

# PENTHOUSE



THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY 1970 75 cents

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ARTHUR C. CLARKE:  
A PROPHET'S  
TONGUE-IN-CHEEK  
PREVIEW OF  
BOOKS TO COME


A PSYCHOLOGIST  
LOOKS AT CRIME,  
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HOW VIOLENCE (AND SEX)  
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A detailed illustration of a Stolichnaya vodka bottle and a glass. The bottle is on the left, showing its neck, shoulder, and main label. The neck label reads "Genuine Russian vodka" and "100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS". The main label features the brand name "STOLICHNAYA" in a red banner, "IMPORTED FROM THE USSR", "MADE IN RUSSIA", "Stolichnaya vodka", "PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN THE USSR BY PRODISTORG, MOSCOW", "100 PROOF", "COOL BEFORE DRINKING", "RUSSIAN VODKA", and "KRAUS BROS. & CO., INC. PHILADELPHIA, PA." at the bottom. To the right of the bottle is a lowball glass filled with clear liquid and several ice cubes. The background is a light, neutral color.

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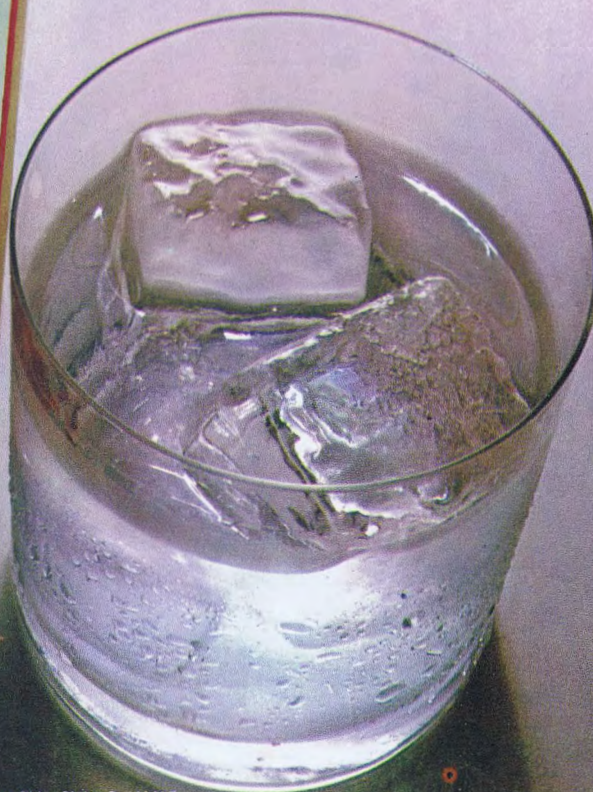
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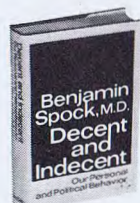
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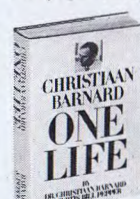
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For his Penthouse debut sci-fi luminary **Arthur C. Clarke** takes a break from space and turns his hand to humor. Inevitably, though, prophecy remains his theme, and our guess is that his fictional "Coming Distractions" may be found to herald a fair quota of fact. Author of some 40 books of prophecy and sci-fi (eg *2001: A Space Odyssey*), Arthur C. Clarke was selected to write the introduction and epilogue to the official memoirs of the first moon astronauts. Another contributor with a



ARTHUR C. CLARKE

vision of the future is this month's Penthouse Interview subject, the eminent psychologist **Professor H. J. Eysenck**. He considers psychology a potential tool of social progress. Dr Eysenck, a Londoner by adoption, has held visiting US professorships at Berkeley and Philadelphia. Lively material for psychological interpretation is contained in two of this month's Penthouse articles: "A Peculiar Form of Violence" (on the roller derby phenomenon) and "Computer Age Cults". **Ethel Grodzins Romm**, who conveniently appends a classified selection of sects to her cults piece, was trained in mechanical engineering and became a freelance journalist after her marriage to a newspaper editor. She is the



PROFESSOR H. J. EYSENCK

author of this year's *The Open Conspiracy: What America's angry generation is saying* (Stackpole). **Bryan Gale**, who wrote our study of roller derby antics, has a no less varied background, having worked as judo instructor, puppeteer and mule trainer. Married, with three children, he has homes in the



ETHEL GRODZINS ROMM



MIKE EGLESFIELD

Bronx and in New Mexico, and is working on two books—one a novel, and the other a conservation plea, *The alligator passes from our land*. Finally we introduce two British contributors: **Mike Eglesfield**, young cartoonist responsible for the fakir funnies of "Sick, Sick Sikh", and **Reginald Hudson-Smith** author of "The Permissive Paradox". A much-traveled former diplomat now living alternately in Tangier and Antibes, Hudson-Smith was once an attache to the British embassy in Madrid, where he became a drinking pal of Hemingway's. Altogether a line-up that confirms our cover line, *The International Magazine for Men*.



REGINALD HUDSON-SMITH

## HOUSECALL

"If you've really got 'it' you don't have to talk about it—other people will do it for you."—W. C. Fields

FOR some time now we've been trying to find out what it means today to be "with-it". Everyone else seems to know because they're already with-it, whatever the hell "it" is. Young people are particularly with-it, we understand, because they're doing their own thing and that thing, presumably, is where it is. Normally, we would be even more confused than we are, but growing up in the '40s and '50s taught us something about the vagaries of an "in" vernacular. We used to be "in", of course, way-in you might say, but our shameless proximity to the it of a decade or more ago is way-out today.

We can remember a time when the really in people were actually way-out and everyone else was nowhere. On reflection, we can't recall exactly what it was we had hold of at the time, but it was big and precious and easily worth preserving. The fact that we've no longer got it and can't even remember what it was in the first place is an unhappy comment on the merit and stability of our own era.

Today's with-it generation, however, has something else and when you have something that's *something else* you've really got something worth having. We would like to find out all about it because experience teaches us that it's less than fun to be left out of anything.

As near as we can determine, the with-it people are very different than the square people. The square people are kind of fringe and characterless while the with-it people are committed and colorful. That with-it people all wear beads and have long unruly hair and dirty underwear is not true. Many with-it people have no beads at all and wouldn't be

caught dead with long hair. What they *are* with is another story. We guess that they are really with each other because very few colorless and uncommitted people would have them. The it to which they are committed has no other name and no other distinguishable features. It appears to be an all-inclusive, albeit nebulous, state of awareness. Of what they are aware (all reactionary squarist speculation aside) is quite simple. They are aware of themselves.

One of the things we did manage to discover, however, is that most colorful young with-it people are really *against* it! If you can identify something—if it has a name or a tradition or a logical *raison d'être*—if you can define it in ethical terms or buy it, sell it, rely on it and possibly even vote on it, the real with-it people are strictly against it. But that's to be expected.

There are also various stages of with-itness or, if you like, different levels of awareness. There is an instant in-depth guru-like cool—a detached state of polarized soul-being that functions exclusively at the very core of "it". At the other extreme, there is a kind of peripheral funkiness which, despite its enormous popularity, still eludes us. All in all, with-itness has become a powerful lobby in determining and directionizing human judgement. To ask "Where do we go from here?" is just not on.

Being strictly non-partisan our interest is one of pure editorial curiosity. We are not sure whether Penthouse, unlike certain other magazines, qualifies, as a with-it publication or not, and until we find out what it's all about we will carry on doing our own thing. Our thing, however, is not to be confused with anybody else's thing—it's *something else*!—**B.G.**



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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., 1560 Broadway, 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.

## The Why of My Lai

William R. Corson, in his article on the alleged massacres in Vietnam (April) claims that "the background to My Lai began in the 1964 Presidential campaign when Lyndon Johnson announced he would never send American boys to do what Asian boys are supposed to do".

Are we supposed to believe, seriously, that President Johnson invented the Vietnam war? Others have to bear responsibility, too. Direct American involvement in the war began in 1950 when President Truman announced that a contingent of military advisers was being sent to Indo-China (now called Vietnam). They arrived on July 15, 1950. On December 23 of that same year the United States signed a Mutual Defense Assistance Agreement with Vietnam. Under President Eisenhower additional advisers were sent and more agreements made. But the American role was still advisory.

President Kennedy sent thousands of American military personnel to Vietnam. Many of these Americans were used in combat roles but by referring to them as advisers it was difficult for the American public to realize we were actually at war. So, in reality, the war started late in 1961.

More important than exactly when the war started is the fact that there is little legal basis under the Constitution for our military involvement in Vietnam. Certainly, as Mr Corson points out, it would be highly desirable to educate American troops against racism, brutality and forced sex. However, if they are thoughtful enough to realize those three things are wrong as well as illegal, aren't they apt to come to the same conclusion about the Vietnam war itself?

—Henry R. Corman, Garfield Street, Longview, Washington.

I have just finished reading *The Why of My Lai* by that colonel. Let me say what he has said is true in many ways the murder of innocent women and children is true also. But the spineless Vietcong run behind those women and children, thus causing their death. I have heard stories like this while at Da Nang from troops who spent time in the field.

As far as rape is concerned, I haven't heard of it happening in Vietnam but, like the man said, it happened in all the other involvements that the US was in. So why the big hassle? The women take baths in public during the day with no modesty at all. They taunt us into going to bed with them by playing with us. Then when we do go to bed with them the possibility of coming out alive is very slim, considering the Vietcong use these women as informers and killers. So to get back at the Vietcong the American kills the woman who has murdered an American. There isn't a woman in Vietnam that will say No to \$5.00.

Rest & Recreation is a beautiful thing but I think it should be longer. Because really you can't do everything you want in five days. All it really does is wet your sexual appetite for more, which you miss once you return to Vietnam.

I think the US should totally pull out of Vietnam and say to Kai: "Do your own thing, man, it's your baby, now!" That is the only way the Vietnamese are going to come to reality. Of course there is always the easy American who will come and give away all his money instead of helping his own people. Get out of Vietnam and let the Vietnamese do it themselves.—Pt. J. S. (name and address withheld), FT Benning, Ga.

## Square backing

Bill Conderton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, suspects that "people by and large are not nearly so kinky as the Forum letters would indicate". But (to cite his own admission as one example) unkinky squares do read these kinky letters. Why? Is it evidence of a type of voyeurism

inherent in self-proclaimed straight-sex, missionary-position practitioners? Do such folks get a vicarious bang out of reading what Bill considers "a very distorted view of human sexuality"? And just who are these cats who send in these Forum letters "selected" for their "scandalous bizarreness"? How come they have time to sit down and write all this jazz? One would think they'd be too busy doing their fantastic things.

Be that as it may, these correspondents serve a useful purpose of which Bill may not be aware. Their kinky letters concern matters that matter to them as girlie-book readers and, hence, to girlie-book fiction writers like myself. Whether or not the Forum post-bag's entire contents generally bear out Bill's contention, what gets published in the Forum does happily beef up my bag. So, keep those kinky letters coming, you mothers, and let it all hang out—especially you "name and address withheld" swingers, you're the funkiest.—Dallas Mundy, Franklin Road, Newport News, Va. 23601.

## Consumer report

For many years I have been an avid *Playboy* reader. However, I must confess that your April '70 issue of Penthouse set me re-evaluating my past allegiance. This issue is really superb and I would like to express my feelings about two very special items:

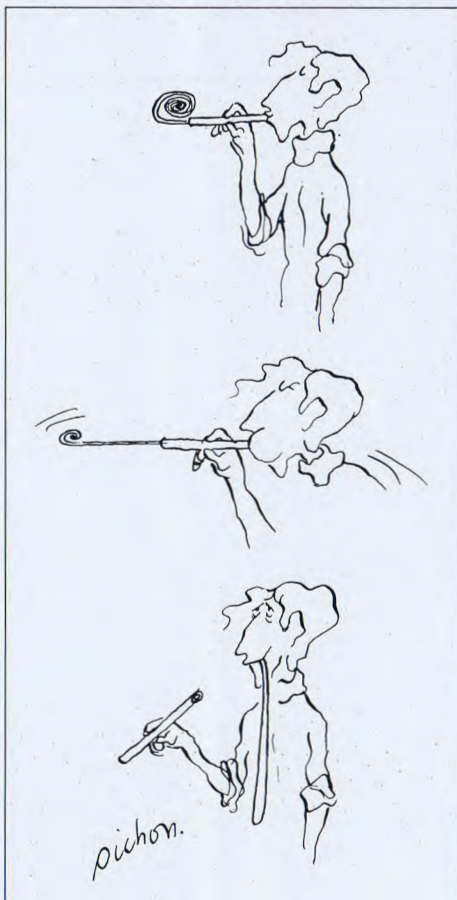
1. Your Pet of the Month—Miss Stephanie McLean. On page 48 at the bottom, doesn't she look at least a little bit like Brigitte Bardot?
2. Your fashion section, *Where Tradition Tells*, is reflective of the fact that this is a fashion world in which we live. It's so nice to see an exposé on the male fashions of other countries.

Keep up this kind of work, Penthouse, and I may be converted. After all, *Playboy* has been tops for a long time but "Baby, the rain must fall!"—Richard Douglas Young III, Sharon Drive, Corpus Christi, Texas.

## Too wicked Wanda?

Being an employee of a drugstore, I am in contact with your magazine and others of its type. While browsing through the April issue, I came upon the *Oh, Wicked Wanda!* illustration on page 74. I do not think that a picture of this type should be printed in any magazine sold to the public without discrimination. In most stores access to magazines is unlimited, and children are quite probably going to be exposed to this illustration, which at best is of very questionable taste.

Being 16 years of age, I feel that the public should have credit for using their imaginations, instead of having this display thrown in their faces, in color even! Don't you think that this is overdoing it a bit?—Laura Griffin, Cammie Street, Durham, N.C.





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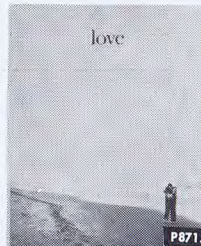
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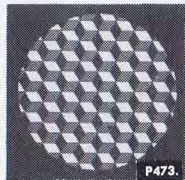
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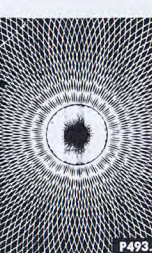
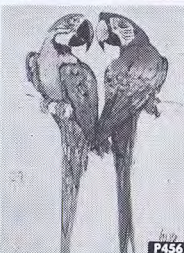
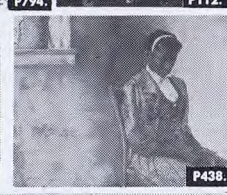
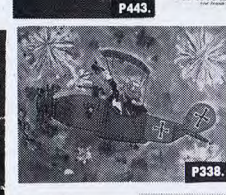
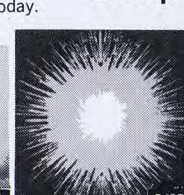




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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

### Forbidden fleece

Congratulations on being the first magazine of your kind to permit the sight of pubic hair on your Pet of the Month. The two occasions I noticed were the pictorial essays on *The Nudest Miss Holland* and this month on Stephanie McLean. Most men are tired of cheap false coloring, air brushing to remove birthmarks, and the removal of pubic hair from many very beautiful women. As a freelance photographer myself, I print my pictures exactly how they are taken . . . natural!

Best of luck to Penthouse and keep up those groovy girls!—*John Gregnoli, Stonefield Drive, Waterbury, Conn.*

Your honest portrayal of the nude body as indicated in the April edition of Penthouse is long overdue. For a long time the enjoyment of nudity has been a "dirty" thought. Penthouse has taken a bold step to free serious lovers of the human body from an unfortunate bondage.—*Rupert Rasovonn, Monmouth, Illinois.*

Just wanted to scratch out a note to convey my approval of the April issue. I refer specifically to Stephanie, the Pet of the Month. Your girls are beautiful, yet remain accessible (as opposed to *Playboy's* girls, who seem made of plastic rather than flesh). Also, I dug the exposure of the pubic area. After all, the girls are there to turn you on, and nothing turns me on more than a complete nude.—*Jeff C. (name and address withheld), New York, N.Y.*

### Pet partisans

I have read many letters about your Pet of the Month girls in the Penthouse Forum, both for and against. I wish to express my gratitude to the girls and to say how much we appreciate them. Many write letters about them, but never do they write to them. Rather poor state of affairs I must say. I doubt if the girls truly realize how much they are appreciated.

Girls, multiply the number of magazines sold per month by three and you will have a conservative estimate of the number of men who are deeply grateful. I know there are thousands who will join me when I say Thank You. I also know there are quite a few, myself included, who think you are far superior to the *Playboy* bunnies. Perhaps you aren't as physically perfect as Hefner's cuties, but you are more believable and definitely more attractive. The *Playboy* females act as though they were merely possessions like a car or an apartment. On the other hand, you seem to say "I am a woman, a flesh and blood human. I am me and no one else. I will be yours if, and only if, you please me. You can please me by being a person I can trust, respect, admire, and love". You are a refreshing change from *Playboy's* girls who still look at the car instead of the man.

Congratulations to Stephanie McLean and Amnon Bar-Tur for breaking the pubic hair barrier—it's about time. I personally think that you should go all the way and show the genitals as well. I say it's high time the hypocrisy was ended and we admitted that women actually have vaginas. However I doubt that the censors would permit this.

I doubt I shall ever be fortunate enough to meet any of you lovely girls in the flesh, but that does not lessen my respect or admiration in the least. Bless you, Loves, it would be a dreary cheerless world without you.—*Sp5 Daniel R.*

*Beard, ESAF, 497th R.T.G., APO New York 09633.*

As American soldiers in Vietnam we have decided to compliment you on your outstanding magazine. In your February issue you have surpassed any magazine in the selection of Miss Holland for publication. She is by far the most beautiful specimen of the female sex we have ever seen in any of the top magazines.

Miss Grootenboer's thoughts about a career in fashion and modelling may be true but we feel she would never be a failure in any endeavor of her choice. We surely hope you keep up the outstanding work and we hope to see Miss Grootenboer again in your magazine in the near future.—*Sgt. F. (name and address withheld), 25th Inf. Div., Vietnam.*

I'm looking at your article on Stephanie McLean and the beauty of both the girl and the photography has prompted me to write. I've been buying other magazines for years and I thought I'd seen good-looking women before, but Stephanie beats them all. What a face! What breasts! You'd better look out that *Playboy* doesn't lure Amnon Bar-Tur away from you. He's better than any photographer they've ever had. He has a certain knack of posing his models which I think is particularly exciting—having them touching their breasts. That *really* turns me on!

Another thing—and most important of all. You've finally made the breakthrough and shown pubic hair—not just once, but several times. It's very refreshing to see a naturally posed girl without covering up.

The *Wild Gypsies* article is very good also. I agree with another reader of yours who said that you should show more men and women together. I eagerly look forward to what future delights you're planning for us.—*N.E.S. (name and address withheld), Westford, Mass.*

### Straight talking

In most media of public communication, equal time or printing space is given to both sides of a question so that each faction may speak his own piece. You have given space to the sadists, perverts, and the disciples of Sacher-Masoch. Now let us "straight" people speak out.

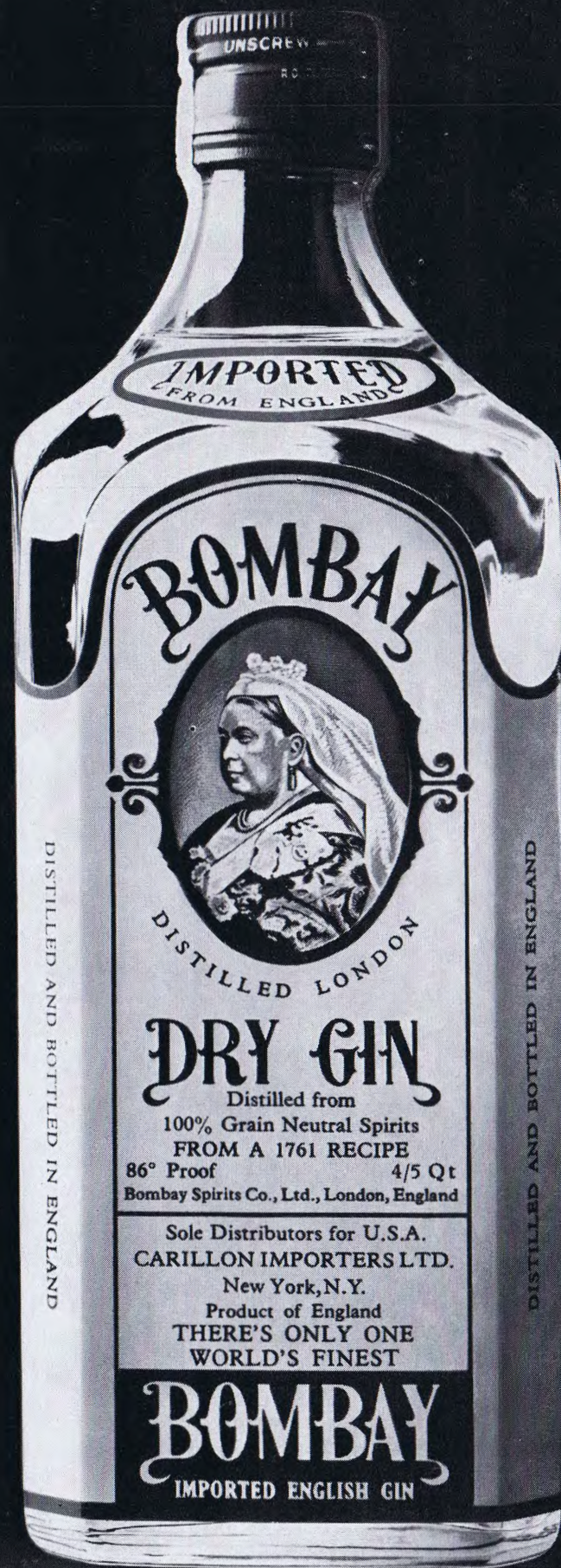
I should begin by stating that I am a white, 20-year-old college junior, in a sound state of mind, and sexually normal. In my own opinion, sex is a God-given thing to be practiced by everyone and enjoyed for what it actually is. I am sure that I am not in the same frame of mind as are the perverts whose stories crowd your Forum section. Yet with my strongest powers of empathy, I cannot discern how sexual pleasure can be derived from inflicting physical harm on another being, when sex and physical pain are in no way one and the same, nor do they have any obvious similarities. Pain is a nerve stimulus warning the brain that physical harm is being inflicted upon an area of the body, and that injury may result. Sex is a thing to be felt and enjoyed in the midst of bliss and contentment, and not under the torment of physical pain.

Personally, nothing would turn me off more efficiently and quickly than a wet girl in rubber boots and a mackintosh. There is no more beautiful sight in the universe than a totally nude woman. Such ugly and decidedly non-feminine accessories as rubber boots and mackintoshes would appear to me as only litter on a field of beautiful scenery.

Sex is not for prudes, nor is it for persons who cannot separate sexual thoughts and



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desires from their glut of pseudo-sexual ideas.

I have read and enjoyed the photography and articles in *Playboy* since an age when I was supposedly too young to be exposed to its contents. When my subscription expired recently I did not renew it because I had found Penthouse to be superior in philosophy, style, form and intellect. For the most part, these qualities still hold true. However, if you continue to splatter your pages with sickening articles, e.g. *The Sex Criminal* (April) and letters composed by apparently sexually unstable minds, I shall be forced to renew my subscription to the other magazine. Masochism is by no means sexually natural, and it should not be treated as such. I am sure that I speak for a majority of your readers, many of whom you have won over from *Playboy* but whom you may lose quickly.

But wait! I am enjoying the new "flavor" that you've added to your pictorial essays. Stephanie McLean has a superb body, and you have done her justice by disclosing it in its entirety. Again, this only separates Penthouse from the rest by daring to bare a bit more than buttocks and breasts. If you keep this as a policy, I think I'll burn my collection of *Playboy*.—Lincoln D. Hamilton, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

#### Pain and pleasure

My name is June, 20 years old, married to an older man and very happy. I'm afraid I don't understand how a girl who has had her bare bottom whipped could feel like having sex right away. I know in my case I sure don't feel like that for at least a few days.

In one year of marriage my husband has whipped me twice. Let me say I deserved what I got. My parents never whipped me, with the

result that I was very spoilt, bitchy and rude. My husband warned me of what would happen if I didn't mend my ways, but I just ignored him. To make a long story short, one evening he said he wanted to see me in his study. He shut and locked the door, took his jacket off, took the belt out of his pants and told me to lay face down over his desk. He pulled my skirt up, took my panties off, then my garter belt. He put his left hand on my neck to hold me down and gave my bare bottom a real whipping. The more I prayed for him to stop the harder I got it. Believe me it was what my dad should have done.

As I said, I got the same treatment a couple of months later. I don't think I will be whipped again as my nature has changed for the better. We are wonderfully happy and I love and respect him so much for being man enough to punish me as he did. I do believe there should be a good strap in every married couple's room—and if the wife gets bitchy, her husband should apply it good and hard on her bare bottom.—June M. (name and address withheld) Vancouver, Canada.

I just finished my third copy of Penthouse and thoroughly enjoyed it for the third time. Each time I noticed letters pro and con pain and pleasure and bondage.

To these characters who write in saying what a "sickness" it is, I have some good advice—try it!! There are professionals available in any good-sized city who will be more than delighted to give a guy a "treatment" for a nominal fee. Believe me men, it happened to me in Winnipeg and the girl I picked up really socked it to me. I spent most of the night bound in leather handcuffs and gagged, plus she even

threw in the Myra Breckenridge bit (that was a bit rough) but when I was released the next morning I had no regrets.

I'm sure we all have a little sado-masochism in us, so why all the hush-hush? It's groovy! If I ever meet another gal like that I will give up my 31 years of bachelorhood. Don't ever change, Penthouse—you're beautiful!—R.C. (name withheld), Jacksonville, Fla 32201.

#### Standard sizes

The letter from L.M.C. (May) inquiring about penis size was both humorous and deserving of reply. As for the humor, L. should go back to geometry class. When he says his penis is  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches long by  $4\frac{5}{8}$  inches in diameter, he obviously means circumference. If it were really that thick, his wife would have a monster on her hands!

More serious, however, is his query for published data on penis size. Most marriage manuals at least mention the well-known figure of 6 inches as the average erect penis length. In Van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage* (an old classic), he states that the average circumference is approximately  $4\frac{3}{4}$  inches and the length of the "visible shaft" (no cheating with the rulers, fellas!) is between  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and  $6\frac{1}{4}$  inches. If L.'s figures are accurate he isn't too far from average, but if, as he says, he needs less than half a condom then I wonder if his wife may not be correct that he is on the small side. As for minimums and maximums, penises well below 5 inches and over 8 inches have been recorded, with larger than average being the more common.

I hope this satisfies L.'s curiosity because he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

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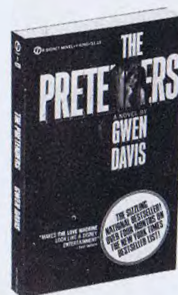
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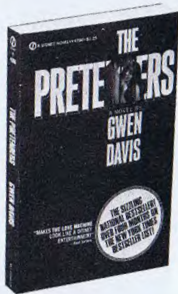


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# VIEW FROM THE TOP



## The generation game

These goddam kids today—as I like to call them—are obviously no good. They're undependable. They're selfish. They've got no respect. And stubborn!

Take the confrontation the other day with my 19-year-old boy, Beechwood. Bold as you please, he came up and asked for a loan of \$3.00 for—guess what? A haircut!

"A haircut?—What the hell do you want with a haircut? It's barely touching your shoulders."

"Well, yeah, Dad," he shrugged. "But, like, y'know it gets in my ears and in front of my eyes and everything and it itches and, like, when I try to study I have to keep shaking my head to get it out of the way and you've got no idea how uncomfortable it is this way."

"Comfort! All you care about is comfort. What about all your friends in school? They all have long hair. And you don't hear them complaining."

"I don't care about them," he said.

"That's it exactly! You don't want to be like everybody else in your peer group. You want to cut your hair just to be different from them, don't you?"

"Well . . ."

"Cutting your hair is just another form of rebellion to you, isn't it? And of course you want to do it with my money. My money!"

"I'll pay it back . . ."

"It's not the money. It's the principle."

"What principle, Dad?"

"Sit down, son."

We sat and faced each other. There was a long pause for pouring a drink and lighting a cigarette, and I then explained in my most patient Judge Hardy manner: "The principle is that you've got to go along to get along."

"Go along with what?"

"The game, Beech. You've got to play the game, the generation game."

"The generation game?"

"That's right, son. We've all got to play the generation game."

He shook his head once or

twice to get the hair out of his eyes, revealing a quizzical expression in them.

"I've heard of the generation gap. But not the game. What's that?"

"Well, the gap is only a part of the game. It has to do with the roles we all have to play in our society. For example, I'm over 30 and a member of what you call the Establishment. My role is to act like a member of the Establishment and defend it. You're under 30, and your role is to rebel against it. It's been that way for centuries and, please God, it will always be."

"Boy, I just don't get you, Dad," he said. "Just a few minutes ago you were giving me hell for being rebellious. Now you're saying I'm supposed to be."

"No, I said you're supposed to rebel against the Establishment and my peer group. What I gave you hell for was rebelling against your *own* peer group. It's the same as if I were to suddenly decide to grow long hair and a beard and smoke pot and dig rock music, God forbid. Where would society be then?"

"Hold up a second," he said. "Are you telling me that kids like me, by wearing long hair and beards and smoking pot and like that, and rebelling against the system and all are actually 'playing the game' and helping to preserve the society the way it is? Is that what you're saying?"

"You're beginning to catch on, son."

"But I thought your generation is uptight about the things we do and say, and the way we look."

"No, we only *act* that way, because it's part of the game—the generation game. We're supposed to act uptight about it. Actually, most of us approve of it because we realize that a lot of our institutions need reforming. And they won't be reformed unless they're attacked."

"So why don't *you* attack them?"

"Because, for one thing, if we attacked them we might destroy them altogether because we have the power, and who is there to tell us when to stop? Besides, too

many of us make our living serving the institutions and being served by them, and that would be suicidal. Let me give you an example. The New York Mets are an institution, right? They're part of an even bigger institution called organized baseball. When the Mets take the field against, say, the Chicago Cubs, they're expected to work together against the Cubs and not fight among themselves. They all wear the same uniform so it's easy to tell one side from the other. If the Cubs put up a good struggle against them, the Mets will be forced to do their best. And the confrontation between them helps to perpetuate the institution of organized baseball."

"You mean the generations are supposed to fight each other, and dress differently and all that, and the struggle between them helps society? Is that what you're saying?"

"More or less."

"And if I get my hair cut, I'll be out of uniform. And that would confuse everything, right?"

"Sure."

"So what about all the older guys who grow long sideburns and walrus mustaches and refuse to wear neck ties and have pot parties and all like that?"

"Finks! They're in a hurry to enjoy some of the benefits your generation is bringing about. Some of them just feel guilty and want to atone for the sin of being over 30. Or the sins of working for a living and paying things like rent and phone bills and their kids' tuition."

"Let's see if I've got this right," said Beechwood, again with that thoughtful look on his face. "By rebelling against the system, I'm really helping to support it, because I'm part of the group that society depends on to agitate for needed change, right?"

"Right."

"And by wearing my hair long and things like that, I maintain my identity in the group I'm supposed to belong to, and everybody knows where everybody's at?"

"Right again."

"So if I get my hair cut, I'm helping to confuse things and

really lousing up the system, right?"

"Again right."

"Good. Then lend me three bucks so I can go out and get my hair cut."

Which I did, of course. And the minute he closed the door, I reached for a joint of Acapulco Gold and said the hell with it.—  
**Fred Darwin**

## Girl talk

Girls who have the devil in them usually look heavenly . . . Girls with thick ankles must expect a thinner time than girls with thick heads . . . Girls with a past are best approached with a present.

## Ban the call-up

As we go to press, one house of the Massachusetts legislature has passed a bill forbidding that state's young men to participate in any war not officially declared by Congress (like Vietnam, in case you couldn't think of an example). Hearings were being held on a similar law introduced in the New York state legislature.

If such legislation is enacted and 'holds up when tested in court, it could dry up the manpower supply for the war faster than by the slow process of bringing them home. And to make the irony exquisite, it will have been accomplished by implementing the principle of States' Rights!

## In a spin

Love not only makes the world go round—it makes a fellow lose his balance.

## Black Power!

West German researchers have concluded that licorice is an aphrodisiac—not for men, but for women on whose reproductive organs it has a discernible effect!





## Queen of the body painters

By the time gorgeous **Lydia Saltzman** had painted her 6,000th body with flowers and flourishes at New York's Electric Circus a couple of months ago she knew she was ready for a new career. Her only problem was in deciding which of her stoned-out ideas she ought to put into production first. The choice included: music-box toilet seats; backwards binoculars (to see inside yourself); automobiles with sideways wheels for parking; sunglasses with a built-in camera; circular record albums.

"I had a lot of time to think while I was painting people, hour after hour, night after night," Lydia says. "Very few of the people being painted had anything interesting to say and I used to devote my time to dreaming of impractical schemes. Such as promoting a cross-country balloon race—a real contest instead of the phony advertising contests—between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, or constructing a new kind of bicycle by putting an ironing board on wheels. For a while I thought I'd invented the electric spaghetti fork until I found that somebody already had one in production. And my plan to manufacture sculptures of Saint Francis strangling a chicken just couldn't find a backer."

But it's hard to keep a good body-painter down, and Lydia, 25, has turned her attention to television. With the backing of a syndicate which is applying for unused UHF channels she's been devising some shows that might never top the Nielsen ratings but are almost guaranteed to make the occasional viewer complain either to the FCC or to his psychiatrist.

"Our favorite idea so far," Lydia enthuses, "is for a regular one-hour show for dogs. Every television viewer I know feels that the dog population is short-changed for entertainment. We propose to bring our hairy friends some variety in their lives... of course, we'll show other dogs, too, but mainly we want to widen their outlook of the world. To see if we can make them relate to humans better."

Won't it be difficult to get dogs to keep looking at the tiny screen? "Well, it may be necessary to train them by getting them used to images with a mirror," she explains, "but of course we'll have a soundtrack accompanying the program—all kinds of high-

pitched doggy sounds that humans can't hear."

How about some of the other shows? "So far we have two block-busters", Lydia reveals. "On one channel we're going to show a hippie commune all the time; life will go on and on all week with the cameras focused permanently on the kitchen. Sometimes it will be dramatic and sometimes dull, but that's life. And every night at sign-off time we'll just play the tape backwards until morning."

## In brief

Columnist Irwin Silber of *The Guardian* used to sign his column "Pandora" until members of Women's Liberation accused him of male chauvinism and made him take off the female pseudonym. It's now signed "Redeye"... Sydney girls wear the world's shortest miniskirts (13 inches) reports *Overseas Weekly's* Australian correspondent who adds that New York (15 ins), London (16 ins) and Paris (17 ins) follow in that order.

## Social art

If every museum has paintings both on view and in store that are worth millions of dollars, wouldn't it serve a greater social need to sell some of them and give the money to the poor? That, at any rate, is the suggestion of the Guerilla Art Action Group which has been directing most of its initial protests against Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. It has invaded the Museum with impromptu "happenings", throwing around food, stink bombs and fake blood to represent America's murder victims in Vietnam.

The group's attack is twofold—against the "exploitation and degradation" of the artist who usually benefits infinitesimally from the subsequent inflated value of his work, and against the "extremely wealthy people who are using art as a means of self-glorification... a cover for their brutal involvement in all spheres of the war machine".

In the last year the museums of America have come under increasing fire as the radicals discovered that many of them are funded and controlled by people they feel to be their political enemies. "What do you think art is all about?" asks the group's manifesto. "Is it some sort of mythical abstract commodity that is traded on the market and guarded by the police? How can it be that art needs police protection? Only 'valuable' possessions, property and money, are given police protection—is that what art must be? Is property more valuable than life and freedom? Shouldn't art relate to life

and freedom rather than property?"—**John Wilcock**



## Silent Spring's offspring

*Ecology* is the word today. As a dictionary editor, I was told only a few years ago by one of the world's leading mammalogists that ecology is the science that makes up names for what everybody already knows. At the time the jest was just. Now, as every scholar who follows such intellectual journals as *Life*, *Newsweek* and *Screw* knows, ecology is the wrapup of the whole biological ball of wax. Poison a potato bug in your St. Louis garden and, whammo, you've just wiped out the catfish population of the lower Mississippi River. Man, that's ecology!

Such hyperbole is not so bizarre as grim. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the multiplication that can take place between cause and effect when you fool around with what we call, in our new sophistication, an *ecosystem*. Take the Mississippi catfish, which nearly were wiped out, by an insecticide called endrin. Donald Mount, one of those dedicated young government scientists who used to be played by Jimmy Stewart, solved the case. "Perhaps it is difficult to understand that any substance in water in such minute concentrations as 0.1 (one tenth of one) part per billion could be acutely toxic to fish. However, one must consider that in just two hours, the blood of a catfish can attain an endrin concentration of 1,000 or more times greater than that of the water in which the fish swims." The great catfish kill is reported in **Since Silent Spring** by Frank Graham Jr. (Houghton Mifflin), one of the prolific second generation of ecology books, sequels to Rachel Carson's 1962 *Silent Spring*.

I have before me eight new or forthcoming books and a list of a dozen more that I have either read earlier or know I shall never get around to. None is a text on ecology. All are in one way or another about what was called "conservation" back when most people thought of conservation as making sure there were birds for the watchers to watch and the hunters to kill. Reflecting the older conservationist approach is **America's Endangered Wildlife** (Norton) by Robert Laycock; in the same vein but even more unhappy is Robert M. McClung's title **Lost Wild America**

(Morrow). **Our Vanishing Wilderness** by Mary Louise and Shelly Grossman and John N. Hamlet (Grosset & Dunlap), in grab-you pictures and well-wrought text, presents each wild ecosystem that we have left and without polemics shows heart-breaking what we are losing. Still out in the wilderness and getting desperate is Nicholas Roosevelt in **Conservation: Now or Never** (Dodd, Mead).

From the broader environmentalist position we have **Our Precarious Habitat** (Norton) by Melvin A. Bernarde, who tries to cool it a bit by pointing out that man has never had it very clean and a lot of the talk about pollution is emotionally loaded. Farther along the path toward polemics we find the titles are indeed emotionally loaded, but the books are also loaded with facts that are hard to cool. Gene Marine speaks of **America the Raped** (Simon & Schuster). Ron Linton finds no word adequate for his outrage, so he invents the title **Terracide** and subtitles his book *America's Destruction of Her Living Environment* (Little, Brown).

These people aren't long-haired nuts (Marine is nearly bald). Ron Linton was chairman of a federal Task Force on Environmental Health & Related Problems and still holds an array of solid-sounding titles like that. When even President Nixon speaks out on the subject, you know pollution has arrived. The political angle is explored in two new books with (at this writing) exactly the same title, **The Politics of Pollution**. They are by James Ridgeway (Dutton) and by Clarence Davies III (Pegasus). A wag suggested to *Publishers' Weekly* that the two authors toss a coin and the winner retitle his book "The Pollution of Politics", and added: "I think it safe to say that the second title will sell as well as the first".

For those not turned on by bird-watching, but who prefer such city preoccupations as girl-watching, Linton's book **Terracide** may provide the most fun—of an extremely grim kind. Linton, a city planner, opens with a scenario of the city. We realize slowly that he must be describing a future city and then that this overcrowded future may be only tomorrow, the way things are going today.

He finds the family just about done for: kids wandering the streets, women wandering from man to man, and most men living in male dormitories where homosexuality is taken for granted.

Whatever made Linton think that crowding would do all this to us? It turns out that his scenario was composed by rats in the laboratory. Dr John B. Calhoun of the National Institute of Mental



Health let a rat city propagate at will within its strictly limited space. It should come as a surprise to no one who has lived in New York that the city went psycho.

If you want to know how a homosexual rat operates, I have to refer you to Dr Calhoun. And I have one last question myself: how many trees do you have to cut down to provide the paper for 100,000 books on ecology?—  
**Norman Hoss**



### The actors' director

Nobody serves up canned reverence more readily than filmmakers with a "class property", especially when it is of the "great book" variety. They may not have read the book, but they know a good thing when they own it. They speak of it in hushed tones with bowed heads. They keep saying how proud they are to be working with an author they hadn't even heard of a year before. In a creative industry pioneered by glove salesmen and junk dealers, they still long for class the way the great Gatsby longed for Daisy Buchanan. And usually with the same results.

But this time it might be different. *Catch-22* could emerge an unquestionably class movie from an unquestionably class book. If it does, director Mike Nichols can take most of the credit. The money men, with almost unprecedented abandon, have given him complete control of the film. Maybe they have heard of Nichols' philosophy of movie money: "There is tremendous tension between movies as business and movies as movies, and you can't be a director and ignore either one. In exchange for millions, you owe them consideration."

Nichols is no Hollywood phenomenon. He is the kind of exchange hero that often comes to town dripping laurels from other media. With eight hits out of eight plays to his credit, Nichols turned to movies and accomplished two enormous critical/commercial successes, so now the word is out that he can do no wrong. This kind of blind faith, and the autonomy that goes with it, has ruined countless others before him but Nichols might survive it. He is, after all, the conductor who turned Neil Simon's matrimonial patter songs into symphonies. The magician who made beautiful Chilean Felicia Montealegre a simpering southerner for *The Little Foxes*,

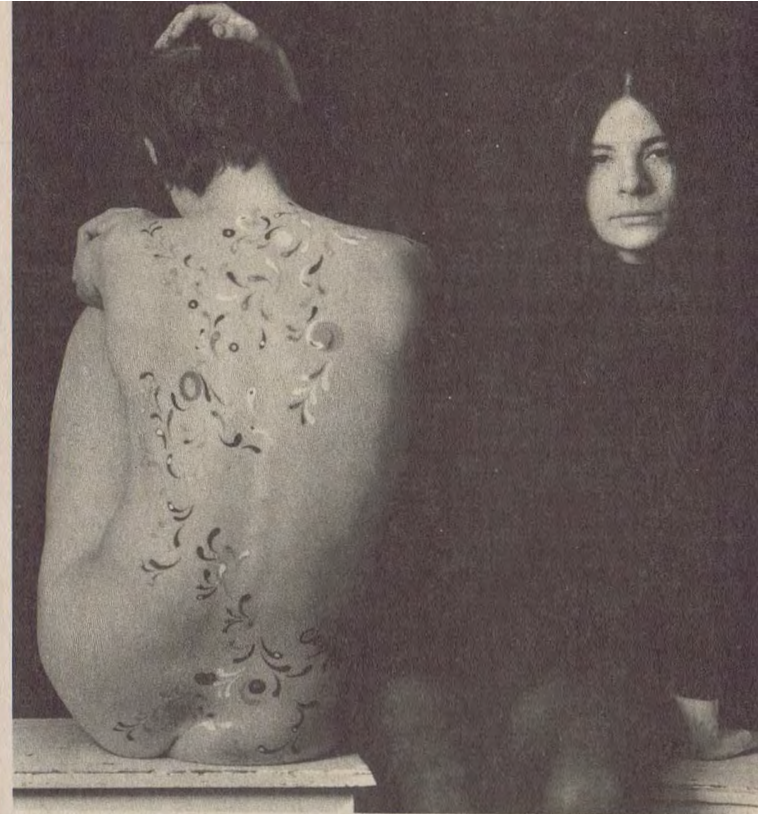
and Elizabeth Taylor the bellowing sow of Academia in *Virginia Woolf*.

In casting *Catch-22*, Nichols was concerned primarily with being true to the book, but he also harbored another practical concern. "Whoever they are," he stated before production began, "they must be the same kind of people, people who can enjoy each other. And if we are going to spend five months in the Mexican desert, it's got to be fun." He achieved both aims, and, as a publicity handout puts it with the impeccable pen of the trade: "The final cast is a canny mixture of experience and novelty, a list largely recognizable by surnames alone, which says much for their previous work." The surnames include Arkin, Balsam, Benjamin, Garfunkel, Gilford, Henry, Newhart, Perkins, Voight and Welles, but if you don't recognize them all don't worry. After *Catch-22* is released, they'll all be household names.

During filming, Nichols handled this mixed bag of actors with the tact of a bridegroom on his wedding night. Tony Perkins, who plays Chaplain Tappman, says: "Movie directing is making actors happy", and he feels that Mike Nichols has an uncanny knack for doing just that. He made every actor in the large cast feel that his scenes were the most important. "You'd be sitting around the pool in that desert sun," remembers Perkins. "Sometimes you'd wait hours to do a couple of lines, you'd sit there getting hotter and more resentful. Then Mike would come along and he'd smile and his face would light up and he'd say, 'At last we're going to do *your* scene; it's my favorite scene.' Maybe you'd just be walking down a flight of stairs or something, but Mike made you feel it was the ultimate pleasure. And the amazing thing is, he always meant it."

Jon Voight, fresh from his overwhelming success in *Midnight Cowboy*, was tense about working with Nichols, but the director always managed to put him at ease. When Voight seemed particularly nervous, Nichols called out to him, "Remember, Jon, what Hitchcock says, 'It's only a movie.'"

The greatest flurry on set concerned the arrival of Orson Welles to play General Dreedle. Interest was so great that Perkins sent for prints of *Lady from Shanghai* and *Touch of Evil* to give a quick Welles refresher course before he arrived. Many predicted a disastrous confrontation between Nichols and the legendary director of *Citizen Kane* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*, but these prophets of doom were mistaken. It was respect at first sight. When Welles made sugges-



**Saltzman:** Body painting and stoned-out ideas



**Garfunkel & Arkin:** Part of Nichols' mixed bag

tions to Nichols, he took them respectfully, remembering the awesome artistry of the man. "I assumed he was Orson Welles and I am some smartass," says Nichols. "He assumed we were both directors. I was mostly moved by him and abashed by the situation. I'd always admired him and I was scared to death at first. Later he wrote me an extremely generous letter that means a lot to me." Welles says of Nichols: "There's nobody in his league with actors. I'm just thrilled about being in something of this quality."

Whatever the final verdict on the merits of *Catch-22*, all agree on one point: Mike Nichols has class. Maybe the money men have put absolute power in the right hands for a change. Come to think of it, last time they relinquished the reins completely to a smartass from New York, Orson Welles made *Citizen Kane*.—James Kotsilibas-Davis.



### Musical of moment

From now on when the American Musical Theater is chronicled there are three turning points that must be remembered. First was *Pal Joey*, which made of an American heel a genuine stage hero and also hipped up music and lyrics to a new maturity. Then, naturally, *Oklahoma!* which banished the chorus girl and sang the sweet song of America that was believed. (Did you know that the original title was *Away We Go* and that it opened in New Haven with a first performance of over four hours?) When Curley strolled on to the stage casually singing





**Ronstadt:** Emphatically feminine

"There's a bright golden haze on the medder" and then had the effrontery to open a Broadway musical with a non-dazzler called "Oh what a beautiful mornin'" the shape of the musical theater was altered forever.

And now comes *Purlie*. At last, after years of hauling and pulling the contemporary pop idioms and coming up with all sorts of hybrid and still-born and just plain unworkable applications to the stage, we now have a thoroughly delightful entertainment on the Broadway stage. It points with pride to the pop and rock and folk and soul and country rock and all of its antecedents and says that's where we've been, baby, but we're here now: on the big Broadway stage, baby. At last we have a new sound that is not *Hair* with its strictly rock performance like at Fillmore East, nor *Promises, Promises*, which is pleasant and fanciful and inventive but hardly innovative.

*Purlie* is a real Broadway musical with almost every song a show-stopper and each of them written for the stage even though their ancestry can be fingered right back into the current pop scene. There's a Bobbie Gentry sound to one number and a smidgeon of Blood Sweat and Tears in another and even a pretty far reach back into Sporting Life from time to time. It has a clean, believable story line based on the hit play *Purlie Victorious*, about a would-be preacher and black leader on old Cap'n's Southern plantation who cajoles his young lady friend into helping him fleece old Cap'n out of \$500 so's he can buy the old barn for conversion to church premises... The play and now the musical display a gentle black disdain for the white man's superiority. Author Ossie Davis is a gentle man himself and manages

to convey his firm and good ideas about the black and white scheme of things while his humor is always being wafted in the air.

The entire cast plays and sings hip, strong, tight, sweet and shouty, but the evening belongs to Cleavon Little as the visionary con-man who slinks, slithers and struts his enthusiasm for his life mission of leadership. He could persuade us about anything. But Melba Moore as his young girl friend gets A for effort, A for exuberance, A for good nature, A for singing and A for just talking. She blast-furnaces a song like a young Judy Garland, and tosses away gag lines like a mature Judy Holliday. She keeps topping the show in song after song and she was so pleased with her performance and the audience's response that her happiness was sensed by the cheerers. Great performers from all kinds of live media accomplish this special love-link with their audience, and this surprising young Melba Moore has it all on her own. It's what makes a star.

But the boss thing about *Purlie* is the fact that Broadway has at last updated itself musically. The great outside world of pop music has been successfully assimilated into the musical theater. In *Purlie* we have the bridge between the sound which grabs young people and the words and thoughts and actions which make the stage potentially the greatest communicative force in entertainment. *Purlie* can bridge the generation gap and grab an audience that has hitherto shunned the theater. Perhaps it will even change the Broadway audience pattern for good.—**Sandy Lesberg**



### Bird songs

Just like women in every other field, female pop singers have a harder time gaining recognition than their male counterparts. The causes are the same ones that exist elsewhere: namely, women aren't taken seriously and are forced to assume demeaning roles either intellectually or physically or both. The best example of first-rate talent being ignored because she won't play sex games is **Elyse Weinberg**. Her *Elyse* (Tetragrammaton), released last year, went exactly nowhere despite the fact that she is an extraordinary singer and one of the best younger songwriters around.

*Elyse* features a dozen good songs—only one of which, "Deed I Do" by Bert Jansch, she didn't

write herself—superbly played by a band identified only as The Band of Thieves. Elyse Weinberg's problem is that she is not immediately identifiable as a female. She does have a girl's voice, but the spirit she displays and the stance in her writing is more independent than most men, or women, are used to.

The other side of the coin is **Janis Joplin**. When she first came along, a lot of fans hoped that at last a woman vocalist had emerged who could combine femininity with strength, maybe for the first time since Billie Holiday (especially if you don't count Nina Simone as a big star, which alas she isn't). And when Joplin decided to strike out on her own those same fans cheered the more as a step away from black-imitating and into something her own. She has undeniable virtues both as a singer and as a star personality that have never been allowed full expression.

*I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again Mama* (Columbia) should have been a great album. It is not for two reasons. Far from abandoning or expanding beyond blues-imitating, Joplin has become a latter-day female Eddie Cantor doing a black-face routine that would be funny if it weren't so sad. Worse, she has taken on a self-deprecating sexual attitude that panders to male fantasies. She spends more time with her ass twitching at the audience than constructing musical statements. Even the album conveys much the same attitude, especially on her own song, "One Good Man", which reinforces the dominant male fantasy about what every woman needs: it's as if "O" had become a rock singer.

There are at least three current singers who manage to strike a note of personal integrity and independence while remaining emphatically feminine. **Linda Ronstadt** began as lead singer for the Stone Poneys but after a couple of moderately successful albums and a hit single she decided to try it solo. So far, she has managed to stir up well-deserved enthusiasm, especially among male listeners. She is basically a pop-oriented folk singer with a vibrant, no-nonsense vocal style. The albums with the Stone Poneys (three on Capitol) are all excellent, but her best is a solo flight, *Silk Purse* (Capitol ST407) which includes several near-definitive performances of contemporary folk classics.

**Genya Ravan** has the kind of big voice you expect to find fronting a powerful band, which is just what she does on *Construction #1* (Polydor). Ten Wheel Drive is nine musicians who between them play 21 instruments (23 with her harmonica and tambourine), and

make the most of the possibilities, ranging widely and well over ballads, blues and big band rock. Ravan is immediately noticeable as a shouter of versatility and power, but after a few listenings her way with ballads comes over—she gives them a sensitive and loving attention. Big groups are harder to hold together than small ones but if Ten Wheel Drive can hang on, eventually the audience will find them. It is worth the effort.


On first listening, Martha Carmen Josephine Hernandez Rosario **de Velez** sounds like any other British rocker who is into a heavy blues trip. On second listening you begin to discover a remarkable talent. There has been a flood of recent releases from Britain that feature virtually the same instrumentation but few are of the quality of *Fiends & Angels* (Sire). It is a measure of where things are at that Jimi Hendrix and Martha Velez had to go to Britain from New York in order to make their marks. Velez material runs from Lightning Hopkins to Bob Dylan, with several good originals thrown in. It is a well-chosen program and retains its freshness through many listenings. The album was produced by Mike Vernon, who heads an excellent revival series in Britain.

### Penthouse picks

**Roberta Flack**, *First Take* (Atlantic). Roberta Flack is a pianist and vocalist from Washington D.C., where she deservedly enjoys considerable local fame. Here she performs an unusual collection of tunes in the setting of jazz trios with string and horn selections. Mild, beautiful.

**Mary McCaslin**, *Goodnight Everybody* (Barnaby). If you watch much TV you have probably seen her sing the Beatles' "Help". The rest of the album is in the same vein. Gentle, eclectic folk.

**Lulu**, *New Routes* (Atco). Lulu, England's Brenda Lee, has been given the same soul treatment that liberated Dusty Springfield on *Dusty in Memphis* (Atlantic). It works again. Entertaining, rollicking, groovy.

**Dusty Springfield**, *A Brand New Me* (Atlantic). Jerry Butler is perhaps the best of all soul singers, a tough and melancholy rocker with hits stretching back into the '50s. His producers, the songwriting team of Kenneth Gamble and Leon Huff and company, try to use the same formula on Dusty Springfield. Too bad the album fails. Dusty is one of the two or three best pop vocalists, so I hope Atlantic doesn't give up because this talent combination deserves another try.—**Guthrie Bester** 





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## PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

# PROFESSOR H.J. EYSENCK

A psychologist with an international reputation both as author and as a leader of the behaviorist school, Professor Hans Jurgen Eysenck is director of the Institute of Psychiatry at London's Maudsley hospital. A prolific popularizer, he has written more than a dozen books expounding aspects of his absorbing subject (*Uses and Abuses of Psychology*, etc.) and he is particularly remembered for his paperbacks of intelligence tests. To professional colleagues, he is an eloquent repudiator of Freud and an indefatigable researcher into the mechanics of personality. Now 54, Dr Eysenck was German-born, and transferred to London University in the 1930s. He went intending to take up research physics, but chose the wrong qualifying subjects for his entrance examination. Rather than wait a year for another try he asked if there was any other science subject he could take with his German qualifications and was told he could do psychology. "What's psychology?" he asked. "You'll like it", they told him. He did, and he still does—and he's now in the process of transforming it. In this exclusive Penthouse Interview conducted by **David Cohen**, Dr. Eysenck discusses psychology in relation to various contemporary public issues, and explains the human potential of his scientific approach.

**Penthouse:** Professor Eysenck, you have gained the reputation, unusual in a psychologist, of being sceptical and hard-headed. Is that how you would wish to be thought of?

**Eysenck:** I don't easily believe in things unless they are demonstrated experimentally and I see some factual support for them. That's why I don't believe much in psychoanalysis and things of that kind—not because I don't want to believe but simply because the necessary experiments to prove it haven't been done, and not even the necessary clinical trial to show it is effective. Until that is done I am sceptical. If that's what you mean by hard-headed—yes I don't dispute it.

**Penthouse:** Do you think there are any limits to what can be discovered by experiment?

**Eysenck:** That's a very difficult question. In principle I agree with Thorndike who once said that everything that exists, exists in some quantity and can therefore be measured. Therefore anything that has a real existence in any sense of that term is subject to scientific discovery and can be discovered. So on the whole I would probably say yes to that.

**Penthouse:** But can you conceive of cases where it's so difficult to construct experiments and differentiate things that it may be impractical?

**Eysenck:** I think it is always foolish for a scientist to say that something is impossible. You probably know the famous story of Johannes Muller, the great German physiologist of the last century who in about 1850 wrote in his text book that it would be forever impossible to measure the speed of the nervous impulse because it was too fast. But three years later Helmholtz actually measured it, so I wouldn't like to stick my neck out and say anything was impossible for practical and similar reasons. They always will be overcoming these difficulties and finding out what you want to find out.

**Penthouse:** Do you have any room for a concept like the soul or the old Cartesian mind?

**Eysenck:** Well, I feel about it rather like the German poet Heine did when somebody asked him about the existence of God. He said: "*C'est une hypothese dont je n'ai pas besoin*" (It's an hypothesis I don't need). Maybe in due course we will need it but at the moment we can do without it. So strictly from the scientific point of view—no I don't.

**Penthouse:** You favour an experimental society in which much greater knowledge is deliberately pursued. In what ways would such knowledge affect the way we live?

**Eysenck:** A simple example is comprehensive schools. In Britain now the Labour Party is very much in favour of them. The Conservative Party is rather opposed to the complete introduction of them and wants to retain grammar schools and so on. Both parties argue about this but neither party has any of the facts necessary to a proper decision. There are all sorts of assumptions: that a comprehensive school will benefit the duller ones by bringing them in contact with the brighter ones, that it will reduce social class feelings and so on. That's all possible, but there's no evidence whatsoever and things may in fact work the other way. I went to a comprehensive school



because in Germany all schools were comprehensive (as in the US) but the effect of these schools was hardly very good, was it? They led to Hitler and all sorts of other evils, not by themselves of course—there were other causes too. Certainly there was no tendency in the schools for working-class and middle-class children to mingle more freely than they do in this country. They tended to keep to themselves. Now I am not saying this would necessarily happen here; I am just saying that nobody really knows and before you introduce such a far-reaching innovation you ought to find out. You ought to do some experiments to see what actually happens. And after you have introduced it you should go on doing experimental work to see if the thing is actually working. That's what I mean. Most political innovations are argued about not in factual terms but in terms of some sort of pre-conception. That is one example.

There are many others, like the treatment of criminals. One always hopes to rehabilitate criminals but all the argument about it doesn't give us any facts. People say you should be tougher on them or you should be less tough, but there are no facts whatsoever to back up these things. Therefore the need is obviously for research.

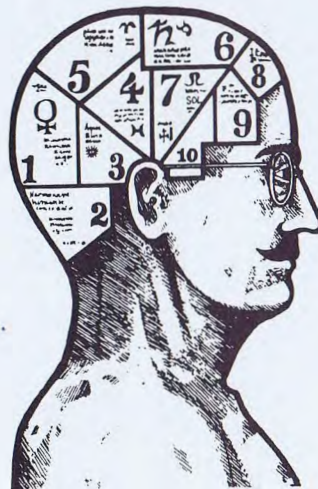
**Penthouse:** You have noted in your book *Crime and Personality* certain connections between criminality and various physiological characteristics.

**Eysenck:** Yes, there are rather indirect associations. There is first of all the finding that criminality seems to be to some extent inherited. In other words, inherited physiological structures within the organism predispose a person to crime on coming in contact with certain types of environment. What intrigued me was to find out what these structures were and so we did a certain amount of work which suggests that essentially it is part of the so-called reticular formation which is a part of the brain stem responsible for maintaining a high state of arousal in the cortex. In the potential criminal this doesn't work very well, and his brain is in a state of low arousal. This in turn makes it more difficult for him to become conditioned and learn the kind of social habits which constitute what we call socialization. Therefore he is effectively without a conscience because that is the end-product of the socialization process. So to think of such a criminal as being responsible in a free-will kind of way is rather absurd. He is a product of his heredity and of the kind of environment he encounters and therefore one should base one's strategy on these ascertained facts rather than punish him.

**Penthouse:** What kinds of strategy, what kind of cure does your research lead you to suggest?

**Eysenck:** If a criminal behaves criminally largely because he has failed to become properly conditioned and to become aware of the system of contingency on which society operates—that is, do the right thing and you are rewarded, and do the wrong thing and you are punished—the obvious method is to put him through a process of conditioning which emphasizes these things. Some work has recently been done in the States which suggests

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that this is indeed successful. It is not yet far enough advanced, because there has not been enough time to do the follow-up studies, but it has been successful in making the criminal and juvenile delinquents, on whom it was tried, much more law-abiding, much more responsive to social stimuli. It is to be hoped that they will remain that way when they're followed up—when they're out of prison or out of reformatory or wherever it is.

**Penthouse:** Does the same failure to condition apply to disturbed people?

**Eysenck:** Not necessarily, not usually. It's generally the other way around: people suffering from anxiety neurosis and phobias and obsessional and compulsive disturbances are ones who have been conditioned only too well. They're at the opposite end. Their reticular formation produces a high state of arousal and extremely good conditioning, and therefore they condition fears and anxieties and so on to stimuli which in a normal person would not produce such conditioning at all. So if anything, they err in the opposite direction, they're hyper-sensitive to conditioning and therefore suffer from these condition fears.

**Penthouse:** You're involved in a new kind of therapy in this area, aren't you?

**Eysenck:** That's right. It's called behaviour therapy, in which we try to desensitize these acquired or conditioned fears and extinguish them. It seems to work very well.

**Penthouse:** Can you explain how it works?

**Eysenck:** Essentially, what we do is to take a person who is afraid of a certain object, certain ideas or class of object, or whatever it is—say a cat. This fear is of course unreasonable but reasoning with the patient about it doesn't help because he knows perfectly well that it is unreasonable. He just can't get over it. What we do is to try and get him into as calm and relaxed a state of mind as possible and then present him with a small replica, as it were, of the fear-producing stimulus, situation, or object—say a picture of a cat shown at a distance. Well, this produces a small amount of anxiety but not enough to really upset him. As he can see that he can tolerate this quite well in his relaxed state, he is ready for a slightly larger picture, brought slightly nearer. Eventually he is able to tolerate a small cat at a distance, a larger cat and so on, brought nearer and nearer until finally he is ready to actually touch a cat. This is of course over-simplified, but in essence you build up a hierarchy of fear-producing stimuli from the least to the most and then you work through it, always relaxing him, and reassuring him as you go up this ladder.

**Penthouse:** And are the effects lasting outside the laboratory?

**Eysenck:** Fortunately, yes.

**Penthouse:** You have dismissed psychoanalysis and you are also on record as rejecting Ronald Laing's work on schizophrenics.

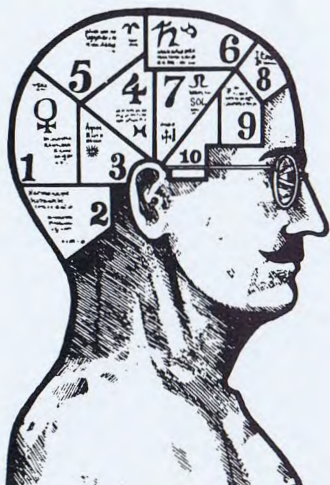
**Eysenck:** That's right. These treatments are unconvincing for a number of reasons. In the first place practically all disorders remit spontaneously, in other words people get better for no obvious reason. Therefore if you want to show that a given therapy works you have to compare the percentage of recovery with the percentage of recovery of the group



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who haven't been treated, or have been treated in some other way which you consider inferior. This of course Laing and Cooper and the others have never done. Until it is done what can one say? They treat a small number of atypical schizophrenics, some of whom get better and some don't. No accurate statistics are presented, and in any case the sample is too small to give much in the way of statistics. Some of these people would have got better if they hadn't been treated at all. Why should I be convinced by statements that they're doing some good to these people when there is no real evidence for it?

**Penthouse:** In the book *The Family of Schizophrenics* they seemed to depict a persuasive causation of schizophrenia.

**Eysenck:** It is easy to draw persuasive pictures. The difficulty is to produce experimental evidence that will convince somebody who doesn't necessarily believe this. Furthermore they neglect the strong evidence of heredity. Identical twins are much more alike with respect to schizophrenic breakdown than are fraternal twins that don't share 100% heredity. This you cannot explain in terms of such simple schemes as they produce. I'm not saying that what they say is necessarily false; I am simply saying that the evidence is quite inconclusive. It's a pretty picture, but whether it's accurate or not nobody can say, and until some thorough research is done I don't think one can accept it.

**Penthouse:** Do you still think the whole movement of psychoanalysis has delayed the progress of psychiatry?

**Eysenck:** I do. I think it has taken 50 years out of psychiatry which could have been devoted to proper research. Instead it has been devoted to speculation and relatively arid attempts at treatment, which were not successful and are now pretty universally regarded as not successful. We could have done a lot in this time.

**Penthouse:** Why do you think the Freud school was such an all-pervasive movement?

**Eysenck:** Probably because psychiatry previous to Freud tended to be rather academic and not treatment-centred. Madness, psychosis, neurosis and so on, were seen as things about which you could do very little, and so they concentrated on describing it, studying it, perhaps even experimenting with it, but not attempting to cure it. Freud, with all his faults, certainly was concerned with treatment, and he held out the possibility of treating people successfully. It didn't work but it is difficult to blame him for trying, and I wouldn't do that of course. He attracted people who were more concerned with treatment than with the academic concerns of the psychiatrists who preceded him. Furthermore, of course, I would say that Freud was a brilliant novelist. He wrote fairy tales which are very attractive to people who are not brought up in a scientific tradition but in a humanistic tradition. It is good literature. I'm sure he deserved the Goethe prize he won, which is normally given to novelists. He is a very good writer—a great writer in fact. If you like that kind of thing you enjoy reading it, and I enjoy it too, but as writing, not as science.

**Penthouse:** As a student of psychology do you have any explanation of the sexual experimenta-

tion and upsurge of permissiveness that seems to be a feature of our times?

**Eysenck:** I think this permissiveness is much less than is commonly said. I did a study recently in which we questioned large numbers of university students about their sexual experiences and attitudes. What came out clearly was that if you take girls of 18 or 19 only about one in five have in fact had intercourse. This figure is probably not at all different to what would have been true 30 or 40 years ago. In fact it agrees well with Kinsey's work and with others who worked in between times. So I doubt if there has been that much of a change. I think the permissiveness we talk about is largely an invention of the newspapers, of the television, and of the films. People can see that they can earn money from putting pornography on the screen and in the papers and they do so. And they do it under the pretext that this is a modern swinging generation. In reality the modern swinging generation isn't like that at all, and if you look into it you find that young people are much as they were before. I think the evidence suggests strongly that if you take, say, the number of girls who are still virgins at the ages of 18 or 19 or 20 as an index of unswingingness then 100 years ago you would have found far fewer virgins than you do now, certainly in the working-class groups. The picture we have of Victorian society as very restricted is misleading. The Victorian stereotype is true of a minute proportion of the population—what one might call the upper middle classes, and perhaps even the lower middle classes—but the much larger working class was nothing like that. They were extremely permissive, and the estimate is that few girls in their class would have retained their virginity anything like as long as they do now. I don't believe all this permissiveness. I think that when all is said and done, more is said than done!

**Penthouse:** Another form of permissiveness is drug-taking. Do you see any merit in the cult of experimenting with drugs?

**Eysenck:** None at all. I think this is an extremely dangerous thing. I think it is extremely inadvisable, because people who play with drugs are playing with fire and are liable to kill themselves in a very short period of time. This is not a thing one ought to feel easy about. I don't even feel easy about alcohol and tobacco. I think they kill far more people than almost anything else in our present society and now we extend the scope to drugs, many of which are much more dangerous even. I think it's a foolishness that is almost incomprehensible.

**Penthouse:** You wouldn't agree, then, that there is some force to the arguments for legalizing cannabis?

**Eysenck:** I think cannabis is perhaps the least dangerous of these drugs. The argument is essentially whether legalizing it would reduce its attraction to many people who are attracted by what is forbidden. I'm not really convinced that it would, but I'm not an expert in this field. I wouldn't like to say.

**Penthouse:** You mentioned feeling uneasy about tobacco smoking. Do you accept that this habit is the direct cause of lung cancer?

**Eysenck:** I think there is certainly a connection but it's very much oversimplifying to say that



A man with dark hair is sitting on a highly ornate, dark-colored chair. He is wearing a bright red long-sleeved shirt, a dark tie with a light-colored diagonal stripe, and blue plaid trousers. He is leaning back with his legs crossed at the ankles, wearing dark loafers. The background is a solid, warm brown color. The lighting is dramatic, casting a long shadow of the man and the chair onto the floor.

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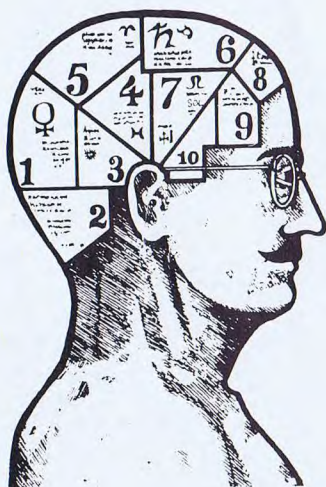
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People who are highly neurotic seem to be protected against cancer: they develop it very little compared to stable people. They may secrete a substance that protects them.

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lung cancer is caused by smoking. Of all the people who get lung cancer one in 10 doesn't smoke at all, and of all the people who do smoke only one in 10 get lung cancer.

**Penthouse:** What about stress as the common factor?

**Eysenck:** Well, people who are highly neurotic seem to be protected against cancer, so it's just the other way round. They develop lung cancer very little by comparison with those who are very stable. This has been shown several times and seems to be an established fact. Possibly neurotic people, with their high secretion rate of adrenaline and so on may secrete a substance that protects them, some kind of hormone that acts against cancer. Some work on this point is being done now with rats, but it's rather technical.

**Penthouse:** Hasn't it always been thought that heavy smokers are neurotic?

**Eysenck:** Everyone says this but it's just speculation. There's no real evidence to show that people who smoke a lot are neurotic. What evidence there is suggests people may smoke out of boredom as much as out of stress. As I pointed out in my book on smoking and cancer, not enough research has been done on this whole question. What research has been done has been so inept and inadequate that it's difficult to base a conclusion on it.

**Penthouse:** If as a race we get to know more psychology and use it more, how do you think it could affect human life, say, 25 years from now?

**Eysenck:** The change would almost certainly be for the better, for very simple reasons. I have a strong feeling that most of our problems are psychological ones. We know enough science—that is, physics and chemistry—for most of the things that we need. We are getting to know enough biology for most of the things that we really want to know. There are a few items that we'd like to know about—the origin of cancer and so on—but by and large we do know quite a lot. Our problems are problems of human interaction—hostility, aggressiveness, war, strikes, all that kind of thing. These are largely psychological problems and they cannot be solved, and I want to emphasize this, by well-meaning political or social attitudes or reliefs—anything of that kind. I have the highest respect for what are sometimes called “do-gooders”, who obviously have a motivation to do the right thing, which is admirable. They often suffer greatly, financially and in other ways, for what they are doing, but action taken in ignorance is always dangerous and until we know just what it is that we need to do I think do-gooding is really essentially impossible.

Let me give you a simple example of what I have in mind. There exists a class of children who bang their heads and injure themselves. They may bang their heads so harshly and sharply that their retinæ become detached, they become blind, they may even kill themselves. This is clearly a very serious condition. Traditionally these children have been restrained; they are tied up, because that is all you can do. Then came the psychoanalytic notion that they're searching for attention and want to be loved, so whenever they get into one of their fits, kiss them, love them, embrace them, be kind to them and so on. This is just

what your typical do-gooder would consider a reasonable, rational thing to do, but what's wrong with it is simply that it makes the children worse. This has been established over and over again. We have now worked out a technique for dealing with this kind of child. The moment he starts banging his head, pick him up, take him to a bare room, lock him in for 15 minutes without any show of anger, annoyance, anything else. This is a simple consequence—if he does that he is isolated for 15 minutes. Then you take him out again and treat him as if nothing had happened. In a large number of cases this has worked extremely well, and within only two or three weeks. The child stops banging his head because the behaviour isn't reinforced—it isn't being rewarded. You see what a typical psychoanalytic treatment is: he does the wrong thing and then he is rewarded for it with kindness, kisses, attention. Thus, do-gooding is exactly the wrong thing—it produces the opposite to what you want, like the chap who tries to train his dog to come when he whistles. He whistles and the dog doesn't come, he gets annoyed, and finally when the dog comes he beats it. In other words, the dog comes and is beaten so naturally he doesn't come again. This is doing exactly the wrong thing for his own reasons. The do-gooder wants to be kind but it isn't appropriate in the situation. The man with the dog is annoyed and wants to punish somebody, but it isn't appropriate in that situation. The choice is between doing what is functional, what achieves what you want to accomplish and giving way to your own emotions.

What psychology is trying to do is to establish what is functional in a given situation and therefore I think that if progress continues over the next 25 or 30 years, we'll know a great deal more about what is functional. Education—to go back to that example—hasn't improved at all over the last 2,000 years. We do exactly the same now as we did then. If we knew how to get children interested in their school work, it would be a milestone in the development of a proper educational system. But of course we don't and we don't do the research that is needed to find it out. That is my great objection to our present way of doing things. We argue about political things, like comprehensive education, while the same bored children sit there exposed to the same boring old lectures. This is what ought to be changed. The comprehensive and uncomprehensive nature is probably quite irrelevant to anything that anybody is really interested in. It's a political football, that's all.

**Penthouse:** So you would hope to see a political attitude based on a scientific approach, rather than on dogmatic isms?

**Eysenck:** Yes, we need to make our society an experimental one, not one that is based on superstition, on all sorts of political beliefs which are unsubstantiated and probably unsubstantiable. It should be functional, first of all looking at what should be done, deciding what it wants and then doing the research to indicate how it could achieve that end. Since most of these problems are psychological most of the research will have to be psychological.

**Penthouse:** Professor Eysenck, thank you.

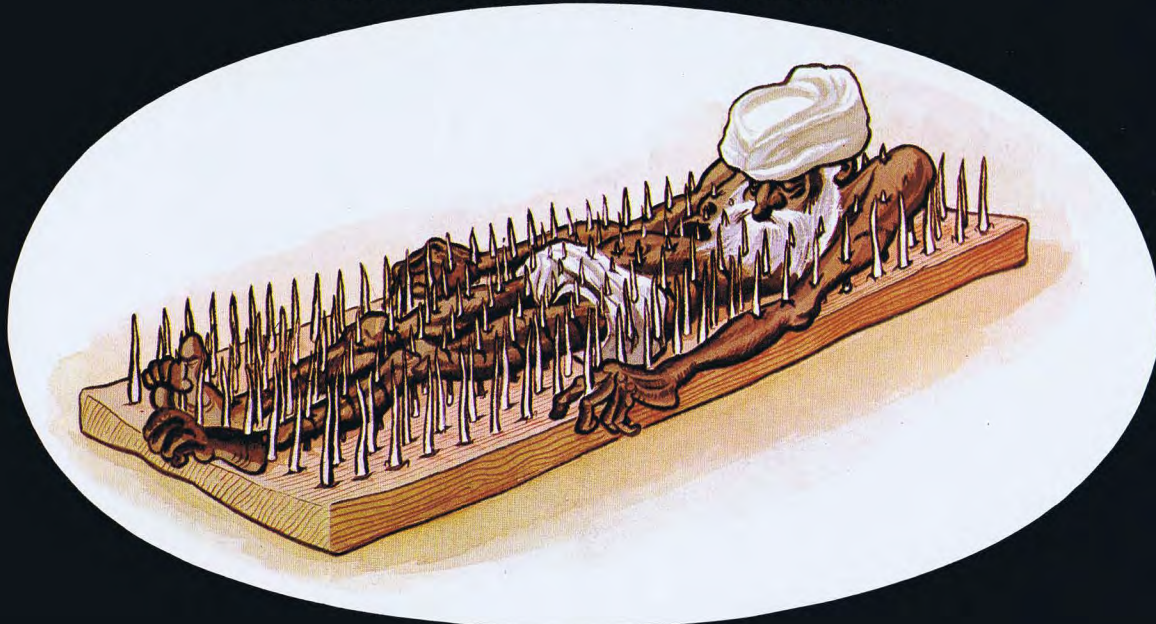




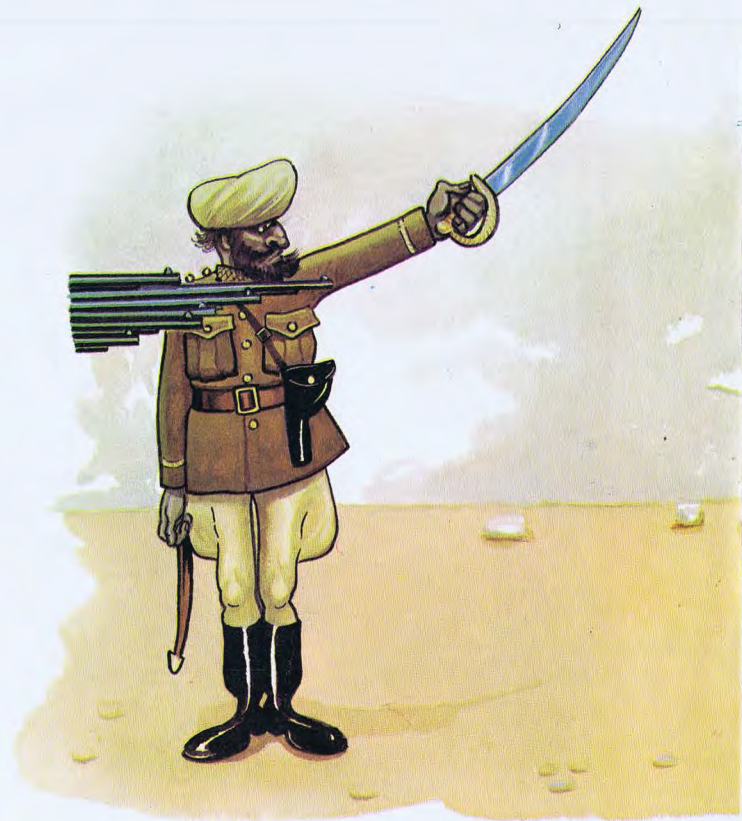
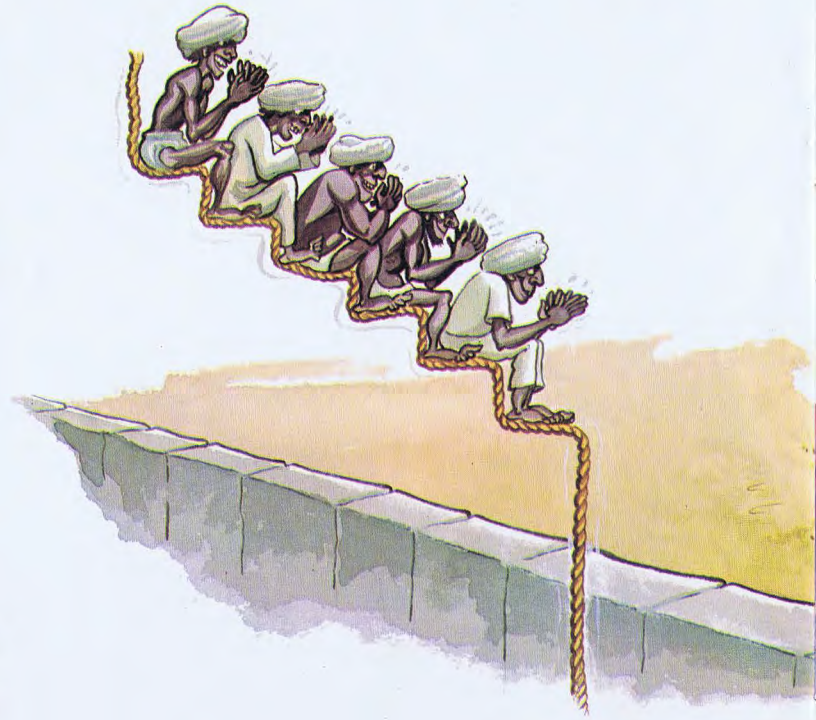


## SICK, SICK, SIKH!

An Indian file on fakirs and fakers by Mike Eglesfield.

















# A PECULIAR FORM OF VIOLENCE

An elbow to the ribs, a knee in the groin . . . a body writhing on the floor. It's the Roller Derby—an American institution in which girls find themselves on the receiving end

ARTICLE BY BRYAN GAYLE



"Fans want blood. They want to see **F**us broken up and my body carried out", says Ann Cavello, star villainess of the perennial Roller Derby. This all-American mixture of contact-sport and theater-of-the-rough-and-tumble is the gladiatorial combat of today. Its gratuitous violence now provides release for vast numbers of ordinary citizens. No sooner does a fight erupt than the audience begins roaring and grunting as though each one was himself delivering an elbow full tilt to the ribs or a knee to the groin at 20 miles per hour. Cheers double when there is a body writhing on the floor or folded over the rail—and if it's a girl, so much the better.

The secret of the Roller Derby's recurrent commercial success is the vicarious thrill it brings to the sado-masochistic streak in all of us. Even "in" movies like *Medium Cool* use it to show how we savour the violence of our times. The Derby isn't a sport, it's the

Roman circus of the day, with Mr Middle-America playing emperor and villain, and hero pre-cast. When there are not enough fights the players stage them to liven up the game. It is accepted that giving the fans what they want is most of the job, and a veteran performer like Ann Cavello can be relied on to come up with a fracas on demand.

Ann is flamboyant, tough, amusing, yet peculiarly feminine. A halo of shamrock-green hair, contrasting purple and white harlequin legs with flowing scarf, stamp her unmistakably as the target for all the S & M fantasies of the crowd. She's cruising when a blonde from the opposition pats her fanny in passing and Ann takes off in vengeful pursuit. Up ahead is Margie Laszlo, going slow and flexing her fists. Ann smashes her with an elbow from behind and Margie screams. They are all over each other, wrestling, tearing, swinging punches and kicking, when the referee pulls them apart. But



somehow Ann escapes and sends Margie crashing to the floor, finishing her by stomping her kidneys with her skates. With the final kick the ecstasy of the crowd has reached orgasmic proportions. A little later when Margie stuns a young girl from Ann's team and she takes a beating in defense, the crowd roars approval and doesn't notice the team-mate's tears.

Mostly the girls start the fights and it is the brawling ladies of the track who pull the audience, both live and on television. Roller Derby is the only "sport-like activity" where men and women compete on an equal basis (women's liberationists, take note). It seems likely that one reason the fans are predominantly female is that there are a lot of housewives back home strongly identifying with Margie as she belts the hell out of Ann.

Not surprisingly, good girl skaters are hard to find—the image is not appealing. "If you've got a good body, it's one way of using it", says Margie, an ex-model and Roller Derby's beauty queen. "Sure I have a fear of getting hurt", Joanie Weston admits, who has a fan mail of movie-star size. But a skater is bound to be somewhat schizophrenic: a man who has been skating since he could walk has a more philosophical interpretation: "You learn that there are two sets of rules. Let's face it, the things you do out on the track, you can't walk down the street and do. I don't think you should hurt people all the time, but you can do anything if you're going for a bundle. There's no feelings then. Besides, the big thing in this game is

fear. If you can get somebody afraid of you, you got it made." Another explains: "We're shy people who ran across skating and loved it. It became like our release."

The injury toll is high enough but would be far greater without the hardy training and its resultant resilience. Unlike other body-contact sports the only protective equipment the skaters use are elbow and knee pads. Because the action can become so violent, the players adhere to a set of unwritten rules that transcend the rules of the game. For example, technically a girl can, with her elbow, use the zipper-head of a sweatshirt almost like an instrument to tear the softness of another girl's breast. This technique, far more agonizing than the conventional elbow smash, is rarely used. "Oh, we've had some vicious skaters", says Ann. "Some are still around, but they're few and far between. I could never hurt anyone deliberately."

To see the girls in action with bared teeth and fists flying, they look like enraged Amazons. Not so off the track. Ordinary and unassuming, they are mostly surprisingly small, with such feminine things as carefully applied make-up and a special hair-do. The histrionics are strictly for the track. Once off it, they are quiet and placid, taking things as they come. Social life is limited. All too often, the evenings are spent soaking out the soreness in their bodies. Like a circus, life on tour becomes a string of one-night stands and all-night drives. And Holiday Inns are the same everywhere.

Mostly the girls, looking like enraged Amazons in action, start the fights. In Roller Derby men and women compete on equal terms, each team having a male and female unit skating in five - minute shifts. Striped helmets denote "jammers" who score by breaking out of pack and passing opponents.

*Photographs by Winter Prather*







What makes a girl or boy join the Derby? A simple answer: the perennial "hanging round the rink and watching on TV". Hooked, the kids go to a Roller Derby school and, if they show potential, they may be picked to skate with the stars. That doesn't mean instant fortune. A rookie starts at around £4,000 and good performers rarely triple that figure during their career. But it is a path to the ego-gratification of the tawdry star system. Skaters are on a "profit-sharing" basis, but the profits are not enough. Most have to supplement their income by taking other jobs on the side. Kids who join the Derby come from the streets, not the campus. "Few of us ever had the chance to be good athletes or go to college", says Larry Smith, one of the stars. Ask them about the future and you will hear about the girl who skated till she was 50.

Today's Roller Derby has simple rules. Each team has a male and female unit of five skating in alternate five-minute periods. Two members of each unit are

called the jammers and are identified by the striped helmets. When jammers break out of the "pack" and complete a circuit by passing members of the opposing team—they score one point per person passed within 60 seconds. The rest of the unit consists of two blockers, and a white-hatted pivot-man who can sometimes score. Though the referees dispense assorted penalties, the person who starts the biggest punch-up seems to get the points. The rules stipulate the do's and don'ts in terms of physical violence, but they are only casually observed.

On Sunday, March 22nd, this year, a world record attendance figure of 15,874 bloodthirsty fans trooped into New York's Madison Square Garden, paying up to seven dollars for seats—this for an event whose death knell was prematurely tolled in 1955. The match was also televised in color for later tape distribution to morning audiences of some 25,000,000. In several areas of the United States, Roller Derby had


a larger viewing audience than NBC, CBS and ABC combined. General TV ratings show that interest in Roller Derby is as high as in pro basketball and ice hockey—a phenomenal statistic.

Ignored by the "legitimate" sports world, this bastard offspring of marathon endurance tests climbed to fame and fortune in the early 1950s, then tumbled to disrepute and bankruptcy, and has now soared to renewed and increasing popularity—all in the space of 35 years. In a Chicago sporting hang-out called Ricketts Restaurant in 1935, a promoter of Walkathons and six-day races named Leo Seltzer read about how 93% of all Americans had used roller-skates at some time. He added his past experience in promoting the marathon business and his first Transcontinental Roller Derby in Chicago was a great financial success. At this point the Derby was simply an endurance test. Couples skated round and round the track taking advantage of short breaks by resting on cots in the centre of the small rink in full view of the public while the audience rooted for the couple that survived the longest.

Mr Seltzer's banked track was not yet paved with gold, however. The success of that first Derby was followed by a disastrous national tour when even the most unsophisticated audiences ceased to be interested. Roller Derby did not, of course, die bankrupt on the road. To the gallant rescue came the immortal sports writer, Damon Runyon. While watching a contest with Seltzer he discussed the Derby's troubles. Players had been tangling with one another during the race, resulting in some ferocious fisticuffs. This appealed to Runyon and he suggested that the rules be changed to permit such fracas. And so what would be considered "unsportsmanlike conduct" in most games became the norm for the non-sport Roller Derby.

By the early 1950s, the "game" had expanded so rapidly that a league was formed. Through TV saturation coverage it was brought to every American home, and Derby stars became household names. However, television proved a fickle follower, dropping the Roller Derby almost overnight.

But good commercial propositions don't die. A second generation Seltzer, who owns and cleverly manipulates all the Roller Derby teams, is now marshalling his forces. He stages their national tour, packaging his product for local audiences as well as for the vast and lucrative TV market. Business acumen and timeliness have enabled him to update his father's product.

Thus, at a time when kids confound the cops with bombs and go to jail, their parents, within the safety of the arena, can taste their own peculiar form of violence. 



# COMPUTER AGE CULTS



*The modern decline of secret 'orders' like the Masons has been balanced by new and weirder quasi-religious sects, which intrigue science-surfeited youngsters with obscure, often oriental, philosophies*  
by Ethel Grodzins Romm

Hippies have been saying it is the Worst of Times. Respond to the polluted air and the putrid rivers and the unsafe streets by leaving the cities altogether, they say. Dance in tune with Nature out beyond cemented-over civilization to find your authentic self. Most of us are not about to take that step, yet we have embraced their entire array of neo-religions, para-religions, pseudo-religions. In a word, cults.

A cult is a quasi-religious group that most consider unorthodox, if not weird or downright menacing. The average citizen is disturbed by anyone who believes in the idea that making salt trails while circling in the nude with friends, provides insight and inner peace—as do members of witch covens. Yet "one man's superstition is another's religion," says anthropologist Sol Tax. So cults develop into sects, still heretical but more acceptable. And with numbers, wealth and power, sects grow into full-fledged churches.

A case in point is Scientology, started some 10 years ago as a mixture of the confessional booth, psycho-analytic therapy, and self-actualizing encounter sessions—using the jargon of computer programming. It proved an irresistible combination for the '60s. A US Court of Appeals says it is now a legitimate church and recognizes its central tenet of "auditing" with the Mark V E-Meter. This device, similar to a lie-detector galvanometer, ends in two V-8 cans or their equivalent. The convert holds them until the readings of his emotional reactions show him to be "Clear". Depending on the number of sessions involved, this process of salvation can cost the convert as much as \$15,000. No matter whether the general public considers faith in juice cans as strange, pathetic, or even dangerous, Scientology enjoys full legal protection. This cult's ministers can now marry and bury their own.

Other cults have not been so lucky with the law. Dr Timothy Leary has been trying for years to gain religious status for his League for Spiritual Discovery. This would enable his new "church" to dispense LSD as an ecclesiastical sacrament the way certain Southwestern Indian tribes can use peyote under the protection of the First Amendment guaranteeing freedom of worship. Peyote and its active ingredient, mescaline, are otherwise illegal drugs.

There is no chance that LSD will become the new government-approved wafer. Notorious tales of wantonness and cruelty in the drug-centered communes of California, New Mexico, and Arizona have woven a web of terror around the early cant of love and brotherhood among the flower children.

Communes have been fertile ground for the development of weird and sadistic cults. Filled with uprooted

child-gypsies, ex-mental patients, or petty criminals far from parental or societal control, their proclivities have been expanded in all directions, their bizarre behavior aggravated the more with the continuous use of perception-altering and mood-changing chemicals.

What is more ominous is that their drugs and games are best-sellers in the straight society. In almost all communes, everyone throws pennies to form the six-line hexagram decoded by the *I-Ching*, an ancient Chinese fortune teller's book. Most can read the tarot, an old European fortune-telling card deck. Many can cast complicated horoscopes. And like the outside world which has also been bewitched by these things, hippies go in for numerology, graphology, phrenology, palmistry—all the hoary circus side-show amusements. Ouija boards and crystal balls, once found only at Christmas toy counters, are popular everywhere.

This contemporary gothic catalog of diversions is not complete, yet it is already long enough to suggest that the cults of the computer age are different from those that have attracted us before. From Colonial times, Americans have been a collection of thorny individuals who searched each other out to form self-help groups. Though many were steeped in secrecy and ritual, most were quite harmless. Suicide clubs never formed here as they did among the young throughout Europe for decades. A widespread American cult with initiation requirements and rites centered on violence was unknown here until the Hell's Angels and the other motorcycle gangs that emulate them. A cult that dabbles in murder, as seems the case in the Sharon Tate atrocity, is an ill omen.

Americans in the past have always enjoyed, in fact insisted upon, the notion of "secret", but always meant it as a cover for playful ritual. By 1927, the heyday of fraternal organizations here, there were some 800 secret "Orders" having a combined membership of about 30,000,000. But apart from a few criminal groups like the Tongs, the Mafia, and the KKK, they were social organizations. They had their share of baroque features. Boys' tree-house stuff like secret handshakes and passwords, and super-secret initiation ceremonies like the Mason initiate who bares a breast for a dagger to recreate the death and resurrection of Hiram Abiff, supposedly the Master Architect and Builder of King Solomon's Temple.

In some circles it is believed that the power of the mystical number 13 on the Masonic Great Seal has protected the American dollar for generations and always will. Not only the 13 stars for the 13 original colonies, but the 13 letters in *E Pluribus Unum* and the 13 in *Annuet Coeptis* over the occult eye, and the mystic pyramid that has 13 rows of



| A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO AMERICAN CULTS IN 1970 |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| Type  | Name  | Description  | Membership   |
| Sitting Cult                                | American Zen Buddhism   | Meditation while in a special sitting position called an asana. Genuine converts do up to three hours a day. Americans follow shorter schedule.  | Three months apprenticeship. Accepts all serious students. Inexpensive.<br>Groups in many large cities and near some colleges.   |
| Chanting Cults                              | International Society for Krishna Consciousness   | Practices mantra yoga (chanting) and bhakti yoga (devotions towards a personal deity).<br>Principle spiritual activity: chanting their mantra (sacred word or formula), "Hare Krishna/Hare Krishna/Krishna Krishna/Hare Hare/Hare Rama/Hare Rama/Rama Rama/Hare Hare." (Krishna is one of main Hindu avatars, the earthly incarnation of a god.)   | Accepts anyone. Inexpensive.<br>In 10 cities and Montreal.   |
|   | Spiritual Regeneration Movement   | Mantra yoga (see above). Meditating and chanting personal mantra given by teacher. Leader is Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, guru of Mia Farrow and the Beatles.  | Accepts anyone, including tiny children of members. Technique taught in one hour. Lifetime membership: \$75.<br>Several centers around the country.  |
|   | Note: Regular yoga schools teach difficult classes in philosophy, Sanskrit, Indian music and the like in addition to chanting and meditation.   |  |  |
|   | Soka Gakkai (Value Creation Society)  | Buddhist from Japan. Salvation through chanting "Nam-myo-ho-renge-kyo" (Glory to the Lotus Scripture of the Mystical Law).   | Accepts anyone. Very fast-growing.   |
| Self-betterment, Western                    | Founding Church of Scientology  | "Easy steps to higher and higher levels of awareness and ability," says founder L. Ron Hubbard, through a technique combining the confessional with psychoanalysis using the language of the Chamber of Commerce and computer programming. About 10 years old.   | Accepts anyone who can afford it. Up to \$650 to reach "Grade I Release", up to \$15,000 for complete salvation.<br>In many cities.  |
|   | Witchcraft  | The oldest cult in the world, a form of simple nature worship to make good things happen, to ward off illness and the like. Members nude during rites. Some European groups use hallucinogenic drugs.  | Difficult to join. Thrill seekers not admitted. Covens never advertise but individual witches, male and female, offer amulets and charms for sale in some underground and weekly papers and may lead to a coven.<br>More than 400 covens known in the U.S. |
|   | Church of Satan   | About four years old. "Positive thinking and positive action add up to results," says Satanic bible. Only nude is the female who is used as an altar. Non-orgiastic.   | Easy to enter wherever groups have formed. Claims 7,000 members.   |
| Self-betterment, Eastern Sufi               | Gurdjieff Institutes (sometimes called The Cult of the Dervishes)   | Mystical philosophy of Ouspensky and Gurdjieff. Discipline through dancing. Drug free.   | Very difficult to join. Must be serious student, spend three nights a week there. Tithing.<br>Check local occult book store for address. About six around the country.   |
|   | Baha'i  | A universalist religion from Persia that accepts all faiths.   | Easy to join from age of 15. All religious backgrounds and all races welcome. A world-wide movement.   |
|   | Subud   | An Indonesian sect with little dogma. The central experience is the Latihan where members gather in an unfurnished room for a weekly hour. Some start dancing, some start talking "in strange tongues".  | Faddists are not welcome. Pre-training course required before acceptance. Low cost.<br>In a few large cities.  |
| Occult mysticism                            | Theosophical Society of America, Rosicrucians, Spiritualist Churches  | The Theosophical Society studies comparative religions, ancient and modern, alchemy, Cabala, etc. Started in 1875, probably the first to bring Eastern thought here.<br>Others of this type go in for various occult practices like spirit card reading, seances, scrying (reading images in crystal balls, ink, mirrors, etc.).<br>Some feature mentalists (who read minds), clairvoyants (who see things out of sight), mediums (who speak with the dead).<br>Many of these grew rapidly with the rise of the once-popular Flying Saucer Cult. | Easy to join. Most advertise. Some have mail-order memberships. Books and materials can be somewhat costly.  |
| Group Therapy                               | Synanon   | Some chapters run encounter sessions (see below) for the public on the theory that, if it isn't heroin, we are all addicts of something.   | Anyone is welcome. Low cost.<br>In Synanon faculties.  |
|   | Variously called Encounter Groups, T (for Training) Groups, Marathon Groups, Sensitivity Groups, Self actualizing Groups, Sensuality or body awareness workshops, Awareness week-ends, etc. | Small group in a circle. Sometimes with a leader who has psychological or psychiatric training.<br>May last from a few hours to days. May require nudity, stroking, slapping. No drugs.<br>Goal is for members to verbally tear down each other's false rationalizations, to remove harmful inhibitions, so that all may face reality maturely.  | Cultish ones advertise in underground press and weeklies. Anyone is welcome. Those run by psychiatrists are composed of carefully screened members.<br>Both types can be costly.   |





*"I don't think much of yours!"*



stones, plus the 13 arrows in the left talon of the eagle and the 13 leaves on the branch in its right talon. Every bit of it still printed on the dollar bill and still guarding it.

Fun. All male. All white. White men in groups.

Social Security in the 30s and prosperity later, plus the arrival of movies and radio meant the beginning of the end for secret societies. And now there's TV. From 900,000 members in 1922, the year Sinclair Lewis published *Babbitt*, the Knights of Pythias were to shrink to 150,000 within 25 years, and are on their last hurrah today. The skeleton in the open coffin topped with two crossed swords supporting a Bible—*that's the route to self-actualization?* But old man Babbitt was not willing to give up the abracadabra of what has become meaningless signs and salutations, nor is his middle-aged son today. It is the grandchildren who have abandoned them altogether.

The Masons, seemingly so successful with 3,862,138 members (one out of every 12 adult males in the nation) in reality are in grave trouble. Only the Negro lodges are growing.

Apparently, the society a young man is looking for today is no longer the all-male group that will tide him over when he has no job and take care of his family when he is dead. He wants more than "fraternity", "fellowship" and "conviviality". He has a rage for "awareness". He yearns for "meaning", "self-renewal", "identity".

The activist young become politically involved in student protests, peace marches, ecology demonstrations. They feel themselves to be in control and able to force change. They never reach for the fatalistic, passivistic solutions of impotence like Zen or astrology. The cultish young, on the other hand, accept the analysis that change is beyond us: *You can't really fight City Hall*. Babbitt's grandchildren are flirting with Eastern religions and Eastern superstitions—concepts that help explain life in societies where bloated babies die in the streets every night.

Coping with the sects that first attracted the Beats and hippies will not be easy for American churches, some of whom for decades have tilted against Western fraternal orders like the Odd-fellows and the Elks because they seemed to be "universal religions". The humanist brotherhood religion, if ever it were such, of the Masons, the Rosicrucians, has long since atrophied. The Rosicrucians, a 200-year-old cult that studies mysticism solemnly, appeal to the likes of Robert Kennedy's murderer, Sirhan Sirhan, who described in court how he had joined in 1965 to "better myself mentally" by such instructive occult experiments as staring at dots in two rows until they became one.

It was only last year that the Roman Catholic church lifted its 230-year-old excommunication ban against Masons—and not a moment too soon. Attention must be paid to the new cults, now often underground if not secret. While ministers rail against secularism, hedonism, and the affluent society to an ageing, dwindling congregation, the young are trying other wafers, other chants, other moralities at strange altars along other roads to the salvation of their souls.

Still, for all their strangeness, even the new salvations have a history connected with ones we know. Take an unlikely candidate, Hiram Abiff of Masonic legend. He is an archetypal hero who recreates every death-and-regeneration tale from the Egyptian rites of Osiris (where it may have originated) to the acid-head's dangerous killing of his old self-conscious self with LSD. In the tumultuous process of synthesizing Western and Eastern cultures, the middle-aged American, who once bared a youthful breast for the Masonic initiation dagger, will find that, like any good Jungian myth, Hiram serves for all seasons. Even as a bridge to one's disaffected children.

Hiram has many spellings. Only a knowledge of Parhagorian, Chaldean, Cabalistic, and Sufi mysticism will decode them all. But one pronunciation will be instantly understood by all the young who have deserted their parents' churches and synagogues for the varieties of Eastern lore now on our shores. That form of Hiram is Hkur-Om, ending in the most sacred of the Hindu mantras, or incantations, *Om*. Long before the chanting of *Om* around the evil-shaped Pentagon in 1967 failed to levitate the building but started us on the uncertain road to peace, drug takers had found another use for it. Hallucinogen experimenters learned the hard way that the safe mind-alterer, once promised by Aldous Huxley, has yet to be discovered. The *Om* mantra sometimes worked to bring back a quivering soul from a drug trip through doors of perception that had led to a fearsome psychic void. "We'd all hold hands around him and start a quiet steady *Om-m-m-m-m. Om* has all the vibrations of the universe in it, all the sounds of the open letters and all the sounds of the closed letters. When you permit this celestial hum to pass through you, vibrating with your own hum, peace enters your consciousness."

Such mundane uses of the holy mantra (meditation device) is an Americanization of Buddhist and Hindu techniques that appeals the authentic swamis quite apart from their relentless disapproval of all drug usage. Americans who join the sitting cult of Zen Buddhism find meditation the most difficult art of all. It is incomparably more difficult than learning the lotus

sitting position under the tutelage of a swami. "Mantras have a sound scientific basis," says the Maharishi. "Not any type of blood could be infused at random in any type of man. Similarly, each man has his own type of energy impulses which constitute his personality."

Those willing to take the trouble need not make do with the universal mantra *Om*. A few swamis are able to discover the one syllable that is in tune with one's personal celestial hum. Claiming this power is the Spiritual Regeneration Movement of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, the man who attempted to lead the Beatles and Mia Farrow to wisdom.

The gentle swamis are much maligned in America. Parents of runaway children accuse the swamis wrongly of playing Pied Piper, turning the children forever away from the goals and life styles of Western civilization. The attitude is fostered by the Sunday supplements who persist in calling any group that goes off into the countryside an ashram and labeling whoever seems to be leading the pack a guru.

An ashram is a religious retreat for a group of disciples who come together to learn from a guru, or religious teacher. There are hundreds of Yoga classes across the land without gurus. Yoga has almost as many branches as Protestantism, and is well suited to the after-five and week-end free time schedule. The standing-on-head position, the king of Yogic postures, is particularly recommended for that national majority who wish to stay young-looking. It "reverses the pull of gravity that causes sagging wrinkles".

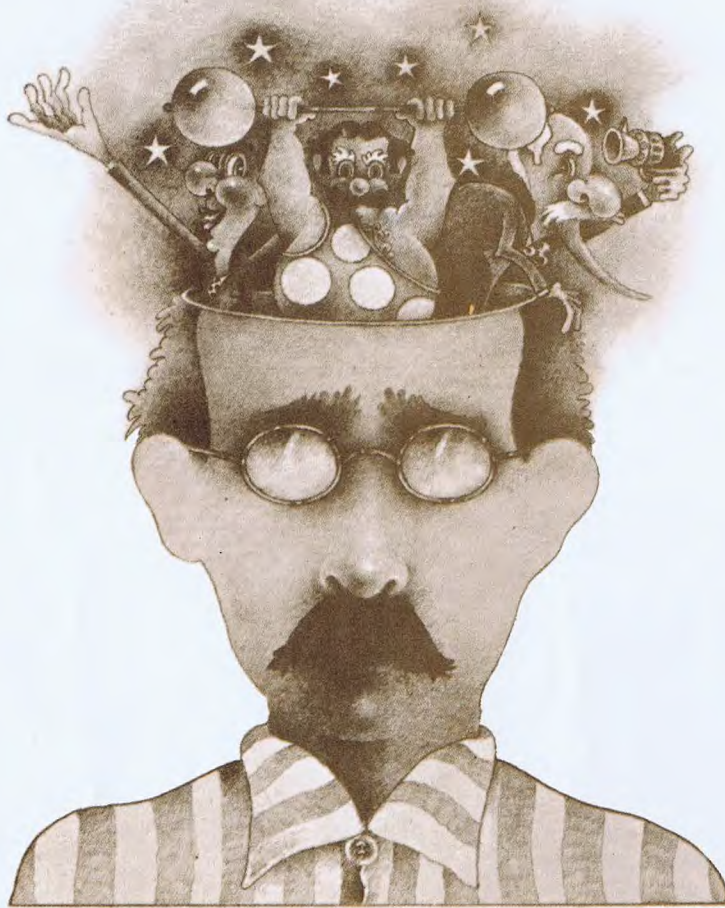
But there are very few ashrams in the land. For all the talk about the rise of Eastern philosophy here, much of it is dilettantism when it is not simple superstition.

The Zen Mountain Center near Big Sur has perhaps a hundred students. Zen retreats are immaculately clean, work-oriented, self-sustaining, and drug-free. Many an acid cripple is finding his way back under the discipline of a Yoga or Zen ashram, with grateful parental support. By practicing hatha yoga (the physical exercises) and kria yoga (the philosophical ones) the drug experience is recreated under the difficult discipline of yoga breathing exercises which supposedly change the carbon dioxide content of the blood, in turn affecting the brain chemistry.

Mass rejection of material values results in so many different expressions. Those communes, for example. They spread beyond the large Eastern cities and beyond the suburbs of the warm West about three years ago. The underground, hip, and New Left press began about that time to report an on-going exodus—groups calling themselves tribes, or communists organized into



# Coming Distractions



The prophet of space travel envisions some yet-to-be-written books, and offers advance reviews . . .

HUMOR BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

One of the many virtues of our age is that the time-consuming chore of reading books, on which our ancestors wasted so large a portion of their lives, is no longer necessary. Thanks to Virginia Kirkus, the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Review* and similar excellent institutions, anyone can easily and swiftly monitor the literary scene and make intelligent talk about the couple of hundred important new books that are published every week.

I've been addicted to reviews for years, and must now have thousands of them churning round in my sub-conscious. In the closing hours of the '60s, during a spell of fever resulting from the annual epidemic of Hongkong 'flu, many of them got scrambled together and came bobbing up to the surface. In my delirium, I imagined that I was getting a preview of some of the approximately half-million titles that would pour from the presses in the coming decade.

Here, then, are the virus-generated fantasies with which I unenthusiastically

greeted the dawn of the '70s. Amateur psychoanalysts, they're all yours . . .

*Defender of the Doomed* by Melvin Lee Darrell.

The aptly-titled autobiography of the famous criminal lawyer, whose courtroom exploits—hopefully—are never likely to be equalled. Mr Darrell fought to save no fewer than 98 clients from gas chamber or electric chair—and lost them all. Now, for the first time, we learn exactly how he did it.

Certainly, no great skill was required in the case of Hieronomous Hackworthy, found standing among 15 badly dishevelled corpses with a dripping axe in his hand. What required real legal genius was losing Obediah Flimp (charged with parking his Volkswagen in a towaway zone), Rosalie Polkinghorn (overdue copy of *Little Women* at the 23rd Street Public Library) and Theodore Kumquat (smoking in subway train). The brilliant manner in which Mr Darrell escalated these and similar cases until his clients were involved in capital

crimes will arouse admiration even in the reader totally ignorant of courtroom procedures.

Mr Darrell sometimes rises to heights of pure poetry. Particularly moving is the account of his final meeting with the late Roy Cohn, unluckily compelled by the pressure of other legal business to call in outside aid. As Mr Cohn remarked with understandable bitterness, he was 1000 miles from the scene when the man hired from the rental agency allowed his dog to foul the sidewalk. But with Darrell for the defense, it made no difference.

*From Sea to Slimy Sea* (Sierra Club).

Undoubtedly the publishing novelty of the season, and the basis for an unusual and instructive blindfold guessing game. Each page of this volume is a sheet of blotting-paper, impregnated with water from a major American lake or river.

(Not for sale where prohibited by State health regulations.)

*Minotaurus*: translated from Linear B by Professor Hilbert Guyett, with illustrations by Picasso.

One of the most remarkable literary sensations of modern times has been the discovery, on clay tablets in the Labyrinth of Minos, of Queen Pasiphaë's torrid love poems. Besides casting new light on the authenticity of the Greek myths, these frankly detailed verses are of great interest as a record of the first known experiment in genetic engineering. The world is indebted to Grove Press (who else?) for breaching yet another taboo and presenting them to the general public.

*Your Own I.C.B.M.* by General "Bat" Guano, U.S.A.F. (ret.).

Most readers will be surprised to learn that obsolete but perfectly usable Atlas and Titan missiles may be purchased for very reasonable sums from military surplus dealers. This comprehensive guide gives addresses of suppliers, current prices, maintenance and check-out instructions—in fact, everything the enthusiast needs for his very own countdown.

Some readers may feel that the author is exaggerating slightly when he claims that the constitutional right of the citizen to bear arms should provide encouragement for this unusual hobby. Unfortunately, suitable payloads have not yet reached the surplus market, but as soon as they are available General Guano promises a second edition.

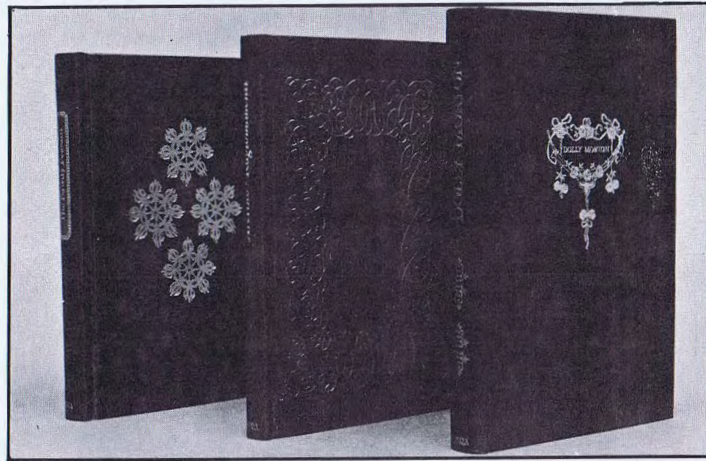
*Olympic Odyssey* by Micron Q Titmouse Jr. (as told to Herbert Flack).

The inspiring account of one man's determination to fight injustice. At the age of ten, when already 15 inches tall, Mr Titmouse resolved to become the world's smallest weight-lifter; he was largely responsible for the International Court ruling which prohibited the



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Olympic Committee from discriminating against midgets. Tragically, before he could take part in the preliminary trials, Mr Titmouse was fatally mangled by a runaway electric toothbrush.

There is an indignant epilogue by Ralph Nader.

*Programming Instructions for the HAL 9000 Computer (Revised Edition).*

The new edition of the HAL 9000 Handbook has been updated to incorporate improvements suggested by this versatile machine's surviving users. In particular, the manufacturers suggest that priority be given to the retrofitting of small explosive charges at strategic points in the Central Memory Unit.

*Fifty Years Behind the Proctoscope* by Dr Eugene Augenfahrt.

Half a century of viewing mankind from an unusual angle has given Dr Augenfahrt some remarkable insights, psychological as well as physiological. Though he occasionally becomes involved in technicalities, even the layman can strongly identify with some of his experiments—particularly his disastrous attempt to harness a laser as a source of illumination. Despite this setback, the doctor does not lose his sense of humor, as shown by the witty parallel he draws with the climax of Marlow's *Edward the Second*. However, it is easy to see why he has been unable to obtain further volunteers for this line of research.

Not recommended for meal-time reading.

*If you're not a furrier, why are you in movies?* by Jonathan H. Jolt.

The inside story of prestressed liverwurst tycoon "Go" Jolt's brief presidency of financially-harassed Megatherium Productions. Naturally, much of the book is devoted to an absorbing account of negative capital transfers, reversible stock options, non-commutative sinking funds, reciprocal liquidations—and, of course, Mr Jolt's masterpiece, the escalating tax write-off which caused a wave of suicides at the Department of Internal Revenue.

Nevertheless, he does not neglect the production side of the business, and there is a fascinating description of his vain attempt to get the studio involved in new projects that would appeal to changing tastes. It seems a pity that we shall never see the proposed "*Hair*" on *Ice*, the all-nude *Wuthering Heights*, or the large-scale musical version of *Robinson Crusoe*, with Man Friday as a militant Black Panther.

*The Complete Works of Ibid:* edited by Professor Otis Hackelberry.

This thirty-volume work is a monument to a lifetime of devoted scholarship. Many will compare it to Professor Hackelberry's earlier masterpiece, *The Complete Works of Anon*. Indeed, the editor draws several close parallels

between these two enigmatic authors, but convincingly demolishes the theory of his rival Dr Uriah Uptite that they were one and the same person.

*Fahrenheit 251* by Freeman Compote. A penetrating and sympathetic study of Jefferson Beauregard Lowell III, the wealthy, handsome, well-adjusted Phi Beta Kappa all-round athlete and Junior Chamber of Commerce award-winner who contrived the first of the widely-imitated Jumbo Jet massacres. "Jeff" Lowell's unfortunate *peccadillo*, Mr Compote demonstrates beyond any doubt, was triggered by the fact that at the age of two he was not allowed to sleep with his teddy-bear. This cruel deprivation severely warped his personality, with very unhappy results for 542 complete strangers.

The appropriateness of the title becomes clear only at the brilliantly-written climax of the book. 251 degrees Fahrenheit, Mr Compote informs us, is the temperature at which human blood boils.

*The Girls in the Band* by "Colonel" Mavis Haddock.

This rather uninspired account of the activities of Salvation Army lassies in the North of England during the blackest period of the Depression consists mostly of reprinted sermons; no fewer than 50 hymns are also given in full. Though it is doubtless of interest to the social historian, the fact that this book has become third on the current best-seller list must be due to the highly misleading dustjacket.

It is understood that the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis are suing the publishers for fraudulent advertising.

*Embalming for Fun and Profit* by Dr Frank N Stein.

The latest in Dr Stein's well-known "Do It Yourself" series. It will be invaluable—and probably essential—to all conscientious students of his earlier volume, *The Amateur Brain Surgeon*.

Not recommended for readers over 80.

*One Hundred and First on the Moon* by Commander Hank Klugenschaft.

The eagerly-awaited story of the voyage of Apollo 67. Commander Klugenschaft reveals many new facts about the mission—such as his reason for marooning his colleague, Major Orville Snitt, on the Moon. "Fuzz" Snitt—who may still be seen from time to time gesticulating frantically on TV as he wanders from one landing site to another in search of expendables—had a most unfortunate falling. He persistently cheated at Scrabble.

Another startling disclosure is that there have actually been one hundred and two living creatures on the Moon. The unpublicised visitor was NASA Administrator's Great Dane "Snaggle-

tooth", who wandered aboard the unmanned freight-carrier Apollo 34 and was somehow overlooked during the meticulous pre-flight inspection.

*Poems of Palpitation* by Millicent Mucilage.

Even in a *genre* where slim volumes are *de rigueur*, Miss Mucilage's offering is somewhat unusual. It consists solely of the title-page and a rather pathetic preface, in which the author explains that a sudden deficiency of funds (caused by an unlucky investment in tobacco and automobile shares just before the imposition of the SEC ban) made it impossible for her to meet any further printing bills. However, for those who are interested, mimeographed copies are available at the modest rate of 25 cents per poem, direct from the author at Trailer 3½, c/o Municipal Garbage Dump, Walden Pond, Concord, Mass.

*Intestinal Floral Arrangements* by Thaddeus Catnip.


An introduction to a new and most unusual artform, ideally suited to the limited space of the small modern apartment. The only requirements are a microscope and a steady hand.

*The Quest for the Quirk* by Dr Rififi Munchausen.

One of the most bizarre episodes in modern science, as recounted by the leading character. Dr Munchausen, a brilliant young nuclear physicist, predicted the existence of an important new fundamental particle—the Quirk, or female Quark—and persuaded the French government to grant him funds for a large-scale search.

A retired luxury liner was fitted out as a floating laboratory, and cruised for almost a year along the Magnetic Equator, with frequent refuelling stops at Tahiti, Hawaii and Bali. One of the ship's swimming pools was converted into a giant particle detector and filled with absorbing fluid; for obscure technical reasons, the ideal liquid turned out to be Chateau d'Yquem '75. A small army of assistants was recruited to feed the resulting data into the on-board computer. Photographs of at least a score of these striking young ladies give Dr Munchausen's book a flavor not usually found in scientific works.

Unfortunately, the project was just getting nicely under way when a rival physicist proved that Quirks could have existed only for the first 0.003 microseconds after the creation of the universe. At this point, the Ministry of Science sent a warship to recall the expedition.

Dr Munchausen is now permanently domiciled on Devil's Island, in a small hut whose previous resident, interestingly enough, was Captain Alfred Dreyfus. 



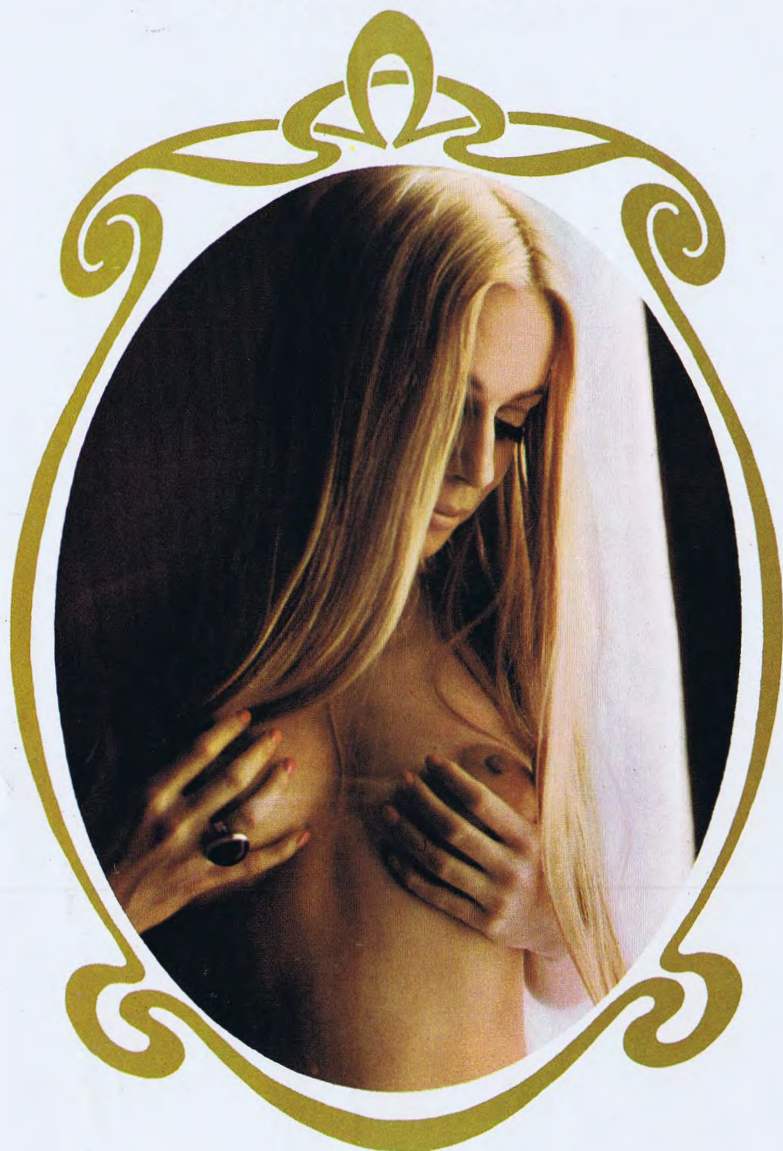


Polly



# Pretty Polly

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUCCIONE



**a**mid all the talk of rebellious youth and permissive morality and generation gaps it comes as something of a shock to discover, every once in a while, that inside many a miniskirt or see-through lives a genuine old-fashioned girl. The element of surprise is all the greater when this reversion to tradition is found in a modern maid of barely 18 summers, especially one possessed of attributes as noteworthy as 36-21-35. And such is the beguiling blend of Miss Polly Anne Pendleton, who adorns these pages as Pet of the Month.

Pretty Polly stepped into the Penthouse picture when she was observed, petal fresh, hovering round trays of musty bric-a-brac in a turning off the Portobello Road. This west London district, it









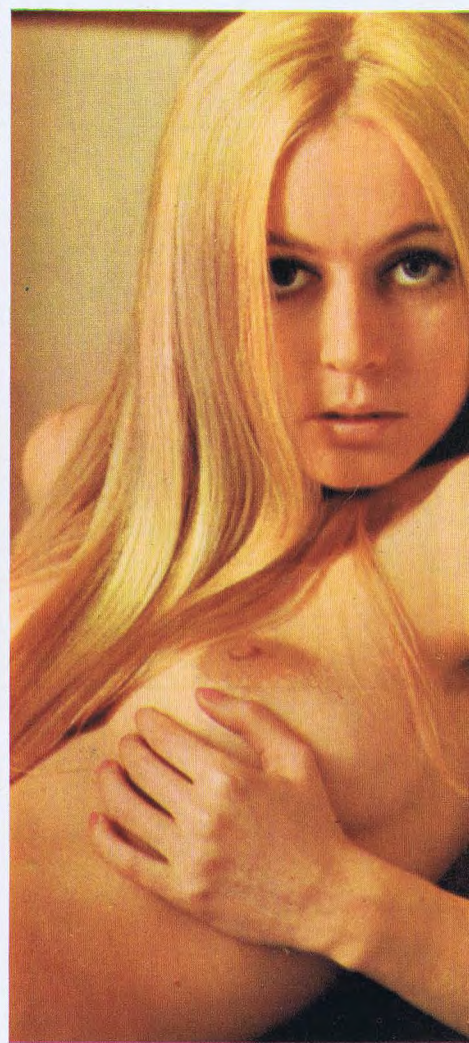
must be explained for those unacquainted with the pleasures of this particular mania, is a Mecca for collectors of antiques, the staple of its sprawling street market. Polly's presence there proved to be the first clue to her nostalgic character, for she at once admitted to a passion for impedimenta of the past, especially the Victorian period.

Further acquaintance yielded the information that the roots of this passion go back to childhood days spent in the small watchmaker's and jeweller's shop run by her father. "He always had unusual old things in for repair—lovely ornate old clocks, elaborate silver boxes with broken hinges, complicated statuettes snapped off their pedestals and so on. I used to love looking at those quaint old things—still do—and generally it was the Victorian things I liked best."

Today Polly is a wholehogging Victoriana fan, and haunts the Portobello Road stalls and boutiques on her days off from secretarial college. She says her ambition is to own a Victorian home of her own—"a proper old Victorian house, all done out in pukka period style inside, and full of genuine Victorian bits and pieces. It wouldn't be so hard to do, either, because there's plenty of Victorian style wallpaper around now, and you can get Victorian patterns for drapes and furniture."

When pressed to tell why the 19th century made so strong an appeal to her, she made repeated resort to the word "romantic". It was romantic that the sun never set on the British empire of those days, and













romantic that the women wore long dresses and the men embroidered coats. In fact Polly buys the whole scene. "I think it was a happier life when the father was really the head of the household and the mother was busy bringing up five or six youngsters. It takes a lot of the stress out of living when people know their own role, doesn't it? I know the Victorian-style gentleman was supposed to be strict, but I don't see what's wrong with that if he understands his responsibilities and tries to be just."

After which, it came as small surprise to hear that Polly is not much impressed by the Pill, and looks forward to a succession of new babies for proud presentation to Mister Right, who she is confident is only waiting to be found. Whether Polly is pitching her expectations too high or not in these precarious times, we can only offer encouragement and good wishes to so single-minded a pursuit of connubial bliss.

Polly's Mister Right may or may not come along, but we can't help feeling that a perusal of these pictures is likely to leave many a susceptible male—marriageable and otherwise—measuring himself for the role.







MISS POLLY ANNE PENDLETON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



# THE MAN FROM M.E.D.I.O.C.R.E



Humor by Henry Morgan

*First-class men hire first-class men.  
Second-class men hire third-class men.*  
—Leo Rosten.

*If he were twice the man I think he is,  
he would be half the man he thinks he is.*  
—Henry Morgan.

*The trouble with the average man is that  
he's a little below average.*—Ibid.

**A** Senator Hruska said that he saw nothing wrong with having a mediocre Justice of the Supreme Court since so many of the rest of us were mediocre anyway. Many more people agreed with him than the final voting showed. From sea to shining sea, from the rockbound heads of Maine to the smoggy shores of San Pedro, the chuckleheads are agreeing and breeding, agreeing with Spiro and Hrusko and Chico and Nixo. The experiment in Democracy is a total success. Demos, the people, are in charge. Under exquisitely mediocre leadership, ranks are closing, the plastic dishes are on the table, Seven-Up is on the ice, and we can go to bed confident that the day after tomorrow criminals will be sent back to Africa and the middle-class Jewish kids will get back to their family department stores.

"The Lord," said Lincoln, "must have loved the common man . . . He made so many of them." Well, Lincoln, on those terms, He must have been insane about salt water. He must have been mad for stars and space too, but our concern is man, man right here where it used to be at. American man, baby—the one who wants Medicare and Social Security and guaranteed annual whatsises and pensions and lifetime support from the Government and who seriously, he tells you, hates Communism. He hates the Supreme Court because they vote for mugging. They also want his daughter to go to school with shiftless, diseased blacks whose only aim in life is to give him kinky-haired grandchildren. The Court is overbalanced with liberals who vote in favor of drug pushers. This

is the common man, baby, who wears an American flag in his nose to show how he feels about long hair and giving money away to the poor and winning the war in Vietnam.

He's against abortion reform because his saintly wife has told him it will turn all women into whores except her. As one New York State Senator explained, crying, "At the moment of conception a child is created who will smell the flowers." Or who, he might have added, will steal your car and die from an overdose of horse.

The average guy, like average guys everywhere, talks freedom, meaning, the schmuck, for himself. He thinks the first to be arrested should be those heels who show you bad news on TV.


Let's take a look at what the Silent Majority of cads and bounders picked for Noble Leader. They picked a man whose trusted assistant is already at work on a book of his years at the White House titled, *Guess Who Always Wore a Necktie in the Shower?* and a sequel, *Who Was the First President in 100 Years Who Didn't Have the Guts to Keep a Broad on the Side?* A leader who immediately found, or was already living with: an Attorney General who believes that Che Guevara is alive and well and living in Harlem and whose wife, under the dazed impression that *she* is the Attorney General, calls newspapers at two in the morning to tell them whom to crucify; a Secretary of State whose name is still unknown to the first 110 people out of 100 you stop on the street; an adviser who was born in Germany and who tells him how to run the US; a Secretary of Defense who is still spending billions on the FX11; a Vice-President who . . . oh, my God.

When you get right down to it, we all started off mediocre. YOUTH is mediocre, and always was. Youth is a *time* of mediocrity. That's the name of the game. Does a kid truly know anything? No, he can't . . . he hasn't been there,

he hasn't felt it or tasted it and he hasn't, for damn sure, read about it. He thinks he's the only one that ever happened. The time the young spend in thinking, if that's what it is, they spend in thinking about themselves. The first and foremost problem they have is to find out who in hell they are. Or if they exist at all. Can't blame them for that, because a kid is a kid is a kid. One day he wakes up and imagines that he has a brain and that it's working. Rococo! What's the first thing to be done? Why, to fix up the whole damn world! Weren't you ever a kid? If you were, and you didn't want to fix the world, you were a no-good kid and you probably stink as an adult.

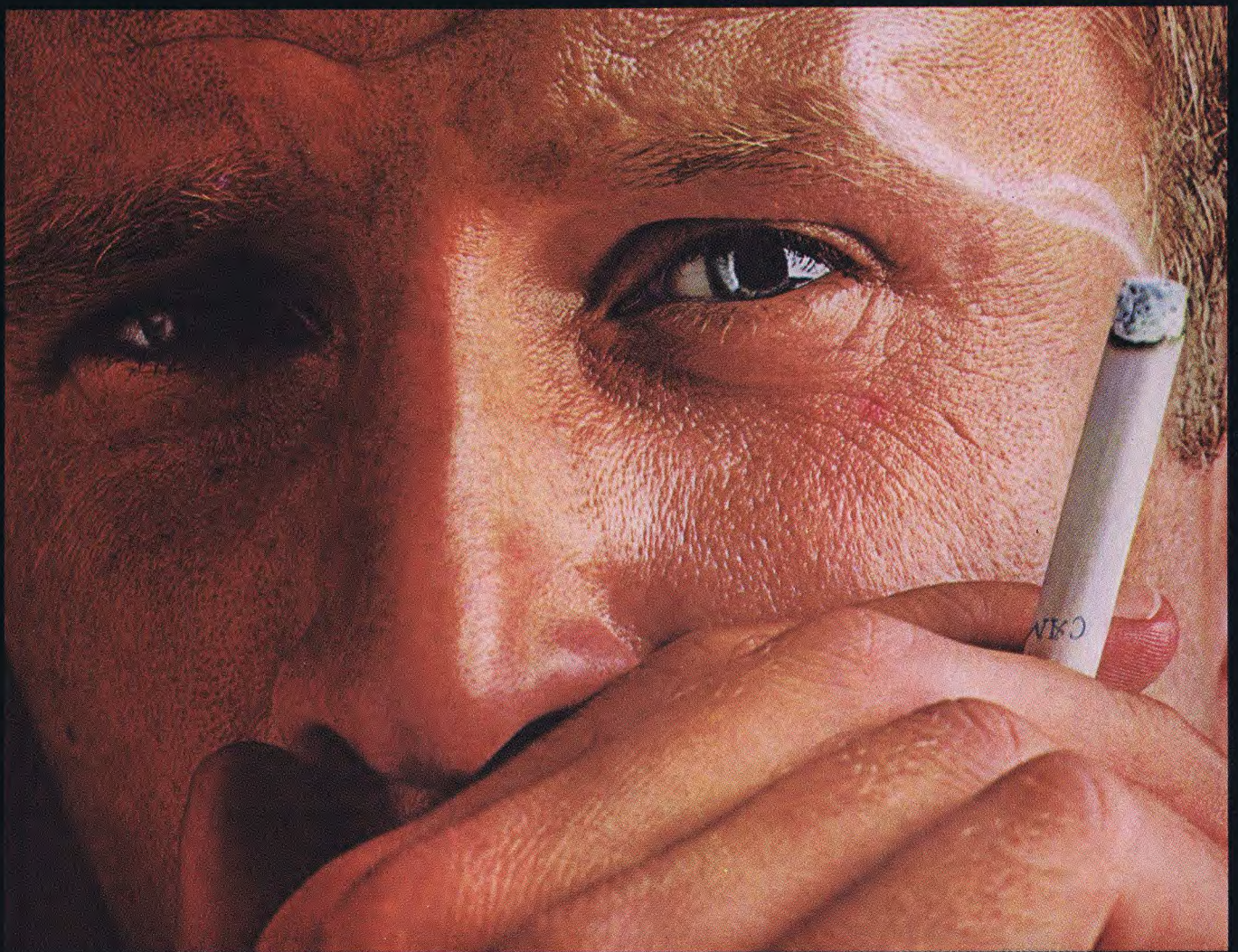
What is a truly representative mediocre kid? There are many kinds. One who does nothing at all. One who throws rocks through college windows to sympathize with another dumb kid who wants black studies because he's just a kid and doesn't know that this really is a white society. The older kid who is a teacher and is, supposedly, a leader but who never grew up and claims to "understand" the kids' point of view. And his boss, an old kid who never matured enough to get off the campus and is now the president of the school and can't take the stands an adult should. And the millions of 40- and 50-year-olds who get a kick out of *Hair*, or say they do, and who live in fear. Lumpen old children, in fear of sex, of what the neighbors think, of what the world is coming to, of blacks, of life, and of their own children. Uneducable high school and college graduates who are the decent people, the haters of Mao and fags and Golda Meir. The pure in heart who read John O'Hara in the bathroom.

What can one expect of these people? Nothing much. And what have we got? Nothing much.

First-class men hire first-class men. Second-class men hire third-class men. What did you expect? 



A touch of Turkish  
turns on taste.  
Turns it on smooth.  
Camel's got it.  
Get it.  
Start walking.



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

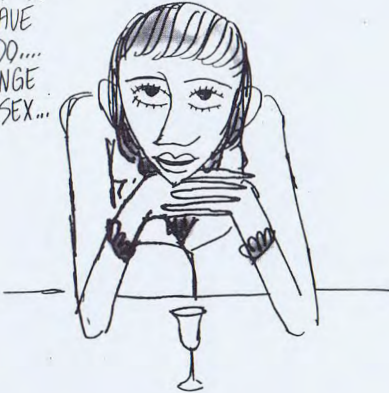
© 1970 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.



# GUCCIONE

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS

SO I SAID  
TO HIM....  
WHAT DO  
I HAVE  
TO DO....  
CHANGE  
MY SEX...



NO... HE SAID...  
WE CAN BE  
FRIENDS....  
ORDINARY  
FRIENDS.



NO... I SAID...  
WE CAN NEVER  
BE **ORDINARY**  
FRIENDS...  
IT HAS TO  
BE **ALL**  
OR  
NOTHING...



ALRIGHT... HE SAID...  
GO TO SWITZERLAND  
AND HAVE AN  
OPERATION.... COME  
BACK A WOMAN  
AND **THEN**  
WE CAN  
TALK  
ABOUT  
IT....



SO I DID.... I WENT TO GENEVA  
AND MET THE GREAT DOCTOR  
HIMSELF... WE TALKED ABOUT  
THE OPERATION FOR  
HOURS AND FINALLY  
HE PUT HIS HAND  
ON MY KNEE.....  
DONT CHANGE....  
HE SAID... I LIKE  
YOU JUST THE  
WAY YOU ARE..



YOU  
CAN  
RESPECT  
A MAN  
LIKE  
THAT



GUCCIONE



Sitting round the kitchen table in the badger's den, drinking brandy and smoking cigars, the rat, the badger, the fox and the toad were playing pontoon. "I always think," said the badger contentedly (he had won 23 hands), "there's nothing more pleasant than a nice game of cards after dinner."

"I couldn't agree more," said the rat, who had won 17.

"Hear, hear," said the toad, who had won 12.

"Cut the small talk," said the fox, who had yet to win a single hand, "and give me another card."

A loud and insistent knocking on the badger's front door just then distracted the animals, preventing the fox from getting his chance to restore the balance.

"Whoever can it be at this time of night?" said the badger.

"Beats me, as the monkey said to the flagellationist," quipped the fox. "Why not open the door and see?"

The badger duly did, and there, standing in the rain, was a large dog.

"Come in, stranger," said the badger hospitably, "and warm yourself by the fire."

"Thank you kindly, brother," said the dog, dripping prodigious amounts of water into the room.

"Hold it right there, buddy," growled the fox. "Don't I know you from someplace?"

"Yeah," said the toad, "he looks kind of familiar to me, too."

"I've got it!" squeaked the rat, "it's that Goddamned singing dog again!"

"Why, bless my soul," said the badger, "so it is!"

"Let's boil him in oil!" cried the fox.

"Let's skin him alive!" cried the rat.

"Let's draw him and quarter him!" croaked the toad.

"It amazes me, sir," said the badger on a more temperate note, "that you have the nerve to show your perfidious self in these woods!"

Indeed, the animals' ire was understandable. Not once, but twice in the past the singing dog (for it was he) had duped the Piney Woodsians, leaving them bereft of personal property and generally made to look silly.

"You will be pleased to hear, gentlemen," said the dog, "that a stern and righteous Providence has already called down on me a punishment far worse than mortal imagination could conceive."

"And what, pray, is that?" said the badger.

"I have become," said the dog in a wavering and sepulchral voice, "a werewoof."

"Huh?" said the fox.

"What's a werewoof?" said the rat.

"It—it isn't anything like a werewolf, is it?" said the toad apprehensively.

"It's something like a werewolf," intoned the dog, "but it's much, much worse. For example, werewolves are only dangerous when the moon is full, but a werewoof can be dangerous any time. Also, werewolves have to bite creatures in order to turn them into werewolves as well, but the merest touch from a werewoof is usually enough to do the trick." At this intelligence the animals drew back instinctively from the dog. "When I think," he continued, "of the numbers of innocent animals which against my will I have

## THE WAYWARD WERE-WOOF



A FABLE  
OF OUR TIME  
BY  
RORY HARRITY

turned to blood-craving werewoofs like myself, it—it is almost more than I can bear!"

Here the dog fell into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"But why have you returned to the Piney Woods?" asked the badger edgily.

"Because," the dog managed to say between great nose-blowings and snufflings, "I remember the spirit of kindness and humanitarianism that existed in your forest. And I knew that if I were to find help in any quarter it would be here, despite the wrongs that I have done you in the past."

"What kind of help?" asked the toad.

"Help," said the dog, "in doing away with myself."

No sooner had the dog delivered himself of this lugubrious pronouncement than his face began to writhe in a series of unnerving contortions. His tongue lolled, his cheeks twitched, his jaw quivered and his eyes spun.

"God's teeth!" cried the terrified fox, "it's coming over him!"

"Brandy . . . for God's sake—brandy!" the dog managed to say.

The badger screwed up his courage and handed over the bottle, which the dog immediately upended and drained to the dregs. Within a few moments his face ceased its horrible jumpings about and returned to normal.

"Thank God you had that on the premises," said the dog, "as brandy's the only thing that will stave off the terrible werewoof in me. Without brandy, gentlemen—promptly administered in large doses—I become the most hideous and dangerous animal imaginable."

"Don't worry—we'll keep you well supplied," said the shaken toad. "But do tell us how we can help you do away with yourself."

"Yeah, that's the important part, all right,"

said the rat.

"I bet I know," said the fox, "—we drive a stake through his heart!"

"No, stupid," said the toad. "That's for vampires . . . I bet we shoot him with a silver bullet!"

"No," said the dog, "that is the treatment for werewolves—though the accepted werewoof-dispatching technique is similar."

"Tell! Tell!" cried the excited fox.

"I must be made to swallow," quavered the dog, "a golden pellet."

As soon as the dog had spoken, his face recommenced its terrible jiggings and jerkings of a few minutes earlier.

"There he goes again!" yelled the fox. "Quick, the brandy!" Speedily the badger broke out another bottle from his cupboard and tossed it to the dog, who opened it with swift alacrity and took a hefty swig.

When the dog once more returned to his normal self he vouchsafed a huge yawn and said, "Frankly, gentlemen, I have come a long way today and am rather sleepy. If you could provide me with a bit of food, say six or seven sandwiches, I'm sure that I shall sleep the night through and not trouble you again. Until morning, that is," he added. "The werewoof in me is especially bad in the morning."

After the dog had supped, drunk some more brandy and gone to sleep by the badger's fire, the animals held a hushed conference on what to do next. They decided, in view of the dog's prodigious capacity for spirits, that it would be cheaper in the long run to kill him with a golden pellet than to keep him laced with brandy. Accordingly, they each collected their bits of gold—golden sovereigns, gold cuff-links and the like—and in the dead of night took these articles to the blacksmith and had them rendered to form a large smooth golden pellet. This they proffered to the singing dog first thing in the morning.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the dog and put the golden pellet in his pocket.

"Hey, you're supposed to swallow that," said the fox.

"Gentlemen," said the dog, "the death of a werewoof is the most terrible sight on earth. I shall therefore repair to a distant part of the forest before taking this golden pellet, so as to spare your sensibilities. Adieu, dear friends, adieu—and thank you once again."

And with that he trotted off at a great rate and disappeared among the trees.

"Poor devil," said the fox, as he watched the dog hurrying away.

"Poor sod," said the rat.


"Poor bastard," said the toad. "Imagine, dying the most horrible death on earth."

"It is of course just possible," said the badger reflectively, "that he's tricked us once again."


"Nonsense!" chorused the rat and the toad.

"Impossible!" declared the fox.

And yet the badger's doubt had sown a seed, and so, by a kind of tacit mutual consent, none of the animals ever went out looking for a dead werewoof.

MORAL: This teaches us that the possibility of having been made a fool may be insufferable, but not so insufferable as proof positive. 





# HEROINE OF THE REPUBLIC

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAHAM McCALLUM





THE OLD MADAME RAN BUSLOADS  
OF HER GIRLS ROUND TO THE  
NUMEROUS RIGS AND PUMPING  
STATIONS DOTTED OVER THE DESERT.  
SHE MUST HAVE PAID THE  
TERRORISTS A FORTUNE NOT TO  
MOLEST HER CARNAL CONVOYS.  
HE HAD GONE TO HER HOUSE ONE  
NIGHT PREPARED TO SPEND A  
MONTH'S PAY FOR A WOMAN. BUT  
THE GIRLS REFUSED TO ENTERTAIN  
A SECURITE . . . ?

FICTION BY JEREMY SUMMERS

**H**e stood on the mess verandah and belched. Hardly the behaviour expected of an officer and gentleman, but not many had to endure tough camel steak with pomme and dried peas for lunch, further despoiled by a sadistic corporal from the Catering Corps. Two pints of lukewarm beer were mandatory after every meal, to wash away the taste of the food. It was even difficult to get a drink in an Army mess. After waiting for a steward to serve it in the ante-room, he longed for the convivial bars that the Royal Air Force, his service, provided in their messes.

It was a myth that desert heat is dry. Even in the shade of the verandah, his clean set of khaki drill, freshly put on before lunch, was beginning to stick to his sweating body. Overhead, a pair of Hunter jetfighters winged across towards their base, ten miles to the west of the town. He unconsciously fingered the pilot's wings on his left breast. It would be cool up there. And those fighter jocks landed to eat imported food in a mess filled with pretty little WRAF controllers and equippers. The beer in *their* bar was English, and served cold. All this could so easily have been his, had that aircraft not decided to blow up around him, so soon after he had finished his flying training. He was left with a bad limp, an "unfit for flying" medical category, two years' hard work learning



Arabic, and a post in Intelligence. More of his time had been spent attached to Army Intelligence Units than he had served with the Air Force he had so enthusiastically joined.

He started his walk through the midday deserted Arab town. The Army had carefully selected the best hotel as their Officers' Mess. Unfortunately Intelligence Headquarters, where he worked, was more than a mile away. He didn't bother to ring for transport. The MT sergeant was always very polite, and would promise a Rolls if pressed hard enough, but he was not a man who made a point of keeping his word. Nothing ever turned up less than 45 minutes late. Army transport seemed to be the exclusive privilege of generals and NCOs. As a Royal Air Force flight-lieutenant he seemed to be at the bottom of everybody's list.

The town was, supposedly, patrolled by the Military Police. Red caps were, however, noticeable for their absence in the midday heat. As an Arab linguist, he could read the notices scrawled on every available wall. Their prophecies of a bloodcurdling end for all British imperialists made him a little nervous. Quickening his pace, as far as his limp would allow, he flicked the popper off his revolver holster, and held its butt for added confidence. A merchant, clad in the usual nightshirt, ran out into the street, hoping for a sale. It was never too hot for business, and though the bazaar was plastered with signs telling them exactly where to go British officers always seemed to have a plentiful supply of good money.

"You come in cool for icebox Coke, Messa. No need buy—just look round."

A remark, in Arabic, that his No 1 wife was cuckolding him, sent him scurrying back into the bazaar to drink his own beverages.

In the relative safety of the residential area, he slowed down to pass Madame D'Assaile's house. Upstairs, behind the shuttered windows, the girls who satisfied the sexual appetites of rich American oilmen, and his brother Air Force officers in receipt of flying pay, would be resting, preparing for their nightly labours of love. The old madame had a good business. She ran busloads of her girls round to the numerous rigs and pumping stations dotted over the desert. She must have paid the terrorists a fortune not to molest her carnal convoys. Her house was expensive, and could afford to be selective. He had gone there one night, prepared to spend a month's pay for a woman. But he got no further than the lounge. The girls refused to entertain a *sécurité*. His thin lips tightened every time he passed the place.

Intelligence HQ was ringed with barbed wire. No prisoner had ever escaped, which was not surprising. It was difficult enough to get in. The Red cap sentry went smartly to the present. Now the routine of finding the pass. It was difficult searching through damp KD pockets with sweaty, sticky hands. It wasn't in his bush jacket.

"Must have left it in my other set of KD when I changed at lunch-time."

"Yessir!"

"You know me anyway". Even the average Army policeman couldn't fail to recognize a face he must have gone through this ritual with more than 100 times before.

"Yessir! You're Flight Lieutenant Winstone, sir." But his way in was still barred. The heat, and the long walk, had made him very irritable.

"Don't play silly games with me, man. You've identified me, so let me in."

"Can't sir. Orders. Nobody in without a pass."

That was true enough. He'd signed the order himself. A further frantic search, and he discovered the crumpled, signed and countersigned scrap of damp paper in the back pocket of his shorts. He was in at last. A blast of cool air hit him as he entered the headquarters building. The air-conditioning there was not an Army investment, but a luxury left over from the days when the place was used by an American oil company. Anyway, it was still there, and

effective, even if it did work in a desultory fashion.

He went into the locker room, to change into a brigadier's uniform. One advantage of intelligence work was rapid promotion. The interrogator was always made a rank higher than the prisoner. He was now going to relieve a first lieutenant of the Army Intelligence Corps in the non-stop, wearing-down interrogation of a rebel area commander, who ranked as a full colonel. So he, and First Lieutenant Terry Harvey, became brigadiers for these sessions.

"Afternoon, Graham. Good lunch?" Major Gilvary, the section commander, put his bald head into the locker room. "Change of schedule this afternoon. Terry says Ben Hassim is about to break, so I'll take him. You give the Red Cross treatment to this girl the locals have just handed over."

The "Red Cross treatment" was the usual initial stage of interrogation. The interrogator made himself out to be a neutral observer, from the International Red Cross, checking personal details and any complaints, to be forwarded ostensibly to the prisoner's family and government. In fact any details nicely filled in the prisoner's background, and could be used effectively during the later stages of interrogation.

"What's she done?" asked Winstone. He didn't like this job. It involved wearing rough, Army issue KD, and working in the reception cells, which were not air-conditioned and stank of human degradation.

"That oil-rig explosion at Besirah. She went in on Madame D'Assaile's bus."

"European?"

"No, local. But she's been in Syria for the last six years. Madame D'Assaile wouldn't vouch for her. She's our girl right enough. The local boys have given her some of their usual rough treatment. But she's well trained. Tough. They couldn't get a dicky-bird out of her."

"Go easy with her, then?"

"That's it. Gentle, lots of sympathy. They've done all the hard work for us. We just have to be nice to her, and then take all the credit for her confession. Probably lead us to a big ring."

Major Gilvary was now resplendent as a Brigadier. Flight Lieutenant Winstone scratched himself where the rough KD rubbed against his tender armpits, picked up a clipboard, and walked across the sun-drenched yard to the reception block.

This had been built by the Italians during the war as a brothel for their officers, but it retained none of its former splendour. The newly-arrived prisoners were accommodated in the small cubicles where buxom signorinas had once reminded desert-weary soldiers of the delights of Rome.

A solid WRAC provost sergeant met him, and took him to cell 17. The red opulent drapes of former days were replaced by a stout steel door, on which was a card bearing the inscription "Prisoner: F-11120". The sergeant swung the heavy door open with ease. The length of her hair gave the only visible indication of sex. It was just too long for a male provo sergeant to get away with. Inside, the cell was lit by a caged bulb, left burning 24 hours a day. There was a plain table and a lavatory pan without cistern or seat. But the smell was not unpleasant. Animal, certainly, but it didn't make you fear for every breath as these reception cells usually did.

On the bare boards that served as a bed was a curled-up bundle of rag, topped by long jet-black hair, with shapely brown ankles and feet poking out at the other end. As he walked in, the bundle uncoiled itself, revealing a shapely young girl, dressed in a torn dirty European-style dress. The sergeant followed him in. He was glad to have such a formidable chaperone.

The girl's face had once been pretty, but now it was badly bruised and there was a trickle of dark blood from her mouth. The local security police had obviously given her some "free" dental treatment. After years of plentiful foreign medical aid,



it was obvious that anybody taken into custody who had bad teeth feared the dentist's chair. So interrogation would proceed with a police dentist present, ready to perform any "necessary" extractions, without anaesthetic of course. The Arabs had advanced a little from thumbscrews and the rack, though they still publicly amputated thieves' hands.

Winstone introduced himself in Arabic. "I'm from the International Red Cross". The girl made no reply. "I'm here to get your name, age and occupation, so that we can tell your relatives where you are. I also check that you are being treated humanely in accordance with the Geneva Convention. Now, your name please?"

There was still no reply, just a hostile look at the WRAC sergeant. Winstone felt his muscles tighten. He had been cheated out of a likely cough with the colonel, only to be faced with a dumbly obstinate whore. She was probably one of the girls who had refused him that night at Madame D'Assaile's. He was about to yell at her, when he remembered his brief. This girl had withstood a lot of pain at the hands of her own people. It was likely that she would respond to kid-glove treatment now.

"Not to worry. If you will just confirm the details the local police gave me. Name, Yeta Moussef. Born, 15th May 1942, here in Rabesh. Single. Occupation, prostitute. Are these details correct?" The girl gave a slight nod. "That's good. We will trace your relatives and let them know where you are. Are you well? I'm here to help, you understand. Anything you say to me is in the strictest confidence. Your captors will never know about it."

The girl looked fixedly at him.

"Now, have you any complaints, either about your treatment here, or in the custody of the civil police?"

She wiped the blood from her mouth with long, sensitive fingers.

"They will all be investigated. The British authorities are very co-operative."

The girl again looked at the sergeant.

"You can speak freely. She doesn't understand Arabic."

The girl shook her head. It was obvious that she wasn't going to talk with the sergeant there. Though it was strictly against regulations, he signalled the NCO to leave them. She did so, shutting the heavy metal door behind her with a resounding clang. "Well, what are your complaints?"

She sat up on the bed, the cotton dress clinging to her damp body. She beckoned him towards her. He felt distinctly uncomfortable without the reassuring presence of the guard, but walked towards her, stopping by the table.

"We must talk quietly," she whispered. "They will have microphones."

"It's all right. This block isn't wired for sound." That, at least, was the truth. He had been writing memos for months on this subject. A lot of good stuff came out in the reception block, and it could be used against prisoners later if only it had been taped. But the Army moved so slowly. They would probably install the system the day before the inevitable withdrawal. "Now, any complaints, anything at all wrong?"

"No, not here, not now."

He turned away to the table to prepare his clipboard, but could still feel those big brown eyes boring a hole through his sweat-soaked shirt right into his spine.

"I'll make a list of your possessions, so that there is an independent record and nothing can be stolen. I will make a list, which you can sign as correct." His hands were trembling, but he managed to fold the sheet of paper so that she would not see the large empty space into which a faked confession would later be inserted over her signature. "What have you got, then?"

"This is all I possess in the world."

He turned round. She was holding out her ragged dress. Her naked body was a dusky brown all over. There were no bikini scars, trademarks of the models whose photographs filled his bedside locker in the mess. Her black nipples stood

proud from small firm breasts. She was smiling, in spite of her missing teeth.

His training and professional inclination told him to call for the sergeant. But he hadn't touched a woman in over a year. In spite of the stifling heat in the closed cell he could feel the animal warmth radiating from her body. The door was solid and the cell wasn't bugged. She flexed her small delicate feet, digging her toes into the hard bed boards. Here was one of Madame D'Assaile's girls who would not refuse him this time. Nobody would ever know . . .

"Be careful of my gums," she whispered. He didn't notice she spoke in English.

Winstone went back to work on the rebel colonel. He got so much out of this ex-shepherd that he was promoted and sent back to the Air Ministry in London. Three years of solid administrative work and he got further promotion. He was Wing-Commander Graham Winstone when he went back to Rabesh as military aide to the Royal Personage representing the British people at the new nation's independence ceremonies.


At midnight in the new Independence Stadium—proudly erected with a million pounds of British taxpayers' money—the Union Jack was lowered for the last time, and a red and green flag unfurled in its place. The sky lit up with fireworks, a gift from the Chinese Peoples' Republic. A small dark woman walked past Winstone. She did not pause, there was no sign of recognition. She sat down with members of the new government. Winstone noticed a note at his feet. He picked it up, and read it in the gaudy dazzling light of the fireworks.

*"From Madame Yeta Moussef.*

*Minister of Health, Heroine of the Republic.*

"Congratulations on your promotion. I too have made my way in the world. It was all because of you. You see, I was ready to talk when you came to question me. Instead you gave me strength to survive another year of interrogation. I knew I was still a woman after your visit."

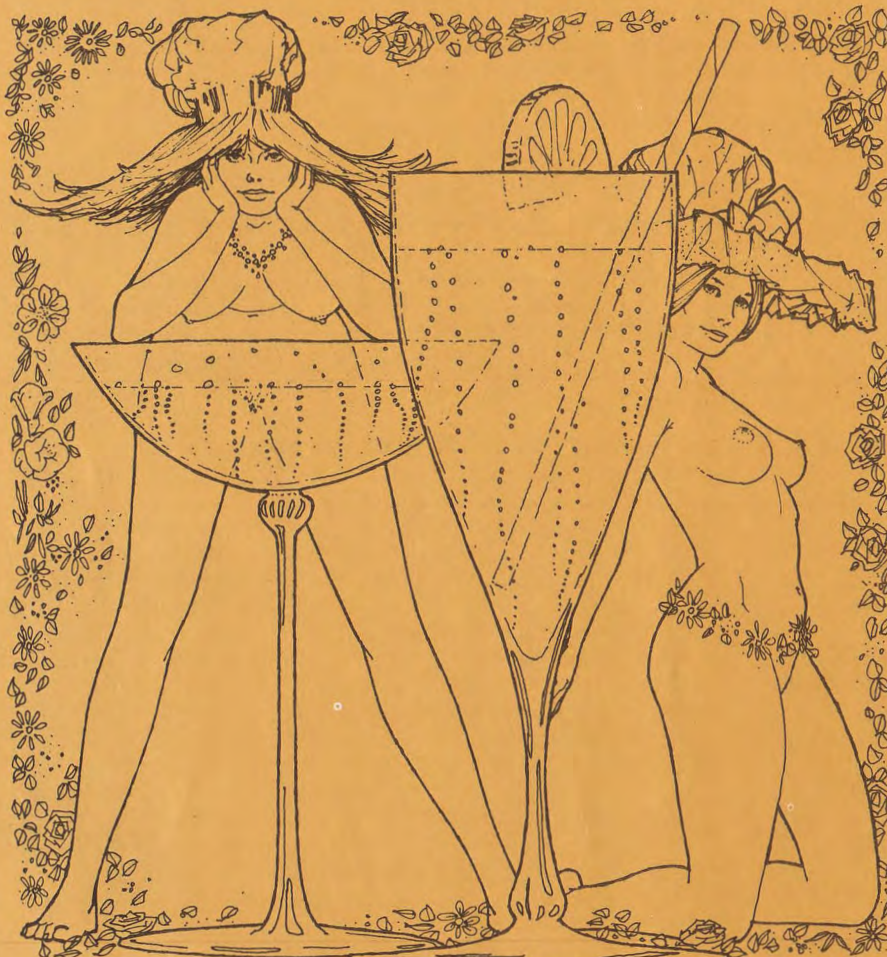
"Do not try to contact me. My fiancé, the Chief of Police, would not understand and, as a new nation, we do not really appreciate diplomatic immunity."

"Thank you again—Prisoner F-11120." 





# Cool, calm and concocted



Summer quenchers with a kick by Lionel Braun

Words such as jigger, ounce, stir, shake, garnish, teaspoon, part, and twist we use more and more each year. These words comprise the language of drinks, and quickly sum up the case for summer coolers. Eliza Cook, English poet, put it more aptly when she wrote: "Hunger is bitter, but the worst/Of human pangs, the most accursed/Of Want's fell scorpions, is Thirst".

It's a recipe age we're living in. A drink is no longer just a drink. It's a combination of ingredients, alcoholic and non-alcoholic, that makes it more pleasant to the eye and the palate. Though gin, vodka and rum lead the summer drink parade, in recent years practically all types of distilled spirits have benefited, including Yago Sangria. Drinks such as the gin and tonic, Tom and other types of Collinses, wine coolers and mists have steadily gained in popularity, as the summer weekend has changed from a period of rest to a time of leisure activity.

The key to many exotic fruit-based drinks, frozen Daiquiris and other drinks

containing crushed ice is the blender, to many a basic kitchen tool. The blender does everything a shaker does and more. Whether it be a Ronson, Sunbeam, Panasonic, Hamilton Beach or the familiar Waring, it is indispensable to such drinks as the Banana Daiquiri and Rum Flip, and will grate, grind, liquefy, blend and purée.

This marvelous machine requires no further pronouncements, only to warn that summer coolers are tempting—and intriguing—objects for the bachelor's individual expression. One man's wild concoction may rival another to the point of wrecking a Punta de Este conference.

Here is a tropical drink to put the summer sun at bay. The exact site is Coyote Point, located on a knoll beside San Francisco bay. You are seated in the Castaway restaurant, listening to Polynesian music and a bronze-skinned waiter brings you a . . .

## PASSIONATE VIRGIN

Cut the top from a fresh pineapple

leaving the leaves embedded in top and scoop out the fruit. Chill the top and the base in the refrigerator. Run the scooped out pineapple in a blender to extract the juice and strain. Mix 2 ounces of juice with juice from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime, 1 jigger Bacardi light rum,  $\frac{1}{2}$  jigger Myers's dark rum and a couple of dashes of grenadine. Shake briskly. Fill the chilled pineapple shell partially with shaved ice, pour in the drink, cover with pineapple top. Serve with straw.

More blender drinks . . .

## COLD TURKEY

$\frac{3}{4}$  oz Wild Turkey Bourbon

$\frac{1}{4}$  oz triple sec

$\frac{1}{4}$  oz simple syrup

$\frac{1}{4}$  oz lemon juice

Put ingredients in blender with crushed ice, whip until fluffy, spoon into cocktail glass.

Served at Golden Carriage Restaurant, Hillcrest Heights, Maryland.

## DERBY DAIQUIRI

$1\frac{1}{2}$  oz white Puerto Rican rum

1 oz orange juice

1 cup crushed ice

$\frac{1}{2}$  oz lime juice

1 tsp sugar

Mix 10 to 20 seconds in blender, serve unstrained.

Served at Mai-Kai, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

## GEORGIA PEACH DAIQUIRI

$1\frac{1}{2}$  oz white rum

1 whole Georgia peach

1 oz frozen Daiquiri mix

Blend with crushed ice, serve unstrained and garnish with a slice of fresh peach.

Served at Regency-Hyatt, Atlanta, Ga.

## GOLDEN HOUR

$\frac{3}{4}$  oz Tiddy's Canadian Liqueur

1 oz half and half

$\frac{3}{4}$  oz yellow Chartreuse

Put ingredients in blender with crushed ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Served at Trieste Restaurant, Chicago.

## DANISH FREEZE

Juice of two oranges

1 oz Cherry Heering

2 scoops vanilla ice cream

Place all ingredients in blender and mix for 30 seconds.

## PARASOL

$4\frac{1}{2}$  cups lime juice

Two 12-oz cans Tamarind juice

Three 7-oz cans, Coco Lopez

Fifth of Cruzan rum (gold)

Fifth of Myers's rum

6 oz creme de cacao

Pour in 8 oz of mix in blender, add crushed ice to surface, blend until mix is a soft mash. Serve in bamboo cup with two straws and a parasol, garnish with pineapple, cherry and orange speared on toothpick and hung over lip of cup. Yield: 1 gallon.

Drink is a best-seller at Fountain



Valley, St Croix, Virgin Islands.

### WITCHES' BREW

$\frac{3}{4}$  oz Strega

$\frac{1}{2}$  oz gin

1 oz orange juice

$\frac{1}{4}$  oz lemon juice

Put ingredients and ice in blender, blend for 10 seconds, pour over ice in old-fashioned glass.

### PINEAPPLE PASSION

1  $13\frac{1}{2}$ -ounce can pineapple tidbits

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup light rum

6 ice cubes

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup lime juice

1 tablespoon sugar

1 teaspoon grenadine

Put all ingredients except ice cubes in blender; cover and run on speed 5 (or high) until pineapple is finely crushed. While blender is running, add ice cubes, one at a time. Makes 3-4 servings.

And now, punches around the clock. Whatever the happy reason—an eye-opener, a wedding libation—there's a long drink for playing it cool, and even something for the teetotalers...

### WEDDING BREAKFAST PUNCH

In a blender purée 3 cups fresh pineapple cubes, a small amount at a time. In a large bowl combine the purée with 1 bottle rosé, 1 cup Bardinnet brandy,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup each of strained lemon juice and sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup peach liqueur, and 1 tablespoon orange bitters. Cover the bowl and let mixture ripen in the refrigerator overnight. Strain the mixture through several thicknesses of cheesecloth, squeezing the pineapple pulp to extract all possible juice. Pour the mixture over a large block of ice in a punch bowl and gently stir in 3 bottles Chauvinet Sparkling Burgundy. Garnish the bowl with small cubes of fresh pineapple, half slices of oranges and lemons, and sprigs of fresh mint. Makes 25 to 30 servings.

### LUNCHEON PUNCH

In a large punchbowl combine thoroughly 3 cups each of chilled tomato juice and clam juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 2 dashes of Tabasco, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon celery salt. Stir in two-fifths vodka and add 12 ice cubes. Set the bowl in another bowl half filled with crushed ice. Stir the punch from time to time and garnish it with sprigs of fresh tarragon or parsley. Makes 25 to 30 servings.

### SNACK PUNCH

Combine 6 cups Ocean Spray cranberry juice with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fresh lime juice and pour the mixture over a block of ice in a punchbowl. Blend in 1 pint orange and lemon sherbet and stir in 2 quarts ginger ale. Makes 35 servings.

### MIDNIGHT PUNCH

Combine 1 bottle Hennessy Cognac,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar

syrup and pour the mixture over a block of ice in a punchbowl. Gently stir in 3 bottles Moët Champagne Brut. Garnish the punch with whole strawberries. Makes 25 to 30 servings.



Here are some tried and true recipes accepted by everyone:

### CLARET LEMONADE

Combine 1 teaspoon finely granulated sugar and the juice of 1 lemon in a tall glass and stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved. Add 2 jiggers claret and blend the drinks thoroughly. Put 3 or 4 ice cubes into the glass and fill it with soda water.

### VODKA AND TONIC

Squeeze the juice of  $\frac{1}{4}$  lime over ice cubes in a highball glass and drop in the lime shell. Add 1 jigger vodka and fill the glass with quinine water.

### TOM COLLINS

Half fill a cocktail shaker with ice and add 1 teaspoon bar syrup, the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime, and 1 jigger gin. Shake well and strain the mixture into a tall highball glass over ice cubes. Fill the glass with soda water and garnish the drink with a slice of orange or lemon. Collins drinks can also be made with Scotch, Irish, bourbon, or rye whiskey, rum, brandy, or vodka.

### CUBA LIBRE

Squeeze the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime over ice cubes in a highball glass and drop in the lime shell. Add 1 jigger light rum and fill the glass with cola.

### PLANTER'S PUNCH

In a mixing glass half full of ice cubes combine 3 ounces heavy dark rum, the juice of 1 lime, and 1 ounce bar syrup. Stir the mixture briskly. Fill a large highball glass with cracked ice and strain the drink into it. Decorate the drink with a maraschino cherry, a half slice of orange, and a sprig of mint.

### VIRGINIA MINT JULEP

In a silver julep mug gently bruise 3 or 4 sprigs of fresh mint. Add 1 teaspoon bar syrup and 1 tablespoon Cognac and stir the mixture thoroughly. Pack the mug with crushed ice and fill it to the brim with Wild Turkey bourbon. Garnish the julep with a generous sprig of mint and serve at once.

### FRENCH "75"

Half fill a cocktail shaker with cracked ice and add 1 jigger dry gin, 1 teaspoon bar syrup, and the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon. Shake the mixture vigorously and strain it into a highball glass packed with cracked ice. Fill the glass with chilled champagne.

### MOSCOW MULE

Pour 1 jigger Smirnoff vodka and the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime over ice cubes in a copper mug, silver goblet, or water glass, and fill with ginger beer. Stir the drink and garnish it with a slice of lime.

### BLACK VELVET

Simultaneously pour equal quantities of stout and Taittinger champagne, both chilled, into a tall highball glass. Do not stir.

### SPRITZER

Put 3 or 4 ice cubes in a tall glass and half fill the glass with Rhine wine or Moselle. Fill the glass with well-chilled soda water.

### GRAND-DAD'S MINT JULEP

In a chilled glass or, preferably, a julep mug, put 3 or 4 leaves of fresh mint and 1 teaspoon each of sugar and water. Bruise the mint leaves gently with a wooden paddle and stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved. Pack the glass with finely crushed ice and stir it. Pour in 1 jigger Grand-Dad bourbon, stir the mixture briskly until a frost appears on the outside of the container, and fill the glass to the brim with bourbon. Cut the stem of a sprig of mint short and set the sprig in the ice.

### GIN AND TONIC

Squeeze the juice of  $\frac{1}{4}$  lime over ice cubes in a highball glass and drop in the lime shell. Add 1 jigger gin and fill the glass with quinine water.

### BOMBAY GIN SLING

In a cocktail shaker half full of ice combine 1 teaspoon bar syrup, the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lime, 1 jigger kirsch,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  jiggers Bombay gin, and a dash of Angostura bitters. Shake the mixture vigorously and strain it into a highball glass over 3 or 4 ice cubes.


### VERMOUTH CASSIS

Pour 2 jiggers dry vermouth and  $\frac{3}{4}$  jigger crème de Cassis (L'Héritier-Guyot) over 3 ice cubes in a highball glass. Fill the glass with soda water and stir gently.

### AMERICANO

Pour 2 jiggers sweet vermouth and 1 jigger Campari over 3 ice cubes in a highball glass. Fill the glass with soda water and stir gently to blend.

### HIGHBALLS

Into a highball glass containing 3 or 4 ice cubes pour 1 jigger liquor. Use bourbon, brandy, gin, Irish, rye, Scotch, or what you will. Fill the glass with soda water and stir very gently. 



PART II OF AN OUTRAGEOUS SEX SATIRE BY FREDERIC MULLALLY

## PARADE OF THE BUTCH BATTALIONS

**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Profligate heiress **Wanda von Kreesus**, 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 "inside" information to subvert the world's top leaders. With France, Britain, the U.S., Germany and Russia already in the bag and with the young Westapo chief Rudi Bonenkruncher secure as a hostage, the conspirators fly back to the von Kreesus *schloss* to swear in the first cadres of Wanda's "Peace Corps". **NOW READ ON.**



Sebastian Sapiens hadn't been wasting time during his employer's absence from the *schloss*. He had already signed up 138 butch lesbians with impressive Armed Services experience, and their numbers would be increasing with every flight into Zurich. He called Wanda in her Pink Boudoir the morning after her return from Moscow, to inform her that the nucleus of the "Swiss Peace Corps" was awaiting her inspection in the Great Hall.

"Wanna come and take a dekko at the dikes, Pusscake?" Wanda sang out as she passed the door of Candyfloss's private bedroom in the Velvet Suite. Getting no reply, she put her head in and tongue-clicked at the evidence that the Ballet Rosebud's bed hadn't been slept in all night. There could be only one explanation, and this was confirmed a minute later when Wanda stopped by the guest-prisoner cell leading off the Torture Chamber. The nymphet was sprawled, fast asleep, across the spread-eagled and manacled form of Rudi Bonenkruncher, the blonde young Westapo chief they had carried off from Bonn. A small leather saddle of unorthodox design lay abandoned at the side of the bed amid a tangle of silk and lace that Wanda identified, at a glance, as the flamenco dress and mantilla worn by the young señoritas of Seville society for the *paseo de caballeros* at the *ferias* following *semana santa* . . .

She was still frowning when she strode into the Great Hall, mounted the dais prepared for her by Sebastian and ran her glittering green eyes along the ranks of lesbians snapping smartly to attention. Sebastian had certainly got off to a good start. They were a capable-

looking bunch of butches, even in their civilian clothing, which ranged from *saris* and *batik kains* to trouser-suits, denims and antique leather mini-gear. Moreover, the age-limit imposed by Wanda had kept out the more dried-up middle-aged species of muff-diver; and at that moment, as her eyes ran back up the ranks, Wanda found herself dwelling on a fancy never consciously entertained in her original thinking about the Peace Force . . .

But if Wanda was impressed (and agreeably disturbed) by her first confrontation with these hired Amazons, it was nothing to the effect *she* seemed to have on *them*. At first sight of their new and spectacular commander-in-chief striding to the dais in her Givenchy bush-shirt and miniskirt, quirt slapping her jackboots, lustrous black hair flowing over her shoulders and her high breasts juddering with every step—at first sight of this paragon of haughty femininity, a profound *frisson* swept the assembled butches, even as they snapped to attention. One hundred and thirty-eight mouths slackened in wonder and 138 pairs of eyes smoldered as she sat back on the throne Sebastian had set up for her. When she gave the command, "At ease!" 138 exhaling chests released a low and ululant concert of sighs.

"Silence!"

A hundred and thirty-eight pelvises twitched to the silvery authority in Wanda's voice, ringing out across the Great Hall.

"You are privileged," she proclaimed, "to be the nucleus of an all-woman army destined to change the face of society on this earth by bringing to an end the criminal follies of the monstrous regiment of men! My formula for accomplishing this purpose is almost ripe for implementation. Already, the leaders of five world powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, Germany, France and Britain—are poised to jump to the crack of my whip. When I return from my next and final mission abroad, an effective monopoly of world power will be at my command. Later, as I unfold my master-plan to you, my prospective commanders in the field, you will each be given an opportunity

to prove yourself worthy of the sacred role I, as destiny's handmaiden, choose to allot to you. In the meantime, I now require from each of you—separately and individually—a solemn act of dedication and obeisance to your commander-in-chief. If there are any among you unwilling to—" Wanda's voice faltered a second "—to kneel down to me in solemn, symbolic and appropriate ritual, now is the time for her to speak."

Not a voice was raised. The only sound in the Great Hall was an eager corporate murmur of assent and the rustle of damp palms against 276 well-muscled thighs.

"Groovy! Then you will advance from the left, one by one and in your own varying tongues indicate your unquestioning subservience to my will." And, so saying, Wanda von Kreesus hitched up her skirt, settled herself into a comfortable posture on the throne and mentally added another "first" to the burgeoning list of her bizarre experiences.

It was an exhausting business, accepting the obeisance of 138 avid-to-please butch lesbians, and there were moments during the protracted ceremony when Wanda would dearly have liked to cry "Enough!" But, since it was out of the question that she should show any sign of human frailty before this elite assembly of staff officers, she stuck it out valiantly until the last of the 138 rose reluctantly from her knees at the tap of Wanda's quirt and rejoined her envying comrades.

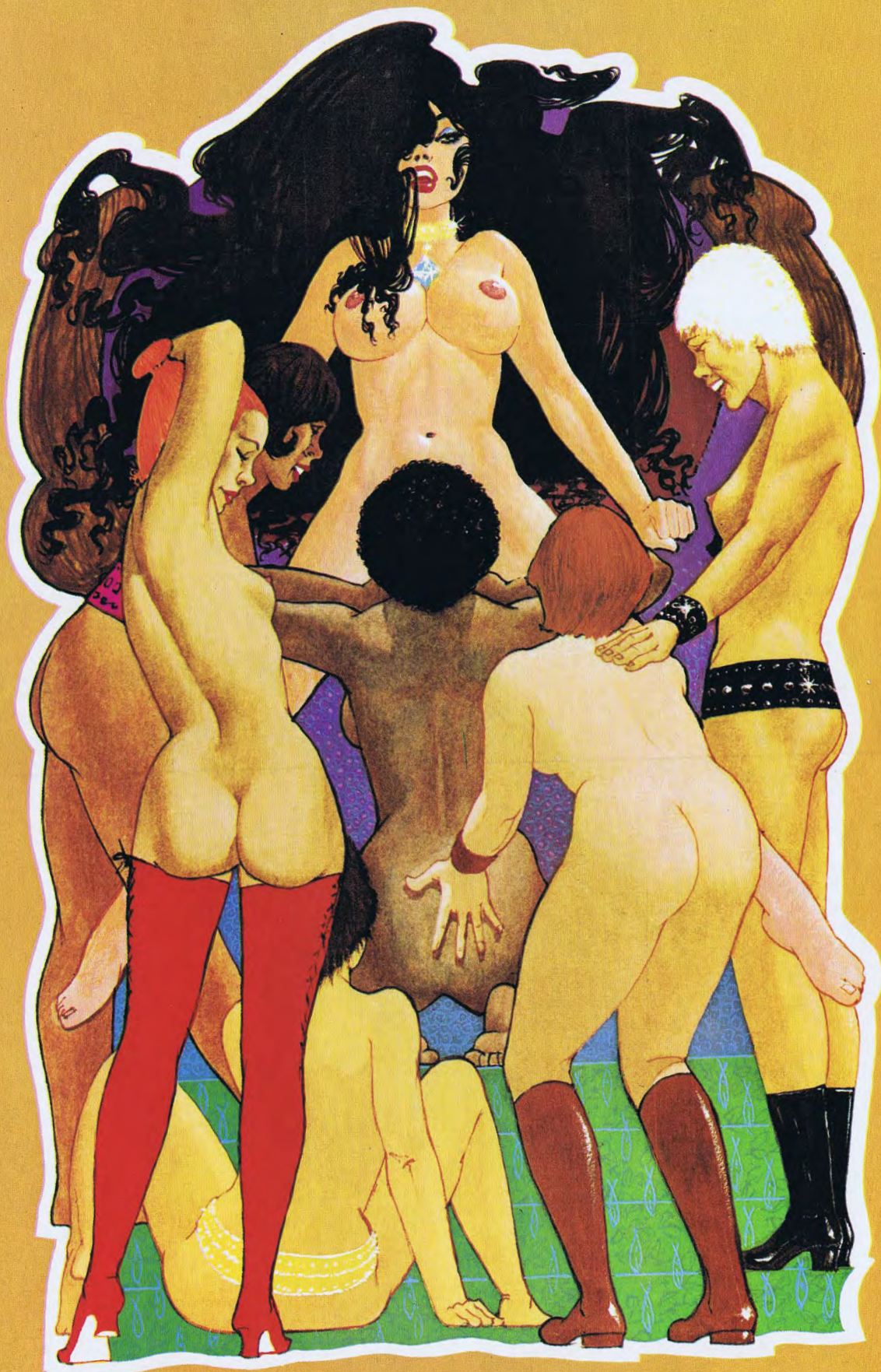
"Parade dismissed . . ." the C.-in-C. managed, faintly, from her throne. And, under her breath as the Amazons wheeled smartly past the dais and out of the hall: "Many more like that lot to swear in, and I'll end up a raving nutter".

After an hour's rest in the Velvet Suite, our indefatigable villainess was back in action. To Sebastian Sapiens, up in the Control Room of the West Tower, she raised one of the sundry points she had been toying with while receiving the butch officers' homage.

"What would you say, Eggbonce, is the world's rarest and most expensive glandular restorative—you know, what Chinese alchemists have always been

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64











# UNPACKED UNCRUMPLED UNTROUBLED



There was a time when traveling used to mean trunks full of haggard, battered clothes, ridiculously expensive hotel pressing and cleaning bills, and slacks and shirts left behind in laundry rooms all over the world. All that has changed. To prove that today's new permanent press, durable press, stay press and other wrinkle-free, wash 'n' wear wonder fabrics really work, our Penthouse fashion crew carted a couple of suitcases full of new summer fashions off to a deserted tropical island out in the Bahamas. The island was so far out, in fact, it didn't even have a name. There in the blazing sun, the dripping humidity, flying salt spray, and with nary a pigtailed Chinese laundryman



IN THE DRINK, ISLAND TRAVELER DOUGLAS PRUDDEN (ABOVE) SPORTS A PRINTED SHIRT OF COTTON VOILE BY CLOTHES HORSE, \$16. (ABOUT 10 MINUTES AFTER THE SHIRT WAS TOTALLY SOAKED, IT WAS DRY, NEAT AND READY TO WEAR AGAIN.) HIS COMPANION'S BIKINI IS BY BLEYLE OF GERMANY. OPPOSITE: DOUGLAS WEARS A WRINKLE-DEFYING SURF SUIT OF POLYESTER STRETCH, STYLED IN THE CONTEMPORARY "COMIC BOOK" LOOK BY CLOTHES HORSE, \$34.95. HIS COMPANION IS SYNDICATED FASHION COLUMNIST AND WELL KNOWN FASHION MODEL GERTA GRUDEL. SHE DISPLAYS TRUE WATCH 'N' WEAR APPEAL IN A ONE-PIECE BIKINI BY GOTTEX OF ISRAEL.



SMART, SOPHISTICATED APPEARANCE IS EASILY MAINTAINED, OR QUICKLY ACQUIRED, WITH FLOCKED POLKA-DOT PRINT SHIRT (ABOVE) IN COTTON VOILE—A JOHN WEITZ DESIGN FOR F. JACOBSON, \$12—COMBINED WITH JOHN PAUL GOEBEL'S DESIGN OF WHITE PIQUE SLACKS BY TAILOR'S BENCH CO., \$25, BOTH MADE OF DURABLE PRESS EASTMAN KODEL FABRIC. LEFT: WRINKLES NEVER SHOW OR SHOW UP IN DOUGLAS'S ACAPULCO-STYLED SHIRT OF TUCK-STITCHED BROADCLOTH—A MANNIE MANDEL DESIGN, \$30. BELT IS BY PARIS, \$5. DRESS-UP JEANS IN "HOLD PRESS" MATERIAL ARE FROM CONTACT SLACKS BY MILLER, \$8. FLEX-O-MOC SLIP-ONS IN CRANBERRY GRAIN GLUV WITH GENUINE CREPE RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS ARE BY BOSTONIAN, \$19. GERTA'S CULOTTE IS BY HOLLYWOOD VASSARETTE.



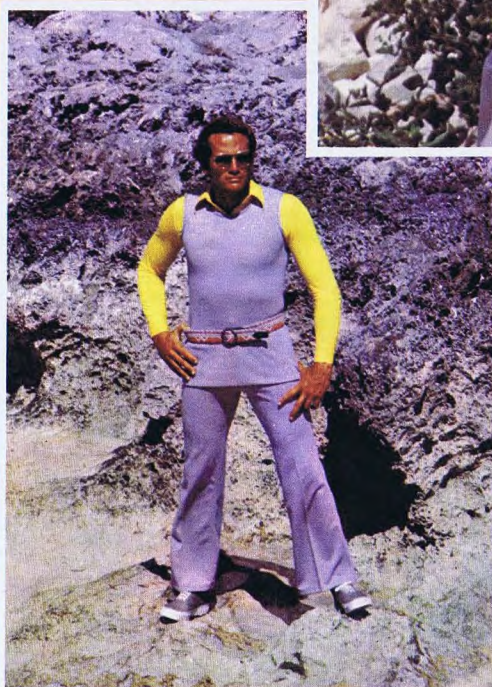




EASY TRAVELER (OPPOSITE) IS THIS DACRON-WORSTED SPORTS JACKET, \$55, WITH SLIGHTLY FLARED KNIT SLACKS, \$18.75, BOTH BY SIDNEY THOMAS FASHIONS (NEW YORK). PERMANENTLY PRESSED "VANOPRESS" DRIP DRY SHIRT IS FROM VAN HEUSEN'S HAMPSHIRE HOUSE LINE, \$10. SHIRT CAN BE WASHED BY MACHINE, BY HAND OR BY LAUNDRY. SANDALS, MADE IN BRAZIL FOR B. F. GOODRICH, \$6. GERTA'S COTTON TERRY STRETCH BACKLESS JUMPSUIT IS BY JER-SEA OF SWEDEN. *BELOW:* EVEN ON THE MOON, OUR INTREPID TRAVELER WOULD BE NEAT AND WELL-DRESSED IN THIS WASH 'N' WEAR DOUBLEKNIT SHIRT-SUIT OF TRIVERA AND WOOL, BY PETER GOLDING, \$90. SHIRT IS ALSO BY PETER GOLDING, \$15. TAPESTRY BELT IS BY PARIS, \$5. CREPE-SOLED SEAVEES BY B. F. GOODRICH ARE \$8. SUNGLASSES ARE BY RENAULT, \$5.




COOL, COMFORTABLE SAFARI LOUNGER IN EASTMAN KODEL DURABLE PRESS SEERSUCKER (LEFT) IS A JOHN WEITZ DESIGN FOR DIPLOMAT, \$20. *BELOW:* COOL IN SUMMER AND WARM IN WINTER IS THIS TWO-BUTTON SINGLE-BREASTED DOUBLEKNIT SUIT OF TRIVERA AND WOOL, DESIGNED BY PETER GOLDING, \$120. TROUSERS FEATURE SLIGHTLY FLARED, CUFFS. SHIRT IS ALSO BY PETER GOLDING, \$15. SANDALS, BRUTUS CASUALINES, ARE MADE IN ITALY FOR B. F. GOODRICH, \$9.



in sight, the clothes were unpacked and photographed. As our photos show, the inconvenience of crumpled clothing while traveling belongs to the past.

Along with permanent press (where presses and creases are actually baked permanently into trousers, jackets and shirts) comes knit and doubleknit material for suiting to join today's list of miracle fabrics. New knitting techniques allow suits to be jumped on, stomped on, crumpled up and run over by Cat tractors and never lose their shape. DuPont makes wrinkle-free stain-resistant Quina, a chameleon-type product that can be made to look like lush silk, crepe or even double-faced gabardine. Union



Carbide has Cardine, made primarily of Dynel, a material that is moldable, washable, uncrushable, nonshrinkable and warm and comfortable to the touch. Eastman Chemical has Kodel polyester which literally puts the wash into wear. Such materials either nip wrinkles before they happen or easily tumble them away in a washing-machine dryer. Other materials are fakers. They are crushed, puckered, stitched, tucked or pleated to hide, overpower or discourage wrinkles altogether. The wrinkles may be there but they don't show. No matter how you look at it, baggy-pants are history. 



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

searching for—the 'Pill of Immortality'?"

"Tokay Essenz," the walking encyclopedia replied at once.

"Tell me about it."

Sebastian half-closed his eyes, drew breath, and delivered.

"The legendary Tokay Essenz of Hungary is produced only in occasional and exceptional vintage years, and then only in relatively minute quantities, after massive and laborious effort. The technique is, first, to amass with great care a large quantity of these vintage grapes when they are in a certain overripe condition. Instead of being pressed, they are left to ooze out their juices. This 'must' then ferments with extreme slowness, to produce its few degrees of alcohol from each mountain of the natural product. It sells, when you can get hold of it, for anything up to £250 a half-litre."

"So there can't be much of it knocking around then?"

"Very little indeed, m'selle. The odd few bottles come up for auction at places like Christie's, occasionally. Certain small stocks are known to be held in private cellars. None will be produced in Hungary this year."

"Mm-hm . . . Now get this, Sappy. I want to corner the world's entire existing stock of Tokay Essenz. Put every agent we have on to it. Unlimited expenses, the seller's price to be met without quibbling, a bonus of £250 to the agent for every half-litre delivered intact to our cellars. You got that?"

Sebastian nodded.

"Soon as that show's on the road, I want you to get our man in Hong Kong to dig up some corruptible Chinese doctor of eminence in his profession, plus a Chinese nonagenarian who can be bribed to keep his gums shut. Oh, yes—and meanwhile you can book me the best and most secluded villa available in the heel of Italy—somewhere around Otrano would be fine."

If Sebastian nurtured any private curiosity about the connection between these assorted requirements, he was certainly concealing it well. "Will that be all for the moment, m'selle?" he inquired. "There's another 84 lesbian ladies just arrived and waiting for me to interview them. It's quite a strain on my lingual capacities."

"I know what you mean, Sappy," Wanda muttered, making for the door. "Believe me, I know just what you mean . . ."

A week later in Peking, capital of the Peoples' Republic of China, grave deliberations were taking place between the Inner-In Council of Three and the elderly doctor charged with the welfare of the Republic's great leader and inspiration—Chairman Yu Pi-hi. A fresh crop of rumours concerning the health of Yu had recently been circulating in

the West and it seemed that, for once, they were based on something more solid than a head-count of party officials featured in photographs distributed by the New China News Agency.

Since the frail and ageing Marshal Yu had succeeded to the leadership of the Republic, a truce had reigned between the Army and the Red Guards of the cultural revolution—a truce founded in the respect accorded by both factions to the soldier-polemicist. None of the inner cognoscenti had any doubts that if it came out that Yu Pi-hi's faculties were beginning to fail him, the Republic would be torn apart and destroyed in a fratricidal power-struggle between the military and the proletarian revolutionaries.

Mee Pi-lo spoke for his two troubled colleagues therefore when he told the doctor:

「#子#をのつに . . . or else!"

The doctor shook his head, dolefully. "I've tried the lot," he wailed. "Now he's even gone off his bird's-nest soup. I tell you, comrades, I'm going right out of my Chinese mind trying to think up new elixirs. And to think this is the New Moon Year 4047—the Year of the Cock!"

Yen Tu-tung, the youngest of Marshal Yu's triumvirate, broke the ensuing silence. Then, after fanning the air about him, apologetically, with a Hongkong newspaper, he opened it up and gave voice.

"What about this Doctor Yu Tse-ah I've been reading about? Claims it's his patient who just got a month in jail on a multiple rape charge."

"The relevance, Yen," Mee snapped peevishly. "Where is the *relevance*?"

"The relevance is that his patient pleaded for leniency on the grounds he'd got stoned celebrating his 92nd birthday."

For a while, the four men just sat there, not a nerve or a muscle twitching on their calm faces. When, by tacit and common consent, they had done sufficient justice to the old inscrutability bit, they leaped to their feet, laughing shrilly, and began to groove around the table, ruffling each other's hair and backslapping like World Cup football stars.

"Multiple rape!" howled Mee Pi-lo.

"Beautiful!" raved the doctor.

"While pissed—the old bastard—as a Manchu warlord!" Yen Tu-tung hollered. "Don't forget that!"

When the revelling was done, Mee got straight down to business. "Arrange a meeting with Yu Tse-ah in Macao," he instructed the doctor. "Offer money. If that doesn't work, call in the Red Guards."

**NEXT MONTH:** Has Wanda found a chink in the Great Wall of China? Is Yu Pi-hi on the brink of being caught with his pants down? What gives at Otrano? All will be revealed by Wanda in our next issue.





ANALISA





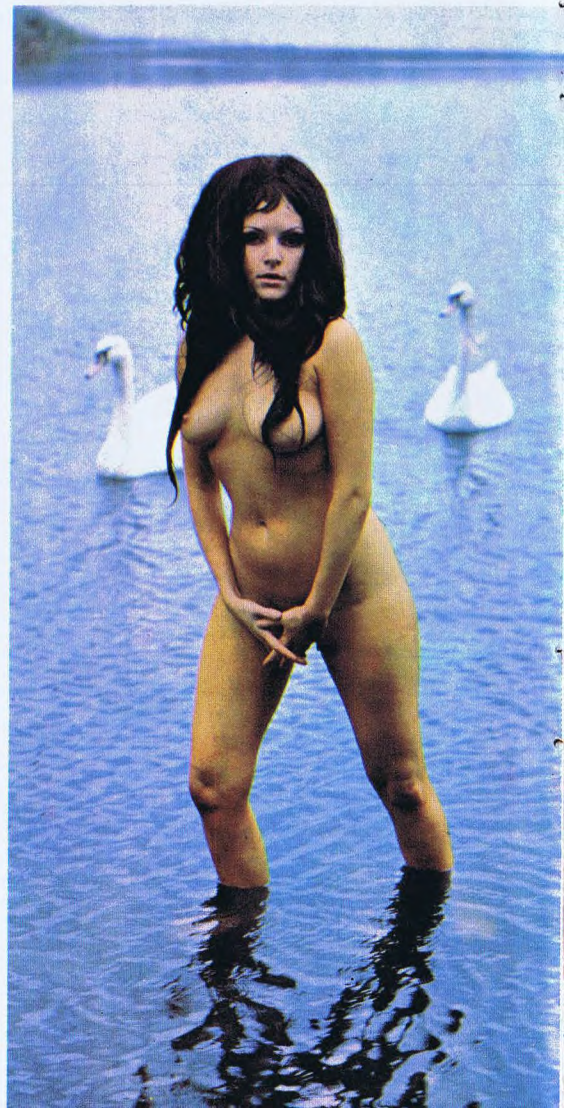
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# TALES OF HOFFMAN

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PHOTOS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

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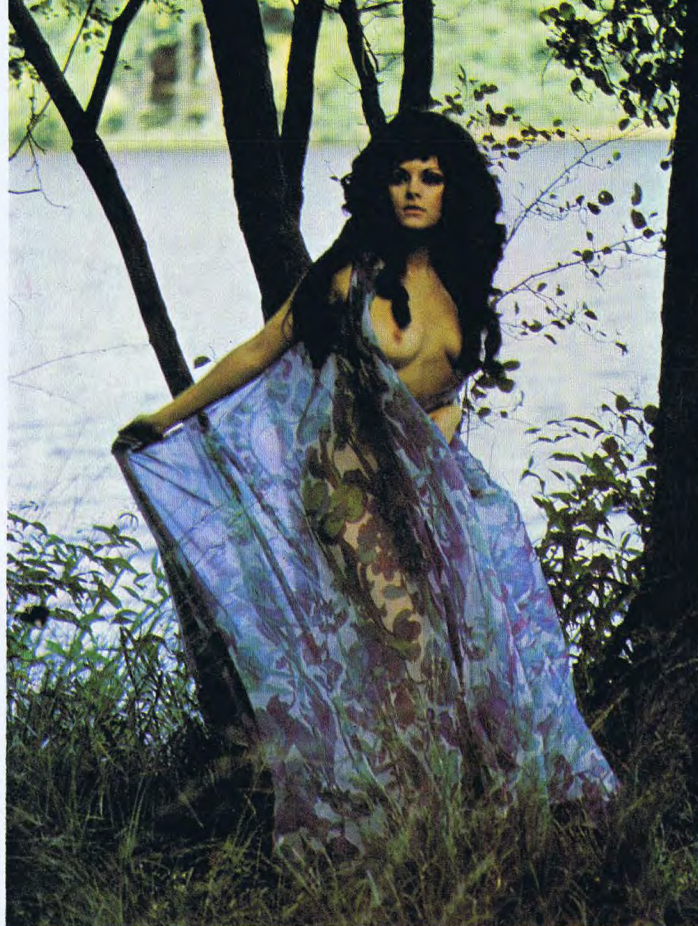




The story goes that, when Annalisa Hoffman left her native Austria in quest of fame, the Danube got a little bluer. Well, the melancholy river has our sympathies, but it can't have Annalisa back—at least not yet. "I'd dreamt of going to London ever since I can remember," averred this raven-topped and formful *fraulein* (36–22–36), "and now that I'm there, I'm going to stay. Well—until my money runs out, anyway."

But annas for Annalisa may soon be running in, not out. Viewed in Vienna by an important British film producer, she was swiftly spirited to England for a screen test. "They shot me in a scene from *The Seagull*, by Chekov. Well, I haven't had much experience with serious acting yet—just a few tiny parts in Austrian films—and right in the middle I forgot my lines. It was terribly embarrassing. But I'm told it needn't make any difference—it's how I look on film that counts." We'd say that our adjoining shots of Annalisa are incontrovertible evidence that the *gnädige mädchen* has absolutely *nichts* to worry about—though presumably she was not dressed quite the same for *The Seagull*.

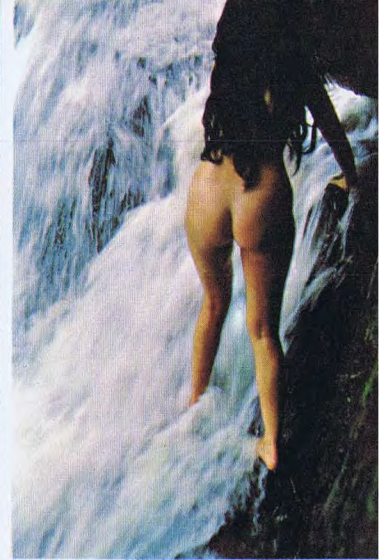
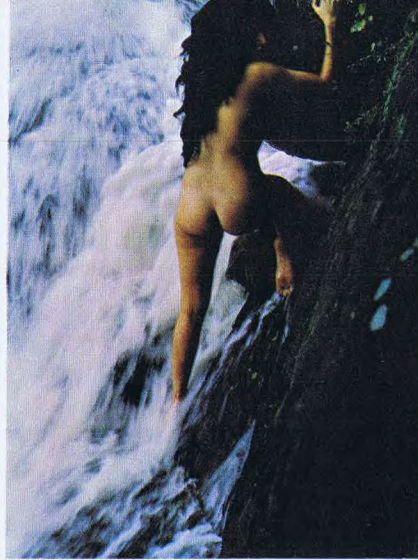
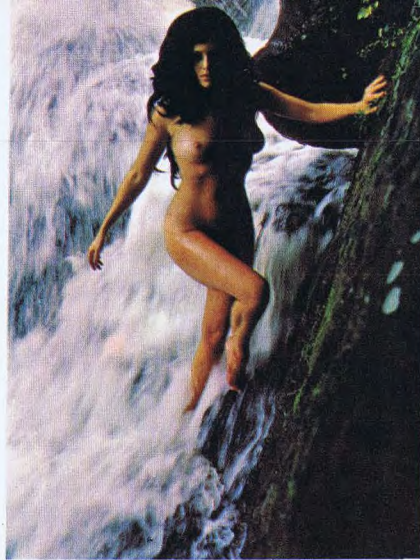
We asked our fetching flower from the Vienna woods how her fortuitous encounter with the movie mogul











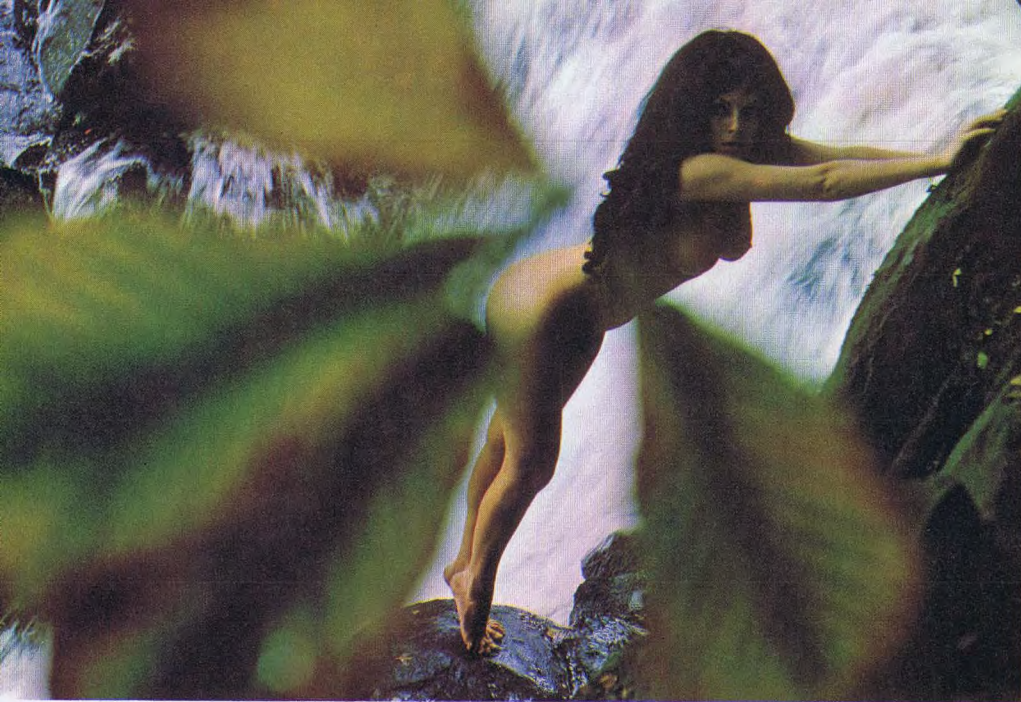
came about. "The ironic thing was, I'd given up acting the week before it happened, because apart from bits I wasn't getting anywhere. And I was just walking down the street, minding my own business, as the saying goes, when this man came up and tried to start a conversation. You can imagine what I thought. Anyhow, he introduced himself and the name rang a bell. And he asked me if I'd like to visit England and do a screen test. I know it's corny, but that's exactly how it happened."

Her foray into Chekov notwithstanding, Mona Lisa-like Annalisa is quite pretentionless re her acting ability. "I know that if I ever really get anywhere in films, it will be because of my looks," she states, "and not because of any magical ability to get inside the character, or whatever. But what's wrong with trading on your looks? A scientist trades on his brain, doesn't he?"

He does indeed, Annalisa, he does indeed. And the spectacle, to our way of thinking, is not nearly so rewarding to the viewer.







Queried about her yen for travel, our ample Austrian answered that she'd wanted to see London because she fell in love with Trevor Howard at 13 after seeing him in a love story called *Brief Encounter*. "I saw it in Vienna and a lot of it happened in London. Well, girls are impressionable at that age, aren't they?" Most of her images of foreign places seem to be derived from the movies, and she is no less eager for a chance to assess the reality of *West Side Story* (New York), *Bullitt* (San Francisco), and *Can-can* (Paris). The international status of Penthouse particularly intrigued her: "To think that for years I have seen the people of far-off cities like New York and London in movies, and now the people who live in those places will see me. I shall be in their homes in a magazine."

Self-assured despite her romantic cast of mind, Annalisa exhibited no sign of home-sickness at finding herself transported to a strange land with a strange language, and declared herself eager to push on to new experiences. Asked how foreign parts were shaping up in her book, she aimed a compelling gaze our way, blinked her long black lashes, and purred: "Fantastic, absolutely fantastic." As apt and accurate an epithet for the lady herself, we feel, as is ever likely to be found.







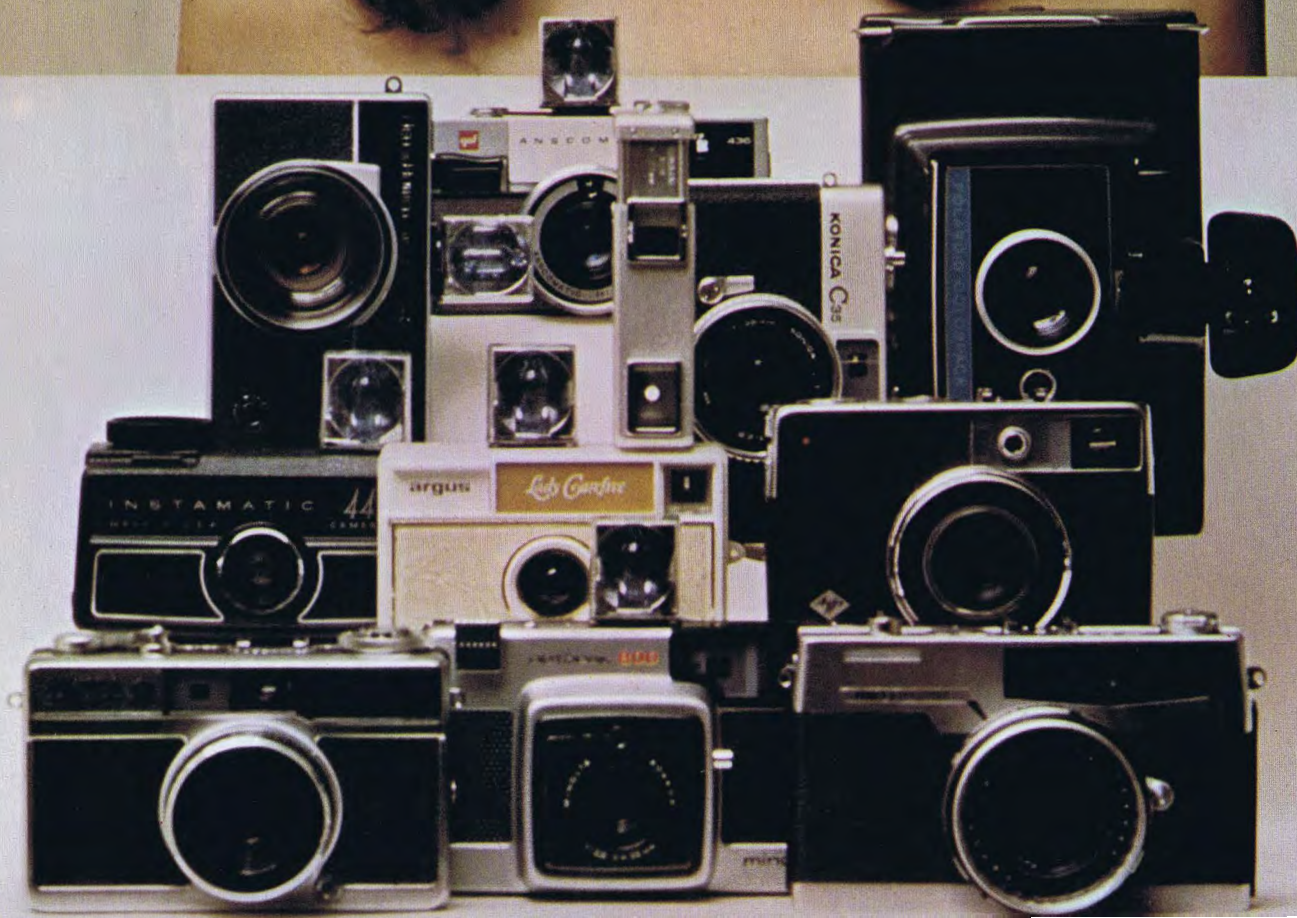
# SPLIT IMAGE

A MULTITUDE OF  
CAMERAS FOR THE MAN  
WITH MORE  
THAN ONE IN MIND.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KENN DUNCAN  
CAMERAS, DAWN STEEL



Bottom row, left to right: Fujica Compact S, rangefinder, fully automated, 38mm, F/2.5, \$83.90. Minolta Autopak 800, rangefinder, auto exposure, flash automation, auto film advance, 38mm, F/2.8, \$89.50. Petri 7S, rangefinder, coupled meter, 45mm, F/2.8, \$59.95. Second row: Kodak Instamatic 44, under \$10.00. Argus Lady Carefree 163, instant load, auto exposure, under \$18.00. Minolta 16II, 16mm subminiature, F/2.8, \$39.95. Agfa Gevaert Optima 500 Sensor, auto exposure control, 42mm, F/2.8, \$99.95. Top row: Bell & Howell Autoload 342, auto film advance, auto focus, auto exposure, 40mm, F/2.8, \$87.50. Ansco-matic 436, auto exposure, instant load, flash automation, 34mm, F/2.8, \$49.95. Konica C35, rangefinder, auto exposure, 38mm, F/2.8, \$89.95. Polaroid Colorpack II, \$29.95.





Bottom row, left to right: Miranda Sensorex, zone metering system, 50mm, F/1.8, \$259.95. Canonet QL, auto exposure, electronic flash unit, 40mm, F/1.7, \$149.50. Minolta SR-T 101, CLC, through lens meter, interchangeable 58mm, F/1.2, \$349.50. Second row: Olympus Pen FT PRO, 1/2 frame, interchangeable 40mm, F/1.4, \$209.95. Pentax Spotmatic, through lens meter, 135mm, F/2.5, \$369.00.

Graflex XL770, rangefinder, 80mm, F2.8, \$379.00. Third row: Beseler Topcon Unirex, fully automated, interchangeable 50mm, F/2, under \$200.00. Leicaflex SL, through lens meter, interchangeable 50mm, F/2, \$738.00. Top row: Rolleicord Vb, quick focusing, split image rangefinder wedge, self timer, 75mm, F/3.5, \$199.50. Yashica Electro 35GT, fully automated exposure control, 45mm, F/1.7, under \$142.50. Hasselblad 500 EL, 70mm, interchangeable magazine, motorized, interchangeable 80mm, F/2.8, \$1,127.50.





# PASSIONATE ★ PORTEENTS

## **Cancer, the Crab (June 22nd through July 23rd)**

Blame the astronauts for this lady. They call her Moon-Maiden but after a month's hard dating she's one short in the deck and needs help from the nearest shrink. In these circumstances give her the moonlight. And we don't mean a downtown bar with an ancient jukebox. The real thing. Beams and all. With any luck, and if there's a drop of water in the vicinity, she'll do an instant strip and leap into the waves. In the course of the next hour she'll take you through the emotional alphabet. Strains of Rod McKeun, some early Ginsberg, a dash of Mick Jagger, and a grand finale which is a cross between Flipper and Tarzan. After all that small talk comes her "crunch" . . . and that's describing

## **A guide to her signs for the male with designs**

A monthly series  
of Penthouse primers  
by P. G. Pomeroy Jr.

it politely. Be warned. If it's a new moon she can sit on the pebbles in her overcoat and carpet slippers in total silence for at least seven hours. She's probably naked underneath but you'll never know.

The Cancer woman needs the tape-recorder technique. Repetition. Keep telling her she's young, lovely, adorable, a great cook, and above

all she owns you. Her one big hang-up is that you don't love her. Prove it—as often as you like it. She does. And will.

If you set up home with a Cancerian, prepare to own a museum within a year. She will never throw away those faded love-letters and used teabags from your first pot of tea together. She treasures the things she owns and that of course includes you. She's not so much jealous as possessive—there's a big difference. Nothing is too good for her family. If you sneeze you'll be rushed to bed. If you lose your job, she'll save everything until you get a new one. *Best men:* Capricorn (Dec 22nd-Jan 20th). *Worst men:* Taurus (April 21st-May 21st). *Best feature:* breasts. *Best gem:* ruby. *Last word:* This lunar female is loony!

# CANCER





# THE PERMISSIVE PARADOX

An uncensored study of the decline of the house of pleasure in the age of relaxing morality  
by Reginald Hudson-Smith





“  
 Few men aged  
 nearly 30 today  
 have ever seen the  
 inside of a brothel,  
 or heard the  
 erotic calls  
 ‘Mesdemoiselles,  
 au salon’, and  
 ‘Company, girls’  
 ”

The outstanding paradox of the permissive society is that this explosion of western licence, as its detractors see it, has stopped short of licensing premises for prostitution. Once commonplace in western countries, brothels are now prohibited or strictly limited in most of them, and few men pushing 30 have ever seen the inside of such a place or heard the erotic calls “Mesdemoiselles, au salon!” and “Company, girls!”—the American version originated by the San Francisco madame Bertha Kahn.

At first glance the chronology of the suppression of brothels and the rise of permissiveness might suggest cause and effect to the inquiring sociologist, for both are post-war phenomena, with the one following the other in quick succession. The rot, if that is how you like to regard it, set in with the success of the French woman deputy Marthe Richard in steering a bill through the National Assembly to outlaw brothels in France. And so in April 1946 French houses of pleasure closed by the hundred, winding up a vast and intricate business employing thousands. Newspapers showed pictures of students taking over some of the more famous establishments, and several witty films were made. Ushering out a tardy client at midnight a Paris madame commented to her despondent girls as she switched off the red light for the last time: “We are victims of a wave of prudery, my dears.”

She seemed to be right, especially when the red lights came to be extinguished in Spain (1957) and Italy too. Even in England, where legal brothels had been unknown since a brief Victorian experiment at Portsmouth (to control V.D. among sailors), prostitution was driven off the streets and under the carpet. A tide of puritanism seemed to be sweeping away the laxity of left-over wartime morals. Since we now know that a permissive society that would have staggered the abolitionists was already in formation, the question has to be asked how it ever came about that so traditional a permissive institution was voted out.

The explanation seems to be that though the reformers were motivated by morality the legislators were persuaded by less lofty considerations. Brothels had come to be considered an embarrassing anachronism, a mark of backward and under-developed countries. As an eminent French jurist emotionally phrased it: “Licensed whorehouses are a disgrace to a civilized country.” *Honneur et patrie* were felt to be at stake, a feeling endorsed when the United Nations Convention of 1949 condemned prostitution along with white slavery. In the mood of postwar reconstruction, modern nationalism exacted a social tribute.

The abolitionists, nevertheless, were understandably triumphant, and exulted in what they believed was a far-reaching reform undertaken in the name of morality and religion. They reckoned without a combination of nascent trends they could neither identify nor influence: increasing sexual equality, which was to receive its biggest boost in the 1960s with the coming of the Pill, and increasing affluence, with the eroding of social restraints it facilitated. Righteous reformers could not have believed a time was coming when a young man could date a woman of his own social group for a free tumble with as little trouble as his father had in finding a professional to oblige for payment. Permissiveness is a phenomenon with deeper roots than the suppression of brothels, and it was significantly linked to the event.

And so the wave of prudery of which the madame complained proved to be a mere ripple on the sea of social change. Its one immediate effect was to redirect prostitution into a form more suited to the affluent society: the call-girl system. In France inefficient organization caused several early scandals, but once discretion became entrenched business soon prospered. Unemployment for pimps followed inexorably, for the call-girl, unlike her brothel colleague, has little contact with the underworld. A Paris police chief reckons that 95% of them work on their own.

Another effect was the mushrooming of houses of assignation—not to be confused with brothels, as they often are. Whereas a brothel employs resident prostitutes, the house of assignation specializes either in providing luxurious accommodation for married women and their lovers, or in providing premises for part-timers—wayward models, actresses, divorcees and wives—who split their earnings with the management. As business depends on discretion, these houses are located in respectable districts behind discreet facades, and anonymity is strictly preserved. Casual callers without a recommendation are discouraged and professional prostitutes are barred.

Unlike brothels, houses of assignation function during the day from late morning till 5 p.m., when dalliance must stop to allow the erring ladies to slip back quietly into their social round, a metamorphosis memorably—if exaggeratedly—portrayed in the film *Belle de Jour*. Extra money is the usual motive for a woman leading this double life, perhaps to settle pressing debts, buy a coveted fur, support an impecunious lover. Sheer domestic ennui, or nymphomania tinged with sado-masochism can be other impellers. These places thrive despite legal risks because they offer the male the piquancy of fornicating with outwardly respectable and desirable





Istanbul inmate: "Turkey has no reputation for fastidiousness".

women—with no comebacks. An infallible formula.

A third effect of prohibition has been, predictably, to encourage clandestine brothels, which exist in France, Italy, Luxemburg, Belgium and Spain. Medical supervision is of course slapdash at best, and prices are inflated by protection rackets. These "clandis" also lack the social character, almost clublike, of the old-time brothel, and the rococo splendours of the Moorish Pavilion which fascinated Toulouse-Lautrec are now unknown. Currently doing its best to maintain the old traditions in Paris is Madame Claude's "clandi"—cover charge 200 francs. Elsewhere it is strictly business, with few frills.

The brothel proper, it must be observed, is far more demanding of its inmates than the call-girl system. According to a French government survey, it was not unusual for brothel prostitutes to service up to 80 clients each on both Saturday and Sundays. One bemused official investigator reported that in Strasbourg, after a gymnasts' convention, he encountered a girl who assured him he was her 104th client that day. The sheer practicalities of the call-girl rendezvous put such feats out of range.

Today in Europe only Portugal, Turkey and Germany tolerate legal brothels. Hamburg, with its Eros Center and

notorious St. Pauli enclave of legal abandon, must rank as the European capital of prostitution. The brothels there are regimented with Teutonic thoroughness under police and medical control, which makes for reassurance if not for style. Istanbul has many brothels, as does mainland Turkey, with a long tradition of erotic exhibitions but no reputation for fastidiousness. Portugal passed a compromise abolition law in 1949, but tolerates those brothels that were already open before the law.

Greece officially bans brothels but the police allow them to function fairly openly, and there is the borderline case of Holland where Amsterdam anomalously accepts the notorious window display of its Wallen district. There near-naked young women sit at ease touting for custom among passers-by—not strictly brothels but sheltered prostitution. As for the Iron Curtain countries, prostitution is illegal under Communist regimes, in stubborn deference to Marx's long-exploded notion that it only exists as a consequence of capitalist exploitation. What goes on illegally is, according to various accounts, another matter. One effect of Communist reform has been to cut off the supply of glorious Hungarian beauties, once noted in Western Europe.

Further afield, Morocco doused its red lights with a surprisingly firm hand in the late 1950s, and among the casualties was the celebrated Black Cat in Tangier, with its fabulous wine-cellar. The Sphinx, a luxury brothel in Mohammedia, was the only one saved from the axe—reputedly for the entertainment of visiting dignitaries. In South America lip service was paid to the cause of moral reform with support—or at least signatures—for the U.N.'s 1949 convention, but Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Bolivia all tolerate brothels. Prostitution is on an immense scale in the Argentine, and in Brazil the tradition of licentiousness is perhaps too deep-rooted to expect otherwise. Back in the slave days the city of Bahia was known as the Sodom and Gomorrhah of the New World. Syphilis was so widespread that it was regarded as on a par with flu, and the High Command calculated in 1872 that within six years the entire Army would be infected. Mexico looks to its brothels as tourist attractions, and can lay claim to perhaps the most beautifully sited specimen in the world—on a hill overlooking Acapulco. The country has clearly benefitted from Castro's closures in Cuba. Havana, the Cuban capital, had more brothels per head of population under the Batista dispensation than any place in the world, and visitors used to catch their first glimpse of the fleshpots as they passed the popular Bikini on the airport road.

From this brief survey it is clear that brothels, in one form or another, are still

far from finished, which is only to be expected of an institution with such a long history. Legend has it that the Greek legislator, Solon, established the first regulated and licensed brothels, thus dispelling the pseudo-religious aura that had enveloped prostitution hitherto. Solon saw the twofold possibility of the brothel serving the state, as a safeguard of public order and as a useful additional source of income. That was in 600 B.C. and ever since then the history of the brothel has seen-sawed perpetually between persecution and encouragement.

Deuteronomy sternly forbade brothels. Pope Julius II founded his own—for Christians only—which were piously conserved by his successors, Leo X and Clement VII. Marie-Therese of Austria used torture and terror in an attempt not only to close the brothels but also to abolish fornication in general. Not unexpectedly, she failed completely, though not before a lot of blood had been spilt. During the depredations of the Plague or Black Death in the 14th century, English society, both high and low, jettisoned many sexual conventions. As Cole Porter might have put it: "The serfs did it, the knights did it, even cloistered nuns did it". With inflated wages and premature inheritances consequent on the appalling death rate, bordello keepers did a roaring business and had to put "House full" signs up when doctors solemnly declared that V.D. gave immunity to the Plague.

It is not by chance that so many brothels were to be found near cathedrals for, in the Middle Ages, many of them were owned by bishops—among them the Bishop of Winchester, who possessed a whole street of them next to his palace (hence the expression "Winchester Geese"). In 18th-century London, the brothel, or seraglio as it was then called, was such a part of everyday life that one featured in a contemporary stage hit *The Beggars' Opera*. In India during the Raj the British army tried its hand at running controlled brothels, but the scheme was hastily dropped when the news leaked out back home and did not amuse a certain regal widow. V.D. among the troops rose immediately.

But, for brothels, France has always been the promised land. There they achieved a degree of elegance combined with a refined salacity and ingenuity unequalled elsewhere. In 1750 a certain Mrs Goadby of London, armed with the right introductions, made several trips to Paris to study at first-hand the management of the top seraglios, and on her return put what she had learnt into practice. She employed the most beautiful girls of varied nationalities and differing faiths, who were taught that the customer was always right. Zeal in their work was required at all times, and over-eating and over-drinking were



immodest. Concealing clients' gifts meant instant expulsion. A luxury flat was rented in Soho's Berwick Street and a doctor engaged to care for the health of her flock.

Perversions and sexual extravagances of every kind were catered for; these efforts "to refine our amorous amusements", as Mrs Goadby put it, were so successful that she was soon able to retire to her country estate. Until her appearance, the standard of comfort in the average English brothel was on a par with that of a Balkan railway waiting-room.

Mrs Goadby soon had many imitators, among them the formidable Miss Fawkland, who set up a remarkable seraglio consisting of three adjacent houses in St. James Street which she named the Temples of Aurora, Flora and Mystery. Aurora housed 12 pretty young girls, not under 11 or over 15, who were well-fed and elegantly dressed. Two governesses and a dancing master were always in attendance, and to inflame their youthful senses they were encouraged to use the erotic library at their disposal containing such works as Cleland's *Fanny Hill*. The governesses instructed their wards in theoretical sex and kept a sharp eye peeled for masturbation, which was strictly forbidden by Miss Fawkland. To preserve the valuable virginity of these Lolitas admission to their charms was reserved for men over 60. The redoubtable Miss Fawkland had to satisfy herself beforehand as to their impotence—though how she went about this delicate matter history annoyingly does not relate. Lord Cornwallis and Lord Buckingham must have passed the test, as they were frequent callers at this temple of "platonic" love.

On reaching 16 the girls were transferred from this "first noviciate of pleasure" as Miss Fawkland called it, to the Temple of Flora, where they really earned their keep. Sheridan, Lord Hamilton, Lord Bolingbroke and Smollet were clients, and one of them described the inmates as "lively, merry, agreeable and indescribably sensual", which sounds as though Miss Fawkland's unique educational methods paid dividends.

Her Temple of Mystery, as its name implies, was reserved for secret orgies that would have delighted De Sade. Entry was forbidden to the girls in the other temples, for Miss Fawkland personally selected women for these debaucheries from specialized houses of perversion.

Before World War I San Francisco and New Orleans boasted some of the most elaborate and exotic brothels in the world. These "parlor" or "sporting" houses, fostering a spurious refinement and affected gentility, went in for opulent furniture, heavy gilt tables and chairs, plush sofas, thick pile carpets

and statuary. Often reproductions of erotic scenes hung on the walls alongside elaborately stitched mottoes, many of lofty moral tone, though a great favorite advised helpfully: "If At First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try, Again".

An indispensable parlor house feature was a coin-operated musical instrument, sometimes replaced on gala nights by a live pianist. Upstairs the bedroom ceilings and walls were covered with mirrors and the florid brass beds festooned with ribbons and rosettes. Voyeurs were encouraged with cunningly concealed peep-holes, a lucrative sideline for the house.

On San Francisco's oft-chronicled Commercial Street, the entertainment offered variety by acts between women and animals. At the Lively Flea the attraction was a turn involving a woman and a Shetland pony, which the customers declared good value for \$25. But that was before the earthquake, and by the turn of the century New Orleans was the acknowledged capital of U.S. prostitution. A contemporary observer described New Orleans as "the greatest brothel of all time", as thousands of white whores flocked into the city to join the inexhaustible supply of black and Creole girls.

The brothels were usually two-storied buildings with the madame's name prominently displayed outside, and through half-drawn Venetian blinds the naked merchandise could be inspected from the street. The police divided the red-light district into areas: the street of Jewish brothels, two for Italians and Slavs, one or more for Canadians, English, Irish, and Americans, black and white—only the Scots seem to have been left out in the cold. This was Storyville, closed down finally in 1917 by the U.S. Navy to protect the sailor's health and morals, and accelerating, incidentally, the exodus of hundreds of talented Creole and Negro jazz musicians who were to spread their music throughout the north.

Over in Europe, a brothel tour was a part of a young man's education for many past generations. That invaluable handbook for the pre-war bachelor in France, *Guide Intime des Plaisirs*, last published in 1939, advertised more than 200 brothels in Paris alone. The columns of the more frivolous pre-war French magazines were used extensively by the madames and, leafing through a 1936 copy of *Sourire*, one notes that Mme Yveline offered to present "beauty, intelligence and chic" to all-comers; seekers after the unusual were urged to try Mme Celia's joint where all desires could be realized—an enigmatic postscript recommended her Japanese speciality. For sex early in the day Mme D'Orsay was ready, willing and able to introduce you to her carefully selected friends from 10 a.m. on (eccentrics

catered for with pleasure, and two separate exits). The staff of Mme Louise's establishment received you clad in black stockings and tiny lace aprons only, while in the *Chaussée d'Antin* Her Imperial Highness and her friends awaited slaves who would prostrate themselves before their cruel beauty in fur-lined rooms and accede to their every whim (nettle treatment a speciality). "Come", pleaded Mme Roselyne on another page, "and experience some very rare sensations with my own special and secret process, which will leave you entranced and stupefied".

Mme Clyso simply advertised her novelties to gentlemen who could appreciate them. To the initiated the clue to the "novelty" offered here lies in the advertiser's name. The *clysopompe* or enema has haunted the sexual fantasies of the French for centuries. The tireless heroes and heroines of De Sade used it to heighten their sexual enjoyment; Francois Boucher glamorized its application in a famous picture, and it was common treatment for sanctifying nuns in the Middle Ages.

Through the ages the brothel-keeper has always enjoyed an important commercial advantage, which goes far to explain the survival of the institution: business never falls off in times of crisis or depression, and war is a positive bonanza. The New York madame, Polly Adler (*A House is Not a Home*), recounts how after the Wall Street crash she was astonished to find more clients in her classy New York house than she could cope with. The attentions of the vice squad forced Polly to move her premises constantly, and she must have envied conditions in France where it was then quite in order to address a letter to the Mayor and Corporation along the lines of the following genuine example, dated 1926, from the archives of a French town.

Gentlemen,


I have the honour to request permission to open a brothel in your town, to be run, of course, under the regulations laid down by the police morality department.

I can assure you, Gentlemen, that due to my long experience in the profession, my establishment would be conducted in impeccable fashion. Full references as to my respectability and honour are at your disposition. I would contribute 1,200 francs annually towards your charitable works.

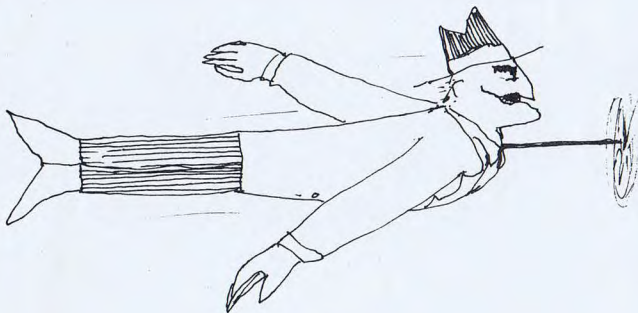
Please accept, Gentlemen, the assurance of my profound respect.

Your servant X

(war wounded, Military Medal, Croix de Guerre)

It is all there: competence, references, absolute submission to the law, perfect respectability, a charitable disposition and a war hero to boot. It is not on record whether the city fathers allowed this paragon of his profession to set up shop. 









# GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

## An overnight companion . . .

Frequent air travelers may wince at the mention of yet another air travel kit, but most dainty little toiletry cases for traveling are totally impractical. They seem to be designed mostly to befuddle customs inspectors. Often they contain such oddball items as baby powder, body shampoo and soap with a rope on it in case you want to hang yourself in the rest room at 40,000 feet. A few kits, of course, do make sense. Shulton has a Jet Set pack for \$2 that contains spray deodorant, after-shave and body talc, all in flattish, easy-to-pack unbreakable plastic containers. Fabergé has a Brut Flight Kit for \$15. In fancy simulated patent leather, it contains spray lotion,

creme shave, deodorant and a split of Brut. Flat and packable, it also has a jewelry compartment for cufflinks, studs and whatever.

One of the most practical buys in the league comes from the airline people themselves (Airline Textile Mfg Co, Box 477, Des Moines, Iowa 50302). It's called a RON Kit, \$4.98. A gorgeous Pucci-clad hostess presented one to me free on a recent Braniff-International flight to Buenos Aires, Argentina, and I recall saying to myself at the time; "This is what I call airline one-upmanship—it even has my name printed on it." Actually RON is a teletype and signals abbreviation for "Remain Over Night."

The kit, in soft, easy-to-clean plastic, contains a Schick injector razor, blade loader with four blades, after shave lotion, shave cream, toothbrush, toothpaste, comb, haircream and roll-on deodorant. In short, just what a man

needs for an over-night stay. (RON kits are also available for women.) Though designed for airlines, the kits make ideal gifts, and are perfect for unexpected guests in the home. You can keep one in the office, car briefcase, clubhouse locker or girlfriend's medicine cabinet.

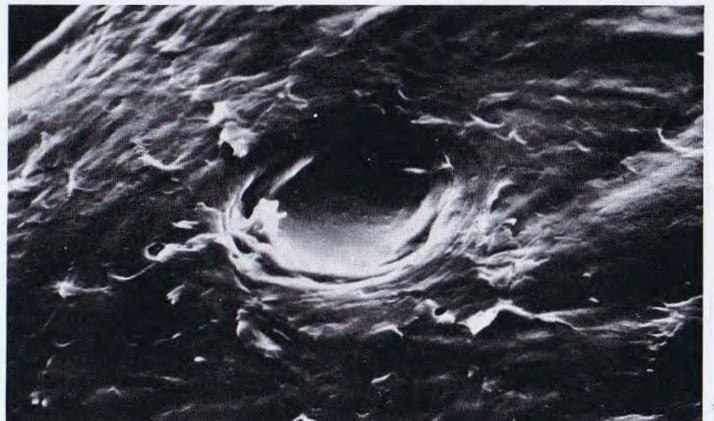
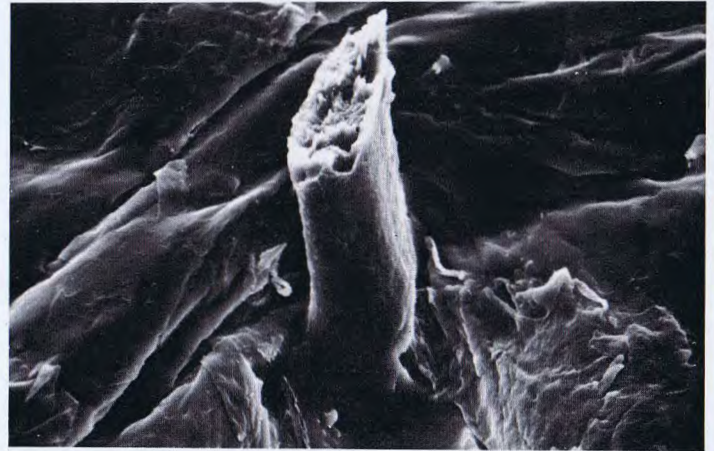
### HAIRLINE CASES

Fellow we know wears a toupee, but you'd never know it. He's perfected an anti-detection system. One week his hair is short. The next week, it's a little longer. The third week he looks badly in need of a haircut. Yep. Three toupees.

For men who don't wear toupees, but whose hair is thin enough to cause concern, there is a new hair-grooming product out called Thicket. A light emulsion that surrounds and coats each strand of hair, non-sticky Thicket gives the appearance of a fuller, thicker head of hair. Total homogenization keeps the



Airline kits like Brut's are as handy for stay-at-homes as travelers—useful for gifts, guests and girlfriend's place



Close-up via electron microscope of hair before (*top*) and after clean shave (*bottom*), as with Johnson's new Edge



hairs from sticking together, causing them instead to lay one on top of the other in layers. Thicket, which has no chemical effect on the hair, contains no grease, is completely water soluble and is safe to use as frequently as desired. It also does wonders for skimpy beards, moustaches and sideburns. A 3.5 ounce tube costs \$3.75.

#### TAN IS BEAUTIFUL

In the May issue we wrote that today's do-it-yourself tanning lotions were mostly for women, and a number of companies called us on it. Thus we learn that Shulton makes Old Spice Burly Bronzer, "The Instant Tan For Burly Guys". Also that Aramis has a four-part program to give every man a cool place in the sun. It includes tanning cream, waterproof sun gel, greaseless tanning lotion and an after-sun rub. One guards the man who spends his summer on the golf links or the tennis courts. Another is for active water sportsmen, swimmers, surfers and scuba-divers. And so on. Three of the products are designed to stop burning and pain while speeding up the tanning process. The fourth is for staying power.

#### RUB IN THE TUB

Did you know that fragrance for men goes all the way back to ancient Egypt when, like anything else, invention

grew from necessity? The area was hot, dry and dusty causing skin to crack and burn. It was soon discovered that oils and rendered animal fats not only helped heal the skin but prevented further irritation. Thus it began. Rich folks used fine almond, olive and sesame oils, while the poor people were less fragrant but equally comfortable with castor oil. Oil, like salt (from which the word salary is derived), was a necessity of life and became part of a worker's living wage.

Egyptians, by the way, never did anything halfway. Paintings found in ancient tombs reveal that at festive occasions swingers of the day, wearing fringed and pleated garments and high, curled and braided wigs, were served by slender nude women who heaped cones of fragrant ointment on their heads. As things progressed, the cones melted, oozing down to scent the wigs and garments.

Cleopatra is said to have drenched the sails of her barge with barrels of perfume so that the strong scent would announce her arrival long before she was seen. "So perfumed," says Shakespeare in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, "that the winds were love-sick."


#### PASSIONATE PORTENTS?

Dante is now marketing Staroscope Toiletries—12 distinctive colognes, \$4

each, every one a different scent and each in an individually colored bottle labeled with one of the 12 Zodiac signs. Born in March, I tried out a bottle of Pisces cologne and am almost positive I detected a faint odor of fish. But that's nothing. A friend of mine bought Taurus, the bull, and he says . . .

#### IN A LATHER

From the Johnson Company comes what is claimed to be the most anti-nick-and-pull shaving cream in existence—the slickest, slipperiest, fastest and smoothest. And Johnson should know what it's talking about. It's been making floor wax for years. Called Edge, the new shaving cream is unique for other reasons too. It comes out of its ordinary-looking aerosol can as a green gel. When smeared on the face, the gel is activated by body heat and immediately bursts into lather. Poof!

The shaving gel is packed separately, inside the can, in an accordion-like plastic bag. The propellant stays outside the bag. When the activating button is pressed, the propellant squeezes the bag and forces the gel out of the can. Poof! Poof! This way the customer is assured of getting all of the product out of the container. In other words, with the last drop the same consistency and quality as the first, Edge is good to the last squirt. 



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# COMPUTER AGE CULTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

communes. Generally, a commune consists of young people in their teens and twenties. White and mostly middle class, from perhaps six to 18 in number, they go to flower-filled farms far away from the cemented-over cities, leaving the constricted apartment homes of their nervous, unhappy parents. They want to experience communal living with a joyous extended family.

Allowances, savings, and goods are pooled. They hold their tempers, working on their karma to avoid reincarnation into, maybe, a cockroach. They listen to music, skinny-dip in the farm pond wearing only the standard peace apotropaic, cast each other's horoscopes, share sexual partners in some cases, use drugs when the mood is on them to come alive and maybe feel God inside themselves.

They chant *Hare Krishna/Hare Krishna/Krishna Krishna/Hare Hare/Hare Rama/Hare Rama/Rama Rama/Hare Hare* if they know how. Or they hum *Om*. This achieves a blending of "the best of Christian ethics—non-violence and love with the mind-expanding disciplines of Eastern faiths".

They have licked the 9-to-5 thing, the materialistic soap-and-water system of their plastic up-tight bourgeois parents. The girls grind flour to bake real bread daily and make the Pillsbury slogan (was it thought up in one of the company's encounter-session weekends?) their own: "Nothing says lovin' like something from the oven." The boys read Indian how-to-do-it books and build genuine teepees away from the main houses. They let their hair grow. For the first time since the soldiers in the trenches of World War I had cut theirs off to prevent lice infection, males had a new symbol of masculinity. And a quick way to tell everyone, friend and foe, what they stood for.

If the leader of the group is strong and orderly, the farm is clean and the work shared. If not, as at Dr Leary's well-known Millbrook, now no longer a commune, the house is never swept. Without a nagging mother-type organizer the sheets, where there are any, are never washed. Some end up doing all the drudgery, then stop doing it.

The communes always have names. *Oz* in Pennsylvania, *Eastern Chain* in New York State, *Hobbitland* north of San Francisco. There are hundreds of them across the country. Two monthlies are irregularly published about them. Soon, it is said, the hip press will print a Baedeker to locate them all. They are

in the vanguard of the turn-on-tune-in electronic tribal culture, children of the computerized Aquarian Age, dropped out first to show us the way to an alternative life style. They are the living, breathing indictment of the capitalistic American Dream. Something new under the American sun.

When they break up, for they seldom last six months, sympathetic news accounts from the *National Review* to *Time* say it is a victory for hypocritical, envious Babbitts. The Babbitts have "suppressed desires which they're afraid to satisfy," says sociology professor Allan Crane of the public's disapproving attitude towards the hippie communes.

In the underground community, some of the onus for failure falls upon Dr Leary. "He went around preaching LSD salvation like a goddam Protestant missionary," says Peter Leggeri, the 25-year-old former editor of one of the early drug-oriented papers, *The East Village Other*. "Kids began taking the stuff like gum drops and it turned them into vegetables. No wonder the country got scared. Leary is the only genius of my time, in my opinion, but he blew it."

The communes sometimes become the Sunday rubber-necking tour for nearby townspeople. Occasionally, a fellow from the town misplaces the love part of the group's publicly discussed free love principles and thinks something there is free for him, and is unpleasant. More times, foot-loose long-haired gypsies or runaway kids want to free-load. The police sometimes close the places on drug raids.

But harassment is not usually the reason the groups fall apart. Sometimes disease, caused by rats attracted to garbage-strewn sites, may decimate a commune. Rampant syphilis or gonorrhea often closes them. But not always. "Tensions got out of hand and we just went our separate ways," says a Jewish girl of 22 who lived for four months in *Forever Free*, far from any town, in New Mexico. "But I loved it. It was like a 24-hour group therapy session. There were 14 of us and when you begin to define yourself against so many people, you begin to understand who you are. I learned how to really meditate, to stop all thinking. You have to admit that thinking and reasoning has got us into the mess we're in. But we hadn't figured out how to support ourselves. We were talking of a weaving shop, and our money was running out."

What is missing in Judaism for her? "I can't worship God in a synagogue. It's too confining. I felt much closer to God running naked through the mountain forest in New Mexico."

Nearer my God to thee in the altogether has a long American tradition. "Mary Lincoln and her best friend Flavilla Howard, set forth at nightfall to scale the neighboring mountain through

slippery mud and driving rain." The year is 1833. The place is Brimfield, Mass. "At dawn, they threw their clothing from them as they ran to stand naked on the summit calling upon Jehovah to stay his avenging bolts."

The account is from the still incredible story of the Oneida, N.Y. commune in *Listen for a Lonesome Drum*, a perfect the - more - things - change - the - more-they-remain-the-same set of true tales. It was written in 1936 by Carl Carmer. He describes six other cults of the period flourishing in "a hilly strip scarcely twenty-five miles wide" across the state of New York, "a broad psychic highway, a thoroughfare of the occult".

The shaking Quakers, the Mormons, the Jemimaks, the Millerites, the Harrisites, the Spiritualists—by one historian's count the Oneida "Christian Communists" were but one of at least 160 groups (out of a population in the first half of the 19th century that was one-eighth of what it is today) who went out into the American wilderness where the grass is greener, doing their own establishing of their particular vision of a New Jerusalem.

Those earlier Americans abandoned scrubbed villages, not filthy megalopolises; large families, not atomized ones; craft work, not assembly lines.

Yet, unless the cult was able to develop into a sect or an accepted religion, those communes failed for the same reason as modern ones. Apparently, you can't keep them down on the farm grooving on religion and sex. The requirements seem to be leadership, organization, and work.

Oneida did survive until it converted into a capitalist cutlery business and married its members. The first and only community dedicated to eugenically planned children, Oneida, inspired by the religious vision of a 20-year-old, had no marriages for 38 years among its 280 members. Each was available to every-one of the opposite sex, copulation requiring the permission of the couple involved and the Central Committee. They produced 58 children of which 54 were planned by the Committee, an extraordinary accomplishment in birth control for a century ago. They organized and worked so well that they prospered mightily—but it was a bit much for the 19th century. The couples had to pair off in 1879 and marry for the sake of the children and their shares in the business.

The death of the Oneida commune may be said to have been a victory for the church. In today's grievous times, times when citizens have ever turned to the solace of organized religion, only 43 per cent of all Americans went to church in the late '60s, down a full six per cent from 1958. That is only about two in every five.

The political young take the content of their Sunday school lessons out into

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



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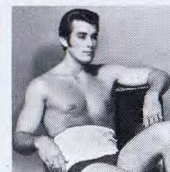
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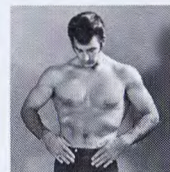
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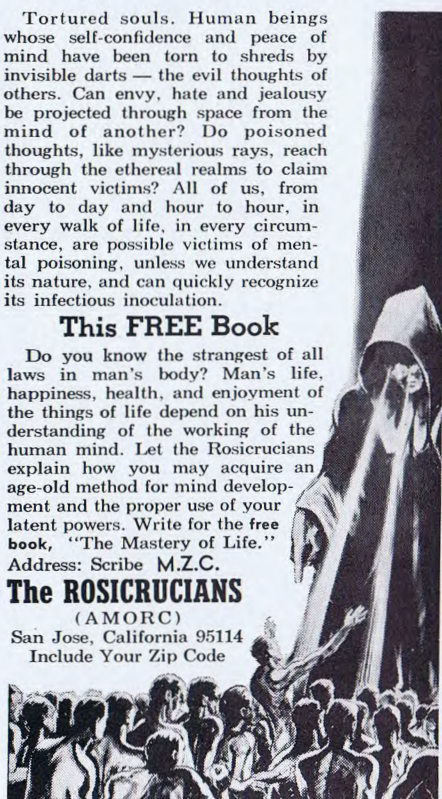
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the world attempting to solve social problems the Western churches have themselves defined. These young people never look to the I Ching, Ouija boards, astrology, or any other childish game for guidance because they know themselves and their society to be responsible for the world's condition, not their stars. But after joining the civil rights movement, the radical student movement, the anti-war movement—all institutions outside the rectory—there is nothing left in church on Sunday morning to hold their interest any longer. They label their churches irrelevant or worse, hypocritical.

However, the youngsters who are non-politically oriented, those who flee the new expressive cults, find the forms of their own churches and synagogues frozen instead of flexible, lacking in feeling, and drama. Lacking in personal involvement or care. They, too, label their churches irrelevant and hypocritical, yet they seek a religious experience as the path to awareness. Names like McCoy, McElroy, Clarke, Anderson, and Cohen make up the list of contributors to the Zen Mountain Center.

A curious paradox: at the very time when the obscure Latin liturgy has been discarded in the name of rationality, cults chanting nonsense syllables are sprouting. One Japanese chanting sect now has 170,000 members (up from 30,000 in 1960) in the United States. Called Soka Gakkai, it requires little more than zealous repetition of *Nam-myoho-enge-kyo*. You chant until you feel satisfied.

Many other universalist-type Eastern religions are taking hold here in a modest way. They may well reach as many converts as some of the unusual Christian sects. With half the country, or 100 million people, now under the age of 27.7, even a small percentage is a very large number of people. There is Bahá'í from Persia based on Sufi principles like this one: "Not one of the masters came with the thought of forming an exclusive community, or to give a certain religion. They came with the message from the one and the same God. Whether the message was in Sanskrit, Hebrew, Zend, or Arabic it had one and the same meaning". Any sect with that underlying principle is probably Sufi.

Gurdjieff's Russian mystic cult is a Sufi-inspired system. It trains converts in elaborate dervish dances, sometimes performed on the Enneagram, a circle with a nine-pointed star inside it, that is the mnemonic key to all knowledge. Gurdjieff disciples, now in some half-dozen small institutes around the country, say they recapture the authentic religious experience of the ancient days when dancing was always part of religious ritual.

Still another Sufi sect is Subud, which

came out of Indonesia and has attracted the kind of Protestant who was raised in Pentecostal Christianity. The central experience of Subud, the Latihan, is a quiet time that starts some off to glossolalia, speaking in strange tongues, while others are moved to dervish dancing.

Subud, like all the Eastern philosophies, teaches a universality that troubles the Orthodox Christian. "Here is a means of worship which is pure content and has no form of its own," says one Subud primer. "Like water it is therefore able to fill the shape of the Christian vessel, the Muslim jar, the Buddhist flask and even the pagan pot."

If all this sounds like the church-opposed brotherhood of Masonry, that is as it should be. Masonic rituals, words, terms, and all the rest were often Sufi. For instance, this Masonic poem:

*The one great God looked down and smiled*

*And counted each his loving child,  
For Turk and Brahman, Monk and Jew,*

*Had reached Him through the God he knew.*


The theology magazines won't find many better bridges than that. And how odd to find it in a country whose motto is still *In God We Trust* while most of its population uses the churches merely for rites of births, weddings and funerals.

Actually, much of what calls itself a new life style is neither new, nor a style one would choose freely in other circumstances. Many—probably most—so-called communes are arrangements for coping with the high cost of living in America. Shared quarters have always been the way out for the poor.

Cities are also notoriously inefficient places for people to meet each other. "I don't like to go to bars," said an Ohio girl who was miserably lonely in New York for almost a year until she found the variety of cult activity in town. "Now I go to a Spiritualist church one night a week, to Synanon Singles another night, and to the Subud Latihan a third night. It scarcely costs anything."

Amateurs guiding amateurs, and amateurs alone can be tragically destructive. They understand so little of the truly depressed, the anxious, the sado-masochists. How is the tarot death card handled if one really believes that it shows what is fore-ordained? Is it turned into a self-fulfilling prophecy?

Consider what Eileen Garrett, the famous British medium whose occult powers she could never explain, said a long time ago about the people attracted to astrology and phony supernatural namby-pamby. She called it "The Fascist Impulse and warned against cults whose leaders spoke of "God in me".

The public rigmarole of a quaint cult, now as then, can be a long way from what it's really all about. 



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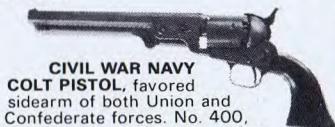


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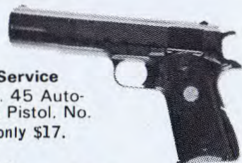
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## PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

is making flack over nothing. Masters and Johnson, in their study of humans in actual intercourse, stated that although the women seemed to prefer a penis that most conformed to their individual vaginas, nevertheless the size of the penis had no recordable effect on their satisfaction. Other experts hailed this as proof of the old maxim: what a man does with his penis is far more important to the woman than its size. L.M.C. would do best to heed that advice and forget about measurements. Women don't always say what they mean, and perhaps L.'s wife is really trying to tell him his size requires more effort on his part.—H.L. (name and address withheld), Forest Hills, New York.

I am glad that a liberal magazine such as Penthouse exists. I feel that a free discussion of facts and philosophies about sex is essential to developing a frank, healthy attitude towards this integral aspect of human experience.

I would appreciate it greatly if you would expand my sexology knowledge by answering the following questions: 1. What is the average length and diameter of a normal adult penis? 2. What is the largest known penis and when and by whom was this fact documented? 3. Is there any relationship between height or body structure to the size of the penis? 4. Is there any relationship between the secondary sex characteristics of a man (such as a heavy beard or a hairy chest) and the size of his penis? 5. Is there any difference in the size of the penis according to race? 6. Is there a direct correlation between the size of the flaccid penis and the size of the erect penis? 7. How important is the size of the penis in producing an orgasm in a woman?—D.B. (name withheld), University of Iowa, Iowa 52240.

*A Penthouse sexologist replies: 1. Refer to figures quoted in letter from H.L., foregoing. 2. No reliable documentation on this point. 3. Tendency is for all organs to be proportionate to build. 4. No research known on this point. 5. Same as for 3. 6. No. 7. Not important—Ed.*

#### Manhandling

In your March Forum, I read the letter from W.J. I cannot speak for all men, of course, but as for myself I must disagree with W.J. In my experience I have found that most girls have been very willing to satisfy me "by hand". In fact many seemed to be fascinated by it. I must add that I am of average size and appearance in that respect. I am easily aroused and have asked to be satisfied first. The girls seem to be very ready and willing to do so. I sometimes manipulate my partner at the same time she is manipulating me. The most rewarding method I have found is to bring my partner to a climax, then she brings me to a climax, after which I again bring her to a climax.

I would also like to add that several girls I know would not have intercourse but would indulge in stimulation "by hand". On several occasions I have outright asked a girl to satisfy me. Most have agreed to, even though the only contact they had before was touching my organ

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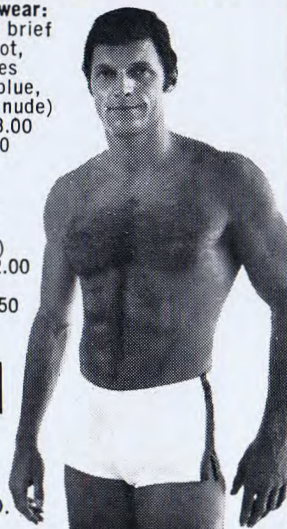
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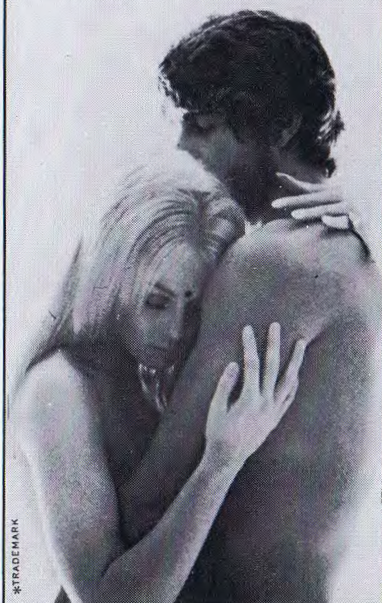
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through clothing. They are satisfied to see me satisfied. On a few occasions I have had to make them stop, for fear of them damaging my sex organ.—M.L. (name and address withheld), Norfolk, Va.

### Special preference

Your magazine has been a pleasant change for me and I appreciate your efforts in bringing us a truly sophisticated and thoroughly enjoyable format. It has been gratifying to find a publication that doesn't shy away from readers' letters concerning their personal sexual desires and practices, when they are unusual or bizarre in nature. I know that I am not alone in my special preference, so I must be the only one of your readers willing to admit to the practice. I refer to the use of enemas as preliminary stimulants to other sexual activities.

I started this when very young and at that time followed the enemas with masturbation. As I grew older and had experience of intercourse, I developed a strong desire for a woman's participation in the process. It was several years before I had a relationship deep enough to allow me to broach the subject. When I finally did, I was surprised to find her willing to experiment, even though she didn't quite understand what it was all about. The experience was mutually enjoyable and it became a regular part of our sexual relationship.

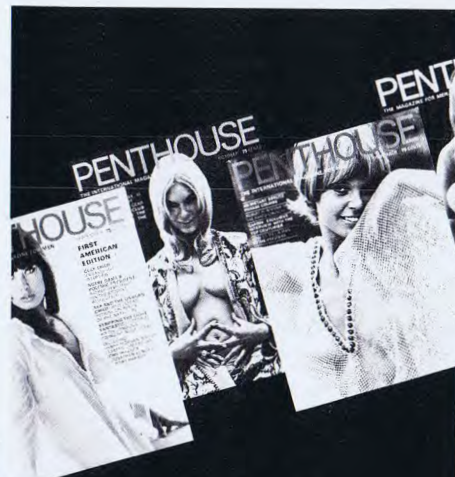
Since that time I have learned to recognize the signs of anal eroticism in women and have had no problems in choosing receptive partners. Several of them related their own experiences to me and I now believe that the practice is more common than most would think. There is as much pleasure derived from giving an enema to a responsive woman as there is from receiving one from her. The enema also makes possible other forms of anal activity without any need for concern with hygiene.

Enemas are used for the same reasons people submit to flagellation or bondage. They create excitement because of the intimate nature of physical contact. A certain sadistic element is satisfied when administering an enema and any masochistic element is satisfied when receiving one, so a student of Freud would have a field day explaining this one. Enemas are not harmful to the body when given properly, so they are far less punishing than whipping or bondage. In my opinion, when they are used to *increase* one's satisfaction from intercourse, masturbation, fellatio, or cunnilingus, and not as a substitute for these activities, there can be no danger psychologically in using them.

Thank you for many hours of pleasure through your excellent magazine. I look forward to the very certain and rapid growth of your enterprise in the United States.—C.A. (name and address withheld), Georgia.

### Erotic omens

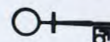
I was very pleased to see the letter from James Atkinson (March) about small-breasted women being sexier. My bust measurement is only 32 inches and as I have a fairly broad back, that means nothing at all. My husband says he would need a microscope to find my breasts, and I used to get depressed about this. Then last year we almost split up when he had an affair with another woman, a real Marilyn Monroe type. Now, thank goodness, we are together again and he assures me that, despite her 38-inch measurement, she wasn't nearly as sexy as me.—Mrs C.G. (name and address withheld), Plainview, N.Y.



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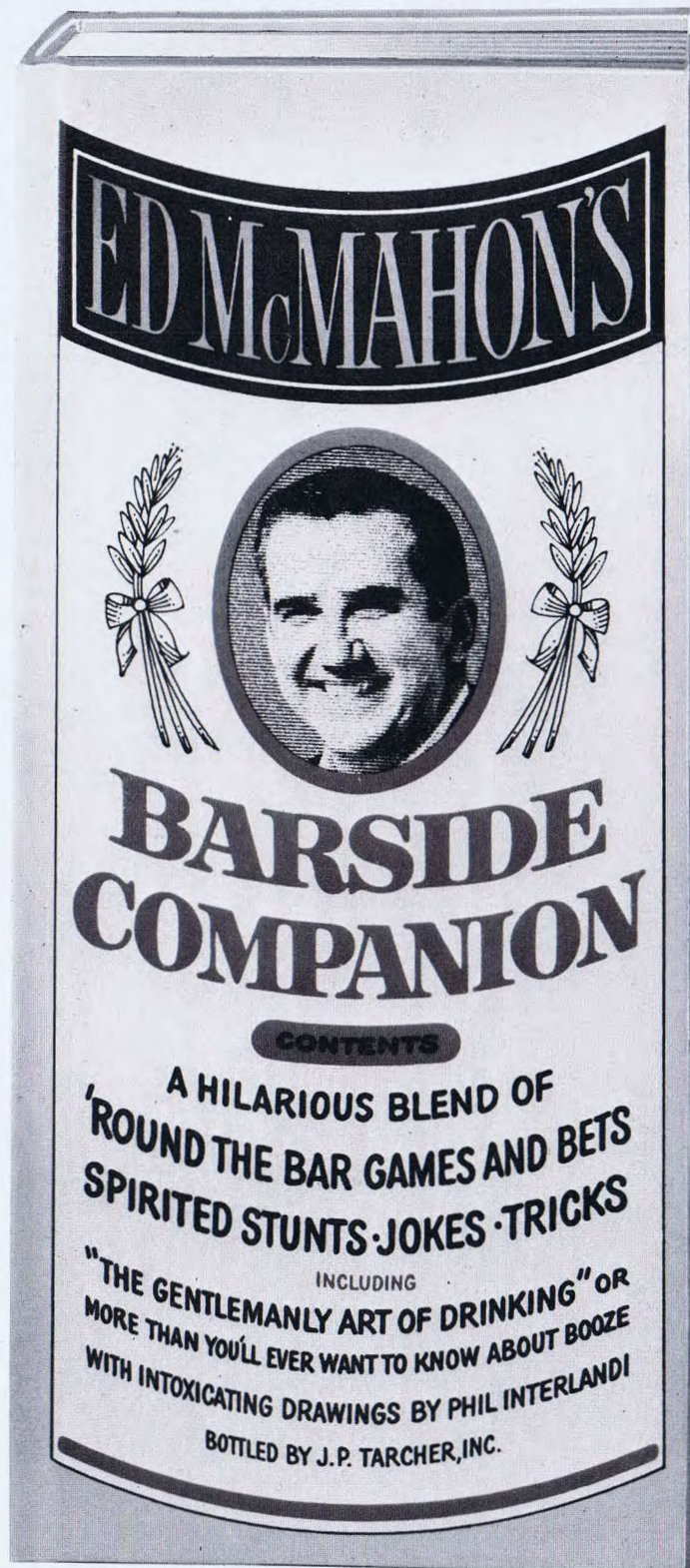
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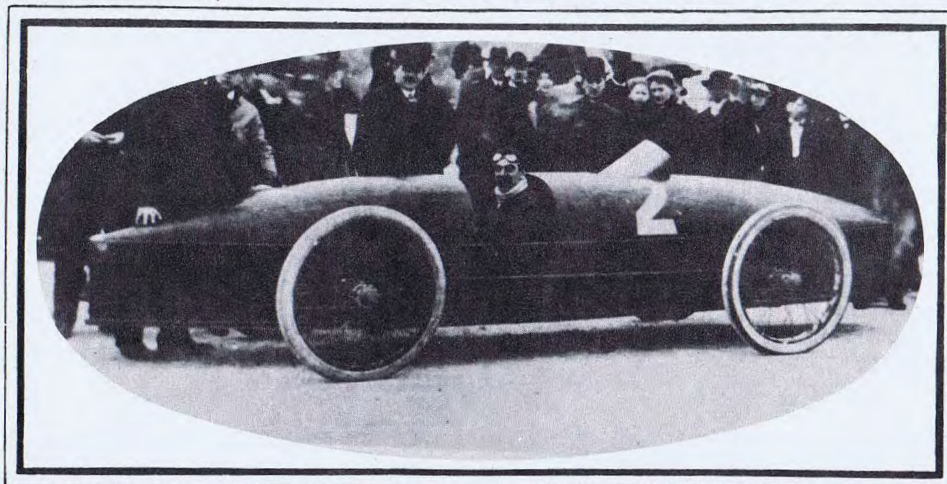


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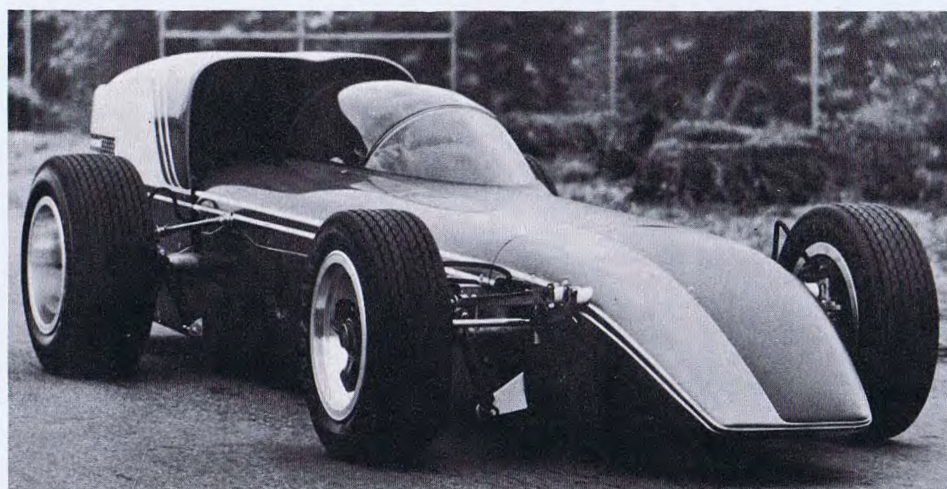




# FACT & FICTION ABOUT STEAM



*Stanley Rocket, holder of world land speed record in 1906 with steam-powered 127.66 mph*



*Autocoast steam car built for new world land speed record attempt by designer Skip Hedrich*

Old-timers in the automobile business still tell the stories about the fabulous steamers. How Fred Marriott drove a Stanley to a world's record of 127.66 mph at Ormond Beach, Florida on January 28th, 1906. How he crashed and barely survived in a subsequent run at an even higher but untimed speed. How the factory then offered a \$25,000 reward to anyone who would hold a Stanley wide open for one minute. How the petroleum industry succeeded, by some nefarious method, in causing the less desirable internal combustion engine to become dominant in the market-place...

Automotive historians have proven conclusively that the Stanley firm never offered such a challenge—as a matter of fact the Stanley brothers were so disturbed by the terrible accident that they never again entered or countenanced such activity. As for the rapid ascendancy of the internal combustion power plant, the truth is that this form

of motive power got there because it was a more practical form than either steam or electricity. Steam cars in the early 1900s were even more unreliable than the clanking gasoline engines of the period, and their operation and maintenance took a lot of knowledge as well as patience. It is absolutely not true that the steam car owner had to have an engineer's licence to operate it (no such law ever existed in any state) but he did need, as one said, more than average know-how with machinery.

The final blow to both steam and electric power was their limited cruising range. The gasoline car could easily cover 100 or more miles without stopping for fuel or other attention. The steam car had to have water every 30-40 miles and the limit with battery power was about 25 miles. So the mechanical-explosion engine triumphed, and by 1915 it was a fairly refined design with remarkable reliability.

Today it's a whole new ball game. The

internal combustion engine is under attack, even by the President of the United States. Its manufacturers are beset by increasing demands for emission controls. Smog is the enemy and the name of the game is to eliminate it by squelching the ICE (*Internal Combustion Engine*). On the basis of current technology, the ECE (*External Combustion Engine*) system shows promise of immediate relief from undesirable emissions.

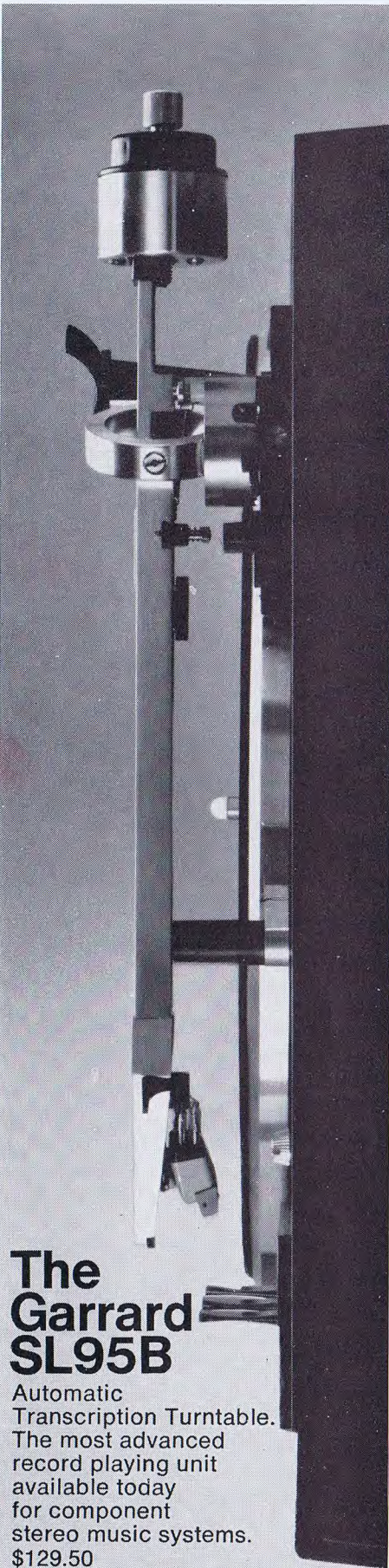
But the term "immediate" needs qualification. The ECE systems can be divided into two categories; steam and the gas turbine. Passenger car turbines were pioneered by British Rover on an experimental basis in 1950, but Chrysler's bold move in 1966 (building 50 test sedans) undoubtedly put them ahead of competition. The gas turbine engine, with its external combustion, meets all the current and projected emission standards, but its widespread usage remains doubtful for many technical reasons, not the least of which is cost—both in fuel consumption and manufacture. As for a steam ECE system the new generation of steam entrepreneurs make some pretty wild claims. A firm in California, one of at least a dozen in the US known to have research-and-development programs on steampower, recently cited the following items:

1. Our 5-cyl engine weighs 330 lb, develops 360 horsepower and is capable of speeds up to 300 mph.
2. The car will go about 28% further on a tank of fuel—about 30 miles to the gallon of kerosene.
3. Power is instant. You can roar from zero to 120 mph in 4.5 seconds.
4. Engine noise is barely a whisper.
5. Engine speed at 60 mph is only 70 rpm compared to 3,200 rpm for most Detroit ICE engines.
6. Maintenance costs will be five times less and you'll need a valve job once every 25 years.
7. Market price of a steam engine assembly would be two-thirds that of an ICE engine, transmission and brakes.

Let us examine these seven claims. The engine of a steam car is a relatively minor problem; a piston-type is generally conceded to be the best solution but too many R&D projects are spinning their wheels on unconventional crank-and-cylinder configurations. The simple four-cylinder steam engine by the unapproachable Williams brothers of Ambler, Penn. is most astute and more than ample. The size and weight of the engine can be modest but the bulk of the complete power-plant with boiler, condenser and all accessories will equal if not exceed the 900 lb of a conventional V-8 with automatic transmission.

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140 mph, nothing like the ridiculous figure quoted. Fuel consumption is a function of overall efficiency for any power-plant. With steam, the efficiency is a function of pressure and temperature, the higher the better. Something around 1000 psi and 1000°F are the usual minimum figures for steam to equal a gasoline car's fuel consumption of 15 miles per gallon. Thermodynamic calculations at higher pressures and temperatures show improved fuel economy but in practice 1000 psi and 1000°F is near the top limit for a steam plant which can be built at reasonable cost.

Claims 3 and 4 are contradictory and ridiculous. An acceleration rate of zero to 60 (half the speed mentioned) in 4.5 seconds is the absolute best that can be achieved by a passenger car, because of wheelspin.

Engine speed on the road is not really important and the figures quoted in item 5 are grossly exaggerated. Most steam engines are designed to run at wheel speed: 700 to 800 revolutions per mile. Modern V-8 engines turn 2,600-2,800 revolutions per mile, not 3,200. The steam engine can run at any rate per mile desired; the only important design change is the size of the pistons. If you want low revs per mile use larger pistons (or more of them).

Steam does offer some potential for lower maintenance costs but the claim of "five times less" is absurd. So long as water is used in the system there will be expensive and frequent boiler maintenance problems. Scale in the form of lime and calcium deposits form rapidly unless distilled water is used. Unfortunately distilled water is not practical in a high-powered steam car because a condenser system (*i.e.* radiator) capable of converting all the exhaust steam back to water at wide open throttle would have to be at least 4 times as large as required for a 360 bhp V-8. This being impractical, the 360 bhp steamer would lose some of its water when full power is turned on.

Water poses a further maintenance problem in that it has no lubricating qualities. Thus the fuel pumps in particular suffer and it is usual to add a small quantity of oil to the working fluid. Unfortunately the oil reduces to carbon at high temperature and further corrodes the boiler system.

Several research-and-development projects are using mysterious fluids in place of water. These solve the boiler contamination problem but impose limitations on usable pressure and temperature. Hence efficiency tends to be low and the maximum output is limited to what the condenser can handle. In other words about 100-125 maximum horsepower and 10-12 miles per gallon is all one can expect from the so-called "vapor" systems.


Maintenance is further complicated by the array of auxiliary devices necessary with steam power. Some of these, like the burner fuel and air pumps, must function during the warm-up period. These are usually operated by battery power, then switched over to drive by mechanical means when the engine is turning, or sometimes driven by a small exhaust steam turbine. It adds up to more batteries, multiple pumps for various purposes, and a complex electric or electronic control system—all with unknown service and maintenance problems. In short, cost of maintenance with steam isn't going to be any cheaper—more likely it will be higher.

Now we come to the manufacturing cost of a steam car. Inventors are notorious for under-estimating the cost of their pet idea. Steam proponents are among the worst. No one with any practical manufacturing experience and a knowledge of what constitutes a complete steam system would be so foolish as to estimate the cost at less than current automotive power. Of course, cost must be tied in with production quantities, but even the most optimistic guesses by manufacturing people suggest adding \$1,000 to the price tag.

If indeed steam cars are smogless, which appears correct, the additional cost will have to be accepted and absorbed by John Q. Public. But Detroit is optimistic about developing smogless gasoline ICE power at an added cost that appears to be substantially less than for ECE, either steam or gas turbine.

The most widely publicized steam-car project is an object lesson in itself, namely that of William Lear of Reno, Nevada, who announced in 1968 a 10-million dollar budget for development work on steam. By the spring of 1969 Lear Motors were beginning to realize that "the impossible takes a little longer." On November 20th, 1969, Mr Lear gave a speech in Los Angeles before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, admitting that he had spent \$5.5 million so far. Though vehemently denying that he was giving up, he made a realistic analysis of his project to date, and explained in detail where the money went and what the problems were. They were concentrating on two projects, a steam car for the California Highway Patrol and a bus for the San Francisco Municipal Transit system. The latest from the ebullient man is that he is abandoning steam completely, but this could change.

It appears fairly certain that someone will make steam cars available in limited quantities in the near future, but the ICE will continue supreme for at least another ten years.

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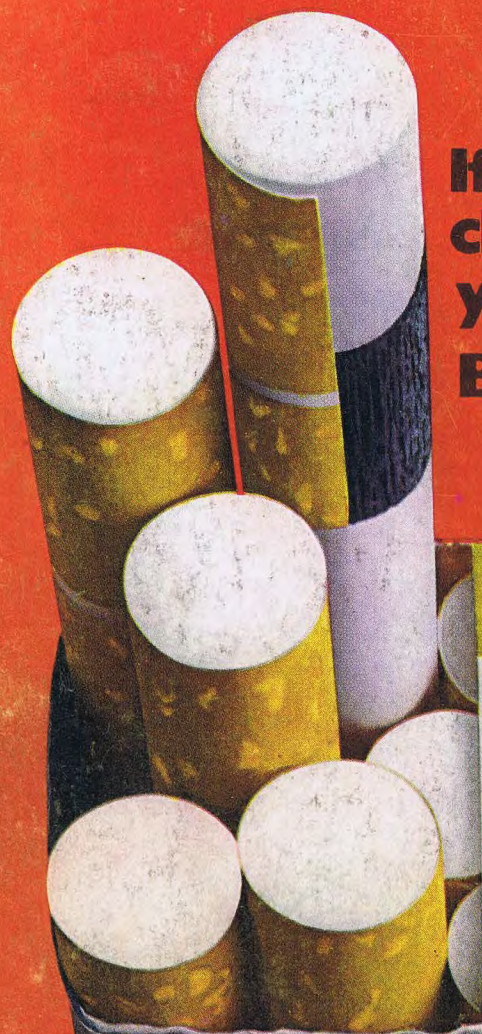


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