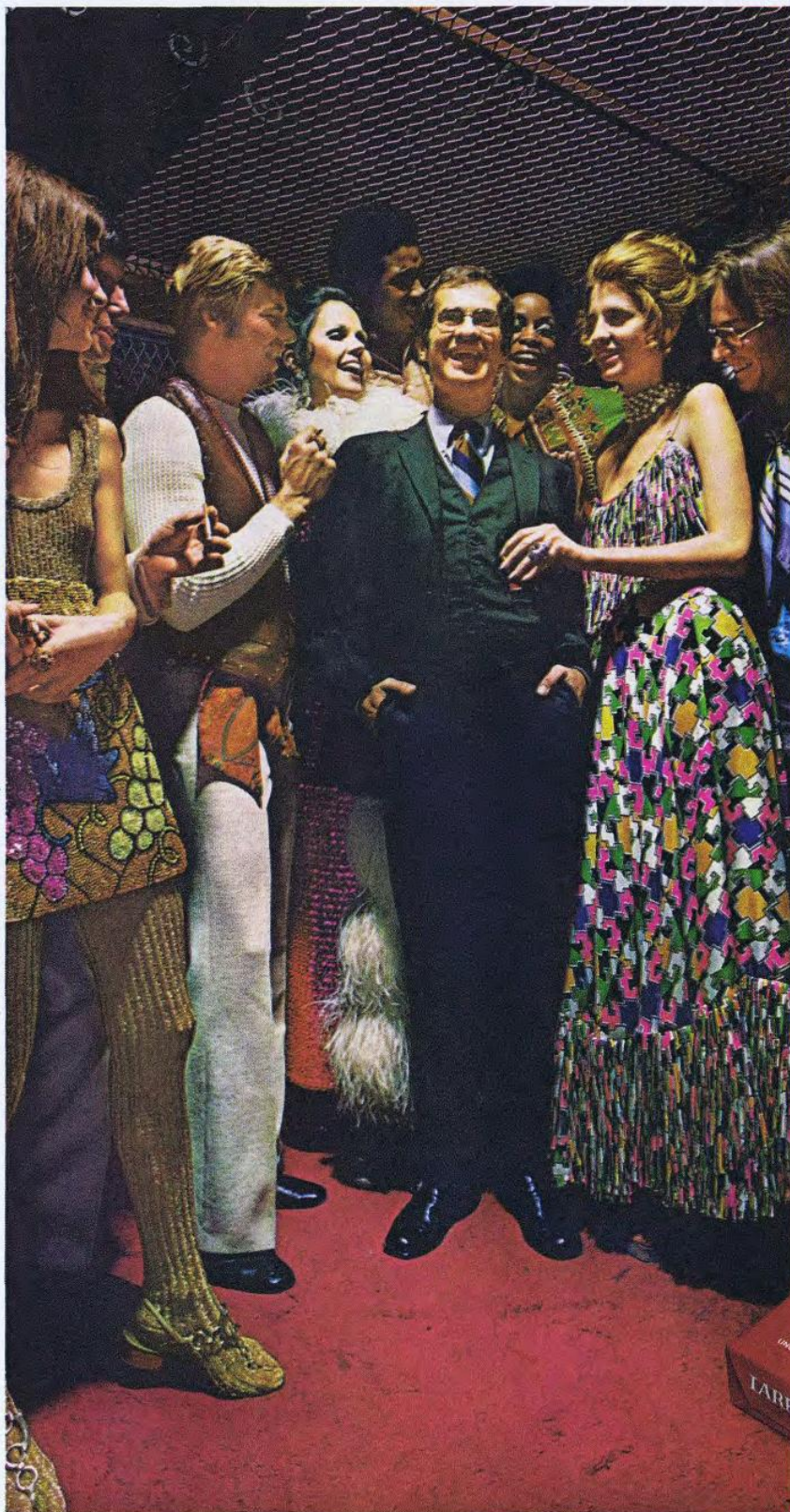
Together After Five—Sir Douglas Quintet (Smash). More of the best Texas rock band in San Francisco.

Boppin' the Blues—Carl Perkins with NROB (Columbia). There's life in the old boy yet.

Argent—Rod Argent (Epic). Return of the Zombies.

Power to the People—Joe Henderson (Milestone). With Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, etc. Power to the people.—**Guthrie Bester**

You'll stand out in a crowd
when you tell someone you like
about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter.



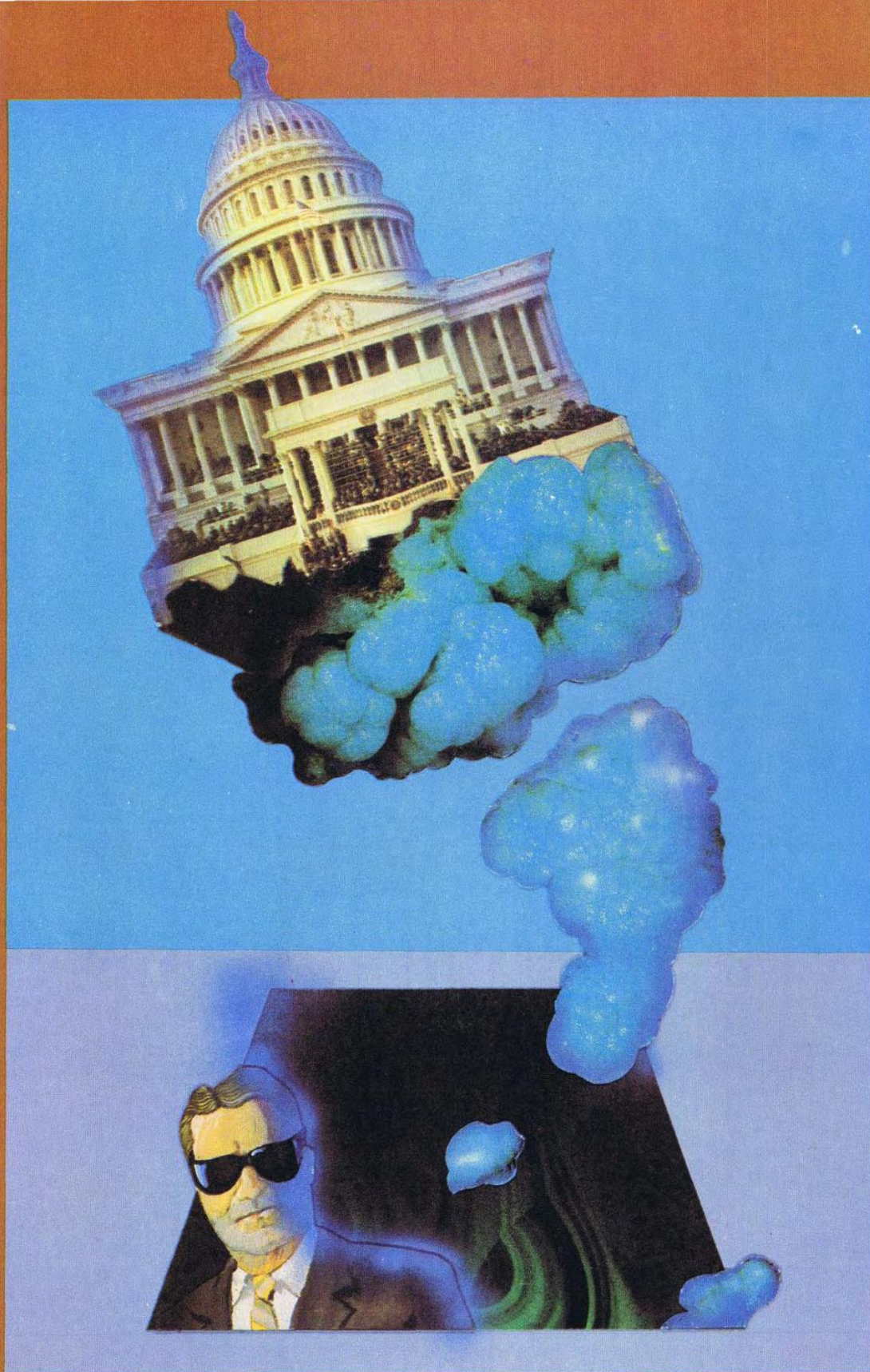
They'll look at you in a whole new light when you tell them about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter. It not only reduces "tar" and nicotine but certain harsh gases in cigarette smoke, as well.

In fact, the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported Lark's Gas-Trap filter best for gas reduction among all of the ordinary filter brands tested.

So, tell as many people as you can about Lark's unique gas reduction and Lark's uniquely smooth and easy taste.

They may do something nice for you.





Patrick Gavin

CRIME AND INFLATION

20 PENTHOUSE

A STARTLING EXPOSE BY WALTER GUTMAN

One evening I walked into my country house with several guests. We were tired and we wanted to rest and then go out to a party. Next morning I thought, well, they'd probably like television, but the set wasn't there any more, so I asked about it. Then I had to call the police because the insurance company required that. Not that I, the insurance company, or the police thought they'd ever get it back—and they didn't. And after some months the insurance company sent me money to buy a new set.

Well, this goes on countless thousands of times throughout our great land, and it's a part of the crime wave. It's also part of a growth industry, because whoever took that set probably sold it. In terms of business this means there is a market for stolen goods, a market we don't know anything about. Until the crime wave really got to be of tidal-wave proportions, it had no economic significance. But you can't have a really big and fast-growing crime wave in which tens of thousands are dealing in stolen goods without having a large business. Well, if we drop the word *stolen*, it would just be another type of discount chain.

The police figure that the typical discount is about 80%. That is for narcotic addicts who steal in order to support their habits. A daily fix is sometimes figured at \$30.00 in New York, and to support this the addict has to steal easily negotiable articles whose list price is \$150, or in multiples of this. This discount appears to be reasonably typical of other goods sold on the illegitimate discount market, though the statistics are a little uncertain. For example, while \$30.00 is an official estimate of the price of a fix, other sources estimate the price as low as \$15.00.

Discounts of the order of 66% to 80% appear to be true of other illegal markets such as hot minks, hot cars, hot cameras, etc. The discount in the case of cameras is even more drastic, partly because the markdown for second-hand cameras of legal vintage is drastic enough, anyway. If you have a camera with original cost of \$350, you may get \$150 for it—if it's not too old and is in good condition, etc.—a markdown of almost 60%. If you are a junkie trying to pass along a camera you lifted, you might get \$30. Most camera stores wouldn't buy it, they'd know it was stolen. So junkies get hip—demand the legitimate price.

In general, the illegitimate discount

market appears to be more personal than say Corvette's. If you are trying to buy a hot mink and the fence likes you because you belong to the same ethnic group or because you are a noted personality—like a rock 'n' roller—you might get a \$5,000 coat for \$1,000. But if you are strictly from the suburbs, all you'd get (probably) for your \$1,000 would be a \$3,000 robe. But then, the illegal market has its peculiar merchandising problems. Sometimes they have to get rid of inventory fast, in which case you'd really get a bargain! Well, there you are, a typical market pattern except it's not published in the *Wall Street Journal*.

The total size of the illegitimate market—both the segment supported by stolen goods and that which is made up of illegal goods such as narcotics, but paid for with legally acquired money, is unknown. The government has never seriously tried to find out. There are some departmental studies but no broad effort. The government is busy arresting people, if it can find them, but it has not thought of crime as a type of business, nor that when crime becomes large it becomes Big Business and is a significant part of our total economy.

Crime is a part of our real Gross National Product but it is not a part of official estimates of what our total national economic activity may be. I spoke to the head of the *Survey of Current Business* about this some years ago. This is the source book, along with the *Federal Reserve Bulletin*, of all our national economic statistics—and he said that the government just wasn't going to sully its mind with anything illegal. But now with the growth of the total economy and the even faster growth of the crime wave, this may be a puritanical mistake. Because a change in the tempo of an ignored segment of the total economy could upset or modify the effectiveness of the government effort to control the economy as a whole. Right now the government is trying—has been trying sporadically for several years—to cool off inflation. There are a number of reasons why the government has been ineffective but one of these could be the magnitude and

vitality of illegal economic activities.

How large is criminal economic activity, and what stimulating effects does it have other than its mere size? There are two ways to establish parameters of the problem. One is to assume that total illegal economic activity has a value equal to some small percentage of total legal activity—say between 2% and 5%. Gross national product at the moment is running at an annualized rate of not far from \$1000 billion. If illegal activity has a value equal to 5% of this then it represents a \$50 billion activity; if it has a value equal to 2% of this, then it represents the equivalent of a \$20 billion business. In the first instance it substantially exceeded in 1968 the total sales of General Motors, Ford and Chrysler. In the other instance, the gross income of crime is greater than that of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and all the other phone companies combined.

The mere size of the activity is not necessarily important in relation to the inflationary problem—it is the expansion or contraction that is important. We read frequently that crime is up something like 30% or more from a year ago. Each year for a number of years it has been forging ahead like this. Well a 30% increase in a \$50 billion activity means \$15 billion more next year. But a \$15 billion expansion in illegal gross national product would pretty well neutralize a 10% surtax or the repeal of the 7% investment credit. A \$15 billion increase could mean that 750,000 more persons will be employed in some branches of crime next year than are this.

Any activity increasing at 30% a year doubles in less than three years. Thus, if crime represents \$50 billion of gross economic activity now it will be a \$100 billion activity by 1972 and a \$200 billion one by 1975. That's getting pretty near what all legal economic activity was not so far back. And if it represents only a \$15 billion activity now, then by 1972 it will approximate \$50 billion, and by 1975 \$100 billion if the growth trend continues.

While the rate is high the overall rate could be 15%, not 30%. However, crime may not be going ahead at a 30% rate. Actually, some areas of crime aren't showing any extraordinary growth and others, though sensational in terms of percentage change, represent pretty small operations. For instance, the use of heroin really isn't spreading very fast. The number of known heroin users has not changed strikingly in the past five years, and the total isn't large in

**The business side of crime
adds up to an
unrecognized Illegal
Gross National Product..
Maybe Government
economists should stop
leaving it out of their**

calculations, because it could be equalling the sales of G.M., Ford and Chrysler combined—with undermining effects on your dollar . . .

relation to the total population.

But even though heroin is not the national or international problem that it is made out to be, still it is an expensive habit. At \$30 a day for a fix, and 200,000 users, it would represent a \$2.2 billion market. Even if the habit might cost only \$15-16 a day it would be a \$1.1 billion market, but then there may be more than 200,000 users living in the U.S.A. No one knows exactly. But whatever its size, it doesn't seem to be a fast-growing market. From that point of view, it is having little inflationary effect, especially as the price of a fix seems to be going down.

But where there is an effect is in the crime multiplier. When a commercial crime has been committed, what has been lost in the robbery always has to be replaced. He who lost the TV or camera buys another. Generally crime probably acts as an economic stimulant because it forces the use of savings. Furthermore whoever sells the junkie the heroin in turn uses the proceeds, as does any businessman, partly to replace his stock, partly for his payroll and other expenses, such as legal and public relations, and partly for personal expenditures, such as this month's instalment on a new Ferrari. Thus the use of \$1 billion of purloined wealth to buy heroin could stimulate a total of several billions of combined legitimate and illegitimate business. It sounds like a great solution for the next depression.

Marijuana is really a big new thing for white people, and it represents a true, important new growth industry. It's not

avant-garde any more—millions of people are plain-and-simply finding they like it. And why not—it's as natural as apple cider, and to process it is as simple as to squeeze apples into cider. Once you have sweet cider no power on earth can keep it from getting hard. And that's the way it is with marijuana. Once millions of people have found they want it, no legal barriers and no amount of scientific weighing and balancing is going to stop it. I have never been able to see what all the fuss was about.

The point is that marijuana is just another of nature's remedies. It doesn't really change the human condition but it is something that can give it some special moments, and us whites are finally beginning to find this out. We found it out about tobacco in the 16th century and about gin in the 18th (there were mentors of society who were just as fearful of gin then as today's are about pot). In each case one of the great dangers was its cheapness. Pot is cheap because it is easy to grow, easy to process, and especially because a little goes a long way. Long-time pot users—say with 40 years' experience—estimate that three-quarters of a pound or less will do a person very well for a year. He'll have enough to pass around some at small parties. A great deal is bought in one- or two-pound lots and split. Bought this way, a year's supply might cost \$100. If it were fantastic pot it might cost \$300 to \$400.

If there are now 12 millions in America who use pot, as some estimates have implied, then the present annual

market might be \$1.2 billion or more. My guess is that there are fewer steady buyers than this figure, but the average cost, including the sale in very small quantities, is more than \$100 annually, so a current business of \$1.2 billion does not seem out of line. The market is growing fast and it's not hard to think of its being a \$5 billion market in five years. If we did have the sense to legalize it and put a tax on, it might be a \$10 billion market in five years and in that case \$5 billion would be going to the government.

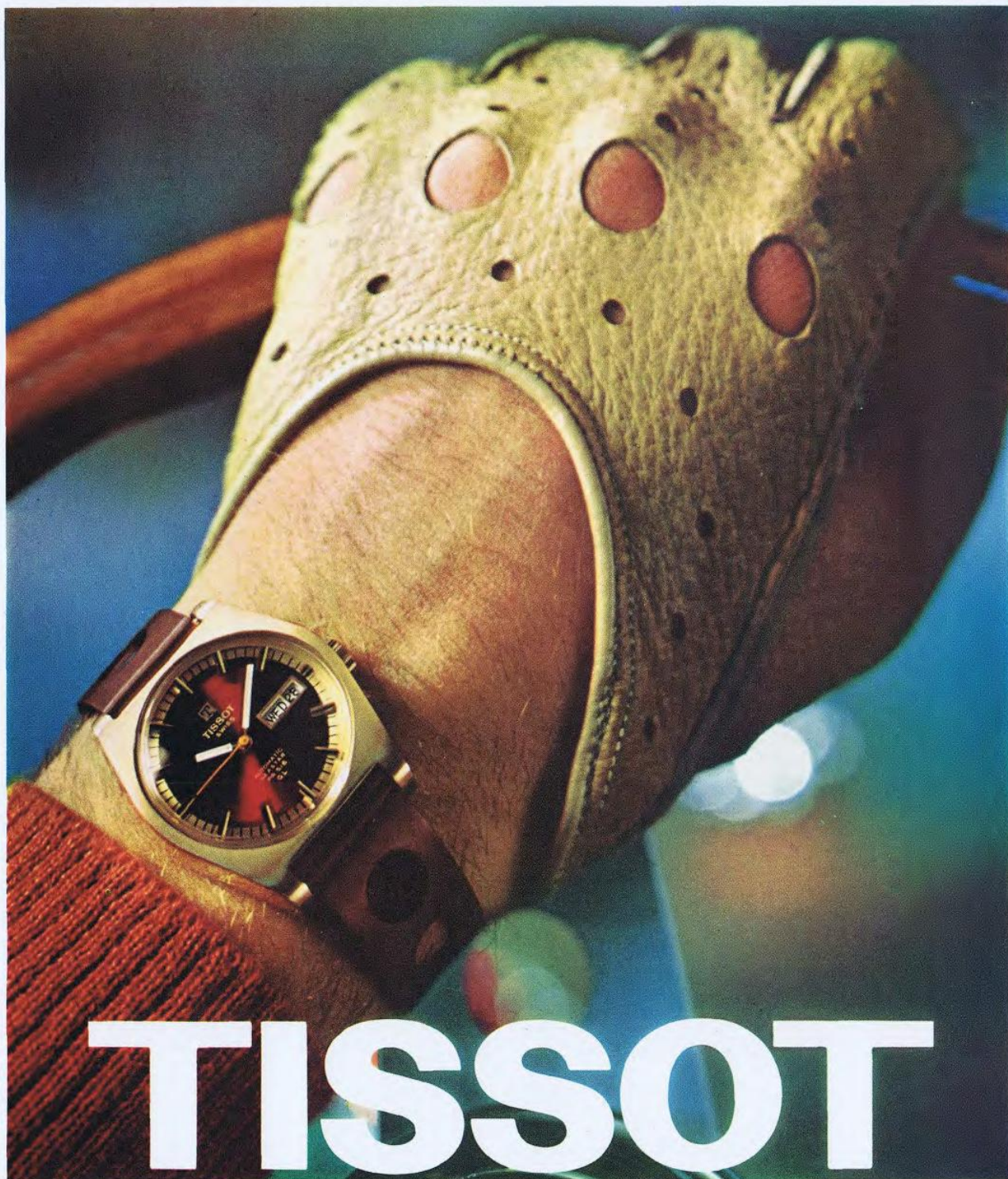
If it were legalized, a large and rapidly growing component of illegal gross national product would become a rapidly growing element of legal Gross National Product. In either case the growth would have an inflationary tendency.

The FBI groups seven crimes in its Uniform Crime Report to form a crime index. However, a special government survey made for the Katzenbach Commission in 1967 showed that actual crime in the United States was at least several times that of the FBI reports. Burglaries were three times those reported for FBI statistics, assaults and larcenies were twice the FBI rate, property crime more than double, and the special survey itself is believed to underestimate what really goes on. Therefore official figures tend to be minimum figures.

Judging by official estimates, the biggest volume business is gambling. Illegal gambling, *i.e.* that done outside the borders of Nevada, was placed at

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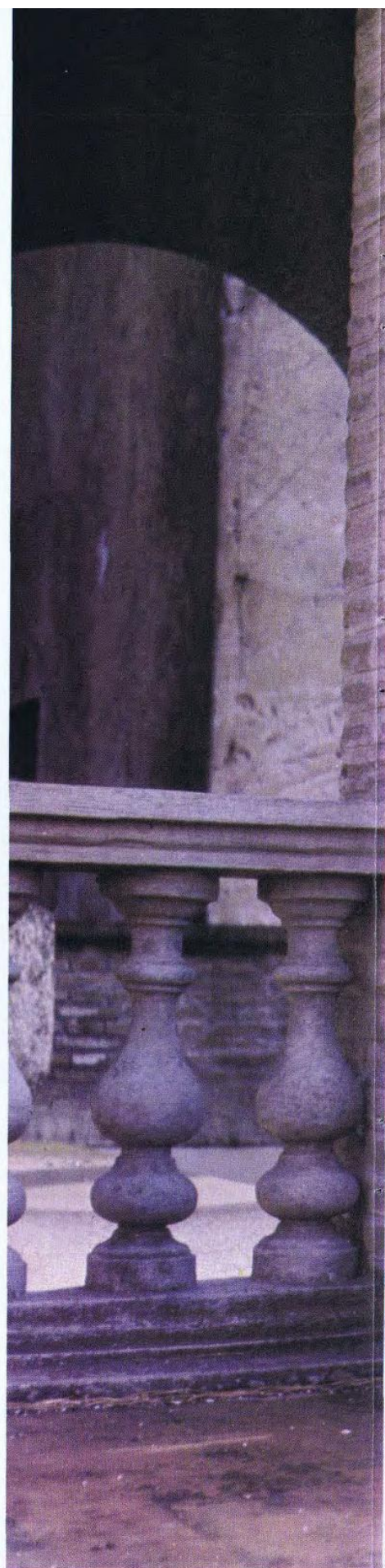
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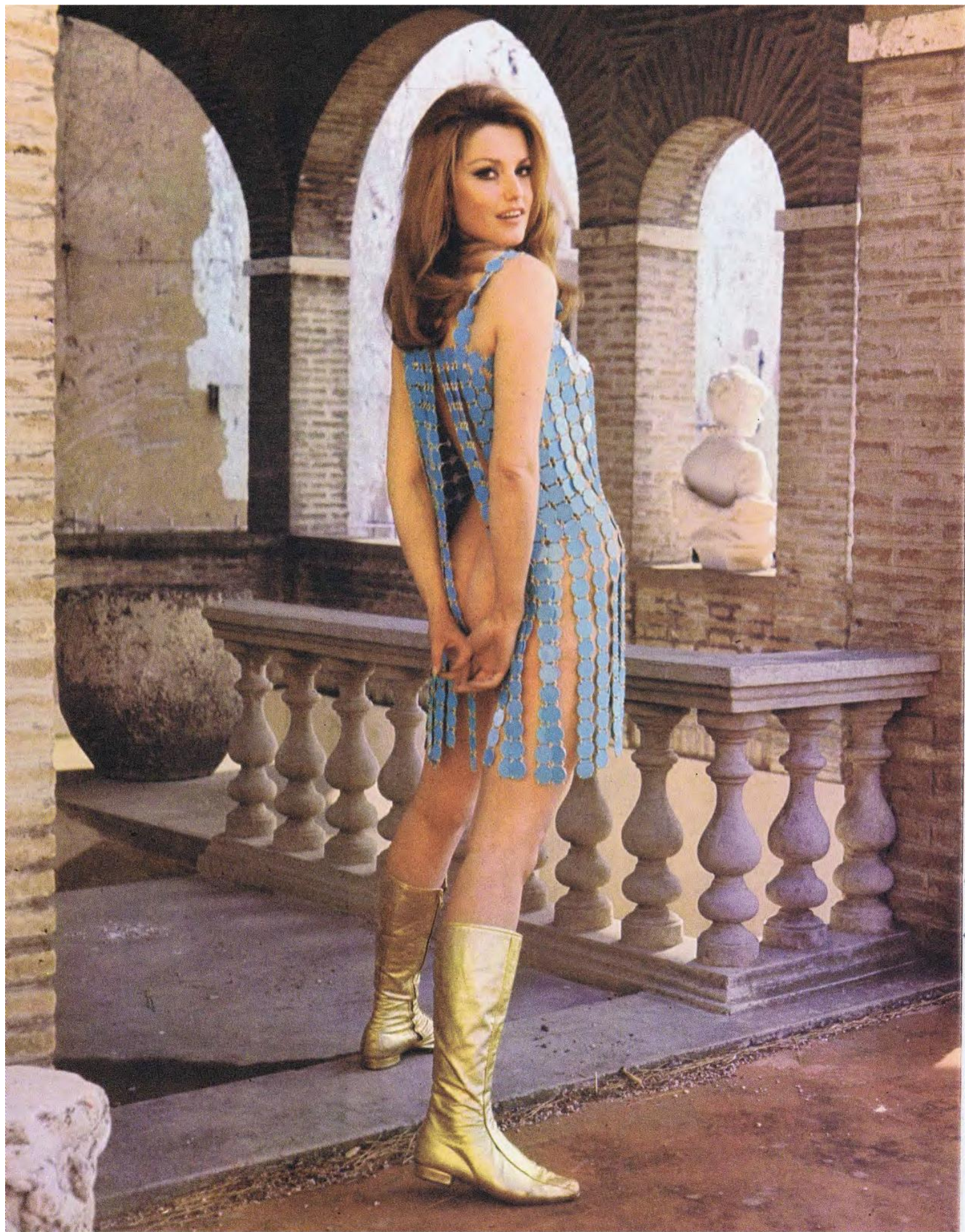


figure it becomes meaningless without a personality to match. All Italians are actors—the most natural actors in the world. They not only expect everyone else to be the same, they demand it.”

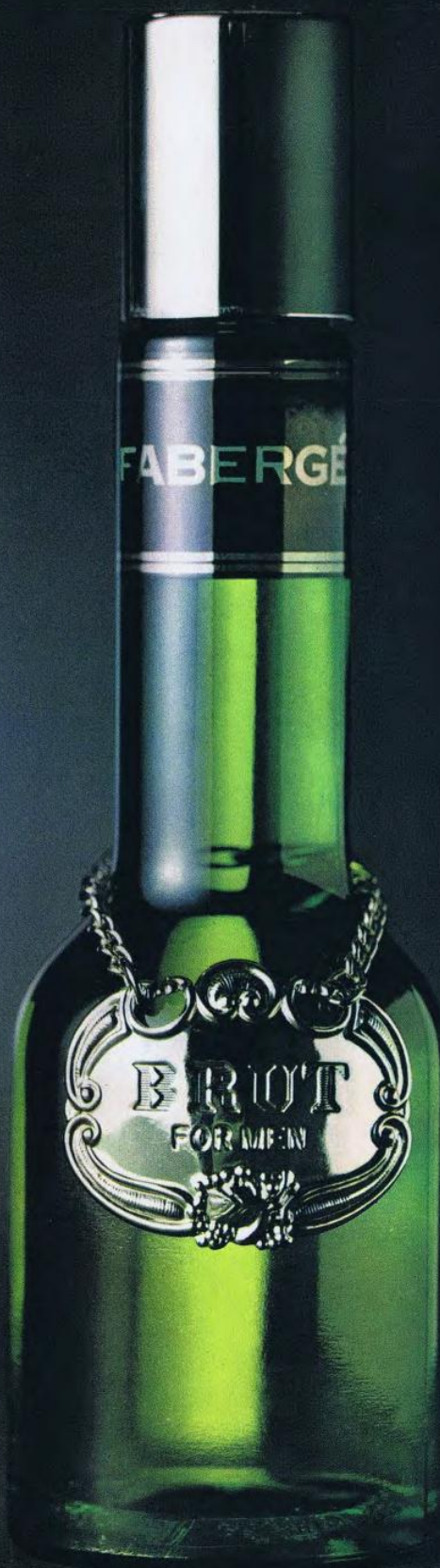
Personality, according to our more informed sources, is what an actress





projects on the screen. It is the stock-in-trade of every star—the one, immutable quality that distinguishes success from failure. Some people call it magnetism, and you either have it or you don't. In Miss Konopka's case—suitable evidence of which is herewith provided—Magdatism is practically her first name. ♀

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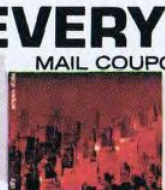
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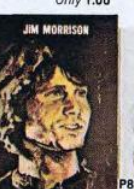
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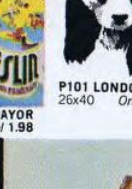
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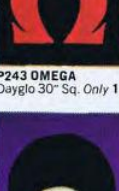
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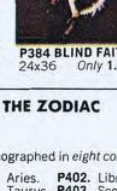
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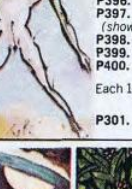
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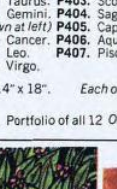
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A LIFE OF FOLIES



For more than a quarter of a century the Folies Bergère—where striptease was introduced in 1894—has enjoyed its most prosperous period. And during all this time its celebrated spectacles have been the creation of one man: Michel Gyarmathy, a pre-war Hungarian refugee who became artistic director of the most famous entertainment in Paris. "Monsieur Michel", as he is known to his staff, devises every new production, which usually requires about 40 sets, more than 1,000 individual costumes, and the most complex mechanical and electrical effects. He also recruits *les girls* (the English word is used, as *filles* has overtones of "tart"), and hires the acrobats, magicians, singers, tightrope walkers, performing animals, and other variety acts that intersperse the nudity. Originally more of a music-hall, whose boards were trodden by such famous beginners as Charlie Chaplin and Colette

(before she turned novelist), the theater shifted emphasis during World War I, when "the exhibition of feminine pulchritude in the nude became the most sensational aspect of a Folies show". In the sparkling era that followed, stars included Maurice Chevalier and Mistinguette, Raimu, Fernandel, Yvonne Printemps, and Josephine Baker. Nothing to do with shepherdesses, the Folies' name was intended to be Trévisé, but some dispute developed and Bergère was taken from the name of a nearby street—actually the theater is in the rue Richer. For this exclusive Penthouse Interview, following the recent centenary of the Folies, Paul Tabori visited Monsieur Michel—a bachelor now turned sixty—in his panelled office at the theater, picking a way back stage through a memorable perfumed haze of plumes, sequins and near-naked lovelies limbering up.

Penthouse: How do you select the girls for the Folies Bergère?

Gyarmathy: That depends. In any case, the candidates simply come into my office and undress.

Penthouse: How far?

Gyarmathy: Completely, of course. If they have beautiful breasts—and I am, I must say, a perfectionist—and a well-proportioned body and if they are willing, they are engaged for the group that appears nude, or practically nude, on the stage. If the girl is tall but hasn't a perfect—well, near perfect—body but she walks well, has a certain queenliness, what I might call a majestic grace about her, then I hire her as a *mannequin habillée*, a "dressed or clothed model". And if she can even dance and is not too tall, then she is engaged for the dancers group.

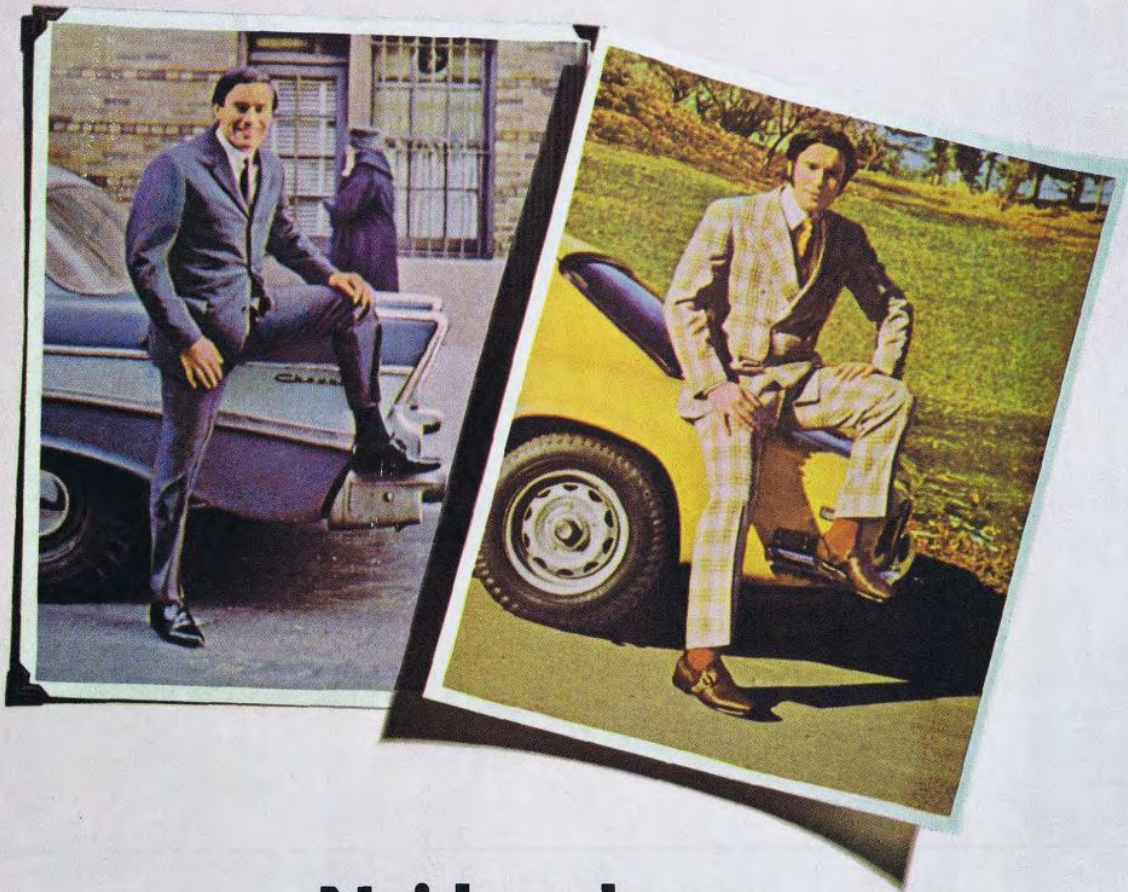
Penthouse: Which are the highest paid?

Gyarmathy: The nudes—they are the hardest to find. But I must confess that there is a little trouble with nudity these days, the law of diminishing returns has started to operate. On stage, on the screen, naked bodies are shown in such profusion and in such motion and actions that we would have never dared to think up for revue productions. I went to see *Hair* in the States, and as you know, women and men appear in it completely nude. True, only for a very short time and in comparatively dim light—not in the blaze of the Folies Bergère stage. But we have never shown a naked boy on our stage and we never intend to do so. *Hair*, naturally, became a *succès de scandale* both in New York and London—mainly because of this nudity, for otherwise I think it's a terrible bore. But we don't want a scandalous success, and a short or long run based on something that people go to look at once and never again—by the way, *Hair* is now running in Paris, too. So we have to think of something else, something that goes beyond nudity without losing its charm and attractiveness. Something that can be repeated many times and—this is an important consideration—won't get us into trouble with the police!

Penthouse: Besides the law of diminishing returns, there's also Gresham's Law about bad money driving out the good. Is it possible that artistic nudity may be driven out by performances like the American play *Che*, in which not only is there total nudity but the actors and actresses have simulated or actual intercourse on the stage?

Gyarmathy: I haven't seen the play you mention—but I would dearly love to. Maybe I could steal from it a few tricks for the next Folies Bergère revue. If one can be naked in a straight, non-musical show, then why shouldn't they perform the sex act as well—to give nudity some meaning. Of course, I would prefer the simulated version—I wouldn't like to have to put into a contract, for instance, that my stars have to produce the proper tumescence every evening, not to mention matinees. What if they are not in the mood—in spite of the lovely girls I am able to produce as partners? In any case, there are very few people for whom nudity does not become immediately or very shortly associated with the idea of intercourse—so perhaps there is no real need to act it out.

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Penthouse: The Folies has just celebrated its centenary. During your own 30 years with the revue what have been the most striking changes?

Gyarmathy: The post-war years have certainly changed the approach to life and art of whole generations. An essential aspect for us has been the immense development of tourism. I would say that 10 or 20 times as many people are going abroad today as between the wars, despite currency and other restrictions. About two-thirds of the seats of the Folies Bergère are filled with tourists, and not only have their numbers risen but their social composition has unavoidably altered. Despite the financial crises the earning capacity and the living standard of whole nations have improved. And because of the composition of our audiences, we naturally have to cater to some extent to the taste of the tourist, and not of the connoisseur or the discriminating few. Our shows run unchanged for two or three years, because we have enough first visitors to Paris to come and see them. This is a decisive element because it enables us to spend substantial sums on each show, as we have often three or four years in which to recoup our investment. But despite all the changes, there are traditions that are unassailable. The revue theaters have very old traditions and among them the Folies Bergère is the oldest. So we must always keep something, and we cannot do things that are totally new, or our customers would feel cheated. The boy from Texas who comes to us has, more likely than not, already heard from his father what the Folies Bergère is like. He knows there are staircases, sequined costumes, feathers and furbelows—and if he does not see all this, he is bound to think that something has gone wrong. So I am forced to stick to these long-established traditions—though I always keep the changes of fashion in mind. I could just as little change the character of the Folies Bergère as a new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales could make the prince marry one of the Ugly Sisters.

Penthouse: What was the Folies Bergère like after the liberation, when Paris was crowded with the Allies?

Gyarmathy: The enthusiasm, the jubilation was quite fantastic. The Americans crowded into our theater—by then I had been appointed artistic director—and they have always been our most enthusiastic audience. This type of revue exists only in Paris. Spectacular musicals are, of course, native to New York and London—but the Folies Bergère has always been unique in its field. The arrival of the Americans in those wonderful days of 1944 was a spectacular event. I remember the jeep that rolled down the Avenue de l'Opéra and the American soldiers jumping out and rushing up the great staircase. They probably wanted to be the first to "liberate" the Opéra. This is a sight I shall always remember—just as the first night when we played for them—and no longer for the "potato-bugs", as we called the Germans.

Penthouse: You said that this type of spectacular revue does not exist elsewhere?

Gyarmathy: A little correction here. There is a Folies Bergère revue in Las Vegas—which I have been producing myself for the last seven years. The Casino de Paris and the Lido also

Generally the moral level of our girls is high. It has to be. Our shows demand physical exertion, which is bound to suffer from debauchery



have productions in Las Vegas and they are all successful. The Americans are wizards at producing their own type of entertainment—but the reason they invite us to work in the States is that only we French can turn out truly Parisian revues. I should say we foreigners—as most of the great Paris spectaculars are produced by what the French call *les sales étrangers*, the bloody foreigners.

Penthouse: How many people work at the Folies Bergère?

Gyarmathy: About 300. Out of these around

80 are artistes, the rest technical personnel. Our stage is very small—only 18 feet deep—and our performances run for three and a half hours. Each scene runs for an average of 90 seconds, some only a minute and a few for four or five minutes. Everything has to move at a tremendously fast pace—for we have found that this is the only way of keeping the audiences interested and, I hope, fascinated.

Penthouse: You said that most of your productions run for two or three years. How do you start creating such a revue?

Gyarmathy: I can only answer that there is no beginning, middle or end to it. I always have ideas already worked out which I had left out of the previous production and kept in my desk. Besides, in a theater that has existed for over a century, and during more than three decades of my own work, everything has been done before. The task is in the presentation, the dressing-up of some idea that is old enough to be new or has acquired a new angle. It is rather like the chef's work who can prepare the same dish in ten different ways. If the sauce or the decoration is different people believe they are eating something completely new. It is the same with revues. I work about a year on each new production—alone. I design the sets and costumes, compile the music, elaborate the choreography and the various movements so that by the time rehearsals start (which never last less than three months) my share is practically finished. I simply have to communicate it to the company. The rehearsals are smooth and clean, with never any incidents for I have no doubts about my own conceptions—or rather, if I have any doubts, they have been resolved by me. It is wonderful how easy it is to convince yourself that you are right.

Penthouse: Nudity naturally plays an important part in the productions, but somehow the nudity of the Folies has a different quality. Is it the presentation, the garnishing—or the girls themselves?

Gyarmathy: I think the girls themselves. A totally nude girl is pretty helpless, cruelly exposed. She has nothing with which to cover up any blemishes, balance any imperfections, and I need hardly say that even the most ravishing beauty has some little imperfection, something that needs the emphasis or diminution of this or that feature. A girl, cunningly and lovingly dressed—or undressed, if you like—always has the ways and means to improve and enhance nature. A nude girl has nothing to speak for her except her nudity. Parisian girls, by and large, are charming and delightful and not at all sophisticated as the American girls are. Let me tell you a little anecdote to illustrate my point, to explain why the Parisienne is so popular and ravishing. In our Las Vegas revues only half the company is French—the other half is made up of American girls. This is according to union rules, of course. During the rehearsals it became evident that the American girls were working much harder—it was striking how much more seriously they took their job than my French girls. The management asked me to tell the American girls not to be such eager beavers, to slack off a little, to chatter and gossip, to miss an occasional step, to forget about mechanical precision . . .

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

The People Breeders

When Aldous Huxley wrote *Brave New World* in 1932 he described a world state several centuries in the future where all human beings were reared from eggs in factories or incubators. Scientists could produce several classes of personality ranging from the highly intelligent whose sole purpose was to enjoy life to the feeble-minded who were suited only for manual labor. The novel was set in the distant future because the scientific knowledge needed to bring about this type of society was not available when Huxley wrote it.

In 1953, there occurred a remarkable breakthrough in man's knowledge. Drs James Watson and Francis Crick working in Cambridge, England, discovered the *chemical nature of life itself*. Since then, the developments that have occurred in the areas of molecular biology and genetic engineering have been so revolutionary that it is reasonable to predict that by the year 2000 we shall be able to produce men with the artistic and intellectual abilities of Michelangelo, Einstein, Bach and Rembrandt and with the physical powers of Charles Atlas.

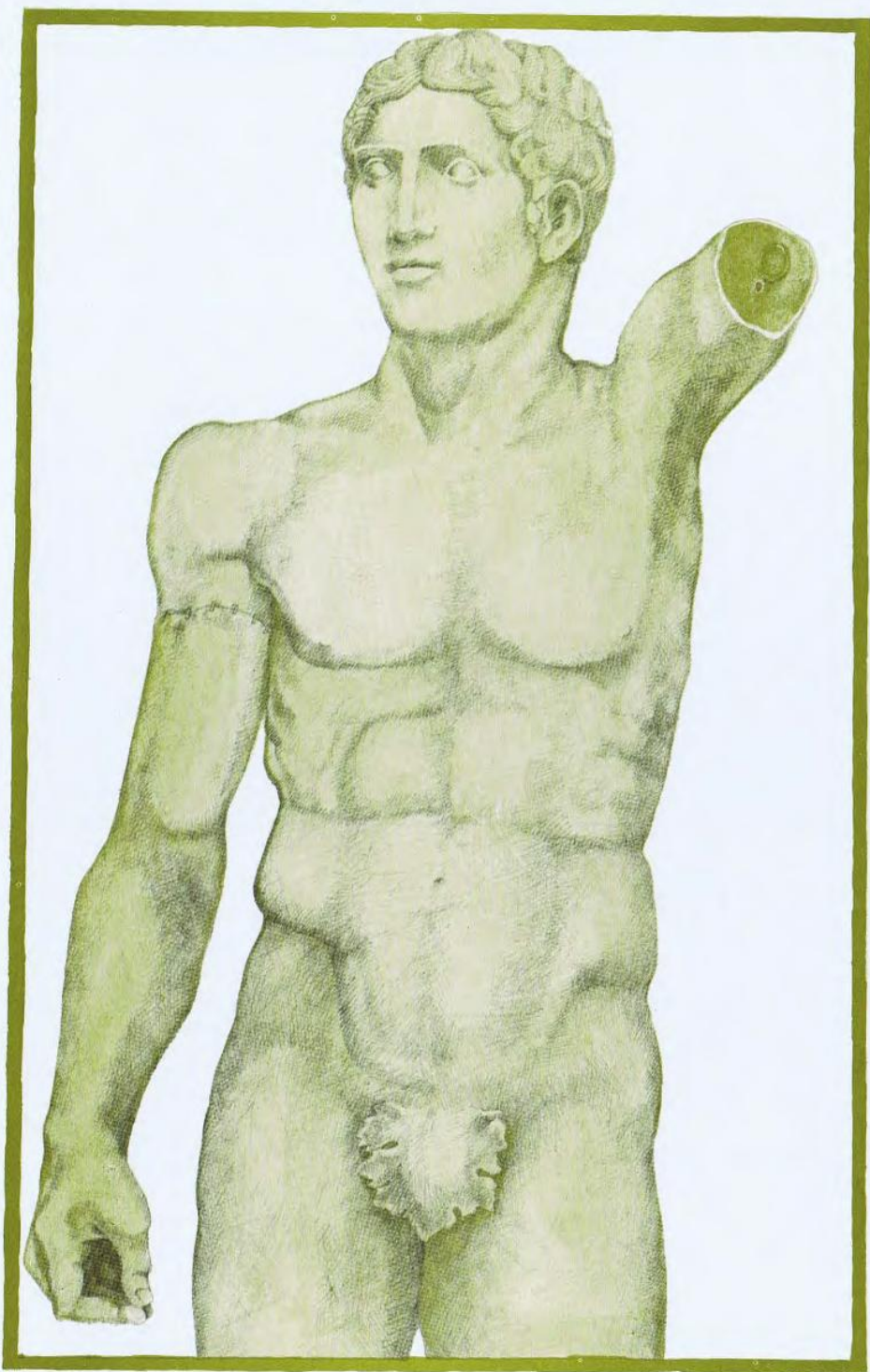
Disease will become almost extinct. Man should live to be well over a century without any loss of physical or mental capabilities.

Clearly, such power in the hands of man and his bureaucratic machinery imposes enormous responsibilities. For the second time in this century scientists, philosophers and sociologists are faced with a shattering moral dilemma, unequalled in man's history.

Since the birth of genetics as a science in 1866—when Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk, first postulated the laws of heredity—man has been able to use selective breeding to improve his *plants* and *animal* stocks. He has reared new strains resistant to bad conditions and offering a higher yield of food. This approach has been useful, but limited in that geneticists have little control over which characteristics are passed down to the new generations. It is almost a trial-and-error technique as it is uncertain whether or not a new strain will have the desired traits. Hence, in any extensive breeding programs it is a tedious and inefficient process.

The importance of the Watson-and-Crick discovery is that we now understand much more about the genes and how they are passed on from parent to progeny. Each characteristic of every living thing is determined by one or more genes, which are strung together like beads along the chromosomes. Man has 24 pairs of chromosomes, carrying many thousands of genes, in every cell of his body.

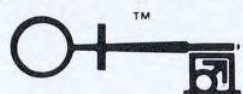
When a baby is born, its individuality is determined by the combination of the genes it receives from its parents.



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Whether the child is male or female, short or tall, black or white, a musical prodigy or tone deaf cannot be decided by the parents, since they can only pass on the genes that they themselves have.

Genetic engineering offers revolutionary change. Once we understand precisely how the chemical genes control the characteristics of a living organism, we shall be able to manipulate them at will. For example, if a couple particularly want a son, the woman need only be fertilized with a set of chromosomes carrying the genes for maleness. A male offspring will be a certainty. For this sort of choice to be possible, normal sexual intercourse obviously cannot be used. The particular genes that specify each of the desired characteristics must be isolated and then built into the sperm that will fertilize the prospective mother.

A major step in this direction was achieved at Harvard University just a few months ago when a team of research scientists headed by Dr Jonathan Beckwith isolated a single gene in a purified form from a bacterium. The techniques used by Dr Beckwith's group lend themselves to adaptation for use with higher organisms including man. It is logical to assume that in the future gene banks similar to blood banks will be established, where thousands of different human genes will be stored. From this point on we will have become The Brave New World. Prospective parents who may want a particular type of child will just feed the specific requirements into a computer. The necessary genes will be built into a sperm sample and the woman then fertilized by artificial insemination.

Great as this achievement may seem right now, undoubtedly it represents only a first step. It is the nature of man to consider something routine once it has been achieved. As soon as man is able to determine the sex and such other basic characteristics as color of skin, eyes, and hair of his child he will demand further refinements. For example he might demand that his child be given musical ability, straight hair, a perfect figure, a particular nose shape, etc.

The surest way of producing such intricate genetic variations will be to produce the genes artificially in the laboratory—a process that requires the ability to create life synthetically.

The creation of life from inanimate matter has been the dream of many men from the beginning of history. Sorcerers have spent their lives trying to conjure living spirits out of the air, water, fire and earth to carry out their biddings. The voodoo cult has ceremonies that aim at bringing the dead back to life as zombies and as slaves of their master. There are even cases of men like Frankenstein who tried to create a living

person from the parts of dead bodies or to put life into a clay figure, the Golem of medieval Jewish legend.

The definition of life in its biological sense is difficult to state because machines can carry out most of the functions that we call "living". Movement, response to a given stimulus, the uptake of air and food (or fuel) and the excretion of waste gases and solids are associated with "life functions". But they are also all characteristics of a lifeless object, such as an automobile engine, for example. All living things have one characteristic that is uniquely theirs. Only they have genetic content that can duplicate itself and be passed down from generation to generation via the process of reproduction. Thus, the synthesis by man of a set of genes that carry within them all the information needed to reproduce themselves is the creation of life for the first time.

For several years now, following the Watson and Crick description of the genetic chemical, scientists all over the world have been searching for the means to synthesize genetic material. One of the teams of scientists in the forefront of this field is experimenting with chemical methods. As yet we have not succeeded in creating anything as complex as a chromosome but the techniques for building it, piece by piece, are well advanced. Once scientists have mastered this process and can produce complex genetic material with the same exactitude with which they can now produce a computer or a space vehicle, we shall have obtained the means to control human evolution.

Natural evolution is a random process. It is simply a matter of chance that the human species developed from reptiles and that man produces a genius or a mental and physical weakling. If we bypass procreation by the union of male and female as the means of producing further generations and, instead, create human beings from synthetic genes in the laboratory we could make men and women of greatly increased intelligence and physical development who could then breed to populate the earth with supermen. The problem already facing genetic engineers is one of morality. We would have a race of supermen so superior that they could dominate the world. Yet, paradoxically being man-made originally, they would be technically little more than robots. If many people today feel that their lives are dominated by technology, they have seen nothing compared to what could readily happen in the future.

The production of synthetic humans is so complex that our first attempts at creating a living organism will probably center on a simple form, a virus. Viruses are the microscopic germs that cause such diseases as influenza, smallpox, polio and hepatitis in man, as

well as diseases in all animals, plants and even bacteria. They are the smallest living things known. The polio virus, for example, measures only one millionth of an inch in diameter and contains about six genes. Although they are so simple, they have the capacity to infect a living cell and reproduce to give hundreds or thousands of copies of themselves in a few hours, usually causing the cell to die in the process. Ability to make virus-like organisms will open up new horizons in the prevention of disease and the curing of hereditary defects. However, if this process should fall into unscrupulous hands, a method of waging war will have been obtained that makes the atomic weapon look like a bow and arrow.

It is safe to assume that all the major governments of the world have, for several years, allocated money for defense against germ warfare. At this stage most, if not all, of the bacteria and viruses that could defeat an enemy are not usable, due to effective antibiotics and widespread vaccination. But supposing man can make an artificial virus that the enemy cannot immunize against in time? Such a virus would be designed to be highly virulent, to rapidly spread throughout the enemy population. Yet, it would be harmless to the attacking nation which would have had the necessary time to make vaccines against it before it was used. The germ could even be made so that instead of killing the people it infected it changed their genetic make-up, producing inherited defects that over a few generations would reduce them to physical and mental weaklings incapable of resisting an attack by more conventional warfare. This type of "gene warfare" would act so slowly that an infected nation would not realize it was under attack until it was too late!

Pessimistic as this sounds, counter-measures are already on the drawing board. Recent research studies have produced an entirely new kind of drug that is active against many different types of virus diseases. If this can be developed successfully it might well reduce the threat of advanced germ and gene warfare to nothing more than a bad dream.

Assuming that we are not destroyed by new types of warfare in the meantime, what can be done to extend the life-span of the super-race that we can produce? *One way is to replace body parts that wear out.* We have already reached this stage, with the use of artificial limbs, cornea grafts, kidney and heart transplants and, just recently, lung transplants. Although some of the newer techniques are still experimental and not totally successful, they could become routine operations. One of the drawbacks at the moment is the availability of donors. Even if the heart

transplant operation was one hundred per cent successful right now, there probably would not be enough healthy hearts for all the patients that need them. Experiments with mechanical hearts suggest a way of overcoming this shortcoming, but many organs of the body are just too complex to duplicate mechanically. There may just not be sufficient room in the body for all the machinery to perform the functions of a kidney, liver or gland, for example. A better way to deal with this problem would be to grow human organs in the laboratory, starting with small pieces of human tissue, or even with synthetic genetic material. A few years ago scientists, using a series of hormone treatments, induced a few plant cells to grow into a fully developed plant that had flowers and bred normally. Similar techniques used with man could produce new organs or for that matter even a new human being.

We know for certain that the dynamics of genetic engineering can produce a Brave New World far in advance of Aldous Huxley's vision of the future. We shall be able to produce a super-race with great intellectual and physical characteristics. It will not be vulnerable

to the diseases that affect us and will live much longer due to routine "servicing" to replace faulty parts. We shall be able to program it to have all the characteristics we consider desirable, such as creativity, justice, benevolence: we shall produce "beautiful" people. But they would be totally man-made, a race of perfect robots with only as much freewill as we had chosen to program into their genes!


Who would decide which genetic characteristics must be passed on to future generations if the human species is to survive? How do we police the necessary international agreements to stop one nation from dominating the world?

If chaos is not to result from our brave new world, we must be aware of these problems now and prepare for them. Aldous Huxley took the title for his novel from a speech in Shakespeare's play *The Tempest*:

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,

That has such people in't!

Let us hope that this can be said of our future. 



"You said this would be a fair fight, and then the kid goes and pulls a crummy stunt like that!"

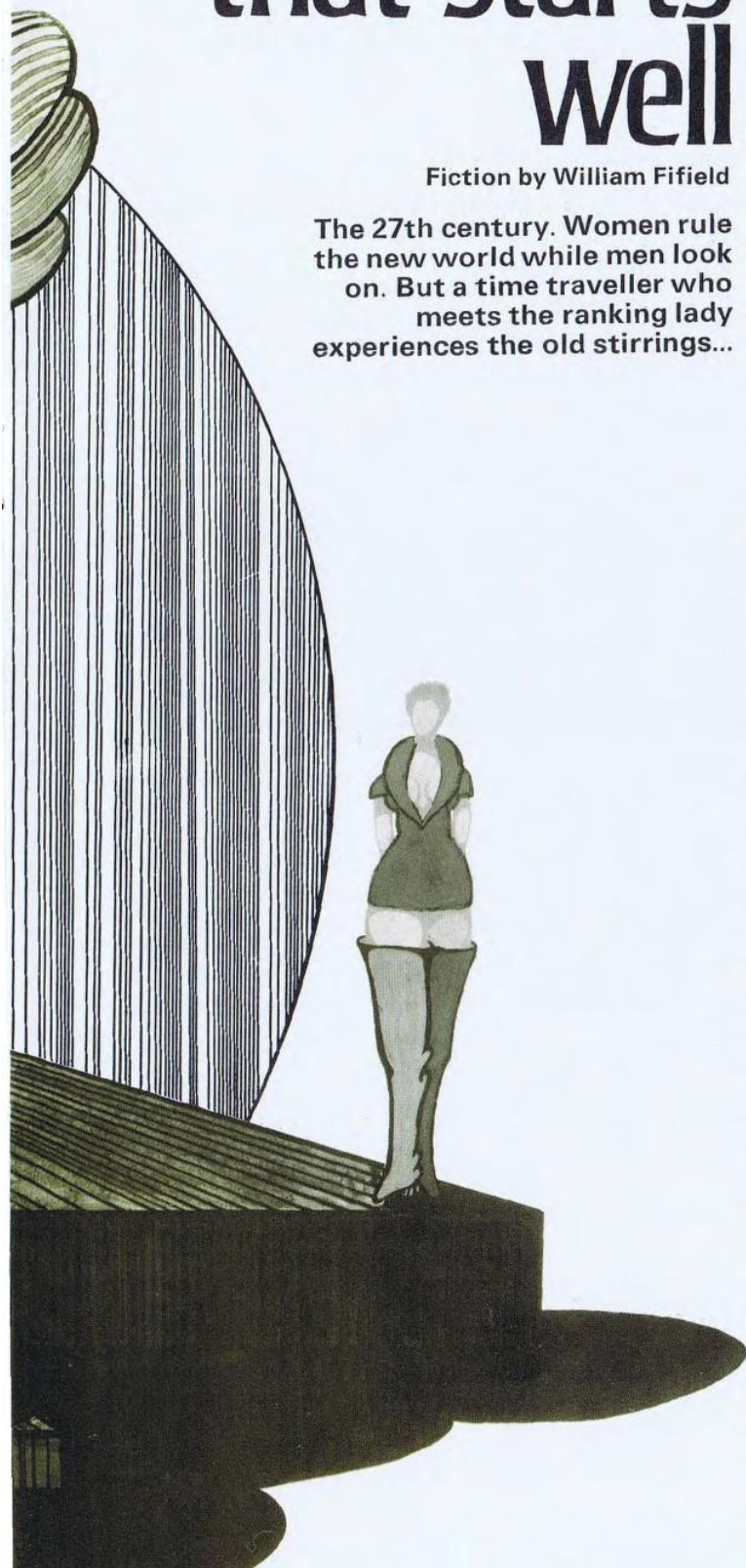


Colin Mier

All's well that starts well

Fiction by William Fifield

The 27th century. Women rule
the new world while men look
on. But a time traveller who
meets the ranking lady
experiences the old stirrings...



I was out walking under the systematic stars of Better Sky when a queer probing or pricking seemed to raise the hairs on the back of my neck. I turned round. Karen was walking up on to the spaces of my eyes.

"Would you like to do that so very much?" she asked. "But kiss me first. Oughtn't we to start a little nearer the beginning?"

Her head was on the side, and her little laugh was like Marco Polo's little bells of China—that go on tinkling in your heart. But she was mocking me.

"Weren't the men of your age so very different? Didn't they slap a woman if they loved her?"

I wanted to take her in my arms. I wanted to crush from her her last resistance, retrieve her in tenderness from her utter submission—but there was no resistance.

"Where are you going?" Dandelion waft, touch on my ego and not my balls. If you cannot go to, you have to go from. I stalked off.

"Don't go!"

I felt how bony my shanks were in the tunic. Her thighs and calves beneath the short tunic were so shapely and beautiful. What would you do?

Next day, the Director of Consumption had fallen into his mood of bitter asperity again. "The Rousseaus," he said, "are to be obliterated. The least thing can go wrong and set this great clockwork askew." He caught up a carafe. "Do you know I loathe this stuff?" he said, drinking. "The real yearning of my Falstaffian sack is toward an asceticism that would *let me feel my edges*. I want to sit on a pillar in the desert like that hermit in your own day, and let the sun dry me to a nut. I cannot readily convey to you," he turned on me again, "the results of the revolution of your epoch—as Ella O'Reilly has so cold-bloodedly set it out."

I talked of my epoch, glad to have something to say. The Director set me right.

"The Pragmo is already being worked up on you," he said, "and you will do well not to exceed it. Your facts are no longer tentative . . . Oh well, we do not let ourselves be dominated by event, Daggett. We do not stoop down like that. We *make* fact. Reality is what men think. Oh well, it's been a long time."

Some kind of pity seemed to seize him, some male twinge across that great sea of time, not that separated our bodies now that I had been vaulted over, but that held apart the spinning seedbeds of our origins. I, I knew, was a kind of fossil for the Hall of Prototypes, a kind of Gary Cooper ape, somewhat up the tree from Pithecanthropus—yet, strangely, there was some kind of communication all the same.

With a grimace of commiseration, the Director held out to me a fat book. "Read and weep," he said. "I recommend to you these pages. The historicity of our fall from sexual dominance will whet your balls."

I can think of nothing kinder, gentlemen, than to offer you a glimpse of the pages themselves.

THE CONTRACEPTIVE REVOLUTION

by Ella O'Reilly

Freedom from independence had scarcely been achieved and the right of placidity established for the Surterranean peoples when the effects of the pill and contraception of 1887 began to make themselves felt. The crushed sex had, by the year 1970, commenced to assert itself. A core hitherto unsuspected in the weeping creature of that early age, given to fainting and fanning herself with pieces of insanitary voile, cropped through—like the rocky Tertiary cordillera through soft humus. Males were grappling, still, with techniques against misvoting, but women, free of unselective nurturing, were about other business. In a free fight, man was no match for her. The naive exultation at the release involved in the

attaining of freedom from choice sufficed as the moral content of simple beings capable of—

"Come. Look at the accomplishment of your age," said the Director of Consumption. "Look what you have bequeathed us." Guided to a window, I saw them. Up a corridor they streamed, conveyed on the belts—motionless as a museum of Roman statues, their eyes in their heads like agates, brown, blue, hazel, green, their hair cropped to their skulls. Their lips unrouged, for they had no further need of those painted traps. The glory of Eve and Eden and of God and Creation: women.

June 2, 2632

The Director of Consumption was the only man in their Inner Group. Nero-like as he was, he beautifully inspired by this appearance the campaign of dissipation and indulgence, the pleasuring and consumption of their surfeit which, since it had become so strait-lacedly moral, was repugnant to everyone. They sent a Valentine to the human spirit and mankind in general, imitated by the breast-cleft of the conference table from which the Inner Group ruled the world. When they had had to take their ambrosia, like castor oil, or go into an amatorium where, pricked by the love button, or, so rarely, love, love, love, love, love, they felt afterwards a kind of disgust or revulsion or guilt at their antediluvial fucking or fellatio. That was about all they got out of it.

The cleft in the heart-shaped table was always vacant. The President was never there in the breast plunge between the two lobes. Their sessions, when the Director of Consumption sat always far down toward the coronary tip, began with the Moral Pep-Up. A woman would spring to her feet and begin: "Now we all know that Adam tempted Eve with the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, but that gal wouldn't bite. She kept clear of knowledge and kept to her intuition, so that's how she came out on top. Now I think we can all take that as a darn heartening thing!" And she would plump back down. The President absent, Karen and the General would contest to preside.

"Mad as a tailor," I heard said one day. A pair of the women were clacking their cormorant beaks together in gossip.

I cornered the Director of Consumption and got him into Insulation. "Yes," he admitted, "the President of the United World States is mad. But every administration has its little things to cover up."

"And that's why she never comes to the meetings?"

"Yes." He lifted a great ham fist, white with the ages underground. He pressed it like a flabby fungus against a wall. "Did you know Chamberlain?"

"Who?"

"The man who tried to keep Churchill from attacking Hitler. Only think!—to render things meaningful by a parsimonious penny-pinching. Criminal—yet I admit to envy. To have walked ten miles to get back a book. Then that book must have had meaning."

"But that was Lincoln..." I began.

But he had gone away in the spirit. A strange lascivious look came into his eyes, the libidinous look of a woman lustful for the penetration of sinew and purport... Yet how to ache and gape for what you already have? He sat—strange that despite Verne, Wells, Bradbury... these people sat on chairs, had tables, had beds, so that, in nothing that was important, their world resembled ours.

"Yes," said the Director, to whom it was evidently of no importance, "the President is mad."

June 9, 2632

The crucial meeting was not long coming. The why of our arriving late, me and Karen, is a tidy little story perfumed with love. Do you know what it is to have a lightly mocking smile fixed on you, and a faintly sadistic amusement in the eyes? You feel *hunted*. Of course it may be different if you are feminine (to use an archaic word). Karen teased me by making allusions to sex, but you couldn't get a grasp on them. It was a kind of sport of coming near.

On the day of the meeting she took me into one of the amatoria. I don't know if she really meant to press the love button or not, but I grabbed her wrist.

"Oh, primitive man!"

And this so offended me that I struck her. I was a curio out of the Neanderthal age, and I could feel my humped shoulders, and might as well have had fur on my back, and ape arms, and it put me off! And now that I had struck that wistful little face I felt right again, and good. A red blur filled me—we were in Insulation but in it together—and that outrage sufficed. Because it was appalling to think that with such an essentially nice, touching kid I should be goosed to it by the rays from their damned mechanical love button.

So we were late for the meeting.

It took place in their enormous Hall. The Hall was like a gigantic hangar, or the inside of a great bubble or blister, coated all over with a glistening film like the New Skin my mother used to put on my cuts when I was a kid long—*long!*—ago. They had effaced every obtrusion, planed everything smooth, the great dome of the inside of an egg. We men, we few consorts let watch, were high up in a hatch, a kind of observation booth fastened up on the wall. Below, nothing but the sea of women, rank on rank, placid and gazing, endless rows of them to infinity—not there to contribute, or debate, but affirm. The men around me giggling and gossiping, and nudging one another at this or that, I watched with glued sight the governors of Earth, the Easter Island idol women, flexible as duranium and sweet as granite, the gouvernantes and samurai, the termagants of the 27th Century peopling the stage, on which, centred, was the unique blazon: *E Unum Pluribus*. Out of the Many, One. *The placidity of the citizenry is the first aim of good government.*

One of the Directors stood up below. The meeting was already under way, the great congress deliberated in front of the voiceless mass. Karen had slipped in and taken her place at the lobe opposite to that of the General.

"Make war on them? The paltry few?" questioned the standing Director. Her voice was a sneer. "Where will this not lead? Will we tremble at everything—cringe at every sign—from this universe we think we rule?"

The General stood up. She held a pointer in her one good hand, an ash staff startlingly like that which had disciplined my youth, stabbing at ciphers on blackboards which had filled me with such intolerable weariness, held by a bitch unsexed by the educational system, my dear teacher, and for an instant I thought it was all a mirage—a Freudian or other conjuration. No—I was here. These women, alas, were not the resentments of my gizzard.

"The crater has been scoped," the General coldly said, and flexed the pointer. She was evidently indicating the seat of the trouble on a huge operations map that hung on one wall.

One of her adherents burst up and uttered: "There is safety in numbers!"

"They cannot be numerous," somebody said. "If there are any of the Rousseau fugitives at all..."

The General went on, unheeding. "The crater has been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

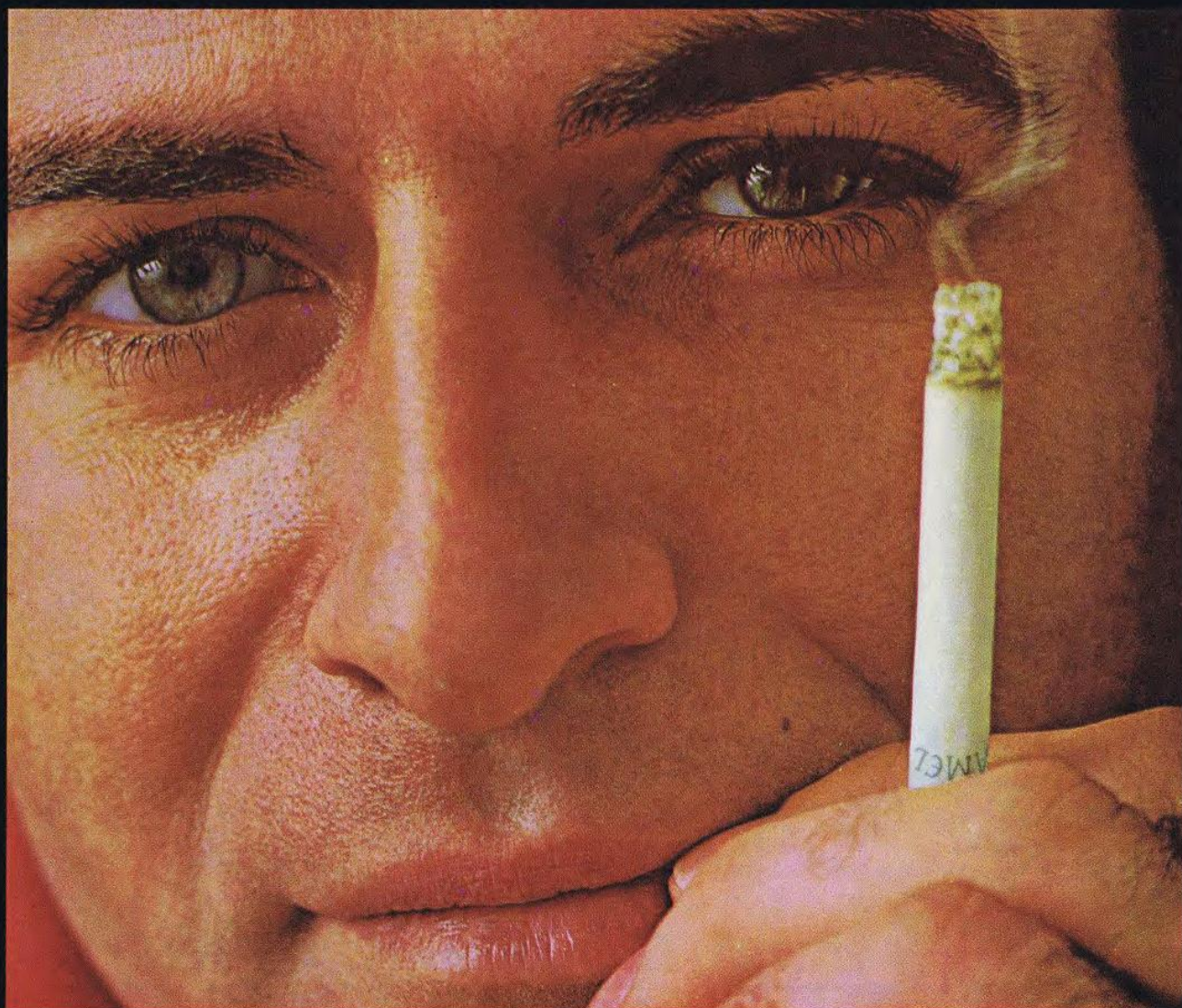
GUCCIONE

THE VIRGIN



GUCCIONE

A touch of Turkish
smooths out taste
in a cigarette.
Who's got it? Camel.
Start walking.



"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

© 1970 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

LITERARY DIALOGUE

WITH JOSEPH HELLER

The author of Catch-22 talks to novelist George Mandel, author of Flee the Angry Strangers etc.

Mandel: I understand you have been married 25 years.

Heller: That's true, and I've enjoyed almost every minute of it.

Mandel: Almost? Then there were periods that you did not enjoy?

Heller: Yes. Periods of separation. There have been times when, because of my work, I have had to leave my home to buy a newspaper or get a bottle of milk. These moments apart from my wife and children are very difficult to bear.

Mandel: I see. Have you ever been unfaithful?

Heller: No.

Mandel: Not once?

Heller: Not once.

Mandel: Have you ever been tempted?

Heller: No.

Mandel: Not once?

Heller: Not once.

Mandel: You're that much of a monogamist?

Heller: No. That much of a liar.

Mandel: If you *were* tempted, and you *did* give in to your temptations, would your wife object?

Heller: No, she wouldn't object because she wouldn't know.

Mandel: And if your wife did know, would she object?

Heller: My wife wouldn't object, my daughter would.

Mandel: You have one son and one daughter, and they are teenagers, is that correct?

Heller: Yes.

Mandel: Well this induces me to ask how you feel about the new morality.

Heller: What new morality—sex?

Mandel: Yes. I understand there's a new sex revolution that has us by the—

Heller: It certainly doesn't have us by the throat. And young people don't seem to be any happier as a result of it. I think the experience in the Scandinavian countries—where there has been unlimited sex for years—indicates that there does not seem to be a necessary relationship between total happiness and unrestrained sex.

Mandel: Do you think, as so many people maintain, that sex is clean and beautiful?

Heller: No, and I'm glad it isn't. If people want something clean and beautiful, let them go to bed with a bar of soap. As that eminent financier and movie director Mel Brooks once said, if sex is so clean and beautiful, why can't you do it with your mother?

Mandel: Maybe what's wrong now is the so-called sexual



Joseph Heller photographed by Sheila Yurman

PENTHOUSE EXCLUSIVE

revolution. The best part of it is starting to be eliminated—the vice. What do you think of that?

Heller: I miss the vice. I think what many young people have lost and many middle-aged people—I mean people of my generation but not my moral rectitude—what they are losing by promiscuity is the sense of adventure that used to accompany copulation, which is now called lovemaking. I really don't like this idea of sex being respectable, or even universal. I'd rather it were reserved for just me and a few friends.

Mandel: Maybe there is hope in the maxi-coat. Do you think

that this is a possible unconscious attempt on the part of the young to make sex sneaky again?

Heller: No, I think it is a conscious attempt to keep warm.

Mandel: But from this innocent attempt good things may come, longer dresses and a lot of seclusion for the female person.

Heller: I don't think that is necessarily a good thing. I like the female person.

Mandel: And I like your moral rectitude—which is said to be very apparent in both your novel, *Catch-22*, and your play, *We Bombed In New Haven*. On the subjects of your play and

your moral rectitude, were you able to engage in sexual relations with any of the women in the cast?

Heller: Are you asking if the popular belief about stage people—about girls offering to do almost anything to get parts in a play—was true in my experience?

Mandel: I am asking about your experience with the women in the cast.

Heller: My experience in this respect was limited because there was only one female part in the play. I suspect that I could have established friendships with some of the boys in the cast, but I don't think my wife would have approved of that.

Mandel: Well, have you had any calls or letters from women or girls propositioning you since *Catch-22* was published?

Heller: I would say that the publication and the success of *Catch-22* has exposed me to a number of carnal temptations, all of which, with God's help, I have been successful in resisting.

Mandel: You did wish to resist them?

Heller: Of course. I have endeavored to resist them steadfastly.

Mandel: Because of your moral rectitude?

Heller: No, because of my wife. You must understand that not all the answers I give you are necessarily true.

Mandel: I will try my best to remember that. I hear the movie of *Catch-22* is soon to be released. Have you seen any of it?

Heller: No I haven't seen any of it.

Mandel: Have you heard about it?

Heller: I've heard that it's soon to be released. You just told me that.

Mandel: Anything else?

Heller: That it's exceptionally good. All that was photographed. But it will have to be cut down to about two hours.

Mandel: It will run that long?

Heller: Yes, between two hours and two hours and 15 minutes, which is a bit longer than the average picture. And this is much much more than an average picture, from what I've been told.

Mandel: It sort of follows the pattern of your book. I remember that you had about that much footage in the novel too, and that you cut whole sequences out of it.

Heller: I cut out about 100—close to 200—pages, which was a shame, since they were all pretty good.

Mandel: I understand you are still selling pieces of it.

Heller: Yes. I'm selling unpublished parts of *Catch-22*. In fact I am writing more unpublished parts of *Catch-22*, since there seems to be a market for them.

Mandel: What is it called, this industry?

Heller: By-products, literary by-products.

Mandel: Right. I gather that there aren't many by-products of *Catch-22* which you aren't selling. Yossarian cookies, Joseph Heller sweat shirts. But the first literary by-product of yours that I can remember hearing about was index cards. Is there any truth to the story that you sold a bunch of index cards to somebody who was about to make a movie of *Catch-22*?

Heller: Yes. That goes back about six years. I had index cards, outlines, notes that I had used to keep track of the characters in *Catch-22*. The movie rights were owned by Columbia Pictures then and a different director was going to make it. He was very interested in having access to all this material. And I was very happy to sell it to him for a rather large sum of money.

Mandel: This included what?

Heller: Outlines, chronologies, character records, and even the dramatization of a number of scenes from the novel for a stage version I had started. The stage rights now belong to me again, by the way, as well as the TV dramatization rights—two additional literary by-products of *Catch-22* that I hope to market someday. It was a combination of outlines and masses of notes that I sold. And what I did sell, I did not sell, of course, in my original hand-writing. I had it all typed because I sensed that the same material could be sold to

other people, or donated to libraries, and that when the time came it would be worth more in the original handwriting.

Mandel: And, I recall, the time came that very year.

Heller: Yes. The original manuscript, along with subsequent versions and all the notes and other material that went into preparation of the novel, was given away to Brandeis University.

Mandel: It was very nice of you to give it to them.

Heller: I've been described before as being generous to a fault.

Mandel: That was certainly generous to your family if not to a fault, in the sense that giving the material to Brandeis saved you some money.

Heller: Well, there were some benefits to be gained in income tax deductions.

Mandel: While we have you in this honest family mood, is there any truth in the story that you once put your firstborn up in the closet?

Heller: What are you talking about?

Mandel: I heard that you once did that.

Heller: Put my first-born up in the closet?

Mandel: On a shelf up in the closet.

Heller: For what reason?

Mandel: To upset your wife. Your wife stepped out of the room and you rushed to put your kid up in the closet. Your excuse was she couldn't crawl anyway. She couldn't get hurt. She was safe.

Heller: I don't recall this. I might have done anything to upset my wife. I am fun-loving at home. I like the sound of laughter, particularly my own.

Mandel: Is it true that in your pizza period, when you wouldn't let anyone in your apartment unless he brought a pizza, that you wouldn't let your own child come home to lunch because she didn't bring a pizza?

Heller: I don't recall it, but if she had come home during that period without a pizza, she would not have been allowed in. She was given money. Everyone in my family was given money.

Mandel: Given money to buy pizza?

Heller: No, not just to buy it, but to come home with the pizza, and if they didn't come with the pizza they were either forgetful or had misappropriated the funds. I believe that children should have responsibility. They should be given chores to do at a very early age. I also believe that, if not every father, then this particular father should be indulged, not only by members of his own family but by strangers as well. There was an opportunity to combine both these principles. I wanted the pizza and they had to be taught responsibility. Both my children profited, by the way. They never come home now without a pizza for me, even though I've lost my taste for it.

Mandel: I'm glad to hear you acknowledge this, because I wouldn't want the inference to be made that my source for this story was a liar.

Heller: Who is your source?

Mandel: Your daughter.

Heller: My daughter doesn't lie. I think that's one of the things that's wrong with American youth today. They don't lie the way we used to and still do.

Mandel: Do you have problems with your children?

Heller: Oh, no. None at all. They may have problems, but I don't.

Mandel: Investigating among your family I learned that, although you may, as you called it, be generous to a fault, you haven't exactly spoiled any of them. I must confess that Lucy is the only one that hasn't complained.

Heller: Lucy is my best friend.

Mandel: For what reason?

Heller: Lucy is a dog. And I'm a man. And everybody knows that a dog is man's best friend.

Mandel: A remark about dogs leads to thoughts of politics. Have you ever thought of running for office?

Heller: I've been beseeched many times to run for high office. I know there is a big need for men like me in Washington, but I'm not interested.

Mandel: What was the highest office you were ever beseeched to run for?

Heller: President of the United States. But I haven't time for that. I have too many responsibilities.

Mandel: You don't feel duty bound to . . .

Heller: Oh, no, no. I really don't feel a free American has any duties or any public responsibilities. I believe the government exists to serve the people. I don't believe the people exist to serve the government. I think it's an obligation of people in the government to cater to us. That's the reason we have a representative form of government.

Mandel: You would call representatives of the people public servants?

Heller: Oh, yes. And they should be treated like servants, not like rulers. They are in office to serve, to administer to the needs of the country, by no means to be looked up to, certainly not on the basis of past performances. I don't want to be President or a Senator because I don't want to put myself in a menial position, frankly.

Mandel: You don't want to be President because you don't want to be a menial?

Heller: Yes, that's the main reason.

Mandel: You don't want people making demands on you and criticizing your speeches.

Heller: I don't want to have the obligation to make speeches, although I don't mind making speeches. In fact, I rather enjoy making speeches. But there is a serious danger that if I did run for President I would win, and I'd have to serve. There's no question in my mind that I could do a much better job in Washington than anybody in the last three or four administrations. I think anybody who knows me knows I can.

Mandel: I know you and I think you can and this leads me back to the original question. If those, especially the youth of the country, who are anti-establishment politically, asked you to serve, would your answer be no?

Heller: If they used the term "serve" the answer would be that I'm not a good servant.

Mandel: What if they asked you to lead them—as a dictator.

Heller: Well, perhaps. But I don't think I'd really be happy as a dictator. The hours would be long.

Mandel: Then may I take it that you are opposed to our form of government?

Heller: I'm not opposed to our form of government. I just don't think it works.

Mandel: Do you have any vision of what might work?

Heller: I really don't care about that. I think the British system works very well, but that is because the English are a superior people.

Mandel: How do you mean?

Heller: I think they are superior. The people in government are much better educated than our own, much more intelligent.

Mandel: Have you spent much time in England?

Heller: I've been there frequently over the years, and long ago I was a student there.

Mandel: An Oxford scholar, right?

Heller: A Fulbright scholar at Oxford.

Mandel: And you found the English superior politically as well as intellectually?

Heller: In England I think intelligent people go into politics. Here intelligent people are intelligent enough to stay out.

Mandel: What you are saying now, in effect, is that as a rule in America, under the terms of our way of life, inferior people go into politics?

Heller: I would say that is generally true. It is rare that a superior person, I mean morally superior as well as intellectually superior, is even sought after as a candidate.

Mandel: And even rarer that one will win. So Washington's loss, in this case at least, is literature's gain. Do you believe, as many people do, that *Catch-22* is the Great American Novel?

Heller: I don't know if anyone would call it THE Great American Novel. That assumes there can only be one. But, asked if it is a Great American Novel, I would have to say, in modest deference to the opinion of the many people who hold that view, that it is. As a matter of individual opinion, I've kind of felt that to be true, even when I was writing it.

Mandel: You believe *Catch-22* is a Great American Novel of the past decade?

Heller: No, I believe it is *the* great novel of the decade. I would never quibble over the restriction of the word *American*.

Mandel: In how many foreign countries has it been published?

Heller: How many foreign countries are there? In every language from Formosan English to Russian plagiarism.

Mandel: Then it is *the* great novel of the decade indeed.

Heller: It is the only novel I can think of that was published in the early '60s and is more popular now than it was years ago. Many other novels sold more copies. *Catch-22* was never on the best-seller list—I mean in the original hard-cover edition. There were popular novels that sold more in paperback.

Mandel: You might say it's the only great novel that has sold more than 2,000,000 copies. How many copies does it sell now?

Heller: It still sells about 500,000 a year in this country in paperback. It still has a life in hard cover, about 4000 copies a year. In the first 12 months of publication I think it sold about 30,000 copies.

Mandel: Very healthy for a first novel.

Heller: But of course it doesn't compare with Jackie Susann. Or Mario Puzo, for that matter.

Mandel: But we don't want to discuss Mario and Jackie in the same dialogue.

Heller: I think Miss Susann might object.

Mandel: In paperback, what is the sales figure at this point?

Heller: Over 3,000,000 copies. It is in what is known as "sex book territory", now. With the possible exception of *Catcher in the Rye*, I can't think of another serious contem-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 59



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porary novel that has sold over 3,000,000 copies. It is into sex book territory with those figures and that is because it is a sex novel as well as a serious one.

Mandel: Well, we know there is a lot of good sex in it.

Heller: Oh, there is a lot of delicious sex in there. I wish I were writing those passages again today. I got a nice salacious pleasure out of writing the sex scenes because I identify strongly with whatever I am writing about. That's why I tried to make it as funny as I could—in order to laugh and make the work pleasant.

Mandel: Do you do a lot of laughing while you work?

Heller: Oh, yes, if what I'm writing is funny.

Mandel: Much of what you write is of a strong and painful nature. Does it ever hurt when you write?

Heller: Only when I laugh.

Mandel: Have you ever laughed so much you couldn't work?

Heller: Well, I don't work while I'm laughing. When I stop laughing, I go back to work. I like laughing more than working.

Mandel: That's very rare in writers. Most writers would rather write than laugh.

Heller: I'd rather laugh than work.

Mandel: Rather laugh than eat?

Heller: No, I would rather eat.

Mandel: I thought so. It's known that your eating habits are rather prodigious. I've even heard you referred to as The Animal.

Heller: Yes, some people call me that. And others have referred to me as the Locust—you, to name one, I like to eat. Some people call eating a sex substitute. But I incline toward the opposite view. I feel that sex may be a substitute for food. People repress their desire for food, and that repressed desire for food is sublimated and reappears as a sex urge.

Mandel: That is what you believe?

Heller: Yes. That's the reason there's so much secret eating today and so much public sex. Sex is no more complicated than a desire for a good meal, and much less injurious to the health. If people had bigger meals the divorce rate would probably go down. There would be much less adultery. People should eat more, not less.

Mandel: If they ate more there would be less activity in the bedroom, and thus more divorces.

Heller: I am saying a lot of divorces are caused by adultery. If people ate more, they would make love less. And that applies to adulterers too.

Mandel: Wouldn't this act against marriage? Husband and wife would spend less time making love to each other.

Heller: But they would spend more time eating together. For a writer this might be an important change. A writer can work with one hand while eating with the other. It is hard to work as a writer when you are making love.

Mandel: Both longhand and typing would be difficult.

Heller: I would guess so. I've never tried.

Mandel: In connection with these views, I would like to ask you if your wife minds you eating.

Heller: Not as long as I'm fairly discreet about it.

Mandel: Does she object, then, to your having lunch with other women?

Heller: My wife doesn't object because my wife doesn't know.

Mandel: Does she mind you eating with other men?

Heller: No, she's completely broadminded about that, and I eat rather regularly with other men. At least once a week and sometimes more.

Mandel: I happen to know about that. These are the men that enjoy calling you The Animal and have formed a kind of gourmet club to watch you eat.

Heller: I would not put it that way. These gentlemen are too distinguished in their various fields for anything like that. They gather much less formally than that to watch me eat. They eat also.

Mandel: If they're quick enough. Are they too distinguished

to have their names divulged here?

Heller: Oh, yes! Far too distinguished. Why, the noted financier and film director, Mel Brooks, is one of them. And another is Mario Puzo, the philanthropist. He'd be terribly embarrassed to find his name in this sort of publication.

Mandel: The same Mario Puzo who wrote *The Godfather*?

Heller: Yes, the philanthropist. Every month he donates large sums of money to needy casinos all around the world. We also have Hershey Kaye, the manufacturing troubadour. We can't mention him either.

Mandel: Why not? Manufacturers don't care what they lend their names to.

Heller: Well, despite the millions he gets from his chocolate business, Hershey wants nothing to do with it and composes bawdy songs instead, like the classic "Johnny Come Tickle Me", and "Lulu Had a Baby". Others in the group might object also if I mentioned their names, like Ngoot Lee, the Chinese advertising expert.

Mandel: He advertises in China?

Heller: No, he is Chinese. But he tries to hide that.

Mandel: How?

Heller: By speaking Yiddish. He doesn't get away with it, however—he speaks with a Chinese accent and fools nobody. Then there is Julie Green, the theatrical agent and raconteur, and Speed Vogel, the famous painter and downhill racer, and you.

Mandel: Me? Well, how would you characterize me?

Heller: I wouldn't. I assume your readers will be more interested in my character than in yours.

Mandel: You may be right. Do you find that successful literary activity, meaning a good day's work with lots of pages and good stuff, subdues or regenerates your appetite?

Heller: I am unable to answer that because I have never had a good day's work with lots of pages. I think in terms of hours or half hours. I have left my desk thinking this has been a good hour's work.

Mandel: And did it increase your sexual drives?

Heller: Well, I felt that having done a good hour's or half-hour's work merited some kind of reward and I was free to spend the rest of the day in pleasurable activities that include laughing, eating, lovemaking, and swinging. I mean swinging literally. I still like to swing in playgrounds. I like to push people on swings. Now some people might say that is a disguised form of sexual activity. I believe it's just a repressed urge for a hamburger and some potato chips.

Mandel: Which brings us back to the younger generation—I mean the potato chips, not the disguised urges. What would you say is wrong with current youth?

Heller: Nothing that wasn't wrong with previous generations of youth. In many ways they are superior. They have a better sense of what they want to do with their lives. They don't want to spend it the way we spend ours, which isn't all that intelligent.

Mandel: How do they spend their lives?

Heller: Many of them have not found what they want to do but certain studies among college students indicate that, unlike preceding generations, the most intelligent ones don't want to go into medicine and don't want to go into fields of applied science and don't want to go into business or industry. The ones who organize their education in the most practical ways are not those who score highest in intelligence tests or do the best academically in college. There is, for example, a greater interest in some kind of social work—vague, perhaps, but definitely philanthropic—than there is in achievement and acquisition. There is a trend away from success as a goal. If I were a young man today and somebody asked me if I wanted to be Henry Ford or something analogous to Henry Ford in the future, or Watson of IBM or John D. Rockefeller, I would say no, and I would guess that that same question asked of high school and college students would show the more intelligent and accomplished ones also saying no. They would not settle for so little.

Mandel: Can you give an indication of some pursuits they might prefer?

Heller: It would relate very much to the nature of the individual. Playing a guitar, composing music, even if it is not good music, or composing poetry, even if it is not good poetry, or simply traveling, even producing nothing.

Mandel: But doesn't one grow old and friendless that way?

Heller: One grows old any way. One grows old faster working hard. Work is not good, and labor is certainly not noble. Accumulating money does give one power, but as an end in itself money is not good enough for many people. It's not good enough for me. I wouldn't change places with any of the millionaires I can think of today. I would take their money if I could get it, but I certainly wouldn't work for it.

Mandel: Do you feel that what you are expressing now is in any way unique to this generation?

Heller: I think there are more young people who feel this way than there were in my generation, which came out of the Depression. I don't know why anyone who has 2,000,000 dollars should spend even one minute doing anything he doesn't like just to make a few million more. And if making money is what he likes doing, the psychiatrists have an explanation for that, too.

Mandel: Where does that leave someone who has no funds?

Heller: Destitute. He will have to do one of two things: he will have to learn to live on a very low income level, which people can do when they are young, or else he will learn that life is not always a matter of doing what he wants to. There are conflicts, and disappointments and people have to find some means of getting money if they want it.

Mandel: In other words he will have to come to the day when he realizes that the only thing that's important in life is money.

Heller: That day shouldn't come until he's at least 30 or 40 or 50. There are many young people who make as much money as they feel they need, then stop.

Mandel: Isn't this typical of youth in every generation?

Heller: I don't think it was typical of my generation; everybody wanted to go to work quickly and make as much money as possible, far beyond his needs.

Mandel: There are people who feel that earned money is much better than inherited or found money.

Heller: I think they are wrong. Inherited money is better. Much better. It is better for the character if one doesn't have to work for money.

Mandel: Do you feel hopeful that the unconventional young are an indication of something optimistic, that they can "save mankind"?

Heller: I don't know if they can save mankind or even if they *should* save mankind, and I don't think they're concerned with saving mankind. I think it is optimistic because it portends a renunciation of, or even a revolution against, certain traditional values which have the effect in any culture of really enslaving the minds and the emotions of each new generation. This is a break with values that have outlived the conditions that created them and are more stifling now than functional. It is not merely a questioning of values any more but a repudiation of them. I like the fact that they are dressing differently, wearing their hair long; it's the good old traditional American way, like Buffalo Bill and Kit Carson. I wish that certain people in Washington would let their hair grow a bit longer so that they would look more like Americans and less like Huns and Teutons. I like the fact that they are bent on pleasure and do want to do their own things, even though I might not like the things many of them choose to do.

Mandel: George Bernard Shaw said: "What was good enough for my father is not good enough for me." You agree with those children who share that viewpoint?

Heller: In all my speeches at colleges I never met a single kid who wants to take over the family business. No matter how big it is. Why in the world should anyone want to, especially if the business is big enough to keep going without him? Only the poor should have ambition.

Mandel: What I'm trying to get from you is whether or not you see this as an ongoing kind of thing, some kind of breakthrough in the American way of life or maybe the Western world's way of life and ultimately the world's way of life. Do you believe that there is a motion here which will carry on to the next generation?

Heller: Well, the 18-year-olds affect the 16-year-olds, the 16-year-olds affect the 14-year-olds. The numbers will increase of those young people who are setting their own fashions and philosophies, simply because of the ability of people to influence other people.

Mandel: That still leaves the question of whether they can support themselves.

Heller: Many of them don't have to support themselves, and if they don't have to I don't see why they should.

Mandel: But most of them have a *future* in which they will have to support themselves. What are they heading for with this self-gratifying attitude?

Heller: They'll be heading toward a form of employment which will also be self-gratifying, and they will select or find forms of work which will provide them with as much income as they need and will require no irrational sacrifices. If there is another Depression, then we're all in trouble. I don't think people should start working for money before they have to.

Mandel: What does this portend for society?

Heller: It is hard to answer that question without raising the question of how important society is or what direction society should go in. I don't know what society needs. I don't know who society is. I don't think anybody owes anything to society, not in a free country.

Mandel: How much do you know about the communes? Have you visited any?

Heller: No.

Mandel: Would you like to?

Heller: No, I might have to work.

Mandel: What if you were promised just leisure?

Heller: I'd prefer an invitation to the Plaza or the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Mandel: Would you *accept* an invitation from one of those hotels?

Heller: Yes, especially if I could go there with the people I'd meet at a commune.

Mandel: You would enjoy living with people of that kind under comfortable circumstances?

Heller: We would get along, there would be no hostility.

Mandel: What if the conversation became philosophical or mystical?

Heller: I would pack my bags and leave. I don't mind people doing their thing. I do mind them trying to justify it in intellectual or philosophical terms.

Mandel: Like the descriptions we get these days of consciousness-expanding experience?

Heller: Yes, they may or may not be true; for me, it doesn't matter. I have the same feeling about God—I don't care if he exists or not and I wouldn't change my way of life even if there were proof he did or didn't.

Mandel: You are expressing an agnostic attitude toward reality and I am glad to see you so healthy.

Heller: I realize that even if I received convincing physical evidence that there is a God and a heaven and hell, it wouldn't affect me one bit. I think the experience of life is more important than the experience of eternity. Life is short. Eternity never runs out.

Mandel: Now you are turning all of religion and philosophy backwards.

Heller: Because life is transitory, we ought to use it in our own special way.

Mandel: That reminds me once again of your play, which was so thought-provoking that it probably angered a lot of people. I understand it has been published in book form.

Heller: Yes, by Knopf and by Dell. It is being produced this year in more than 200 different community and college

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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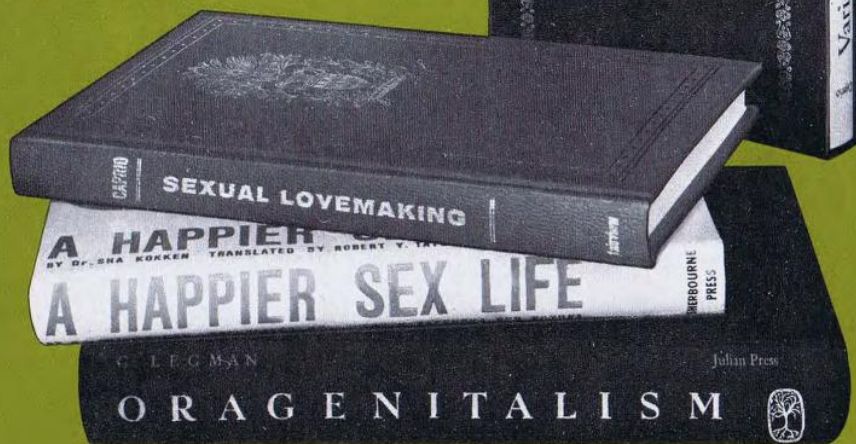
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If you had been a bird on the wing skimming over the Piney Woods on a certain pink day in May, you might have noticed a bear below you, hurrying and scurrying and scampering along at a great rate.

The bear's haste was due to a personal love-life so unsatisfactory, so bereft of conquest and success, that had he been a religious bear he could have prided himself on abstinence and celibacy. But he was not religious, he was randy, and his pride—his bearily pride—was at an all-time low.

"Let's face it," said the bear to himself, "I'm just not attractive to bearesses. If sex was food I'd have starved to death six months ago. *But*," he added, with a gleam in his eye, "things may be about to look up."

That very morning he had heard something that gave him a glimmer of hope, and now he was rushing to investigate. A weasel had happened by the bear's den and mentioned that a certain wagon was parked at the northeast end of Piney Woods. This wagon, according to the weasel, was the property of a certain Professor J. Huntingdon Otter—alchemist, conjuror, necromancer and preparer and dispenser of all manner of magical potions. At least, the weasel had explained, that was the description painted on the side of the wagon. Needless to say, it was the bit about magical potions that had sparked the bear's imagination.

Sure enough, the gaily painted wagon was just where the weasel had said it would be. His heart in his mouth, the bear went up to the back door and knocked.

A sepulchral voice from inside said:

"Fire burn and cauldron bubble,

Open the door and save me trouble."

"Gadzooks!" thought the bear, "the Professor talks in rhyme! Now, anyone who can do that is certainly very magical indeed." He opened the door and stepped inside.

The interior of the wagon was like the back room of an overstocked chemist's shop. Vials, flacons and bottles abounded on shelf after shelf. Over to one side, on a table littered with mortars, pestles, test-tubes and other unidentifiable objects, a small cauldron was in fact bubbling and boiling away.

The Professor, as his name suggested, was an otter, and an imposing one at that. He had sideboards and long black mustachios and he wore a black frock coat and a top hat. His huge grey eyes had a natural sheen—the result, thought the rather unnerved bear, of constant and successful trafficking in the occult.

"Uh—do I have the privilege of addressing Professor J. Huntingdon Otter?" said the bear rather stupidly.

Once more the sepulchral voice intoned:

"Eye of toad, wing of bat—

Professor Otter's where it's at."

"I'm-uh- pleased to meet you, sir," said the bear uneasily, "my name is Bear."

"I'm delighted to meet you, my dear Bear," said the Professor, smiling to show sharp, gleaming teeth, "and what may I do for you on this glamorous day in May?"

"I want," said the bear embarrassedly, "a love potion."

"I thought as much," said the Professor. "A love potion, is it? Well, my dear fellow, you

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RORY HARRITY

have certainly come to the right place."

The Professor rose and began to rummage among the bottles on a shelf, now and then holding one up to the light. Then he said: "Now let me see—just who is it that's forcing her affections on you?"

"No, that's not right," said the bear.

"Of course it's right," said the Professor testily, "no point in having females falling all over you, day after day—bad for the liver, what?"

"No, it's the other way around," said the bear.

"You mean the *boys* are falling all over you, eh? Well not to worry," said the Professor heartily, "takes all kinds, I always say." And he began to rummage on another shelf.

"No!" said the bear desperately. "What I mean is, females *don't* fall all over me—but I want them to."

"You realize, of course," said the professor archly, "that you could have saved us both a great deal of time if you had stated clearly what you wanted in the first place."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the bear.

"Never mind, never mind, my dear fellow," said the Professor, rummaging on yet another shelf, "let's see . . . beaver . . . badger . . . buck . . . buffalo . . . bison . . . bobcat . . . ah!—here we are—bear!" And he took down a smallish, dusty bottle and brought it over.

"Oh, *thank* you sir!" said the bear. "But, uh—exactly what do I do with it?"

"You administer, preferably in a surreptitious manner, several drops of the potion to any and all female bears with whom you wish to have—ahem—relations. Within 10 days of having drunk it they will find the male of your species utterly irresistible."

"Oh, that's great, sensational!" exclaimed the bear. Then he thought a moment and a

frown crossed his face.

"What do you mean, the *male of my species*?" he said.

"Exactly that," said the Professor.

"You—you mean *all* of us?" said the bear.

"Just so," said the Professor.

"But *that's* no damn good!" said the bear, disappointment in his voice. Fer chrissake, I want it to be just me!"

"Calm yourself," said the Professor. "I have not completed my ministrations to your problem. In addition to the potion itself, I shall equip you with something else."

"Whazzat?" said the bear, once again eager and enthusiastic.

"An Ugly Stick," said the Professor.

"A *what*?" said the bear.

"An Ugly Stick," repeated the Professor.

"You have but to touch your fellow males on the shoulder with this device, and the potioned females will immediately find them repulsive in the extreme. That leaves just you for all the over-sexed bearesses in the area. Are you with me?" he added, with a lascivious wink.

"I'm with you," said the bear in a husky musky voice. "Gimme that Ugly Stick."

Over the following week, by devious and diverse means, he managed to administer a few drops of the precious potion to every single female bear in the Piney Woods. This accomplished, he went to work with the Ugly Stick. Soon his male bear friends were heard to remark among themselves that he had gone very peculiar indeed, going around and tapping them all on the shoulder with some sort of over-sexed wand.

After he was certain that he'd tapped every male bear for miles around with the Ugly Stick, he sat back and waited.


On the big day he rose early and made immediately for the clearing where the bears, by custom, met to pair themselves off. And he took along the Ugly Stick just in case. Ahead, to his intense delight, he could see dozens of females waiting—waiting for *him*! The bear increased his pace and his heart beat faster and faster in anticipation.

Just then a voice behind him said: "Why hallo, friend—going my way?"

The bear turned. Behind him was another bear, a male. Worse, clutched in his hand was a long thin wand, and before the bear could make a move, the stranger had touched him on the shoulder. The horrid truth struck with terrible force—there was more than one Ugly Stick in the woods.

"Then by Christ *nobody's* going to get any!" screamed the bear, and touched the stranger on the shoulder with *his* Ugly Stick.

The upshot was that the females wouldn't look at any of the males and that night the two bears who'd both bought potions and Ugly Sticks from the Professor and thought they'd be wiling away the hours of darkness in abandoned dalliance, sat up together instead. They drank a great deal, and discussed in the goriest detail exactly what they would do to the Professor if they ever caught him.

MORAL: All's fair in love and war—which explains why both so often lead to mutual annihilation. 



The Penthouse Club

Visitors to Europe: a chance to join London's fabulous new Penthouse Club! Overseas Charter Membership for Penthouse readers, saving \$25

To readers of Penthouse International the exciting new Penthouse Club in the heart of London's exclusive Mayfair district offers, for a limited period, Overseas Charter Membership at half the normal \$50 rate. For a full description of the club's unique blend of restaurants, bars, gaming and dancing, see the 11-page pictorial report in the March issue of Penthouse International. When in London look up the delightful Penthouse Pets, some from the pages of the magazine itself! Just complete the application form below—as a Charter Member you will be entitled to renew your membership annually at this special discount.

To: The Selection Committee, The Penthouse Club, c/o Penthouse International Ltd., 110 East 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

I am over 21 years of age and wish to apply for Overseas Charter Membership of the Penthouse Club at one-half the normal fee of \$50. As a Charter Member, I understand that all future renewals of my membership will be at one-half the normal fee and that I will be entitled to full Charter privileges at all future Penthouse Clubs planned to be opened.

MARRIED/SINGLE (delete as necessary):

AGE:

OCCUPATION:

INCOME (dollars per annum, nearest 1,000):

DO YOU WISH TO APPLY FOR FREE CREDIT FACILITIES? yes/no

Enclosed is my check/money order/cash for \$25

Note: The Penthouse Club undertakes to return in full the membership fees of anyone whose application is unacceptable to the Committee.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS VALID FOR ONE YEAR

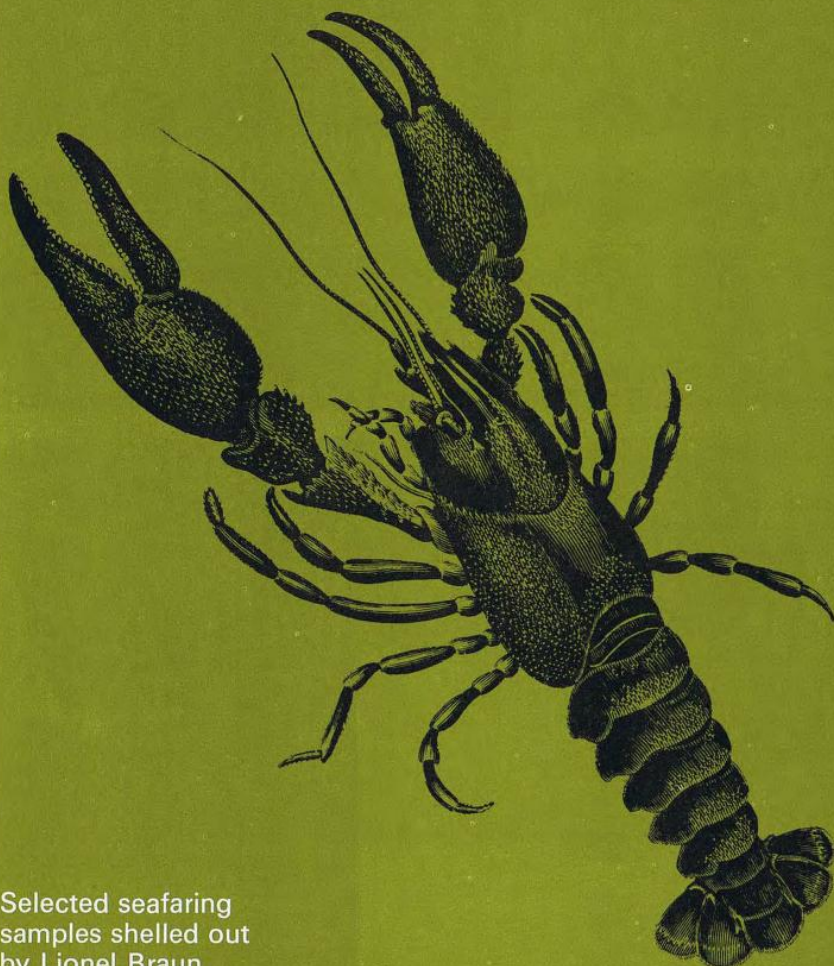
Please print all details

FULL NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

SIGNED: _____

LOWDOWN ON THE UPPER-CRUSTACEANS



Selected seafaring
samples shelled out
by Lionel Braun

*Let's sing a song of glory to
Themistocles O'Shea
Who ate a dozen oysters on the
Second Day of May.*

The hero of the ditty, whoever he may have been, was evidently defiant of the notion that the arrival of the month of May, the first since August without an R in it, should require him to lay off molluscs. Actually, there is good reason for not indulging for the next few months: oysters, like men, are somewhat weakened after doing their best. And doing its best must be taxing for the oyster, which arbitrarily changes its sex several times a year.

Perhaps Themistocles O'Shea was hooked on the humble hermaphrodite because of its alleged aphrodisiac effects, a quality many a swain has discerned in other delicacies of the deep—for instance, a batch of steamers and a roseate lobster. This could have a lot to do with the popularity of the

clambake and its offspring, the shore dinner.

It all began several centuries ago when a tribe of New England Indians discovered that fascinating things could be done by dropping a few dozen clams into a nest of seaweed, and steaming them over hot rocks! Our forefathers also noticed that after storms swept the New England coast scores of shelled creatures with formidable claws were washed up on the beaches. Repelled by these armored intruders, the colonists buried them in the ground, unaware that they were squandering one of the riches of the sea. These little monsters were Maine lobsters, one day to become the symbol of Lucullan luxury.

By the middle of the 19th century, Americans tycoons courting beauties of the Broadway stage in the private dining rooms of Rector's had begun enticing the objects of their ardor with champagne and broiled lobster. Some-

times the silver barons and railroad kings that gathered at Delmonico's enlivened the game by dangling a diamond pendant from the claw of the lobster set before their fair ladies.

In Europe, the waters of the Mediterranean yield the langouste, a close relative of the American lobster, which balances its lack of great claws with a meat-filled tail. The langouste, or South African lobster tail, or rock lobster, or Pacific coast lobster, is related to the deep ocean crayfish and is highly regarded in Europe as a delicacy. It was the inspiration for a small group of men spearheaded by the international epicure and Grande Langouste, H. Gregory Thomas, who started the Langouste Club, which traditionally meets between Christmas and New Year.

It all began some years ago. This clear-thinking group decided that they had seen too many wispy-bearded Santas ringing bells on street corners... that we were being force-fed on turkeys, whether the great birds were pampered or not... and that too much roast beef and Yorkshire pudding was being proffered during the holidays. As our host, Mr Thomas, relates the story: 'We decided we should have a feast dedicated to eating sea-food in honour of the Sea God of antiquity. Old Father Neptune liked the idea and rolling around on his bed of kelp with the fair Amphitrite, summoned the Nereids and the Tritons, and sent them around the world to have the provender of the seas made ready for 'Les Langoustes' revelry. We had done this every year, but Neptune's nose was very much out of joint this year, with all the attention paid to outer space. He decided that the time had come for us to pay more attention to the bottoms of the seas, where we at least could get something edible, rather than some possibly interesting rocks off the moon. So, this year, to signify



Ostrea edulis—the common oyster

Father Neptune's distaste for all that happened on the moon, 'We'll have no feast of Langoustes,' he roared!

"Of course there was great sorrow in the eating community, but fortunately one of the heroes of outer-space, Scott

Carpenter, turned his attention to the deep sea and became the first aquanaut to spend more time deeper than anyone else. With the experience of a month under water, Scott Carpenter was prevailed on to visit Neptune, and explain that the moon did have a great effect upon the tides, and that he had now turned his back on outer space to devote attention to the bottoms of the sea."

We were informed that while visiting the briny deep, our hero met a mermaid reputed to be one of Neptune's daughters, and he persuaded Neptune to permit us to have our feast of the langouste after all, at La Fonda del Sol, though not until after the New Year. Our feast was devoted to Pacific specialties. La Fonda does better with Cebiche cooking, which is not cooked at all in the normal sense. The only "cooking" is with lime or lemon juice. The dish—Cebiche or Seviche (Say-Veech-ay)—was prepared with *conchitas de Callao*, tiny bay scallops from Peru, which are allowed to marinate and flavored with coriander, the favorite spice of the Incas.

Incidentally, this spice (cilantro) was one of the first spices brought to America, and was cultivated in Massachusetts before 1670. It was also a



Pecten varius—the variable scallop

famous aphrodisiac according to the 1001 Nights. It is mentioned in the Old Testament, and was also grown during the days of Charlemagne throughout Europe. So coriander with the finely sliced red onions, and the aji, which are capsicum peppers, all join with the white firm-fleshed sea food to give you this Latin-American taste treat.

Cebiche is a classic dish found along the entire western coast of South America. There are some Latinos, fatalists no doubt, who attribute to this dish not only great aphrodisiac qualities, but also a guarantee of male offspring as well. More certain is the welding-torch fire of the aji, descriptively pronounced ah-HEE!, which so desensitizes your taste buds that you won't recognize your favorite Martini from a jigger of Panamanian jaguar sweat. However, don't cringe at the thought of eating raw seafood; for surely you've eaten pickled herrings, or cherrystone clams

or bluepoint oysters on the half shell. Fact is that fresh lemon and lime juice will actually cook raw seafood.

As we ate our way through the various dishes or *bocaditos* ("little mouthfuls") with a proper wine accompaniment, I remember the best Portuguese white wine I ever tasted. Its name is Serra, from Kobrand, and it recalls the better table wines served to the gentry in Lisbon. It's a dry well-balanced wine, reasonable in price, the perfect complement with almost all seafood. The wine preceded a Wilm Alsatian Reisling (an excellent '64) from Julius Wile. The most unusual segment of our luncheon is devoted to naming the mystery wine, which is referred to as the "Blood of the Nereids." This yearly trick finds the bottles changed, labels hidden and one must guess the wine and its source.

The wine was imported by the Schieffelin Company and introduced as a rose from the Côte de Provence, not to be confused with a rosé from the Rhone valley. This wine comes from an area roughly between Nice and Marseilles, and a little to the north near the town of Draguignan, which was the site of Napoleon's return from Elba. Known as Castel Roubine, the wine was darker than most rose wines and with more character. It was quite unlike the rose one finds near the Swiss border at Arbois. Many Frenchmen claim the Rose d'Arbois to be on a par with Tavel, though experts rank it below those from the Rhone.

For those of us who still look back on the clambakes of their youth, but who are not about to take their seafood spiced with aji, or laced with sand, there is the "pot bake", which is increasing in popularity. It was begun at inland community bakes, where they shipped in the seafood and cooked it in huge 300lb. iron pots which could hold 5 bushels of clams, 300 ears of corn, 175 lobsters, 300 potatoes and about 3 dozen bluefish. Today smaller replicas of these pots are made that can fit easily on top of any bachelor's stove (and if you would like one like mine write to me at Penthouse), and cost less than \$20.00. They will hold about three pints of water, three chickens, six potatoes, six onions, six ears of corn, four dozen steamers and four one-pound steaming lobsters. The food, each morsel wrapped in cheesecloth squares, is placed in layers and covered with damp seaweed, but you can as well use moistened celery, lettuce or spinach leaves.

On top of this potpourri, you should place a final layer of seaweed or substitutes, and top that with a medium-sized potato. When the potato is tender, your feast is ready; a span of about 90 minutes. This plan feeds six hungry people, but if you have something more intimate in mind, just reduce the amount accordingly.



Cebiche (Marinated Seafood)


$\frac{3}{4}$ cup fresh lime juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh orange juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fresh lemon juice
 1 lge red onion, sliced very thin
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 Freshly ground black pepper
 1 lb. fresh boneless white meat fish fillet cut into one-inch pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. small bay scallops
 A good dose of cayenne pepper flakes, or 8 to 10 shakes of Tabasco.

To make this dish of excitement, mix the lime and lemon juice together with the onion rings, hot red pepper, black pepper and salt in a large bowl. Add the fish and scallops until the marinade covers. Add the orange juice last to the marinade and cover. Place in refrigerator for about 6 hours, or until the seafood has an opaque look, telling you it is "cooked". Be sure to use a glass or ceramic dish, because a metal utensil can affect the flavor. The addition of orange juice is my own twist, and seems to take some of the bite out of the marinade.

Flan de Pina Pineapple Custard

For the custard you will need
 3 whole eggs and 2 egg yolks
 1 can condensed milk (15 oz.)
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fine sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. ginger.

Preheat your oven to 325 degrees. In a good size mixing bowl, beat yolks and whole eggs with a beater until they thicken and become golden yellow. Slowly pour in the condensed milk, sugar and ginger, and beat until all of the ingredients are well blended. Strain mixture through a fine sieve into a mold (pyrex) and place mold into pan of water. Place entire arrangement on middle rack of oven, and bake for one hour. Be certain that water comes halfway up the baking dish when mold is in pan. Remove mold from oven, cool at room temperature, then refrigerate. To unmold, dip bottom of dish in warm water, carefully lift out, dry off sides, and place a chilled serving plate over dish. Turn upside down, and custard should slide into plate.

Portions of custard should be served over thinly sliced fresh pineapple or unsweetened Dole varieties which has been soaked for six hours in a mixture of Jamaica or other dark rum and brown sugar. 

Penthouse: Why would the management want such a thing?

Gyarmathy: Because then the public would believe that the American girls were also French, that they had all been imported direct from Paris. It took me a little time to break the ingrained habit of efficiency in my American showgirls but I did succeed in the end. At first they were quite shocked—but later, as I found, they quite took to the idea. Too much neatness and efficiency, I think reduce feminine charm—certainly in my business.

Penthouse: How long do your showgirls spend at the Folies Bergère?

Gyarmathy: It varies from three weeks to 12 years. In the first case the girl might find the work uncongenial or too hard, or develop a sudden attack of modesty, or I may not like the way she performs, and then out she goes. But many stay on—I have several who have been with us over a decade.

Penthouse: What is the private life of a Folies showgirl? Is she usually single or married, frigid or lesbian...?

Gyarmathy: To answer your last point first, there are always lesbians in any revue theater. But I have found this is mostly a passing phase. Two girls live together and opportunity creates this form of sexual outlet—until one of each meets a man who can satisfy her—the right type of lover. After this they very quickly forget what I consider a third or fourth-best substitute. There are girls, too, who are afraid of pregnancy or infection and so they find a surcease in lesbian practices—which does not mean that they are real, life-long lesbians. On the whole—and I am not trying to whitewash them, why should I?—the girls are far more moral in our place than their reputation. People tend to believe that the girls of the Folies are promiscuous—but this is quite untrue. Most of them are married. There are, of course, a good many who have both husbands and lovers—but that happens in any given group of Parisiennes, whether they are showgirls or shopgirls. Nor is such an arrangement to be despised or condemned—after all, this way the husband gets a little respite now and then! But generally the moral level of our girls is extremely high, and this has to be so—it is almost essential. Our shows demand much physical exertion and if someone indulges in what is so picturesquely called systematic debauchery, his or her work is bound to suffer. There is, I believe, more chastity or continence, a better balanced sex life in a revue theater as an occupational necessity than, say, in a hospital or at a university.

Penthouse: There must have been crises, upheavals, minor disasters during your years at the Folies Bergère. Would you like to recall some of them?

Gyarmathy: You really must believe me that during the time I have been here—except, of course, the war years—there have been no problems. For eight or nine months out of each year we play to packed houses. Of all the Paris theaters the Folies Bergère grosses the largest amount—true, we have also the highest ticket prices—and we have consistently returned handsome dividends. Of course, we pay tremendously high taxes—but then so does everybody.

“A totally nude girl is pretty helpless, cruelly exposed. She has nothing to cover up any blemishes”

Penthouse: Never any trouble with the audience? Nobody trying to pick up any of your girls, invade the stage or the dressing-rooms?

Gyarmathy: No. We have strong and well-trained stage-door keepers and it is an absolute rule that no one can go behind the scenes or into the dressing rooms. Not even parents. If someone's family is in the audience, they must wait until the performance is over and meet the girls outside.

Penthouse: When exactly did you first come to Paris?

Gyarmathy: In 1933. I had worked for the principal musical comedy theater in my native Budapest as stage and costume designer. Then two things happened. The theater changed hands and the new owner insisted that his girlfriend should star in the new production. She was knock-kneed, stoop-shouldered and her bosom was sagging. I did my best to cover up all the disadvantages nature had seen fit to bestow on her, but somehow she seemed proud of them, and insisted on modifying my designs. The result was disaster—for which I was blamed. So I told her: “It wasn't my costumes that ruined your performance. It was your performance that ruined my beautiful designs.” And I resigned. The second thing that happened was the emergence of an equally ill-favored person named Adolf Hitler. I thought I'd better get out of Hungary before he got in. So I left for Paris.

Penthouse: Did you speak French?

Gyarmathy: One word. *Merde*. Everybody seemed to be using it in my carriage, which was full of French tourists returning home after their vacation. It was their universal comment on the food, the accommodation, the people in foreign countries.

Penthouse: What did you do when you reached Paris?

Gyarmathy: I looked up in a guide which was the nearest theater to the Gare de l'Est and found it was the Folies Bergère. So I took a cab and deposited my bags with the stage-door keeper. They stayed with him for six months.

Penthouse: You mean, they engaged you right away?

Gyarmathy: They did nothing of the sort. In the next two or three years I went through the usual round of dishwashing, modelling, selling drawings in cafes, but mostly starving. Then, some thirty-two years ago, I did get a job with the Folies Bergère as junior set and dress-designer and general dogsbody. I have been

ever since.

Penthouse: Only a few years after you joined the Folies Bergère war broke out. How did you fare during the German occupation?

Gyarmathy: We left Paris during the collapse of France and got as far as Biarritz. We wanted to cross to Spain and then make our way to America. It was a strange caravan—beautiful girls, wardrobe mistresses, specialty acts, electricians—the lot. But the frontier was closed and, after a few months we came back to Paris. By then the Germans were ensconced in Paris and they reopened the Folies Bergère, perhaps to show that everything was “normal” and that they appreciated French culture. They more or less reserved it for themselves, putting on godawful shows—all kinds of little strumpets who wouldn't have got past the stage-door were dancing and singing, the German soldiers clambered on the stage, there were drunken scenes every night. It was like a base-camp improvised theater and they ruined the seats, the walls, the fittings.

Penthouse: Where were you during this time?


Gyarmathy: In the country—working with the Resistance. I must confess that I'm not the military type. I would call myself a well-adjusted coward. But one did what one could, and being afraid most of the time provided a little extra spice. The mere fact of belonging to the Resistance gave one moral support, made life bearable. Otherwise I did what I was told. I had, at one time, five different apartments in Paris under different aliases and came up from time to time, always with forged papers and on various errands.

Penthouse: Which of your Folies productions was your all-time favorite?

Gyarmathy: I always like the last one best—like the newest baby. But people keep talking to me, and this makes me rather angry, about a Chinese scene in one of the revues, saying that they had never seen anything more beautiful before and since. This isn't very satisfactory, for one always likes to believe that one develops, matures and can do better than before. But that revue, immediately after the war, happened to be truly attractive and reasonably original. It was a scene of Chinese ivory figures, with masks and costumes perfectly in period and style. Since then it has been copied in England, in America, all over the world—and today I doubt whether I could match it. It has become a sort of legend.

Penthouse: Which nationality provides most of your audiences?

Gyarmathy: The Americans are the most numerous, because they also represent the largest contingent of the tourists. They are followed by the Germans, who adore Paris—some of them became familiar with our city during their prolonged visit of four years. They are trailed by other nationalities, most of them from the West, though we have a few visitors from the East. The Russians and the others come to scoff at the degenerate West—and then go home to tell about it to the other comrades. Apparently they do enjoy being shocked. As for my former fellow-Hungarians, they usually get free tickets from me as they rarely have any spending money and I allow myself this survival of local patriotism.

Penthouse: M. Gyarmathy, thank you. 

INSTANT SEX TIME



Humor by Henry Morgan

Dirty Old Ben Franklin was about the 900th person to remind us stumblebums that time is money. Well, so are potatoes for that matter, and tape decks, putty, and rubber stockings. And if Old Ben was so damn smart, how come we have so many poor people? God knows they have plenty of time.

Ah, you say, but they don't turn their time into money. Do you?

Aren't you killing time right now so that in a little while it will be later? (Of course, if you're a Buddhist you know that right now it's *already* later so you can just sit there and stare at your navel.) If you're a Russian collective-farmer you don't have to know, they'll *tell* you when it's later.

Until about 200 years ago nobody cared what time it was. If a Blackfoot had an engagement to meet an Arapaho they'd agree on a few moons from now, the first to get there figuring the other guy would show in a couple of suns. The late Sgr. Mussolini made the Italian trains run on time, it was said, but nobody was going anywhere so it didn't count. In Stalin's day no committee had ever gotten around to decreeing the manufacture of wristwatches. The peasants wouldn't have known what to do with them anyway and it wasn't until the Red Army got into Europe that the soldiers began trading souvenirs for timepieces. By late '45 Vodka-ville was loaded with cranky Bulovas and our boys had piles of little pieces of tin inscribed with silly letters. This brings us up to now when nobody has time any more. People are in such a double sweat to do nothing at all at time-and-a-half for not doing it that there's no time left over for doing whatever it was that they needed the time for.

There's a new aircraft that will take you to London a full 20 minutes sooner than the old tired planes. This thing was needed because all over the country the White Panthers were holding protest meetings. Indignant world travelers in Deaf Smith, Texas, Kennebunkport, Maine and Okechobee, Florida were screaming for their rights . . . a plane with 12 Johns.

(American travelers are so fast that, when a plane lands and the stewardess says "Please remain seated until the engines have come to a full stop", everybody jumps into the aisle with his hat already on and stands there for the next 15 minutes in order to be among the first to dash off to hang around for the luggage.)

A true American automobilist will not sit in a car in bumper-to-bumper traffic unless that car can do 140 miles per hour.

A patriot wouldn't give you a nickel in taxes for playing around with a 100 billion dollar system which allegedly, though it can't be tested, will send a weapon a few thousand miles, whereupon it will split into a number of different weapons, each going to a different target; tell him that it's an arms RACE and he's a happy kid.

Then there are the time-savers around the home. Some of them are not without their amusement quotients. There's

instant coffee, for example. This requires the boiling of water. It's also necessary to boil water in order to make regular coffee, but the process takes a couple of minutes longer, and while Mums isn't going anywhere, Dads is. Since Mums can pour out the O.J. from the container, pop an already sliced-at-the-factory slice of chemical bread into the toaster and then boil water in about eight seconds, it gives them both a longer day for their numerous hobbies, *i.e.* Ski-Doo-ing, surf casting, shuffleboard. I don't know where in hell they actually do these things but they sure sell a lot of instant coffee.


Everything's go-going like lightning. It all looks like a speeded up movie. Lunch for the kids is a thawed hamburger and Dr. Pepper. Dinner is frozen this, quick-cooking that and instant mashed potatoes. The napkin and table cloth are thrown away, the plastic spoons and plates are hurled in the washer, and Mums can watch Laugh-In which zooms by fast enough so that you don't have to pay attention to the jokes.

Well, where does it lead? It leads to sex, of course.

Kids, you're not going to believe this and I'm going to try to keep it very short. But. There was a time oh, maybe 20 years ago, a time when there was no more sex and no less sex than there is now. This is strange because in those days it took more time. There was neither more nor less as far as frequency goes, but for what there was of it, more time was taken. In many ways it was a painful process. A man and a woman would meet and then they'd talk. No, I'm not kidding. They did this, you see, to try to find out whether they wanted to see one another again. If the talks went well and if their personalities seemed to complement each other, they'd arrange to meet again. This time they'd try to find out if they liked to do the same things . . . or pretty much the same things. They might go to a movie or some other form of public entertainment. If things seemed to be moving along, they might kiss each other goodnight. Then, on subsequent meetings they would decide whether or not they liked each other enough to go to bed together. When they finally did they often got a great deal of pleasure out of it because they liked each other for starters, and that used to help a lot.

Oh, it sounds sick, sure. But you see, that was just toward the end of an era in which young sprouts had things to talk *about*. Often, one of them would have read a book, say. Or maybe there was some interest in nature studies, or in fixing up (not overthrowing) the government. Little things like that. I'm telling you, sonny, by the time you got an interesting girl in bed, a girl that you liked, why, you could stay there for days.

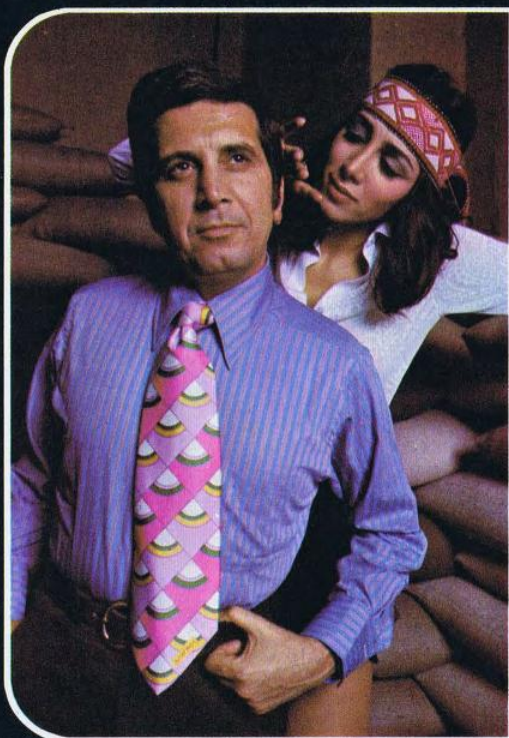
It's really better to buy some potatoes, peel them and boil them, add some milk and mash them and then add a little butter and salt.

Instant mashed potatoes and instant sex taste about the same. 

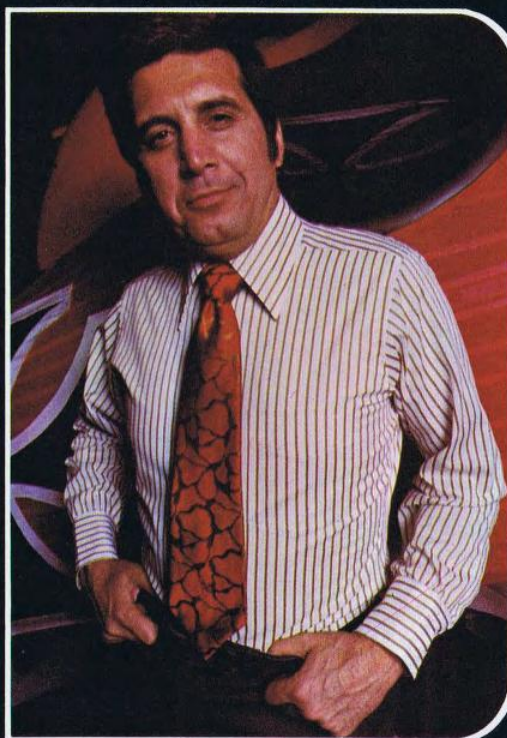
SHIRTS GO WILD, WILD, WILDE

FASHION BY RON BUTLER PHOTOGRAPHS BY KENNETH MASON

For today's wild new styles in shirts, super supper-club comic Larry Wilde—of Hollywood, Las Vegas, New York, the Copacabana, Latin Casino, Harrah's, Palumbo's and a score of other brightly lighted night places—proves a handsome match. Here he is photographed in New York's newest "in" place, private membership club The Escadrille on East 58th Street, against the fabulous World War I decor by Geoffrey Leeds. Larry (author of *The Great*

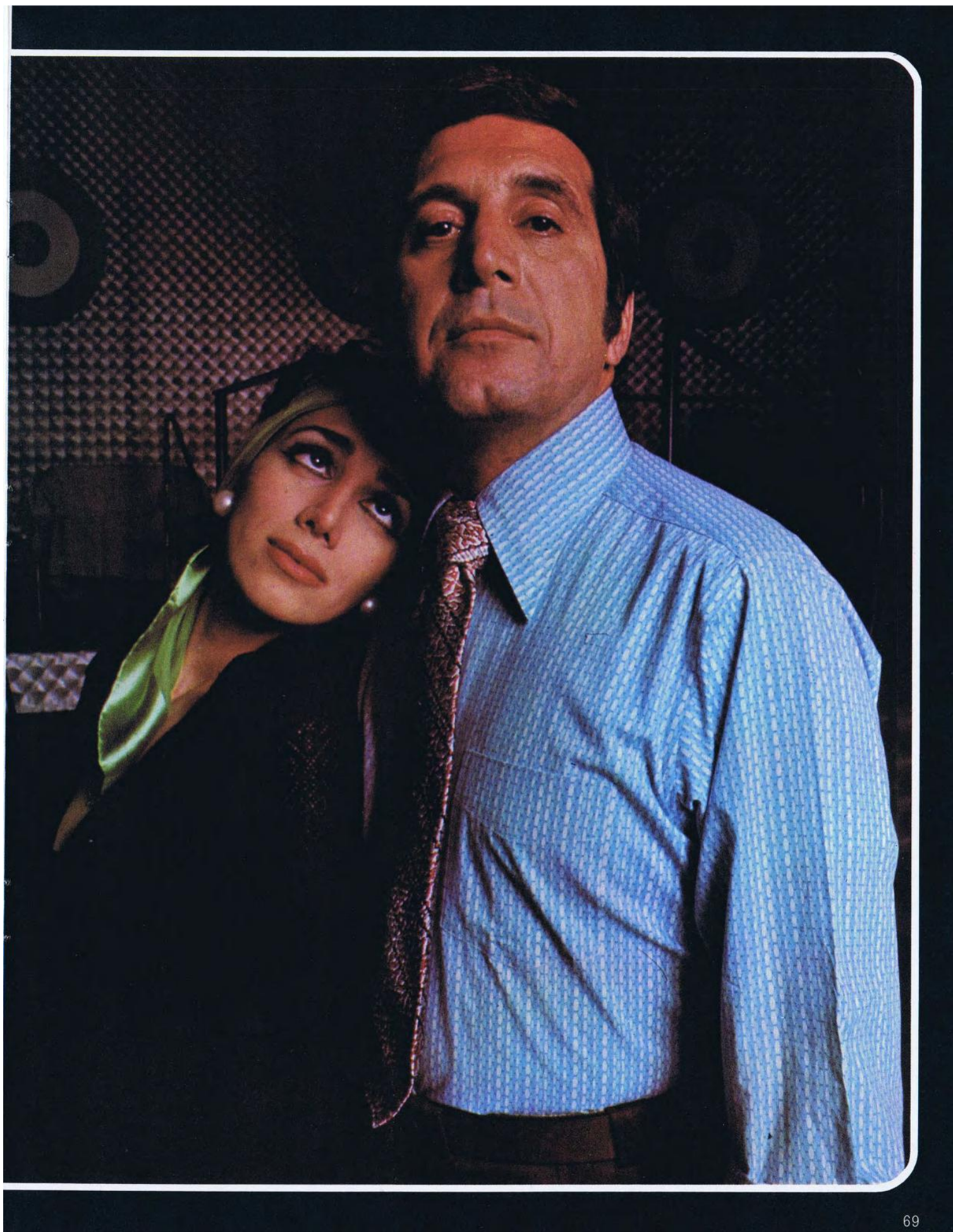


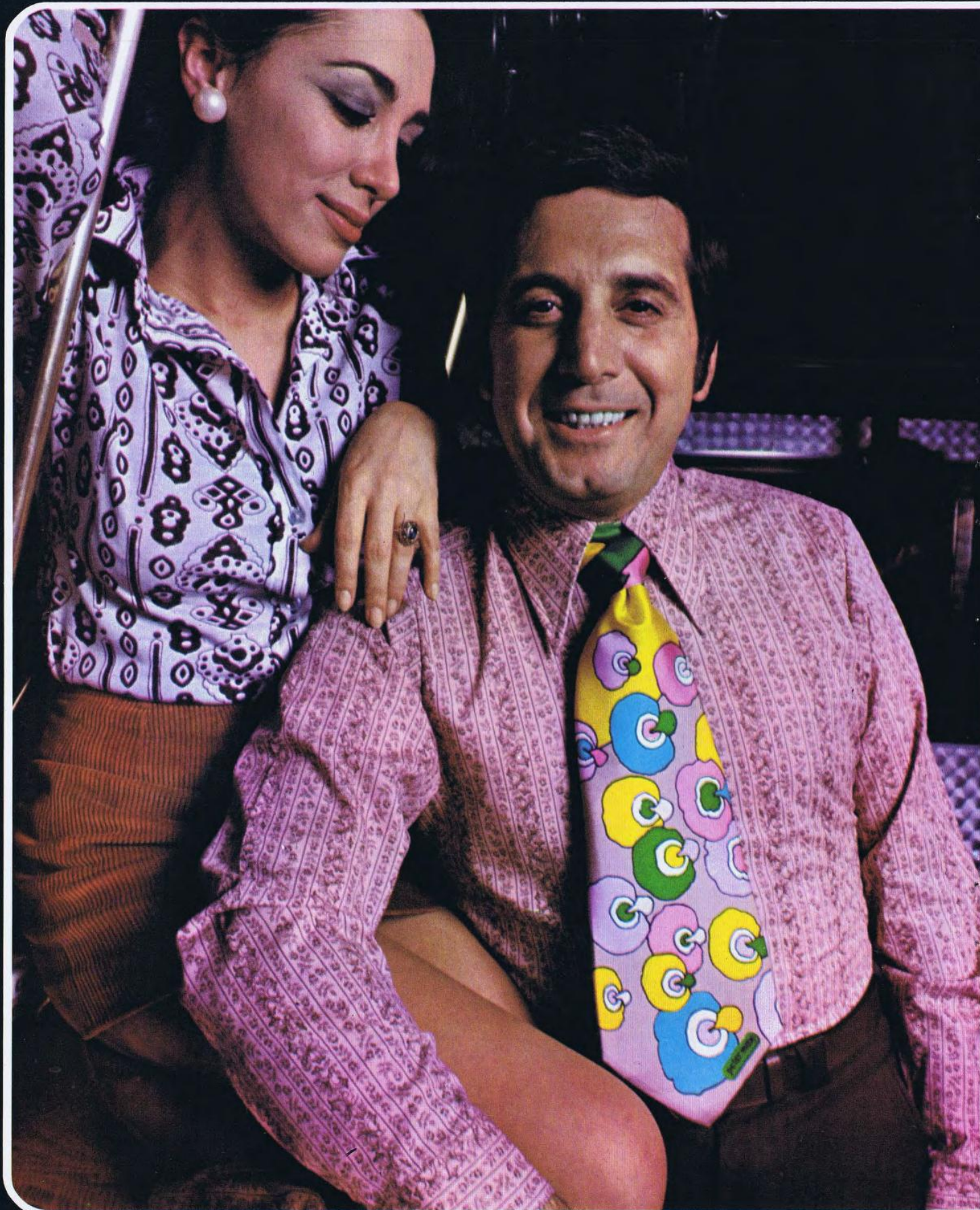
Larry wears a custom detailed shirt of imported fabric (left) by Leonardo Strassi, \$12. It has a tapered torso design, double buttons on the cuff and long-point drop collar. Tie is by Peter Max, \$12.50.




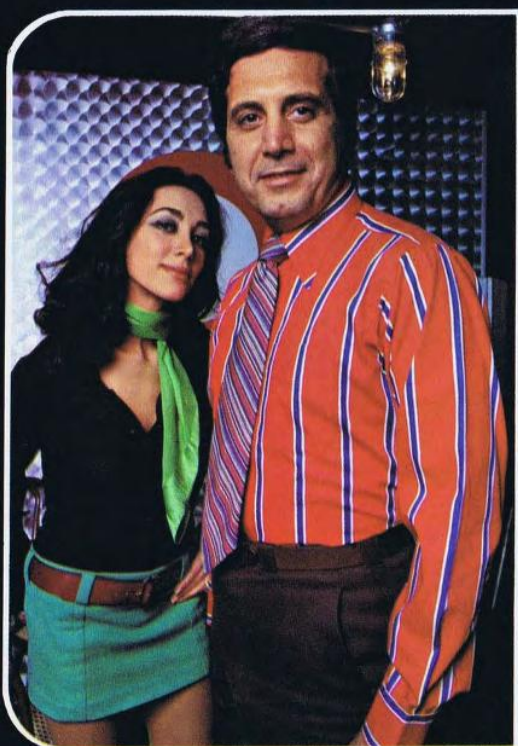
The joker is Wilde, to quote the name of Larry's big-selling comedy album for Dot Records. Here (right) he's wild about the "Scoundrel," a durable press shirt by Sero. Shirt's "Rogue" collar has a two-button neckband that permits conversion into three different collar stylings. Note double buttons on cuff. The shirt is priced at \$11.50. Tie by x'Andrini is \$8.50.

The intrepid night flier is shown (opposite) in a natural tapered "no press" shirt of Dacron polyester and cotton, with French cuffs, by Creighton Shirtmakers, \$11. Tie is by Schiaparelli, \$10.





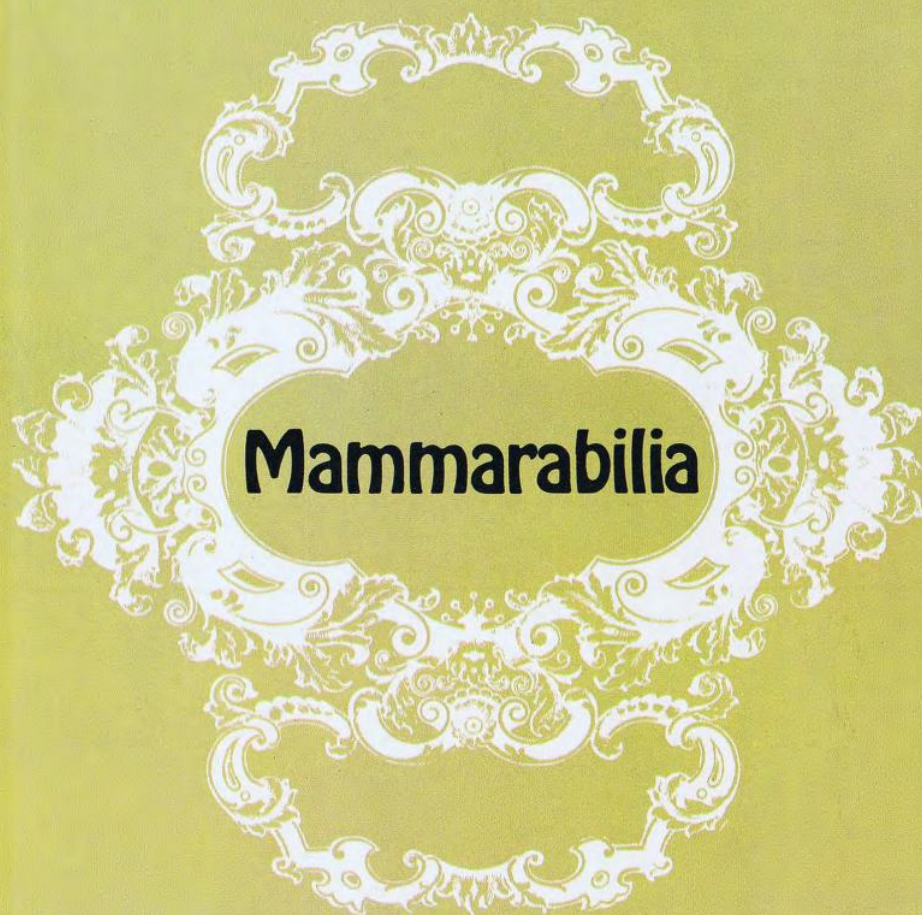
Comedians Talk About Comedy) also proves that the white shirt has all but faded away. Unless you are a doctor or a dentist, say goodbye to the white shirt. Fast replacing it both in the office and for nighttime wear are shirts in bright, bold colors—solids, stripes and patterns. Collars are higher and wider, with longer, deeper peaks, revealing more variety and design imagination. Body styles are tapered and tailored. The body fit is popular. Darting at the sides provides a smooth, trim fit and an inverted back center pleat provides for comfort and stretch. Cuffs, both standard and French, are longer. The old rule of having a half-inch of cuff showing at the sleeve has been superseded. Anything goes now, with some men even shortening their jacket sleeves by an inch or so in order to show more cuff. Buttons on cuffs now appear in sets of two, and on up to rows of four or five in more advance styles. The center band down the front, where you button your shirt, has been widened to carry the fuller collars and broader ties. Stitching is more pronounced. Materials such as today's permanent press, durable press and no-press really work, even when tumble-dried in an electric dryer. (Old wash 'n' wear shirts somehow always looked like old wash 'n' wear shirts.) To provide this shirt story with a happy ending, shirtmakers couldn't be more delighted. More shirts are being sold at higher prices, especially shirts created by "name" designers, an unexpected boom. Shirts are also being marketed in four seasons now instead of two—spring, fall, intermediate and cruise. Long sleeves are being worn year round and short sleeves are for squares. 



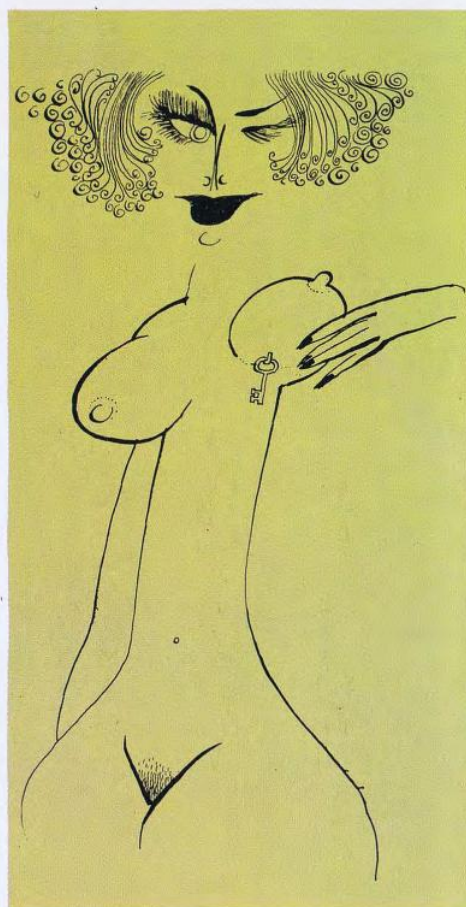
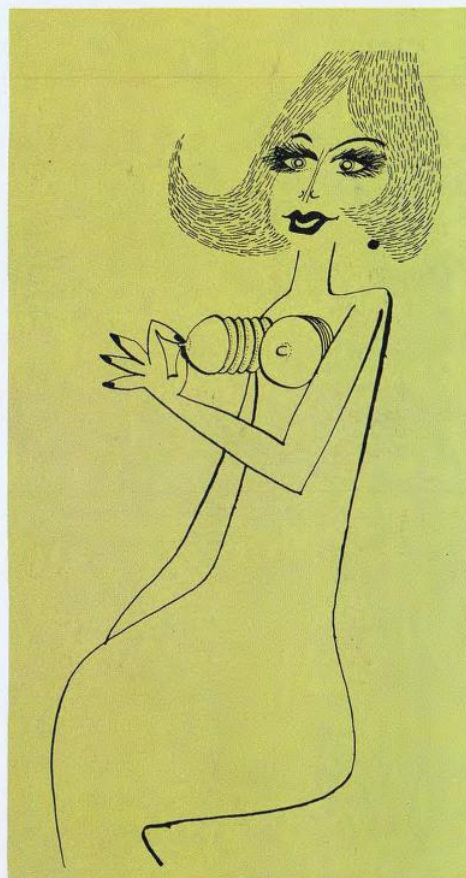
Left: Comedian Wilde, who has appeared on Johnny Carson, Mike Douglas and most of the major TV talk shows, wears "the reFORMer" by Creighton Shirtmakers, \$11. Note double buttons on tubular cuff, deep collar peaks and tapered fit. Tie is by Burma Bibas, \$10.

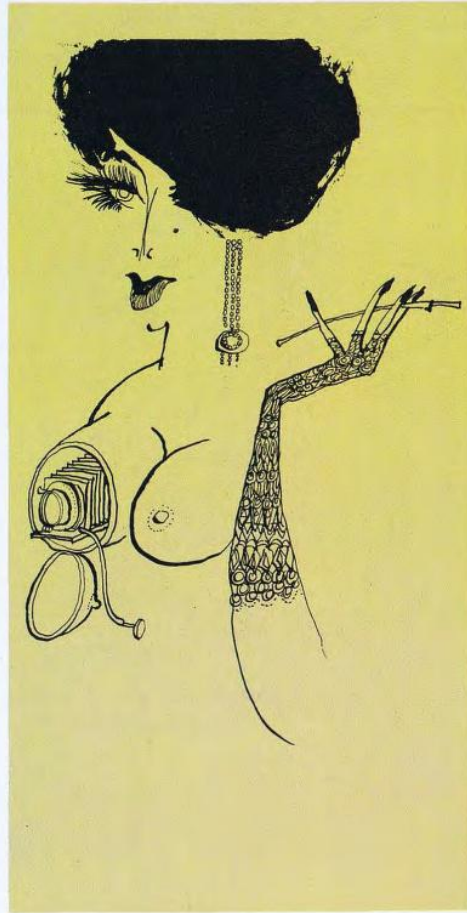
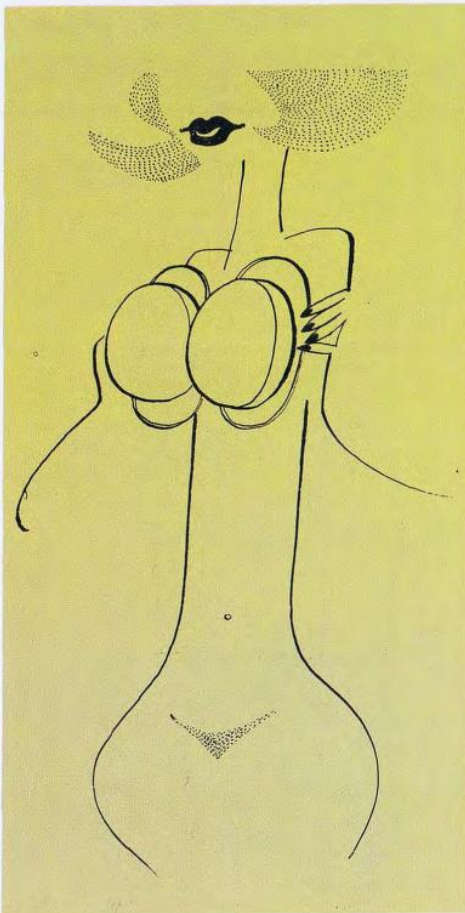
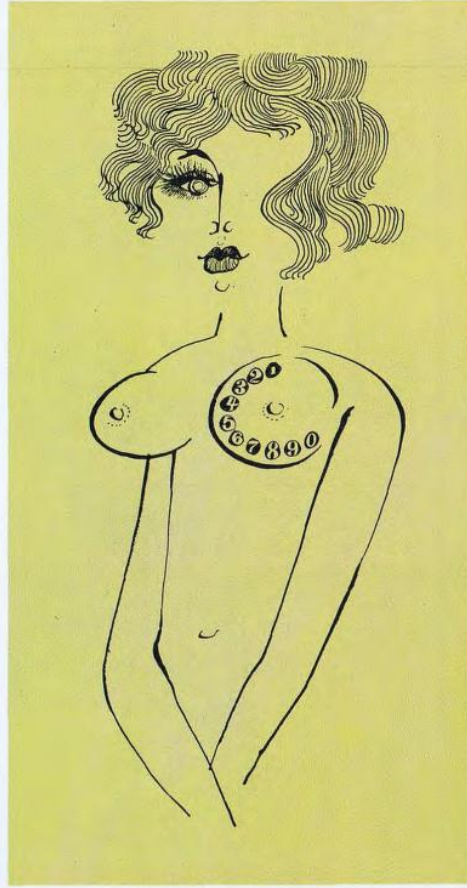
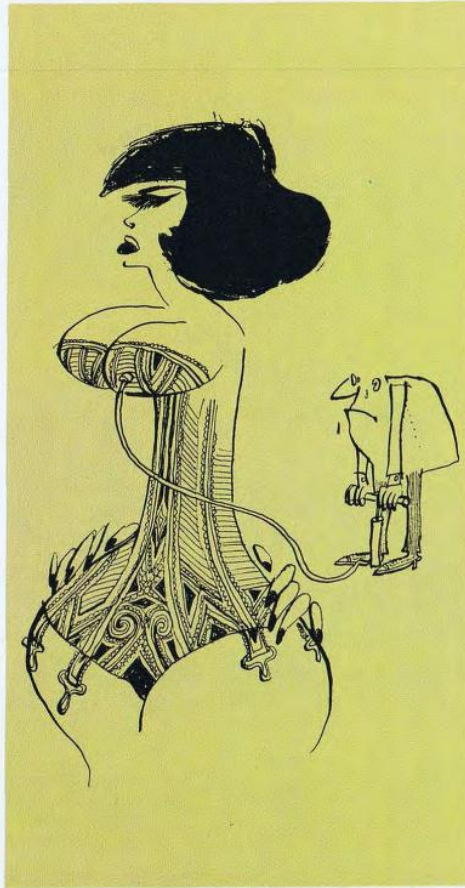
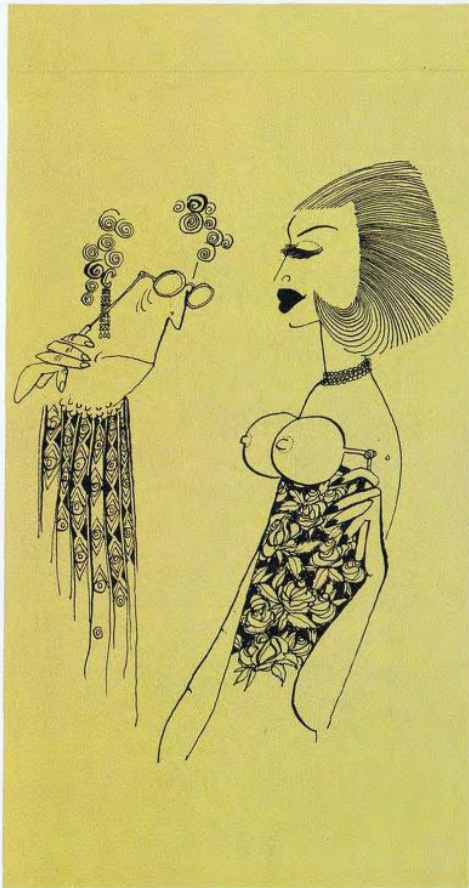
Right: For close air-to-air combat contact, Larry wears a multi-striped shirt by John Weitz for Excello, \$17. Because he's still at the Escadrille, the shirt of course has French cuffs. It also features long-point straight drop collar and is made of all imported cotton fabric. Tie is by Peter Max, a close friend of the Red Baron, \$12.50.

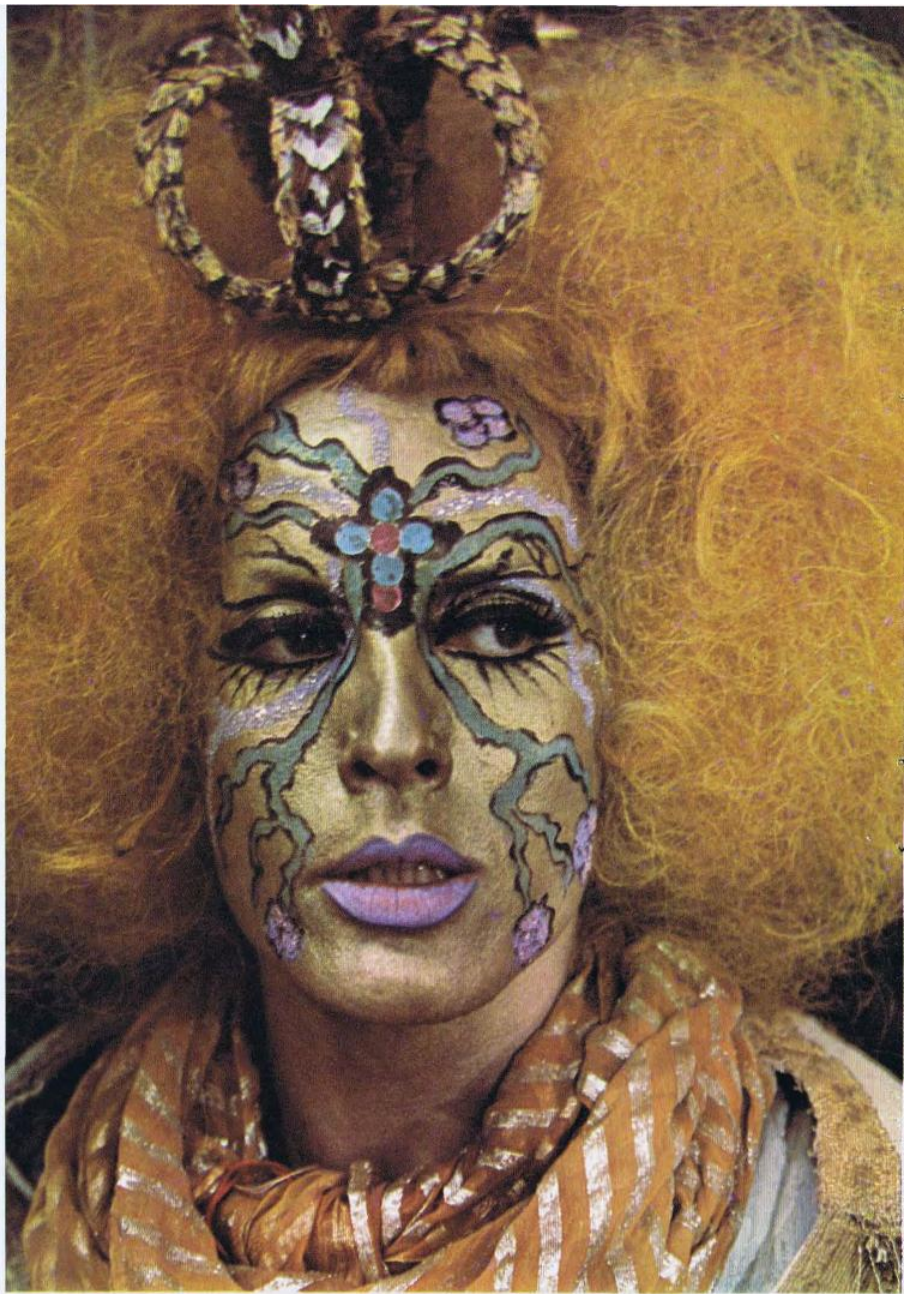
Opposite: For truly daring deeds, Larry sports a flower-print design in a Bently shirt by Jayson, \$12.00. Shirt has inverted center pleat in the back and two darts for comfort and movement. The shirt is also permanent-press and has two buttons on the cuffs. Tie is by Peter Max, \$12.50.



or, Thanks for
the mammary . . .
A
cartoon
tribute by
Jan Kristofori







Bizarre painted demeanour of Sabrina (above and top right) is enough to make anyone stare. Hence wide-eyed wonder of robeless roisterer (top left). Right: Callow, still-clad Zenoff overlooks bumper pre-orgy banquet.



THE NUDIES

BY ROGER FINBOROUGH

PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR

ALSO RELEASED UNDER THE TITLE 'GENTLE DAY, ROUGH NIGHT'

What with his interminable quests for erotic ultimates, and being locked up by the French authorities of the day in jails and funny farms (*fermes humereuses*) for protracted periods of time, the Marquis de Sade had a great many experiences in his life—but making money wasn't one of them. Time, however, has a way of rectifying financial oversights in the arts, and the Permissive Society's relaxation of censorship has turned de Sade into one of the hottest writers, moneywise, this side of Harold Robbins. Among other posthumous profitings, his book *Justine* has sold well over a million in its paperback editions, and last year a film based on his life was made starring Kier Dullea.

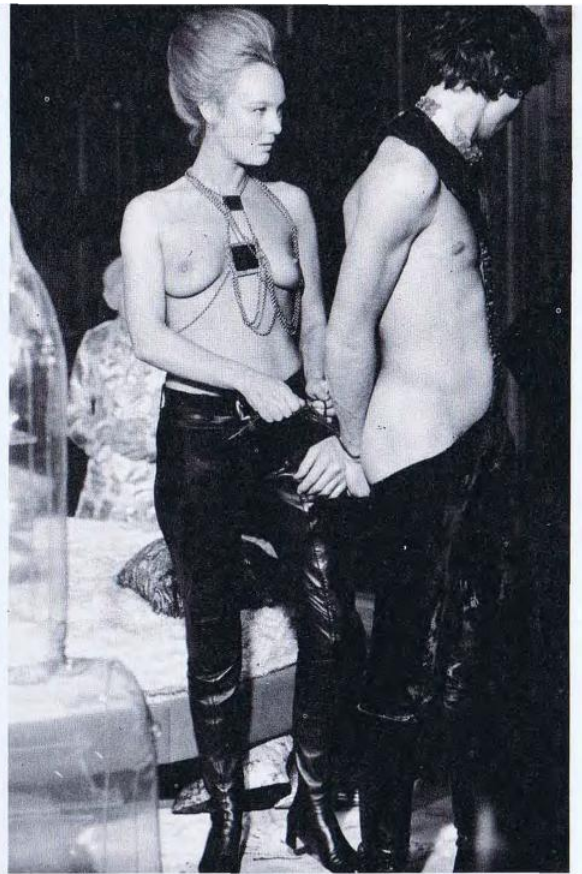
The latest cinematic attempt to catch a ride on the de Sade money-go-round is a



Yalo's guests get down to gastronomic cases. Paintings on wall are by actor-painter Michel Lablais.



Producer-director Jacques Scandelari makes fleeting feather-hatted appearance in his own film.





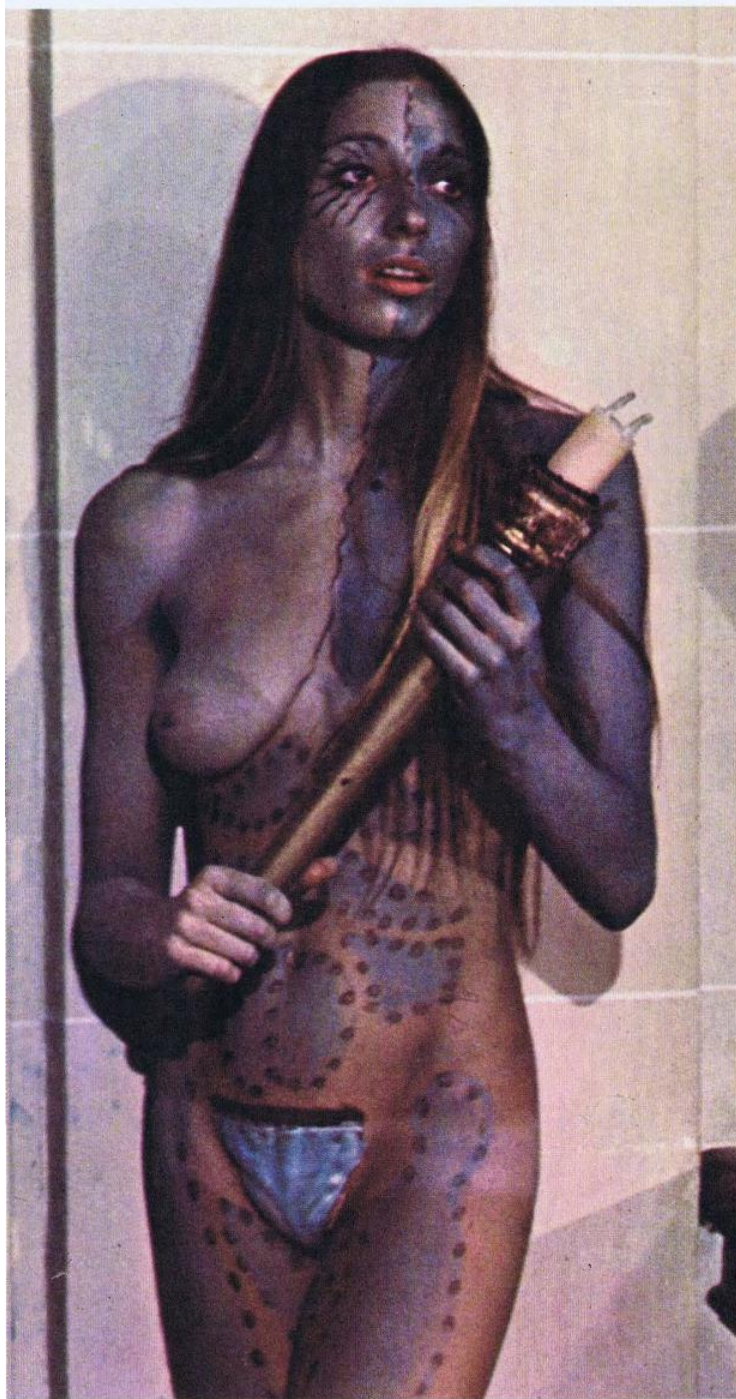
Zonked-out Xenia (above and opposite) demonstrates knot-tying know-how on would-be rescuer Zenoff. Meanwhile (opposite below) Lablais prepares to whip festivities into shape. Right: Dead beat, Zenoff reviews the situation. Below: Xenia takes a much needed break.

French film called *Philosophy in the Boudoir* loosely based on the Marquis's book of the same name. It represents the maiden feature film effort of producer/director Jacques Scandelari, ex-journalist, ex-cinema critic and ex-maker of commercial advert films. Without a doubt, "commercial" is still the operative word in Scandelari's film-making: *Philosopher* displays more kinks than a defective garden hose and if the financial success of today's deviation drift on the silver screen is anything to go by Scandelari should make a packet—provided he can get his skin-and-sin spectacular past the censors. (Actually, there's a certain amount of worry on this score as a play based on the same book was banned in France three years ago.)

The actors, all non-professional, include such disparate *dramatis personae* as Fred Saint-James, cousin of the Shah of Persia, Souchka, an ex-deb of Russian origin, painter Michel Lablais (also responsible for much of the film's *decor*) and Lucas de Chabanieux, a 21-year-old student. Added attractions include Sabrina, an allegedly famous Parisian



Xenia and Yalo (right) keep muscles in trim with unorthodox calisthenics, as orgy participant (below) stands ungarbed guard. Opposite page: Even a flagellationist, it appears, can let his hair get out of hand (right above), or for that matter get tangled in his own whip (left). But as far as Yalo is concerned (right, below) it's whatever turns him on.

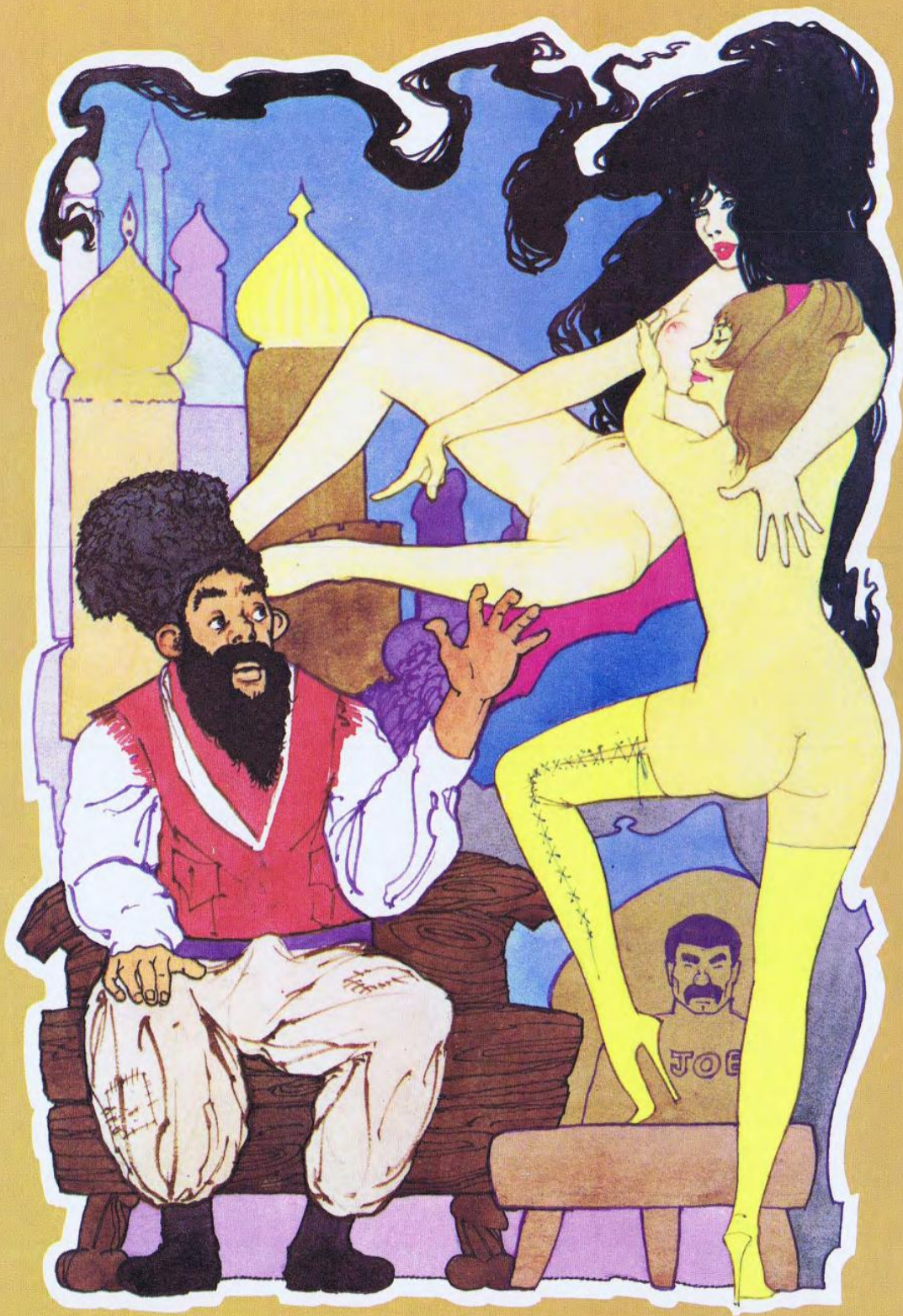


transvestite predictably playing a dual role, and Scandelari himself in a small if utterly forgettable cameo appearance.

The plot of the film revolves slowly around Yalo (played by Saint-James) whose sexual penchants are predictably of a sado-masochistic cast. One of Yalo's greatest delights in life is to inculcate similar tastes in other hitherto innocent persons. There's no doubt about it—he is a curious Yalo. When he first meets Xenia (played by Souchka) she's as chaste and straitlaced a lass as one's ever likely to meet. But Yalo's crash course in kinks is nothing if not intensive: before long, Xenia exhibits more deviations per minute than an in-play ping-pong ball. At this point the young, ingenuous Zenoff (Lucas de Chabanieux) tries to save Xenia from a life of depravity by giving her his love. In response, Xenia ties him up and whips him—a subtle indication that the well-meaning lad has arrived too late.

For the remainder of the film, sadistic orgy follows sadistic orgy with metronomic regularity—to the delight of Yalo, Xenia, assorted other participants and ultimately Zenoff himself. But you can't blame the kid—after all, nobody likes an orgy-poooper.





OH, WICKED WANDA!

PART 9 OF AN OUTRAGEOUS SEX SATIRE BY FREDERIC MULLALLY

WESTERN DECADENCE IN THE KREMLIN

THE STORY THUS FAR: Profligate heiress **Wanda von Kressus**, at 19 the world's richest beauty, has hustled her father to an early grave and aided by her amoral attendant, the nymphet **Candyfloss**, is using her wealth, wits and charms to subvert the world's top leaders. The two girls have just crashed West German society, where the Federal German Chancellor's shameful secret is spurred out of his young security chief, Rudi. This unfortunate is then incarcerated in the *schloss* as a hostage to the Chancellor's co-operation in Wanda's master-plan which, it begins to emerge, is hinged to the creation of an International Puss Force "manned" by butch lesbians. While this force is being recruited, Wanda and Candyfloss fly to Moscow. **NOW READ ON.**

"I've been trying to get to grips with this Soviet situation, Pusscake, and it's far and away the toughest one we've come up against yet."

Wanda von Kressus talking, in the privacy of her chartered jet, headed for Moscow. Her handmaiden, Candyfloss, doing her best to pay attention while her thoughts kept straying back to the prisoner she had left behind in the *schloss*.

"... Yessir," Wanda mused on, "it's a real hard one."

"The hardest we've ever come up against," Candyfloss sighed, dreamily. "Boy—was this one sent to stretch us!"

As Wanda shot her friend a curious glance, the nymphet came up from earth, blinking. "I mean," she babbled on to cover her confusion, "Russia's not like a democracy, where there's just one guy with all the power. There's a whole bunch of cats calling the shots in these Communist countries... Yes, indeed," she ended lamely. "Real hairy, this one..."

"That's one of the problems," Wanda nodded. "We've got the whole of the party presidium to take care of—or a majority of its 12 full members, anyway."

Candyfloss's thoughts had taken wing again, but she yanked them back with an effort. "And—er—the other problems, Booful?" she encouraged.

"Well, for one thing, these Marxist mothers are all such friggin' puritans. I mean, like deviation's a real swearword in their language. They're so square they think the Greek position is something that should go before the Security Council."

"Ah, yes," Candyfloss reflected softly. "The Greek position..."

"I wish you'd stop repeating everything I say. What's that supposed to mean—'Ah, yes, the Greek position'?"

"Nothing," the Ballet Rosebud floundered. "Just kind of ruminating. Go on, darling—about the problems."

"Well, on top of that, Yuri Lammsitoff is believed to be not all that secure as the party's chairman. Half the presidium haven't forgiven him yet for decorating the Pope with the Order of Lenin. It'd be a drag if he should be voted out of office just after we've popped him in the bag with our other four victims. Always assuming," she added, heavily, "we ever get close enough to wrap him up."

"Trickoyan will take care of that, won't he?" Candyfloss asked. "Didn't you say he had an illegal numbered account in one of your old man's banks?"

"One of *my* banks," Wanda corrected her. "So—we get to meet Lammsitoff. Let's say we even find a way to frame him. What use is he to me if, a week later, he's packed off to a retirement dacha in the Crimea?"

Candyfloss slipped a hand inside her shirt-blouse and began to tease her left nipple—sure sign she was trying to concentrate on the point raised. At the same time, however, her astute mind was also toying with her mistress's problem. And, after a little while, she gave voice to a suggestion.

"How would this be, Booful? Say we just went to work on the anti-Lammsitoff half of the presidium, framed them in some way and then let Lammsitoff know we had the dirt on them. He'd dance to any tune you wanted to call, wouldn't he? Like, you would then hold the key to his political survival—right?"

A slow smile curled the sensuous lips of Wanda von Kressus as she turned her green gaze to meet the nymphet's own inquiring amber-flecked regard. "I like it," she murmured. "I like it a lot... There are times, Pusscake, when you can rise to the need of the moment with a penetrative audacity worthy of Machiavelli himself."

Candyfloss was wishing Wanda would choose her images with a little more consideration for other people's sensitivities, when the voice of the captain crackled over the state-room's intercom: "If you ladies would care to join us up front, we can show you a great view of the River Danube."

Stefan Trickoyan, Minister of Foreign Trade, confirmed Wanda's assessment of the power structure inside the Kremlin when he visited the two girls in their suite at the Moscow-Hilton. But first the wily Armenian stood in the middle of the sitting-room and, with a cautionary gesture to Wanda, declared aloud: "I come to you with a personal message from Igor Tupushtin, madame. He wishes you to know that he received all your messages from Bonn and will happily provide you with the information you seek in return for the—ahem—services you and your charming companion are prepared to render him..."

Trickoyan kept his hand raised in silence for a few seconds. Then: "All bugging systems now snafu. We can talk freely, ladies."

"This Tupushtin... Head of the K.G.B.?" Wanda queried.

"The same. Incidentally, talking of services..."

Lusty septuagenarian that he was, Trickoyan eagerly accepted Wanda's gracious offer of a quarter-of-an-hour's hospitality in the next room with the ever-obliging Candyfloss. He returned, alone, looking relaxed and considerably impressed.

"I'll say this for Western decadence," he chuckled, slumping into an armchair, "for sheer inventiveness, it licks the arse off Socialist Realism."

"Why don't you write a letter to *Izvestia* about it?" Wanda sneered. "Now let's get down to some honest, straight-forward villainy."

After kicking the situation around between them awhile, Wanda summed it up with her wonted incisiveness.

"Half the presidium—let's call them the Doves—will follow Lammsitoff wherever he wants to lead them. That

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

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Sorcery is a recurrent phenomenon in human history, as its contemporary manifestations attest, and always it is found to be amalgamated with sex. The universality of this age-old relationship explains the fascination it has exerted on theologians, historians, jurists, anthropologists, and psychologists, who have applied their combined energies to the study of the subject. In western culture the classic eruption of witchcraft lasted from around the 13th century to the end of the 18th, and also involved important religious and political elements. That these factors were all cemented together by superstition, hypocrisy, and viciousness is just a testimony to the basic nature of the human animal.

The old fairytale version of the witch as an old hag living in a cluttered hut in the forest is not sheer fiction. There

were many such women who were witches not as members of a coven, and not out of choice, but out of absolute necessity. Medieval times were little brighter than the Dark Ages as far as the poor were concerned. Living at the bottom of the social scale in a feudal system, the poor were *de facto* slaves. Women (usually premature widows), forced while they were still young and attractive to surrender their bodies to the barons who legally ruled their lives, were liable to be left to fend for themselves if they lived to grow old and ugly. Those who were disfigured by disease early in life faced a similar dismal future. If they established themselves as witches they were at least able to earn a pittance by concocting love potions, simple medications, and harmless spells. Sometimes, when they were not totally lacking in physical charm

(and there are numerous accounts of young, pretty witches), they earned additional incomes by prostitution or by dealing in commodities not unlike modern moonshine or drugs to help their wretched neighbors ease the pain of everyday life.

During the 11th, 12th, and early 13th centuries, the Church recognized that witchcraft of sorts existed, but usually dealt with it leniently. During this period, however, the doctrine of Manicheism began to spread, and this was a heresy that could not be overlooked. Coming to Europe from the Middle East and North Africa via Bulgaria, it inspired a number of sects such as the Albigensians, and also the Cathars of whom anthropologist Arne Runeberg wrote: "The visible world was to them created by Satan, the apostate son of God, while the souls of mankind

Where there's witchcraft there's sex, as history demonstrates.

by Bernhardt J. Hurwood

Devil in the Flesh



were regarded as belonging to the Kingdom of Heaven, from which they had descended to earth . . ."

The Cathars and other Manichean sects taught that the Pope was the Antichrist and the Catholic Church a center of blasphemy. Although they appealed to the disillusioned and gained many followers, they were no match for the power of the Church, as was soon found by 13 noted Bulgars living in the diocese of Orleans. In the year 1022 this group, whose life-style could be compared to present-day hippie communes, was accused of sodomy and heresy. After a rapid one-sided trial, all were burned at the stake as heretics. In time, the French word for Bulgar, *Bougre*, came to be used as a synonym for heretic in general. Gradually that meaning fell out of popular usage and the secondary meaning, sodomite, replaced it. Eventually the English picked it up and mispronounced it as bugger, an example of the familiar process of using a foreign term to disguise native frailties.

When heretical sects were not slaughtered during local European crusades aimed at them, they went underground. In so doing they assimilated pre-Christian superstitious beliefs and practices, and in time came to be regarded by the Church as out-and-out Satanists. By the middle of the 13th century the Vatican was ready for total war. Since the visible world was at once the battleground and the eventual prize, it boiled down to a mortal struggle between the opposing forces of God and Satan—at least, in the eyes of the Church. The tragic twist was that many of the alleged opponents were innocent victims of error, ignorance, and sometimes deliberate viciousness.

In 1458 a French theologian, Nicolaus Jaquier, wrote one of the most significant early treatises on witchcraft. He traced its expansion to followers of sects hostile to Christianity, claiming that they gathered together on special occasions for what he called a *synagoga diabolica*. They would then venerate Satan in the form of a buck, copulating with him and with one another. Afterwards, declared Jaquier, they would also receive from their diabolical deity magic enabling them to cause insanity, disease, and death, not to mention impotence in men, and barrenness in women.

Such pressures prompted Pope Innocent VIII to issue his famous bull against witchcraft, *Summis desiderantes affectibus*, on December 9, 1484, which said in part: "... many persons of both sexes, unmindful of their own salvation and straying from the Catholic Faith, have abandoned themselves to devils, incubi and succubi, and by their

incantations, spells, conjurations, and other accursed charms and crafts, enormities and horrid offenses, have slain infants yet in the mothers' womb, as also the offspring of cattle, have blasted the produce of the earth, the grapes of the vine, the fruits of trees, nay, men and women, beasts of burden, herd beasts, as well as animals of other kinds, vineyards, orchards, meadows, pasturelands, corn, wheat, and all other cereals. These wretches furthermore inflict . . . terrible and piteous pains and sore diseases, both internal and external. They hinder men from performing the sexual act and women from conceiving, whence husbands cannot know their wives, nor wives receive their husbands. Over and above this, they blasphemously renounce that Faith which is theirs by the Sacrament of Baptism, and at the instigation of the Enemy of



A medieval flight of fancy.

Mankind they do not shrink from committing and perpetrating the foulest abominations and filthy excesses to the deadly peril of their own souls, whereby they outrage the Divine Majesty and are a cause of scandal and danger to very many."

The Pope also announced in his bull his appointment of two inquisitors of the German Dominican order, James Sprenger and Henry Kramer. Obediently putting their talents together, this fearsome pair wrote the *Malleus Malificarum*, or *Hammer against Witches*, an appalling handbook combining sexual fantasy, sadism, and legal-theological mumbo-jumbo. One of the most towering monuments to ignorance ever written, it was nevertheless destined to be wielded by Catholic and Protestant alike, until common sense swept super-

stition away and began replacing it with reason.

Reflecting the authors' pathological hatred of women and utter repugnance to sexuality, the book reads like a fanatical misogynist's Krafft-Ebing. Broken into three parts, it first defines and describes witches, secondly tells how witchcraft functions and how to deal with it, and finally, how to conduct witch trials.

Like the unforgettable general in *Dr. Strangelove*, Sprenger and Kramer asserted in all seriousness that witches "prevent the flow of vital essences to the members" by somehow closing the seminal ducts and impeding ejaculation. They go on to explain how witches deprive men of their penes.

They cited the example of a young man from Ratisbon (today known as Regensburg, Bavaria), who terminated a love affair with a young woman, unaware that she was a witch. Soon afterwards he was horrified to discover that by means of "some glamour" he had been deprived of his genitals. Heading for the nearest tavern, he began to drown his sorrows in wine and poured out his tale to a sympathetic female drinking companion. After he demonstrated the effectiveness of his emasculation - by - enchantment the woman recommended that he approach the suspected witch directly and try to reason with her, but failing that, to employ violence. When after a few minutes talking to the "witch" he realized that this approach was getting him nowhere, he whipped out a towel, looped it around her neck, and began to strangle her, threatening that she would die if she didn't restore his penis and testicles at once. As her face began to turn black, she conceded defeat, and thrust her hand between his thighs. As for the young man, the learned inquisitors related that afterwards he "plainly felt, before he had verified it by looking or touching, that his member had been restored to him by the mere touch of the witch".

The most fantastic "case" offered by the *Malleus Malificarum*, however, concerns a youth who had been similarly deprived of his penis through the machinations of the neighborhood witch. This one was apparently perfectly willing to return it without a struggle, for when he asked her for it, she merely told him to climb a certain tree where he would find it in the midst of a rather large collection of such organs temporarily housed in a bird's nest. Delighted with what he saw when he got there, he reached out for the largest one in sight, but was restrained by the honorable witch, who regretfully told him he could not have it because it belonged to the parish priest. Sprenger and Kramer explained this extraordinary occurrence by revealing that witches

"sometimes collect male organs in great numbers, as many as 20 or 30 members together, and put them in a bird's nest, or shut them up in a box, where they move themselves like living members and eat oats and corn".

With ideas such as these firmly implanted in the minds of those who wielded power, a new dark age descended on Europe. Not only did it place deadly weapons in the hands of madmen and fools, it enabled ruthless despots and power-hungry politicians to use them for their own selfish purposes. A case in point is the fate of the Knights Templars.

Founded during the Crusades as a religious order devoted to military service on behalf of the Cross, the Templars were granted many privileges, including secret initiation rites and immunity from taxation. Despite their original vows of chastity and poverty, the Templars eventually went into the moneylending business and before long acquired large tracts of French real estate, causing the crown, as they grew rich and powerful, to cast envious eyes in their direction. The kings of France, always living far beyond their means, found the Templars to be a ready source of cash. The Templars, having technically still to keep their sex lives free of women, took to homosexuality, feeling that if they had to indulge, it was best to keep it discreetly within the order.

Early in the 14th century, King Philip IV began collecting all the scandal he could about the Templars, and was especially generous to those informers who gave him tidbits about sodomy, Satanism and other sinful or heretical practices. When he had assembled enough alleged evidence to make a case he presented it to Pope Clement V (a Frenchman himself, who had outraged Rome by establishing the papacy in Avignon, thereby initiating the so-called Babylonian Exile of the Popes).

An inquisition was called in conjunction with the French monarchy, but it was a farce, because the king held all the trumps and Clement rubber-stamped his wishes. Despite complete confessions extracted from the Templars under unspeakable tortures, the Council of Vienne, summoned by the Pope never officially concluded that the Templars were guilty of heresy. Nevertheless the order was abolished and all the members convicted of crimes by the secular court. Every last man of them was burned at the stake. The Pope tried to transfer the Templars' considerable assets to another order he favored, but the wily King Philip got there first and confiscated everything.

One of the most ludicrous aspects of witchcraft was the ecclesiastical controversy over incubi and succubi. An incubus was said by some to be a demon in male form whose chief

activity was to come in the night to sleeping women and force them into copulation. A succubus was merely the female manifestation of the same demon, who chose as "victims" members of the male sex. Fantastic as it may seem, theologians and scholars of the highest repute entered into the debate. Part of the problem stemmed from St. Augustine, who had written that "they have corporeal immortality and passions like human beings". In 1494 Bartolomeo de Spina asserted that "some are formed from the odor and sperm of men and women in intercourse". And a contemporary, one William the Good, wrote: "That there exist such beings as are commonly called incubi and succubi, and that they indulge in their burning lusts, and that children, as it is freely acknowledged, can be born from them, is attested by the unimpeachable and

“
Believed to be a
demon who assumed male
form in order to copulate
with sleeping women,
the incubus was given to
impersonating men of
spotless reputation, and
was considered a
particular threat to nuns in
convents
”

unshakeable witness of many men and women, who have been filled with foul imaginings by them, and endured their lecherous assaults and lewdness".

One of those unimpeachable witnesses was St. Thomas Aquinas, who had written that incubi took semen from men and deposited it in the bodies of women. Another, Caesarius of Heisterbach, believed that they collected semen emitted during masturbation or erotic dreams, and from it manufactured bodies for themselves. Two 16th-century experts, one of whom was a physician, emphasized that incubi always went out of their way to obtain the best semen available, explaining that they only dealt with robust, ardent young men, who produced semen that was "abundant, very thick, very warm, rich in spirits, and free from serosity".

Then, in the words of Ludovico Maria Sinistrari, who summed up their assertions: "The incubus copulates with women of a like constitution, taking care that both shall enjoy a more than normal orgasm, for the greater the venereal excitement, the more abundant the semen".

Sinistrari, Professor of Philosophy at Pavia, and consultant to the Supreme Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, had ideas of his own as to the true nature of incubi and succubi—unique ones, it must be said, that differed from all the other authorities. He believed them to be only mildly evil spirits who were basically lustful, but of a higher order of life than human beings. They were, he said, not even beyond the reach of Christian redemption, because unlike true demons, they could not be exorcised.

Regardless of the arguments about their true nature, incubi and succubi were believed to attend witches' Sabbats, and to copulate freely with both male and female participants. Merlin, King Arthur's legendary magician, was said to have been the result of a union between an incubus and a witch. Indeed, rumors circulated that incubi figured prominently in the ancestry of William the Conqueror and Martin Luther. About Luther, the church made no comment.

These lascivious creatures of the night were a particular threat to convents and monasteries, who were relentlessly plagued with nocturnal assaults on their inmates. Virtuous widows and wives, especially those whose husbands were away on long journeys were also vulnerable to incubus attacks, and single young men with pretty fiancées were far from immune. To complicate matters, these troublesome spirits had the habit of assuming the appearances of individuals well known to the victims. Often as not they appeared in the guise of men with spotless reputations. What was a woman to do when an incubus looking exactly like her confessor crept into her bed; worse yet, one who bore an uncanny resemblance to her father, best friend's husband, or favorite uncle? Sinistrari's theories notwithstanding, such things, including otherwise embarrassing pregnancies, were understood and accepted as the work of the Devil (with God's permission, of course). For, as it was written in the *Malleus Malificarum*, such sufferers were, at best, victims of supernatural rape. After all, only witches and their ilk voluntarily entered into sexual relations with such "unclean spirits".

Probably no other aspect of witchcraft has caused more controversy than the Sabbat. Judging by early writings it began as little more than an after-dark picnic, attended by Manichean-like

cultists possibly along with a sprinkling of left-over pagans. To carry the theory a little further, the proceedings were little more sinister than an extension of Christian rites, because all the celebrants were doing was paying homage to Satan as lord of the visible world. As a cheerful gathering, with a certain amount of ritual thrown in, there was plenty of eating and drinking—especially drinking and it is likely that some of those attending sneaked off to the bushes for more private rites of their own.


In some parts of Europe the celebration was probably a carry over from the old Roman Saturnalia, with open phallic rites observed. We are told of huge French sabbats in the early part of the 15th century where participants drank drugged wine and danced nude around

Virtually every narrative describing a sabbat tells how the Devil himself attended, sometimes disguised as some animal, but eventually in a more or less human form, so that he might have sexual relations with his followers. This indicates that someone had to perform the Satanic role. But was it a man or a woman? The question arises out of a curious similarity that occurs in virtually every contemporary narrative. Invariably the women confessing their sexual relations with Satan complain that his penis was ice cold, and that penetration was extremely painful. We read confession after confession (each separated from the other by time, distance, and language) in which the common denominator is this outsized penis, sometimes "about a yard and a half long", "long and thick as one's arm", or some-

Thomas Wright says: "She had seen at the sabbat men and women in promiscuous intercourse, and how the devil arranged them in couples, in the most unusual conjugations—the daughter with the father, the daughter-in-law with the father-in-law, the penitent and the confessor, without distinction of age, quality or relationship, so that she confessed to having been known an infinity of times by a cousin of her mother, and by an infinite number of others". He goes on to explain that the girl claimed to have been deflowered by the Devil at the age of 13. He goes on to report that Jeanette and the other witches "suffered extremely when he (the Devil) had intercourse with them, in consequence of his member being covered with scales like those of a fish, that when extended it was a yard long, but that it was usually twisted".

Whether witches' sabbats actually took place as orgiastic convocations of Satanists and their fellow travellers or whether they were mere figments of the twisted imaginations of inquisitors and other witch-hunters is difficult to say with absolute certainty in retrospect. Certainly, the methods of torture these humorless zealots employed were effective enough to extract any confessions they chose from their victims. Knowing what we do today about the pathology of sex, we can unequivocally state that the majority of witch-hunters, Catholic and Protestant alike, were merely expressing their own warped sexuality as they tormented and systematically destroyed their hapless victims.

The witchcraft enjoying a renaissance today is certainly inspired to some extent by the brand that flourished in the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries. But the modern elements of sex and drugs are more sophisticated, and the concept of demons is nonexistent. For every true believer there are two or more skeptics who go along with the others for sexual, social, or other reasons, not unlike what happens within the more conventional religious, or cultural movements.

Although the *Rosemary's Baby* variety of witchcraft is virtually nonexistent now, it cannot be dismissed altogether. The bloody Moors killings in Great Britain and the Sharon Tate murders in California more recently offer grisly testimony to that. Certainly there is nothing surprising about the current manifestation of witchcraft. Not only is there a general occult fad, but we have a growing relaxation of sexual rigidity, a youthful drug culture, and unfortunately the increasing awareness of a bleak future for mankind in general. Since *homo sapiens* has traditionally called on supernatural and magical forces to help him in the past, he is presently following an old predisposition hopefully to help him cope with the future. 

“
Contemporary
confessions of sex with
Satan concur in describing
an outsize penis, painful
to the woman, indicating
that an artificial phallus
was used at the sabbats,
possibly carved out of
marble. A woman in
disguise could have
wielded it
”

"Astonishing Transformation Produced by Natural Magic": a 17th-century theorist thus speculated on the power of spells cast with the aid of "venomous matter taken from mares".



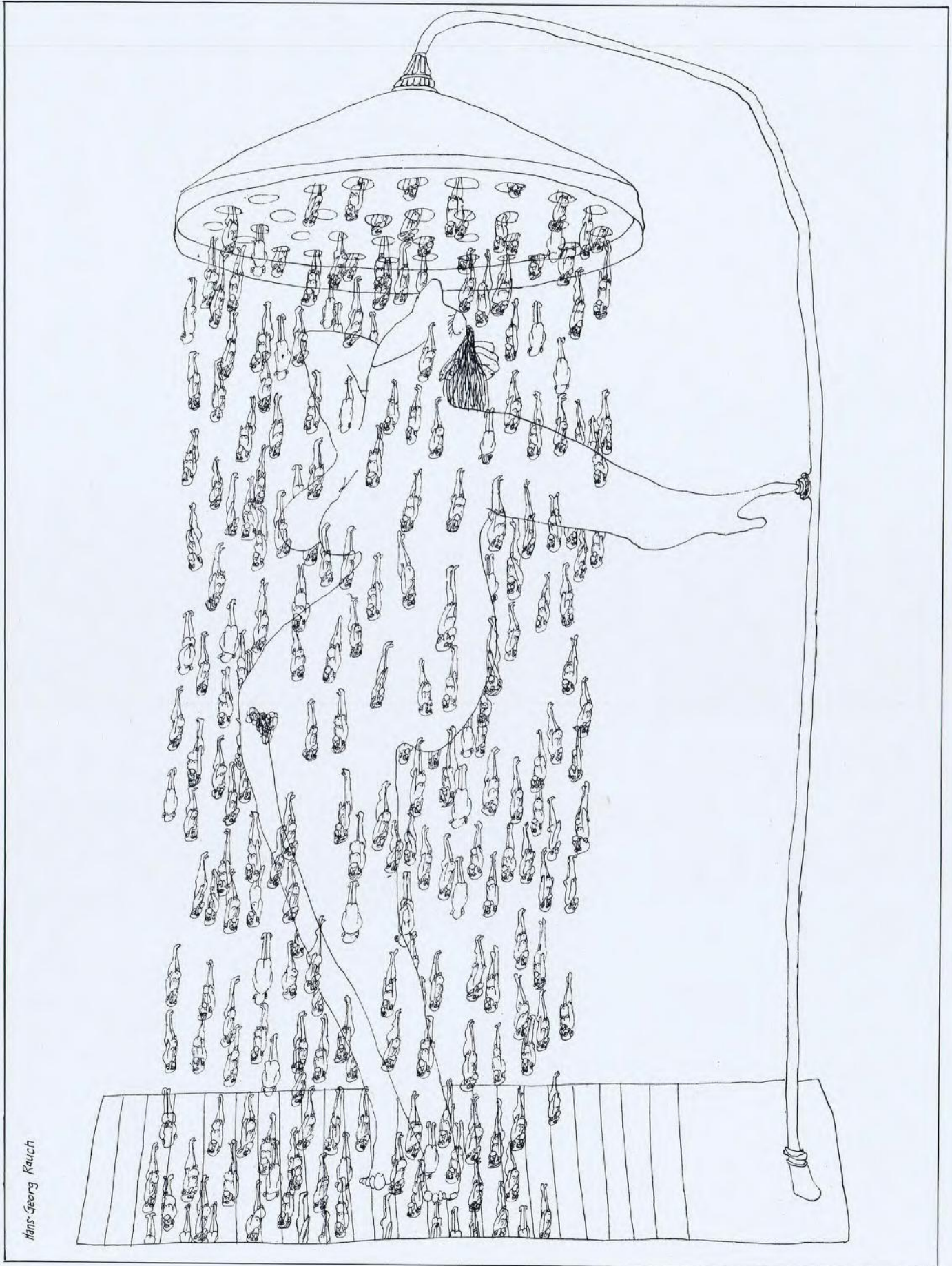
a gigantic phallus representing the potency of God.

Obviously, for such a momentous occasion as the sabbat, certain preparations were necessary. Over and over we read of the unguents, or sorcerer's grease, which had to be compounded from a hair-raising pharmacopia, then smeared over the naked body. This lubricant, which might have doubled for sexual assistance later on, was a vital aid to transvection, or flying through the air. Powerful potions were concocted and swallowed, most of which are recognized today as containing drugs guaranteed to produce delirium or hallucinations. Some witches who confessed to having flown to the sabbat may well have been thoroughly convinced that they were telling the truth. The expression "fly by night" stems back to these times.

thing similar, but always causing great pain to the female.

This would indicate an artificial phallus, possibly carved out of marble, bone, or something equally retentive of the cold. Judging from some descriptions, it might even have been a large animal horn. A woman in disguise could easily have wielded it. It stands to reason that no man could maintain an erection long enough to copulate with scores of frenzied followers. And even if by some superhuman means he could, his partners would not experience such sensations as pain and extreme cold.

Every manner of sexual excess emerges from these narratives against surreal backgrounds of smoking cauldrons, frenzied dancing, cacophonous music, agonized shrieks, howls and screams. Writing of the confession of a young witch, Jeanette d'Abaide,



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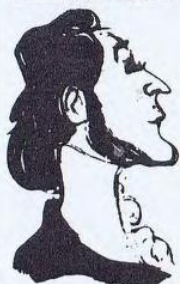


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GROOM AT THE TOP



BY RON BUTLER

Barbers' shops were never like this

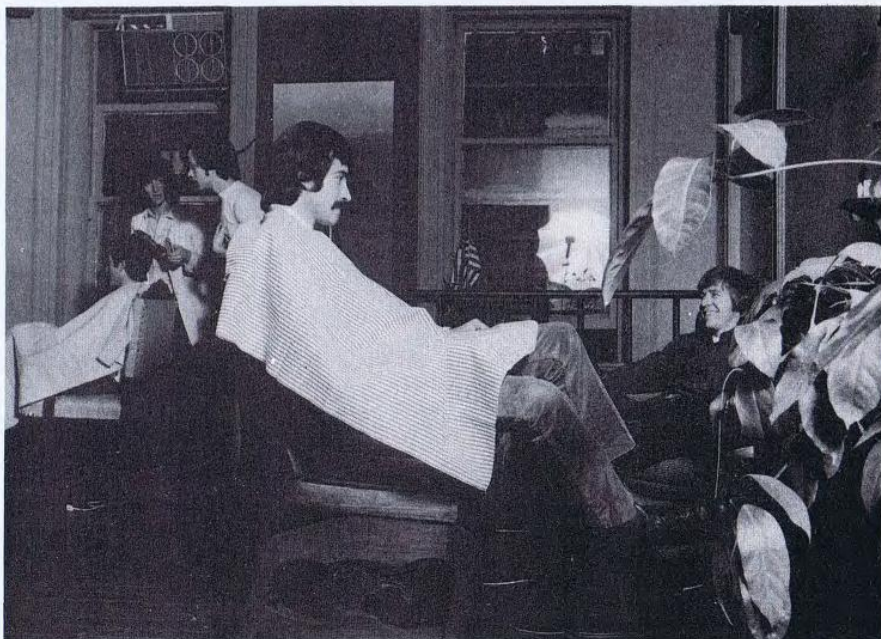
John de Coney's is one of the few
barber's shops where you come out
with more hair than when you went in
—or at least it seems that way. Also,
he doesn't have a barber pole out front.
He has a big purple flag hanging out the
window of his shop, which is on the
third floor: John de Coney Ltd. At
\$15 a haircut he can afford to be
limited.

This unique barbering establishment
was opened recently in the chic upper
60s section of New York's Madison
Avenue, an area of small art galleries
and smart restaurants, where unmarried
male residents pride themselves on
being the first to wear maxi-coats and
flowing woolly mufflers. Its owner is a

pleasant 24-year-old Australian with
Jet Set connections. His shop, a
duplex affair built on two levels of what
looks to have once been a townhouse,
is painted entirely purple. Connecting
the two floors is a spiral metal staircase,
installed in such a way that it forces
you to enter the actual barbering area
backwards. This puts you at an imme-
diate disadvantage.

The downstairs portion is something
of a lounging-waiting room with coat
racks, a free pinball machine that
doesn't work and a reception-cashier
desk manned by a young lady who looks
as though she'd rather be somewhere
else. A handwritten sign on the desk
reads: "No checks, please".

There's a restaurant on the first floor,
the Right Bank Provencal, which ex-
plains why shortly after I was seated in
the barber chair, John whipped out a
stick of incense and lit it. "The kitchen
downstairs," he explained, as the strong,
rich smell of *cuisse de grenouilles* cut
through the din of discotheque music.



John de Coney (left): the haircuts, if not the incense, make sense.

John, whose shoulder-length hair could never have seen a pair of clippers, has two assistants. One wore lady-style high-heel shoes, in order to reach up on the taller customers no doubt. The other wore faded jeans and a red, short-sleeved T-shirt with a big, gold lopsided star on the front of it, like the logo from the German magazine *Stern*.

Several people were ahead of me. Someone who worked there offered me a glass of wine which I accepted. It wasn't bad wine. A few moments later another fellow, with beads on the front of his T-shirt, told me to come into an adjoining room to have my hair shampooed. When we got there, he asked me to unbutton my collar and I almost fell over a chair.

While much of what goes on at John de Coney's barber shop doesn't seem to make too much sense, his haircuts definitely do. As John, who once worked as a woman's hairdresser with Vidal Sassoon, puts it, he uses a scientific gravitational technique, cutting here and snipping there, letting the hair fall where it may. The final effect is a fuller head of hair with something of a casual, shaggy neatness about it. You suddenly find yourself hunching one shoulder up so you'll look even more like a movie star, or at least that's the way I went up Madison Avenue, studying my reflection in all the store windows. For \$15 you can at least look like Hugh O'Brian or Tony Curtis or . . .

Liquid sunshine—and it's colorfast

When do-it-yourself tanning lotions first hit the market a few years back, the prospect of getting a good-looking homemade tan were pretty dismal. At that time, artificial tans looked artificial. Colors were unpredictable. You might come out pink or yellow or purple, depending on your basic skin pigment. The tans were streaky. Necks looked dirty. Fingers and hands used to apply the lotion turned tan, too. All that's changed.

Now you can get tanning lotions that are totally absorbed by the skin, leaving a good, solid tan until washed away with soap and water. Admittedly, most of these new products are for women but as long as we're borrowing each other's deodorants and colognes these days, why worry?

Coty's *Shades of Sun* is a transparent gel that leaves the skin well tanned. It won't rub off, unless you wash it away. Fabergé's *Bronze Baby* comes in three shades. (Have a friend order it for you

at the corner drug store if you're shy.) The body absorbs it so there is no coating left on the skin. The final result is a natural-looking tan that defies detection.

Sea & Ski has a tanning foam that takes up to five hours to materialize, but the color is correspondingly long-lasting. The foam also acts as a sunscreen, a protective coating that keeps you from burning while getting a natural tan. Also, it won't streak or turn yellow.

For 1970, bosoms of fruitfulness

Olga, the ladies' lingerie designer who was first to introduce the nightgown with the built-in bra a few seasons back, is still making news. The bosom should look natural this year, she says, a little lower and a little fuller than last year, with just enough support to help nature along. To illustrate the difference, she likes to compare last year's shape to an apple and this year's to a pear.

Says Olga: "The Fashionable Woman picked up an apple and said, 'This is the way I looked the day before yesterday.

On the other hand'—and she picked up a pear—this is the way I should look today. A little lower, a little fuller, a trifle more naturally sloped. Really, the way I might look if I weren't wearing any bra. Only much, much better."

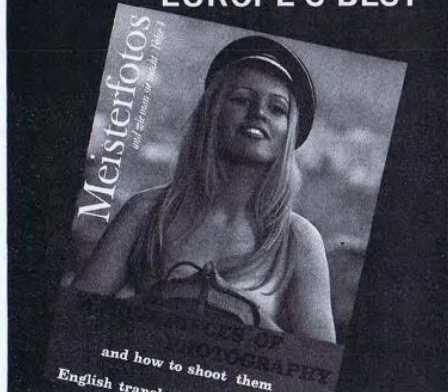


More like a pear this year.



"Not bad son . . . not bad."

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CRIME AND INFLATION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

● Illegal entrepreneurs like Cosa Nostra have their corporate images to maintain, though they put much less money into company stationery. Now and then we get a glimpse into illegal P.R. when some startled judge or legislative assistant is dredged from the depths and exhibited to the public ●

\$7 billion. One interesting question about this, and other booming criminal businesses, is how much capital is required to finance it—and also where does the capital come from? The banker has to be able to pay off, and of course the gamblers have to have their stakes, or if they have to get credit from the banker he has to have the capital. Moreover, the operating cost of such a business must be big—the salaries of the dealers and croupiers, the cost of new decks of cards (when you're doing business in the billions in poker and blackjack you can't just use a few old decks of cards), the rental of secret rendezvous, the catering (ham, cheese, pastrami sandwiches, etc), the protection, the illegal mechanism of enforcement (collecting unpaid IOU's for instance). Like any other economic activity, crime has costs.

With a legitimate enterprise, it often takes \$1 or more of capital invested in the business to produce \$1 of sales. Some businesses are much more efficient in capital requirements. One that required only 70c to produce \$1 of sales would be extremely efficient. If the illegal gambling industry is that efficient, then a \$7 billion sales volume would require not far from \$5 billion capital. Much of this would come from accumulated profits but some undoubtedly would be borrowed. The borrower couldn't go to a bank with the frankly stated purpose of financing a floating poker game but subterfuges are easy. Crime as any other business has to be financed—and if crime is growing rapidly then this growth must be reflected obscurely but insistently in the general inflationary increase in the nation's money supply.

For those who supply with worry about the growth of organized crime, it may be soothing to realize that at some point an excessive growth of illegal activities tends to disorganize organized crime just as rapid and monumental growth disorganizes any legal monopoly. For one thing, monumental growth outruns the capital capability of an organization, and new organizations with new sources of capital therefore get in the business. In other words, the Mafia may not have the capital or the resources to raise new capital needed to finance the enormous business that crime has become, and therefore new organizations are de-

veloping in the business. Under the first John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Company was in a sense the Mafia of its day. It was because of the monopolistic cruelties of Standard Oil that we have our anti-trust laws now. But the oil business today is so enormous that even though there are a number of Standard Oil companies, each of which is much larger than the original, there is no single nor even any several organizations that monopolize the petroleum industry. For instance, one of the big companies today is Occidental Petroleum, which was started by an art dealer, Armand Hammer, about ten years ago. It was a penny stock then, but the opportunities in oil were so great and so ramified and Mr Hammer was so capable that now it is a huge company and even about to threaten the strategic position of the "majors". Little as you may approve of big crime being big business, you may get some satisfaction out of thinking that new elements are growing up which will threaten the old establishment of organized crime.

Stimulated by the growth of crime are of course legal expenditures for detection and protection. *New York* magazine recently had an article on attack-dogs, with a cover showing a pretty girl with a not-so-pretty dog, which it said was ready to destroy you if you so much as laid a hand on her. The dog cost \$4,000. Well, I certainly wouldn't lay a hand on her. I am staying away from girls with dogs that growl—or maybe I'll make a rule to come on with girls only after I have found how much their dogs cost. You can see what crime means—whoever heard of a girl having a \$4,000 dog before? Well, in rounder numbers the cost of police, courts, attorney generals and defense counsel in 1967 was placed at \$4.2 billion while that of private prevention services and equipment was almost \$1.6 billion. Pinkertons, the largest private protective agency, had sales of \$83 million in 1967 and they are estimated to score near \$120 million in 1969, a 45% increase in two years. There are not many growth industries with a record better than this. One reason for the spectacular growth of private protection is of course the failure of public protection—but the cost of this has also been stimulated by the growth of crime. A reasonable guess of the 1969 cost of

police and the courts would be well over \$5 billion and might reach \$6 billion.

This arithmetic should be thought of not just in the abstract but in the terms of people employed, of services rendered and required, hardware manufactured etc. Illegal entrepreneurs put much less money into formal corporate images, company stationery, packaging, logos, etc. The Cosa Nostra has not as yet startled the world by employing a great architect to design a headquarters building like the Seagram Building, but its particular type of corporate images are created and must be maintained. Now and then one gets a glimpse into illegal public relations when some judge or some legislative assistant or police officer or even some legislator is dredged from the depths and exhibited in startled and startling splendor to the public. We have no figures on the percentage of the sales dollar which goes to this form of public relations, but the bookkeepers, accountants and comptrollers of capable organizations such as the Mafia must have standards and it is possible that the standards of what should be allocated to various functions of illegitimate business would prove to be, if you knew them, fairly similar to that of legitimate business.

Also sales per employee must be similar in illegitimate enterprise to that of legitimate. Without trying to be too scholarly, sales per employee in legitimate business can vary from \$20,000 per employee in the case of an automobile company to \$50,000 in the case of a pharmaceutical company. Thus \$1 billion of illegitimate enterprise might employ 20,000 to 50,000 men and women. If illegal gross national product totals \$50 billion, then it may account for the living of 1 to 2.5 million people. If there has been a 15% increase in illegitimate enterprise in the past year, it could have given jobs to between 50,000 and 375,000 additional workers whom the Bureau of Labor Statistics may not know about.


But the greatest of all the sectors of illegal gross national product may be politics. Now and then one gets a picturesque glimpse of the soft underside of the political belly, as in the case of Bobby Baker or the aged Speaker, John McCormack, of the House of Representatives. I get the impression that practically every Congressman lets friends phone from his office, use his stationery etc. Well, when you think of all the Congressmen there are, of all their assistants and of all the legislators in the capitals of the 50 states and all their assistants, and all the governors, mayors, etc. you get the spectacle of a grand total of influential people, which—if only a few were hip—could make the cream skimmed from the milk of the national cow look a little like an ocean.

Finally, illegal streams of cash eddy from legitimate business itself. For instance, the newspaper you are buying may not be a newspaper that the publishers are selling. Instead it may be one classed by the printers as a second but sold on the stands looking just like a first. An intimate of the business told me of seeing a print run of a very well-known New York paper of which 40% was saleable seconds. They were reported to the publisher as unsaleable but actually sold anyway. Someone other than the owners of the paper pocketed the dimes.

Throughout the business world the possibility that not everything is reported for income purposes exists. If you were an investment banker and were called in for a public underwriting of a privately held company, you might find that the recorded earnings were not so great. This was because, you would be told, everything possible was written off to save taxes.

If the skim-off from politics and legitimate business are the really big components of illegal gross national product, then placing the total at \$50 billion annually is a very reasonable estimate. It may be too conservative. The more conservative areas of illegal activity don't add up to so much. The total may be \$15 billion for such illegal enterprises themselves and \$23-\$25 billion if one adds the cost of crime control. In considering crime a business the precision of the arithmetic isn't what counts; what matters is that whatever numbers you take it's a big enough business both directly and indirectly to be a very important segment of our total economy.

What about moral justification. Sooner or later you have to justify facts, you can't just observe them—that's the difference between nature and humans. Nature has never bothered to justify poison ivy. There are two sorts of crimes, those which to all peoples at all times have been real crimes like murder, rape, assault and personal robbery, and the others which certain societies at certain times make into crimes—like gambling. We are doing to the drug habit now what we tried to do to drinking in 1919, with similar success. Until 1914 you could buy opium or heroin legally and until recently you could still get heroin and L.S.D. legally. The savage fight against drugs dates not from the Bible but from the 1920's and a great deal of the savagery is due to drugs being strange to our white society, not to their danger.

If lawmakers would listen more they might legislate less, and of course if there were fewer laws there would be fewer lawbreakers. But as it is, crime is a great business adding to the economic puzzle that the people in Washington are trying to solve. 

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All's well that starts well

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

scoped, and nothing has been detected. Had there been, we might feel safe. As there was nothing, we do not know what we are dealing with and must attack".

Karen stood angrily and as the General did not sit the two confronted one another. The General had the look of a turkey hen, a bony thorax, a protuberance of hooked bone that was her nose and gave her an aspect of force and power, and grey, cold eyes, and a vestigial arm she carried cocked up like the wing of a chicken plucked of its feathers.

"It is cowardly and unworthy," said Karen toward her across the breast gulf where the President never was. "Will our aggressive defence bend us to the posture of cowering before ants? Is it dignified, when you are great and huge, to strike even a child as a way of defending yourself, in view of the possibility the child might do you harm? Will a giant wear out its muscles, to empty the universe of threat? A volcano fumes on the island of Pele, emits gases. And so we must blow that island to pieces, simply because a handful of the refugees from the Rousseau extermination may have hidden there?"

"You know the fumes from Pele entered the vents of West Ireland Overground and killed 17 of our citizens," said the General icily.

"An accident! A trick of the winds, or the Gulf Stream current! Volcanic fumes do have acidity, poisonous, true. And Pele smoked, as volcanoes have been known to do..."

This quivering sarcasm was entirely lost on the integument of the General. "We are not engaged in a game of surmise," she said thinly. "That the cone of Pele is a devil's kitchen of the Rousseaus is *possible*. Nothing else comes into the question, nor has or shall. She who hesitates is lost."

"We shall submit it to the decision of the President, at least!"

A curious little smile came onto the General's mouth quite suddenly. "You may have your private accesses there," she said. "It is not certain the child doesn't know its own mother, sinful as it may sound. There is a good deal of wickedness loose in the world, and even the reinforcement of heredity by frequenting is not impossible, shuffle children as we do, threat to placidity-providing uniformity that it would be. And this might especially be true, Karen, for those in high places, who have opportunities all don't have. No, we shall vote now."

A woman I knew to be the Manifestations Director stood. She was a great block-like woman with a white face like a crag of chalk and megalithic hands. The men around me stirred excitedly, sensing that something was about to happen, and many left off fooling with their rings or fingering their neck bangles. "This was laid out," I thought. "This was planned move for move."

"Very well," said Karen oddly. "Let us vote." She sat.

Lucille Levin, the amanuensis, who had little rose tits like apples and extremely short gold hair stood to tally.

"All those in favour of the utter destruction of Pele and the handful of humans thereabouts please rise," she said in clear accents. My glance ran over the sea of women. They did not stir; they were watching with interest, but without expression.

On the platform, about two-thirds of the Directors rose. Karen kept seated. The General was standing; her hound or ape—the Manifestations Director—hovered near her. My heart throbbed to see the only male, the Director of Consumption, was still seated, and so he was with Karen. But he seemed indolent, preoccupied. Lucille Levin, with a movement of her trim buttocks, sat. But the majority was with the General.

"My goodness," said one of the men beside me, "now the General is going to make herself President."

The General, after a short look round, put down her pointer on the lobe of the table, as though a military baton were laid aside as a higher post was to be taken. And then she stepped back, and began with slow dignity to walk the short distance around the lobe and into the cleft of the centre.

The women who had voted for her stayed standing, following her with their eyes. A kind of wind stirred among the watching women in the auditorium as though this palace revolution touched some remembrance of response. And then my eye was carried to Karen because some of the seated women at the table looked at her suddenly. She seemed lost in profound reflection. And just at this instant two, three, then five and six, of the standing adherents of the General sat.

They sat abruptly, did not sink down; sat as if they had been pushed on the top of the head. And four more abruptly sat. At this, the General thrust herself into the place of the President and stood as if frozen into a block of ice.

"Karen is committing the innovation!" some woman screamed out.

"The waves into!"

All the adherents of the General save the Manifestations Director had sat. And Lucille Levin, with a wild gesture of triumph, ripped the tally tablet in two and flung the halves into the air.

"Get her," said the General to the Manifestations Director. It was exactly the tone of master to mastiff. And the Manifestations Director began to move.

Karen slowly stood. The General seemed congealed in place by some resistance to a terrible challenge, dreadful to us within the thinkstop because wholly not there. She seemed to be within the elastic of some contradiction, striving in a mortal wrestle.

And then a terrible thing happened. The Manifestations Director seemed to encounter a wall, where there was nothing. Her great brute face clouded with incomprehension, she struggled, she heaved her massive shoulders looking out of the tunic sleevelets. When the General suddenly insanely "Go! Get her!" then hoarsely the Manifestations Director gave out the bellow-cry of a fettered animal. Her eyes cleared, she became passive and peaceful, almost joyous, and with a little smile for Karen she turned and went docilely to her place and sat.

Now for the first time Karen broke her concentrated stare. She turned and looked at the General. "Your old psyche is tough as the hide of a walrus," she said with humour.

The General blurted something. Karen, rather gaily, caught up the pointer from where it lay on the table and ran the General through the breast with it.

I dreamt that night—strangely. I was at Brighton Beach and it was shortly after I had come to England. Karen came up the boardwalk and she was utterly naked and her breasts bobbed. An Englishman with a monocle was on the putting green of the trial golf course and he missed his putt. A threesome sat on the pebbles beside me, a man, wife and son. The lad screamed out some filthy obscenity. "Oh, you beast!" said the wife to her husband, who had done nothing.

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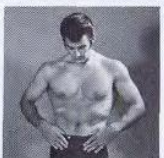
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I sprang up and ran after Karen. An audience was listening to the boardwalk band—they were playing *God Save Us*. All the auditors were women. And Karen, stark naked, ran laughing down the aisle between them and started to climb the flagpole that stood at the centre. I woke up.

June 11, 2632

I had thought she would be glad, now that she was queen of human beings as nobody had ever been before. For two days I didn't see her, then she came to me.

"All the precautions," she told me sadly. "What do they avail? All the trouble spent to check the fatal forward-lean, the pitch of humanity toward the abyss. For a long time, for a long time, we have known the energetic beings bring disaster—their hobbies and toys," she uttered with contempt. "Their vast achievements, that are only their amusements, the surfeit of their overenergy. Making things, inventing things, that poor burdened middle humanity then has to cope with. Rockets to Uranus! We knew our criminal class if you did not. We have had the courage to prune and punish for the good of the folk. You yourselves," she looked at me, "reverenced the pioneer and conquistador and thief and speculator and egoist and genius, and put them in your famous citadel of Sing-Sing or gave them the Nobel. You knew the sliding rule.

When I saw her my heart stopped. The little frock I had picked for her changed everything. "You a man, and I a girl," she said wistfully. "Was it like this?"

We have worked out examinations for our young so infinitely subtle as to weed out the filthiest potential genius among them. Oh," she said wearily, "the probability of reverse telepathy has been with man all the time. Of broadcasting instead of receiving. A filthy thing to have done it, though. But the General had to be stopped. Come," she said, "I want to show you something. A motherly touch..."

We heard the mewling or howling as we approached the cell. Inside it was the naked, shrivelled figure of the former woman President of Earth, soiled with her excrement. "My predecessor," smiled Karen ironically. "In more ways than one."

The hag came up to the bars. "Charon will ferry them over the Styx," she said. She fixed her wild, gummed eyes on me.

"Karen will ferry them over the Styx. And the obol she asks—just the payment of their little wills."

I seemed to hear—I don't know if she spoke aloud—"Then humanity will go on to the eternal placidity of the Land of the Shades." She reached up, her frantic eyes holding mine, first woman who had been President of Earth, and with her hooked fingernails tore down the sides of her withered paps, leaving long red trails.

August 15, 2632

Karen didn't say why she wanted to go to Albergo Lago di Como—now I know. It was supposed to be an Italian *albergo* of my time, but with their usual historic looseness they had confused the time a little, and couples went in and out in crinoline and Civil War blues, blue jeans and bikinis, powdered hair and knickers and silver buckles on their shoes, and brief garb I did not know yet. But of course for them our days telescoped into hours—no, fleet minutes. Our hopes and horrors, and our slow dyings (which even outside the hospital walls seemed shorter than within) had come to a tick—of a

clock that said a different hour than one thought at the time.

A tremendous scope composed one wall and what it made physically present in sight, sound and orange and jasmine sun-shot smell was I suppose the real surface Lake Como of then (for I looked sharp and there was no life, no steamer-white on the blue, no disturbance, or dissonance, or humanity, or buildings, only peace).

There was a little secluded loggia standing into Lake Como and Karen took me there—I know why now.

Before this, we got out costumes.

"No, these," I said, this once taking the lead for I knew better than they what people of the 1960s wore. We went into our cubicles, separating across the floor of the vast costumery. I got out of the tunic of which I'd spoken disparagingly, on account of my bony legs, before it had been brought in to me that men no longer spoke up—that horrid day I was vaulted over. I put on loafers, slacks, and shrugged into a jacket with a zipper closing. But when I came out and saw her my heart stopped. That little frock I picked for her had changed everything, and she was running toward me and just as if she were running toward me across Hyde Park very early in the morning, the dew still on the grass, and I think she sensed this too.

"How do I look?" She pirouetted, laughing. The little blithe skirt belled out.

"You look just swell."

So we pushed out of the costumery and went through the dancers on the postage stamp of floor, in Louis XIV and Minute Man and zoot suit, in this hostelry of the mid-20th Century where they disported themselves a very long time hence, in the titillation of the quaint, waltzing and gavotting and doing steps that made me red and I wasn't acquainted with yet, to a rock group in the corner, and Karen and I left this and went on to our balcony into the moist-smelling lake, or loggia, set with a small table on which was a candelabrum, and the music grew faint.

We sipped cold white Orvieto wine.

"Say, this is just swell."

Crazy thing—our little table with its star candlelight and our two heads like balls of shadow threw their reflection on the lake—that was only artificial and scoped.

"Toast? Prosit? Cheers? Or whatever in hell they say way off there in Italy?"

We touched glasses.

Her brown hair was in little waves on her head. Honestly, you couldn't tell she wasn't of now. And she felt it. It changed everything, even more than the time I grabbed her wrist. Nothing happened like then—but it was deeper—yet light like shimmer on the lake.

"It's as if," she said wistfully, "time hadn't passed, and you a man, and I a girl. Was it like this?"

"Well... it wasn't always so nice."

"Maybe the Time Controller will come and vault you back. Tell the world our story. Maybe different beginnings could have different endings."

"Why don't we stay as we are?"

She frowned a little. "One has to know how to say goodbye."

A cavalier gesture seized me and I took her glass and cast its contents into Lake Como. I poured her fresh: the yellow cool wine.

"Let's drink up!"

She rose too, a gallant brave little smile on her face. "Yes—let's."

I often think of her, lonely little queen of the world, far off then.



HOUSECALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

thinks like a boxer, acts like a boxer. Once he gets into the ring nothing matters but Tove. He feels her out a bit, see, gets the old dander up nice and hard and then jabs her a few times until she's wide open and, *bang!* he goes all the way in for the kill. It's the greatest show you've ever seen!"

"We can imagine," we said. "What about those leather-booted, miniskirted hostesses, what do they do?"

"You name it, man, and they do it!"

"And the lesbians . . .?"

"Same thing."

"What about trouble with the police?"

"Never, man, we run a clean shop. The whole thing works on a strictly membership basis. Twenty-four hours before the fair opens you pay a \$2.50 entrance fee and \$12.50 membership. That makes it private and puts it outside police jurisdiction."

"Naturally, you expect an awful lot of people to come?"

"Well," he chuckled, "anyone who doesn't isn't getting his money's worth."

"And what about young Ib and his wife—are they getting their money's worth?"

"We're paying the kids \$60.00 a performance."

"That's not very much."

"Now wait a minute—they're just *kids*, you know!"

"Sure, but don't you think young Ib is entitled to more?"

After all, he and Tove are the feature attraction and his job isn't exactly easy. Suppose something went wrong. Suppose he gets a chill in his engine, or someone giggles, or for any reason at all he just can't get the old schlong up?"

Our friend laughed. "Listen," he said, "you ain't ever seen young Ib in action. Why, that boy's a real star—and serious too. He and Tove save their money. They're students at the University of Copenhagen and a student's life isn't exactly peaches and cream."

"Particularly in Copenhagen," we pointed out. "What about the lesbians, are they students too?"

"Great kids," he said, "real swingers and all of them students through and through."

"And the leatherbooted, miniskirted hostesses?"

"Students all," he said.

"Tell us," we said, "what's the status of student unrest up there at Copenhagen U.?"

"What's that?"

"You know—the student revolution."

"Student revolution?" he said.

"Yeah," we said, "like when the students all get together and tell the teachers they don't like the way their school is being run."

"Are you kidding!" he said.

We guess we were.—**B.G.**



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WANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

includes you, Trickoyan. The other half—the Hawks—would like to put you all on trial for selling communism down the Volga. So Lammsitoff enjoys, for the moment, a shaky balance of power but would sell himself to the devil to neutralize the Hawks—not only to keep his skin but because he really believes it's time for the Russian bear to lie down with the capitalist shark and produce a progeny that'll scare the hell out of the Chinese tiger. Right?"

"Right."

"Now, the effective leader of the Hawk faction—this Ivan Akaroff—is in fact the effective leader because he has dossiers on his five comrade-hawks, filched by his resourceful and peripatetic mistress from Tupushtin's safe—dossiers that could earn the lot of 'em a one-way ticket to Siberia."

"Cattle-class."

"As you say . . . So if only we can grab Akaroff by the shorts, we can get this whole thing well and truly licked."

"You could certainly put it like that," Trickoyan nodded, his dark eyes straying towards the bedroom door. "Er—by the way, what's keeping our little friend?"

"I'm keeping our little friend," Wanda snapped. "And if you don't concentrate on the issue at hand, I'll pack her straight off back to Zurich." And, slumping further back in her deep armchair, the ravishing chatelaine of the von Kreesus *schloss* parted her long legs, the

better to focus the Armenian's attention, and flashed him, with her next question, an intriguing glimpse into the darker recesses of her basic nature.

"Every man born of woman is obsessed by at least one persistent erotic fantasy. What's Akaroff's, Trickoyan?"

The Minister forced his mind away from Wanda's darker recesses and rolled his eyes upwards. "Akaroff's?" he mused. "Actually, he's a bit of a moral fanatic, that one. Always going on about the spread of moral turpitude among Russian schoolgirls, and how, if he was married and had a delinquent daughter, he'd take his belt to her, in the good old-fashioned way, any time the minx stepped out of line." Trickoyan gave a chuckle. "Come to think of it, he's always spouting out words like that—minx, hussy, baggage, sauce-box, flibbertigibbet, and so on . . . But none of this is any help to you, M'selle von Kreesus. It simply goes to show what a puritan the fellow is."

Wanda, who had been listening with rapt attention, now sprang to her feet and began to pace the room like a caged young tigress five minutes before feeding-time.

"If your generation, Trickoyan, hadn't been brainwashed against Freud, you'd realize we have splendid material to work on in Comrade Akaroff. In fact, all we need now is the right supporting cast and a good script and the stage is set for a kinky melodrama that'd run for a year, off-Broadway."

"You've lost me," Trickoyan frowned. "Call me an old Bolshevik fuddy-duddy if you like, but where's the connection

between this Western degenerate Freud, and our Pecksniffian comrade Akaroff?"

"I'll mail you a couple of books to read after we've wrapped the package up. For the moment, let's skip the analysis and get straight on with the rehearsal. What would you say is the sort of age-group of naughty schoolgirls our friend Akaroff gets most worked up about?"

"Oh, you know—kids in their formative years. Twelve, thirteen, that kind of age."

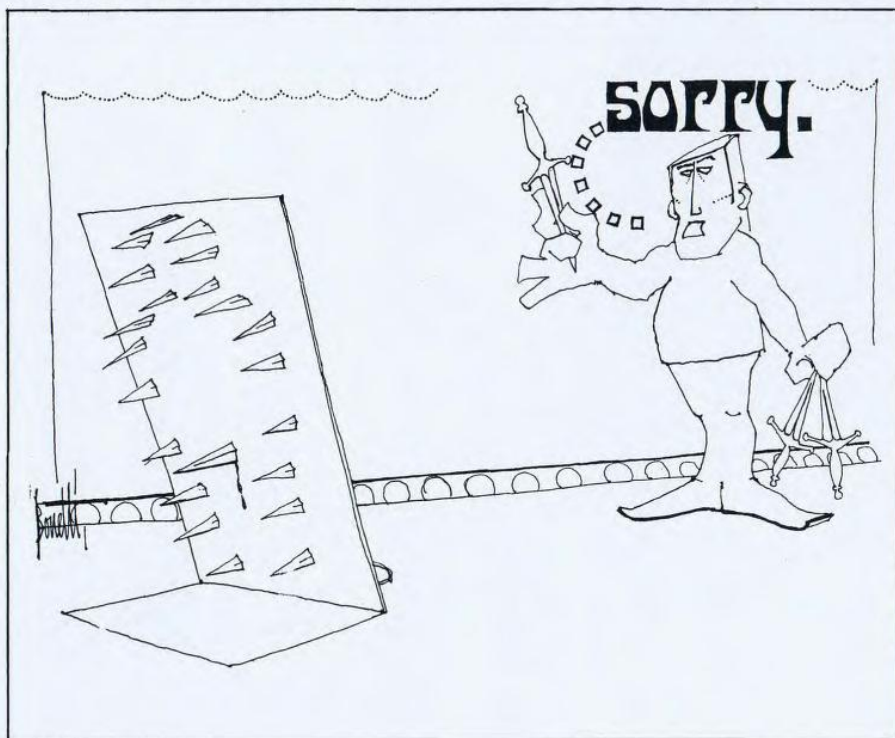
"Perfect!" Wanda snapped. "Now, you just help yourself to another Scotch while I go try something out."

Three J- & B's-and-a-dip-into-the-Strasbourg-foie-gras later, the bedroom door opened and the astonished Trickoyan found himself confronted by what at first sight appeared to be two complete strangers. The taller of them, a woman in perhaps her early thirties, was wearing a shapeless calf-length dress with a kerchief tied around her head; and there was something about the droop of her shoulders and the dark smudges under her eyes that put Trickoyan in mind of the peasant women of his native Yerevan—so often aged before their time by their labours in the Armenian vineyards.

The young girl at her side became identifiable as Candyfloss only when she raised her head to stare boldly across at the Minister, for, as distinct from Wanda, she had *shed* at least two of her 15 years by a combination of hair-style, costume and stance. The long pigtail, the drab reformatory frock and black woollen stockings played their part in the transformation; the stiff arms and the awkward splay of her old-fashioned lace-up boots completed it.

"I'm your widowed niece, up from the sticks, in case you don't recognize me," the multi-lingual Wanda whined, with a fair imitation, in Russian, of an Armenian accent. "And this is my delinquent brat, Itchy, which is the diminutive of something pretty unspeakable in any decent language. I want to dump her here in Moscow, on anyone interested in bashing some civility into her. I just can't handle her any more."

The "daughter" swooped on the bottle of J- & B and took a long swig at it. "You couldn't handle a babe in diapers, you stupid old fart!" she sneered, hurling the bottle across the room. "And as for that senile twit over there, I'll have his antique pendants for earrings if he doesn't stop gaping at me like a turd in a trance!"



NEXT MONTH: And so the hook is baited. But will Ivan Akaroff rise to it? And at what cost to the sacrificial lamb, Candyfloss? Order next month's spanking new episode **NOW!**

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Some idea of the phenomenal growth of motorcycling as a sport in the U.S. can be conveyed by an estimated gross annual volume of well over \$500 million which pays for a total of 450,000 new motorbikes a year via some 7,000 dealers, plus nearly 200,000 minibikes (*Cycle World's* figures). Compare this with 1946, when the combined production of the only two motorcycle manufacturers in the U.S. was 30,000 units. Imported machines at that time were virtually unknown, except for a few hundred from England and a handful from Germany.

Today motorcycle registrations total 2.7 million—and incidentally nearly half the machines sold each year are obviously not registered or licensed. This tremendous upsurge in popularity of motorcycling is owed to Japanese imports, though historically it was the British who paved the way for the recent Japanese breakthrough. During the early 1950s British bikes came over in great numbers, taking advantage of the fact that the Indian company of Springfield, Mass., founded, and Harley-Davidson of Milwaukee stubbornly concentrated on heavy unwieldy machines. The British managed to sell almost as many machines as were produced in Milwaukee, but by 1955 the Japanese overtook them for the first time.

In 1958 the Japanese Honda firm spearheaded the drive to popularize the ultra-lightweight fun-type motorcycle. Americans discovered that bike riding was a safe, sane and economical sport. As one convert said: "It's sensible for short-run errands and, out in the country, it's more fun than horseback riding. The whole family enjoys it".

During the great influx of 1960 to 1967, about 18% of the machines sold were only 50 to 100cc, over half were under 250cc and nearly 75% were under 500cc. Today the trend is strongly the other way. Motorcycles with engines of 500cc and over now constitute about half the total sales. And with total annual sales in excess of 450,000 units per year the Japanese sell close to 80%, the British about 8%, followed by the

U.S.A. with 5%.

Just why and how did this happen?

Most important is the matter of price. Ignoring the minibikes, which are cheap but tricky to ride, a proper motorcycle with a 50cc engine and a top speed of 30-40 mph can be purchased for between \$175 and \$250. Some of these have "automatic transmissions" by V-belt while most have simple foot-shift 4-speed transmissions which enable the rider to go almost anywhere, from street to trail. A special machine has evolved, designed primarily for rough off-the-road terrain. These will go almost anywhere a man can walk (or climb) by virtue of a quick-change gear mechanism with two settings: one for normal street use, the other for steep mountain trails. "S-T" has come to designate this dual-purpose machine.

During 1969 several new "super" motorcycles were introduced and the 2-wheel fraternity is waiting in line to buy them.

Italy's top entry in the high-performance category is the Moto-Guzzi V-750. It sells for about the same price as the Honda and features a V-twin engine and a shaft drive. Designed more for touring than sport, it weighs 560lb. and takes 21 seconds to reach 100mph.

The very newest machine in this category is from Germany: the BMW R-75, a marque noted for its high quality, smooth, quiet running, and exceptional longevity. As is traditional with BMW the model continues as an opposed twin (with cylinders sticking out in the air blast) and a completely enclosed driveshaft that obviates chain-drive troubles and the attendant oil drippings. But what is different is performance. The all-new 750cc engine cranks out 57bhp and the overall weight is little more than its competitors. No road test data are available yet, but the factory says the top speed is 115mph and our own estimate of the zero-to-100 time is about 20 seconds. This is the deluxe machine of the group and it will probably cost close to \$2,000.

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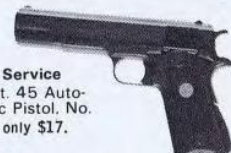
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\$4,000. Built only in limited quantities, it has a German NSU auto engine of 4 cylinders, 1085cc and air-cooled. This is a super road-touring machine with 68bhp and a weight of 570lb.

Naturally, the big machinery is used primarily for touring. In fact studies show that just about two-thirds of all machines purchased are used primarily for general transportation and road use. But the other third goes off into splinter groups under the general heading of competition.

Motorcycle competition is a very active sport, even though divided into multiple categories by type of event, size of powerplant and driver experience. This last is divided into Professional, Amateur, Sportsman and Novice, which seems most fair. Just as with automobiles, the prime competition category is road racing. Here the premier event of all is still the TT, or Tourist Trophy race held each spring on a tortuous circuit of 37.75 miles on the Isle of Man. The only American machine ever to win the I.o.M.-TT was an Indian in 1911.

American road-racing activity is led by the annual event at Daytona where the big machines with professional riders average over 150mph around an artificial road course, which includes part of the banked oval track. The races at Daytona take three days and include six different races in all, divided into six

engine sizes and the four rider categories.

Other forms of competition for motorcycles include Desert racing, Enduros, Flat-tracking, Hillclimbs, Motocross, Scrambles, Trials and TT, American style. The latter type of event is a sort of simulated I.o.M. race but only one or two miles around, and on dirt. Left and right turns are included, as is at least one jump where the machine and rider are airborne. Desert racing, Enduros and Hillclimbs are self-explanatory, while Flat-tracking is nothing more than motorcycles running on quarter, half or one mile ovals such as are used in almost every city of consequence for dirt-track racing cars.


Scrambles are much like the American TT event, and the Motocross race is similar too, except that the road surface is left rough and often includes steep up and down grades and a water-crossing with plenty of mud to negotiate. The Motocross is probably the roughest of all on man and machine, and is also the fastest-growing branch of the sport.

Trials riding is a unique type of test where speed is not important. A trials is held over a private course or field which includes a series of natural hazards such as sand, water, rocks, shale, tricky climbs and descents, etc. There are observed sections, and points are lost for touching a foot to the ground,

stopping completely, or riding off-course.

The Mexican "Baja 1000" race deserves special mention. This is the roughest and toughest event of all. It starts from Ensenada, a little town 60 miles south of San Diego, and runs for 832 miles to La Paz at the southern tip of the Lower California peninsula. Except for the first 95 and the last 130 miles there is no civilized road—just unmarked trails through sand, rocks and dry washes.

A Honda motorcycle with only 350cc holds the Baja record at 20 hours 38 minutes, despite numerous attempts by four-wheel-drive vehicles and specially prepared dune buggies.

It is interesting to note that, except for road-racing, the predominant type of competition motorcycle is a lightweight machine with an engine of only 350cc, plus or minus. So it is that the trend toward big engines for touring is at odds with the demand for competition. The net result is a wide and confusing variety of motorcycles available to the man who wants to combine utility and sport. However, what better way is there for the addict to while away the long winter evenings than to study the pages of one of the motorcycle magazines, looking for the machine to buy in the spring? After you've read *Penthouse*, of course. 

LITERARY DIALOGUE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

theaters, and now there's an off-Broadway production in the works as well.

Mandel: Several critics and some people I know in the theater think it is the most important play of the '60s.

Heller: And the '70s.

Mandel: You get good results for someone who would rather eat than write. Do you find writing a lousy occupation?

Heller: There are more writers than Presidents.

Mandel: Do you enjoy the work of any other writers in particular?

Heller: Living or dead?

Mandel: Either.

Heller: No.

Mandel: What are you working on now?

Heller: Another novel.

Mandel: Are you getting much done?

Heller: I'm moving along at my own pace. I might finish it this summer and publish in January but then again I might not.

Mandel: Putting all the elements together—how much time would you say you spent laughing on *Catch-22* and this new novel?

Heller: Well, I worked eight years on *Catch* of which I would say close to two years was spent laughing—this was in a five-day week. I don't want you to say I spent over 700 days laughing continuously. When I couldn't eat I had to find a food substitute. The amount of actual time I put into writing *Catch-22* was probably a matter of months, what with eating, and laughing, and even making love when I couldn't find food in the refrigerator.

Mandel: This novel is taking a little longer . . .

Heller: I have less time to work now because I don't have a job. When I had a job during the day, I was able to work on

the book at night because I was too exhausted to leave the house for recreation and, having nothing easier to do, wrote the book.

Mandel: So it was really eight years of *nights*, in which you wrote, laughed, ate, made love, and took your dog for a walk?

Heller: I didn't have a dog then.

Mandel: Visited friends?

Heller: I didn't have any friends then either. Most of the friends I have now are fair-weather friends that came to me after I became famous and influential and they hang around hoping I'll help them and I am sure that if things go badly they will desert me in a second and go to somebody like Puzo or Jacqueline Susann. Friends are overrated anyway. I don't think people need friends. Acquaintances are more valuable—no obligations—you can drop them quickly. Nobody accuses you of dropping acquaintances but you can frequently be accused of dropping your friends. Strangers are nice, but once you get to know them you may discover things about them you don't like.

Mandel: Then they become acquaintances and you can drop them.

Heller: Strangers are a man's best friend.

Mandel: Do you have many strangers?

Heller: Yes, I'm on intimate terms with several.

Mandel: Are any of them women?

Heller: I don't know them that well, unfortunately.


Mandel: Would you like to talk about your new novel?

Heller: No.

Mandel: Not even the part of it that has already been published in *Esquire*?

Heller: No.

Mandel: You've been most helpful.

Heller: I try to be. Along with being generous to a fault, I am most often complimented for being helpful. 

A man with dark hair is sitting on an ornate, dark wooden chair. He is wearing a long-sleeved shirt with vertical red and white stripes and bright red trousers that flare out at the knees. He is also wearing dark brown shoes. The background is dark, and the floor is a light, mottled greenish-blue. The overall mood is sophisticated and stylish.

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