

PENTHOUSE



THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
© FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER
75 CENTS

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

ARE YOU BEING
WATCHED?:
THE MENACE OF
SECRET SURVEILLANCE

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IN ENGLISH: THE
MAN AND HIS
BANNED WORKS

VALLEY OF
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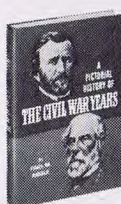
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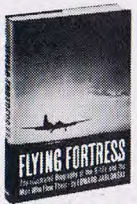
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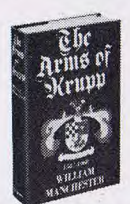
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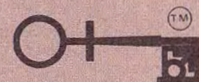
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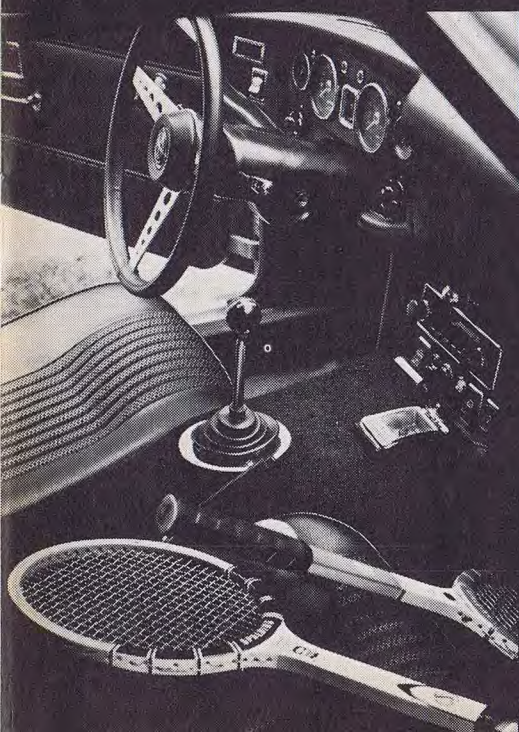
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HOUSECALL

OUR SECOND FIRST

Traditionally, the purpose of an anniversary is to celebrate an association of one sort or another that has endured for a given period of time and in some measure profited all those who are party to it. In our case, the association is between a magazine and its readership—between you and us—the given period is one year, and the measure of mutual profitability is one that our success alone might modestly substantiate. If Penthouse has captured and maintained the imagination of its readership, then its readership has in turn captured and maintained the imagination of Penthouse. What we have taken we have tried to return with interest—what we have given, you have rewarded with continuing and growing patronage. This issue, therefore, could be considered an anniversary tribute to friendship. That a single annum has passed is not so important as *how* it has passed—and it has passed well, in friendship, pride and success.

Unlike any other journal we know, Penthouse has had the curious advantage of enjoying two first anniversaries. Four years ago our still fledgling enterprise, barely airborne, was struggling uncertainly into its second year. Advertising was scarce, funds were meagre, but hopes, grit and bone-headed determination abounded in our ramshackle three-story London tenement. But where the efforts were great the rewards were greater. There was much satisfaction, for example, in knowing that our first year in publishing saw Penthouse

achieve newsstand sales that no other British quality publication had ever achieved before—or in knowing that our mercilessly undercapitalized and hairpin operation had not only taken on but already surpassed our established American colossus-rival, *Playboy* (then the biggest-selling men's magazine in Britain).

We were on our home ground of course, and we had all the preemptive advantages of time, topicality and domestic interest, but victory, however small, provides its own best propellant. It was at that time, four years ago, that we first turned our attention to the competition-ravaged American newsstands.

What we have since achieved is amply documented elsewhere. Brand Rating Index—an independent consumer research organization—gives the American Penthouse readership *a younger, more affluent and better-educated profile than either Playboy's or Esquire's*—testimony indeed to the wisdom of those earlier if somewhat precocious visions of Penthouse in America. On the sales front, Penthouse is moving steadily upward, almost doubling the audited circulation of its first U.S. edition in one year, with reliable indications of even greater increases in '71.

All in all, our *second* first anniversary has much of the sentiment, fun and flavor of thanksgiving of our *first* first anniversary four years ago. Nor has time mellowed our ability to look forward as eagerly as if nothing had ever happened before—as if everything were about to happen for the first time ever.—**B.G.**



THOMAS



GUNTHER

An unusual feature in this month's Penthouse is a chance to eavesdrop on young writers discussing the subject dearest to their hearts: their work. Chaired by writer-critic R. V. Cassill—who looks forward to next month's publication by Bernard Geis of his highly heralded novel *Doctor Cobb's Game*—the Penthouse Symposium musters six writers on the way up, and lets them talk shop. One of the six, **Geoffrey Wolff**, was picked by *Life* this summer for a page on books "too good to be ignored". The first novel that won him this distinction—the more flattering in that Wolff is book editor from the rival stable, *Newsweek*—was *Bad Debts* (Simon & Schuster), described as "a very funny... long character sketch". The author of our fiction ration, by contrast, is an established storyteller, top-name playwright **Garson Kanin**, whose works include *Born Yesterday*, the screenplay of *It Should Happen to You*, and jointly with his wife, actress Ruth Gordon, *A Double Life*, *Adam's Rib*, and *The Marrying Kind*. Another contributor hardly needing introduction is **Max Gunther**, remembered for his fast-buck formula in our March issue. Few things, of course, are more serious than making money, but Gunther has picked one of them for his present piece, a restrained but disturbing account of the increase in police surveillance of those believed to hold dissenting opinions in politics. As Gunther tells, he personally received a mysterious approach to give undercover help in these operations. Newcomers to men's magazines, striking a suitably cosmopolitan note, are French cartoonist **Colos**, and British author **Donald Thomas**. Colos, a prolific illustrator based in the U.S. this past year, was responsible for Simon & Schuster's *Pocket Book of Bridge Puzzles*, and he extends the card theme in his Penthouse debut. Thomas, whose first book of poems, *Points of Contact*, won him the Eric Gregory Award in Britain, is the stylish and scholarly author of a history of British censorship, and of numerous radio scripts. His study of the classic French erotic dialogue, *L'Ecole des Filles* (1655) is to be published by Odyssey Press.

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.

Bustin' out all over

I look forward to every issue of your truly fine magazine with eager anticipation, but may I say you have outdone yourselves with the June issue. Miss Britt Lindberg is the most beautiful piece of femininity I have ever had the pleasure of laying my eyes on. If this is what that young lady looks like at 17 I can hardly wait for the June 1975 issue! Congratulations on a truly fine magazine.—*Sp4 Ronald B. Corn, HHC USAAGS, Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana 46216.*

Height of bliss

While reading your June issue, my friend and I had a dispute over the height of your mind-bending young lady, Britt Lindberg. I think she is at least 5 ft 6 ins tall, while he argues that she is no taller than 5 ft 4 ins. Would you please settle this bet, by printing the young lady's correct height. We would also like to know the title of her movie. Avid readers—*Jim Swarick and Bill Harvey, Orange, Calif.*

Your friend wins. Britt stands 5 ft 4 ins shoeless. Re the film, it's Swedish and is not for foreign distribution.—Ed.

Ad addicts

My girlfriend and I fell in love with two male advertisement models in your June issue. We want to know if these men are for real, or just pretty paintings. One beautiful specimen is on page 1 advertising Lee Leens, and the second is on page 88 advertising Timberline English Leather cologne. We could never figure out why there aren't more of these handsome men on TV and in books. Is it possible to see these two again in your magazine?

We also enjoyed the article on obscene telephone calls. I've had several of these breathing calls. The magazine is most enjoyable and interesting. Thank you very much.—*Just a couple of men-watchers.*

Both specimens vouched for as real, girls.—Ed.

Morgan capped

Henry Morgan's *Mother F***ers Unite* (June) was an excellent display of his natural cynicism, and this cynical approach is certainly less praiseworthy than the aspirations of those he joyfully denounces. His observations may be viewed, I believe, in the same manner neo would view those of Mr. Al Capp.

It's too bad your entertaining magazine should play host to another insecure "professional".—*Darlene Drummer, Spring Street, Seymour, Conn.*

Black is beautiful

I agree with Janet, N. Carolina, (June) that black is beautiful. But may I ask how many

white men disappointed her? If she ever dropped by to California I'd be glad to make her change her mind! It's not fair to judge by two or five or 100 men. I've met frigid girls but that doesn't mean all girls are frigid! —*S.F. Kashou, Daly City, California.*

Consumer report

I don't know if this small letter will be welcome or not, but I felt I should drop you a line and let you know what I think of your magazine. At present I'm stationed in the Republic of Vietnam and have just completed ten months in the field. Since I've been in the rear I've seen two issues of Penthouse.

The beautiful girls, complemented by the photography, surpass *Playboy* and every other men's magazine I've seen. The *Playboy* girls are too plastic, they're the same each month. The girls in Penthouse are naturally beautiful and radiate femininity in each picture.

My compliments on an excellent magazine. I hope you continue in the quality and I'll be sure to read it when I get back to the world.—*A reader with a good eye! Stephen R. Hunn, 101st ABN Div, APO San Francisco 96383.*

It's welcome, alright.—Ed.

Casualty of war

I am writing this letter from Vietnam, in my bunker home 13 feet under ground. I am assigned from my Signal Company to a ranger unit up here and I am the team's radio man. We are out in the bush often and sometimes longer than we intend to be. There is no PX near us and no book store within 60 miles of us now, and I can't even buy any cigarettes to smoke because all the boys in Base Camp get 'em all before I can get down to buy any, so I have four cigarettes a day out of my C-rations.

It's bad enough up here with all that but some crummy punk coward has stolen my only prize, the one thing that kept me living day to day. Yes, the bum stole my beloved Janet, my little Janet Pearce. It's no joke, sir, I loved that picture—it was my life.

If I'm crazy it's because we airborne rangers are a little crazy anyway to do what we do out in the bush.—*Sgt. S. W. Mitchell, 298th Sig. Co. 1st Bde., 6th Inf. Div., APO San Francisco, Calif.*

We'll see if we can find you an old tearsheet of your lost beloved, Sergeant.—Ed.

Executive sweet

Our increasingly technological society has meant that more and more men and women are thrown together in offices, with the result that the "office romance" is perhaps the primary source of pair-bonding—permanent or transitory—in the mid-20th century.

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As a young male junior executive in a large New York advertising firm, I may say that I have amassed, over the last two years, considerable experience of this. Sex with male members of the staff is so taken for granted among the secretaries here that two of them admit to a contest between them as to which will seduce a new staff addition first! I understand that this attitude towards office sex is by no means limited to my own particular outfit. A guy I roomed with at college, who works for another ad agency, claims there is one secretary in his building who, during her lunch hour, is given to performing fellatio at the back of the 3rd floor cloakroom! I'm planning to drop round there one of these days, just to find out if he is exaggerating!—*Arthur J. (name and address withheld), Manhattan, N.Y.*

Wives and wherefores

What with all that has been/is being written about the allegedly increasing practice of wife-swapping, you'd think that *somewhere* a guy would be able to get some practical information as to the *how* of the thing.

My wife and I have been married (more or less happily) for ten years, but perhaps inevitably our sexual desires for one another have cooled over the years. Recently we have both thought that a bit of wife-swapping and/or group sex might rekindle our appetites. But the problem is, how in hell do you go about it?

Often with married friends we have tried to hint at the subject, hoping that the others would "hint back", as it were, and a workable (or rather, playable) understanding might be reached. But so far we have been up against a stone wall—either our friends are shy and scared of the idea or they are downright thick between the ears.

I would say that my wife and I are pretty average, normal Americans, so the same thoughts of sexual experimentation must occur to thousands of other couples. But how to break the ice of inhibition and get in touch (literally!) with them?—*Harry and Martha C. (name and address withheld), Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.*

White is beautiful, too

As a negro girl (age 20) I read with great interest the letter from the Vassar-educated white Miss Janet in your June Forum. She states she prefers black men in bed, and makes claims about staying power, ability to satisfy their partner, strong erotic orientation, etc.

Well, I'm black, and guess I've been to bed with more black men than Janet and I'll say she's kidding herself. Black men are just like other men, and plenty make lousy lovers! Sure, they tend to be sex-conscious but this only makes them impatient. So they're inclined to hurry what ideally is a long, beautifully drawn-out experience. A black man was the original "wham-bam, thank you ma'am" partner.

I don't want to upset black militants or anything, but as far as lovemaking goes, I'll settle for a "whitey" any time. And believe you me, I'm not theorizing.—*Thelma G. (name and address withheld), Palo Alto, Calif.*

Departmental stocktaking

I always had the impression that Henry Morgan was one of the truly gifted humorists of our time—in the classic tradition—and his pieces in *Penthouse* bear me out again. Whether he is on a TV panel or on paper the guy is in a class by himself—equal to, or better than, the late Fred Allen. As all really great humorists he is, of course, not only screamingly funny but also



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penetratingly "right". May he live "bis 120" as we say in his tribe.

As for the rest of Penthouse, here is my opinion, whatever it is is worth. It is showing promise, but it has a long way to go yet. Most of the pictorials are inspired and, yes, more "natural looking" than most of the airbrushed stuff in your competition, but I've an uneasy hunch that you too succumb to the American obsession with bovine-type boobs and youth. This month's cover girl (May) is a perfect example: she is a cute kid with big boobs but "big boobs do not a woman make". This kind of face you can find in any office, any typing pool. A face, to be interestingly attractive, has to have some living in it. Try to find gals whose face has a little character—even if their boobs are only 36 inches.

I think your Forum would benefit from eliminating the letters from assorted fetishists and other graduates of *Psychopathia Sexualis*. They are welcome to their own fun and frolic but I don't think it makes particularly interesting reading and it definitely cheapens your mag.—
Erwin Fuchs, Howe Avenue, Passaic, N.J.

Water power

I have thoroughly enjoyed your magazine from the first issue, particularly the gorgeous women and the letters from readers. There is one subject dear to the hearts and eyes of a sizeable group of us, perhaps known as hydrophiles, on which we would like to see pictures and read letters: hydrophilia. This consists of getting wet while fully clothed, and we enjoy participating as well as seeing others do it.

About ourselves, for a starter: I am an engineer, 50, and my wife is 49. We have enjoyed hydrophilia, or dunking, for nearly 20 years, although not too frequently of late, because of the children. However, when the opportunity presents itself we do. It has always excited me to see a woman getting her clothes wet, even if only to the extent of getting her stockings splashed by a passing car, or getting caught in the rain, or spilling a drink on herself.

Sometimes I may be taking a shower and my wife will come into the bathroom and ask if I'd like my back washed. She will be fully dressed. When I agree, as I always do, she steps into the shower with me as casually as if she were nude. At other times she will announce that she is going to take a shower and would I care to watch and/or help. We go to the bathroom, and after adjusting the spray and without taking off any clothes she steps into the tub.

She knows how I love to see her get wet, and she dresses in a variety of ways, all known to be exciting to me. Most often she wears a bra, panties, garter belt and long stockings. The longest stockings available these days come right up to her bottom, and although they have stay-up bands I still like to see the garter straps attached to them. She also wears either a dress, a skirt and blouse, or a tailored suit, or sometimes a nightie or a peignoir, and once also a raincoat.

She knows I particularly admire the sheen of glistening wet nylon hose and shoes, so she stands full under the shower, getting soaked. Then she will tease me with glimpses of her gleaming wet nylons by inching her skirt higher and higher. Sometimes I too am fully dressed. She will excite me until I can't stand it any longer, so I get in the tub, kneel in front of her and rip her panties off in shreds. For this reason she buys cheap ones, by the dozen. Then she drops the soaked skirt over my head and I perform cunnilingus on her with the water streaming over both of us.

Sometimes we finish in the tub in the "normal"



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manner, with the shower going full blast, or we may frantically undress and rush to bed. When I say she undresses, she still keeps on her soaked garter belt and stockings in bed. This excites me tremendously and as a result we both benefit in our performance and satisfaction.

Many times, when we have had guests in our home, she will set the pace for an evening of fun, sometimes startling the guests. Not those, however, who know of our proclivity for wet fun. She will start by pouring part of a cocktail into the vee of her dress. More often than not, sooner or later, more drinks are poured, dribbled and even thrown. When everyone is resigned to getting wet and enjoying it, we pass out toy water pistols. By the time everyone has left, I am so fired up that we have a beautiful session, frequently on the living room floor as soon as the door is shut on the last guest.

What pleases me most is to arrive home, and for my wife to meet me at the door. She will be fully dressed, having been waiting for me. When she hears my car in the driveway, she steps into the shower, gets soaked except for her hair, then comes directly to meet me, still dripping. We frequently make it upstairs but she does not undress further than stockings and garter belt. Sometimes she also keeps her shoes on in bed.

Sex has always been good with us but it is heightened many times over when we get wet which we do in a variety of ways. I am sure there are others who have discovered this exciting form of foreplay. I correspond with the few I know, both in this country and England and Germany. Perhaps this letter will elicit some reader response. Also perhaps Penthouse will publish photos of young women fully dressed,

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Pain and pleasure

I find your letters very interesting, especially the ones about whipping. My grandmother years ago was a matron in a Russian women's prison. As a small girl I used to hear stories she told my mother. The girls would be punished with the cat-o'-nine tails for breaking institution rules.


They would be brought to the punishment room, stripped and put across the whipping chair, and the matron would apply 25 lashes across the buttocks. Discipline was strict, for talking back to a matron or refusing her orders. If given 100 lashes they would get 25 each week for four weeks. Whippings were given to girls aged 16 to 25—over 25 they would be isolated with bread and water.

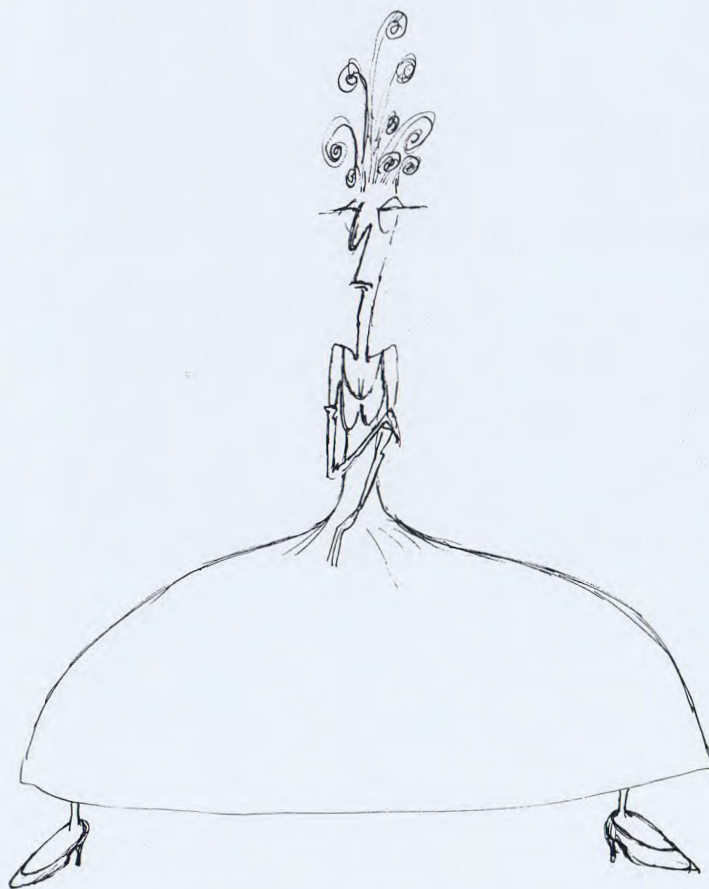
My grandmother said she would discipline 16- to 18-year-olds in her charge. She found disciplining with the cat-o'-nine tails very effective. My mother used to punish me with the strap and I feared her.—Olga W. (name and address withheld), New York.

I read the letter from Mrs. M. C. of Bury Lancs.

(April) and was extremely thrilled and aroused. You see, my wife and I enjoy spanking and bondage. She ties me to the bed with silk stockings and thoroughly spans my behind until it is bright red, using belts, hairbrushes, paddles and canes.

After she spans me she releases me and helps me dress up in her clothing. I mean a garter belt, nylon hose and high-heeled pumps. My wife then applies makeup (eye-shadow, liner, powder, lipstick, etc.) to my face. As soon as I am "prepared" she puts on a pair of leather panties with no crotch, black opera hose, and 6 in. high-heeled pumps and leather gloves. Her makeup is applied so that it completes the sinister image. As soon as all preparations have been made she starts to whip me. The difference is that I'm not tied down this time. If I squirm or wriggle while she administers the beating I get more whacks laid on. By this time we are both turned on completely and we finish the act with her performing fellatio on me while I perform cunnilingus on her. I find that wearing female attire increases my enjoyment 100%.

We also have indulged in "sex à trois" with both male and female partners, incestuous acts with her parents, and homosexual actions.—William S. (name and address withheld), APO San Francisco, Calif. 





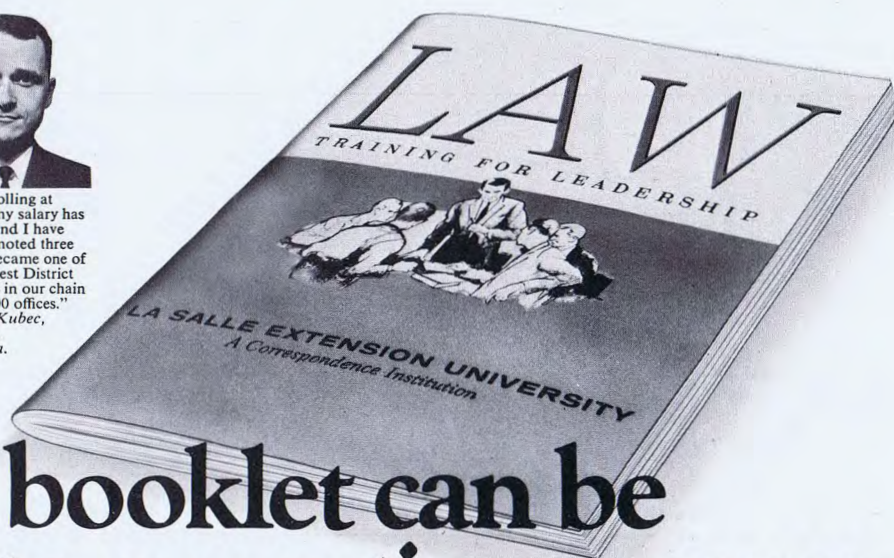
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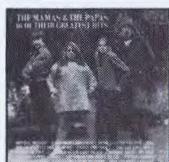
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66546 RARE EARTH—
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17049 SIBELIUS
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gebouw/Szell
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33029 BUFFY
SAINTE-MARIE
—Gonna Be A
Country Girl Again
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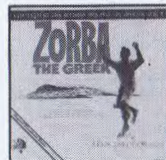
33077 JOAN BAEZ—
One Day At A Time
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17317 CASALS—
Plays Beethoven
Phil LP



17263 GREGORIAN
CHANT
Phil LP



34506 ZORBA THE
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44369 MYSTIC MOODS
ORCH. Stormy Weekend
Merc LP, 8TR, CASS



33443 IRON
BUTTERFLY—In A
Gadda-Da-Vida
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



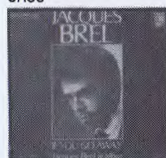
42704 CROSBY,
STILLS, NASH &
YOUNG—Deja Vu
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



42673 LED ZEPPELIN
II
Atlan LP, 8TR



34525 HELLO DOLLY
TwCen LP, 8TR,
CASS



44365 JACQUES BREL
—If You Go Away
Phil LP



33065 JOAN BAEZ—
David's Album
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



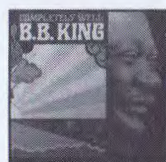
17238 BERLIOZ—
Te Deum—London Sym.
Phil LP



31781 THREE DOG
NIGHT—Suitable
for Framing
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



44195 FOUR
SEASONS—Gold Vault
of Hits
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



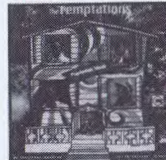
49706 B.B. KING—
Completely Well
Blues LP, 8TR, CASS



42638 HERBIE MANN
Memphis Underground
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33486 CREAM—Best
of Cream
Atco LP, 8TR



30606 TEMPTATIONS
—Psychedelic Shack
Gordy LP, 8TR, CASS



31795 RICHARD
HARRIS—Love Album
Dunh LP, 8TR, CASS



15113 MAHLER—
Sym #3 Utah Sym
Vangu LP (2 records)



31973 JOHN COLTRANE
—Selflessness
Impul LP



44368 PAUL MAURIAT
—Midnight Cowboy
Phil LP, 8TR, CASS



33495 BLIND FAITH
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



42577 RASCALS—Great
Hits Time Peace
Atlan LP, 8TR, CASS



33078 WEAVERS—
On Tour
Vangu LP, 8TR, CASS



48782 APPLAUSE
—Original Cast
ABC LP, 8TR, CASS



43793 SPANKY AND
OUR GANG—Greatest
Hits
Mercu LP, 8TR, CASS



30601 DIANA ROSS
& SUPREMES—
Greatest Hits 3
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



30602 JACKSON FIVE
—I Want You Back
Motow LP, 8TR, CASS



33252 WES
MONTGOMERY—Best
River LP, 8TR, CASS



44373 HAIR: French
Original Cast
Phil LP



17042 BEETHOVEN:
Piano Sonatas/
Richter Phil LP



33487 BEST OF BEE
GEES
Atco LP, 8TR, CASS



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With us, you don't have to blow the rent to blow your mind. We can blow it for less than \$200. In many cases, for less than half that much.

Because we make the most beautiful sounds you can get. Without getting into components. Or component prices.

And we make all kinds of beautiful stereos. Phonographs, cassette players, tape recorders, radios, and combinations. Plus lots of smaller stuff.

So listen to Webcor. It's all we ask.

Just because you're a beautiful person doesn't mean you can't also be a person with a beautiful life.

And look. If you happen to be truly sensitive and truly rich besides, listen too. Webcor makes a nice little gift for someone you love. And that's true even

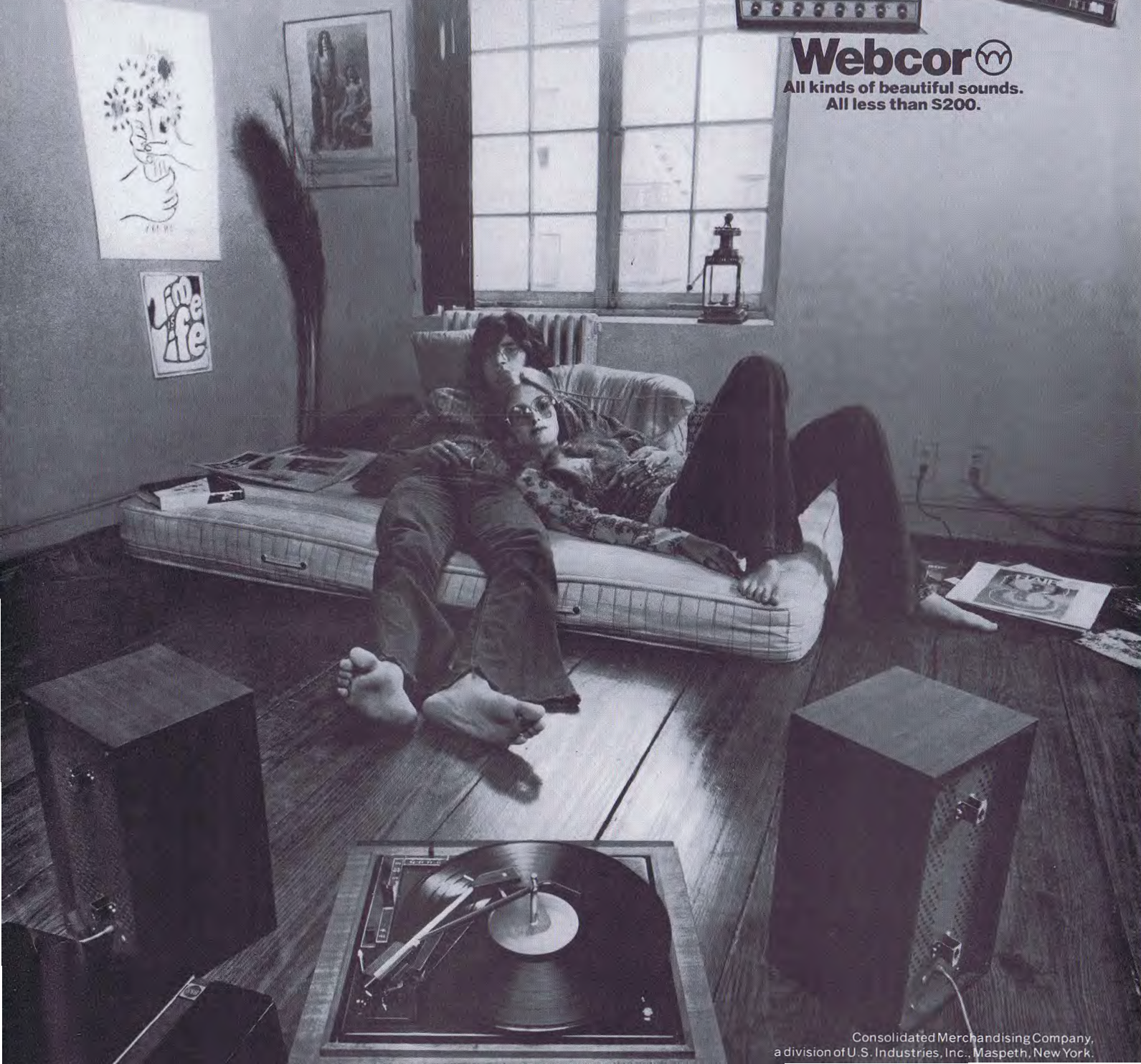
if that someone is you.

Yes. When you know about things like Webcor, it is possible for truly sensitive people to be truly happy.

Even in this world.



Webcor 
All kinds of beautiful sounds.
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VIEW FROM THE TOP



May the best man win . . .

Summer and the major primaries are almost over. Soon the election campaigns will be on in earnest. You will be called on to elect the entire membership of the House of Representatives, a third of the Senate, and sundry governors, mayors, dog-catchers and whatnot. The candidates will appeal to your emotions, your purse, your fears and hopes—even your patriotism.

You're going to need *Darwin's Ready-Reference Guide To Election Time Separation of Wheat from Chaff* constantly by your side as you watch the candidates on television or run into them at the supermarket. So clip this piece from the magazine at once and keep it always within easy reach.

The most important revision of *The Guide* this year is fundamental. As regular subscribers are sure to recall, for the past 105 years all election contests, whether in Democratic or Republican territories, have really been conducted between the Pointers-With-Pride (PWP's) and the Viewers-With-Alarm (VWA's). The "Ins"—short for incumbents—have been the PWP's, while the VWA's have been the "Outs".

This year, you're going to have to contend with the fact that both the Ins and the Outs will be Viewing-With-Alarm. After all, what is there to Point-With-Pride to? The War? The Campuses? Race Relations? The Market? Inflation? Taxes? Unemployment? Pollution? The Drug Scene?

No. Not even the staunchest supporter of the National Administration will be popping any vest buttons this year. The trick will be to view the scene with greater alarm than one's opponent. And, in the case of the Ins, to do so without accepting any of the responsibility for it.

Aside from that innovation, most of the standard clichés will be encountered this go round. But let us review the basic plays along with recommended voter responses, using what we like to call our "Voter Response Rating" system.

You begin by making a list of all candidates for each office up for

grabs. And you start off each with 100 points. You will add or subtract points as the campaign progresses, based on the things he says and does. Naturally, the one with the highest point score on Election Day is the one you vote for.

To do the job right, you'll need a stopwatch. This is for use in evaluating the candidates' TV and radio spot announcements. You may need some help on this aspect of your analysis, at least during the opening phases of the campaigns when all the announcements will be new and unfamiliar. This, however, will pass all too quickly. And pretty soon you will know all the spots by heart. What they're saying in these announcements is not too important since, as we mentioned, both sides will be saying more or less the same thing. Your purpose in evaluating them with the stopwatch is to measure the amount of time in each spot in which the candidate *himself* is speaking, as compared to the portion in which someone *else*, like a narrator or announcer, is speaking *about* him. If more than half the announcement is taken up by the candidate himself, credit him with 10 points. If most of it is devoted to others speaking about him, subtract 10 points.

This is known as the Hucks-terism Factor. If most of the spot is devoted to professional salesmen, chances are he is being marketed like a brand of cigaretes or soap or Richard Nixon in 1968. Allowing the candidate to speak for himself indicates a degree of confidence in him or a lack of money—both of which are good.

Incidentally, in the course of speaking for himself the candidate also manages to say something, give him a bonus of 5 points.

. . . on points anyway

In the opening stages of the campaign—and sometimes well along into it—it is common practice for the Out candidate to challenge the In candidate to a debate. Under our system, the penalty for resorting to this ancient dodge is 15 points. This is offset, however, by deducting 15 points

from the In candidate's total when he rejects or weasels out of the challenge, so it amounts to a wash. If by any chance the In accepts the challenge and does debate the Out, credit him with 25 points and on the night of the debate take your wife out to a show and an elegant dinner at a fine restaurant. You won't have missed a thing; but you will have scored a few points of your own with your neglected wife, and that might lead to something productive.

Now, as the campaign progresses, the candidates will be appearing more and more on interview programs (particularly on Sunday mornings and afternoons—a time known in TV circles as the Political Ghetto) and at various rallies and meetings. Here your powers of perception must be extremely sharp, and your pencil and score-card always at the ready. You will be looking for the "nuances."

For example, there is the much-used but still devilishly effective evasion known as the "Think/ Hope" nuance. It goes like this:

Question: Sir, what do you think will happen to the market in the next six months?

Answer: Well, like everyone else, I certainly hope it will improve. People need to have their confidence restored.

Question: Sir, do you think there will be war in Upper Myopia this year?

Answer: Well, I certainly hope that can be avoided.

Each time he answers a Think question with a Hope answer you penalize him 5 points.

A similar nuance is the use of the word "unfortunate," used to avoid taking sides or assigning blame. Deduct 5 points from his total each time he applies the adjective to a strike, violence in the streets or on campus, or the War.

Keep a sharp ear out for the "Plain Folks" type of speech mannerism, otherwise classified as Verbal Blintz-Eating: "Gonna" for "going to," "doutcha" for "don't you" from the mouth of a Phi Beta Kappa, Magna Cum Laude who, until he became a candidate, was known for impeccable enunciation.

Then there is the most typical of all—the one which through the

years has been the surest give-away that a man is indeed a candidate long before he is willing to declare himself publicly, even before the primaries. No matter how many times he refuses to call himself a candidate, the experienced newsman knows he is one, not by dint of inside information but merely by the fact that the man suddenly stops pronouncing the "f" in "of course". ("Well, o'course, I wouldn't want to commit myself one way or the other right now.") Once he says that, you know o'course—even if he doesn't—his hat is in the ring.

I suggest you deduct 2 points for each Plain Folks pronunciation of the ordinary type—3 points per o'course.

Another tip-off, by the way, to the fact that the early-stage shrinking violet is indeed in the running is to watch his hair. An exquisitely cultivated careless forelock is a sure-fire confirmation of candidacy no matter what the man says or doesn't say. So is extra long hair curling up at the back of the neck—especially when combined (in a middle-aged man) with sideburns down to the earlobes.

As November 3rd approaches, you start assigning the heavy point scores for things like courage and honesty. Don't bother about pro-labor speeches at union gatherings or appearances in which he bitches about high taxes for wealthy industrialists. In fact, if you want to be really fair about it you should knock off a few points for these. But if you find a candidate condemning high rents before an assemblage known to contain a large number of landlords . . . or speaking up for fair access to decent medical care without risk of financial ruin to an audience made up largely of doctors and dentists . . . or pleading for peace in Indochina and supporting our boys by bringing them home rather than by leaving them there to save face for the Military, before a convention of Legionnaires, you can give that man anywhere from 50 to 250 additional points right there.

If a candidate goes through the whole campaign without stooping to insult his opponent but concentrates instead on his own qualifications for the office, give

him 100 bonus points. On the other hand, if he waits until November 2nd to dig up charges against his opponent—too late for his opposition to answer before the polls open—deduct at least 200 points from his score.

As we said, all you have to do then is add up the points and vote for the man with the highest total.

He will lose, of course. But you will have the satisfaction of having voted for the best man—**Fred Darwin**

Post-natal planning

"Couple, expecting September, require house, flat, furnished, unfurnished, so babe may live in manner to which has been accustomed."—*Brisbane Courier Mail*.

A padded cell?

Girl talk

The girl who wears a low-cut dress keeps an escort on his toes... Men always make passes at girls who lift glasses... Girls who take to maxi-skirts risk mini response.

Redefinitions

Marriage licence: noosepaper.
Semi-retired: sleeps in only top half of pajamas.
Psychiatrist: man who uses someone else's head to make money for him.
Outercourse: sex in outer space.

A la cart

"All you do is tip everything off the plates down the drain and the machine grinds it all into easily digestible particles."—*South Wales Echo*.

Just add vitamins.



Book of nonsense

The old concept of the "coffee table book"—a lavish, picture-filled volume exploring, say, The Stained Glass Windows of Stonehenge has always been popular among The Beautiful People who liked to have something around to make them look literate, especially if it was something they never had to read. Now it seems to have adapted itself to the Aquarian Age with the publication of R. Meltzer's **The Aesthetics of Rock** (Something Else Press, \$6.95)—346 pages of total gibberish which the author and publisher presumably

hope will be taken seriously.

The joke is unwavering from the opening sentence—"This is a sequel not a formulation of prolegomena"—to the elaborate index (which includes Don Ameche, Martin Buber and Nietzsche) and no matter where the book is opened, the text is equally meaningless: a breathless parody of the total pretentiousness most rock critics bring to their writing. Come to think of it, though, when you have lyrics such as "Papa-oom-mow-ma-mow" (a line from the Trashmen's "Surfin' Bird" which is repeated 38 times with variations in the same song) to deal with, it's hard to imagine how an author can be anything but satirical.

Do-it-yourself President

Expatriate English writer **Oliver Johnson** is a close observer of the Washington scene and he thinks he knows how to elect the next president. The trouble is that none of the "straight" press he talks to will take him seriously, so he figures he'll take his campaign to the underground press.

"Of course", he says ruefully, "I'm well aware that most underground papers don't *want* another president and they're all dreaming of some idealistic power-to-the-people system in which the country's decisions are made daily by a mass vote. But realistically I think there's going to be at least one more election under the old rules."

So how does Johnson, a virtually unknown freelance writer with no political clout whatsoever, figure he can nominate a president? In fact, *who* does he have in mind? "J. William Fulbright", says the neophyte kingmaker. "I think Fulbright stands exactly at the crossroads of where all the different strains of democrat currently intersect. As an establishment politico he was ahead of everybody when he was criticizing the war, and the slipping prestige of hawks during the past three years has brought them more or less into line with Fulbright's views. At the same time, the radicals are beginning to realize that their views, at least on this gut issue, must be presented with authority. As for the great middle-class—well, Fulbright's respectable; he's been a senator for 30 years and he's not about to start any revolutions."

But isn't Fulbright *too* old? And how about his supposedly racist views? "Nobody's too old to play father figure to the American people after a debilitating war—look at Ike—and as for the race issue, how about presenting Fulbright as the man who wants to bring the blacks back from Vietnam

to continue their fight for better conditions at home?"

Okay, Oliver Johnson, supposing all this adds up like you say, what's the next move? Without a political machine how do you suppose you're going to reach 40 million democrats? "Ah, but I don't have to reach 40 million democrats—only a few hundred of them, the string-pullers, money-men and delegate-manipulators, the ones who really decide on who the next presidential nominee will be. To get that list you poll all your political correspondents and then you develop a continuing newspaper, magazine, newsletter, manifesto aimed squarely at that select audience presenting the impeccable Fulbright case—the inescapable fact that not only does the Press take his views seriously (watch him give television interviews) but that he's probably the only democrat a substantial cross-section of the population could agree on."

What justification is there for believing that J. William Fulbright wants to be president? "Look, do you think anybody could be around in Washington for 30 years and *not* want to be president?"

It all sounds logical but skeptics never tire of telling Johnson that he's naive. It hasn't stopped him. He says he wants to elect a president, as is every citizen's inalienable right, and he's going ahead anyway. — **John Wilcock**



Balls of fire

When a book is called **Ball Four** and has a subtitle like "My life and hard times throwing the knuckleball in the Big Leagues", it can count on not being picked up by those to whom baseball means only that you can't get a drink during the World Series without joining the audience and enduring painful bruises from the ecstatic gorilla on the next bar stool. But this book, by Jim Bouton (published by World, \$7.95), sneaks up on you. Pitcher Bouton may not win ball games but he'll probably win you if you give him the chance, and you'll end up a charter member of the Bouton Belles Lettres Fan Club. Like salted peanuts, each brief diary entry calls for just one more. It's not hilariously funny, but the quiet wit never flags, even at the saddest moments. It has sadness, all right, because it is a year in the life of a young man who is a very old man:

"Okay, boys and girls, tomorrow is my birthday and I'll be 30 years old. I don't feel like 30. I look like I'm in my early twenties and I feel

like I'm in my early twenties. My arm, however, is over 100 years old." So is his wisdom, limited though it be to the absurd universe of baseball. Wisdom doesn't get in the way; Bouton's not trying to impress. His literary delivery involves no windup—just an easy toss like playing catch: "There was a lot of day today. I'm not sure I can take many like that."

Bouton won 21 games for the Yankees in 1963, lost only seven; the next year he won 18 and two World Series games. He was throwing then with a stretching overhand delivery so violent that it used to knock his hat off. Within a couple of years he threw his arm away.

His book is the account of the 1969 season, when, having previously been sent down by the Yankees, he started with Seattle, was sent to Vancouver in the minors, recalled to Seattle and finally traded to the Astros. He was building a new career as a knuckleball pitcher, hanging on literally as well as figuratively by his fingertips, with which a knuckleball is thrown.

He has wondered: "Why don't you quit and go out and earn a living like everybody else, ya bum ya?" Certainly baseball is not lovely. The world that he makes so real has every form of rapaciousness, phoniness, pettiness, sadism, and sheer stupidity known to any group endeavor this side of hell. But the astonishing thing is that this iconoclast who punctures every American boyhood dream about the national game is in love with it. His love affair is precisely the boyhood dream. "I dream my knuckleball is jumping around like a Ping-Pong ball in the wind and I pitch a two-hit shutout against my old team, the New York Yankees, single home the winning run in the ninth inning and, when the game is over, take a big bow on the mound in Yankee Stadium with 60,000 people cheering wildly."

Bouton's honesty is appealing, but it is so relentless that it can be equally appalling. You encounter the painfully raw self of a sensitive and complex man. His editor, Leonard Schecter, who really sweated over this book, writes: "I'm not sure how Bouton feels about it, but I believe I came away a better man."

No one need be put off by the prospect of being made a better man. The straightforward baseball fan will relish the juicy talk-talk: Item: Mickey Mantle hitting a homer, hellishly hung over from the night before. Item: Greenies, the pep pill players gobble. Item: Beaver shooting, the boyish game of seeking secret glimpses of the female crotch (telescope in the bull pen, big league stars on the roof of Washington's Shoreham Hotel). Item: An airline stewardess



Zoe Caldwell as Colette, with (left) Charles Siebert as Willy, and (right) Mildred Dunnock and Keene Curtis: he locked her up while she wrote.

is likely to be a ballplayer's ballplayer.

Art and science

A new book, **The Art and Science of Book Publishing** by Herbert S. Bailey, Jr. (Harper, \$6.95), is not a put-on. It intends to be just what it says it is. Bailey, director of Princeton University Press, believes that this crazy business *is* an art and science. Maybe any kind of activity—even baseball and book publishing—can be abstracted into an art and a science, but the kind of arts that may be applied in the book business and the (oorg) science they represent is another matter. It is a matter graphically illustrated by the biggest put-on of the recent publishing scene, a best-seller called *Naked Came the Stranger*, nominally by Penelope Ashe (Lyle Stuart, \$5.95). The book, a sex novel "laid" in the Long Island suburbs, was written by 25 newspapermen, who were admonished by Mike McGrady, the originator of the gag, that "true excellence in writing will be quickly blue-penciled into oblivion."

Now McGrady lets us in on every step of the bizarre plot in his book about a book: **Stranger Than Naked or How to Write Dirty Books for Fun and Profit** (Wyden \$5.95). The details, especially the career of McGrady's lovely sister-in-law as the sexy lady author, cast a lurid light on Mr. Bailey's art and science.

McGrady writes with great good humor, as befits a man who has turned a nice profit from a joke, but he ends on a note of tender con-

cern: "America, I sometimes worry about you." — **Norman Hoss**



Celluloid slogans

There is something about movie advertisements. They seem not to be hawking, but *offering*. The bright colors and slick synopses, all the magic names proffer a world of entertainment. Granted, there is an admission price, but you are not buying anything, really: you are merely paying for pleasure (or misery, depending on your taste). The great day of the movie ad, when it had a sort of sleazy grandeur, has passed with "movie magazines" and big studios. Movie poster art has become much more sophisticated, and every now and then there is still a catchy slogan, but any collector of movie ads (and there are thousands of them) will tell you that it just isn't the same. There is no longer power beyond the selling point.

Take Greta Garbo, for instance. It can be argued that an ad killed her career. For years the ads molded her as a creature of mystery and romance. From her first American film *The Torrent* ("Discovered in stark Sweden—she is setting the heart of America aflame") through her silents like *The Divine Woman* ("The flaming star of the North!") that illusion was maintained. In *Anna Christie* she played O'Neill's waterfront prostitute, but it was her first

talkie. Ads proclaimed "Garbo talks" and that novelty assuaged the public for a while, but her second talkie *Mata Hari* ("Men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be betrayed by a kiss!") placed her again behind the beaded curtain where they wanted her.

As the world situation grew precarious in the late '30s, film audiences tired of the old brand of Hollywood illusion. Garbo's pictures began to make less money. Her studio assigned Ernst Lubitsch, that wizard of human comedy, to change her image. The ads announced "Garbo laughs" and the public laughed with her. *Ninotchka* made screen history. Emboldened by the great response to the film, the studio went too far. They rushed her into a frivolous comedy called *Two-Faced Woman* without Lubitsch's guiding genius. The ads flaunted to a waiting public "She swims! She skis! She rhumbas!" It was the last movie Greta Garbo made.

The ads could also make stars and label them. Clara Bow became the "it" girl, and Betty Grable the "pin-up" girl with the help of the copywriters. The ads for *Test Pilot* in the '30s proclaimed Clark Gable and Myrna Loy "King and Queen of the Screen." Gable remained "King" until his death, and Miss Loy is still one of Hollywood's few royal ladies.

Catchphrases and slogans were sought after for movies just as they were for inanimate products. Some made direct hits. For Douglas Fairbanks' silent *Robin Hood*, the ads hurled "Straight as an arrow to its mark" at a receptive public. Other slogans perfectly

captured a *type*. The war movie: "Alan Ladd and 20 girls...trapped by the rapacious Japs!" The ethereal romance: "The fragrance of her camellias intoxicated his senses..." The passionate romance: "Emotion swept them like a tidal wave!" The comedy romance: "Imagine me...in love with a taxi driver." The "great book" type: "If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera..." The musical: "Grab your girl—Hug your beau—Here's a darling music-show!" The relentless chase: "Hunted! Haunted! Hounded!"

There were also the classic nonsense claims like "There *never* was a girl like Gilda" or "The story that could not be made". And when sound blared forth, ad rhetoric rose to the occasion: "John Barrymore—Yesterday a speechless shadow—Today a vivid, living person—thanks to VITAPHONE" or simply "VITAPHONE eclipses the sun in splendor".

Ad-copywriters often overshot the scriptwriters. An ad, after all, not only had to sell a film, but perform many more subtle functions. A perfect case in point was M-G-M's mid-40s film *Adventure*. That post-World War II production needed a very special campaign. First of all, it had to re-introduce Clark Gable to the screen after his pictureless years in the service. Second, the studio decided that this was a perfect chance to alter Greer Garson's image. She had become a superstar during the war in women's pictures like *Mrs. Miniver*, *Madame Curie*, and *Mrs. Parkington*, but the war was over and the studio hoped to widen her appeal by co-starring her with rough-and-ready Gable. This was a tall order for a copywriter, but one of that unsung breed did it in six words. Today even the most indifferent moviegoer remembers that catchphrase: "Gable's back and Garson's got him!"—**James Kotsilibas-Davis**.



Grande Dame

The mere announcement that Zoe Caldwell, the Australian actress who was so magnificent in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, was going to be *Colette* was exciting. What, you say, is a Colette? Unquestionably, the greatest French asset in recent memory.

Zoe Caldwell successfully acts out her entire lifetime—from 14 when she was unsure about life to 82 when she knew too much about life and relinquished it. This is a woman who saw the dark side of



Scotland's Lulu: better and better.

love and wrote about it with devastating honesty, yet lived a life of personal optimism and sweet happy regard for romance. The optimism was finally fulfilled when she married a man (her third marriage) 16 years her junior, and spent the last 30 years of her life with him. It is not enough to read *Chéri* or *Gigi* or *Claudine*. Their author is reincarnate at the Ellen Stewart Theater in New York and she must be seen.

The production has all the easy insolent grace of a turn-of-the-century French music hall. Composer Harvey Schmidt sits at the side of the stage behind an old upright piano, smoking Gauloises and enjoying himself mightily. We follow Colette from her early writing with her first husband Willy, who locked her in a room until she put down the prescribed amount of words, to the gentle end when she was too full of thoughts to be able to put them down on paper. With the device of having much of the second act as a newspaper interview, the play turns into a third-person inquiry rather than the first-person experience of the first act, but this change in style doesn't jar.

This production, so artfully put together by Elinor Jones, is based on a collection of her writings published as an autobiography, entitled *Earthly Paradise*. For someone about to see the play it is required reading. Why? Because this subject is too much for one sitting. Because this woman is too knowing for one lesson at her feet. The woman is a total experience, the stage piece is a very welcome part of the whole. She is to be read, and seen, and wondered at.

Swinging Shepard blues

The New York critics keep saying they've just seen a new play by that promising young playwright, **Sam Shepard**, and even though they didn't understand it, it sure was interesting. Everyone remembers when no-one understood Picasso and said so, and look what that happened to the art critics. They're afraid of being called anti-youth or antediluvian or anti-progress or something. But every-

thing we've ever seen of his has been terrible. He is not a playwright: merely a young man with a psyched-out imagination. If this is the new school of playwriting, heaven help us.

After seeing *Operation Side-winder* at Lincoln Center and two new one-acters off Broadway, we're convinced he's putting everyone on. It isn't that he's speaking to us in some strange new wonderful tongue, he just isn't speaking to us at all. If this is the wave of the future, we'd better all give up swimming.—**Sandy Lesberg**



Resurrection in Memphis

Prodigies are no new thing of course. Ludwig von B. was knocking out sophisticated ditties at the age of six. But this is probably the first time that an entire generation of young people have so thoroughly shaken the assumptions of their elders. Singers and instrumentalists in their mid-20s, like John Fogarty of Creedence Clearwater Revival or Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, are taken seriously by people who once listened only to Jimmy Rushing, Frank Sinatra and Ray Charles. Composers like Harry Nilsson or Lennon & McCartney are compared to Cole Porter and Rodgers & Hart. Was (is?) Gil Evans really any better an arranger and bandleader than Frank Zappa? How many singer-songwriters have been as effective after decades of performing as Bob Dylan was at 23?

The other side of the record, it's true, is that the careers of many of these budding geniuses are over almost before they've begun. But even this is deceptive. For the history of rock is so short—it's only 15 years since Elvis, after all, and only seven since the Beatles—that most performers haven't had time for more than one up and one down. Yet already we have seen a number of once-famous personalities re-emerge from relative obscurity to re-found success. Sometimes the formula is the same, sometimes different. Chuck Berry, Fats Domino and the Everly Brothers have continued in the formats that made them famous, though age and experience have deepened them. Others—Rick Nelson, Del Shannon, Ronnie Hawkins and Dion, for example—have dropped their initial commercialism to reveal that their talents were no shuck. Still others have shed stylistic skins like

snakes: Elvis is really on his third recording career, having gone from hard rock through bland balladry to contemporary Memphis; Bob Darin (as he styles himself in his latest Dylanesque reincarnation) has had a half-dozen rebirths in rock, folk, pop, jazz and country; people like Bobby Vee and Tommy Roe are able to ride the crest of every new wave of pop. Finally, some few, like Jerry Lee Lewis and Conway Twitty, have been able to build entirely new careers in the country market.

Most of these performers have been "washed up" at least once in the last decade or so. We have come to expect such a consistent level of excellence from pop performers that one bad record is enough to damn them. We expect teenagers to be polished performers and rarely consider that many of today's artists will still be doing their thing in 1990 and beyond. Yet surely it's reasonable to hope that someone who's great at 20 will be greater still at 40.

Impatience led many people to dismiss British pop singer **Lulu** a couple of years ago. Though she had racked up successful singles and albums and television appearances in England, American audiences shrugged her off as a one-hit wonder. She was crass, tasteless, would sing anything they put in front of her and always in the same breathless mouseketeer voice. She was pretty, yes, but in a mindless bobby-sox-and-bluejeans way. But there was more to the story: she was only 18 years old.

Bob Christgau, the rock writer for New York's *Village Voice*, has a rule of thumb which he applies convincingly to pop music: (roughly) "If it sells, it can't be all that bad." Christgau's rule makes good sense: there are few, if any, important pop creators who aren't also big at the box office or the record store or both. Lulu certainly was. In addition to a syndicated TV show and a string of British hits, she had a monster worldwide single, "To Sir With Love", one of the biggest hits of all time. It's true that, as the theme from a popular motion picture, "To Sir With Love" received a heavy promotion. But there had to be and was another reason for the record's popularity: it wasn't all that bad. Applying Christgau's Law, it was clear that Lulu had something, though perhaps it wasn't clear just what. Now, two years later, it's beginning to emerge.

About a year after "To Sir With Love", Atlantic Records brought another British pop star, Dusty Springfield, to its recording studios in Memphis. The idea was to try to blend her mellow, albeit soul-based, vocalizing with the raunchy instrumental work of that city's studio men. The experiment was

so successful, artistically as well as financially, that the company has tried the same trick again with Lulu. And again it works. Using the same production team of Jerry Wexler, Tom Dowd and Arif Mardin that handled *Dusty in Memphis* (they also produce Aretha Franklin), Lulu has traveled to the studios at Muscle Shoals to come up with the best collection of material she has ever done. The album is called *New Routes* and the title is apt: for the first time she seems to be on the right track, to have found her own natural road.

In the new format Lulu retains the clarity and freshness that marked her earlier efforts, without the cuteness that marred them. Practically all the material is well chosen, especially "Marley Purt Drive", composed by her husband Maurice Gibb and his fellow Bee Gees. Several tunes were written by studio staff—one by Delaney Bramlett and Mac Davis; and Jerry Jeff Walker's "Mr. Bojangles". For the most part, Lulu stays close to the melody, though when the occasion demands it, as on Dave Mason's "Feelin' Alright", she proves that she can break out rhythmically. The album is held together by an excellent small group that includes Eddie Hinton and Duane Allman on guitars. Presumably Arif Mardin did the arrangements.

Lulu is only 21 and she has already demonstrated a remarkable capacity for growth. Imagine what she'll be able to do with another two years.

There is a beautiful promise in this story: we can expect pop to get better and better and better. And that's outasight—**Guthrie Bester**

Penthouse picks

Mac Wiseman: Johnny's Cash and Charley's Pride (RCA). The old bluegrass singer begins a new career in contemporary c & w. "Me and Bobby McGee" is the highlight.

Eugene McDaniels: Outlaw (Atlantic). Yep, it's old Gene McDaniels making a comeback with some original Dylan-influenced r & b. Surprisingly good.

Country Coalition: Time To Get It Together (Bluesway). Part Band, part First Edition, part Edison Electric, part Nashville. Not very original, but nice.

Deep Purple/The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra: Concerto for Group and Orchestra (Warner Brothers). Another hyphen experiment, this time recorded live at the Royal Albert Hall. Strictly for symphonic-rock freaks.

Mose Allison: . . . Hello there, universe (Atlantic). Brother Mose, him of "Parchman Farm" and "Your Mind Is On Vacation" and so on, is back. 'Nough said.

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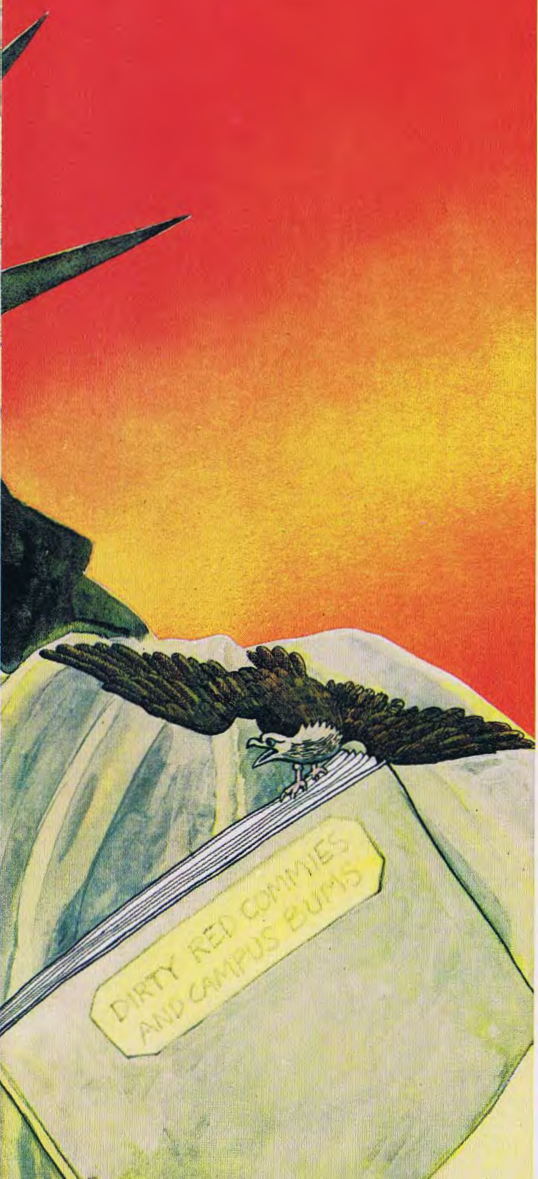
IS BIG BROTHER WATCH

There's a fine line between keeping tabs on the likely lawbreaker and spying on the innocent political nonconformist. Here is disturbing evidence that the line is being overstepped.

by Max Gunther



ING YOU?



JOHN L. is an inoffensive young man from New York. One day early in May 1970, he went out to LaGuardia Airport to catch the Eastern Shuttle plane to Washington, D.C. He was on his way to join a peace rally near the White House: a double protest against the entry of U.S. troops into Cambodia and the fatal May 3rd shooting of four students at Kent State University in Ohio.

As he was filling out his boarding pass, a man sidled up to him and said, "Going to the rally, huh, John?"

The man was small and dapper, with a pencil-line mustache and thin hair slicked straight back over his scalp. John L. had never seen him before.

"Who are you?" John L. asked.

"Police."

"How do you know my name?"

"Never mind that. Just be sure you behave yourself."

John L. gaped, hardly able to believe what he was hearing. The small man walked away.

There were other people on the plane who were going to join the rally, John L. told me later. "The little guy was on the plane too. During the rally, I thought I caught a glimpse of him once in the crowd. He was grinning at me."

What was going on? John L. theorizes that his name came to the attention of the police when he wrote an angry article for a Columbia University student publication in 1968. The article made some unfriendly comments about the attitudes and actions of cops during certain tense periods on the Columbia campus. The language of the article was somewhat more hysterical than John, now older and wiser by two years, considers to have been necessary. "But it wasn't a Communist diatribe or anything like that," he insists. "It didn't call for the overthrow of the government. It was just an article by a citizen expressing anger." Yet that article apparently caused his name to be noted and deposited somewhere in an unknown police file. And police have evidently been covertly watching John L. for some time.

Back in the 1930s, big-city police departments in this country maintained elaborately secretive units called Red Squads. Their job was to shadow known and suspected Communists, anarchists and anybody else who, in their opinion, might some day cause some kind of trouble — in other words, to shadow anybody they felt like shadowing. The Red Squads were disbanded during the Second World War, mainly because any such wide-angle, random, secret police surveillance of inoffensive citizens was repugnant to a nation then locked in mortal combat with totalitarianism.

Today the Red Squads are back in business.

They may be watching you right now. You don't need to be a Communist to

get yourself watched. You don't need to have committed a crime or misdemeanor or even to have received a parking ticket. You need only have expressed some political or social opinion contrary to the authoritarian views of the police. You need only to be a member of a liberal political group, or to have marched in an anti-war demonstration, or to have publicly expressed discontent with the so-called Establishment and its conduct of the nation's affairs. If you've displeased authority in any such way, you can assume your name is on a list somewhere in a police file.

"It has a fantastic sound, but it's actually happening," says Eleanor Norton, crusading lawyer of the American Civil Liberties Union — ACLU. (Mrs. Norton, who is black, is so concerned with individual freedom that she has defended the free-speech rights of white supremacists.) "It's a frightening trend, and it's one that hardly anybody has more than casually noticed. The police in this country are getting more and more involved in rightwing political activity, and in particular they're getting busier with secret surveillance of leftwing or liberal groups. *Secret surveillance of people who have committed no crimes.* It sounds a little like 1984, doesn't it?"

Perhaps so. Mrs. Norton is so worried about the problem that ACLU, partly at her urging, plans soon to finance a study of it. The study will be directed by a New York lawyer, Frank Donner. "We want to know just how far this business of political surveillance has gone," Donner told me. "It's hard to assess because, by its very nature, it's hidden. We know the practice is widespread. We're afraid it may be more widespread than anybody thinks."

The oldtime Red Squads, says Donner, are being reactivated — often under ambiguous names such as "Bureau of Special Services". Many police departments in big cities, and around the larger and more restless college campuses, appear to have set up such task forces.

"They seem to cooperate from city to city," Donner says. "This came out during the 1968 Democratic Convention riots in Chicago. Many of the kids who went there were surprised when they recognized their own Red Squad shadows from back home. The Red Squad men had followed the kids and were keeping an eye on them, apparently with the blessing of the Chicago police."

The Red Squads apparently swap their secret files with each other — and have even, on occasion, opened the files to foreign governments. This rather frightening fact was demonstrated at a black leftist convention in Bermuda three years ago. When conference delegates arrived there, they discovered that the Bermuda police had a "stop list" of some 600 names. Four of the delegates' names

were on the list. They were denied entry to Bermuda.

"These four," says ACLU's Mrs. Norton, "were not known to be dangerous or violent. They hadn't been involved in riots. They were obscure little politicals. The Bermudan government certainly hadn't got their names by reading the newspapers, for these four hadn't been in the papers. They weren't Malcolm X. It seems obvious that some police office somewhere in the United States had had them under secret surveillance and had forwarded their names to the foreign government."

What police office? Where? Nobody knows. ACLU wrote to the FBI and CIA and the U.S. State Department, demanding to know who was doing the spying and name-filing. All three of those organizations wrote back and denied playing any part in the affair. Was it, then, some city police department? Or a cooperative group of city Red Squads? "This is the kind of question we want to get answered" Mrs. Norton says.

Though nobody seems to know precisely where the files are, there is little doubt that the files are growing rapidly. Federal, state and local police add to the files assiduously every week — sometimes overtly, sometimes not.

An example of overt name-collecting is now making news in Pennsylvania. Under a new law the state requires universities to supply names and other data on students who have been in trouble for "disruptive" campus activities — specifically, students who have been (1) expelled from other colleges or (2)

convicted of disorderly conduct or other infractions of the law. Any Pennsylvania college that doesn't comply with this law loses its eligibility for student scholarships and other state aid.

Haverford College has refused to comply. In the words of its president, John Coleman, compliance "would threaten academic freedom and, equally important, academic responsibility." The students themselves, including the majority of those who would have nothing to lose personally under the law, are solidly behind their president. "You wonder what the state is going to use these lists of names for," one student told me — a man who was arrested last year at an antiwar rally in Philadelphia. "I mean, whose file would my name go into? Would I be earmarked as a subversive for the rest of my life?"

Somewhat less overt is the name- and picture-collecting that goes on at peace rallies and marches. Photographers are a familiar sight at every such march. Some of the photographers are bona fide newsmen. Some aren't. "You can tell the difference easily," says a Princeton University student. "Newsmen want pictures of action. Cops want closeup pictures of faces."

Vincent Tornadine, a Chicago University medical student, told a typical story in testimony about a peace march he had attended in Chicago. The march had erupted into violence, and a special commission of lawyers and others was trying to find whether the marchers or the police were to blame. "Someone came up and snapped my picture,"

Tornadine testified at one point. "I had a name tag on . . . A guy comes and aims the camera right at my name tag and then he ducked out real quickly, and I saw him taking pictures of other people in the area too, and I assume those are now in the police files . . ." It is obvious, at any rate, that the photographer was not a newsmen. Why would a newsmen want pictures of name tags?

At some marches and rallies, police data-collectors even go so far as to wear "Press" badges so as to pass themselves off as newsmen. Journalists as a group aren't happy about this practice. It makes our work harder each year. When I go up to a man and try to get his story by promising I won't reveal his name, he's less likely to believe me today than he would have been a few years ago. In his eyes, I could be a disguised Red Squad cop.

But if disguised cops make us mad, newsmen who moonlight as surveillance agents make most of us still madder. It came out during the trial of the "Chicago Eight" last year that the FBI regularly hires journalists for this file-building work. A California reporter and a New York photographer both testified that the FBI had paid them to work as undercover agents. Their assignment was to gather data on leftwing groups and suspected "subversives." Using their journalists' credentials as passports, both men were welcomed into student-radical and other leftwing circles. Both then sold information to the FBI. One man was paid nearly \$7,000 for his contribution to the files, plus another \$2,000 or so for expenses. He got the money in cash, furtively delivered to him by FBI agents on out-of-the-way street corners and in dim corners of restaurants.

Journalists are approached often by law-enforcement agencies seeking this kind of help with surveillance. The first approach is typically indirect, often in the form of a phone call from a man who fails to give his name or the name of his outfit.

Last year and early this year, for instance, I wrote two stories in which I interviewed officers and members of an organization called LeMar — short for "Legalize Marijuana". LeMar is a perfectly legitimate lobbying group, no more criminal in its intent and activities than the John Birch Society or any other special-interest organization. Some of its members, mainly college students and young adults, smoke pot illegally; and many are anti-Establishment types who espouse a liberal breed of politics. But LeMar itself doesn't counsel lawbreaking. Its point of view doesn't please squares and Birchers and large numbers of older people who have never tried grass, but LeMar has a Constitutionally guaranteed right to express that point of view.

Shortly after my second story was published, I received a puzzling phone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



A man with light brown hair is sitting on a dark, ornate wooden chair. He is wearing a dark, ribbed jacket over a light-colored shirt, and matching dark, wide-leg corduroy flares. He is also wearing dark socks and brown leather shoes. The background is a solid, warm brown color. The text "GET A LEG UP WITH LEE" is overlaid in large, white, serif capital letters across the middle of the image.

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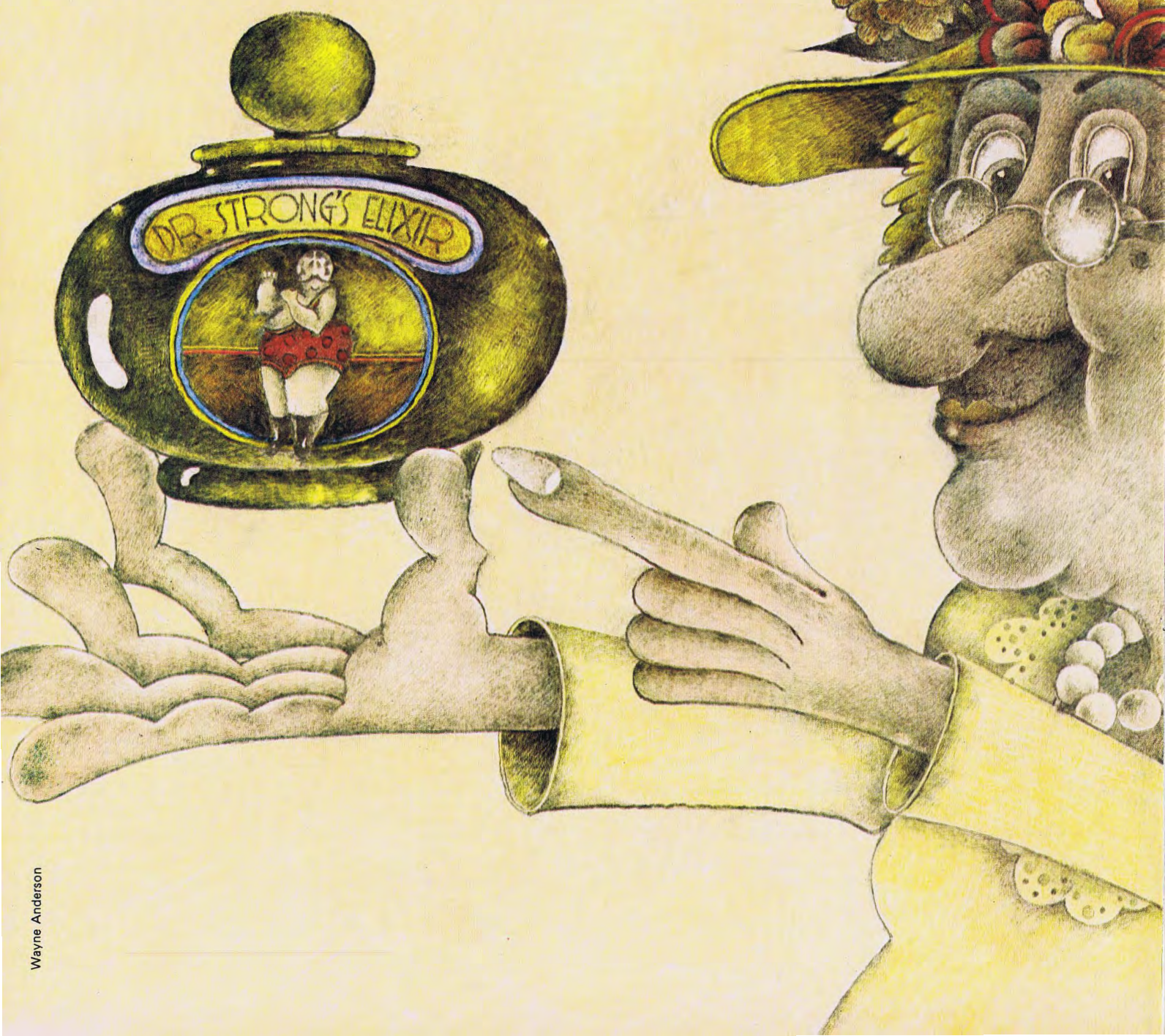


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He wished her dead & wished her dead until one day he died

FICTION BY GARSON KANIN

• My project was to marry for money—that's the only way to get it. I've sold out, sure, but for one hell of a price •





THE title of this story, I trust, makes it clear that there is to be no surprise ending, no twist, no switch. Not that I am intimidated by those who insist that such resolutions are old hat. It is simply that in this particular case, the point lies in what happened and not merely in how it came out in the end.

Tim Weeks died last Sunday, exactly one week ago today, at—come to think of it, precisely this hour—11:30 a.m.

His many friends here in New York as well as those on the coast (Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Palm Springs) were saddened, but not surprised. It has been clear to all of us during the past year that he was fading away. Strange, because there was no illness involved, no infection, disease, organic defect, no accident; not even a bad or life-shortening habit such as smoking, drinking, or womanizing. He just faded and died.

We have been meeting and talking about him all week, exchanging information and accounts. It is from these that I shall attempt to reconstruct the last four years or so in the life of Tim Weeks: playboy, man about town, extra man, dead at 47.

Martin said, late last night, "He died of not living."

It seemed meaningful at the time, but it is not so. Martin likes to say things like that. I know what Tim died of, which is why I am writing this.

I had been away from New York for almost a year and, on my return, he was one of the first to call.

"I was about to call *you*," I said.

"Good God! Are you still using stuff like that? What's your problem? Afraid somebody might not like you? There's plenty don't anyway and you won't change that by toadying to them on the telephone. Now, me—I do like you. Know why? Because you always loaned me money whenever I asked you and never offered half like some of my other crummy friends. Richer than you, too, most of them. Of course, you knew I'd pay you back even if I had to borrow from someone else and sometimes I did but that's none of *your* business, is it?"

"Well, you're the same ol' LP record," I said. "I'm glad *something* in this town hasn't changed. I can't get my bearings."

"How about getting your bearings down to The Players for lunch tomorrow? I'll pay and hand you some heavy news."

"Good offer."

We met at one, and a minute after we had ordered, he began.

"On Sunday, June eleventh, at eleven-thirty a.m. I am going to marry Dolly Brackman. You are not the first to know."

"Congratulations," I said.

He laughed, slapping the edge of the table gleefully.

"I love getting big laughs," I said. "But what the hell's so funny about *that*?"

"The words behind the word," he said. "The euphemism of it all. 'Congratulations' you said, and it sounded like, 'And may God have mercy on your soul'!"

"Not at all," I argued. "I like Dolly. She's a damn nice—woman."

"You can't stop it, can you? For 'woman' read 'old lady'."

"Will you knock it off, Tim? You make conversation a cross-examination."

"Sorry," he said. "I *am* a little jumpy."


"I certainly *don't* think of Dolly as an old lady. She might've been at the turn of the century, say, when the average life ended at 49 or so. But we're in the middle of the 20th century."

"I'm not," said Tim. "I'm a Regency rake."



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"What is she, 60?"

"No one knows," he replied. "She's bought up all the records across the years—birth certificate, school stuff, everything. She told me so herself."

"Well, she can afford it."

"Yes. But can she afford *me*?"

"We'll soon find out, looks like."

"You want another drink?" he asked.

"No, thanks."

"Mind if I...?"

"Not at all."

He ordered a second Gibson and said, "I'm 43."

"Who asked you?"

"You did, in that cunning, silent way of yours."

"There you go again."

"Look," he said, his temper flaring. "I know what they're saying, all of them. Who cares? Dolly knows, too. We laugh about it. One thing. There's no nonsense between us. We've got our eyes open, both of us. Wide."

"It's the only way."

"I've sold out, sure," he said. "But for one hell of a price."

"What made you decide? I mean, you and Dolly have known each other for years."

"Shrewdly put," he said. "That 'you decide'—could mean me, singular; or she and me, plural."

I said nothing. He had indeed caught the loaded usage.

"I decided," he said. "We had a thing going and, during it, I asked her five times. Once every two months. She turned me down five times. So I stopped asking and began playing the field again. Now and then, her—but not exclusively. Finally, *she* asked *me*. I turned *her* down. But the second time I said yes because I knew there wouldn't be a third time."

"There's all kinds of talent," I said.

"Yes," he said. "I gave it a good think, I promise you. Twenty years I've been knocking around. Those first six in the acting business. Back and forth from here to the coast like a goddam ping-pong ball. Struck out east *and* west. So my agent made me an agent. Ten years I gave that sonofabitch and then he sold me out."

"But we all thought the travel agency was going great."

"It is. But there's not enough money in it. Not the kind I need. Want."

"Make up your mind."

"What?"

"Which is it? 'Want' or 'need'?"

"Now who's a language pain-in-the-ass?"

"Me."

"With me," he said, "'want' and 'need' amount to the same thing. I want what I need and I need what I want. I got to where I wasn't sleeping. I'd walk around the apartment or I'd sit, brooding. One night, I faced it. Myself. A failure, with no real ability, training, experience, profession, trade, nothing. No family. At 43 you're starting downhill in lots of things. I damn near panicked. Then I thought, all right, those are the debits. What are the credits? And when I'd finished totting those up, I realized that I did have something to sell. All I had to do was find one good customer. My project was to marry for money—that's the only way left for me to get it."

"I hope you'll be very happy. Both of you."

As it happened, I was not in New York on the day of the wedding, although I tried to arrange to be.

It was described as a surprisingly tasteful occasion at St. Thomas's, followed by a 20-hour reception and dance at Dolly's celebrated townhouse on East 64th Street. Three days later, Mr. and Mrs. Tim Weeks, accompanied by her maid, his valet, and a courier, left on their honeymoon. It took them around the world and lasted ten months.

We ran into each other in the steam room of the Biltmore Baths.

"You're looking well," I said.

"Hell, yes," he said. "And you should see me with my clothes on!"

Afterward, we had a drink upstairs.

"There's no one more amazed than I am," he said seriously. "But it's working out beautifully. She's a really—a marvelous girl. Nice to be with, travel with, no strain, generous."

"I know."

"No, you don't. How could you? Do you know I've got an open account in over a hundred stores all over the world? And a pile of credit cards that I can't carry around because they bulge like a tumor?" I laughed. "In fact, if you want the truth, they *are* a kind of tumor."

"Operable?" I asked.

"I don't know. Also. She's written a new will. Not a word about it till we got back. With her kind of pile, it took the whole ten months to arrange it. But yesterday, she had them come up—the lawyers—and they explained everything. It all goes three ways—a third to her foundation, for charities and that Negro scholarship thing and so on. A third to her daughter. Nothing to her son who a: doesn't need it, and b: hasn't spoken to her since me. And the third third is mine. Can you imagine it?"

"Yes, I can."

The check was presented. He reached for it and signed it.

Frank told of having seen them some months later, in Acapulco. He said that Dolly had related to Tim as to a valued servant.

"She had a wild thing going down there," he reported. "Must've cost three, four thousand a day. It was a non-stop party in celebration of nothing—of her money, maybe. Everybody in and out, day and night, and Tim—he worked like a workhorse, like a social director. Don't ask me when he slept. And then she'd chartered this hundred and seventy footer and *that* was in action all the time and the Starstream Jet bringing them in and taking them out. Somebody said that the rate she was going he had a good chance of making his inheritance fast—but that there probably would be nothing left!"

They came to California the following spring and we gave a dinner party for them, inviting the glamor list.

Dolly was at her best, ebullient and appreciative and altogether charming. Tim, on the other hand, seemed to be somewhat subdued. I could sense that he was making a constant effort to stay with it and the fact that he succeeded did not lessen the strain.

I pursued my duties as host and did not get to talk to him, except briefly toward the end of the evening. He was, by then, solidly stoned.

"Damn good," he said. "Did you know that I—? Excellent. Listen. Who's the girl, the woman—the one there with the thing in her hair? She married? What's her phone number? Say, this is quite a house. Somebody said you own it but you rent it, right? You want to sell it? I mean do they? I'll buy it. Put it on my Air Travel Card, f'chrissake. Listen. You going to give me her phone number or what?"

My wife called to me and I was able to make a graceful getaway. Early the next morning, he phoned. I knew it was to pursue the matter of Jean's phone number, which I had no intention of giving him. Yet, I did not know how to avoid it. I was wrong.

"Do you know a good doctor out here?" he asked. "I need the best."

"What kind?" I inquired. "Internist, heart, throat? You know how it is these days. They all specialize."

"I need a guy that can tell me what's wrong with me," he said. "Because there is."

I wondered if he were still drunk.

"Let me think," I said, stalling. "I'll call you back in an hour."

"No, no," he said. "Let me call you. Where'll you be? I'll be out somewhere. I don't know where. I've got to get out of

- Sex in art is a joke when it's well written. When it's badly written it doesn't even titillate —MANO
- But good pussy isn't. Sex may be a joke, but good pussy, man, I take it very seriously —HENDERSON

IN THEIR OWN WRITE



Moderator Cassill (left) in action, heard by Beckham and Meriwether.

PENTHOUSE SYMPOSIUM

For a spoken discussion of the written word, Penthouse gathered five novelists and one poet, selected to represent a cross-section of new writing in America today. All young and of acknowledged promise in their work, they also have in common as the source of their ideas and style the vital issues of our time. Moderator for the occasion was author/critic **R. V. Cassill** who, besides his output of novels, short stories and essays, has been active for the last two decades as critic and teacher (he is on the staff of Brown University), producing the popular textbook *Writing Fiction*. Members of the symposium which he chaired for Penthouse were:

Barry Beckham, 25, novelist, author of *My Main Mother* (Walker & Co.), a graduate of Brown University, presently employed by the Chase Manhattan Bank as urban affairs associate.

L. J. Davis, 29, novelist, author of

Whence All But He Had Fled, and *Cowboys Don't Cry* (Viking), who formerly studied at Stamford and Columbia University, and is now employed by the Sterling Wine & Liquor Co.

D. Keith Mano, 27, novelist, author of *Bishop's Progress*, *Horn* (Houghton Mifflin) and *War is Heaven* (Doubleday), a vice-president of Ex-Pando Corporation, cement manufacturers.

Louise Meriwether, novelist, author of *Daddy Was a Numbers Runner* (Prentice Hall), former newspaper woman and a member of the faculty of Watts Writers' Workshop.

Geoffrey Wolff, novelist, 32, author of *Bad Debts* (Simon & Schuster), a summa cum laude graduate of Princeton, now book editor of *Newsweek*.

David Henderson, poet, author of *Felix of the Silent Forest* (Poet's Press) and *De Mayor of Harlem* (E. P. Dutton), poet in residence at the City College of New York.

Penthouse: A new decade is beginning against a backdrop of violence and accelerating changes in values and the means of communicating them. How does this charged climate affect you as writers? Is it good or useful for your work?

Mano: I don't believe there is more violence than at other times in history. Of course it is important how you interpret it, or use it. Violence is a metaphor. Sure there is lots of it in my second novel *Horn*, but I'm not interested in it for its own sake or its sensational value. Odd as it sounds today, I'm chiefly interested in proselytizing for Christianity. Violence in itself is a bore.

Henderson: Yes, there is more violence. There should be more. The media make violence, man. They stir it out and show what things are really like. They're violent against people, first by trying to hypnotize them. Violence against the spirit.

Meriwether: There is no new violence; it has just come out of the woodwork now that the blacks have a voice. History lies about the amount and extent of violence in other times. Blacks have always experienced violence.

Penthouse: Mr. Mano, what becomes of the attempts to reach racial understanding in *Horn*? Is your novel telling us that there is no possibility of advancement in that direction?

Mano: There is no racial understanding.

Henderson: Bullshit, man.

Davis: It is not a question of race but who is the underdog. The struggle of the underdog to get out from under. I support myself by working in a liquor store. Every morning I take the boards off the front of the store, run the steel gates back and sell to people whose lives are in desperate straits. All morning long I'm hearing a continual cry of "Help!" from these people, but I don't see myself as one among them until later when I sit down at my typewriter.

Wolff: Books sharpen difference in order to save.

Mano: The writer must make a moral statement. I see myself as a teacher while I'm writing what has been called a sort of Christian pornography.

Davis: I write *dirty* pornography. I'm a reasonably moral person, but as a writer I have an absolute responsibility to truth. I gather up anecdotes of violence and use what I see around me because violence dramatizes life, which exists in a state of moral neutrality.

Penthouse: Mr. Wolff, the main character in your novel, *Benjamin Freeman*, has come to the end of the road. His sexual powers and his chances are pretty well exhausted. He isn't sure any longer whether he is a Jew or not. Is his situation symbolic of these times as you see them?

Wolff: His exhaustion is a metaphor, yes. It's the other side of the lie. Freedom. Utter liberation—when you have every possibility and can do nothing with it. It's like the situation of a Kafka character, of course, trying to get into the castle and not knowing how or really why he wants in. I conceived it that way... then had to write my way through it.

Penthouse: Yet you've written a very funny book, a very contemporary and American book. Is it more fun to be a Kafka character in America



Novelist Davis (left) and poet Henderson.



Barry Beckham and Louise Meriwether.



Geoffrey Wolff (left) and D. Keith Mano.

today than to be a central European character half a century ago?

Wolff: There's more gusto . . . color . . . speed. There's that difference.

Davis: The character I'm preoccupied with—I keep shaping this central figure, up under different names in my work—is a true believer. He collects violence because he has faith. My character Clark Kent has faith that when he calls the cop a real cop will come, so he doesn't even notice that the cop appears wearing part of a surplus Air Force uniform. So you might say it's Kent's own doing when the false cop takes advantage of him and finally beats him up. You might say he conspires with violence because of his expectations. He believes what he's been told about America, so he becomes the automatic victim. I'm a WASP from Idaho by way of Brooklyn. I grew up believing everything I was told about America. Damn it, I still believe . . . and I see this same crazy faith—this insane optimism—showing up in the winos who come to the liquor store where I work.

Penthouse: Mr. Beckham, like Mr. Davis you work to support yourself while you're writing. You work in a bank. We'd like to hear what connection you make between such genteel employment and going home to write about the

violence in the soul of our times or about the black and white conflict.

Beckham: It's pretty difficult. You attempt to become unconscious about your other life, the nine-to-five life at Chase Manhattan, dispensing loans. You don't have any time to really think about the project you have going, the novel—while you are being badgered to make corporate decisions. Yet at the same time you make mental notes about characters and situations, or make real notes on memo pads and stuff them in your shirt. You go home and find there's no time to write because you have two children and friends like David Henderson who want to come over and take you out at night.

Penthouse: Where does he take you?

Beckham: He takes you to the East Village and to places like Rattiki, and Port of Call East, and very avant-garde jazz places. At this point, though, I'm taking a leave of absence from writing and concentrating on working from nine to five, getting the applications for grants out to the Foundations. But when I'm going good I write best from about 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. The excitement comes when things are going well. It's two o'clock and you know you have to wake at seven but you don't want to sleep, because you've stumbled on a good situation. The fear rises when the words won't come. But after publishing the first novel you've proved that you can do the thing that's most important to you.

Penthouse: How are you going to make your career, then?

Beckham: Mostly on faith.

Penthouse: Do you have faith in reviewers, like Mr. Wolff here, from *Newsweek* magazine?

Beckham: I don't have too much faith in reviewers because I think reviewers concentrate 80 per cent of their time on reviewing the plot and about 20 per cent of the time deciding whether they like the book and forgetting the important things such as characterization and dialogue or the thematic material, the stuff that the writer puts in the book.

Wolff: Not invariably. The only thing I'd like to say about that is that I've had some bad luck with bankers, too.

Penthouse: Could you tell us about being a reviewer and a novelist at the same time?

Wolff: Yes. Obviously I've got my head stuffed with other people's books. And the worst of it is there are so many out there that I admire so much. Nabokov, John Barth, William Gass, Pynchon . . .

Davis: After *Giles Goat Boy* you admire Barth?

Wolff: Oh yes. I find it could be the easiest thing in the world for me to be so utterly intimidated by these talents that I wouldn't write again. But I think I can say honestly that I don't think in terms of the competition.

Penthouse: Are you not interested in "making it" in the sense that Norman Podhoretz defined—using your contacts and connections, parlaying them into a great reputation?

Wolff: No, I'm not interested in making it. I'm interested in making, you know, the best book that was ever made. I've reached the point where I'm really puzzled by Norman Mailer's image of the writer as prize fighter . . . putting himself in the ring with Hemingway. Because I find when the work is coming there honestly just isn't time for that kind of concern.

Penthouse: Is this true generally of the writers of your generation or are many of them trying to make it, in Podhoretz's sense of the term?

Wolff: If I know any writers like that I don't know them for long. I don't prize their company.

Penthouse: What do you see happening to the novelists you respect?

Wolff: Among the books I see now, I find an extraordinary liberation from the old confinements. I think it's a wonderful age for reading and for writing. You turn Sybil Bedford's pages on one day and Robert Coover's the next and they've both got audience. The form seems to have opened again . . . When they were ringing the death knell for the novel in the '50s and '60s I think a lot of writers took that literally and said "All right, the form is dead so now I can do anything with it that I want to."

Penthouse: You're saying, in effect, that the '50s and '60s are dead, and that something good, multiple—hopeful—is going on now.

Wolff: Fantastic possibilities.

Beckham: Mr. Wolff says he is not trying to make it. But don't we, in a sense, need someone who is trying to make it? We need a Hemingway or a Mailer, a man who is the writer incarnate, who stabs his wife four times and makes movies on the weekend, and is the popular writer.

Penthouse: Do black people need a writer in that mould?

Beckham: I think black people need great black people in every field. I'd like to see a black writer like that. I think we have one in LeRoi Jones. I know his editor very well and he told me that when Jones signed his last contract the secretaries said, "Let us know when he comes into the office because we want to come down and get his autograph."

Wolff: All right. I take back part of what I said. I like Mailer's presence. What I can't stand is the small change of the maneuvering. "How did I come off against so and so?" I love the grand sort of personality that engorges everything around it. That's fine.

Davis: A personality—not a writer?

Wolff: Oh yes, it is certainly a personality.

Mano: My motto—someone said Faulkner said it and I hope he did—is "A writer should write only when he's inspired, and I'm inspired from nine to five every day." Writing is a business. I write every night of my life with maybe three exceptions a year—this might be one of them, I don't know yet, it's too early. It's a job. You've got to say things. You might as well sit down and say them.

Penthouse: How do you reconcile this businesslike view with "proselytizing for Christianity" or "writing Christian pornography" as you declare you do in your novels?

Mano: Proselytizing for Christianity is hard work. The emotion required to write a novel—don't you agree?—occurs in one week's time. And the rest is . . . semi-colons.

Chorus: No. No. NO! No.

Mano: To my mind the novelist's great job is to keep from thinking of anything else after he's got a novel. I've got a novel . . . I give myself two or three years to write it, and then it's done.

Davis: Of course you keep on gathering experience. That by itself isn't enough. I see Jimmy the Drunk buying wine, but I can't just use what I see until my imagination gets fired and I can

become Jimmy the Drunk for an hour while I write about him.

I wrote a scene in my first novel about an elderly Jewish junkman. Like I said, I'm a WASP from Idaho by way of Brooklyn. I don't know anything about an elderly Jewish junkman except that Harry Levin was a friend of mine and one afternoon I decided to see how he would look as an elderly Jewish junkman. I sat down and wrote in a fever. It suddenly began to come to me. How or why or whatever, I can't possibly explain. But if you can't make the magic it is no good. I put in a six-hour stint of fever and inspiration.

Penthouse: You believe in inspiration?

Davis: Whatever that means. At that particular moment I *had* it. In the novel I'm working on now, the work has been slogging because I haven't been able to find a frame on which to hang the story. I haven't had that moment of inspired madness that would make it suddenly clear to me.

Penthouse: Where will you find the solution—in your sex life, your sympathies for the winos at the liquor store, your personal pain and exaltation?

Davis: Right in front of the typewriter.

Meriwether: He'll find it . . . in his head.

Davis: You're sitting in front of the typewriter and if it goes it goes. Otherwise it's journeyman work.

Beckham: Isn't the journeyman work a kind of recollecting?

Penthouse: Is the recollection in tranquillity a kind of masturbation?

Davis: Oh boy! The sensation may be like sexual climax, but it goes on and on and on if you're absolutely creating. You're terrifically excited when things begin to meld, when the character comes to life and takes over. Afterward there's no post-coital sadness. There's only the doubt whether what you've written is contemptible trash.

Mano: I couldn't stand to be dependent on who came in the liquor store for my direction in writing.

Davis: I didn't say that.

Mano: To my mind the only fun in being a writer is to make things up. I just wrote a book about guerrilla warfare in Guatemala. I've never been to Guatemala, I never intend to go.

Penthouse: Where do you get your images of war? Out of childhood fights? Out of what you've read? Violence on the streets or in newspapers?

Mano: They come from odds and ends. You're upset when you have to use reality. Using reality is a trick to convince the reader. I tend to fall into saying disgusting things when I can't be realistic enough, the presumption being that disgusting things sound real. I wrote the scene with a proctoscope in which the doctor falls dead and the patient can't unream himself. I take a proctoscopic view of the world.

Penthouse: Where does the imagination come from? Balling? Getting high? Getting angry?

Henderson: Let's stop this nonsense and go to McSorley's and drink some beer and chase all the women out. I believe what Jung says, man. Jung says what a lot of ancient and so-called primitive people were talking about, man. And Aleister Crowley—I think he's the hippest

white writer of the last century. In my writing, in my poetry, specifically in my poetry, I explore my consciousness. I think the hippest thing a man can do is to explore his being. I try to present my being to others. It comes through words, being there. It comes through talking on the phone. Through all things. You talk about balling, getting high, fucking. Like fucking up, man. Like fighting, man. That's the way men make love, you know, they get up high. I know some cats like to cut people, like to shoot people. You don't fight with them because you don't love them. I like to fight with girls.

Penthouse: Does your writing come out of the ways you fight with girls?

Henderson: No, man. I assume all of us here can take care of business, man. I haven't read the works of everybody here. You don't have to tell me what time of day you write. I don't have to tell you, either. I write just to keep the sun, man. It's Ra. It's a Ra thing. I believe in the Devil and in God and a whole lot of other people, because there's 96 deities that Christ came from. I know a cat named Jonathan who says he'll draw a magic circle and call them cats down and he'll tell them what to do, man. He'll say you got to talk bad to these guys, they're the proletariat of the spirit world. You can't trust them.

Penthouse: Does getting high help you understand the Ra language?

Henderson: There's so many ways of getting high, man. I have this moon thing in my horoscope, man. I have this very strong lunar influence. You can high from opium, from breathing, from looking at somebody. You can high taking vitamins.

Penthouse: But not from working in the bank, Mr. Beckham?

Beckham: Definitely not.

Penthouse: In your novel, Mr. Wolff, the character who gets sexually high from putting his listening device to the wall and hearing the girls next door, finds absolute frustration. He's at the dead end of sexual search. Is he ready for religion?

Wolff: There is none. That's the lacuna. In the real sense of the term "jerking off"—that's what Benjamin Freeman does.

Penthouse: Not like Portnoy?

Henderson: At least Eldridge Cleaver was honest enough to be a rapist.

Wolff: My character is not a rapist. He rolls over on his stomach and thinks "Oh, again. . . I" And then, without thought he does whatever there is to be done about that.

Penthouse: He masturbates and by the time he achieves orgasm he has no thought except, "I've finally done it".

Wolff: Except "getting it over".

Penthouse: Is that the dead end?

Wolff: That's right. That's what days are like, too. There are corners of my imagination that are that dark, but my intent is to name the evil so we can know it. The evil is masturbation without any fantasy left to sustain it. My character's fantasies are too empty. There's no reach. No reach.

Penthouse: Mano, in the last passage of your novel *Horn* there are many sorts of sexual advances made to your main character, the minister. In refusing them, is he refusing some-

thing that might renew his religious fire?

Mano: I don't think so. I tend to be kind of cynical about sex as a spirited force. Work is much more effective. Discipline of any sort. It opens you. One reason I can't sleep at night is I'm afraid I'm going to die. I can't sleep at all, because sleeping is like dying, you're afraid the mind is going to turn off, the constant image-making and associating machine is going to go.

Penthouse: Do you ever link this feeling with the fears of dying in many of Hemingway's early stories or Joyce's compulsive fear of losing consciousness?

Mano: I get my neuroses from my own situation. I don't borrow mine.

Davis: At the end of my novel *Cowboys Don't Cry*, the hero Clark Kent has a girl foot-fetishist locked up in a closet. The only thing he's trying to do is escape. He's trying to get out, cut loose from the whole scene he's gotten himself involved in. She's trying to drag him right back on down into her world. It isn't that sex has become a dead end, it's that sex in our time has become both funny and irrelevant to pleasure. Very few people realize it yet . . .

Mano: Sex in art is a joke when it's well written. When it's badly written it doesn't even titillate.

Henderson: But good pussy isn't. Sex may be a joke but good pussy, man, I take it very seriously.

Davis: The fetishist he gets away from is ready for anything and he realizes suddenly, as the criminal he's suddenly become, that he can use the girl's total permissiveness, her sex hangups, to commit a crime. He's going to lock her up, for her kicks, and then loot her father's house.

Penthouse: Did he accept sex so it would bring him to the point of committing a liberating crime?

Davis: He's not even involved in sex. All he wants to do is get out of the goddamned situation by the first means that comes to hand.

Penthouse: If some of these novels of yours describe a situation from which religious or sexual impulses have been exhausted, what comes next?

Mano: Want me to tell you the truth? Speaking ex cathedra? I'll tell you what Original Sin is. Man is the only creature with the capacity to be bored. That's why Andy Warhol, for all his cynicism, is a valid artist. He's put his finger on it. How many violent acts, how many sex acts occur—not out of evil, not out of horniness—just because people are afraid of not doing anything for another minute.

Meriwether: I think it's more a fear of loneliness. In the sex act what we are trying to do is become united, really, with another human being and the sadness of it is that sometimes we remain lonely, and that's the greatest loneliness there is—to be seeking to find amalgamation and you're still so deadly alone.

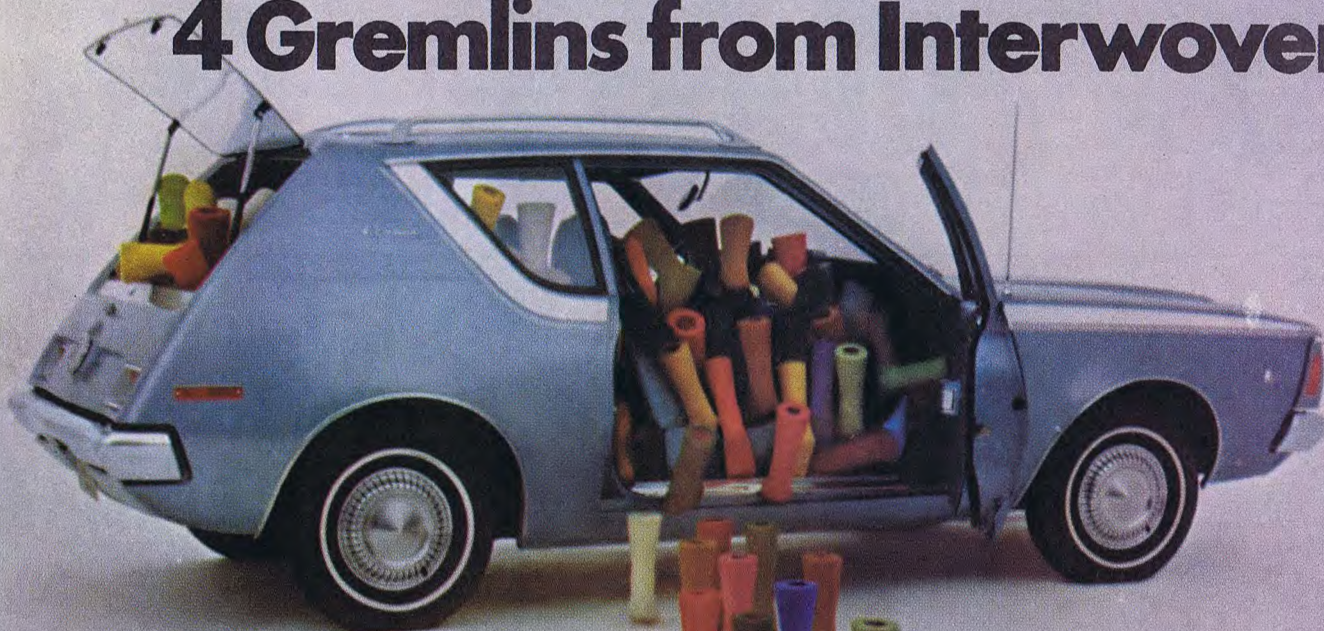
Penthouse: In your novel do you describe this kind of loneliness as a particular malady of our times?

Meriwether: It's probably the society we live in that's got a lot to do with it, and our mores and hang-ups about sex. My book is written from the point of view of an 11-year-old girl, so we can't tie the sex thing in too much. I think there is some truth in Mr. Mano's suggestion

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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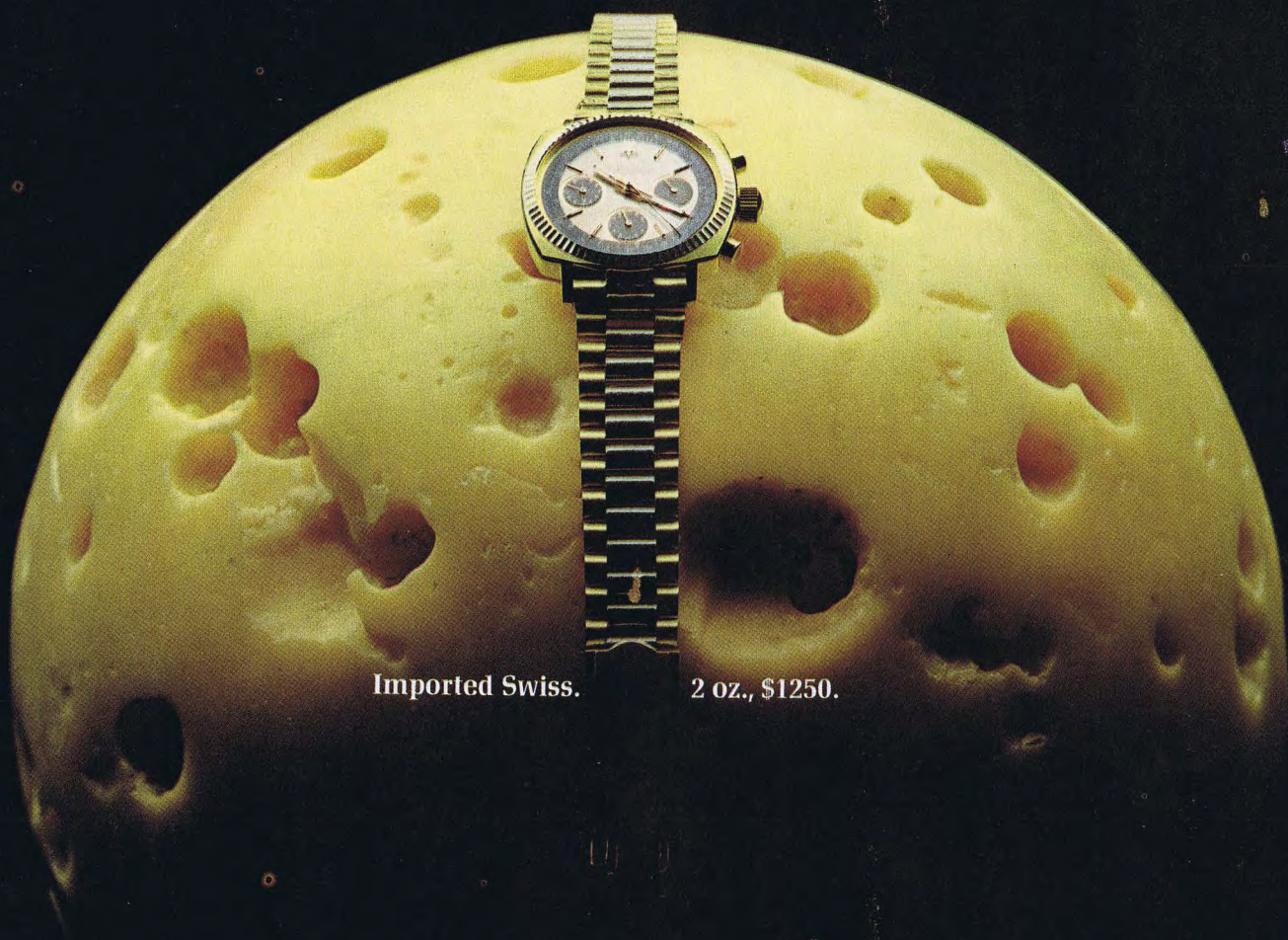
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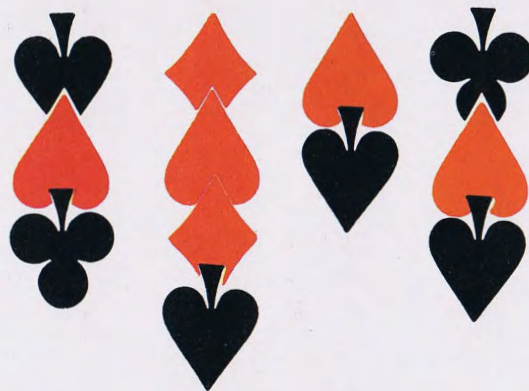
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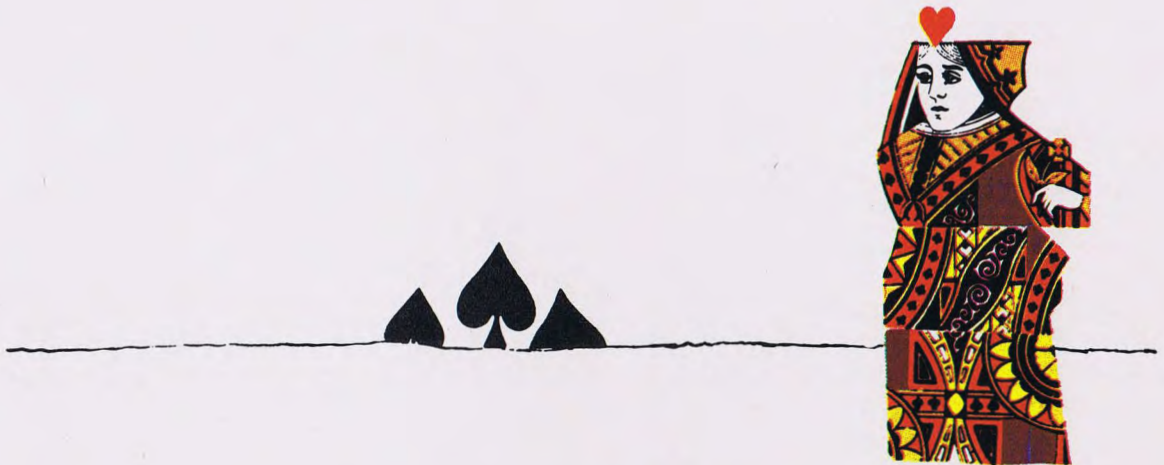
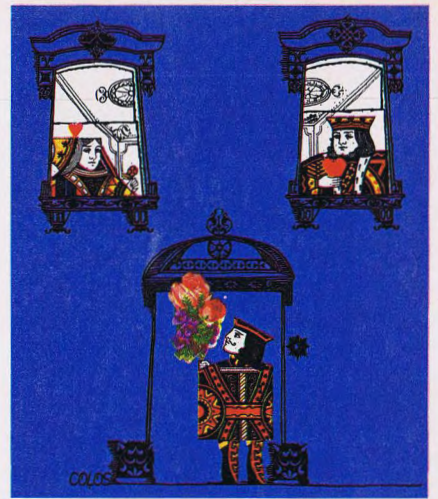
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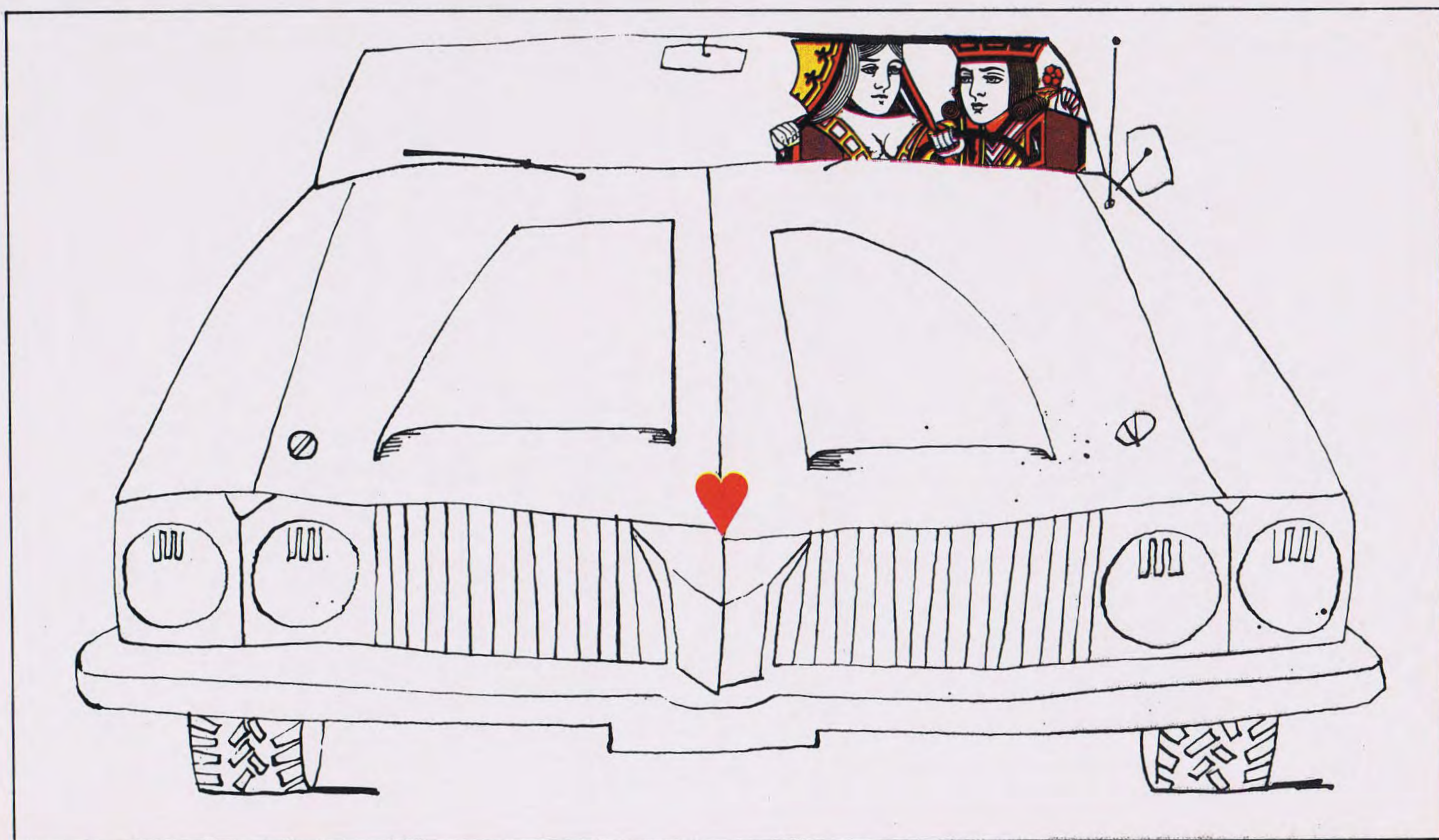
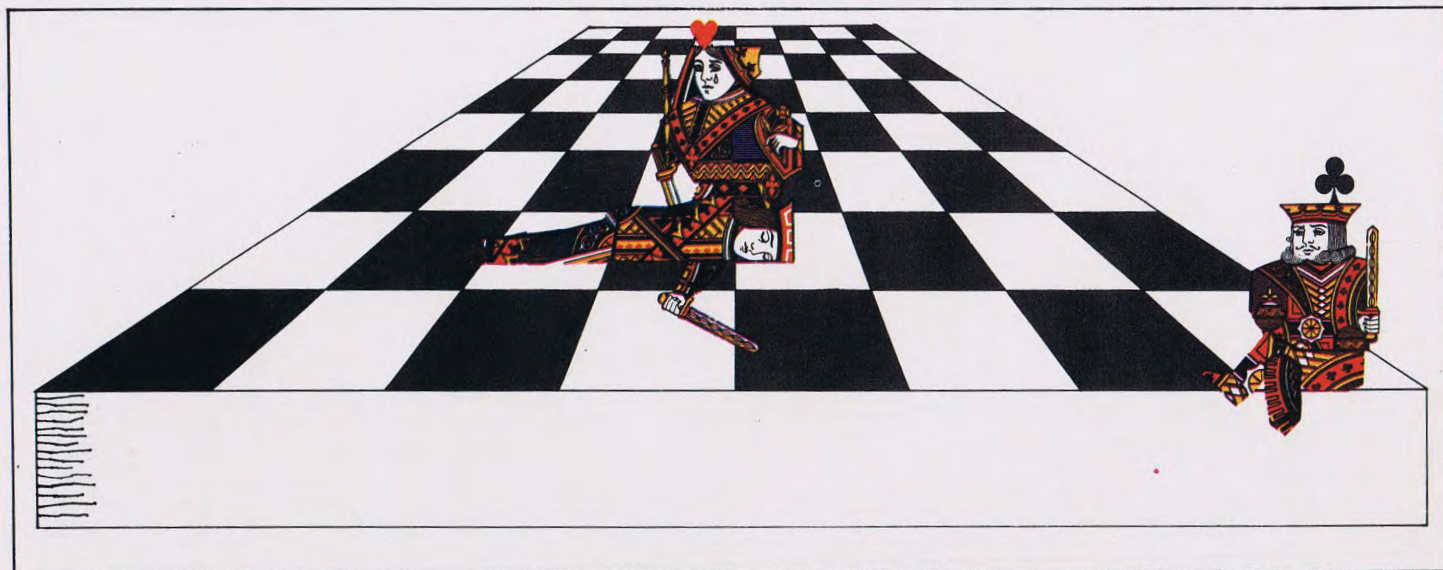
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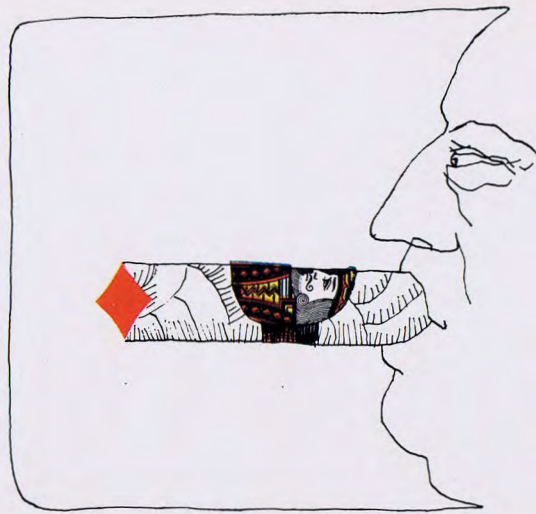
COLOS ON DECK



AN ARTIST
NEW TO THE AMERICAN SCENE
SHOWS WHAT CAN HAPPEN WHEN
A MAN WITH TALENT
PLAYS HIS CARDS RIGHT.









THE original Americans got here about 18,000 years before the Jews got to Palestine. And about 19,500 before we got here. They walked. They started somewhere north of the Yellow River in China (called, at that time, "the place we left") and walked up through Siberia and then east across the Bering Strait which was land at the time. Some of them got off at Alaska but the main body kept right on hoofing it all the way to Tierra del Fuego. One of the larger contingents settled, if that's the word, where we are now.

The second-most-original Americans came here from you-know-where. They crossed the wild Atlantic in leaky tubs to get to a forest inhabited by Indians. They came here for freedom and then went into the slave trade and set fire to the Quakers. The Pilgrims had the Word. What they didn't have was the Map. They had taken aim on Virginia and missed by 1000 miles. They didn't know they were wrong until the winter came. Half of them promptly starved to death but the other half were saved by Indians who gave them corn. This made the Pilgrims their debtors and a Pilgrim never forgets. In addition, the aborigines weren't, it turned out, Christians and, even worse, their English was lousy. Talk about alienation!

Along about Genesis 18, God allowed Adam to give names to all the animals and he did, giving us the sheep and goats we know about today. Well, the Indians were just stupid savages and, believing in some ridiculous Manitou, they called things by dumb names such as opossum and raccoon. To the Pilgrims, this was not only heresy, which gave them the vapors and made their blood clot a lot, but, combined with the miserable English they spoke and added to all the other indignities, led the sturdy little Limeys to invent scalping. They paid a bounty for each skinhead and the Indians learned it from them. (Fact.) Worse was to come. It was discovered that these ignoble beasts had given names even to places. To the aristocratic Angles and Saxons, themselves the descendants of woad-smearing Picts and down-at-the-heel Teutons, this was intolerable. Connecti-

cut, indeed! Massachusetts, my foot! Our literate, inventive forefathers preferred lovely, original names in the English tongue, viz: NEW Hampshire, NEW York, NEW Jersey, NEW Haven, NEW England and the like. They made 'em up a mile a minute.

Meanwhile, the Spaniards, after wiping out the filthy Incas and the murderous Aztecs, looked around. Juan Ponce de Leon left Puerto Rico (and a town named Ponce) and sailed west. On the Easter of the Flowers he "discovered" Florida. And Cape Canaveral (Canaveral). When Spaniards sailed up the Pacific coast, every place they stopped for water they named after a saint's day. They held up pretty well through Sts. Pedro, Francis, etc. till they damn near ran out of saints and came up with a real darberooni—El Pueblo de Nuestra Dama La Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula (Pismo Beach). And La Villa Real de la Santa Fe de San Francisco. Later shortened to Santa Fe. (Another glorious fact.)

The French got their fine Italian hands into the game and didn't do too badly. Fond du Lac is all right, particularly if there'd been some kind of argument and they finally agreed to call a place Bottom of the Lake. Nouvelles Orleans drags them back to the level of the Pilgrims but then they forge ahead with *bayou*. Or they would have except that they got that one from the Indians. Des Moines is better. Eau Claire is nice and Saint Cloud is nice.

The Indians came right back with Saginaw, Kalamazoo, Mississippi and Walla Walla. The real Americans countered with Jamestown, Watertown, Johnstown, Plattsburg, Clarksburg, Martinsburg, Pittsburgh and Flint. The French chimed in with Baton Rouge, the Spaniards evened it up with Palo Alto. The redmen (who are copper-colored, not red—that was a mistake caused by their wearing red paint) forged behind with Tuscaloosa, Oscaloosa, Yazoo City, Okeechobee, Allegheny, Ocinomowoc and Miami. Forefathers, running scared, offered Hot Springs, Cold Harbor, Little Rock, Great Falls, Little Big Horn, Grand Rapids, Big Muddy, Little Wabash and

Great Neck. Pine Bluff called Council's Bluff. Vermont, Beaumont and Montpelier, French. Montgomery, English.

As time went by the Americans were forced to roll out their big guns: Lincoln, Washington, Jackson, Cleveland, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin. This wiped out almost all that was left of the Dutch. They gave up around 1664, leaving Harlem, Flushing, a boro of New York City named after farmer Bronk, and Staten Island. They left Van Cortland Park, Spuyten Duyvil Creek and just a faint whiff of cheese. In fact many people called them John Cheese. Jan Kaese. Yankees.

Southeastern Virginia is home to the Dismal Swamp.

Texas has a county named Deaf Smith.

Blue Ball, Intercourse and Bird-in-Hand are in Penna.


And we are blessed with Death Valley, Deadwood River, Deadman Mountain and Dead Indian Peak.

Then there was the time when the folks got to feeling that they wanted to class up the joint. This led to Syracuse, Troy, Corinth, Cincinnati, Paris, King-of-Prussia and you look up the rest.

This classiness may have been what today we would call an over-reaction. We did have, and still have, a few of these... Smackover, Filthy Creek, Big-shot, Broken Top, Deer's Ears and whatnot. Cut Throat Bar. Crazy Smith's Hill. Fifty-six, Down Sockum, Hell-out-for-noon, Gouge Eye, Low Freight, Stinking Spring and Pigsty. Lots more whatnot. But it shows that our forebears at least knew what they were looking at. Or smelling.

De la Ware was an Englishman but that's the way he wrote it. Rhode Island isn't an island, so forget it. Macinac is pronounced Mackinaw, but that won't help you with Arkansas. Penn got a sylvania, Hart got a ford and Ogden got a burg.

The Portuguese built Provincetown, Mass., but got there too late to name it.

Well, you may ask, where does this leave the Italians? Amerigo Vespucci, that's where. And Verezano. And Columbus, Ohio. And the gem not of one, but of two mighty oceans. 

NAME CALLING -AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM

HUMOR BY
HENRY MORGAN



BOB VELDE

TINA



In Page Pet uniform of frills and velvet, Tina appealingly officiates in Penthouse Club reception lobby, welcoming and conducting visitors.



FRONT PAGE STORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUCCIONE

In London's already renowned Penthouse Club, soon coming up to its first anniversary, the visiting member's eye is likely to be caught in the lobby by a pretty girl in the velvet breeches of a pageboy uniform. This is the duty Page Pet, one of whom is always stationed by the reception desk to perform errands, show new members round the club, escort V.I.P.s to the room of their choice and make introductions to the Room Director, etc. Wearing the distinctive frilled costume these days with piquancy and charm is 20-year-old Tina McDowall, who now steps into the pages of Penthouse to be honored as Pet of the Month.

Granted leave of absence from her club duties, Tina was selected to fly to Yugoslavia on a recent promotional tour headed by Editor/Publisher Bob Guccione, and her stay in that country was turned to extra advantage when the locale was found to provide settings for this stunning pictorial presentation of her delightful proportions (36-23-36).

Born in Glasgow, Tina comes from a Scottish family of five children and when she moved south to London two years ago she elected—Scottish allegiances being what they are—to stay with an aunt. Acknowledging



an acquired affection for her adopted city, the lass confesses that she still only feels "really at home" when revisiting Bonnie Scotland. But she adds: "I do feel sort of at home in the Penthouse Club too—it's like a second home to me now. I joined just after the club opened and it's been very exciting to be on the ground floor of its success."

Of course Petdom at the Penthouse Club requires a special breed of young lady, and each of the profusion of Pets in round-the-clock attendance there must have poise as well as pulchritude, be decorous as well as decorative, and adept at meeting people. Page Pets like Tina also need a flair for greeting arriving revellers and making them feel instantly at home within the Club's stately portals. While no member questions how far Tina measures up to these demanding standards, the lass herself expresses modest misgivings. "I've never thought of myself as anything but a shy girl, basically. In my job I have to be jolly all the time. It's true that I can smile on cue, but deep inside I'm always a little frightened. When people come to the club I'm often the first person they see. I open the door, and I expect I help to form the first impression many people get of the place. To me, this is an important responsibility, and I just hope people can't see the fears inside."

Her shyness, according to Tina, is why she has no ambitions to hold the center of the stage. She wouldn't be able to cope with being an actress, and her recent expedition to Yugoslavia confirmed her in her view that "I'd never make a good celebrity." The Penthouse representatives were the guests of *Start* magazine and of Vjesnik Politika, the biggest publishing group in the country—state-owned of course. "We were swamped with newsmen from the moment we arrived in Zagreb until we left five days later. Reporters and photographers scare the wits out of me."


Expanding on her memorable experience, Tina continues: "Everything was terribly official. When we got off the plane there were eight people and an interpreter waiting for us, plus loads of reporters and big bouquets of roses. I don't know whether the roses were meant for me or Bob Guccione, but I ended up carrying them. I've never been so royally treated in my whole life, but the thought of having to live a celebrity's life day in and day out is absolutely terrifying."

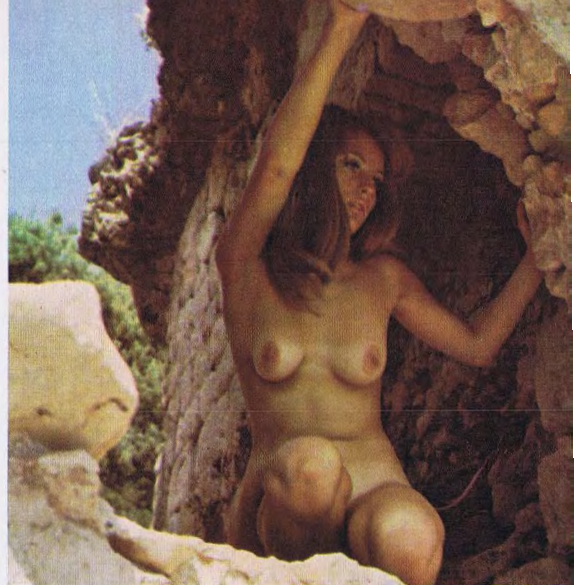






Perhaps this retiring turn of temperament explains Tina's choice of ideal in men. He has to be the strong silent type, but "who doesn't come on too strong." With a maturity belying her years, Tina adds: "Above all, he's got to be sincere—I could still love a man who wasn't 100 per cent faithful to me, because that's the way men are, though I couldn't bear to be aware of the time and details of his infidelities. I think it's a pity that the age of perfect marriages that last forever is past, but the times speak for themselves. Even so, I want to have flocks of children, and the loving closeness of a big family."

Long-term aspirations aside, Tina's immediate ambition is to do hostessing at the first Penthouse Club in America, which she hopes will be launched in New York. In that eventuality we can only underscore the obvious: London's lass will be New York's gain. 





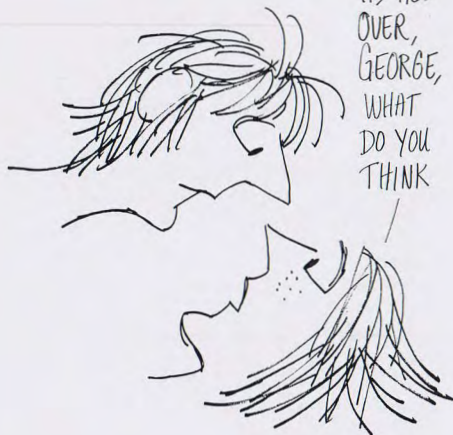
MISS TINA MCDOWALL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



GUCCIONE

MORE AND MORES

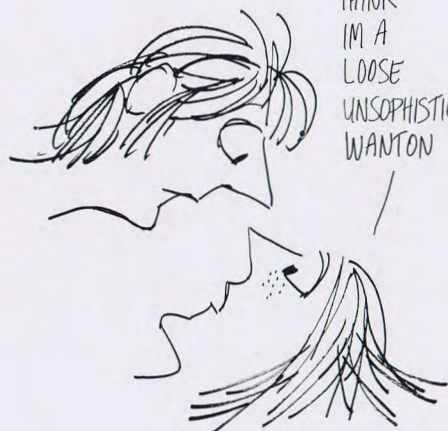
NOW
THAT
ITS ALL
OVER,
GEORGE,
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NAIVE ANIMAL
PLEASURE



DO YOU THINK
I HAVENT FELT
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IN TERMS OF
ATTITUDE,
COMMITMENT
OR DISCRETIONARY
MOTIVATION....



DO YOU
THINK
YOU COULD
MAKE IT
ONE MORE
TIME....



Guccione

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One thundery, slate-grey day in the Piney Woods, the fox and the toad were seated in the fox's den, awaiting the arrival of their bridge opponents, the badger and the rat.

"I hate this kind of weather," said the toad. "Gives me the creeps."

"Creeps for the creep," snapped the fox. "Now shut up and pay attention because those two dummies will be here any minute. What does it mean if I cough, scratch my left ear and hum a few bars of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony?"

"It means that you're a flea-bitten, music-loving fox that smokes too much," said the toad, and giggled.

"Seriously," growled the fox.

"Okay," said the toad. "Cough . . . scratch left ear . . . hum . . . lemme see . . . got it! You're holding six diamonds to the king, the ace of clubs and the queen-jack-ten of hearts."

"Kee-rect," said the fox approvingly.

"I've worked up a new one since we played last," said the toad. "Get a load of this." So saying, the toad launched into a hideous series of convulsive jerkings, complete with tongue-lollings and unseemly rolling of his pop eyes.

"What does it mean?" said the fox eagerly.

"It means I'm only missing the ace of spades for a grand slam bid," said the toad.

"That's terrific, Toady," said the fox. "And if I've got the ace I'll blow my nose twice, and if I haven't I'll just say 'ho-hum' in rather a loud voice."

The two incorrigible cheats continued to concoct illegal methods of signalling during the impending game, until a knock on the door announced the arrival of the opposition.

"Come on in, boys," said the fox cheerfully, "and we'll cut for deal."

But the badger showed no disposition to get on with the game: "I'm sorry, Foxy, but the bridge is off."

"Whadyah mean, off?" croaked the toad.

"Yeah, whadyah mean?" echoed the fox, "fer Chrissake, we're ready!"

"It can't be helped," said the badger in measured tones. "Tomorrow, at midday, an event of the greatest importance is to occur in the Piney Woods, and all animals are expected to contribute toward its success."

"What bloody event?" grumped the fox.

In his most pompous and portentous voice the badger continued: "After all these years out in the great world, Sir Oswald Stoa is returning to the Piney Woods, where he was born and bred."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," jabbered the toad.

"Well, I'll be dang-blasted," blustered the fox.

That the animals were impressed was not surprising: Sir Oswald Stoa, financier, statesman, confidant of the great and near-great, was a legend in his own time. Indeed, there were few areas of commerce that had not felt his influence. Stoa Stout was daily quaffed throughout the land. Stoa Digestive Biscuits were munches and Stoa Tea imbibed in millions of homes, while one of the racier cars on the market was the four-wheel-drive triple-carburettored Stoa-mobile.

"Why on earth," the fox finally managed to say, "is he coming back?"

THE STOA AND HIS PHILOSOPHY



A FABLE OF OUR TIME
BY
RORY HARRITY

"As I understand it," said the badger, "he is coming to give us the benefit of his long, successful and variegated experience of the world. Toad, if I'm not mistaken, you once played the tuba?"

"Well, yeah, sorta just fooling around, you know," said the toad.

"And you, Foxy, have essayed the drum from time to time?"

"No," said the fox, "but I've played it off and on."

"That," said the badger patiently, "is what I meant. The services of both you animals will be appreciated in the Piney Woods Welcoming Orchestra, which is being formed under the conductorship of the bear."

"The bear!" expostulated the fox. "That fat twit couldn't conduct an argument!"

"For my part," continued the badger imperturbably, "I have consented to deliver the welcoming address. And now I suggest," added the badger, turning to go, "that you two animals get some practice on your instruments. We'll all meet bright and early tomorrow morning in the clearing by the pond, and erect the speaker's platform from which the great man will address us. Goodnight, gentle creatures."

By next morning the weather had cleared, and the speaker's platform was erected with dispatch and hung with many-coloured bunting. The orchestra was in its place, instruments at the ready, while practically the whole of the Piney Woods population milled around expectantly in the clearing. They were not to be disappointed. At 11.57 the deep full-throated roar of a triple-carburettored engine was heard approaching and at midday precisely a long low bright red and unbelievably beautiful Stoa-mobile drew into the clearing and stopped.

From it emerged the great man himself. Dressed in impeccably cut country tweeds, he acknowledged the cheers of the crowd with a saw-like Edinburgh wave and made his way to the platform.

"Right, lads!" cried the bear, and raised his baton. There then began a great groaning and wheezing and rattling of instruments which even the most astute of listeners could hardly have identified as *Land of Hope and Glory*. When this horrid cacophony ceased, the badger delivered an overblown and long-winded address of welcome, and after that Sir Oswald himself got up to speak.

"Fellow Piney Woodsmen," he said, "a lot of water has gone under bridges, not to mention over dams, since I left this sylvan paradise and went out into the great world to make my way. I have returned here today out of a sense of obligation to my origins. Such success as I have had is due to a way of living that I have developed over the years. I shall now describe this to you, in the hope that you will embrace it yourselves and thereby improve your lot. Rule No 1"—here Sir Oswald assumed a stern expression—"is work, work, and more work. Personally, I can never get enough of that wonderful stuff. I work 18 hours a day, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year. Believe me, folks, holidays are for also-rans. Rule No 2 is proper diet: no fats, no starches, no sweets—just plain, unseasoned, unsalted meat and veg. Rule No 3 is exercise: first thing every morning, I do 100 press-ups, 50 pull-ups and 150 deep knee bends—and I play four sets of tennis' every day, rain or shine. Rule No 4 concerns the three big 'don'ts' in my life—don't smoke, don't drink, and don't (no insult to the ladies present intended, I assure you) don't fool around with women. Follow these rules, friends, and you can be like me—clear-eyed, clear-headed and as tough as old boots! Haw, haw!"

At this point, Sir Oswald's expression underwent a sudden and drastic alteration. Specifically, his face turned from bluff and hearty self-confidence to a pained grimace. He clutched at his chest, emitted a sort of rattling, gurgly sound and pitched forward over the rostrum, as finally and irrevocably dead as yesterday's newspaper.

Some days later, after a mourning world had paid its last farewells, the rat and the rabbit were musing over the tragic drama of Sir Oswald.

"I wonder what did him in?" said the rat. "I read in the papers that before he came here he was as fit as a fiddle."

"Boredom can take a terrible toll of a man," said the rabbit.

"Are you thinking of the badger's welcoming address?" said the rat.

"I am," said the rabbit. "Also, there was the bear's orchestra."

"There was, at that," said the rat. "Horrible noises are known destroyers of nervous systems. Still, we'll probably never know the real reason, will we?"

"We probably won't," said the rabbit.

And they left it at that.

MORAL: Speech is silver but silence is less fatal.

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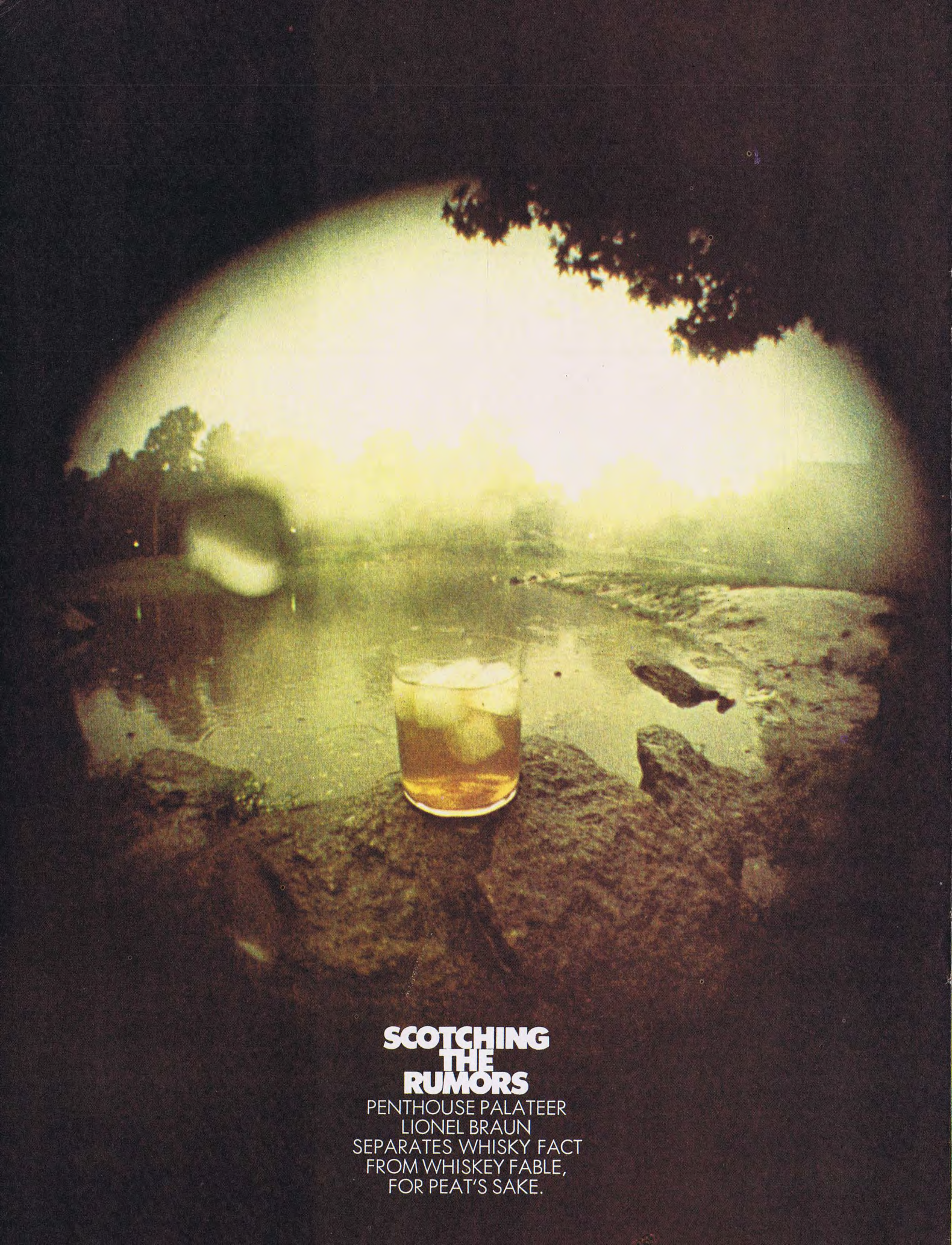
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SCOTCHING THE RUMORS

PENTHOUSE PALATEER
LIONEL BRAUN
SEPARATES WHISKY FACT
FROM WHISKY FABLE,
FOR PEAT'S SAKE.

A Scotsman and distiller said to me one balmy London evening, while we were imbibing at Annabel's, "The Scots like two things naked—and one, sure 'nuf laddie, happens to be malt whisky. Matter of fact, the "wee doch-an-dorris," or farewell drink, is still a tradition with my Highland kin." And so we downed another! Dear Mr. Bonnyman was guiding my summer cold out of my system but, unmindful of the grand old whiskies, I was drinking a light blended Scotch while he continued his tale.

"Along the western shores near Campbelltown and the islands of Skye and Islay there is a cure for a Highland cold that masters anything the pill-rollers know! Ye takes your toddy to bed, top a bowler over one foot—and drink until you see a bowler on the second foot!" And so it continued a "wee doch-an-dorris" until my cold seemed to disappear and in its place I acquired a Dundee brogue.

In a book entitled *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, a great reference volume on English usage and expression, I found the following: "Scotch, Scots, Scottish. These three adjectives all mean the same thing—belonging to, native of, or characteristic of, Scotland, but their application varies, and of late years their use has become something of a shibboleth.

"Scots and Scottish may be used as applicable and euphonious; Scotch describes nothing but whisky and . . ."

Good Lord! "*Nothing* but whisky"—and I stopped reading! Scotland nor I have ever taken anything calmly or moderately, neither drink nor religion. Wasn't it Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart who reported in 1842 that the people of Scotland consumed 5½ million gallons of whisky, or more than 2 gallons per mouth of population? This obviously hasn't interfered with Scottish thrift, vigor and their remarkable longevity. Yes sir, solid drinkers they are these old Scots and sturdier businessmen to have shipped 41 million gallons to American shores last year.

Uisgebeatha, *uisgebaugh* are Hibernian and Caledonian spellings for whisky or is it whisk(e)y? However it is spelled, it is the Celtic word for "water of life." Some say the Irish, not the Scots, first used a distilled whisky, and the argument goes on and on. The English, finding the Celtic too difficult, changed it to *uisge* and eventually anglicized it to whisky. To answer the question, "How do you spell whisky?" It is always spelled with an "e" except in the case of Scotch, when it is "whisky" . . . unless it is a popular brand called for with only two initials, in which case you can avoid this problem!

Even the Scots admit that the distiller's art was brought to the Highlands by the Irish. The question of precedence is not of any real concern, though many credit

St. Patrick, Ireland's patron saint, with being the first distiller; but then the Scots retort that St. Patrick was born near Dumbarton on the Clyde, which pretty much leaves us where we were to begin with.

It is from the year 1494, in the Exchequer Polo, that we find the earliest reference to Scotch whisky, which is recorded by the "King's Command" as "eight bolls of malt." Only a few years later a gift of whisky (*aqua vitae*) was brought by a "barbour" to King James IV when in failing health at Dundee. In those days *aqua vitae* was a distilled spirit made from grain and blended by apothecaries, though entries suggest that monks and surgeons were also principal distillers in Scotland four to five centuries ago.

In these fabled Highlands of north-eastern Scotland, the River Spey rises at the heart of the Grampian Mountains and carries its bright waters north to the sea. Flowing into the Spey from the east, the River Fiddich runs much of its course through the valleys of Banffshire, where the small red deer is hunted. The ancient Scots called this deer "fiddich."

The village of Dufftown lies in the heart of this countryside, and just north of Dufftown stands the Glenfiddich Distillery of William Grant and Sons. The Grants were followers of Robert the Bruce over 600 years ago. It was here, too, that two Grant brothers rallied to the support of Bonnie Prince Charlie in his challenge to the Hanoverian king of England.

Two generations later, in 1886, William Grant founded an enterprise that remains one of the few independent family-owned distilleries in Scotland. The family has been immortalized in this Scottish ballad:

Lord grant guid luck tae a' the Grants,
Likewise eternal bliss,
For they should sit among the Sa'nts,
That make a dram like this.

Over the years, the company that first produced only Glenfiddich at Dufftown grew to an enterprise that incorporated the nearby Balvenie Distillery and later added two large distilleries at Girvan in the lowlands. It was here that the firm produced grain spirits that were later to marry with such straight malt whiskies as its own Glenfiddich, when blended Scotch began to grow in popularity in the 1900s.

As a whisky that is produced more slowly and in the smaller pot stills, Glenfiddich has always been carefully husbanded for primary use as the base for Scotch blends. Like fine brandies and wines, the distinction of malt whisky is a special one. To define malt whisky properly, one must consult two sources: the connoisseur of fine spirits—and the distiller.

The single-malt was first defined by

its creators, the ancient Picts, who called it the water of life. As crude as these primitive distillations were, their supernatural qualities were recognized from the first. Robbie Burns, who knew his native spirits, took them to fill a "cup of kindness" and penned a rhyming tribute: "Inspiring hold John Barleycorn, / What dangers thou canst make us scorn."


Full-bodied and venerable, malt whisky has been described as "mild as milk" and again as the "milk of the Highlands." And when he describes the malt whisky in his writings, Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart refers to it as "nectar come to earth," a liquid gift which "exalted the soul" or would "go down singing hymns"—depehding on one's mood.

For those who prefer less impassioned judgements, the original unblended Scotch whisky is also the subject of coolly authoritative evaluations. Sometimes called "smoky," "full-bodied" and the like, there can be no blanket definition of malt whisky taste, for no two single malts are alike. Some believe it is the quality of the water, others claim it is the local peat used for kilning of the green malt.

It is the distiller who defines malt whisky as the soul of all whiskies, and until a century ago all Scotch whiskies were "straight" malt whisky. The thought of blending the malts with grain whiskies was considered a desecration. As late as 1906, the malt distillers were challenging the right of blenders and grain whisky producers to sell their whiskies as Scotch.

The difference between malt and grain whiskies starts with their making. Malt whisky is made exclusively of malted barley. After germinating in clear spring water, the "green" malt is kilned, or dried over beds of local peat until it is ready to be mashed and mixed again with the all-important waters of its native glen. The resulting liquid, or "wort", receives a small quantity of carefully cultivated pure yeast, and fermentation begins. This process produces the "wash," an alcoholic brew that moves from a pot still, where it is first distilled, to the spirit still for a final distillation of which only a part, carefully separated, is finally casked for aging.

Here lies the truest definition of single-malt Scotch whisky. It is aloof from the blender. Like a chateau-bottled wine, it can only be itself.

While the vigorous Scot holds out for "single whisky" or "self whisky," as he calls malt, most of the world's whisky drinkers are partial to the blends. The argument goes that malt is proper after a trot through the chilly damp, but the city dweller most often prefers the lighter, clean taste of a blend. Lightness can only be gained by blending, which gives this whisky its taste and character, and is responsible for its being one of the finest spirits in the world today. 



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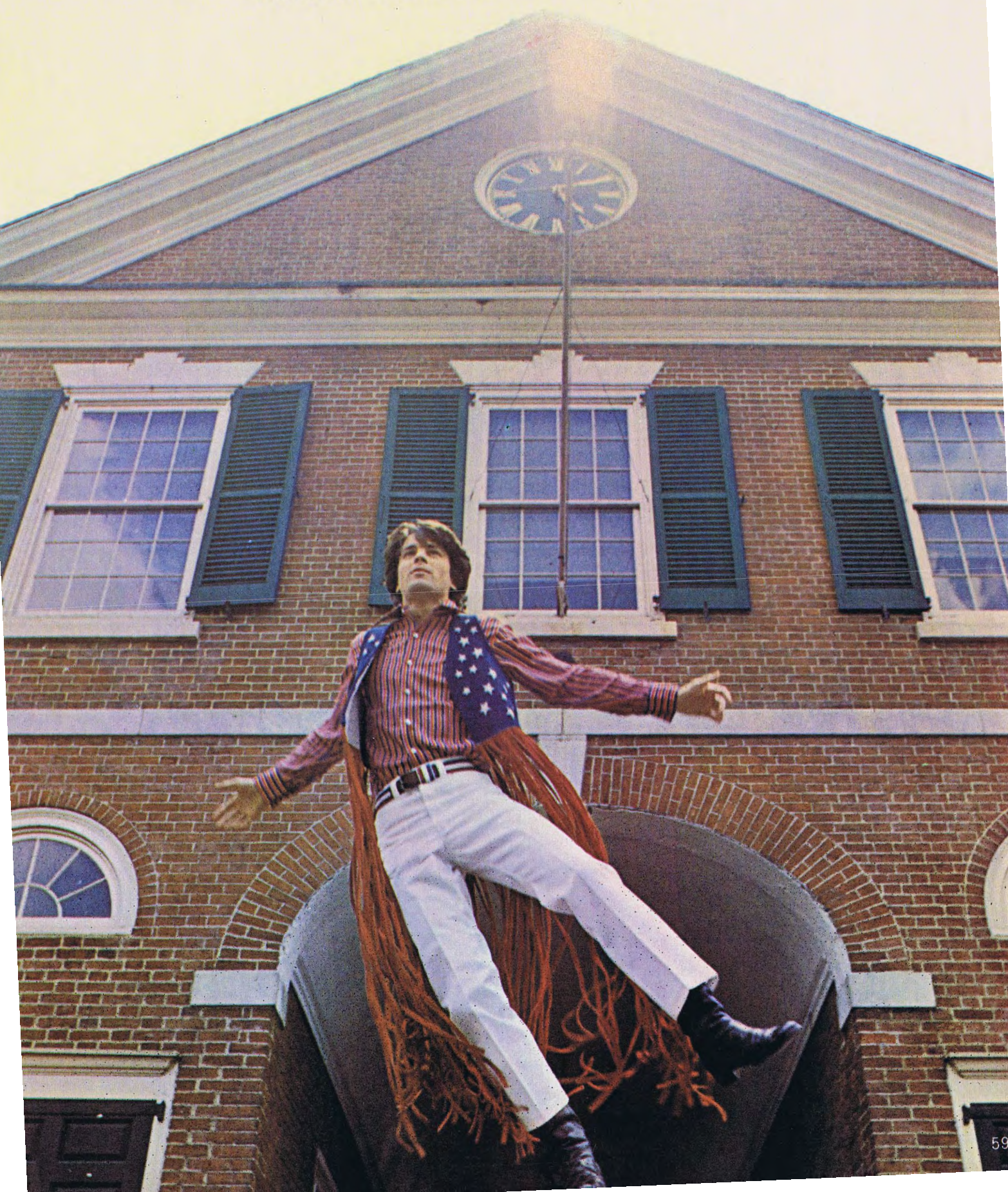
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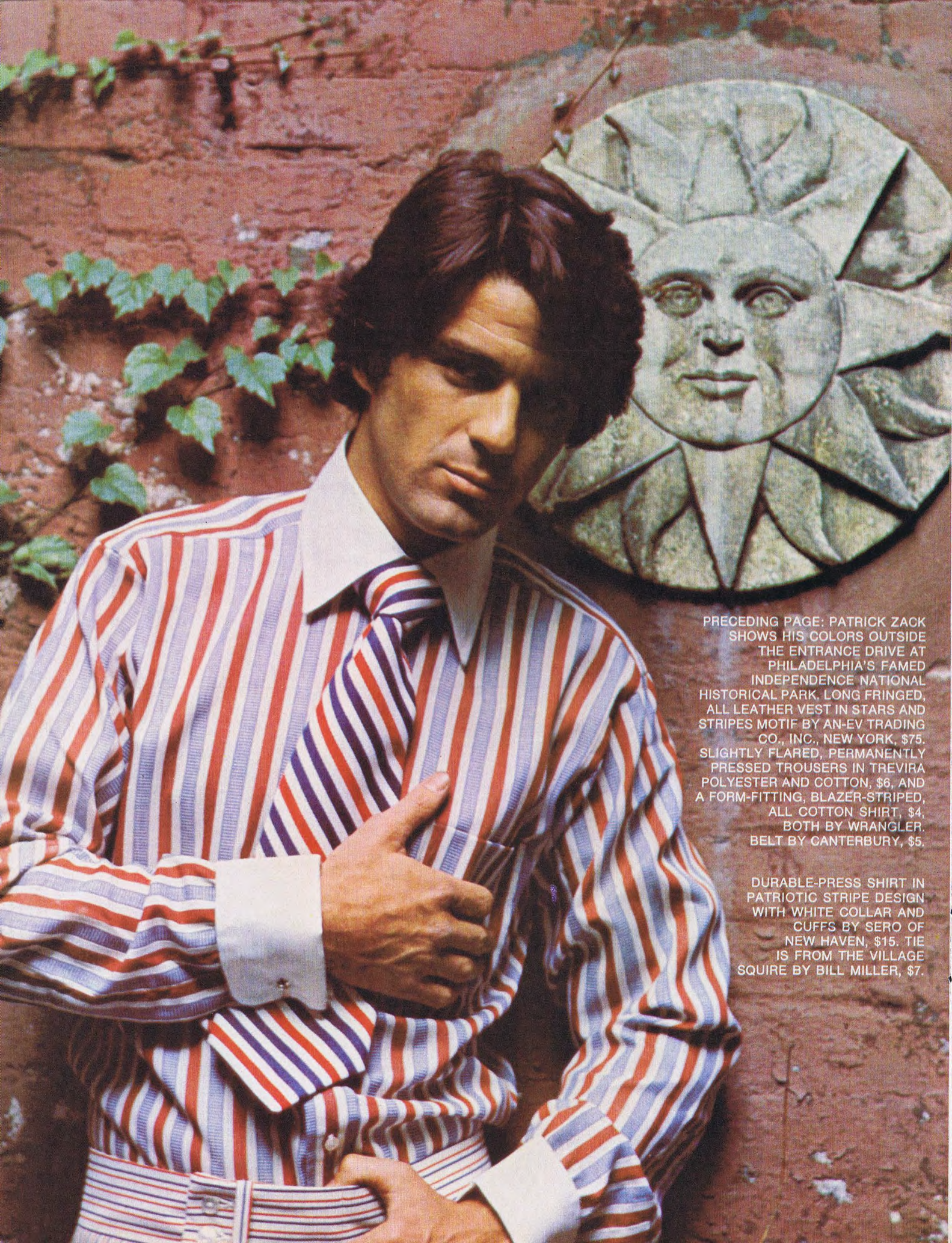
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SHOW YOUR COLORS

OUR ANNIVERSARY SALUTE TO THE MAN WITH A STAR-SPANGLED MANNER.
FASHION BY RON BUTLER/PHOTOS BY TREVOR BROWN





PRECEDING PAGE: PATRICK ZACK
SHOWS HIS COLORS OUTSIDE
THE ENTRANCE DRIVE AT
PHILADELPHIA'S FAMED
INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL
HISTORICAL PARK. LONG FRINGED,
ALL LEATHER VEST IN STARS AND
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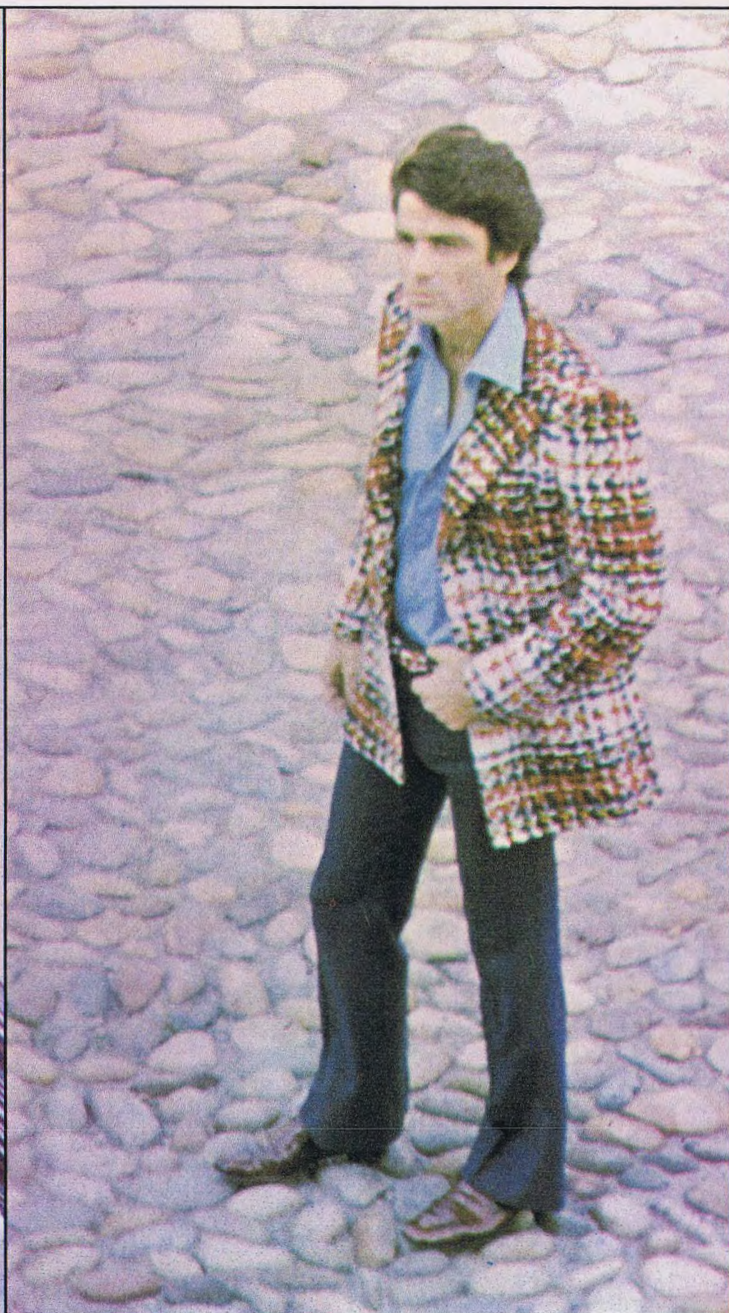


TOP LEFT AND CENTER: BETSY ROSS IS BELIEVED TO HAVE MADE THE FIRST STARS AND STRIPES IN JUNE, 1777, AT HER HOME, NOW A PUBLIC MUSEUM. RED, WHITE AND BLUE "BIG APPLE" VINYL CAP BY BILL MILLER, \$6.50.

ABOVE: HEARTY RIB STITCH SWEATER, \$16, WITH COLOR-COORDINATED TAM, \$3, AND SIX-FOOT-LONG SCARF, \$5, ALL BY ROBERT BRUCE.

RIGHT: LIBERTY BELL AT INDEPENDENCE HALL IS AMERICA'S MOST CHERISHED AND REVERED SYMBOL OF FREEDOM. PATRICK'S ALL LEATHER "CAPTAIN AMERICA" JACKET BY THE AN-EV TRADING COMPANY, \$80.

Old Glory has never been more in fashion. In all corners of the globe the flag flies high and handsome one moment, and in star-spangled controversy the next. William Spangler, the appropriately named head of New York's Dettra Flag Company—one of the largest flag manufacturers in the United States with annual sales of \$3,500,000—estimates a 50 to 75 per cent increase over the past two years. Nationally, flag-waving is now a \$20,000,000 a year business. Fashions in red, white and blue are enjoying unprecedented popularity too—everything from suits and ties to socks and underwear. Many are shown on these pages. Photographed in historic Philadelphia, where our freedom was born, the Stars and Stripes theme is a highly appropriate one to mark the first anniversary of PENTHOUSE in America.



TOP LEFT: VERY MUCH UP TO DATE IS PATRICK'S STRIPED, ALL DACRON TEXTURIZED POLYESTER SUIT BY CLUBMAN, \$90. HIS SHIRT, IN IMPORTED COTTON, \$12, AND TIE, \$2, ARE FROM THE PHILADELPHIA IVY SHOP.

ABOVE: (LEFT) PHILADELPHIA EXCHANGE WAS BUILT IN 1832, BACK AT A TIME WHEN STOCKS WERE STILL DOING WELL. (CENTER) AN HISTORIC LANDMARK IS DWARFED BY SOCIETY HILL TOWER APARTMENTS. (RIGHT) INDEPENDENCE HALL.

TOP RIGHT: MIXED RED, WHITE AND BLUE SPORTS JACKET OF HANDWOVEN WOOL FROM THE VILLAGE SQUIRE BY BILL MILLER, \$150. TROUSERS BY H. D. LEE, \$14. HAND-BRAIDED LEATHER BELT FROM CANTERBURY'S CUSTOM COLLECTION, \$20.



CLOSE BY, ON SOCIETY HILL, IS THE HEAD HOUSE TAVERN WHERE PATRICK WEARS AN ALL WOOL, DOUBLE-BREADED OXFORD ROYAL JACKET, \$80, AND DOUBLEKNIT RED, WHITE AND BLUE STRIPED TROUSERS WITH SELF-EXPANDED WAISTBAND, \$30, BOTH BY STANLEY BLACKER. HIS ARNOLD PALMER SHIRT IS BY ROBERT BRUCE, \$14.

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PASSIONATE ★ PORTEENTS

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

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

Virgo, the Virgin (August 24th through September 23rd)

Imagine yourself at a typical Greenwich Village gallery opening. Lean, lush model girls drift and droop as the impoverished artist tries to sell works of art with titles like "Violence '70" to rich drunks. Have you got the picture? As you fight for another goblet of the only fluid available you see *her* hovering in the shadows. A tender fragile thing of beauty. This is your typical Virgo woman. All feminine, all helpless and all yours. The heart leaps at the prospect of this innocent creature.

Innocent, my foot! A virgin? Probably not, but she'll never tell where and when. Your Virgo is the most practical thing since can-openers were invented. Once you start dating this Virginian you'll need an unwritten book of rules to play the Virgo game. Rule 1 is "Never be late." They are clock-watchers from way back. Get a mirror and a new wardrobe, hair and shaving lotion, throw away those baggy trousers and make sure you're neat underneath. Before a Virgo even says "hello" prepare for the Sherlock Holmes routine from head-to-toe.

Don't rush the "Can I see you home" bit or try a sly kiss on the first opening. Wait, it is worth it!

She loves plays, films and books. She also adores taking them apart line by line (she is her own worst critic). Suddenly, usually without warning, she's in love. Then watch out! That ice-cool command is abandoned for a torrent of hot action and pajamas become a thing of the past. And afterwards, talk about "faithful", your Virgo could spend a month on a desert island with Paul Newman and still be wearing a raincoat when you sailed in for the rescue.

Your Virgo can drive a man mad last thing at night. The performance is always the same. First things first. Clean teeth. Makeup off (eyelashes in their little box). Check the lights. Feed the poodle. A long shower. Elaborate hair brushing. And then, bingo. Around the bathroom door she comes in a new white lace nightie, hair flowing, eyes gleaming and looking like the virgin she isn't. From that moment on you won't need any manuals but make sure there's plenty of orange juice in the freezer.

Virgo women make perfect wives. Too perfect. The slightest smear of lipstick on a collar can cause instant havoc. Above all, they are great to come home to. Smashing cooks. Good organizers and just plain smoothing. Take it from me, if you find a Virgo at a party hold on to her—you may never get that lucky again.

Famous Virgo personalities: Lauren Bacall, Ingrid Bergman, Greta Garbo, Sophia Loren, Queen Elizabeth I.

Best men: Capricorn. *Worst men:* Gemini. *Best feature:* poise. *Best gem:* sapphire. *Last word:* That's no virgin, that could be your wife!

VIRGO





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Blue Angel	Cromwellian	Las Vegas	Monument	Raymond Revuebar	Vanity Fair
Brett's	Dante's	Latin Quarter	New Flying Eagle	Ronnie Scott	Venus Room
Candlelight	Gargoyle	Le Reims	New Manhattan	Rehearsal	Victoria Sporting
Carnival	Georgian	Living Room	New Nell Gwynne	Shanghai	Villa
Casino de Paris	Golden Horseshoe	Maddox	Nightingale &	Spanish Garden	Whisky A'Gogo
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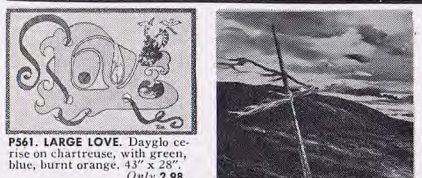
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PART 13 OF AN OUTRAGEOUS SEX SATIRE BY FREDERIC MULLALLY

PUSSIES FOR PEACE

THE STORY THUS FAR: By luring Chairman Yu Pi-hi of Red China into a devilish trap at Otrano, in Southern Italy, our unspeakable anti-heroine, Wanda von Kreesus, finally has the leaders of all the world's top nations entirely under her sway. Now, aided by her nymphet lieutenant, Candyfloss, she is about to make her bid at Geneva for Ultimate Power. Her private force of butch lesbians stands at the ready. So does little Candyfloss's hostage—the young Westapo chief, Rudi Bonenkruncher. **NOW READ ON.**

It was Sir Raven Crapp-Spowter, Prime Minister of Britain with a crushing majority behind him in the House of Commons, who started the first breakthrough at Geneva with his sensational declaration of November the Third. The British Government, he asserted, had been sending representatives to disarmament conferences at Geneva since 1932, and he had now come to the blindingly obvious conclusion that you don't achieve world disarmament by talking about it but by unilateral action that will either inspire or shame others into following suit. He had flown to Geneva, therefore, to announce to the conference that all the Armed Services of the British Crown, at home and abroad, had been given 30 days in which to demobilize their forces and destroy every nuclear and conventional weapon in their possession. If any other nation felt inclined to exploit this situation by walking into Britain and taking over, they were welcome to have a bash: they'd find the natives singularly inhospitable, and the weather was really appalling at this time of the year.

After delivering his antibombshell, Sir Raven drove immediately to the von Kreesus *schloss* overlooking Lake Zurich to receive Wanda's congratulations on his epoch-making speech—and the reward she had promised him for his statesmanlike courage.

The reward appeared, in the person of Candyfloss, as the British premier was sitting with Wanda in the Purple Salon, watching the TV coverage of excited world reaction to his pronouncement. The nymphet's hair was plaited into two gleaming blonde ropes that swung to the hem of the crisp mini-gymslip she wore over a frilly white satin shirt. She stopped just inside the doorway, frown-

ing at the Queen's First Minister and swishing the air with a long thin cane.

"So you've been a naughty boy again, huh?" she nodded. "Upsetting everybody with all this jazz about putting the poor soldiers into factories and dumping their gear into the sea?"

"Yes, I have!" Sir Raven bleated defiantly. "And I'm jolly well not sorry for what I did—so there!" *And he stuck out his tongue.*

"I see... (*swish-swish*)... As cheeky as ever, h'm? In that case, I think you and I had better have a little (*swish-swish*) talk, upstairs in my room—don't you, premmie-wemmie?"

"Well, don't think you're going to make me change my mind," the Premier mumbled, edging towards the door. "I've just struck a blow for peace that is even now resounding around the whole world."

"That," the nymphet sneered, "is nothing to what's going to be resounding around this *schloss* over the next half-hour."

"Only h-half-an-hour?" Sir Raven stammered. "I've booked a seat on the plane leaving tomorrow morning."

"It'll be standing-room you'll be needing on that plane, little man, if I have anything to say (*swish*) in the matter. Now—up those stairs, peace-monger!"

When the French Foreign Minister, Monsieur Con de Merdeville, electrified the conference next day by declaring that his country, under the inspired leadership of Charlemagne de Gueule, had decided to follow the historic lead of Great Britain by immediately disbanding its armed forces, including the paramilitary police, all eyes—particularly those of the West German delegates—turned to the representatives of the two super-powers—the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The noble initiatives taken by Britain and France would be meaningless unless the Big Boys followed suit; but which of them would be the first to take this tremendous leap out of the murk of mutual suspicion into the sunlight of faith and good will? And how

could either of them be expected to take such a step until the intentions of Red China (unrepresented at the conference) were declared?

For the next three days, while the world looked on with bated breath, the Foreign Ministers of the two super-powers sat silent in their places, staring at each other like paralysed chess champions. It was deadlock. On the evening of the third day, it was announced that Mademoiselle Wanda von Kreesus, organizer of the newly-formed Swiss Peace Corps, would be holding a press conference at Otrano the next day, when she would have an announcement to make of major importance. This intriguing invitation was cancelled a few hours later, however, when the news broke that Red China had put in a request, which had been granted, for its representative Wun Tuten to address the Geneva conference.

To everyone's astonishment and delight, Wun announced that the Peoples' Republic of China was ready for total disarmament and the destruction of all weapons "acting in concert, and step by step with the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union". They accepted the timetable set by the United Kingdom as "perfectly practicable if the will and enthusiasm is there". Their only other conditions were that the process should be supervised by inspection teams supplied by the uncommitted nations and that a Peace International Force, based on Switzerland, should be immediately established, with sufficient "teeth" in it to be able to tackle any threat to peace, wherever it might occur.

With Red China on the bandwagon, the peace juggernaut now really began to roll. President Ray Ackshern flew to Geneva and, in a desperate bid to secure his own place in posterity as one of the architects of the Coming of Age of Mankind, offered to provide all the military weapons and equipment required by the Peace International Force before destroying the rest of the vast American arsenal. And he put forward a further, sensational proposal. This was that the entire personnel of the P.I.F.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96



Cinema strip goes legit in nudie king's newest epic
by Roger Finborough

THE VIXEN MAN LETS IT ALL HANG OUT FOR FOX

Ever since nudie king Russ Meyer's *Vixen* exploded on to nudie screens—complete with galloping lesbianism, incest, polysexual rapings, and interracial romps, *inter alia*—cinematic buff buffs have been wondering what the nudie king could possibly do by way of an encore, let alone to top his *tour de flesh*. As a fellow producer commented at the time: "Russ let it all hang out in *Vixen*, and that was a mistake. You gotta save a kink or two for your next nudie. Anybody's imagination has a limit to it—even Russ Meyer's."

When it comes to nudies, however, Russ Meyer is not anybody, and it begins to look as though his imaginative resources have no boundaries whatsoever. Effective epidermal evidence of this contention may be found in Meyer's latest opus of the altogether, expectantly entitled *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Here he displays his grasp of garblessness with such virtuosity that it requires no gift of foresight to anticipate an even bigger box-office than that of *Vixen*, which cost \$70,000 to make and is reckoned to have taken more than \$6,000,000 to date. Out of Meyer's 24 movies, every single one, in fact, has comfortably grossed several times its production outlay, and it was financial

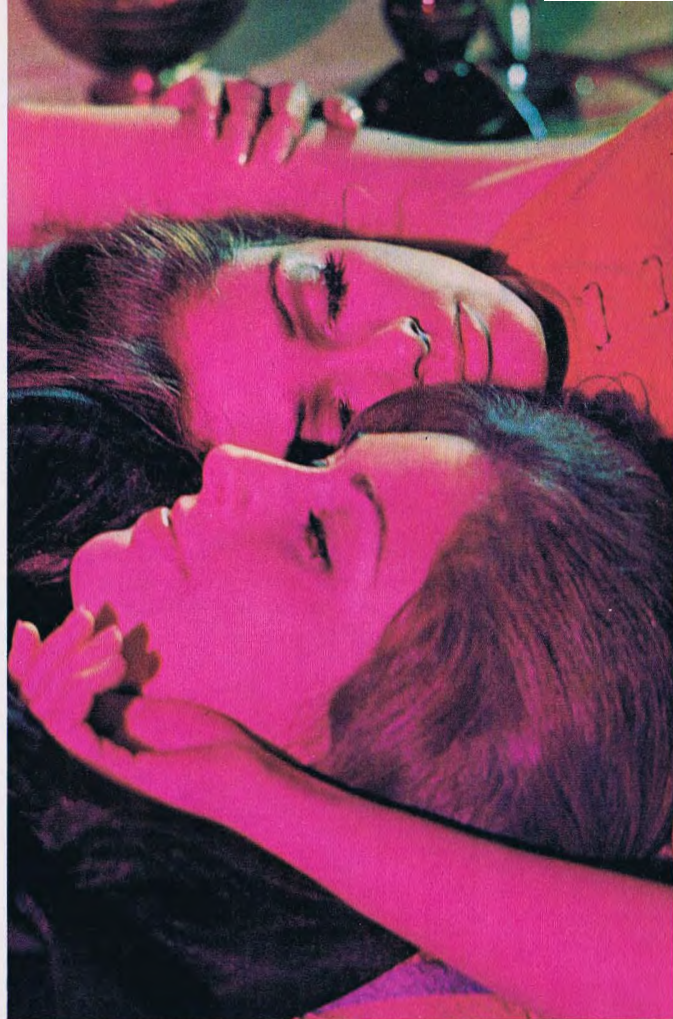


Potsmoking partygoers (above) partake of the weed via communal hookah. Afterwards (top right) festivities get down to the nudie-gritty with doyen of déshabille overseeing undressed proceedings. Similar frolics continue apace (right) on gigantic aspirin-tablet bed and in the back of a Rolls, where the ticking of its clock is unlikely to be the loudest sound.

facts like these that brought Meyer his current contract with so respectable a studio as 20th Century-Fox. *Dolls* is his first film to be made and released under that prestigious label, and there are more to follow.

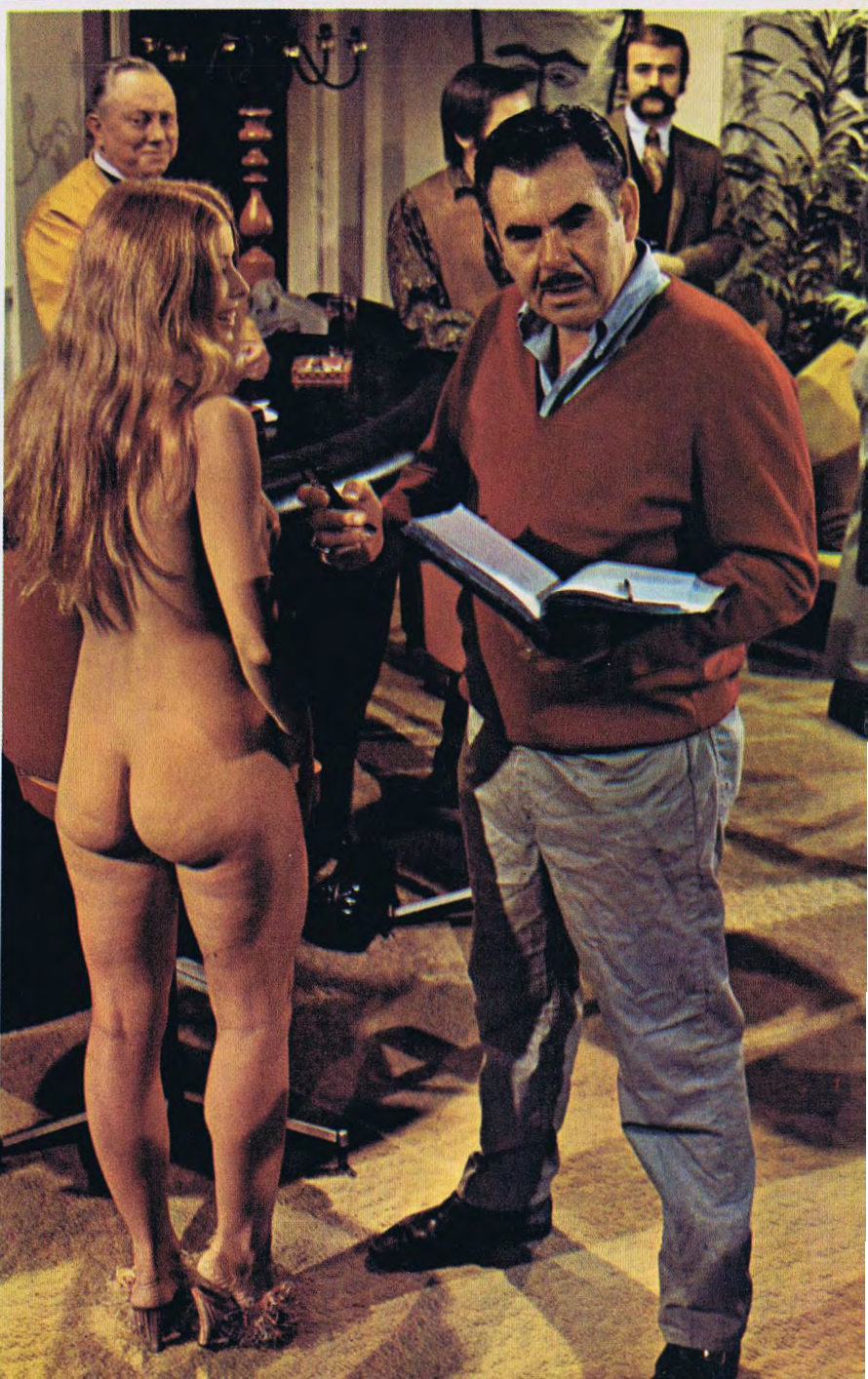
Intended as a send-up semi-sequel to Jacqueline Susann's print-and-picture goldmine, Meyer plays with his *Dolls* in a way that's as free-wheeling as it is far-fetched. Seems there's this struggling, underrated, undressed girl pop group, cunningly yclept the Carrie Nations. After a subtly tantalizing opening sequence (two murders) the story picks up our three nubile music-makers, swinging for their supper at a High School prom. But, decides groovy group leader after the show, the gals have been hiding their light under a bushel: what's needed is the big step to the Big Time.

So, with ambitions high and cleavage low, the tuneful togless trio hie themselves to sunny California, where it is hoped that a rich aunt will provide them with an *entré* into the higher reaches of the pop world. Nothing if not lucky, the lasses arrive to find that Aunty is owner of a with-it L.A. ad. agency, and is thus in the ideal position to further their careers. What with assuming a few right positions of their own, the girls are shortly catapulted into international stardom.





Rock trio member Casey Anderson succumbs (above, and left) to bisexual blandishments of Erica Gavin of Vixen fame, despite shining example of Group Captain Kelly MacNamara (opposite, bottom) who plays it strictly straight. Below: Shooting script in hand, ubiquitous Meyer instructs his threadbare thespians in the subtle nuances of nakedness.



Success, inevitably, goes to their beds, and in the course of *Dolls* our heroines spend more time stretched out than a trio of railroad ties. The innumerable sexual encounters to be observed involve caged men, a lady sex-novelist who insists on doing all her own research, a bi-sexual fashion designer and—inevitably—lots and lots of lesbianism. With mind-reeling relentlessness, Meyer maintains the prurient pressure of his film for reel after reel, and just for good measure he throws in four murders, three weddings and a suicide attempt at the end.

And if you think *that's* overdoing it, Russ claims that his second film for Fox—Irving Wallace's *The Seven Minutes*—will double the number of sexual encounters on view. Nothing, it appears, sex-ceeds like sex-cess.



Figuratively or in the flesh, the hand of Meyer is evidenced everywhere in Dolls. It elicits complete abandon of supine swingers (above) and even comes to rest on curvaceous Kelly (top right) as Russ explains the finer points of lying down. Hygienic hi-jinks abound (right, and opposite) as bath-mad lady sex novelist Ashley St. Ives gets it soapy together with a bespectacled Mr. Clean, proving that all's fair in suds and war.





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BY DONALD THOMAS



ANY sophisticate today has his store of knowledge about such once-secret works as *Lady Chatterley*, *Fanny Hill*, and even *The Story of O* or *My Secret Life*. But questions asked about Pietro Aretino and, particularly, his *Ragionamenti*, are likely to be followed by a long silence. To an Italian or a Frenchman this might seem strange. Aretino's *Ragionamenti* is one of the half-dozen or so classics of erotic literature in Europe or elsewhere. Aretino himself, known as the Scourge of Princes and a lover of women, was the great pornographer in the exact sense of "a writer about whores."

In Italy and France, the *Ragionamenti* and the rest of Aretino's work have long been the subject of scholarly editing and literary criticism. Even in England, in the 16th and 17th centuries, the *Ragionamenti* circulated in one form or another. The London edition of 1584 was approved by the authorities because it was politically useful at the time to have the Italians depicted as thieves, liars, adulterers, and sodomites. An English adaptation of the book was published in 1658 as *The Crafty Whore: or, The Misery and Iniquity of Bawdy Houses laid open*. The tricks of the brothel are discussed by Antonia and Thais. Thais, the more experienced of the two, describes such deceptions as the selling of her virginity more than once by using remedies "to contract my *Privy Parts*."

To most Englishmen before 1700, the so-called "Aretine's Postures" were even better known than the *Ragionamenti*, though like so many erotic classics they might be known by reputation only. "Aretine's Postures" consisted of sixteen engravings done by Marcantonio Raimondi from drawings by Giulio Romano, one of the finest painters of the late Renaissance in Italy. Each picture showed a man and a woman in a different posture of sexual intercourse. These "postures" were duly given such picturesque titles as "The Seated Bagpipe," "Freemason Fashion," and "Contemplate the Beatitudes." For each of them, Aretino wrote an accompanying sonnet in which the man and the woman urge each other on, using vigorous unrestrained language, as the end of one sonnet, in a modern translation by the American poet Richard Wilbur, shows. The girl, tired of words, addresses her lover.

But come, less chit-chat: fuck me instantly,
Transfixing heart and soul with one long thrust
Of that great prick that's life and death to me;
And while you're at it, see
If those twin witnesses of every pleasure,
Your balls, can't be included for good measure.

The illustrations and Aretino's accompanying *Sonnetti Lussuriosi* appeared in 1527 and soon became a collector's piece in Italy and elsewhere.

Until the end of the 17th century Aretino remained undisputed master in the world of erotic literature. There was such a demand for the "Postures" in England that the "Gentlemen" of All Souls College, Oxford decided in 1674 to print their own edition secretly by using the University press at night. The printing was in full swing when Mr. Fell, the Dean, arrived unexpectedly. Humphrey Prideaux reported in a letter of January 1675: "How he took to find his press working at such an employment, I leave it to imagine. The prints and plates he hath seized, and threatens the owners of them with expulsion."

In this year of 1970, after three centuries, we can welcome back the real Aretino in the handsome edition of the *Ragionamenti* issued in the Libra Collection. The new edition has an admirable introduction by Peter Stafford and is illustrated by Anthony Brandt's 20th century drawings, whose style is splendidly erotic-rococo.

The banned books and the underground press of the Victorians and their predecessors did Aretino as much damage as the disapproval of historians. In 1827, George Cannon issued *The Accomplished Whore* under Aretino's name. He confessed that it was not an accurate translation but did not mention that the original Italian text was not by Aretino in any case. Equally misleading were new novels like *The Amours of Peter Aretin*, for which James Aitken was jailed for six months in 1802 on a prosecution by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The novel has too much of that still-life anatomical cataloguing to which English erotic writing often resorts.

"What beauties then attracted my view! A pair of the prettiest feet that ever were seen, small ankles and taper legs enveloped by white silk stockings, pulled up so tight that the veins appeared starting through, and tied by a scarlet silk garter interwoven with gold. But when I came to view the thighs and consequently her c---, 'the arched cloyster of Cupid,' I was lifted on the wings of bliss."

This bears as much resemblance to Aretino as a pale Victorian water-color does to the rich, sensuous canvas of Titian. Aretino would have roared with derision at the idea of coyly printing "c---". As Nanna, the more experienced of the whores in the *Ragionamenti* says, "I shall say 'fucking' and not 'indulging the passions,' for no other reason than because people speak so in my place."

Pietro Aretino was born in Arezzo in 1492, the son of a cobbler, and died in Venice in 1556, rich and notorious, paid or hated by the princes of Europe, a Cardinal's hat almost within his grasp, his *palazzo* on the Grand Canal well-

stocked with women and boys. To say that Aretino lived through troubled times is an understatement. Across the Italy of the late Renaissance, the Italy of Michelangelo and Raphael, the armies of Spain, France, and Germany marched and fought. They fought the Italians and they fought each other. In 1527, Spanish and German troops sacked Rome itself. Men were butchered, women raped, and the Pope himself was a prisoner in the Castel Sant' Angelo. The Italian city-states fought among themselves. Even within the single Republic of Florence, Florence fought Pisa, and Arezzo fought Florence. As a child in Arezzo, Aretino saw the city sacked by the Florentines, while the inhabitants in their turn hanged Florentine sympathizers from balconies or impaled them on torches as a fate appropriate to sodomites. In the year of Aretino's birth, the brilliant but unscrupulous Rodrigo Borgia was elected Pope Alexander VI. With the aid of his son, Cesare, he guarded his daughter Lucrezia against feeble husbands by having the first pronounced impotent and the second murdered. Lucrezia's third marriage was celebrated by a team of stallions mounting mares in a Vatican courtyard (watched by the bride and her father), and by a lavish supper at which 50 naked prostitutes crawled among silver lampstands while prizes were offered to the guests who could put on the best performance with them. When Alexander VI died and his son was taken ill, it was rumoured that they had been trying to poison the entire College of Cardinals but that someone had switched the dishes.

Through this Italy, which was also the Italy of the new St. Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican frescoes of Raphael, and the sumptuous portraits of Titian, moved the robust figure of Pietro Aretino. Like some Italian Falstaff, he lied, cheated, drank, and whored his way through 64 years of his country's history. As a boy, he left Arezzo and walked to Perugia, disowning his parents and claiming to be the bastard son of a nobleman. Without education and without any guaranteed income, he lived as a ballad-singer, pimp, hangman's assistant, and domestic servant, though dismissed for theft. He also claimed to have worked in a monastery and to have witnessed orgies there which were later to form the basis for the first part of the *Ragionamenti*. As a young man, Aretino left Perugia and settled in Rome. Soon he discovered his range of literary gifts and began the output which, in the next 40 years, was to include poetry and pornography, plays and theological works, lives of saints and lampoons on the living. He moved among the great and the

notorious, cardinals and courtesans, cut-throats and princes, the *condottiere* or professional soldiers, churchmen who were saintly and churchmen who were worldly. Not everyone became his friend. His enemies accused him of adultery and sodomy, among other things, and they were probably right. Yet kings of France and England, as well as successive Popes, paid tribute to his pen.

For a young man with a taste for satire and lampooning there was no better place to begin than Rome. It was a city of churches and palaces, with tall houses and narrow streets crowding down to the river Tiber. Hucksters and traders erected their stalls among the ruined columns of the ancient Forum, and over the city rose the new magnificence of St. Peter's. (Earlier designs had been rejected because they would have made the basilica too dark and, therefore, too dangerous to public morals.) Rome during the late Renaissance was alive with scandals of every description, the details given in libels and lampoons which were quickly pasted on walls and pillars. Aretino's chance came when the pet elephant of Pope Leo X died. Seizing his opportunity, he wrote the elephant's last will and testament. In Aretino's version, the animal bequeathed its various organs to the most appropriate public figures, including its genitals to Cardinal Grassi so that he might perform his duties adequately.

When Leo X died, Aretino fought for Giulio de' Medici as his successor. "The Scourge of Princes" issued lampoons in which he exposed all the sexual and other peculiarities of the rival cardinals. Some were too mean, others too choleric, one was too interested in angelic little boys, another was too interested in his own mother. Giulio lost the election but Aretino won a reputation. He left Rome for Mantua, while the successful candidate, Pope Adrian VI, sent unavailing orders after him for his arrest.

Pope Adrian died two years later in 1523 and Giulio de' Medici succeeded him as Pope Clement VII, just in time for the biggest scandal of Aretino's life. Here is how a shocked contemporary, Giorgio Vasari, described it in his *Lives of the Painters*.

"Giulio Romano got Marcantonio Raimondi to engrave 20 of his sheets of men making love to women in various postures, with filthy sonnets by Pietro Aretino, so bad that I cannot say which is worse, the drawings or the words. The work was strongly condemned by Pope Clement, and Giulio Romano would have been most severely punished, had he not already left for Mantua. These pictures were then found in the most unexpected places, and were finally banned. Marcantonio was put in prison. He would have suffered severely, except that the Cardinal de' Medici and Baccio

Bandinello persuaded the Pope to pardon him."

Aretino claimed that it was he who had influenced his patron, Clement VII, to release Marcantonio, and he defended both his sonnets and the illustrations vigorously. "What harm is there," he demanded, "in seeing a man mounted on a woman? Aren't we allowed to be as free as the animals? I think we ought to wear models of our genitals as pendants round our necks, or in our hats as badges." He recalls the saints, artists, and doctors whom the human genitals have produced and argues that it would be more logical to hide the hands, which "gamble, witness to falsehood, extort money through loans, gesture insultingly, tear, wrench, strike, wound, and kill."

Aretino soon had reason to fear hands. One July night, in 1525, he was stabbed in the street by an assassin's knife, which also severed two fingers. His attacker and he loved the same servant girl and the other man was angry at the way Aretino had mocked her in a sonnet. But Aretino recovered and during his convalescence wrote his first play, *La Cortegiana*, a comedy of life at court. However, that same year his patron, the French king, Francis I, was defeated and taken prisoner at Pavia. Then Giovanni delle Bande Nere, a ruthless but capable officer who had been Aretino's closest friend, was killed in battle near Mantua. Aretino left Rome and made his way to Venice.

In March 1529, Aretino set up house in a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal. He was in favor with Bishop Bolani, and the Marquess of Mantua, Federigo Gonzaga, was his patron. This is the period of Titian's portrait, showing the Scourge of Princes as a broad, stalwart figure in doublet and cloak, his tall forehead, black penetrating eyes, and wide nose set against the full dark beard and hair. Venetian society acclaimed the boisterous literary exile from the rival city of Rome. Soon the insecure jester of the Papal court was an established writer. Even Pope Julius III later made him a Knight of St. Peter and first magistrate of Arezzo. For a time it looked as though he was to be created a cardinal. For the next 20 years a varied and prolific list of books issued from the spacious apartment by the waters of the Grand Canal. There were penitential psalms and stage comedies, lives of St. Catherine and St. Thomas Aquinas, as well as tragedies, poems, and pornographic dialogues. If the mixture seems odd to us, we need only recall that the society of the Renaissance saw no reason why the same man who was interested in theology at one moment should not be just as interested in sex at another.

Scandal followed him, as always. The apartment was said to be well-supplied with women and boys. Charges of

sodomy were freely made against one's male and female enemies in Italy, and though his interest in women was beyond doubt, such charges seem to have been true in Aretino's case. When someone asked George Selwyn, the English 18th-century wit, if he thought the Queen ought to have a guard, Selwyn replied, "Just one, now and again." So it appears to have been with Aretino and his boys. Certainly, he once asked the Marquess of Mantua to put in a word for him with a boy whom he particularly fancied.

The details of Aretino's heterosexual affairs are better documented. In 1537 he had a daughter, Adria, by Caterina Sandella, and was also having an affair with Perina Riccia who was almost 30 years his junior. When Perina left him for a gondolier in 1541, Aretino denounced her to the world as an unprincipled whore whose life had been characterized by blasphemy, sacrilege, deceit, cheating, adultery, sodomy, and incest.

For more than 30 years, the self-made, self-educated shoemaker's son from Arezzo enjoyed the acclaim of Italy and of Europe. Henry VIII of England, as well as Pope Julius III, paid him personal and financial tribute, even though Aretino had the greatest difficulty in persuading the English ambassador to part with the money once it had arrived. His position in Venice was secure. When his daughter Adria was betrothed, princes and envoys contributed to her dowry.

The story is that on an October night in 1556, Aretino and his friends were eating and drinking together. Someone told a particularly obscene story about Aretino's own sister. He gave a huge roar of laughter, sent his chair crashing back, and died of apoplexy. No one can be sure that the story is quite true, but there could hardly have been a more appropriate death.

Aretino wrote and published the *Ragionamenti* (meaning "Discussions") in Venice. The first three dialogues, in the new Libra edition, appeared in 1534 and the second three in 1535 or 1536. They purported to be published at Paris and Turin respectively, but publishers of pornography traditionally take the precaution of claiming that their work has been issued elsewhere, often some non-existent paradise like "Cosmopoli," or "Mons Veneris." In Aretino's dialogues, Nanna, an experienced whore, and Antonia discuss the future of Nanna's daughter Pippa. From her own experience, Nanna describes the sexual behavior of nuns, married women, and courtesans. In the end, Antonia cynically concludes that courtesans behave just as morally as either of the other groups and she recommends that Pippa should be trained for the life of a high-class prostitute.

The first dialogue, describing the lives of nuns, is dominated by Nanna's

account of an orgy which assumes the proportions of comic surrealism. Through a chink in a partition, Nanna spies on the lovers with growing frustration. At the first opportunity, she retrieves a glass dildo and uses it on herself vigorously. This is certainly a "Venetian" touch, since these "consolers of poor, lonely girls," as they were called, were made in the 16th century by the glass-blowers of the island of Murano in the Venetian lagoon. Generally known as "gode-michets," from the Latin *gaude mihi*, "give me pleasure," they were filled with warm water or even milk for both realism and comfort. As Nanna amuses herself with this toy, the other men and women are coupling with a slapstick virtuosity. Orgasms explode to right and left like fireworks on Guy Fawkes' night. Predictably, Nanna is discovered by the others and dragged into their orgies, not to be released until her captor "had planted the standard twice in my dungeon and once in the dike." Meanwhile, the rest of the men and women, coupling with the opposite sex and their own, rampage through the varieties of sexual intercourse with the enthusiasm of gluttons determined to sample every dish on the menu.

The cavortings of the monks and nuns are pure—or perhaps impure—farce, which is no more representative of the reality of monastic life than the classic jokes about celibacy and frustration. But in the next two dialogues, about the lives of wives and of courtesans, Aretino matches Nanna's bawdy escapades much more closely with reality.

"I had a neighbor in the country, you would have fancied an owl in the aviary, she had so many lovers loitering about her. You heard nothing all night but serenades, and the whole day long horses prancing and young gents strolling about. When she was going to mass, you could no longer pass in the street, there were so many fellows forming a cortege for her."

In a few lines, Aretino brings the scene alive, the girl in her dress, cloak, and veil, her hair braided; young Venetians following her, hopefully, in red tights, blue doublets, and the red pill-box hat of the gondolier with its single feather. Around them rise the narrow houses and the marbled churches. It is a painting by Carpaccio brought to life. And then Aretino presents his naked Venus, not with back coyly turned or hand shyly before her thighs, as in a Titian or Giorgione painting, but as eager for her lover as any woman in the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer.

"His mistress, who had dismissed even her maids, the moment she beheld him, shouted: 'Master, keep a bridle on your mouth, your hands at rest, and for this night your holy-water sprinkler shall not cease to spray.' The dunce, whose nose was not framed for scenting out the

pistil of roses, nor his fingers for stopping the holes of a flute, concerned himself little with kissing and handling: he unsheathed his fuming-headed, all-fiery, wart-bespangled stool-leg, and filling it, cried: 'It's wholly at your Ladyship's service.' She took it on the palm of her hand and began to say: 'My cosy ducky, my pigeon, my chaffinch, enter into thy aviary, thy palace, thy estates!' And introducing it under her belly, being propped against the wall, she lifted one leg up and wanted to eat the sausage standing: the rogue gave her a lusty shaking. During the while I looked like a monkey that is chewing the sweet bit before it has it in its mouth; if I had not helped myself somewhat with an iron pestle which I found on a box and which had served, as I perceived by its smell, for pounding cinnamon, indeed and indeed, I should have died with impatience at the pleasure of the others. The stout plunger finished its work; the woman, being tired, though not satiated, sat down upon the side of the couch, and seizing the prodigious provider, she twisted and rubbed and sucked and kissed so well that he went back over the road; as she did not much care for looking at the Master's face, she gave him her back, and taking hold of the *Salvum me fac*, madly plunged it into her zero; she plucked it out of it, and then put it into the square, then again into the round, and thus finished the second assault, saying to me: 'There is still enough left for thee.'"

The third dialogue, in which Nanna describes the lives of the courtesans, is as convincing as documentary television. The Renaissance whore is presented as grasping and unscrupulous. Nanna warns Antonia not to believe a courtesan can love a man or even enjoy sexual intercourse with him more than a few times. "It is impossible," says Nanna, "for whoever is submitted to everyone to love anybody." She describes herself as able to outcheat anyone who attempts to trick her, and as being a thief when the opportunity occurs.

On the other hand, the art of the courtesan lies in pleasing her client, which is not incompatible with cheating him in the end. There are tricks to be learnt, as Nanna explains. "I shall tell thee that a good set of buttocks is possessed of greater charm than all that has ever proceeded from Philosophers, Astrologers, Alchemists, and Necromancers. I experimented on as many herbs as two meadows could hold, on as many words as traders exchange in ten market-days, and withal I could never move the heart of one whose name I must not mention. Well, with a slight swinging and twisting of my buttocks, I made him so very crazy after me that people were amazed thereat in the brothels: yet they are accustomed to see strange things therein every day, nor do they marvel at

a trifle."

Throughout the dialogues, Aretino employs the shrewd eye of the satirist and, as in his lampoons, some of the characters of the *Ragionamenti* must have been identifiable with real people. One reference, for instance, seems to be to a rather coy whore in Rome, Lucrezia, nicknamed "Mother-Won't-Let-Me." What of the others? Did some Renaissance nobleman recognize himself as the witless youth, doting on a middle-aged whore, borrowing from money-lenders to buy her jewels, and then being thrown into jail on a charge trumped up by the moneylender and the whore herself? Did another see himself as the man who took his girl to the carnival masquerade dressed as a boy, and made love to her as though she were a boy as well? The realism of characters and their dialogues endures after four centuries. This, we feel, is how courtesans really talked, not just how men thought they talked.

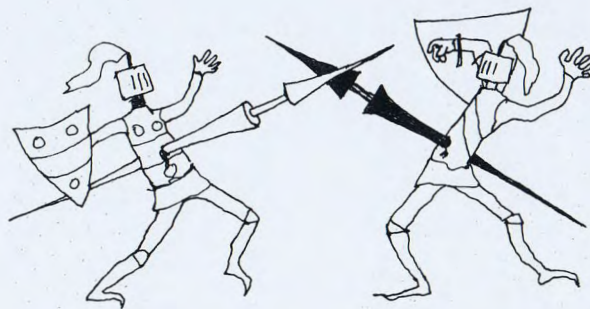
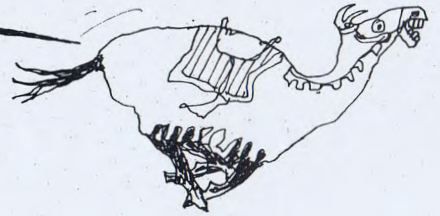
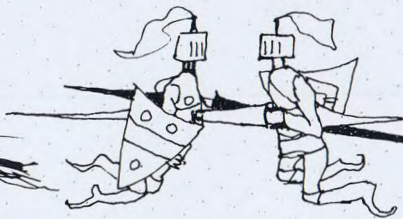
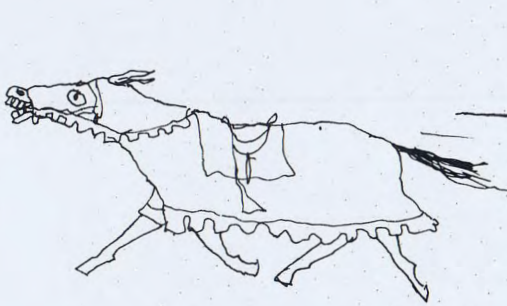
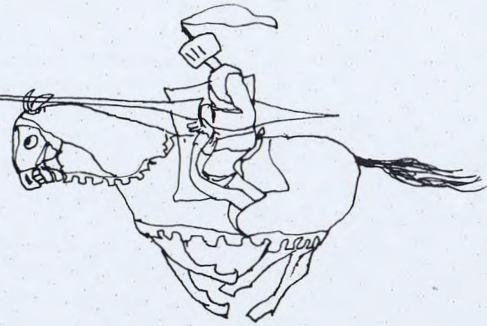
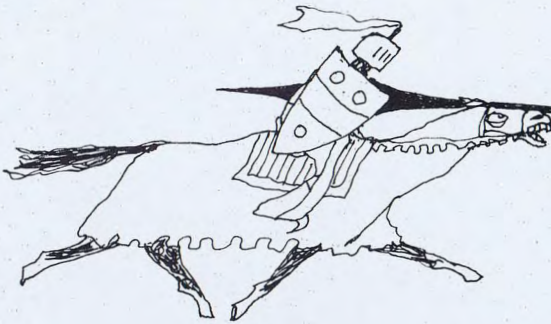
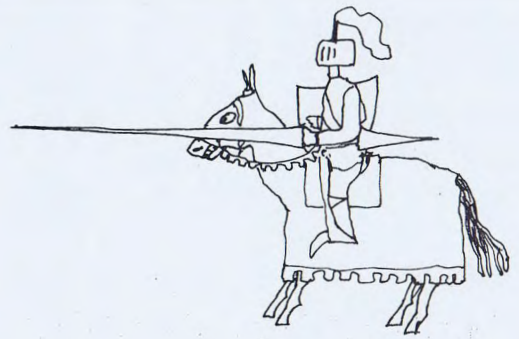
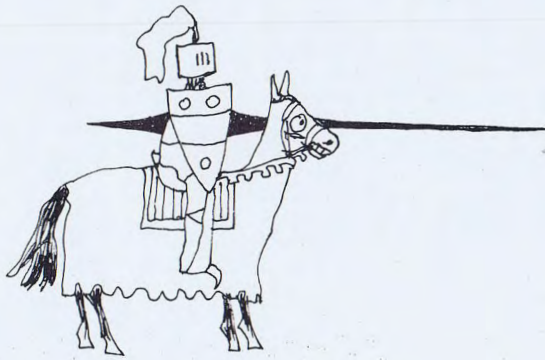
"My advice is that thou shouldst make a whore of thy Pippa, since the Nun betrays her vows and the married Woman violates the sacrament of matrimony; the Whore at least dishonours neither Monastery or Husband: she does as the soldier, who is paid to ravage all."

If this were, indeed, television documentary, the 20th-century descendant of Nanna would probably defend herself in the same terms, filmed from the back or in silhouette, no doubt. "Everyone thinks that just because you do it for money, you're more immoral than they are. What do they know about it? I bet there's a lot of them a bloody sight more immoral than I am, married or not, etc., etc." If prostitution is the oldest profession, then this is certainly its oldest self-justification.

No one need doubt Aretino's knowledge of his subject. Venice was almost the capital of Renaissance whoredom, since when the Popes expelled the courtesans from Rome they made *en masse* for the Venetian Republic. There they advertised themselves by posing naked in the windows of their apartments. Twelve thousand of them served a total population of 300,000, a situation perhaps only rivalled in mid-Victorian London. Aretino is their faithful reporter.

Aretino's place among the great writers of erotic literature is secure. He is the Renaissance counterpart of Petronius in the ancient world, or of the Marquis de Sade in the period of European revolution. So far as the literature of sexual behavior is concerned, the *Ragionamenti* illustrates the most important truth of all. No novel is more tedious than the one which is an unvarying catalogue of anatomy and orgasm: Aretino was "the great pornographer" because his dialogues contain so much more than pornography alone.





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GROOM AT THE TOP

BY RON BUTLER

SCREWING AROUND

Designer Aldo Cipullo, 31, who for years earned his bread by creating elegant jewelry for Tiffany's and now makes equally elegant baubles for Cartier's, has just come up with the latest in status for wealthy romantics: the love bracelet (*picture at right*).

No ordinary bracelets, these. Narrow bands of 18-carat gold that sell for \$250 each, they come with little golden screwdrivers. The guy uses the screwdriver to lock the bracelet on the wrist of the girl. Then he pockets the screwdriver and the bracelet stays on forever, or for at least the duration of the romance. Women are also buying them for men. The big fad is to buy them for each other, exchanging bracelets but keeping the screwdrivers.

"They sell so quickly that we can hardly meet our production demands," says designer Cipullo. The bracelets are sold singly and in pairs, the *his*-size, of course, slightly larger than the *her*-size. (If a man comes in and buys two *his* sizes, he no doubt gets a raised eyebrow from the Cartier sales clerk.)

The idea behind the bracelet is that when a lady accepts one, it's almost as permanent and as binding as a wedding band, or a tattoo. It can't be removed without cutting and destroying it, because "he" has the screwdriver. Obviously, a lady has to be careful from whom she accepts such a gift.



thus provides a comb-blower effect. It makes a big difference. For instance, it can make you look like you've got more hair, if the more-hair look is what you want. The only thing a regular (cold) comb can do that the hot comb can't do, insists Remington, is fit in your back pocket.

LONG-HAIR LAMENT

Meanwhile, a recent edition of the *John Hopkins Journal*, among such heady topics as hallucinogenic drugs, heart transplants and artificial hip replacements, has a lament for the campus barber. At Hopkins, shaggy-haired men are common, says the article. The length of hair varies, usually ranging somewhere from the top of the collar to a spot well down the back.

At Santi B. (Sam) Barranco's campus barbershop in Levering Hall, a customer is almost as rare as a crew cut, the article

FISH TALE

An Associated Press dispatch from London reports that Michael Fish, a clothes designer best known for shirts, opened his new collection with male models wearing maxi and midi gowns and getting hoots, whistles and jeers from workmen when they wandered into the street. Fish was wearing a mauve-pink suit.

HOT HAIR

New from Remington is the hot comb for men. The ordinary comb is thousands of years old. And very functional, says Remington. The only trouble is, now that men are letting their hair grow long, it can't cope as well as it used to. The new Remington hot comb does a lot more than comb your hair. It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, and



Bellydancer Nyeela. Below: Yardley face fantastic.



says. Whereas Barranco averaged 20 to 30 haircuts a day five years ago, he's now averaging six to eight. Five years ago, he had three full-time barbers, now he has himself and a part-time man.

"Five years ago, business was healthy," Barranco says. "Often we'd even have a waiting line. But it's pretty quiet around here now."

"I'm not being critical," he adds. "I wouldn't criticize a young man if he let his hair grow down to his feet. But I'll tell you: to give a regular haircut to a fellow with shoulder-length hair, it would take me from one to one and a quarter hours."

And two hours including a pedicure. . .


STILL DANCING

Exactly one year ago, when Penthouse made its American debut, readers were introduced in this column to the charms of Princess Nyeela, a bellydancer from

Istanbul who learned to defy biological law by not sweating when she dances. Along with turning down several bids to pose for deodorant ads (she thought they were tasteless), much has happened to our young Turkish delight since then. For one thing, she worked the full year at several top clubs in Las Vegas, including the Tropicana, and she recently bought a home in that famous desert resort. Now just out is her first book. Written in conjunction with her long-time friend, Bill Thomas, the syndicated columnist, the book is called *Exotic Exercises*. It is, according to the authors, a guide on how to acquire a firm youthful figure, emotional serenity and greater direction toward sexual fulfillment the bellydancer's way. The book, also available in paperback for

75 cents, is primarily for women, but because it is liberally endowed with great eye-catching photos of the princess, who's rather liberally endowed herself, it's a good investment all round.

YARDLEY'S BIRTHDAY

Yardley of London, the perfume house, recently celebrated its 200th birthday by tossing a spiffy little party at its New York executive offices on 5th Avenue. Waiters carried goblets of champagne about, all the smart ladies were there, some wearing Yardley's face fantastic, a flower-like make-up obtained from something called a "glimmerick paint box," and a young ethereal-looking fellow played the harp. It was some party. I can't wait until the company's 300 years old. 

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BIG BROTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

call. The caller, a man with a faint Boston accent, identified himself only by saying: "I'm with law enforcement." He said he would like to see my files and notes on LeMar and ask me some questions.

I told him that, as a reporter, I considered my files to be valuable property — as valuable to me as, say, a tool kit is to a mechanic. I couldn't casually give my files away. Moreover, I had promised anonymity to many of the potsmokers I interviewed. I felt I was obliged to keep faith with them.

"And what's more," I said, "you haven't really told me who you are. For all I know, you could be just a lazy reporter trying to steal goodies out of another reporter's files."

He said: "No, I'm not that. And you know we could subpoena your files if we wanted to."

If it came to that, I figured, I'd have to give my files up. But I wasn't going to make it easy for him. "If you want the files that bad," I said, "all right: that's what you'll have to do. You'll have to come around here in person and show me your credentials and some kind of court order, and I'll have a lawyer here to help me argue with you."

He laughed, said goodbye politely and hung up. I never heard from him again.

I still think it's possible he was a lazy newsman. If he wasn't — if he was a law agent, as he claimed — then I can only conclude he was on a fishing expedition. He didn't really want my Mary Jane files themselves, for he didn't press the matter

any further. What he wanted was a few clues about me: how friendly or prickly I was. If I had turned out to be friendly, if I'd willingly handed over my files and notes, perhaps he would then have asked me to do some undercover surveillance work for his agency.

An equally secretive kind of data-collecting is done by policemen who pose as radicals and infiltrate leftwing groups. A case of this kind came to light recently in Philadelphia. An antiwar group called Resistance had been puzzled and baffled for a long time because the police always seemed to know about its activities in advance. When the group arrived somewhere for a public protest or any other gathering, squads of police would be there waiting, strategically placed so as to keep the group bottled up and effectively silenced. The group felt its right of free dissent was being infringed. "We're gagged," one Resistance member complained to the Philadelphia Civic Liberties Union. "Wherever we try to go, we've got cops around, intimidating us. It doesn't seem right."

By a process of gradual elimination, the group finally discovered that one of its top officers — no less a man than its executive director — was a cop in disguise. It was he who had been notifying the police every time Resistance planned a demonstration. More than that, noted Philadelphia ACLU man Burton Craine, "this man had access to the organization's mailing lists and membership lists". Until he was found, he was a valuable contributor to the Red Squad files.

You ask: what's the beef? Why shouldn't the police spy on leftwing groups? Isn't that their job?

There are many who don't think so. Commenting on the Philadelphia Resistance case, some ACLU lawyers con-

ceded that the police can properly spy on such organizations as the Mafia, for the Mafia is patently in business to commit crimes. But in a supposedly open democracy such as the United States, says ACLU, no police agency has any right to spy on purely political organizations. The national law guarantees all of us (or at least says it guarantees) the rights of privacy, free speech and free association. No matter what we say or what political groups we belong to, no matter how crazy a policeman may think we are, he can't legally stop us from talking or joining. The practice of harassing, intimidating and spying on dissenting political groups is one of the main identifying traits of totalitarian states, not democracies.

"That's why people like me are troubled by what we see going on," says Alex Gottfried, an activist political science professor at the University of Seattle. (Gottfried runs an outfit called the Free Prisoners' Bail Fund. It's in business to raise bail for what he calls "political prisoners" — dissenters who have been arrested mainly because the police don't like their political stripe.) "Ideally, the police aren't supposed to take sides on any political question. Their job is simply to enforce laws made by elected representatives of the people. If we don't like the laws, we change them by electing different representatives. That's the way it's supposed to work. Unfortunately, the police are now taking this process into their own hands. They've decided the only good politics are rightwing politics. So, without legal sanction, they're busily arresting dissenters and spying on them and gathering files of data on them."

The question of why policemen as a group lean so heavily to the political right is a highly complex one. In general, two main factors seem to be at work. First, the police job seems to attract a rightwing type of man: a man with a fondness for the status quo, a believer in (naturally) law and order. Second, the job itself reinforces his political leanings. A cop, especially these days, is constantly being forced into positions of angry and often violent confrontation with society's more discontented elements. Even if he came into his job with no particular bias against radicals and leftists, he would have to be a man of cold steel to maintain that unbiased attitude on the job for long. As one very calm and sensible cop in Washington, D.C., told me: "I try to keep political feelings out of my job, I really try. But Christ, what am I supposed to feel when a stranger comes up and calls me a pig and spits at me and maybe heaves rocks at me? I'm only human after all."

If anyone doubts that policemen as a group are rightwingers, let him consider these facts. During the last presidential campaign Wallace was endorsed by





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H-9

John Harrington, president of the largest police organization, The Fraternal Order of Police, and in Los Angeles, Cleveland, Houston, New York, and Hartford, Conn., police cars had "Wallace for President" stickers. In Detroit during the 1969 mayoral campaign the white law-and-order candidate, Roman Gribbs, received active electioneering help (knocking on doors, collecting money, organizing rallies) against his black liberal rival, Richard Austin, from the following police organizations: Detroit Police Officers Association, Detroit Police Lieutenants and Sergeants Association, Detroit Police Detectives Association. The John Birch Society has numerous police members, and the society coined the innocent-sounding slogan "Support your local police." Police leaders predictably show up on the right-hand side of public debates about law and order, student dissent, and the Vietnamese war. So it follows naturally that the police maintain an active surveillance of dissenting groups and individuals.


"What bothers me is that the cops have a kind of quasi-legal backing for this kind of activity," says Roldo Bartimole, a former *Wall Street Journal* reporter who now publishes an anti-

Establishment newspaper in Cleveland, *Point of View*. "If anybody else came around spying on me I could make a big fuss about my privacy and all that. But when the police do it, people assume it's legal."

Another underground publisher in New York's Greenwich Village told me his feelings in somewhat stronger language: "If a John Birch man came around here asking me questions I could tell him to go screw himself. He's just a private citizen. But when the cops come around, even though they have no legal right to be here, I've got to stand still and tell them what they want to know. They've got the power. They can use their guns and badges to force their political views on everybody else."

The same kinds of worries assail Frank Donner, the New York lawyer who is studying police political activities. He is troubled because the reactivation of Red Squads is apparently the police departments' own idea. The police haven't been instructed to do this. You and I, the voters, haven't asked for Red Squads to be established. As Donner puts it: "Nobody has stood up in City Hall and said, 'Let's have a Red Squad.'" The police seem to be carrying on this hidden, frankly political activity on their own.

There is no profit in getting hysterical about this, as some far-out radicals have done. All the same, it seems useful to recall that an organization of policemen called the *Geheime Staatspolizei* assumed law-enforcement duties about three-and-a-half decades ago in Germany. These policemen gained their power in stages, while the average citizen was looking the other way. Their country was troubled and divided, as ours is now. Many of them were intelligent, honest and well-meaning men who sincerely believed they saw their country's one true route to salvation. They began by collecting dossiers on people who didn't see eye-to-eye with them politically. They quietly spied on dissenters, listed their names, watched them, filed away facts on them. In a few years these policemen gained enough power to arrest anybody whose name was in the files. Finally they had so much power that they could do anything they chose to anybody they chose for any reason they chose.

The name of their organization, in its abbreviated form, is now an international word used to describe any police outfit with too much political bias and too little control from the public. They called it the Gestapo for short. 

He wished her dead

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

here before she wakes. That's when she usually wants it. When she wakes. You ever hear such a thing? And me—this morning—I'm in no condition. I mean I doubt I can deliver. In fact, there's been a little trouble along those lines. I've had a few complaints. My first. When did you start getting your first complaints? After all, you've got a few years on me, haven't you? Look, I've got to go. I'll call you. Where?"

"Well, in an hour," I said, "I'll be at the studio."

"Give me the number."

I did.

He did not call me but, in exactly one hour, turned up.

"I was in the neighborhood," he said, "so I thought I might as well drop by."

"Good. Coffee?"

"Tea, if you've got it."

"Sure."

I asked Mrs. Ellis to fix some tea and we sat down to talk.

He asked: "Did I sound rocky to you on the phone before?"

"Yes, you did."

"You thought I must be crocked, right?"

"Well, yes and no."

He laughed. "Yes and no. What an answer! With stuff like that, you ought to run for office."

"I'm trying to be nice to you, you knucklehead, but you won't let me."

As he lit a cigarette, I noticed that the hand which held the match was trembling.

"What about that doctor you were going to find me?"

"Yes," I said, and mentioned the name of our outstanding diagnostician who, incidentally, happens to be a friend.

"Yes," he said. "I've heard of him. Edie mentioned him and

she knows about such things, doesn't she?"

"Always."

"Can you get him to see me?"

"I think so."

I phoned and made an appointment for him for that afternoon.

The tea arrived. We sipped it in silence for a few minutes.

"She's never going to die," he said.

I was so startled that I asked: "Who?"

"My wife," he said. "Dolly. Never. And you know why? Why not?"

"No, I don't."

"Just to spite me, that's why not. She's got contempt for me. Doesn't show it, but has. What the hell. I don't blame her. I've got contempt for myself."

"Do something about it, why don't you? Your life is yours."

He looked at me with contempt.

"Which one are you?" he asked. "Dale Carnegie or Norman Vincent Peale? Okay. I'll take a pound of your fresh positive thinking."

"Another cup?" I asked.

"Why not?" he replied. "Let's make a night of it."

As I poured the tea, he said: "Masseurs, oxygen tanks, hormone shots, gland treatments, skin peels, heart foods, transplants, for all I know. You've never seen anything like it. That's her daily life, her neverstop routine. She'll take anything, rub whatever into herself, drink what anyone—no matter who—tells her will help keep her going. And it's all to bug me."

"How so?"

"Listen. She's not kidding me. That's what was in her head when she wrote the goddam codicil. She bequeathed it and now she wants to make bloody sure I don't get it. You know how old she is?"

"Don't tell me."

"Me plus twenty-two. How about that? She's got twenty-two on me and thinks she's going to stiff me!"

"Tell me about your illness," I suggested, in an attempt to change the direction of the conversation.

"What illness?"

"That you're seeing the doctor about."

"No illness. I'm tiring out, that's all, and I need some help. I want to outlast her. I've *got* to!"

"Why?"

"Because it's my mission in life," he said. "That's why."

A few weeks after Tim and Dolly had returned to the east, I met my doctor friend at The Mark Taper Forum.

In the intermission, I asked, "Without violating any medical ethics, can you tell me about my friend Tim Weeks? I'm interested."

"He's fine," said the doctor. "He pumps too much adrenin, but that's hard to control medically. It's a personality question."

"Did you say 'adrenalin'?"

"No, 'adrenin'."

"What's the difference?"

"The 'a'," he said.

"What?"

"Adrenalin is capital 'A', adrenin is small 'a'. The drug companies manufacture Adrenalin; adrenin is what you

Tim was terribly changed. He was thin, his face was drawn. He grabbed my elbow and we returned to the bar. "She gets stronger", he said

manufacture yourself. When you get excited and anxious or worried. The curious thing is—"

The buzzer sounded and the lights began to blink, interrupting our talk.

The following afternoon, I was in his office, having made an appointment for myself.

"I think I should tell you," he said at the outset, "that I've said all I'm going to say about your friend."

"The hell with him," I said. "I'm worried about my *own* adrenin. I'm sure I produce too much of it, too. Tell me more."

"Not until I make a few tests."

Later, he said: "You're right. You do."

"Can I control it?"

"I don't know," he said. "You can try. The curious thing is that what nature built in is actually a fine feature. When your ancient ancestor was faced with an attack or an emergency—his suprarenal gland began to supply adrenin to give him the extra energy and power he needed—like to fight off a tiger or run from a snake or a falling tree. That used it up. But we poor bastards get into a bind—Wham! comes the adrenin—but no jumping, running, nothing—and it poisons us. In fact, it can kill."

"And there's no medication?"

"No. The only antidote is an even temper. Develop equanimity. My kids say, 'Don't blow your cool.'"

"Worry, you said last night, and excitement, and what else?"

"Frustration, anxiety, jealousy, fear, dissatisfaction, foreboding, hate and so on. Look in your thesaurus."

Tim phoned me before going abroad. He sounded calm and pleasant. Was he, too, trying to follow the doctor's instructions?

"Off on a cure tour," he said, laughing. "Mud in Abano, the drinking waters in Bad Gastein, and the sitting-in waters in Ischia. She kills me," he said.

I thought it a strange statement.

The next time I saw him—the last, in fact—was back in New York.

Dolly had invited us to her box at the Met for a performance of *Der Rosenkavalier*, and we had accepted with pleasure.

We had dinner at The Pavilion there, eight of us, and though nothing was said, it was clear that we all thought Tim terribly changed. He was thin, his face was drawn, and even his smile had become tight.

As we started back to the box after the first interval, he grabbed my elbow and said: "Stay with me, will you?"

When I hesitated, he said: "I'm not feeling well."

He knew I knew he was lying, but it seemed best to go along with it. We returned to the bar and ordered drinks.

"She gets stronger," he said. "Not younger, you understand—stronger."

My patience gave out. I could feel—now that I knew about the phenomenon—the adrenin beginning to course through me. I was further irritated by the fact that I was missing the rare performance, which I could faintly hear going on, in order to listen to the maunderings of this worthless, feckless parasite.

"Why tell *me* about it?" I snapped, took a deep breath, and began counting to ten.

He looked at me as though I had slapped him, and said: "I thought you were my friend."

"Nobody will be if you don't straighten out," I said sharply. "If you don't like your marriage, get out of it. Lots of people do. Don't keep bellyaching about it! Nobody's sorry for you—except yourself."

He was on the verge of tears and I had broken my resolution not to lose my temper.

"I don't know what to do," he said.

"Take off," I said. "End it. Beat it. Go."

He finished his drink and ordered another before replying.

"I've tried that," he said. "More than once. Four times. I can't again. It doesn't work. For one thing, I'm broke."

I looked at this elegant, bejewelled creature and echoed, incredulously: "Broke?"

"Yes. And once I tried to borrow some money and the guy thought I was putting him on. Wouldn't you?"

"Get a job," I said.

"I tried that, too," he said. "But no go. I'm a spoiled dog."

"You certainly are."

"You dirty bastard," he said, his eyes on fire. "Supposed to be a friend. I hate you."

I went back to the box, but no longer enjoyed the performance.

The party went on to Raffles. I watched Tim. He continued to hate me, but then, I observed, he seemed to hate everyone else as well.

Nine weeks later, he was dead.

During his funeral (which took place at St. Thomas's, where he had been married four years earlier—a macabre idea, in view of the circumstances) I recalled that Somerset Maugham is said to have said to a friend: "I advise you, my dear fellow, not to marry for money—because I know how much you hate hard work!"

Last night, at Kitty's, Tim was the principal subject of conversation. I noted, with some relief, that only the pleasant and amusing and entertaining aspects of his life were mentioned. There was a good deal of laughter. I imagined myself as such a subject and hoped I would be treated as kindly.

Later, someone said that he had developed cancer but had gallantly kept it from his friends.

This was disputed by Evie who insisted that his death was the result of a too-strenuous cure.

"Cures are peculiar," she said. "You can't start taking them at 40. Europeans are used to them. And, of course, you can take too many."

"Dolly can't," said someone.

"That's my point," said Evie. "She's done them all her life."

After a pause, I said: "I happen to know he died of hard work."

It got a big laugh. 



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IN THEIR OWN WRITE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

that sex is a flight from boredom, but the greater thing is that it's a flight away from loneliness. Often you may get a release of tension in the sex act without the feeling of closeness that should go with it. I think this accounts for a great deal of irritability and unhappiness in our society. I think we're all searching for love, and love and sex get mixed up in a peculiar manner. Sex should be the culmination of love but because we are unable to love one another we get frustrated in sex.

Penthouse: This sounds a bit like the gospel of D. H. Lawrence. Are any of you novelists interested in his faith that sex might open the way for a general social revitalization or the opening of a situation where men and women could love one another?

Mano: Lawrence is dead.

Penthouse: If you mean his influence is dead, when did it die?

Mano: Soon after *Lady Chatterley's Lover* became publishable. The widespread publication killed Lawrence and what was left of sex, too. Sex isn't exciting now because you can go to bed with anyone. It's the rare exception when you can't.

Meriwether: Don't make such general statements and push them off on all of us.

Mano: Promiscuous sex, camp sex, isn't exciting any more. Sex ought to be an imaginative act. As for Lawrence's sex theories, I'm not interested in social revitalization, I'm interested in a religious revitalization.

Penthouse: Can you have one without the other?

Mano: Definitely. In fact, they're probably related inversely. They require the same sort of energy.

Wolff: From time to time I find sex an extremely potent metaphor. In a scene I've just written a man on a trolley, sitting behind a girl whom he can see reflected in a mirror—having the freedom then to stare at her without interruption—he finds this by inference extremely exciting but it's the freedom he has which is exciting. There's no touch.

Penthouse: Have we lost the ability to touch other people freely? Is it disgusting to touch other people now?

Mano: It's dangerous.

Wolff: Yes, it's dangerous.

Penthouse: Are you, as novelists, trying to teach people again how to accept danger? Mr. Davis, what will happen to your hero Clark Kent when he settles down again after his flight?

Davis: He won't know what to do. I doubt if he'll ever settle down again.

Penthouse: Are you trying to teach the Clark Kents of the world what to do about that?

Davis: I wouldn't think of teaching them anything.

Penthouse: But you say you are a moral and didactic writer.

Davis: Sure. I mean to teach something about Clark Kent, but the way the character is struc-

tured he himself can't learn a thing. He's too optimistic, a true believer in the myth of human decency. It's the same question raised by Kurt Vonnegut in *Player Piano*—what do you do when there's nothing left to do? What do you do when the millenium has arrived?

Penthouse: Has it arrived?

Davis: For certain people in American society it has indeed arrived.

Wolff: I don't really accept the terms that speak of things being exhausted or ending or beginning. It seems to me that the whole exercise of fiction is a fresh beginning. It's impossible to think of anything—*anything*—having been used up. In editorials you may write about things that can't be reversed, and are used up. But in fiction, it's always a fresh start.

Penthouse: Is it art that makes the world new then?

Beckham: Art can make a world new. Not *the* world, I guess.

Wolff: While the world goes on spinning itself away to . . . to ruin, I guess.

Meriwether: I don't think religion and sex have come to a dead end or failed. I think they're ongoing in different forms. There are other religions than the Christian religion. I don't give a damn whether religion fails but I sure don't want sex to fail. There is a difference between religion and spirituality. You can be anti-religious and be a very spiritual person. I agree that in writing there is no beginning and no end because you bring your fresh insights to bear. I write from my own continually expanding experience. Not so much what I know about you but my reaction to you is what I'm interested in. So what I write about has never happened before. It may be the same liquor store and the same people, but I write about my encounter with them—a new thing.

Penthouse: At the end of Mr. Beckham's novel, his main character has poisoned his mother and, as she falls, a dog comes up to sniff between her legs. What sort of thing do you see following after this symbolically dead-end scene, Mr. Beckham?

Beckham: Well . . . I didn't think it was a dead end scene.

Davis: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Henderson: Why'd you write so decadent, man?

Beckham: The dog sniffing between the mother's legs is an element of the ridiculous and yet the realistic. In the same scene when the boy goes down the stairs and turns and shouts up to the attic where the body is, "Mother, are you all right?"—that, I think, is the same element of the ridiculous. It's a comment on the kind of ridiculousness that exists, even in crucial tragic situations. The boy knows his mother is dead but he doesn't say: "Hello up there." The point is he asks "Mother, are you all right?" There is an ambiguity in the ridiculousness.

Penthouse: What is the secondary, ambiguous meaning of his absurd question? Does it mean: "Mother, are you all right in heaven, or in my memory?"

Beckham: Whatever he means, he means sincerely. He's really checking to make sure she's dead, and he may mean that he entertains the superstition that she may be "all right" somewhere besides in this world. But I'm not sure

of such things, being religiously an agnostic.

Mano: I'm glad you stand firm on that.

Beckham: Take your Christian books and . . .!

Henderson: The whole damn modern order doesn't work. You cats are cutting it up into particular categories of sex, religion, art . . . I'm saying the whole thing doesn't work.

Meriwether: I think what doesn't work is organized religion. When you institutionalize religion it doesn't work any more. You've interposed a priest between man and god. You really don't need that.

Wolff: You don't need a Pope.

Meriwether: Right. You don't need the whole hierarchy. What needs to be dead is the institution of the church, which I think is the great mass murderer.

Penthouse: Do you think this country is a mass murderer?

Meriwether: Yes I do. I think this country, as Dr. King said, is the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today.

Henderson: That's what messes up the artist, the American artist. Especially the black artist, one who's been the victim throughout the whole history. At the same time the black artist, as representative of the black people, has been strengthened by his resistance to the inhumanity in this land.

Meriwether: Violence can be something other than death. You can murder a person's spirit so they're a walking dead person. There are all types of violence. My book deals with the psychological castration of a black man. What happens to a man when you murder his spirit?

Penthouse: After castration . . .?

Meriwether: You expect him still to be able to perform the sex act after his spirit has been murdered?

Penthouse: Would you?

Meriwether: No, I don't. That's the link I make with what has been said about sex and other values.

Henderson: If you also consider that the environment itself is endangered by a certain type of sensibility . . . I mean, look . . . if you're an artist you care enough to sit down and write all that shit out and spend all your spare time, you're sensitive to that, and society fucks with that, man, it fucks with me. I could even cop out and say I'm not responsible for that, them white folks did it, but it still fucks with me, and it fucks with anybody who is sensitive to that shit. Can't get away from it. Most people are like a deck of cards.

Davis: But that's a cop-out—to say the "white folks" did it.

Henderson: I thought I *could* say that. But it doesn't matter after a while who did it. White folks did do it, they have the power academically speaking and they fucked up.

Penthouse: What are the white folks doing that's so poisonous?

Henderson: They're dying.

Davis: Yeah. There's a rot at the core. There's a profound spiritual rot at the core of this society. My principal preoccupation is with the WASP society.

Penthouse: Do you want it to continue rotten, improve, or die?

Davis: You finally reach a point where you don't know whether to live or die. You might as



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well cash in your chips and go to Hawaii, you know.

Meriwether: You mention Hawaii, which is like reading my mind. You ask what white people are doing. You've read Michener's book about it. There's Hawaii, a virtual paradise...

Davis: Turned into a cesspool.

Meriwether: Yes. Compared to Alaska. Life is so easy in Hawaii. Life was so easy there. There the fish practically run out of the water and jump onto the shore. Everything is very fruitful, everything is lush, beautiful air, lovely waters, and you have a race of people, the Polynesians, who are now extinct. They were enjoying the place according to their values, in their own way, with their own religion, and the white man comes in and destroys this paradise. Absolutely destroys it.

Davis: Before that we had America. America was the country that was supposed to be Utopia. America was supposed to be the great society—before that phrase was stolen and misused. Look at it now. What I'm concerned about in my writing is the failure of the struggle. The heroes of my novels are people who believe the ideal society has been created and then are forced to come up against the wall and see what an absolute, abominable mess we made of it. It's a tragedy.

Meriwether: I believe in the law of cause and effect, and you're not going to get a Utopia when you begin with the murder of the indigenous population.

Davis: Somehow it's more important to know what people think they are doing than what they actually are doing. That's what you try to expose in novels.

Mano: May I cut in? From a writer who writes mystical books... a little exhortation to realism. I'm sure the history of the black race is as much the history of enslaving as it is enslavement. At present the black race is suffering and everything you say is perfectly valid. But let us not put it on the shoulders of "Western man" or "white man". If the Negro were in the position of the white man now, the Negro would be doing the same thing.

Henderson: Hold it, man! No, we're talking about a group mind, we're talking about a certain environmental situation that existed in Europe, which has been cast South for certain necessities. There was a certain sensibility that existed in Africa which had found a way man could live with nature.

Mano: Oh, come on.

Henderson: You can go to Algeria or most of Africa now and see it. All we're talking about is the height of one particular wave.

Meriwether: Every race has a history of enslaving. But there's one big difference here. In the black slave trade it was the first time an attempt was made to dehumanize the enslaved people. The slave was made legally four-fifths of a man. When a black tribe enslaved another tribe you could work off your enslavement. Most important thing is that slavery had always before been a by-product of war. It had never before been the commercial thing it became with the European slave trade. Empires were built on it. That had never happened before.

Mano: The Black Panther movement in America is just an attempt to create a black

Mafia. Because the admiration of the black people of that faction is for the way that kind of organization can grab hold of the action.

Henderson: The mutual protection thing is hip, man. You look out for your family. You look out for them, they look out for you. That's what it's all about. It isn't an ideology—Marxist or Leninist. That's Russian. That's for Russia, man. This is to protect the black image, man.

Mano: That doesn't mean any more than to say the Mafia is "the white image."

Henderson: The Black Panthers are not a black sensibility. The shit you're talking about is not a black sensibility, man. They have a black image.

Mano: What is it?

Henderson: Well, dig it, man. Check them out what they say. Any mutual protection thing is hip.

Penthouse: What has this evening meant to you, in general, outside of your curiosity about meeting each other and hearing the views that occupy other writers?

Mano: Nothing. Nothing at all. A writer works by himself and if he's a writer he is not influenced by anything anyone else says to him.

Beckham: It's shown that writers work in different ways and think in different patterns. But we'll probably all go home and carry on some threads of the arguments we've got started here.

Davis: I've got to go back to selling liquor tomorrow morning.

Henderson: Was it supposed to be a miracle or something?

Meriwether: I was fascinated by all that Mano said about writing being a business you work at for certain scheduled hours. I'm not able to work that way. I recognize something within myself I call the creative force. I have to take advantage of the time I'm really charged up. Sometimes at five o'clock in the morning my battery decides to get charged up, and I go to my typewriter and work out the thing that's coming to me. Sometimes I've stayed with it until five in the afternoon. If I tried to do it pedestrianly it would come out crap.

Wolff: I think one of the best things is that—for the most part—we didn't agree with each other. If we did, the state of fiction and poetry might be precarious.

Davis: How can you get two people to agree with each other?

Wolff: You can get a group of Black Mountain poets together and they'd all agree you must breathe correctly when you write a poem.

Mano: If my ideas turned out exactly like yours, I'd lie. I'd make something different up to justify my claim to people's attention.

Wolff: Writers have egos so preposterous...

Davis: Like mine.


Meriwether: Like Keith's.

Henderson: Like Barry's...

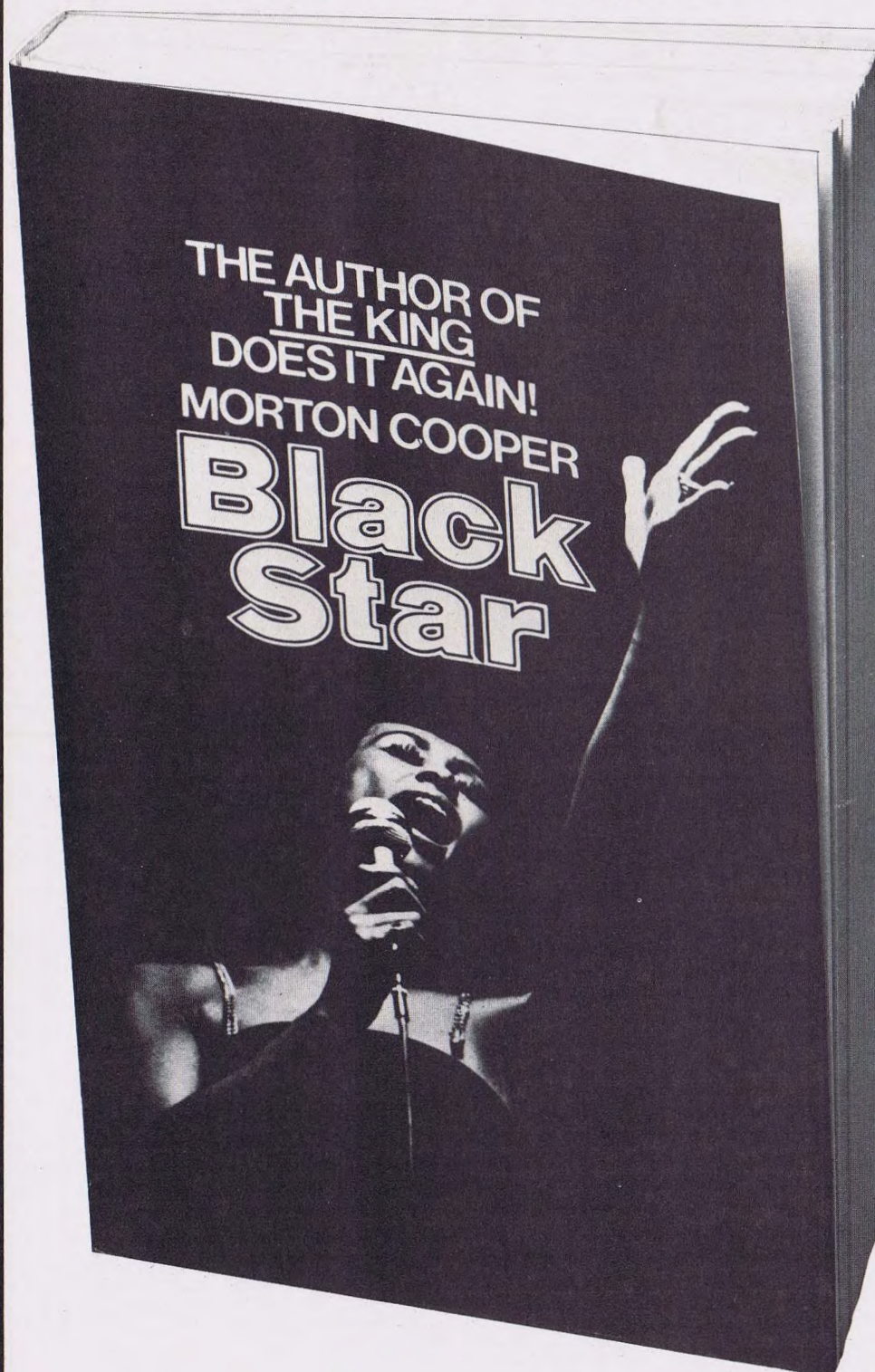
Wolff:... that you think you can throw messages over the wall all day long and people have nothing better to do than to look at them. You really believe that.

Meriwether: You have to have that faculty, though, to be a writer.

Mano: Whether that's a blessing or a curse, there it is.

Penthouse: Gentlemen, thank you. 

Robin Hamilton was black, she was beautiful,
and she was bursting with talent. Part woman,
part child, part mistress, part victim...



Robin
Hamilton
was...

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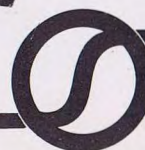


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SIGNET

WANDA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

should be made up of women!

"The time has come," he declared, squinting at his notes, "to change the face of society on this earth by bringing to an end the criminal follies of the monstrous regiment of men! For too long, we men have terrorized world society, like delinquent boys hurling bricks across each other's backyard fences. From this day on, let the hand that rocks the cradle be the hand that cradles the rock!"

The Soviet delegation rose as a man to applaud the President's remarkable contribution and an immediate summit meeting was held in Geneva between the leaders of the six major military powers to decide on the strength and the command-structure of what was already being referred to, by the less sober sections of the world's press, as the Puss International Force. This was where Willi Farlaueder, Chancellor of the Federal Republic of West Germany, made a mark for himself.

There already existed, he pointed out, a perfect nucleus for the Puss International Force in the privately-financed Swiss Peace Corps set up by the philanthropist, Wanda von Kreesus. Five hundred dedicated women of all nations, with excellent records of service in all branches of the Armed Forces, had already been recruited to this organization. Their headquarters were ideally situated, at Zurich, and he, Farlaueder, already had the personal assurance of Commander Wanda von Kreesus that she, her staff officers and N.C.O.s could recruit and train a mobile strike-force of 10,000 crack (if they would pardon the expression) troops by the time the nations had disarmed, and an international force of 500,000 within six months.

Wanda von Kreesus, the Chancellor went on, fully realized that if she were given the honour of commanding the P.I.F. her first and only loyalty would be to the Security Council of the United Nations Organization which, as everyone agreed, should now include a representative of Red China.

Wanda was unanimously elected C.-in-C. and, from then on, events moved with incredible speed. Within 30 days, in the greatest orgy of constructive destruction the world had ever known,

every lethal weapon or material known to man was melted down, blown up or sunk in the seven seas, with the exception of the Puss Force's land, air and sea requirements. A small residue of armament and ammunition factories was kept going under direct P.I.F. administration. Supplies of explosives for peaceable purposes were strictly controlled from the von Kreesus *schloss*, now known as PIFCO (Puss International Force Control Organization.)

Butch lesbians flocked from the four corners of the world to the recruiting offices of P.I.F.; and when Wanda took the march-past of the first 10,000 on the massive parade-ground overlooking Lake Zurich, she was able to turn to Candyfloss—adorable in the pink leather tunic and breeches of an Adjutant-General—and declare with an almost ferocious pride: "There they go, Rosebud—every one a credit to the PIFCO manual! Doesn't it make you feel proud to be a woman?"

Candyfloss murmured her assent, but her heart wasn't in it. Since Rudi Bonenkruncher had come into her life, her whole character had been undergoing a slow metamorphosis. Rudi, more than any man or woman she had ever known, had awakened all the latent tenderness and femininity behind the brassy nymphet nature she had hitherto presented to the world. He had filled—and was still filling—the aching gap in her girlish psyche more completely and fruitfully than she could ever

have imagined possible. And the excited rattle of his chains whenever she slipped through the door of the guest-prisoner's cell—which was now every four hours, on the hour—gave her to believe the young Westapo chief was happy to have the little Rosebud so passionately hooked on him. But, of late, dear Rudi had been chafing a little at the bit.

"We can't go on meeting like this," he had whinnyed, only that morning.

"Why ever not?" the nymphet had gasped, bridling.

"I need to feel on top of the situation again. To do my own thing, you know. A young fellow like me doesn't want to be tied down for the rest of his life."

But when she had asked Wanda, at the start of the march-past, if it would now be all right to give Rudi a little more room for manoeuvre the C.-in-C. had brusquely put her down.

"I don't want that wily kraut given any more rope—unless it's got a knot at one end of it. He'll just have to put up with his lot until my Puss Force has expanded enough to be able to deal with any sudden counterthrusts, from whatever direction. Application rejected!"

But if Wanda was taking Candyfloss's silence as a sign of submission, she was making one of the biggest mistakes of her life...

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RIVALS FOR THE BEETLE



Vega 2300



Pinto

Conceived as answers to the ubiquitous beetle, Chevrolet's Vega 2300 and Ford's Pinto 1600 and 2000 are remarkably similar in many respects. Introduced in August by the industry's two great traditional rivals, they are not really comparable to Ford's earlier Maverick or even American Motors' Gremlin: the latter two are 6-cyl. cars using a number of component parts borrowed from their larger cars.

Both the Vega 2300 and the Pinto 2000 have 4-cyl. inline engines, a single overhead camshaft and conventional forward location with a central drive-shaft and rear-wheel drive. Both have interior seating packages designed for four adults and both are fractionally longer, wider, lower and heavier than the VW.

Chevrolet chose to use an aluminum cylinder block to offset any weight increase caused by their larger engine. This block weighs only 36 lb. and so

saves about 50 lb. over cast-iron construction. In order to make the more expensive material economic they cast the block without iron cylinder liners—a breakthrough due to two factors: (1) The aluminum alloy selected has 17% silicon. This element is very hard and though machining is difficult the cutting speeds and feeds are still about the same as with cast iron. (2) The aluminum pistons are plated with a thin coating of iron. Normally this cannot be done, but Chevrolet research, with an assist from the aluminum companies, developed a way to do it and the resultant rubbing surfaces are even more compatible than conventional aluminum pistons running in cast iron bores. The engine is designed to run at least 100,000 miles before any major mechanical work is necessary.

Another striking feature of the Vega engine is a cast-iron head. There are several good reasons for this. For one,


the head is a complex casting, what with water jackets, intake and exhaust ports, etc. It's easier to cast in iron than in aluminum and the wall surfaces can be thinner. This allows bigger valves and ports for better power. Heat losses are less, giving better overall thermal efficiency which means miles per gallon to the owner. The radiator, incidentally, is only 12 inches square! Also, when the iron head is bolted to the aluminum block it provides a stiff rigid structure necessary to assure smoothness, quiet and durability. This engine will actually turn up to 7000 r.p.m. though the present recommended maximum is 5500 r.p.m.—and there's no point in going higher because, as now designed, the power falls off very rapidly above 5000 r.p.m. The point is that future power increases can be obtained, if and when necessary. With radiator, coolant, flywheel and clutch the overall weight is only a few pounds more than the 57-horsepower air-cooled VW but power is just about double.

A major plus for the Vega is its ride and handling. Except for the Corvette this is the only American car we know which truly has sports-car cornering ability. With the optional handling package, which is low in cost and includes anti-roll bars at each end and fatter tires, the roll angle is only 6° at the fantastic lateral acceleration of one g. Furthermore, the Vega steering is dead neutral; it neither under- nor over-steers and is very little affected by cross winds.

The Ford Pinto also has a choice of two 4-cyl. inline engines but, unlike the Vega, they are two completely different engines. Standard is the well known 98 cu. in. Cortina pushrod engine from England. It develops 75 b.h.p. The option is even stranger. It's a 122 cu. in. unit developing 95 b.h.p. and it's made in Germany. This engine, like the Vega, has a single overhead camshaft driven by a cog belt. Both engines are all-iron and both have cross-flow heads with modest compression ratios to run on unleaded fuel.

With either Pinto engine you get a 4-speed manual transmission but a 3-speed automatic and/or air-conditioning can be obtained with the large engine.

The Vega has 10-in. disc brakes in front; discs for the Pinto will not be available until late in 1970. Both cars have independent front suspension and solid rear axles.

Ride and handling of the Pinto have been thoroughly developed and are said to be far superior to any other imported sedan of comparable size and price. Appearance is a matter of personal opinion but both are clean and neat, with interiors that do not look drab or stark. Prices will have been announced by the time you read this but it's safe to say the figures will be very little more than their target—the Volkswagen. 

COMPARISON CHART

	Chev Vega 2300	Chev Vega "L-11"	Ford Pinto 1600	Ford Pinto 2000	VW Beetle 1600
wheelbase		107		94	94.5
max. track		54.6		55	53.3
std. tire size	6.00-13	A78-13		6.00-13	5.60-15
o.a. length		169.7		163	158.7
approx. weight	2200	2240	2000	2070	1900
engine size, cu. in.		139.5	97.6	122	96.7
c.c.		2287	1599	2000	1584
compression ratio		8:1	8:1	8.6:1	7.5:1
b.h.p./r.p.m.	90/4600	110/4800	75/5000	95/5700	57/4400
torque/r.p.m.	136/2400	138/3200	91/2800	n.a.	82/3000
valve mechanism	sohc	sohc	pohv	sohc	pohv
std. axle ratio	2.531	3.36	3.55	3.55	3.67
other options	2.92		3.82	3.08	none
3-spd. manual	std.	opt.	n.a.	n.a.	opt.*
4-spd. manual	opt.	std.	std.	std.	std.
automatic	2-spd.	2-spd.	n.a.	3-spd.	n.a.
air-cond. available	yes	yes	no	yes	no
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How does erection actually happen? What percentage of men suffer from impotence? What are the three major types of impotence—and how does medical science now deal with each?

What is the Japanese invention that lets even totally impotent men have real intercourse? How can a man retain his potency, even if he loses his prostate, or his testicles?

THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS—

How can a woman become pregnant without sexual intercourse?

Exactly how do the female genital organs change in preparation for intercourse?

What happens in a woman's body during inter-

course? What is the exact trigger-process?

What are the several different varieties of female orgasm? Why do scientists now believe that there is an orgasm central control located in the female body?

How can almost half the women who do not achieve orgasms today train themselves to do so?

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE—

Why do other societies use older women to teach younger men the techniques of sexual intercourse, regularly, and as a matter of honored custom?

What is "total sexual stimulation", and how can it be achieved?

What is the best way a woman can encourage a strong erection in a questionably potent man?

How can a couple control the timing of their orgasms, if they want them to be mutual?

APHRODISIACS—

What exactly is Spanish Fly? How does it work? What are its dangers?

What are the different types of plastic surgery done to both male and female sexual organs throughout the world? What effects do they have on successful sexual performance?

What foods have been favored as aphrodisiacs throughout man's history? What is their true effect on sexual performance?

SEXUAL PERVERSION—

Is homosexuality a hormone problem? Can it be cured by hormone injections?

How and where do homosexuals "cruise"? How long is their average encounter with another man? Exactly what do they do?

What is sadistic and masochistic homosexuality, and what do they do?

What do the main terms of homosexual slang mean?

How do European doctors change men into women? What exactly does the operation consist of?

What does a "Peeping Tom" do? And why? Is he dangerous? Are there women Peepers?

What does an exhibitionist do? And why? Do exhibitionists and Peeping Toms ever get together? And then what happens?

MASTURBATION—

How many forms of masturbation are there? What is the difference between child and adult masturbation? Between homosexual and heterosexual masturbation?

Can masturbation be used as a cure for frigidity?

PROSTITUTION—

Exactly what services do customers demand from prostitutes? How do the girls feel about these services?

How does a girl get started as a prostitute? Precisely how much does the average prostitute make per year?

What is the difference between a street whore and a call girl? What do they do differently?

What one form of intercourse do male prostitutes refuse to perform?

Do prostitutes ever have orgasms? What is the major service a pimp performs for a prostitute?

How many times in her career does the average prostitute have intercourse?

What happens to a prostitute when she grows old?

BIRTH CONTROL—

What is the exact reliability of coitus interruptus? The rhythm method? Douches? Vaginal suppositories? The pill? Diaphragms?

What popular soft drink is actually the most effective douche?

What are the states with the most liberal abor-

About the Author DAVID R. REUBEN, M. D.

He is a graduate of the University of Illinois Medical School. A former chief of neuropsychiatry at Walker Air Force Base Hospital, and clinical research associate in the Department of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School; he is currently in private psychiatric practice in San Diego, California. He has received praise for *Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Sex* on such national television shows as Johnny Carson... David Frost... Dick Cavett... Art Linkletter... and half a dozen more!



Arthur Shay

tion laws in the country? The countries that allow abortion as a matter of course?

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